

Harry Potter 531

Chapter 531: The Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare

“The three of you are here!” Seeing Harry and the others, Hermione’s eyes lit up, “I’ve just finished!”

“So have I!” said Ron triumphantly, throwing down his quill.

Hermione sat down; laid the things she was carrying in an empty armchair, and pulled Evan’s predictions toward her.

“Not going to have a very good month, are you?” she said sardonically as Crookshanks curled up in her lap.

“You know, that’s how to deal with Professor Trelawney!” said Evan, looking at the box that Hermione had brought back. Compared with Harry and Ron, the tragic prophecies he had written were more subtle and less tragic.

“No matter what happens, at least we’re forewarned,” Ron yawned.

Hermione put down Evan’s predictions and took Ron’s.

“It is indeed a good warning. You seem to be drowning twice.”

“Oh am I?” said Ron, peering down at his predictions. “I’d better change one of them to getting trampled by a rampaging hippogriff.”

“Don’t you think it’s a bit obvious you’ve made these up?” said Hermione.

“How dare you!” said Ron, in sarcastic outrage. “We’ve been here all night, working like house-elves!”

Hermione raised her eyebrows and looked at Ron dissatisfied!

“Sorry, Sorry, the wording was inappropriate,” said Ron hastily.

Harry laid down his quill too, having just finished predicting his own death by decapitation at the end of the month.

“Hermione, what’s in the box?” asked Evan, pointing at it. He felt that it would be best not to let Hermione continue to talk about their three Divination assignments.

“I was going to tell you about it. It’s something I’ve been working hard on it for this week. We have to do something for the house-elves,” said Hermione with a smile.

She took off the lid and showed them the contents. Inside were about fifty badges, all of different colors, but all bearing the same letters: S. P. E .W.

“Spew?” said Harry, picking up a badge and looking at it. “What’s this about?”

“Not spew,” said Hermione impatiently. “It’s S-P-E-W. Stands for the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare.”

“Never heard of it,” said Ron.

“I’ve never heard of it!” added Harry.

Evan didn’t speak. He knew what was going on. It seemed that Hermione was not satisfied with just writing articles for the newspaper.

She had always talked about doing something tangible for the house-elves, and she was referring to this.

“Of course you haven’t heard of it,” said Hermione briskly, “I’ve only just started it.”

“Yeah?” said Ron in mild surprise. “How many members have you got?”

“Well, if you three join... four.” said Hermione.

“Join?! And you think we want to walk around wearing badges saying ‘spew,’ do you?” said Ron.

“It’s S-P-E-W!” said Hermione hotly. “I was going to put Stop the Outrageous Abuse of Our Fellow Magical Creatures and Campaign for a Change in Their Legal Status – but it wouldn’t fit. So that’s the heading of our manifesto.”

She brandished the sheaf of parchment full of words at them.

“This is our specific charter. I’ve been researching it thoroughly in the library. Elf enslavement goes back centuries. I can’t believe no one’s done anything about it before now.”

“Hermione, open your ears,” said Ron loudly. “THEY, LIKE, IT! They like being enslaved!”

“Our short-term aims,” said Hermione, as she stood up, speaking even more loudly than Ron, and acting as though she hadn’t heard a word, “are to secure house-elves fair wages and working conditions. Our long-term aims include changing the law about non-wand use, and trying to get an elf into the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, because they’re shockingly underrepresented.”

“Take it easy, Hermione!” Evan got her to sit down.

Hermione looked angry, still staring discontentedly at Ron, who looked unhappy too.

“Well, how can we do all this?” asked Harry softly.

“We start by recruiting members,” said Hermione happily. “I thought two Sickles to join, that buys a badge! And the proceeds can fund our leaflet campaign. You’re treasurer, Ron; I’ve got you a collecting tin upstairs. And Harry, you’re secretary, so

you might want to write down everything I'm saying now, as a record of our first meeting. As for Evan, I think you are suitable to be the president, because you are very famous in the magic circle, which is conducive to our publicity, and you also need to deal with the Ministry of magic. And I am the vice-president of the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare, and I am mainly responsible for all day-to-day affairs; that's all."

There was a pause in which Hermione beamed at the three of them.

Evan frowned at the charter of the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare written by Hermione. It seemed that she did look up a lot of information.

Ron stared at Hermione dumbstruck, his eyes bulging slightly, and his mouth open.

Harry sat, torn between exasperation at Hermione and amusement at the look on Ron's face.

After a while, there was a silence, a moment of peace before the storm.

"I'm not in!" said Ron directly, pushing the badge in front of him.

"Ron?!" Hermione's eyebrows rose again. "We're saving the house-elves!"

"I said it, they like it, they like to be slaves to others!" said Ron stubbornly, "I'm not going to follow you into the kitchen and mobilize them to stop working. I'm definitely not going to do that."

"No one likes to be a slave. This is extremely unfair to the house-elves." said Hermione, "Whether wizards or house-elves, we are all born equal. Wizards can't build their magic civilization on the efforts and oppression of house-elves. We must stop this phenomenon."

"You don't know anything about house-elves, Hermione!" Ron said, "Don't persuade me to join in your spew trick."

Before Hermione had finished, Ron stood up from the chair and shouted in his loudest voice. "IN MY OPINION, IT IS SPEW. I DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE A FOOL, HANGING THIS BADGE ON MY CHEST AND BEING LAUGHED AT."

They both looked at each other, breathing, and Ron's face turned red. Even his ears were red.

Then, he violently picked up his Divination homework and quill and rushed back into his bedroom, the sound of him closing the door was particularly loud.

"Don't blame Ron, he's been under too much pressure recently, and he's been making tragic predictions here all night!" said Harry.

He winked at Evan and hurried back to the bedroom to persuade Ron.

Chapter 532: Push Her Down Again

Now, there were only Evan and Hermione in the Common Room.

Hermione was still looking angry, and her eyes were a bit red. Obviously, Ron's reaction was very irritating to her. Despite her usual strong character, in some cases, she was particularly vulnerable.

"Don't take it to heart, Hermione. Harry's right. Ron's just stressed out. He doesn't mean that." said Evan, patting Hermione gently on the shoulder. "You know, Malfoy's insult to his parents the other day made him feel bad."

"I'm not angry, but I'm shocked. He actually thinks that the house-elves like being slaves to others!" said Hermione, taking a deep breath. "It's precisely because everyone has this wrong conception that the interests of the house-elves cannot be protected."

"Ron's thoughts represent the conviction of the majority of pure-blood wizards. This has been the case for several years in the wizarding world. The relationship between wizards and house-elves has been going on like this for a long time. Everyone is accepting it. They don't think it's wrong, and nobody will try to change anything."

"So, this is our duty, and it is also the meaning of the existence of the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare!" Hermione turned and looked at Evan, her beautiful brown eyes re-brightened, "House-elves have been enslaved for too long. They have forgotten to fight for their rights. Under the control of the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, they dare not do so either; I have studied the existing laws. The background of promulgation of these laws was completely different from that of today, and there is no value in continuing to implement them."

Hermione apparently conducted in-depth research and found a lot of information. It was impossible to convince her in this regard.

And apart from all the emotional factors and the inherent concept, Evan thought that Hermione's thoughts were reasonable. It was really unfair to squeeze and enslave house-elves by the wizards and bind them with magic.

As for Ron's remark that house-elves liked to be slaves to wizards, it made no sense at all.

Ron's idea was purely a pure blood theory and were like what Voldemort and Death Eaters had always preached.

They believed that pure blood wizards were born noble and extremely rejected Muggles, Muggle-born wizards and other non-human intelligent creatures. They believed that they were all inferior races and should be enslaved by pure blood wizards. They did not hesitate to wage war for this.

Although most wizards mostly opposed Voldemort and they did not agree with his pure blood concept, no one might have thought how similar they were to Voldemort and the Death Eaters in their treatment of house-elves.

To say it frankly, it was terrible.

From the previous magic historical data, it could be seen that the relationship between house-elves and wizards had not been as abnormal as it was now.

For centuries, wizards had waged wars against house-elves, conquering and enslaving them.

In the end, they completely destroyed the living environment of the house-elves and made them subordinate races of wizards and slaves of pure blood wizards.

From that time on, every house-elf was trained in servility after birth. Slaves had to serve their masters for generations; they must not disobey their masters' orders casually. If they disobeyed, they had to punish themselves.

For the house-elves, their supreme right was to obey their masters' orders. They regarded serving their master for life as their greatest glory. A look at Kreacher showed that his greatest dream was to let his master cut off his head and hang it side on the side by the wall of the Black family's house as decoration, just like what happened to his ancestors when they grew too old to serve.

This was absolutely incorrect and a deformed concept.

When Evan returned to Hogwarts a thousand years ago, the relationship between Helga Hufflepuff and her large family of elves was not nearly the same.

The relationship between them was not that of master and slaves; they were mostly Hufflepuff's assistants and friends.

They were also the first house-elves to be in Hogwarts, the ancestors of all house-elves.

It was not Hogwarts's tradition to enslave house-elves.

Hermione's concept was not wrong, and indeed someone had to stand up and do something for the house-elves.

In particular, Muggle-born wizards such as Evan could understand this unnoticed discrimination that existed in the wizarding world. He thought Hermione's approach was correct, but it was undoubtedly very difficult.

Relying on the power of a few young wizards, it was tantamount to stone-smashing to try to reverse the mainstream deformities formed in wizarding communities over the centuries.

This was especially difficult when wizards and house-elves took it for a matter of course.

Not all wizards were as responsible as Hermione, and not all house-elves wanted freedom like Dobby.

"We cannot stop doing it because it's very difficult!" Hermione looked at Evan, as if she knew what he was thinking. "We have to make a stand. Evan, think about the current situation of the house-elves. Someone must do something for them!"

"But you should know that it's all self-inflicting!" said Evan. "Looking at Ron's reaction, I know it's almost impossible to persuade those pure-blood wizards to change their minds. House-elves won't necessarily accept it; they are used to it, and you may be opposed by everyone..."

“Someone has to do it, isn’t it?!” Hermione whispered, staring at Evan with burning eyes.

She had an unprecedented persistence and seriousness on her face; she had made up her mind go through with this to the end.

She would not hesitate even if the entire wizarding world was to become her enemy, and all the pure-blood wizards were to oppose her. Because Hermione firmly believed she was right, and everyone else was wrong, she had to stop this unfair slavery.

Evan felt that it was foolish to inexplicably help the house-elves to do what they didn’t want, and to be against the mainstream concept of the wizarding world.

But Hermione didn’t. If she didn’t, she wouldn’t be Hermione!

This was not a matter of success or folly, but a matter of following one’s own beliefs and ideals.

Evan knew that she had spent so much effort and time to set up the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare. It wasn’t just the house-elves, cherishing that effort and bringing happiness to her heart was worthy of his own efforts.

Hermione, as she was now, was undoubtedly very attractive. This wasn’t just her appearance; it was her pure heart. This was the most precious of treasures in the world.

Under the candlelight, Evan looked at Hermione sitting beside him, her pretty little face full of persistence.

A strange feeling rose in the depths of his heart, and Evan had a wicked thought: he wanted to push Hermione down again!

Chapter 533: Step by Step

Finally, Evan accepted Hermione’s proposal and agreed to become the president of the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare.

Although it seemed almost impossible to succeed, on second thought, Evan seemed to have been doing the impossible and taking what seemed to most as foolish all the time.

Whether it was Voldemort or the evil spirits, it was much harder to defeat them than to defend the rights and interests of the house-elves.

If the results were to be directly judged by simple strength comparison, Evan would better give up quickly and not resist.

It was enough to work and try hard. Not everything had to be done thinking about the end result from a practical point of view.

Evan and Hermione discussed it for a while. Unlike Hermione’s eager approach, he thought the matter should be dealt with step by step. After all, these were concepts that had been passed down for centuries in the wizarding world, and it was not practical to change them all in a short time.

Fortunately, as the proportion of Muggle-born wizards and mixed-race wizards gradually increased, many of the inherent concepts were changing.

Hermione's view was not to be without supporters. On the contrary, it could represent the voice of some wizards.

What the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare needed to do now was to develop its member-base. Evan helped her revise her articles to win more people's understanding and approval.

Judging from Hermione's thoughts, she seemed to have other plans to do something for the house-elves with her own efforts.

The next morning, the unpleasantness between Ron and Hermione was quickly resolved. They both apologized to each other and thought that they were a little too agitated last night.

Eventually, Harry and Ron, like Evan, paid two Sickles as admission fees.

The dull school life continued to move forward, but the development of participation of other wizards in the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare did not go smoothly.

Just to stop Hermione's constant persuasion and sullen anger, Colin, Ginny, and Neville had also paid up, but were reluctant to take a more active role in campaigning. Instead, they regarded the whole thing as a joke.

Everyone's negative attitude had done nothing whatsoever to curb Hermione's determination to pursue justice for house-elves.

It was true that they had paid two Sickles for a S.P.E.W. badge, but they had only done it to keep her quiet. Their Sickles had been wasted, however; if anything, they seemed to have made Hermione more vociferous.

She had been badgering Evan, Harry and Ron ever since, first to wear the badges, then to persuade others to do the same.

She had also taken to rattling around the Gryffindor common room every evening, cornering people and shaking the collecting tin under their noses, asking them to pay for the badge, and Join the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare.

Despite Hermione's hard work, there was little interest in the matter. Several meetings were held to listen to Hermione reading the charter of the Society.

Shortly afterwards, Hogwarts Magic began to publish her articles on protecting the rights of house-elves.

This seemed to have played a role, and readers constantly wrote to Hermione.

Many people thought that she was insane having this absurd idea of paying the house-elves, but there were still a few people who supported her.

They thought Hermione's approach was ethically correct, which gave Hermione great encouragement and motivation to continue.

As she often said to Evan, this was good enough for a start. Her badges and the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare were no longer limited to Hogwarts.

In terms of the school's curriculum, Moody had begun to use the Imperius Curse on every young wizard in the Defence Against the Dark Arts class.

At present, there was only Evan in the school who could completely break the curse and defeat it.

After many attempts, Harry and a small number of senior students could successfully resist and were not easily controlled by the Dark wizard.

Ron was the worst performer in this respect, and he had no resistance to the Imperius Curse. It was probably because of the impact of his previous experiences.

He had much more difficulties than others in dealing with this curse, and was the easiest to control.

In Professor Moody's words, Ron lacked strong will power.

This made Ron feel very dissatisfied, and every Defence Against the Dark Arts lesson became a torment.

He complained that Moody was like a paranoid, and no wonder people wanted to kick him out of the Ministry of Magic.

Moody was speaking as if someone might break into the school and attack them at any time.

But Evan believed that it was necessary for everyone to learn to resist the Imperius Curse as soon as possible.

Until now, he had found no trace of Bartemius Crouch, Jr. hiding in the dark. Either Barty Crouch Jr. had not yet arrived at Hogwarts, or the Marauder's Map was not working. The first supposition was very likely. As Caresius said, Crouch was planning to start by the Triwizard Tournament.

By that time, Hogwarts Castle would have removed most of the protective magic and its defence would be the weakest. Moreover, there would be many outsiders coming in.

Bartemius Crouch, Jr. might be among these people, waiting for the opportunity to act.

After confirming that it was impossible to quickly find out Barty Crouch through the Marauder's Map, Evan put this matter aside.

He was now devoting most of his energy to the study of ancient magic texts and had also begun to try to learn the language of the Merpeople.

The pressure of the third year curriculum was obviously much more than that of the second year, and Evan now was busy every day.

As for Harry, Ron and Hermione, they were even busier, and the amount of homework to be done in the fourth year was overwhelming them. It was because upon entering the fifth grade next year, they would take the Ordinary Wizarding Levels.

In Professor McGonagall's words, this was the most important phase of a wizards' magical education, and had to be given appropriate attention.

However, it was obvious that everyone's performance could not satisfy the professors.

Their homework was becoming more and more difficult and demanding, which kept Harry and Ron's dissatisfaction rising.

The only thing that made them feel happy was that they had received top marks for their homework in their Divination class. Although this sounded a bit ironic, it was one of the few good news they got.

In fact, Evan was also praised.

Professor Trelawney even read out large portions of his predictions, commending him for his unflinching acceptance of the horrors in store for him.

Hagrid's Care of Magical Creatures was still a mess, especially as part of their "project" suggested that they come down to his Hut on alternate evenings to observe the skrewts and make notes on their extraordinary behavior.

These Blast-Ended Skrewts were growing at a remarkable pace given that nobody had yet discovered what they ate.

Hagrid had placed them into separate boxes, and a hundred wooden boxes kept shaking in front of his Hut.

It might not be long before these Blast-Ended Skrewts would come out of their boxes.

It was foreseeable that no one would dare to approach them except Hagrid.

Chapter 534: Extra After-Class Tutoring

In a few weeks, these Blast-Ended Skrewts started developing a kind of thick, grayish, shiny armor.

This armor was covered with hard thorns and gradually covered their whole body.

They looked like a cross between giant scorpions and elongated crabs that would emit liquid from its tail.

A flame explosion will push them a few yards in the opposite direction and burn the careless student.

Evan secretly tested that the skrewts' magic resistance was very strong, and the carapace could resist many low-level spells.

These traits were inherited from the Manticore, and they also inherited its aggressiveness.

Talking about the Manticore, it's important to say that after several detailed inquiries, Evan finally knew the exact location of the creature Hagrid had talked about.

Thinking of the mysterious temple covered by mud and built by the ancient warlock, he could not wait to go there to explore it.

Whether it was to pay tribute to the ancient relics or to discover the secrets of the evil spirits, it was worthwhile to go there. And the sooner the better; he shouldn't delay it too much.

Although there was a dangerous Manticore, which was indeed big trouble, Evan had a way to deal with it. He had already known about its habits from Hagrid and was ready.

Moreover, with the presence of a powerful guy like Caresius, security could be guaranteed.

Of course, Evan would naturally not be trusting of Caresius. But this powerful vampire was now his ally. He kept his secrets, did not expose his infiltration into Hogwarts as Moody, and helped him fulfill Voldemort's mission.

In return, Caresius should be able to help Evan deal with a magical creature. Caresius was a free bodyguard, not for nothing.

If it had been before they became allies, Evan would have never dared to do this, going on an expedition accompanied by a vampire. He certainly would not have wanted to have a threat behind him while facing another....

But now there was no scruple, not that Evan trusted the vampire's assurance, but he believed in the power of magic. After an in-depth communication that day, Evan and Caresius concluded an equal alliance magic contract. If he was to violate it, Caresius would pay a great price.

On the weekend of the third week after school, Evan arrived early to the edge of the Forbidden Forest to wait.

Half an hour later, Moody limped over with a crutch and a parcel in his hand.

He was very alert, his magical eyes swiftly rotating to make sure no one was following him.

"Kid, we'd better meet less now!" said Moody with a rough voice, looking at Evan discontentedly.

"Of course, but I think, our Defence Against the Dark Arts professor should not mind giving his best student some extra tutoring after class, should he?!" said Evan, looking at him, "Have you brought everything I asked for?"

"Here it is!" said Moody, dissatisfied, shaking the package in his hand, his eyes twitching, which made his face look more skewed than usual, "After-school tutoring?! According to the progress of my course, you should now practice resisting the damned Imperius Curse instead of exploring inside the Forbidden forest and provoking whatever Manticore!"

"I can already break this Curse. Your course schedule is not suitable for me, and it doesn't make any sense for me to follow it." replied Evan, "Okay, we'd better hurry up. I found a helper to help us save time."

"What, There's someone else..." Before he had finished, he stopped abruptly.

He saw that Evan was pulling a Hippogriff out of the bushes with a leather collar around its neck.

"Meet Buckbeak!" said Evan with ease.

Buckbeak turned his big, pointed head, and his raging orange eyes glared at Caresius, the fake Moody.

After Evan had saved Buckbeak last term, Hagrid had been keeping it around his hut.

As one of the additional conditions for the acquittal of Buckbeak, the Committee for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures required Hagrid to ensure that Buckbeak would harm nobody. Therefore, he had to leave the Hippogriff beside him. It could be seen that Hagrid was actually very willing to do so.

Buckbeak was now very close to Evan, who once rode it into the Acromantulas' territory.

The swamp deep in the Forbidden Forest was far away from here, and Evan and Caresius couldn't leave the castle for too long to avoid any unwanted attention.

With the help of Buckbeak, there was naturally no problem. It would take them about half an hour to get there.

Urged by Evan, Caresius reluctantly communicated with Buckbeak and then turned over and sat on its back.

He had not taken the Polyjuice Potion for an hour, and his appearance changed as soon as he sat on it. The scars on his face gradually disappeared and his skin became pale and smooth.

His incomplete nose became long and narrow, and his long gray hair shortened and turned black. Suddenly, with a snap, the wooden leg fell aside, and a real leg grew out.

Then the magical eye jumped out of its socket, and a real wine-red eye took its place.

The magical eye fell into the hand of Caresius, and it was still rolling around.

He has now returned to the image in Evan's memory, a pale and handsome face with a trace of evil.

With some contempt in his eyes, there was tremendous power in the gestures of his hands and feet.

"Hurry up!" urged Caresius. "It would be stupid to be found out here!"

Evan hurriedly climbed up and sat in front of Caresius.

Buckbeak's twelve-foot wings spread out beside them and flew high.

The wings were constantly stirring, countless green branches and leaves are rapidly retreating backward, and Hogwarts castle is shrinking rapidly.

Buckbeak flew very fast, and after crossing the broad and soft sea of trees, Evan soon saw the Centaur's colony on the hill.

Because the last time it was late at night, Evan now saw the whole image of the Centaur's colony for the first time.

Rows of low wooden huts lined up neatly, stretching from all directions to the central huge Temple of the Moon.

Buckbeak did not pass through the Centaurs' colony. There was magic in it to protect and prevent all flying creatures from approaching. Evan knew that it was the great magic carved at the top of the Temple of the Moon.

That magic could absorb the power of the stars and run as a magic supplement to protect the entire temple.

Buckbeak gave a low cry, bypassing the Centaurs' colony, and turned in one direction, flying over the other side of the hill.

Below, the trees were thinning out, replaced by a large swamp wetland with no end at sight.

The surface and subsoil of the marshes were excessively moist, producing many unique wetland and swamp plants.

Although it was still daytime, there was a thin mist of unknown source.

It pervaded the marshes, adding a mystery to the place.

Chapter 535: The Everglades

Following the information he got from Hagrid, Evan directed Buckbeak to fly deep into the marsh. They flew in the white mist and watched the ground closely.

Although the water and plants in this place were delicious, the creatures living in the Forest rarely came here.

Many parts of this swamp were bottomless and dangerous. It looked no different from the ordinary ground, but if accidentally caught up in it; one could only wait for death in a desperate struggle.

Only the most experienced of explorers like Hagrid could find a path through the depths of the marsh through years of exploration.

Although the creatures of the forest were rarely close, that did not mean that there were no other creatures in this swamp.

The facts were just the opposite. Without the invasion of forest species, in the unique environment of the everglades, there were many rare special living organisms. They interacted to form a complete ecosystem.

On his way, Evan saw patches of Mandrake.

The Mandrake, also known as Mandragora, is a powerful healing agent. It is also an important part of most antidotes used to restore those who have been transfigured or cursed to their original state.

A few days ago, in Professor Sprout's Herbology class, Evan had changed the pot of a Mandrake seedling.

Near the Mandrakes, he also saw dozens of magical creatures resembling pieces of dead wood.

They had finned paws and sharp teeth, and glided through marshland. These magical creatures were Dugbogs that mainly feed on small animals and plants. They can inflict severe injuries to the ankles of human walkers, but their favorite food is the Mandrake.

The root of the Mandrake looks like an ugly baby that can make a harsh cry. The Dugbogs feed on these roots, which leads to Mandrake-growers finding nothing but a bloody mess when pulling their plants out. The roots of Mandrake were gnawed by Dugbogs and could no longer scream.

Besides the Dugbogs, Evan also saw two Hinkypunks. They hid in the puddles on the side of the road, only the lanterns hanging from their front feet were exposed to the outside with a faint glow.

In this always foggy marsh, this light can lure travelers or passing animals to follow.

The Hinkypunks will give the wrong instructions and lead them to deliberately go to the bottomless marsh area or the puddle. They wait until the travelers die, and feed on their decayed corpses.

Moving on, beside a large reed, Evan saw something looking like a giant firefly.

Its tail emitted a reddish or yellow foggy glow with sharp spikes. It floated quietly a few feet above the water to capture plankton.

However, before it flew out, it was eaten by a big fish that with green scales and sharp tusks.

There were also a few round gray meat worms crawling slowly in a swamp full of mushrooms and fungi. This creature has a huge mouth, constantly devouring the mushroom in front of it. Behind its body is also a hole, oozing with green mucus.

It was like Evan was entering a new magical world, and what he was seeing was totally different from what he had usually come into contact with.

“The ancient ruins you talked about are in this place?” Caresius frowned.

“This is where Hagrid met the Manticore, and we’re still going east.” replied Evan.

“I am absolutely mad to come to such a place with you! Be careful of the Manticore that may appear at any time; that’s definitely trouble beyond your imagination!” said Caresius, “And, I doubt whether the relics you talked about will have any exploration value. I’ve seen too many of such ancient buildings, and there was nothing but rubble inside. ”

As the place where the statue of the evil god was first discovered, even if there were only rubble left, it was worth exploring.

“I have my own discretion. You just have to follow our previous plan. I asked Hagrid about the habits of the Manticore. As long as there’s no accident, there will be absolutely no problem.”

“Well, first of all, even if your plan and trap work, I can only control the thing for an hour. You’ll have to hurry up!” Caresius stared gloomily at Evan. “If you don’t come out in an hour, I won’t go in to save you.”

“I know!” Evan nodded and said, “I’ll watch the time.”

Having long been in contact with dangerous magical animals, wizards have summarized and explored a set of effective control methods, such as the use of the Stunning Spell, special potions and herbs, as well as traps, etc.

As for the upcoming Manticore, the skin of this monster repels almost all known charms. It is very aggressive and very dangerous and it’s very difficult to defeat it head-on.

Evan was not sure if Caresius could actually beat the beast, but it would definitely not be without a cost.

Fortunately, they were not here to beat the Manticore, but to trap it for a period of time, enough for Evan to explore the remains.

After consulting the relevant information, Evan had chosen a trap tool that met his own requirements.

He had asked Sirius to help him get this trap and send it to Moody’s office. It was a magic item specializing in dealing with dangerous and magical creatures.

As long as triggered, several chains could be quickly stretched out to entangle the trapped magical creature.

Under the control of the wizard, it was difficult to break the chains, and the duration was related to the magic of the wizard who controlled the trap.

Caresius’s strength should be enough to control the Manticore for over an hour.

Of course, he was dissatisfied with being asked to do this kind of thing, but he had no choice. The current situation was that whatever Evan would ask for, Caresius had to try to satisfy it.

What's more, there was no danger in this matter; only that Caresius needed to consume some of his magic.

In the past few years, from time to time, Hagrid had been providing food to the Manticore, living in the marsh.

Evan learned from Hagrid that the food the Manticore liked was the flesh of the Nogtail.

The Nogtail is a magical creature that lives in rural areas in Europe, Russia and the Americas. It looks like a stunted piglet, but with narrow black eyes, a thick stubby tail, and long legs.

It often sneaks into pigsties and suckles an ordinary sow alongside her own young. The longer the Nogtail is left undetected and the bigger it grows, the longer the blight on the farm into which it has entered.

Evan also asked Sirius to get him a lot of Nogtail meat and send it to Moody's office with the trap.

Now, these things are all packed in the parcel that Caresius was carrying in his hand.

Chapter 536: The Marsh Ruins and Megalithic Temples

On top of the endless swamp, Buckbeak flew forward for more than ten minutes.

The fog around was getting thicker and thicker, and there was a large area of obscurity where nothing was clear; even the sun was shaded.

In the terrible fog, eyes completely lost their function, as all they could see was hazy white, everywhere.

Evan could not see anything by now, but could only hear Buckbeak fluttering his wings.

Whoop, whoop, whoop...

It moved its wings more and more slowly, and didn't seem to move anymore.

The three floated in midair, surrounded by seemingly endless fog from all directions.

Evan had a bad feeling that grew stronger and stronger, as if in their halt, some monster was following them, about to rush at any time!

"Do you feel it? There's something wrong with this place," said Caresius.

There was a hint of surprise in his voice, and something seemed to be happening.

Soon, Evan also felt that the subtle magic was pervading around them, and that it was the source of his earlier feelings.

It was a very strange magic, unlike any magic Evan was familiar with. It had a repelling and restraining effect on other magic powers and was suppressing the power in Evan's body.

"Lumos!" he yelled, and the tip of his wand began to glow.

Evan straightened his arm and raised his wand. The light grew stronger and stronger, penetrating through the thick fog around him...

In the dim light, he saw giant domed plants.

Each of these exotic plants stood quietly hundreds of feet high in the fog.

They were like umbrellas covering a large swamp area, like mushrooms that had been magnified countless times.

The strange magic came from these plants, and it seemed to absorb and swallow all other magic in the surrounding air.

Obviously, they didn't grow so large naturally, but they become that size under the catalysis of some mysterious magic.

Perhaps, it was the magic that permeated the lost ruins, and they had obvious rejection and engulfing effects on other forces.

Hagrid had said that the lair of the Manticore was in the vicinity.

"This is the place Hagrid told me about," said Evan to Caresius. "Be careful!"

"This place makes me feel uncomfortable. Fighting in the thick fog, the Manticore would have an advantage over us!" said Caresius. He immediately raised his wand up and read a spell.

The next second, with them as the center, a hurricane suddenly blew up, blowing away all the thick fog around.

Evan was surprised by the strength displayed by Caresius. The magic was simple, but he wouldn't have been able to do it himself at this scale, not without the Philosopher's Stone.

So, this cunning vampire must have been holding back in the last battle.

Caresius was really a dangerous man with whom he had to be careful all the time.

Although he was now Evan's ally, he was also Voldemort's ally. For his interests, this guy seemed ready to sell out anything, anyone.

Just thinking of the matter was too tiring, as the thought of being sold out wasn't exactly that pleasant. Therefore, Evan re-focused on the current situation.

As the wind blew, the fog became lighter and weaker. About a minute later, all the fog cleared away, and Evan finally saw the scene around him.

They were flying over a dried-up lake, which had taken on an irregular outward spreading shape. The soil inside was dark without light, as if it had been corroded by something, and had lost all its vitality.

Unlike the lively everglades he had seen before, there was not a single blade of grass around here. There were only these large, disproportionate dome plants scattered around, with their bizarre reddish-brown tops.

In front of them was a gigantic triangular stone building. Its main body had sunk and dumped in the black mud, leaving only what seemed to be a small part of it exposed.

The exposed part alone was already as large as the Centaurs' Temple of the Moon, which showed just how humongous the overall size of the building.

The white stone walls had been eroded, and they were able to tell the glory of the past.

Unlike the ruins of the fallen Centaurs that Evan had seen before, there were no exaggerated statues, stone carvings and murals on them.

Instead, there are complex magic lines and simple decorations, low-key and yet without losing the atmosphere.

“Unbelievable, it’s a relic left from the ancient warlocks’ period!” Caresius stared at the building carefully for a long time before he said with surprise, “I never expected there would be such a thing near Hogwarts.”

“Well, do you want to go in and have a look?”

“Not interested. You’d better stay away from this place, too.” said Caresius in a low voice. “Do you know the Megalithic Temples of Malta? They’re also relics left by an ancient warlock. Throughout history, tens of powerful sorcerers went there and wanted to explore the secrets of the ruins. But in the end they all died inside and no one came out alive. Since a few centuries ago, that place was classified as a forbidden zone, and no one was allowed to approach it.”

Evan had known about this matter, and he had read all about it in a book.

The Megalithic Temples Caresius talked about, also known as the Stone Age Temples of Malta, are a group of buildings left from the Stone Age.

Their history is even older than the pyramids of Egypt, they’re the largest Stone Age temples in Europe and are also very famous among Muggles.

There are currently eight ruins of the Giant Stone Temples that have been discovered, seven of which have been destroyed.

In the long history, the protection magic that the ancient warlocks left in them gradually lost its effect.

The original intention of the construction of the seven megalithic temples is unclear. After losing the protection of magic, they have been corroded and weathered into ordinary buildings.

They have thus become one of the most famous tourist attractions in the world. People who have been there often marvel at the incredible miracle and look at the magnificent buildings piled up with countless pieces of tens of tons of megaliths with awe, wondering how the ancients did this with primitive tools.

The wizards who know about their history are aware that these buildings are the remains of ancient warlocks. Especially the well-preserved one, the magic and powerful charms inside were amazing.

So far, their hidden secrets have not been cracked.

The speculation about the interior of the Megalithic Temples has never stopped, and many magic books were written about the matter.

But as Caresius just said, all the wizards who dared to enter the one left, have died, and no one knew what was inside.

Maybe it was a powerful curse or attacking magic, or a dangerous monster. Anything was possible.

The power of the ancient warlocks is entirely beyond the understanding of today's wizards and cannot be inferred from the existing magic theories.

Like the Megalithic temples, since these ruins in front of him had also been left by ancient warlocks, they had to be dealt with carefully.

"I'll give you a piece of advice, Evan. Don't touch forces you don't know at all, or you'll get into trouble that you can't imagine!" said Caresius.

Looking at him, he for once seemed very afraid of the power of the ancient warlocks.

Chapter 537: Entering the Ruins

Such was the strength of Caresius, and it was enough to prove how powerful the ancient warlocks had been.

Obviously, no matter what treasures might be hidden in the ruins, he was not going to go in and find out.

From a rational point of view, his cautious view was absolutely correct.

In the face of powerful unknown forces beyond their ability, the best thing to do was to stay away from them instead of making random contact. Otherwise, they might not even see their death coming.

But there was a premise in this matter. If Evan had not contacted the evil god, if Voldemort had not taken away the statue of the evil god, he would have followed the advice of Caresius and left here. But now, he had no other choice.

The Temple's most important object, the statue of the evil god, had been removed. There should be no other major danger left in it...

From the memories of the Centaurs' ancestor Okegiga, it could be seen that he did not encounter any obstacles inside the building. He entered the center of the ruins very smoothly at that time, and he did not even encounter the Manticore.

Besides, there was one more point that made Evan firmly believe in entering to check.

Gryffindor himself must have known about this. Since he showed him the memory of Okegiga in his illusion, he must have hoped that he would come to this place. There might be a way to defeat the evil god in these ancient relics.

It couldn't be something out of Evan's ability to beat. Otherwise, Gryffindor would have certainly not told him about it.

Thinking of this, Evan decided to act as planned.

“Thank you for your advice, Caresius, but I still want to go in and have a look. We’d better lay a trap here, and then bring out the Manticore inside. You control it and give me time. I’ll be back in an hour.” said Evan, motioning Buckbeak to land.

“Hum, if you want to die, I won’t stop you!” Caresius stared at Evan with cold eyes and said slowly, “Remember, I’ll only wait for you here for an hour. If you don’t come back, I’ll leave directly, and I won’t inform anyone else.”

Evan didn’t answer. He took the package from Caresius, jumped down from Buckbeak and began to set the trap.

The mud on the ground was soft, there was no much water, and it was not trapping like a swamp.

Evan buried the trap trigger device that would capture the magical creature under the soil, and then piled the meat of the Nogtail on it. He also sprinkled a lot of potions in them, and these potions had a certain anesthetic effect. Although he didn’t know if it would work on the Manticore, it did not seem like a bad idea to just try them.

The Manticore had abundant feelings and superb language ability, but his violent nature prevented it from thinking carefully.

Most of the time, it would make choices impulsively, obey its instinct, and fall into traps.

Evan climbed onto Buckbeak and they rose back into the air and waited quietly.

Before long, a huge red lion emerged from the entrance of the ruins.

It looked about the size of Hagrid, and where it should originally be a lion’s face, there was a face of a middle-aged man.

The head was surrounded by long red hair, and the ugly big nose on the face was the most conspicuous thing about it, with red eyes above it.

Its eyes were as red as a vampire’s, but they were not the deep red of Caresius, nor the lovely crimson of Elaine with her faint charm, but the blood-red, and full of rage..

Three rows of long sharp tusks grew out of its mouth, telling everyone that this was not a human face. There were also two long black horns above the head of the Manticore. The horns are thick, round in sections, and curved backwards, like male gazelles.

But more precisely, it looked like an evil demon.

On either side of its ribs was a pair of cyan wings. Having the ability to fly, there was no doubt that the Manticore was even more dangerous.

At the end of its tail was a scorpion-like deadly stinger, much larger than that of an ordinary scorpion sting. It was like it had been magnified by the Engorgement Charm. It glowed with a heart-rending green light, and it had a high toxicity. Being stung with it meant death in the blink of an eye...

The Manticore, emerging from the ruins, did not see Evan and Caresius. It saw the food and made a soft humming sound.

The sound is sweet and melodious, mingled with the distant magnetic whistle, with some magic.

This was his habit of catching and devouring prey. All the creatures who heard the humming sound are immersed in it, not knowing that death was awaiting them.

The Manticore that came out from the ruins did not stop, but pounced straight at the piled mound of meat like a hill.

“Bingo!” said Evan, delighted. Things were going better than he had expected.

The wand in Caresius’s hand was lifted upward. The next second, six thick chains drilled out of the ground, shaking in the air with the sound of slaps, from bottom to top, falling from the sky at a very fast speed. The trap was tightly wrapped around the Manticore that was enjoying food.

Suddenly attacked, the beast seemed to be a little surprised, as if he did not understand what was going on.

When he saw the chains around him, there was a furious look on his face.

His blue wings were all open, and he started out with terrible howls, shaking vigorously, trying to break free from the control of the chains.

His muscles were tight, his eyes bulged outward, and his scorpion tail slapped on the ground, smashing a huge pit.

The chains were stretched to the extreme, making a clicking sound.

The Manticore was extremely powerful, and he was competing with the power of the magic chain. With a bang, one of the chains broke.

Evan, who was navigating Buckbeak, was a bit surprised. This was terrible!

Those chains were as thick as his arms and very hard. It was said that they were even suitable to deal with the fire dragon. Evan did not expect that they would be so easily broken. It was clear that the Manticore was in a whole different league from any other magical creature he had ever witnessed!

“Leave the monster to me, you hurry up!” whispered Caresius.

He didn’t seem to care that the chain had broken, and he turned and jumped off Buckbeak’s back.

Just then, a strange red and black circular arc of light flashed, his body disappeared in mid-air, and then appeared out of thin air in front of the furious Manticore!

Compared with the massive Manticore, the tall body of Caresius looked very small. His pale face was expressionless, and he pointed his wand forward and uttered a curse.

The next second, countless tiny red chains appeared on the Manticore that was firmly trapped.

The Manticore, who had found his target, made a terrible roar. Although his whole body was entangled in chains, he still carried them and rushed to the front of Caresius, wanting to tear him apart. .

There was no time to care about the battle between the two. After Caresius went on, Evan did not stop.

He controlled Buckbeak to fly to the entrance of the ruins not far away. It was a huge pothole that had been changed into a nest by the Manticore.

The entrance was big and it was very easy for Evan to get in...

Chapter 538: Powerful Magic

In the darkness, Evan continued down the tunnel behind the entrance.

Most of the ancient relics had been buried deep underground, and only the top part was exposed.

That used to be a ventilation passage in the ruins, and he didn't know where it led. He also didn't know when it had been transformed into a huge lair entrance and exit by the Manticore.

After entering, Evan and Buckbeak flew down what looked like a deep, dark well. They were surrounded by old mossy white boulders with no forks along the way.

This was certainly not the entrance that the Centaurs' ancestor, Okegiga, had followed eight hundred years ago. The Centaurs could not fly like the Hippogriffs. However, judging from the size of the ruins, he should have entered them from other places.

Of course, it was also possible that the horrible evil god intentionally directed him to come here and find the statue.

Over the years, the magic left by ancient warlocks became weaker and weaker, and the evil spirit gradually broke away from the power of the seals put on it. It became able to influence the creatures around through the statue and make them degenerate into its own servants.

Besides the wizards of Hogwarts, the most obvious nearby intelligent creatures belonged to the most populated and powerful Centaurs' colony in the Forbidden Forest.

It was a matter of course that the evil god chose them as targets, to help it collect flesh and blood, and to complete its summoning magic.

Needless to say, the Philosopher's Stone, which had been preserved in the Centaurs' colony, was the source of power it needed to come to the world.

Associated with various legends of evil gods and ancient sorcerers, Evan did not dare to be careless and looked around carefully.

The end of his wand shone brightly, dispelling the darkness around him.

Buckbeak was falling fast, but they still flew down for five minutes before reaching the bottom.

That was a huge square room, not surprisingly, the lair of the Manticore. The floor of the room was buried by the bones of countless creatures, all of which were the prey of the Manticore. They were bones of all kinds of creatures, piled up like hills.

Fortunately, Evan did not see human bones among them, which indirectly proves that these ruins had not yet been discovered by the outside world.

Due to its proximity to Hogwarts, there were very few foreign wizards visiting this area.

This dangerous marsh in the depths of the Forbidden Forest was even more inaccessible, and it was not known how long no one had been there.

As for the only visitor, Hagrid, there were probably only magical creatures in his eyes, and he did not care about other things at all.

Evan let Buckbeak land on the pile of bones, and as he did, he heard the sound of countless bones being crushed.

In fact, it was not good to look at the piles of bones under his feet and not know what kind of creatures they were.

It was a purgatory, and if any other young wizard had come here, he might have fainted long ago.

Buckbeak bowed his head and pecked hard at the skull left by an unknown creature, making a dull sound that reverberated in the room.

Forced to contain his discomfort, Evan climbed down from Buckbeak's back.

Now was not the time to sigh, he must hurry to complete the exploration and leave here within an hour.

It was no longer suitable to ride Buckbeak to keep going, but it was up to him to do it.

A door, half buried by countless bones, was located in the right corner of the room.

The walk through the bones to that door was to be another unforgettable experience to Evan.

He had just taken two steps when he heard the click sound coming from below, as if something was going to come out.

Evan stopped abruptly and pointed his wand at the place.

Deep in the bones, a glow of red flashed, and the heat wave came out.

Evan took a half step back and saw several large tortoises with heavily jeweled shells with different colors, crawling out of the bones.

They were red as fire, waving a huge crab claw out of proportion to their bodies, and another one slightly smaller, but sharper.

They stared at Evan tightly, and the crab claws clattered threateningly, constantly shooting flames from their rear ends.

These things were Fire Crabs, with which the Manticore mated to give Blast-Ended-Skrewts.

From where the Fire Crabs came out, Evan saw a lot of Blast-Ended-Skrewts, which were densely parasitic in the middle of the bone mountain.

The Manticore seemed to have given them food and was raising his offspring.

Fortunately, these Blast-Ended-Skrewts did not grow much, and the character of the Fire Crabs was relatively mild.

As long as Evan did not provoke them, they would not take the initiative to attack.

Bypassing the Fire Crabs and Blast-Ended-Skrewts, Evan came to the buried door.

He gently waved his wand, and all the nearby bones flew into the air and landed elsewhere.

After simply clearing out a passage for himself to bend over, Evan went down the gentle slope made up of bones.

As soon as he went out, he felt a strong magic pressure coming from all directions. It was like the magic of the weird dome plants outside, but more intense and rich.

Evan's magic was quickly suppressed and lost its effect.

The light at the end of his wand flickered and eventually disappeared.

In this area, all magic was not working. this is a magic free field!

Evan blinked and looked around in amazement.

After the light of his wand was extinguished, he thought that there would be darkness in front of him, but it was not. At this time, in front of him was an ancient huge cloister.

On the side close to the inside was a white marble wall and on the other side was a hollow garden. It was full of weird plants that Evan had never seen, and the ground was covered with mushrooms that glowed orange. The faint fluorescence converged on everything and illuminated everything here.

Even without the light of Evan's wand, he could clearly see the surrounding scene.

Evan stood in place for a while, and did not enter it immediately.

His body was tight, his mind was highly focused, and he carefully observed the scene inside the ruins.

Not surprisingly, this should be the place where Okegiga had come that year.

Right in front, Evan's vision was blocked by countless unknown plants in the central garden of the cloister, and he could not see the end.

The marble wall next to him was engraved with light blue magic symbols and ancient magic inscriptions.

A few minutes later, after repeatedly confirming that there was no danger, he began to think about walking in the corridor.

In this space filled with powerful, strange forces, magic had completely lost its function.

Evan couldn't even feel the magic inside him. He was now like a Muggle.

No matter what happened, he had to find a way to solve it with his own hands and could not rely on magic for help.

Evan took a few steps forward and recognized it at a glance. The surrounding walls were all ancient magical texts like those that appeared in the second part of The Book of Abraham.

He hadn't deciphered it yet. These mysterious ancient magic texts are more numerous and more complex than those on the book.

Evan carefully observed that countless ancient magical characters and surrounding magical symbols seemed to constitute a powerful spell.

Although he could not understand it, he could feel the powerful force contained in it, which was the source of the strange force that suppressed the magic in his body.

They were left by ancient warlocks throughout this huge building, forming a magic together with the entire relic.

Combined with the message, as well as its effect of suppressing magic, this should be a spell to seal evil gods.

That was shocking. Evan could not describe this feeling in words. He had never seen such a powerful magic.

Chapter 539: Ancient Magic

The power of the ancient warlocks was indeed extremely strong. Among other things, that powerful seal magic carved on the wall of the ruins stood as proof of that.

Achieving such an effect today would be a miraculous feat.

In this field of absolute magic-prohibition, any magic would lose its function. Even the power of the evil god could not possibly be used.

With such a temple to isolate it from the outside world, it had no way to affect other creatures.

Before the Noumenon came, the evil god could not invade minds and spirits, which meant that it had lost its only means of attack.

While this controlled the evil gods, the mechanism outside the ruins and the Manticore could also block all outsiders.

The ancient warlocks who built the Temple originally designed it very well, and they intended it to seal the statue of the evil god forever.

Unfortunately, they probably did not anticipate that a thousand years later, the surrounding environment would undergo such massive changes.

All the ancient magicians who were once strong and powerful became history and disappeared with the evolution of human civilization.

This area had also turned into a large marsh, and the entire site had sunk to the depths of the earth. Many places were destroyed as the building sank and naturally weathered. The powerful sealing magic that was originally engraved on the wall was thus cracked and gradually lost its original role. The powerful force now permeating the hall might be less than one-tenth of what it was in its heyday.

The power of the evil god came back again, and its statue was brought back by Okegiga to the Centaurs' colony.

All that remained was this temple, quietly immersed in the depths of the swamp, as well as the meaningless caretaker.

Evan's fingers gently glided across the marble, and he could clearly feel the vicissitudes of history after the impressive power represented by the ancient magic words and magic symbols on the wall.

He walked forward for more than ten minutes and did not cross the entire side of the corridor.

The space inside this relic was beyond imagination, and it might take several hours to walk back and forth in it.

There wasn't enough left of the hour Evan and Caresius agreed on, and he could not go on.

He had planned to record the ancient magic inscriptions carved on the wall and all the magic symbols and go back to study them slowly. Now it seemed that he had to find time to come back again.

He decided to go to the middle, take a look at the place where the evil god statue was found, and then go back.

This exploration allowed him to see the power of ancient warlocks, a powerful force beyond anything known with modern magic.

The more he came into contact with it, the more he realized how insignificant his knowledge of magic was.

It's to take under consideration that when he first entered school, he was, like other young wizards, excited for half a day if he cast a spell successfully.

He once thought that the power of Dumbledore and Voldemort was already the limit that wizards could reach.

Later, as he studied magic documents and came into contact with the relics and magic powers left by the Four Founders and other ancient wizards, Evan gradually realized that power that once was so strong in his eyes might be just the beginning.

When he saw the power of the evil gods and the ancient warlocks, a brand-new gate was opened in front of him.

There were still many mysteries in the wizarding world that he did not understand. There was a lot of knowledge he needed to acquire.

In awe, Evan crossed the cloister and walked into the lush garden.

All the plants in it were unknown to him, and with a touch of magic, they looked unique.

Looking at a column of purple oak trees, he couldn't help but wonder if, like the huge dome plants outside; the surrounding plants had actually been transformed by the magic that filled the space, which made them become so strange.

The vine plants surrounded the whole garden and took it as the center, spreading upward.

In the orange fluorescent scenery, looking at the grotesque plants around him, Evan felt like he was on a strange planet.

He walked forward for a long time, and then he saw a square stone platform.

The surrounding ground was rounded by huge and brilliant boulders, engraved with sophisticated magic symbols.

The stone platform itself was tightly entangled with green plants, hiding its original appearance.

Evan remembered that Okegiga once said that when he discovered the statue of the evil god, it was entangled in a square stone platform with a large number of withered plants.

It should be the place, but without the corrosive power of the evil god, the surrounding plants were back to life.

This was the center of the whole relic and the place with the strongest magic power in the hall.

Evan carefully observed the surroundings, and found nothing different except that the strange magic was extraordinarily rich.

He moved closer and closer, with a strange feeling that something seemed to be attracting him on the stone platform.

He used all his strength to remove a sheltered vine and saw an irregular circular groove in the center of the stone platform.

It was originally used to place the statue of the evil god, and complicated dark gold magic lines extended around it.

Following these lines, Evan kept pulling out the vines that covered them. Then he realized that the magic lines on the stone platform intertwined to form two ancient magic inscriptions.

“Silence!” Evan repeated it with the pronunciation of the ancient magic script. What was the meaning of these two words?!

Perhaps, it was the name of this powerful magic in the ruins hall.

It was glowing with white light, floating in front of Evan, and its pages were flipping fast.

Evan was surprised to see the ancient book in front of him. The last time this happened, it was in the illusion of the evil god.

At that time, the book also flew out suddenly, sealing the horrible evil spirit at a critical juncture.

What was going on this time?!

There was a mass of ink on it, and only the foot of the former evil god could be shown.

Soon, the pages turned back a few more pages and stopped immediately.

On the originally blank pages, texts emitting blue light quickly appeared.

Evan felt that the rest of the entire hall was gathering here.

He looked up and saw the light shining on the walls around him, the contents of which floated out in a light blue mist. With their own location as the core, these light and fog quickly converged to form a huge whirlpool.

Before Evan could figure out what was going on, he heard a slight click on the stone platform.

What happened? Was everything recorded?!

Chapter 540: Broken Philosopher’s Stone

What exactly happened?!

Evan was confused about the situation at hand, and his mind was full of doubts. His research on this book was only superficial.

On the front page of the third part, besides for the empty God portrait that has already appeared, the other places were still covered by thick black ink.

The latter part only recorded one-third of the “Silence” magic, and the rest were all blank.

Evan looked it over again and still had no clue.

He sighed and put the book down, and then he felt that the ruins were different from what he had just seen.

The powerful magic that pervaded the air had completely disappeared, and this place had become an empty ancient architectural site.

The marble surfaces baptized by the ruthless years were full of cracks. Without the protection of magic, they had become the most common stones. They had been weathered for a long time, and seemed to be about to collapse at any moment.

A lot of gravel and dust kept falling, and Evan could even hear the sound of rumbling from areas he didn't know.

It was no longer safe here. He had to leave quickly; otherwise, he was in danger of being buried alive.

However, Evan was not willing to leave. His purpose of this trip had not yet been reached, but it had only added more questions.

Losing the protection of magic power, this relic was about to become ruins.

When that happens, all the secrets here and the magic on the walls would be completely annihilated.

"Damn!" Evan forced himself to calm down.

He still remembered that at the last moment, he heard a slight click sound from the stone platform.

Would it be related to the sudden failure of half of the powerful magic operation that had lasted for thousands of years?

His eyes shifted to the stone platform, and he moved away the remaining plants as fast as he could.

After a few tens of seconds, after all the cleaning up, Evan saw the stone platform as it really was.

The center of the stone platform was slightly sunken, showing an irregular circular groove, which was used to place the statue of the evil god.

Above, there was a smaller irregular groove with a black stone stuck in it. It seemed to be a magic stone!!!

Evan blinked and looked at the stone incredulously.

Yeah absolutely, that was definitely a Philosopher's Stone, a Philosopher's Stone that had lost its power.

Now, the Stone was covered with cracks, and there was no magic in it. It was no different from ordinary stones.

Here was the core of the entire relic, and this Philosopher's Stone was the source of the powerful magic holding the Evil God in.

Evan remembered Nicolas Flamel telling him that the Philosopher's Stones were powerful magic stones made by ancient warlocks with alchemy. They were created to supply enough magic to those who were powerful.

He knew that the magic used to summon evil gods would use the Philosopher's Stone.

He didn't expect that the magic in this ruined relic would be of that level.

So it seemed that the crackling must have been caused by the breaking of the Philosopher's Stone, which had exhausted all its magic.

When Evan's hand just touched its surface, the broken Philosopher's Stone turned into countless powder crystals and disappeared.

Looking at the empty groove, he suddenly thought that he could put his own Philosopher's Stone into it.

He had just to replace it with a new Philosopher's Stone and give it some strength.

But Evan was hesitant. He didn't know what would happen if he put the Philosopher's Stone into it.

No one can guarantee how powerful the magic left by the ancient magicians was in its complete state. The warning of Caresius was still ringing in his ears.

However, looking at the magic inscriptions on the third of the page, Evan hesitated again.

Intuition told him that he could not just walk away; otherwise he would miss this magic and the chance to learn the secret of the evil gods forever.

With under a minute passing, the falling gravel was getting bigger and bigger, and the horrible cracking sound in his ear was getting louder and louder.

Evan shook his fist hard. He knew that he had no choice but to take his chances.

He made up his mind to quickly take out the Philosopher's from the Locket and place it in the groove above the stone platform.

Although the shape of the Philosopher's Stone was very different, it exactly matched the groove on the stone platform.

Evan held his breath, gazed nervously at the Philosopher's Stone in his hand, and gently put it into the groove.

Click, the Philosopher's Stone and the groove collided together.

Evan looked at the stone expectantly, but nothing happened. Was it a failure?!

The next second, before he did anything, the ancient ruins hall was obviously shaken.

In the shaking, a huge pillar collapsed and deep fissures began to appear on the ground.

Evan gasped, his heart thumping to his throat.

He couldn't wait any longer, he had to go quickly, but he hadn't yet taken the Philosopher's Stone out of the groove.

Suddenly he felt a powerful magic bursting out in front of him, and the magic poured out madly from the Philosopher's Stone in the groove.

It moved along the complex magic runes around it to both sides of the corridor walls, spreading rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, all the marble floors in the hall became bright, and the magic engraved on the walls was again misting.

These blue hazes were much brighter than before. With the support of powerful magic, magic symbols and ancient magic texts broke away from the walls and flew into mid-air, spinning slowly around Evan's location.

The ancient magic of a thousand years ago was re-activated, and the most powerful magic filled the whole space.

Evan felt the power that existed from ancient times was comparable to that of the evil gods when they came.

The collapse of the entire hall suddenly stopped, everything became quiet, and Evan found himself floating upwards.

Gravity seemed to lose its effect and his body was floating up rapidly.

Not far away was the stone platform, on which the Philosopher's Stone was shining red.

In addition, the lush vegetation in the garden was all floating, even the dust and dirt particles on the ground.

The entire relic hall seemed to have changed into a scene, not the one Evan had seen before, but it had become more profound and mysterious.

All the surrounding walls disappeared, and the darkness stretched out into the infinite.

Then, Evan realized that he was not floating...