

Harry Potter 731

Chapter 731: Doomsday

“In that dream, I asked Abraham, why did he choose to give *me* that magical book?” Flamel stopped, and there was only turbidity in those once bright brown eyes, “he told me I was just a keeper, and at the end of my life, I’ll meet the real owner of this book, and my task was to give it to him.”

Nicolas Flamel’s old voice flowed slowly, with an uncontrollable trill.

After stopping taking the Elixir, he was inevitably aging.

Compared to the last time they met, his mental state had deteriorated a lot, and he was approaching the end of his long life.

Evan suddenly realized how painful it was to watch this mighty wizard’s slow decline.

He clearly felt the power of death in him, the most terrifying force in the world. But compassion was meaningless. Nicolas Flamel’s life was much longer than that of all other wizards, and deservedly full of glory. He was the most legendary wizard in the world. Almost everyone had heard his name. Even Muggles had heard about him.

In the face of death, the great wizard seemed extraordinarily fragile, vulnerable, but incomparably firm.

He knew what was waiting for him and embraced death.

Looking at Nicolas Flamel, Evan remembered Dumbledore, who had been telling everyone that death was only the beginning of another great adventure.

For a wise wizard, death was nothing more than a relief. When it would come, one should accept it calmly. There was no need to fear anything.

That said, wizards like Dumbledore and Nicolas Flamel were destined to be a minority.

“With the help of the Philosopher’s Stone obtained at the same time as that book, I have gained unimaginable wealth and eternal life. But I have not forgotten Abraham’s entrustment, and this burden was as overwhelming as a mountain. In the past six hundred years I have been searching for the true owner of this book, but I have never found anything. When I finally got tired of all this and decided to destroy the Philosopher’s Stone and prepare for death, you appeared in front of me, my child,” Flamel gasped. “When Dumbledore told me about you, I realized almost immediately that you were the one I had been waiting for. Abraham’s prophecy came true. When my life was about to come to an end, I finally met you. My mission has been completed and I can feel the taste of death with peace of mind.”

Abraham was a very famous ancient prophet. There were many legends about him.

But Evan had always been cautious about trusting such things. For this matter, with the help of the Philosopher's Stone, Nicolas Flamel theoretically had endless life. If he did not choose to destroy the Philosopher's Stone himself, he would never die.

If so, he would not meet the true master of *The Book of Abraham*, as he said, and the prophecy would not have been fulfilled.

But everything had developed as Abraham said. Because of the relationship between Voldemort and himself, Nicolas Flamel took the initiative to destroy the Philosopher's Stone before he saw Evan, and then chose to give *The Book of Abraham*

to Evan.

Could Abraham really be able to predict what would happen six hundred years later or a person's thoughts?!!

The prophecy had come true. Anyway, it was a terrible ability.

"In that dream, I asked Abraham again, why he did it, and what did that book mean?" Flamel continued, "He told me that this was the hope of this world, and that in his era, humans had faced unprecedented difficulties. Those terrible ancient gods had come to this world, and after paying a great price, they postponed this difficulty! But they will come to an end, breaking the seal and bringing about that unstoppable doomsday judgment. Then Abraham showed me the scene after the judgment: the whole world was silent... no screams of anger, pain, or joy, and no soft breathing... even the almost imperceptible sounds of heart beating, blinking eyes, or plant rooting were all gone."

"Dead... all dead... all living things are dead... all I could see was corpses, piled up layer by layer, higher than the highest mountain. Under my feet, our earth could no longer give birth to life, and had lost that potential forever. Death had taken over this world. In boundless despair, I saw the ancient gods standing on the bodies of the whole world triumphantly. The corpses and broken flesh and blood were slowly decomposing and becoming part of their bodies."

"What I saw was the future of our world and the present of the world of the ancient gods." Nicolas Flamel took a deep breath, immersed in the terrible scene he was describing. "Abraham told me it was just a possibility for the future, and then he showed me another possibility. He led me slowly forward on a huge grave. I don't know how long it took. I saw a castle... Hogwarts, where the battle was not over."

"In the dim and gloomy light, the unusually large orange-red sun was slowly setting. In front of it, wizards, giants, Centaurs, goblins, and countless magical creatures were fighting in front of the castle. Roars and shouts were echoing, and the magical light almost illuminated the entire sky," said Nicolas Flamel in a

low voice. "Then, the ancient gods I'd seen before came ... everyone was afraid, they knelt down and wept, trembling, begging ... the world was about to be destroyed."

"But then, in the boundless despair, four huge stone pillars carved with ancient magic runes soared into the sky. They shone with orange, green, brown, and blue light, all the lights gathered together to form a cage, which trapped the terrible monsters firmly. On the highest tower of the castle, I saw a blurry figure. I could not see his face, but he had a diadem on his head ... I still remember the shape of the diadem."

"Wait, you're not talking about Ravenclaw's Diadem, are you?!" Evan looked at Nicolas Flamel in astonishment.

The diadem was now in his hand. Wouldn't Flamel want to say that Evan was the last person he'd seen?!! According to Flamel's description, the last terrible ancient gods that had appeared must be the evil gods Evan had seen. There were not only one, but many, but all of them were trapped in a powerful magic.

Was there something wrong here? Evan was certainly not *THAT* strong.

In any case, he was vulnerable to evil gods, but what would it be in the future?!!

Chapter 732: Presents for the Giants

The scene Nicolas Flamel had seen worried Evan, and he had been looking worried for the rest of the journey.

He shut himself up in his room, thinking about what Flamel had said, the terrible doomsday.

The ancient gods would break the cages that imprisoned them and return to this world. They would thoroughly 'cleanse' the earth. All living beings except their followers would die. Despair and destruction would become the main tone.

Evan applied that prophecy to the information he got. The more he thought about it, the more likely it was to come true.

Due to time, the seals left by the ancient warlocks had become loose, and the tentacles of the evil gods touched the world again, not to mention Voldemort, Raven's Claw, the fallen Centaurs and other creatures with ulterior motives were helping them.

Nicolas Flamel finally warned Evan that Raven's Claw, which had disappeared for hundreds of years, showed signs of reactivation, and he had to be careful.

Evan did not know how to be careful. He knew nothing about this crazy organization except its name.

Flamel wasn't sure either. His only suggestion was for Evan to be on the alert and be careful of everyone around him.

That sounded like Mad-Eye Moody, and Evan couldn't imagine which student would be a fanatic believer in Raven's Claw.

If he really followed this line of thinking, he would first make himself suspicious and become the new Mad-Eye.

Because of Ravenclaw's Diadem, Flamel seemed to believe that Evan was the last person he'd seen in his dream.

But in fact, like not knowing how to be careful with Raven's Claw, Evan didn't know what he could do to evil gods. In front of the evil gods, his power was no different from that of an ant.

He didn't dare to imagine that this would be his future. That day was really bad!

Evan sighed and stared at the rapidly receding ground outside the carriage, which had just flown over a city.

It was a very unique experience to travel in the flying carriage. Outside, the huge Abraxans were flapping their wings, pulling the delicate carriage forward rapidly, but there was no shaking in the carriage. They were surrounded by thick clouds.

If it weren't for the heavy topic of doomsday, such a trip would actually be very nice.

But now, Evan was putting the pillow on his head, he just wanted to have a good sleep.

Alas, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in, the door is unlocked!" Evan reached out from under the pillow and saw Sirius open the door.

"Evan, you've been keeping yourself in the room since the beginning. You shouldn't lie here all the time. It's not like your style." Sirius walked in and said, "Are you worried about the giants? Or is it the test left by Ravenclaw?"

Not long ago, Evan had told Sirius about all he had seen of the memories of Rowena Ravenclaw. He was Evan's greatest help, and had to know the real purpose of his trip.

"No, it's actually the conversation I had this morning with Nicolas Flamel... he told me of a terrible prophecy!" Evan thought for a moment, and then told him everything about the Raven's Claw, Abraham's prophecy, and doomsday.

There was no need to hide such things and Evan also wanted to hear Sirius's opinion.

"Prophet Abraham?!" Sirius thought for a while, then frowned and said, "More than 600 years ago in that desert of Egypt, Nicolas Flamel might have really seen the dream left by Abraham, but if you ask for my opinion, I think the prophecy itself is vague and not reliable."

"Not reliable?"

"Yeah!" Sirius nodded and continued. "Evan, you are very talented, that's a fact. You know about magic more than I do, but you don't know much about Divination. How to say it... the outcome of prophecies itself changes. "

Sirius was right. Although he enrolled in a Divination class, Evan had never seriously studied the course and related knowledge.

In Professor Trelawney's class, he was either reading other magic books or making excuses to skip the class.

Just like last time, he spent more than half an hour with Gabrielle alone at the top of the tower, discussing matters and behaviors that should be regarded after the identity swap, to avoid being discovered.

As for each homework assignment, he and Colin were, like Harry and Ron, making things up.

Anyway, as long as it was a tragic prediction, he could get high marks from Professor Trelawney. That was the ace up his sleeve for Divination class.

Because Evan believed he had no prophetic ancestry and would not make a real prophecy, he did not put much effort into the course and knew little. It was the first time he had heard that the prophecy itself could be changed.

“The so-called prophecy is only a possible future that the forecaster sees!” said Sirius, sitting down by Evan's bed. “It doesn't necessarily happen. For example, you said Abraham showed Nicolas Flamel two dreams, that is, two completely different futures. They can't exist at the same time.”

“You mean, there may be no doomsday trial at all, and those evil gods will not come to this world?”

“Yes, this is the main reason why I said the future will change. Our future may be like that, or it may be more miserable than the so-called doomsday judgment. In short, predicting such things is always mysterious. What we should pay attention to is the present that we can grasp, not the illusory future.” Sirius stood up, lifted off the bedding on Evan, and said with a smile, “Well, now you can choose to continue lying here, or get dressed and go down with me to see the presents we're going to give to the giants. Different *choices* will lead to different *futures*. What are you going to do?”

Evan understood what Sirius meant. Instead of worrying about the unknown future here, he should pay more attention to the present.

As long as they worked hard, those horrible evil gods might not have the chance to come to the real world, and, as Evan had done several times before, they might stop their plot.

“What are we going to give to the giants? Food?” Evan asked, getting up from the bed.

“No, they can get food all right for themselves,” said Sirius. “We're going to give them magic. Giants like magic, but they don't like wizards to use magic against them. Dumbledore has prepared good presents. Hagrid is arranging them there.”

Evan got dressed, followed Sirius down from the first floor, and the hall on the ground floor of the carriage was full of parcels.

Hagrid was sorting them and preparing to give them to the Giants in batches.

“Evan, how are you feeling? Are you sick?” Hagrid looked up and asked, “Still that acrophobia... I’m a bit dizzy at the thought of flying thousands of feet high. Olympe said I was just a little nervous, she went to prepare something to drink and put some calming herbs. You’d better have some, too.”

Chapter 733: Giants’ Customs

“Thank you, I’ll have some coffee to refresh!” said Evan, walking over. “Hagrid, what’s in your hand?”

“Oh, this is a Goblin-made battle helmet. It’s indestructible ... beautiful, isn’t it?” said Hagrid, handing the exquisite green helmet to Evan. “I think the giants will like it. I’m very confident about it.”

Evan looked down at the inscription on the helmet in his hand. It was an ancient inscription: *People can control their own destiny. If we are controlled by others, the fault is not in fate but in ourselves!*

That sentence sounded familiar, shouldn’t this helmet be...

“The Crown of Destiny!” said Sirius softly. “It is said that it once belonged to King Arthur and was a legendary magical item of historical value that Merlin guided him to get. Of course, this one is just an imitation, but it is still valuable. The Crown of Destiny and the sword of the king have long been hidden by the goblins, and some say it is in the deepest part of Gringotts.”

The goblins were very skilled metalworkers, and they made almost all the well-known weapons and equipment.

But the greedy goblins had a very nasty habit. They believed that goblin-made items rightfully belonged to them. Humans had to pay a very high price only to rent these items from them.

After the death of the users, they would recycle these weapons and equipment so that they would never appear again.

If Gryffindor hadn’t played a trick and enchanted his sword, so that it would let itself be pulled out of the Sorting Hat whenever a true Gryffindor needed it, it would have probably disappeared long ago, just like all the legendary magical items that have disappeared in history, becoming goblin’s collection.

“Dumbledore attaches great importance to the giants, and he took out valuable collections from his own and Hogwarts’ underground vaults,” said Hagrid, rummaging through the pile of objects. “The giants will be interested in them if we use them properly.”

Evan and Sirius also began to help him sort them out. Among the pile of gifts, they also found Gubraithian Fire.

The light blue flame was burning quietly, and seemed to have no temperature.

Gubraithian Fire was an everlasting fire that would never go out, no matter what. For Alchemy and Potions, Gubraithian Fire was simply the best configuration and its price was also high.

Evan wondered what the giants would do with it, roast wild boar? Or use it as a candle?

It was a pity to give it to the giants, but it could make them feel the existence of magic clearly.

Next, Evan found a great roll of dragon skin, which had been removed from a dragon tens of feet.

The hides of the dragon had strong defense. To get a complete and unspoiled dragon skin, dozens of wizards needed to use Avada Kedavra on the dragon or kill it with very rare poison. Then, the most skilled craftsmen would spend more than three months to completely peel off the dragon skin.

The whole process was very troublesome, and seemed pointless. No equipment could use such a large dragon skin.

No one would do besides the pure-blood wizard families who needed to show their glory and show off their wealth with a complete dragon skin.

This dragon skin should be something from Hogwarts Treasury, which was certainly not in Dumbledore's private collection.

In addition, there were many Alchemy props and other magical items in this pile of presents, all rare treasures.

Although Dumbledore could not promise more to the giants, he hoped to make them feel his sincerity from the presents.

In fact, if Evan was a giant, he would also be excited in the face of this pile of gifts like a hill.

Now it was up to Voldemort and the Death Eaters to come up with something. That was a process of competition between the two sides.

“By the way, what are we going to do with these gifts, and how to communicate with the giants?” Evan asked.

“We'll do what Dumbledore told us to do, which is to give the most precious present to the Gurg that is the chief of the giants and express our sincerity,” said Hagrid. “After finding the giants, we'll have to hold our gift up high and keep our eyes on the Gurg and ignore the others. They will understand our intention and won't attack us. The rest of the stuff will be secretly given to the other giants, and don't let the Gurg find out.”

“Okay, how can we know which one is the Gurg?” said Evan, remembering some customs about the giants that Hermione helped him learn. He knew that the leader had a high status in the giant tribe, and the other giants had to obey his orders.

“No problem. Just look for the biggest, the ugliest, and the laziest giant. He must be the Gurg.”

“Giants are very aggressive, and only the strongest are eligible to be leaders,” Sirius followed. “They don’t use magic and they’re not very smart, so they are generally the biggest and the strongest.”

A ridiculous scene appeared in Evan’s mind. He saw himself and the others bowing in front of an ugly giant like a mountain, offering gifts to him, and the giant gave them a rude growl.

“Dumbledore told us not to rush, but to take it very slow. We must take our time and bring some good things every day to make a good impression,” said Hagrid. “I’m in charge of taking the gift to the Gurg so they can all see it. Evan, you put the gifts to the other giants in your bag and then secretly take it out.”

“Why don’t we give all the gifts at once?”

“That’s not okay. It would be terrible to do that. Creatures like giants; you can’t talk too much with them at one time. Otherwise they will kill you directly just to simplify things. You have to come slowly and communicate slowly with them. “

“Make them understand that we have more things to give them and make them have a sense of expectation, so that they can cooperate with us,” Sirius said.

“These are all the experiences accumulated by Dumbledore’s previous dealings with the giants. You’ll never find them in books.”

Indeed, Evan didn’t find any specific ways to deal with the giants in books.

“This is a good experience. Not all wizards have the opportunity to contact the giants, let alone actually walk into a giant tribe. Unfortunately, Harry and the others can’t follow. This is something they can’t learn in school,” said Hagrid, putting the last box away, “Okay, Evan, any other questions?”

“Only one. Who of you understands the language of giants?”

“Neither of us, but it doesn’t matter. When the giants raged in Britain in the past, many of them learned English. They even married human witches and wizards and gave birth to children, like ...” Hagrid hesitated before continuing, “Like my mother Fridwulfa ... maybe she’s still alive.”

Chapter 734: Owl Fortress

After Hagrid talked about his mother, the atmosphere suddenly fell silent, and Evan and Sirius exchanged uneasy glances.

“Hagrid, are you going to look for her?” Evan hesitated and continued to ask, “This is a good opportunity to meet your mother. You haven’t seen her for a long time, have you?”

“I don’t want to see her. It has nothing to do with our mission this time,” Hagrid muttered, shrugging his broad shoulders. “I don’t remember her much. She wasn’t a good mother. When I was young, she abandoned me and left me alone with my father.”

“But you and she are blood after all...”

“So what? She’s a giant, and I’ve sworn never to see her again!” said Hagrid, raising his voice.

“You’re lying, Rubeus!” Madame Maxime, who had heard what he said, came in carrying the tea tray, she looked at Hagrid seriously. “You really want to see your mother. We can see that you care about her.”

“But she didn’t care about me or my dad. She probably forgot about us long ago,” said Hagrid sadly. “Olympe, they are not the same as your parents. They didn’t love one another freely. My father didn’t want to be with her at the beginning. She forced him to do it. There was only hatred between them...”

Hagrid’s voice was getting lower and lower, and there was a mist in his black eyes.

“Yeah, he might have liked her later, and wanted to go out to find her, but he didn’t know where the giants had gone. My dad kept saying her name before he died,” said Hagrid, his tears welling up. “He’s been thinking about her until he died.”

“Since this is the case, you should go to her even more!” Madame Maxime came over, handed the tea tray full of drinks to Sirius, and whispered, “Leave him to me. When the carriage arrives to Dijon, remember to call us. We will stay there tonight.”

She finished, and helped Hagrid back to the room, ready to comfort him...

Evan and Sirius continued to talk about the giants for a while, and the topic shifted to Ravenclaw’s Diadem and the whirlpool.

As time passed, the sky gradually dimmed, and the carriage reached over Dijon.

Dijon is a small city in eastern France and has been the historical capital of the Duchy of Burgundy since the Middle Ages.

From Muggle’s point of view, this historic town has many well-preserved ancient buildings and has high artistic value. In addition, it also produces the best wines in the world.

In the wizarding world, this small town is also very famous. It is also known as the City of Owls, and has a special magic building – the Owl Fortress, which is a huge military fortress located near the river valley outside the city.

The fortress, which historically belonged to the Duke of Burgundy, is said to have been one of his main palaces.

It is famous because of the numerous owl ghosts in it.

No one knows what the Dark wizard who once lived there did, and why there are so many owl ghosts.

The International confederation of Wizards had explored this huge black fortress more than once, but found nothing.

The wizards, who entered the castle, could only see countless owl ghosts staring at them. That feeling could absolutely drive people crazy.

Evan had previously read the description of the Owl Fortress in books. It was described as an evil and colorless place. That huge castle was made of black granite and was full of all kinds of weird owl statues.

The structure of the whole castle was very strange, there were no windows, and the only way to get in was through the solid gate below.

And the most bizarre were the owl ghosts that were standing quietly everywhere in the castle.

It was well known that only wizards could become ghosts after death, retaining their memories and habits.

Very few animals became ghosts, and it was really abnormal to see so many in one place all at once.

According to the final survey results of the International Confederation of Wizards, the souls of these owls were not ghosts in a pure sense. They were imprisoned there by a special Dark magic and could not leave the castle. Most wizards believed that this weird black magic was witchcraft or a curse from Africa.

And this evil Dark magic might not have been completed. It had problems in the casting process, causing the souls of thousands of owls as sacrifices to remain in the castle forever...

Anyway, this huge fortress was just abandoned outside the city, and no one would approach or enter it.

Just like Hogsmeade's Shrieking Shack, local wizards were terrified of the Owl Fortress.

It had a Muggle-Repelling Charm cast on the outside, and no Muggles would be near that area.

If there was no mission on this trip, Evan would come to think of that fortress and see why there were so many owl ghosts. But now he couldn't. He'd better not take the initiative to get into trouble.

The carriage descended slowly, and Hagrid and Madame Maxime walked out of the room. He looked much better now.

Hagrid also had a photo in his hand, the one he had shown to Evan before.

There was a short wizard in the photo. His eyes were black and narrow like Hagrid's. He was sitting on Hagrid's shoulder and smiled happily. Looking at an apple tree next to him, Hagrid was seven or eight feet tall, but his face was young, full, smooth, beardless, and looked up to eleven years old.

The short wizard in the photo was Hagrid's father, and that was the only photo he had left.

Hagrid's father was a breeder during his lifetime, working for the Ministry of Magic's Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, and was mainly responsible for taking care of dangerous magical creatures.

The main reason Hagrid liked those monsters was probably inherited from his father.

"How are you, Hagrid?" Evan asked.

"I'm fine!" Hagrid waved his hand, a little embarrassed, "I just thought of my mother, a little over-excited. Speaking of which, Olympe is really amazing. I never thought she would be so considerate. She convinced me that I have never seen a woman as good as her ..."

The carriage landed to the ground. Under the action of magic, the huge Abraxans had been turned into ordinary horses.

Dijon still maintained the customs of the past, and Muggles were not too surprised by the sudden appearance of carriages.

More than ten minutes later, under Madame Maxime's control, they stopped in front of a tavern called "Burgundy Style".

Like the Leaky Cauldron, it was a wizards' tavern. She had obviously been here before.

Chapter 735: The Owl-Woman and the Bizarre Murder

"Madame Maxime, you are really a rare visitor. Welcome, come on in!" As soon as the carriage stopped, Barr, the bar owner, a wrinkled old man in his sixties, smiled and said, "What brings you here to Dijon?"

"We're just passing by. We'll leave tomorrow morning," said Madame Maxime, stepping down from the carriage. "Please prepare dinner for us and open four rooms."

"There are many rooms. Under the present circumstances, not many people dare to come to Dijon." said old Barr, sighing.

"What happened?" Madame Maxime asked, stopping at the door of the bar.

"Why do you look sad? Last time I came here, your bistro was very prosperous."

"Don't mention it. The situation has been terrible recently. It's all caused by that terrible Owl-Woman. People are in a panic, not to mention foreign tourists, even local wizards don't go out much!" said Barr, waving helplessly.

"Owl-Woman, what is that?!" Evan asked, looking at the bar owner in surprise.

“To be honest, I don’t know what monster it is. I haven’t seen it. But according to eyewitnesses, it’s something about the size of a human woman half covered with feathers, with pointed ears and long hands with black pincer-like claws. Its feathers are silver-gray, and its eyes are bloodshot. It looks like a human being turned into a terrible owl ...”

Listening to his description, Evan thought of a monster in his mind.

“This thing is said to have run out of the Owl Fortress. The castle is very famous and attracts many wizards to visit Dijon every year. At first, everyone thought it was a joke or a publicity stunt. They didn’t pay attention to it,” Barr continued. “Until later that incident happened, and all of us realized how serious it was.”

“A witch died. Poor Mary... she was the last member of the oldest family of pure-blood wizards in Dijon. That family is considered the only surviving descendant of the Duke of Burgundy, and even the Owl Fortress is the property of their family. She was found dead in her family’s mansion, and was not discovered until a few weeks later...” Barr sighed again and continued, “The Aurors who came to the scene saw a picture like hell. Mary’s skin had been abruptly stripped off, leaving only blood and flesh... It was like a pile of rotten meat. The window of her room was open, and owl feathers were everywhere on the ground. Some witnesses swore that it was the Owl-Woman who killed her...”

There was a moment of silence. Evan and the others did not expect to hear about such a bizarre and sensational murder as soon as they stepped off the carriage.

“To tell the truth, Old Mary’s popularity was not very good. If she had died in a normal way, this matter might be a good post-meal talk, and by the way, we would have discussed how to distribute the huge family wealth she left,” said Barr. “Ah, but now in this situation... especially that more and more people have seen the Owl-Woman later, Dijon is completely dead. We can’t count on the useless Ministry of Magic and those worthless Aurors. They are hiding far away in Paris, regardless of our lives.”

“I will write to the Ministry to reflect on this situation!” said Madame Maxime. “I’m sorry, Barr, I can’t help you for the moment.”

“Never mind. I’m glad to have you and your friends here!” Barr bowed, then raised his head and curiously looked at Evan, Sirius and Hagrid behind Madame Maxime. “Dinner will be ready in twenty minutes. Before that, what would you and your companions want to drink, beer or brandy?”

“Three glasses of brandy, and a glass of juice, that child cannot drink... yet,” said Madame Maxime. She paused and added, “If it is convenient, give my horses some single malt whiskey... just put it in their forage.”

“Leave it to me, Olympe. I’ll take care of them.” said Hagrid, leading the Abraxans to the backyard of the bar.

Evan, Sirius, and Madame Maxime followed the owner into the tavern and walked through the narrow and dark passage. The scene in front of them was similar to that of the Leaky Cauldron; even the decoration style was generally similar. The living room was gloomy, the space was very small, and the ground seemed to have accumulated dust for centuries.

Evan did not understand why the pubs and inns run by wizards and witches seemed to stay in the ancient Middle Ages. If he could choose, he would prefer to stay in hotels or guesthouses run by Muggles, but the other three would definitely not go.

As the bar owner said, apart from them, there was no one inside.

The mood was inevitably a little dull at the thought of the terrible murder, and everyone avoided talking about it.

At Madame Maxime’s recommendation, Evan tried three French specialties in Dijon, namely, eggs in red wine sauce, mixed fish soup and stewed beef, which tasted very good.

After he finished, he left the table and went back to his room. Sirius, Hagrid and Madame Maxime seemed to want to have a few more drinks.

Evan was going to have a quick look at the information Hermione had collected for him about the giants and the whirlpool of Charybdis.

He didn’t know much about them before, and he had to seize the time to grasp the information as soon as possible.

The tavern’s room was located on the second floor and was not very big. There was a comfortable bed inside, some very bright oak furniture and a small desk. The fire in the fireplace was crackling.

Evan nodded. Compared to the ground floor, it was obviously carefully tidied up and looked much cleaner!

He walked to the window and looked outside the bar’s backyard. Their huge carriage was parked in the middle of the yard.

Evan drew the curtains, took out his wand and applied some protective magic, and then lay down to see what Hermione had collected for him.

It was well known that giants were powerful humanoid magical creatures. They usually had a huge body and unparalleled brute force. They could reach 30 to 50 feet in height, had strong magic resistance, and could use weapons.

Because of this, the giants had been considered as a horrific tool of war since ancient times.

A giant could fight more than ten well-trained wizards. They were cruel by nature and extremely loathed magic.

In ancient times, they were killing machines on the battlefield, and in recent history, there had been several appalling giant slaughter of Muggles.

Chapter 736: A Black Shadow Outside the Window

Evan's forefinger slipped rapidly, and he found the name of Hagrid's mother, Fridwulfa, in the long list of events.

During Voldemort's reign, she and a dozen giants joined his camp and committed several Muggle massacres.

Fridwulfa and her companions had attacked a village and killed hundreds of Muggles, which shocked the whole society at that time.

Among Muggles, they explained that it was a landslide, but the wizards knew what was going on.

After that, Fridwulfa disappeared. Long before Voldemort's failure, it was said that she had gone to a giant tribe abroad. How did she get there? It should be with the help of a wizard. There were many strange people like Hagrid's father who had a special liking for giants.

Evan put this parchment down and picked up another one, which was about the giants' ancestors; Cyclopes.

The wizarding community generally believed that the giants were descendants of Cyclopes, a weakened breed.

The main habitat of the Cyclopes was Sicily. Huge and one-eyed, they were synonymous to fear. Compared with them, giants were only short men. The Cyclopes were recorded to be at least 100 feet tall, almost half the height of Hogwarts castle. It was said that the eye on their foreheads would cast curses. Any incautious soul, once gazing at the eye, would immediately die.

Evan took a quill pen and marked it. It seemed that the Cyclops's eye was as magical as the Basilisk's.

To deal with such creatures, the Conjunctivitis Curse was essential, but it was not so simple...

Unlike giants, which had no magical ability, Cyclopes were born to master Lightning magic, which was a very rare and powerful kind. Even wizards couldn't use it. They could only use thunder and lightning with special magical props or alchemy products.

In Ravenclaw's memory, Gryffindor mentioned that point, and he had suffered in the battle against the Cyclops.

Hermione had collected comprehensive data for Evan. She believed that Cyclopes had inherited this ability from their ancestors, the Titans. To put it simply, it was similar to the relationship between Cyclopes and giants. Cyclopes were descendants of Titans after further weakening.

There were no details about the Titans. They were mythological creatures older than the Cyclopes and ancient warlocks. No one had seen them.

Whether the Cyclops was a descendant of the Titans or not had been debated in academic circles.

In Muggles' Greek mythology, they were all direct descendants of the god of the sky Uranus, which was obviously untenable in the wizarding world.

The last Cyclops died over 700 years ago. The Titans were obviously much older and more powerful than the Cyclopes.

Wizards generally thought of Titans as the original creators, they were the gods of all the beginnings.

With the excavation of ancient ruins, a new statement had appeared in the American academic community in recent years. Some wizards believed that whether they were wizards, Merpeople, goblins, Centaurs, or Cyclopes, they were all descendants of Titans' creations.

This school proposed that, for some purpose, in the early days of the Earth's birth, the Titans built many earth-free magical creatures on Earth with mud, magma, and water, and then they left the planet.

For some unknown reasons, these creations gradually evolved during the long life evolution, from inorganic to organic. The whole process was called the Curse of Flesh and Blood. Its effect was that these creations originally composed of rocks and soil began to soften and became bloody flesh.

In a long process, the Curse of Flesh and Blood made these inorganic creatures, which originally had infinite life, gradually flesh and blood, bringing them birth, old age, sickness, death, and free will and emotions. They were also called the original life.

According to Muggles' theory of biological evolution, they had gradually evolved into new species, including giants, humans, and so on.

When these creations were completely transformed into flesh and blood creations, the Curse of Flesh and Blood would no longer have any effect.

This new school born in the United States systematically explained the origin of life and was able to justify itself.

The clues they had found in ancient ruins around the world could also support this statement to a certain extent.

These American wizards even began to map different creatures and record their evolution.

Evan sighed, putting aside the thick data.

At a time when the European wizarding community was struggling with Voldemort, foreign wizards were actually studying the origin of life.

If he had a chance, he would want to go out and take a look, to see the wizarding world in other countries, and get acquainted with the customs there...

The next second, Evan suddenly got up from the bed, took out his wand as fast as he could and pointed to the front.

The warning magic he'd left had been touched by something, just outside the window.

In the dim candlelight, Evan saw a shadow on the thin curtain. It was a person's shadow getting closer and closer.

Looking at the figure, it seemed that it was a woman, and a rustling sound kept coming...

She seemed to want to come in and enter Evan's room, but was prevented by the protective magic from opening the window.

During dinner, Sirius even joked with Evan, telling him to pay attention at night. "French girls are very... enthusiastic!" he said. Seeing Evan alone, one of them might take the initiative to come to his door... and now it was really happening!

But if possible, Evan hoped that they would pass through the door normally instead of climbing through the window...

He waved the wand in his hand upward gently, the curtain was drawn open, and the next second a frightful ugly face appeared in front of Evan.

Like in a horror movie, Evan saw a huge owl-like face sticking against the window, its face covered with silver-gray feathers, it had pointed ears, and there was almost no white in its large disproportionate eyes.

It opened its mouth and roared at Evan, reaching out its black claws like pliers.

It was the Owl-Woman, the monster that the bar owner said it recently appeared in Dijon!

At night, he saw this frightening picture outside his window, and Evan was also startled. His heart was beating hard, but the wand in his hand was very stable, and a red light was almost instantaneously shot out.

With a bang, the window broke, and the Owl-Woman outside was hit by a curse.

Evan ran quickly, waved his wand, and aimed at the monster in the yard, throwing out a few spells.

Obviously, that thing didn't expect Evan to be so strong. It had been caught by surprise, rolled on the ground, and kept making strange noises.

Chapter 737: Tracking

"Damn wizard!" The owl monster rolled in the open space downstairs, screaming to avoid the curses, leaving feathers behind.

Its voice was so weird. It sounded as mournful and ominous as a real owl.

"You can speak human language?!" Evan's wand threw another red light and hit the monster, which stumbled and fell heavily to the ground, but immediately struggled to get up.

Evan was surprised. With his current magic power, normal people would immediately faint when hit once with his Stunning Spell. Hagrid would only faint after being hit three or four times. Evan had cast the Stunning Spell three times in a row at the monster and it could still struggle. Its magic resistance was almost as strong as that of a half-giant.

What on earth was that? Evan had never seen it before, nor had he seen relevant information in books.

From a purely external appearance, that monster should not have been born like that. It seemed to be the product of some evil magical transformation or a demon, but the transformation was

obviously not complete. It could only be said to be semi-demonized, because it still had obvious human characteristics.

Below, the monster had fiercely resisted Evan's three Stunning Spells. Its movements obviously slowed down, and it almost couldn't hold on.

It raised its head and let out a strange cry. Its big scary eyes looked at Evan in disgust.

Looking at it, Evan had a terrible feeling in his heart.

The next second, a dangerous green light suddenly flew from bottom to top, and he quickly ducked and hid under the window.

The green light hit the window frame, and the flames roared up.

While Evan extinguished the fire, the monster below turned and ran away, and the weird figure gradually disappeared into the night.

"Hmm, it can use magic too... Interesting!" Evan thought, watching where it disappeared.

There was a rush of footsteps outside the stairwell, and Sirius and Hagrid rushed in.

There was a pungent smell of wine, and the two of them seemed to have drunk a lot. Evan hoped they could be more vigilant.

The journey to find the giants was not a trivial matter, not to mention the monster just now. Besides, they were not sure when they would meet the Death Eaters.

These two guys were so smug, but they seemed to have always been like that.

"What's going on? We heard the fighting!" Sirius gasped and shouted, "Evan, are you OK?"

"I'm fine. I was just lying in bed reading a book when I suddenly felt that someone wanted to enter my room and we had a simple fight," said Evan, putting his wand away. "From its appearance, it should be the Owl-Woman Mr. Barr talked about!"

"God, that terrible monster has just come!" said the bar owner who had just run up in astonishment.

He panted violently, looking at the burnt window frame in disbelief, with an expression of extreme panic on his face.

If it wasn't Evan in the room, but another child, he would have been murdered. Just like the dead witch Barr talked about before, his skin would have been peeled off by the monster.

"I didn't expect such an incident. We shouldn't have left you alone."

“Don’t worry too much. The monster’s not that strong, but it can resist spells and it can use magic,” said Evan slowly. “From what happened just now, I think it may not be a normal monster, but a wizard.”

“You mean it’s a disguised wizard?”

“No, I mean that monster should be a wizard who has transformed her body by some kind of magic in order to gain more power, just like Voldemort did, but the transformation was obviously not complete,” said Evan thoughtfully, looking up at the surprised Sirius. “Of course, this is just speculation. To be honest, I find it really interesting. This Dark Magic is very rare. Did she want to fuse with the owl?”

For a few seconds, there was silence in the room, and no one spoke.

Sirius, Hagrid, and the bar owner Barr all stared at Evan, seemingly unable to understand what he was talking about.

“Well, Olympe has gone to check the carriage. We’d better be careful and find a big room to be together!” It took a long time for Hagrid to say worriedly. “The monster Evan talked about seems really not good. Who knows if it’ll come back tonight?”

“Vigilance is really necessary, we’ve been too relaxed!” said Sirius. “Evan, what are you going to do?”

“Well, I’m going to find her. I can feel the magic trace I left on her and it has not disappeared!” said Evan. “The magic in that monster is very interesting, and we can help Dijon solve this problem by the way.”

“No, Evan, No!” Hagrid was startled, and said in a hurry, “We must stay and watch the carriage.”

“All right, Hagrid, you and Madame Maxime should stay, Sirius and I will go!” said Evan. “Relax, that monster is not very strong, we two are enough to deal with her... *more* than enough.”

Adventure had always been particularly irresistible for Sirius. After Evan talked about his tracking plan, he didn’t object much, but helped Evan persuade Hagrid and Madame Maxime.

He had worked with Evan many times before, knowing one another’s strengths and not worrying about what they couldn’t handle. If so, the two of them could also Disapparate.

Ten minutes later, in the worried eyes of Hagrid and Madame Maxime, they left the tavern.

Going out from the main entrance, outside was Dijon, a small Muggle town with a unique French atmosphere.

The bar was located on a lively commercial street, and the life of Muggles had not been affected by the terrible Owl-Woman.

Outside the bar, the lights reflected the vast night sky, and the clouds were like lighted blue smoke, gently floating to where they belonged.

Dijon at night was also embellished with a variety of colors, like a resplendent lady, who began to perform nocturnal amorous feelings.

It had French characteristics, and like Paris, the romantic capital, Dijon was also a very romantic place.

Walking on the street, Evan and Sirius saw many fashionably dressed young girls greeting them, and issuing silver bell-like laughter. Some girls even summoned up the courage to invite them, promising them they would have a good night.

Both Evan and Sirius were not bad in appearance and were very popular with girls.

More importantly, the wizard robes they were wearing were so different, and the Muggles around weren't dressed like them.

That made Evan and Sirius look very special. Everyone was speculating on what they were doing.

Chapter 738: The Old House and the Curse

"Evan, how are you going to find that monster?" Sirius asked, looking around alertly.

"Of course we'll Disapparate... we can't walk. I just didn't want to let the others find out that I know Apparition," said Evan, pulling Sirius to a remote empty corner. "Come on, I'll lead you!"

As soon as his words fell, the two figures instantly Disapparated, as though they never appeared in that place.

A few seconds later, they appeared on a messy and barren field.

Compared with the bustling commercial district just now, the surroundings were dead silent, and the houses on both sides of the street looked gloomy and repulsive a long distance away.

The windows of some houses were broken, dimly lit in the light of street lamps, the paint on many doors peeled off, and the front steps of several houses were full of garbage.

In front of them was a large, old house, like the ancestral home of the Black family at 12 Grimmauld Place.

"Pure blood wizard families!" said Sirius scornfully, staring at a huge statue in the center of the courtyard.

It was a knight, who was holding up his sword high, and the label below was *Duke of Burgundy Charles the Bold*.

That was the last independent Duke of Burgundy in history. He was notorious, and it seemed that the owner of the house should be his descendant.

In fact, that old house looked very uncomfortable. The dirty walls, the ghastly windows, and the creepiest were the owl sculptures carved on the outer wall. They kept weird movements beyond imagination and silently watched the visitors.

The window of a bedroom on the second floor was broken and nobody had repaired it. It was like one of the scariest haunted houses.

It should be the old home of Dijon's oldest pure-blood wizarding family, the bar owner talked about. Not long ago, its last hostess was found dead in her room and brutally killed by the terrible Owl-Woman.

Evan wondered for a while, why did the monster come here, and what did she have to do with that pureblood wizarding family?!!

"I don't like this place!" Sirius muttered. "There is a strong evil in this house."

"I don't like it either, but the traces disappeared here!" said Evan, taking out his wand. "This house is protected by magic, which blocked my sense of that monster. But that could only mean that she must be inside, let's go in and have a look..."

He and Sirius walked in without knocking at the door, because it was open.

The monster that had just fled back seemed to know that Evan was chasing her, and even the door was not closed, or that she was intentionally waiting for Evan to come.

On the ground, the seal of the French Ministry of Magic was rudely torn off and thrown into the hall covered with dust.

"Be careful!" said Sirius, the end of his wand glowing. "I'm going ahead!"

Evan nodded, followed Sirius across the threshold, and walked into the almost dark hall.

He smelled the odor of wet, dusty, and unpleasant rotten hide, with a hint of blood...

It was hard to imagine that there were people living in this house not long ago.

The place looked like an abandoned empty house with a dilapidated inside and things thrown everywhere.

Perhaps it was the damage caused by the Aurors when they came here to investigate, or it might have been that way even before.

In the flickering light, Evan had a strange sense of foreboding, as though they had walked into a dying house. He could feel that something was watching them, in the darkness that could not be dispelled.

At their feet, the polished and frayed carpet was soft, to make people unsteady and worried when they would fall down.

The two of them were careful, but nothing happened. They didn't know where the monster had gone.

Walking through the long, spooky hall, Evan saw a large glass cabinet in the living room, which contained a huge owl specimen. He had never seen such a big owl...

Wherever they looked, it was clear that the owner of this house had a special love for owls.

His eyes continued to look forward. The wall behind the cabinet was crookedly covered with portraits that had been darkened due to age. He didn't know where the owners of the portraits had gone, leaving only a row of empty frames.

The square picture frames were like coffins placed on the wall, holding the souls of the past.

On both sides of the passageway leading to the kitchen and dining room were the wrinkled heads of house-elves.

They were arranged densely together and looked like more than those of the Blacks, a bit like the wall in the basement of Hogwarts kitchen.

That looked really unpleasant. It was really disgusting to imagine being faced, while eating, by a large number of house-elves' spooky heads, some of them still covered with unknown, disgusting liquid...

After walking through this passage, it was hard for Evan to guarantee that he would have any appetite.

If the last owner of this house did not have the habit of collecting house-elves' heads, that proved that the pure-blood wizard family that had once lived here was very prominent, had a long history, and had the ability to own dozens of house-elves at the same time, which was quite rare even among pure-blood wizard families.

Of course, that was all over, now here was an empty big house.

"Where are we going?" Sirius stopped in front of the stairs and looked around. "I think it's better not to act separately."

"Upstairs... I want to see the room on the second floor first!" said Evan, pointing upwards.

It was the scene of the murder. They might find something that others hadn't noticed, and know why the owl monster killed the owner here.

Evan and Sirius walked up the dark staircase, avoiding dark magic items that looked very dangerous.

There was only one door on the top floor. Sirius waved his wand, the bedroom door handle rotated automatically, and the door was opened.

All of a sudden, the cold night wind poured in. Facing them was the big broken window, and the gray curtains were fluttering in the wind.

Evan smelled the unpleasant pungent odor of blood, mixed in the blowing wind.

Sirius walked in and stopped abruptly. "Evan, you'd better not come in, you won't like it here."

"What's wrong?" Evan followed into the room.

Then he saw that the room in front of him was covered with blood. On the ground, on the surrounding walls, and on the high ceiling, there were patches of dark brown color everywhere, exuding a bloody smell and infinite fear...

He could imagine the scene of the murder, that Owl Woman was definitely abnormal.

She seemed to have used something to smash the victim into pieces, then churned her body in the room.

“It was made by that monster. I saw it with my own eyes. She killed the poor old Mary, the last owner of this house and the last heir to this ancient family, in the most primitive and cruel way.” A voice whispered. “I know she’s a curse... She will kill all the descendants of the Duke of Burgundy, she wants revenge, she will kill everyone. And... it’s not over. This whole family is dead, and it will be the turn of others soon!”

Chapter 739: The Woman in the Mirror

“Whoo ... whoo ... *EVERYONE’S GOING TO DIE. THEY’RE ALL GOING DOWN TO BE BURIED!*” When it said the last sentence, the quiet voice suddenly increased and became stern.

With the repressive gasp, the terrible shout with strong hatred echoed in this eerie haunted house...

Evan and Sirius quickly turned around, and saw nothing but dirty, peeling wallpaper.

“*Revelio!*” Evan waved his wand, and a mirror appeared in the corner.

It was a gorgeous golden mirror, supported by two claw-shaped feet underneath and covered with dust. Through the dust, they saw a woman in the large mirror.

She was watching them grimly, sticking out her long tongue and licking her bright red lips, with a strange smile on her face.

But the smile was fleeting, and the woman had a pitiful look again, which made them doubt that what they had just seen was an illusion.

Evan blinked and had to admit that she was a very beautiful woman, about twenty years old, wearing aristocratic clothes from hundreds of years ago, with pale skin, showing a weird milky white, floating quietly in the mirror like smoke...

It was as though she was standing inside a window looking out through it.

Evan’s gaze fell from her to a line of words on the mirror frame. It was an ancient rune, which could provide the mirror with magic and let that woman manifest in it, just like the Mirror of Erised. What appeared on it was not the reality, but the most desperate desire of the heart of the person standing in front of the mirror.

That was a magic mirror. What Evan cared about was that the magic text on the frame seemed to have been carved after it was made.

Compared with the craftsmanship of the mirror itself, the hand-carving of that line of magic was too rough, crooked and very untidy.

“Who are you? Or, what is it?” Sirius asked cautiously, pointing his wand at her.

“My name is Ariane, and I used to be the owner of this house, but that was more than 500 years ago!” said the woman in the mirror, and her eyes fell on Evan.

“You are from Beauxbatons Academy of Magic where I studied magic.”

“Yes!” Evan didn’t try to correct her; he was looking at her cautiously.

Since that mirror was just a prop to make her visible, then where was the body of that ghostly thing?

It was really amazing magic. Originally, Evan was just tracking the Owl-Woman here, but he didn’t expect to see more interesting things.

“Why did you show up in our family’s ancestral home? Did you also see that terrible monster?” Ariane’s body rolled and shook, as though she couldn’t wait to come out of the mirror. Then she quieted down and asked, “Has she attacked you?”

“If you mean the owl monster, we did follow her, but since entering the house, she has disappeared!” said Evan. “If you’ve been here, then you should know where she is!”

“It left and went back to the old castle outside the city, which you call the Owl Fortress,” said Ariane, closing her eyes. “When I was alive, it used to be our family’s castle ...”

“Owl Fortress?! What happened there, and what about the curse you just mentioned? “

“This is an unfortunate story. Not long ago, I saw poor old Mary with my own eyes. The last member of our family was torn alive and died in front of me. Her body turned into a pool of rotten meat. She knew I could see her revenge,” said Ariane, with a sad expression on her face. “The power of that terrible curse has brought her back to life, and made her become the Owl-Woman you’ve seen, a monster like a nightmare. Five hundred years have passed, but she still wants to kill all the descendants of the Duke of Burgundy. It’s revenge. Her purpose has been achieved. Now it’s your turn. Everyone is going to die!”

“Be clear, who the hell are you talking about?” said Sirius impatiently, looking at her in suspicion. A ghost hiding in the mirror, of which they could not see the real body, opening and closing her mouth... it was the ghost of curse and death.

Anyway, it was more suspicious than that Owl-Woman...

At least, Evan could be sure that the Owl-Woman was no opponent of him. But that thing in the mirror, he didn't know how to deal with it. Breaking the mirror was useless. It was just a prop for its manifestation.

“The root of all misfortunes was in the time when I was still alive, more than 500 years ago... that was the most glorious and prosperous era of our family. We lived in the castle outside the city. We were the magical guardians of Burgundy,” Ariane continued, recalling the past. “When I was eighteen, I was engaged to a wizard from the Capetian family in Paris, a very old and prestigious family of pure-blood wizards, just as we are a branch of the Duke of Burgundy. Their close relatives in the Muggle world ruled Paris and all of France.”

“Besides his status, he was also a very good wizard. We studied together at Beauxbatons and loved each other deeply!” said Ariane, a flash of pain in her eyes. “We could have lived happily together, but just as I was about to marry him, everything changed. A witch from Africa changed everything... she was an evil witch who could use the power of the devil...”

“A witch from Africa?” Evan repeated in a low voice, “used the power of the devil?!”

“Yes, that witch was very evil. It is said that an ancient demon in the form of an owl is enshrined in their mysterious tribe, and she can use this demon's power. She came to our castle, and my father warmly welcomed her and invited her to my wedding, but she seduced my lover with Amortentia.

He told me that he no longer loved me, but I knew it was not from his heart. Later, with the intervention of my family, he finally came to his senses and was willing to come back and marry me, but the witch poisoned all the people who attended the wedding in the castle. Then, using the power of the devil, she turned all the souls into the shapes of owls and imprisoned them in the castle forever. She cursed her own life, so that one day she would come back here as a terrible owl, return to Dijon, kill all the people in Burgundy, and become immortal!”

Chapter 740: The Way to Break the Curse

There were many doubtful details in this story itself, and it could not stand up to scrutiny. Regardless of what hatred and jealousy a foreign witch was having, she poisoned everyone, and she cursed their souls with evil at the cost of her own life. To what extent could she be twisted and manic?

But in terms of the incident itself, it was indeed possible for witches from Africa to have this power.

In Africa, the magical civilization was completely different from that of the European continent.

More mysterious and weirder, astrology, poison, Dark magic, and curses were the most common spells.

Different tribes believed in different deities. Most of these deities were primitive, some were powerful magical animals, and some were simply demons.

They gained strength from the long-term offerings of the tribe members, which gave them some special magic.

Whether it was an owl-shaped demon, or an older, eviler being, the Owl-Woman could indeed imprison the souls of all people in the Owl Fortress outside the city...

In fact, if that was the curse, it was a bit scary, but that was all.

It was hard to say how much power there was left in a curse from five hundred years ago.

And with the strength of the Owl-Woman, Evan doubted that she could kill everyone around here. That arduous task was too difficult for her.

Besides her awful appearance, she had strong magic resistance but average real strength.

Two well-trained Aurors could clean the matter up, provided, of course, they found the place where she was hiding.

“All the wizards who came to our wedding that day died, and their souls became owls, wandering around the castle and never rested in peace. After this incident, the magical power in the territory was greatly damaged, which also led to the defeat of the Duke of Burgundy on the battlefield. That was a conspiracy. I have seen with my own eyes the decline of my country. I want revenge. I want her to die. I want her soul to disappear completely from this world, and I want her to pay for what happened then!”

The thing she talked about did happen. In Muggle’s history, it was called the Burgundy Skull Incident. The most powerful Lord of France had since withdrawn from the stage of history.

Evan and Sirius looked at one another. That woman was mad and hatred was all that remained in her head...

“Since they have all become owls, how did you survive?” Sirius asked.

“There’s a treasure in my family. It is called the Mirror of Truth, and my soul is protected by it. That demon cannot hurt me,” said Ariane slowly, suddenly moving forward quickly, her whole face pasted on the mirror, looking very weird. “She’s back, and the old souls are restless again. You must stop her, otherwise she will kill everyone.”

“If it’s the power of a curse, there’s probably nothing we can do...”

“No, I have a way. As long as you can find that demon; I can kill her!” Ariane stepped back again, saying spookily, “She’s been hidden among those souls in the castle. I have been unable to find her for hundreds of years ...”

“What do you want us to do?”

“I need your blood!” She looked at Evan dead, stretched out her hand to him in the mirror. Her long nails were terrible dark red. She said with a yearning voice,

“it took me hundreds of years to gradually understand that only the purest blood could break the devil’s curse. With the help of my descendants, I have prepared all the materials: unicorn’s blood, Phoenix’s blood and Chimaera’s blood... This is the only thing missing. I need the blood of a lonely boy.”

“If it’s only a boy’s blood, I think it’s easy to get!” Evan frowned, looking at the woman uneasily.

In the ancient and evil magic, a boy’s blood was really needed, but now this practice had basically disappeared!

In his impression, since this magic used this thing, it would obviously not be decent magic. Just like the magic used by Voldemort for his resurrection, the blood of his enemy must be used as an ingredient, which in itself was Dark magic.

“This is ancient magic. The blood of a male wizard under the age of 15 is to be donated voluntarily; his own magic must be strong enough, stronger than the power of the demon that put the curse, to be able to crack her magic. I can feel that you meet my requirements...” Ariane gasped, as though something was going to run out of her body, her eyes wide open. “Whoo, whoo, go downstairs to the eighth house-elf’s head and find the material I’ve prepared. Then go to the dungeon of the Owl Fortress, where you will find an altar, which is the root of the power of the curse. Spill blood on it, and the curse will be broken. Hurry up, the power of the curse has been strengthened again. If you don’t get rid of it, you will all die. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAh! ”

With a bang, the mirror suddenly cracked from the middle. Ariane disappeared. There was only a deep crack on it.

Her mournful cry was still echoing in the room. Evan and Sirius stood quietly in front of the mirror, and in the glimmer of light at the end of their wands, they could only see dark brown blood splattered all over the wall.

Maybe because of the wind, this terrible room was chilly and uncomfortable. Even the hairs on their whole bodies stood up.

“I don’t like this woman. She’s like a lunatic!” said Sirius, taking a deep breath. “This thing is more complicated than I thought. We better go back to bed and leave here at dawn tomorrow morning.”

“It’s not that simple. I’m afraid we’re being targeted by something. That woman won’t let us go so easily. It won’t necessarily happen tonight, but no matter what kind of ghost that lady is, I think it’s better to get rid of it,” Evan shook his head, and continued, “Remember what she said to us when she first showed up? It’s strange she actually thinks I’m a student from Beauxbatons, isn’t it?”

Indeed, Evan was wearing only ordinary wizard robes. The style was still Hogwarts's, but without the school badge.

“Just looking at the clothes, one should guess that they were from Hogwarts, unless...”

“You mean, she saw us coming down from the carriage, so she thought we were from Beauxbatons?”

“Maybe, but it may not be she herself, she can only appear in this magic mirror!” Evan checked the broken mirror in front of him, as well as the girl's crooked rune. “I think this woman may have something to do with the Owl-Woman I just met, and things are not as simple as she said.”