

## Harry Potter 741

### Chapter 741: A Female Auror

Not long ago, the last member of the ancient pure-blood wizard family was killed in her room by the terrible owl monster. The ancestor of the family, Ariane, told Evan and Sirius that the monster was a demon, and her enemy.

But now it seemed like there was a close connection between Ariane and the monster, and things were getting more and more interesting!

Rather than being thrilled, Evan was more curious about what she said, from the bizarre story she told to the terrible cursing power, as well as the mysterious Owl Fortress and the Owl-Woman who had suddenly attacked him tonight.

Knowing the answers to these questions would help him with understanding more rare demonic magic...

If the woman only needed his own blood, Evan wouldn't mind giving her a little.

Taking the boy's blood as a guide, would the devil be summoned from the abyss?!!

"If your guess is correct, then that settles it. This woman is just a dangerous lunatic and a terrible monster!" Sirius looked at Evan, his eyes twinkled brightly, and he said seriously, "Right now, our safest bet would be to return to the hotel and meet Hagrid, and forget about the Owl Fortress and this curse... Knowing you however, you will definitely not go with that plan. Well, it wouldn't be to my style either to wait passively for death to come to my door!"

"Just as I thought, I don't even have to ask you to take this risk with me!!" said Evan with a smile, recording the magic runes on the mirror. "Come on, let's do what the woman said and see what she's up to."

"This is reminding me of my adventures with James in the past, but those were only around Hogwarts. During vacations, I'd have to settle down following my mother's wishes." said Sirius, looking around as he sighed. "Well, I suggest searching the house from top to bottom to see if there are any missing clues before you go downstairs to the house-elf for blood. Let's start from here; I'll be judging the caliber of those French Aurors!"

Not long ago, French Aurors had searched the room when they came here to investigate the murder case. They took away valuables, and now nothing remained in the room besides a large bed and a closet on the inside.

But that obviously wasn't going to satisfy Sirius's keener and more experienced eye. He walked towards the big bed, searching every inch carefully.

About five minutes later, Evan had just finished recording the magic text on the mirror, when he heard Sirius shouting, "Just as I thought; amateurs! Evan, come and have a look ..."

Evan walked over and saw Sirius lifting the wallpaper behind the big bed. Rows of ancient words were depicted on the wall.

“This is French. It should have been left by the previous owner of this room. It may help us.” He looked at the words carefully and read them out quietly. *“In the dark castle of the family, I hear its whisper, the whisper from the abyss. It echoes in my ears, it tells me that night is coming ...”*

*“In the dark, it’s watching me silently. The claws of fate seize the disbelievers, and I hear saying: What you have done is meaningless, pathetic seed of inferior gods! Chaos, chaos, chaos... Listen... Can’t you hear? Ah, it longs to kill! All shall end in chaos...”*

*“Through my painful struggle, I know the ultimate fate of this fragile world. I don’t want to die, I want to become stronger. I listened to the voice... to the persuasion. I fell into master’s arms and became a corrupted believer...”*

*“From today on, I shall give up this mortal body. Come, nightmare in the dark; I welcome you! Devour both soul and flesh at once! My all is my lord’s, I will embrace death, for I will be reborn... When all is done, in my death, I alone will live on!”*

The words on the wall brought both Evan and Sirius to silence, as the latter frowned as he gazed at the wall.

“What’s this? These read like the ramblings of a madman!” He whispered, “And none of it is clear, besides the fact that it’s creeping me out!”

“Yeah, it’s really creepy.” Evan agreed, thinking of the terrible evil god.

In the Lair of the Acromantula, didn’t the eyeball monster say something similar to him?

Those words on the wall looked a bit like the whispers of the evil god, but slightly different.

The person who had engraved them on the wall, no matter who they were, their body had obviously changed in the end.

However, had those voices been the whispers of an evil god, they would not have ended up like that. They would have been completely consumed.

If this was not an evil god, was it a devil?! The devil Ariane talked about, the witch from Africa?

Evan walked over and helped Sirius lift up all the wallpaper in the room.

Just above the bed, they found some new clues, but this time it was not words, but some drawings...

“It’s that owl monster!” Evan whispered, recognizing it at a glance.

The drawings depicted what seemed to be an evil magic process, step by step transforming a normal person into a terrible Owl person.

“If the pattern above is magic, why is it here?” said Sirius slowly. “This is the victim’s room. The former owner has just been killed by the owl woman, so why would the magic that made the killer be written right behind the victim’s bed.”

“I see! So it ain’t a simple murder! Perhaps this woman Mary had volunteered,” said Evan and a chill spread through his body: “That would mean, she just left her body behind; she isn’t the Owl-Woman!”

“Alright, gentlemen! Party is over!” Just then, the two suddenly heard a woman’s voice. “I’m an Auror from the Ministry of Magic. You two are under arrest for breaking into this crime scene! Put down your wands and do not think of resistance, or there will be consequences.”

Evan and Sirius turned around just to see a young witch standing at the door of the room and pointing a wand at them.

She looked to be around twenty-five or twenty-six years old, with short hair, having pale heart-shaped face, and dark, shiny eyes.

She pulled up the hem of her robes staring confidently at the two. However, disregarding her weird robes, she did look quite pretty!

Chapter 742: H  l  ne Lorraine

Of course, Evan and Sirius would have noticed her beauty hadn’t she pointed a wand at them!

“What do you seek, breaking into this empty big house in the middle of the night, *thieves?!’* The witch raised her sharp chin, and looked at Evan and Sirius. “There used to be many valuable antiques here that can be sold for a good price, but no more!”

“We didn’t...”

“Don’t lie to me. I saw the torn seal downstairs. This house is under the surveillance of the Ministry of Magic.”

“We’ve been in here for over half an hour before you came. If that’s your idea of surveillance, I could only laugh,” said Sirius dismissively. “I’ve always heard that French Aurors weren’t that good, but I’m honestly baffled by the true extent of your incompetence!”

“It’s not incompetence! We’re understaffed in Dijon; I’m the only one in charge of this case!” The witch blushed, a little embarrassed, but then regained her gaze, “Sir, before you question the performance of the French Ministry of Magic and its Aurors, mind yourself with your current situation and heinous acts!”

“We are committing no heinous acts!”

“Is that so?!” said the witch, squinting and looking at Sirius with interest. “A shocking murder here not too long ago, right in this room! The blood is still on

the walls.... And you, you're shredding the wallpaper! So, you're trying to destroy evidence?!"

"We're unveiling evidence," said Sirius impatiently. "Evidence that *you* missed!"

"I see no way in which that paper would help solve this case!"

"Open your eyes! It isn't the paper; it's what's behind it!" said Sirius, pointing to the painted wall.

"What, a child's graffiti?" said the witch, looking at the pattern on the wall in confusion, but refusing to back down. Then raised her voice, "Thanks for bringing that to my attention. I will see it later, but now, I'll repeat this for the last time: You two are under arrest for breaking into this house! Drop your wands and get to the ground with your hands above your head! Otherwise... I'll make you do it!"

"Look, we don't mean any harm, and things are not like you think; we are not thieves." Sirius took a deep breath.

He restrained himself, perhaps because she was a French Auror, or maybe, because she was a woman.

"Still, the situation doesn't look right! This child is too young, and the term isn't over yet, is it?!" The witch glanced at Evan and turned back to Sirius. "So you are a school teacher? I heard that Madame Maxime took some students to Hogwarts because of the Triwizard Tournament."

"I'm a student from Hogwarts. The Triwizard Tournament has been canceled because Voldemort is back. We are here on an important mission for Dumbledore now, and Madame Maxime is with us," said Evan. "She's waiting for us at the inn. Not long ago, I was attacked by the horrible Owl-Woman, and we came to this place following the enemy. "

"You-Know-Who ... Dumbledore?!" The witch hesitated for a moment before fully comprehending what Evan was saying. "Little guy, you say Madame Maxime is here, too. She came to Dijon? ...No, you just mentioned the Owl-Woman... where is she? No... Answer the first question first."

Evan had just dropped too many insane facts for the Auror to process, and she couldn't even pick a question to ask him!

"We can sit down and tell you everything we know, if you put your wand down."

The Auror appeared to hesitate for a moment, but then she shook her head.

"Forget it! Once you're unarmed, we'll have plenty of time to talk," she said slowly, seemingly not at ease about Sirius. "Seven years ago, on my first Auror

training camp, my teacher told me not to trust strangers casually, never put down my wand, never relax my vigilance!”

“Sounds like something Professor Moody would say...” said Evan to Sirius as he sighed.

“Do you mean Mad-Eye Moody?!” said the witch in surprise. “He was the teacher! The Auror training was jointly organized by the English, French and German wizarding Ministries. Moody was a very powerful Auror. I learned a lot from him.”

“Yeah, he’s now a professor of The Defence Against the Dark Arts at Hogwarts,” said Evan, winking at Sirius. The woman they were facing was being stubborn, and they didn’t have time to waste here.

Evan should be in the Owl Fortress outside the city to see the curse of the past by now, instead of being questioned by an Auror here for what seemed to be an eternity.

“Since you are Moody’s student, we’re on the same side. We are going to track down the Owl-Woman and find out the secret behind this matter. If you want to, you can follow us!” said Evan, moving a step forward.

“This is our business young man. We Aurors are professionally trained,” she said. “You just have to tell me what you know.”

“We will tell you everything after we deal with this matter. If things go well, we will bring you back the monster’s body,” said Sirius. “Now, get out of the way, we have too many things to do. Otherwise, don’t blame us if things get ugly!”

“Wait, what do you want to do? Stop!” The witch shouted loudly, watching Sirius rushing over, “Damn it... *Stupefy!*”

The red light flew, and Sirius quickly dodged to the right, avoiding the curse.

“*Expelliarmus!*” He shouted loudly, waving his wand.

The next second, Sirius’s Disarming spell hit her, and the wand flew high and landed in his hand.

“Very well, you won, and blatantly attacked an Auror of the Ministry of Magic. What are you going to do next?” Although she had no wand, the witch didn’t show weakness, instead staring at Sirius defyingly with her wide beautiful eyes, and said, “Are you going to tie me up here or...”

“That’s not really my thing,” said Sirius, and then he threw her wand back at her. “I’m just telling you: you alone can’t stop us. Now, please get out of the way and don’t delay us from tracking the owl monster.”

The witch took the wand, stood there looking at Evan and Sirius for a while, came over and stretched out her hand.

“Well, since our goals are the same, then I’ll join you! Let me introduce myself, my name is H  l  ne Lorraine.”

Chapter 743: The Eerie Castle

“This woman is trouble. We shouldn’t let her join us!” Sirius whispered to Evan.

At this point, they had just finished searching the room and were walking down the stairs.

“I know, but she’s also an Auror of the French Ministry of Magic. If we don’t let her follow us, what are you going to do? Tie her here? Or Stun her and throw her on that bed? I mean, I thought you said that isn’t your thing?” Evan asked back, looking at Sirius. “After we catch that owl monster, she could be helpful when dealing with the subsequent formalities.”

“OK, but if she drags us back, I think we should...”

“Gentlemen, whispering is not befitting of... gentlemen! Since we are partners now, we should ...” H  l  ne paused and tried to find a word, “Yes... we should be honest, with no reservation between each other. Are you two from Britain? What are your names? “

“Yes, we are from Britain. My name is Evan Mason.” Said Evan, “and this is Sirius Black.”

“Oh, my God, Sirius Black! I know your name! I’ve heard all those stories!” said H  l  ne in surprise, looking at Sirius in disbelief. “Did you really spend 13 years in Azkaban for a crime you didn’t commit?”

Her words made the mood even more awkward. That was a topic Sirius did not want to talk about. He didn’t answer, but H  l  ne continued.

“I’m a big fan of yours. I bought all the articles about you on the market. What you did for your friend James Potter and his son Harry, tracking down the Death Eater and going to Azkaban for atonement.” said H  l  ne, looking at Sirius. “How to say... I think those actions are noble and very courageous. Most people would never do what you did, you ...”

“I’m not as noble as you said. It was my foolishness that led to the death of James and Lily, and then I deserved everything that happened to me,” said Sirius. “Now please shut up and keep quiet. You’re affecting me.”

“Is he always so terrible?” H  l  ne whispered to Evan, keeping her distance from Sirius.

“He’s not usually like this. Maybe he’s not good at dealing with girls,” said Evan, changing the subject. “Miss Lorraine, have you found any other clues we might need to know? Also, why are you the only one here?”

“Oh, it’s just that the Ministry won’t pay attention to this matter at all. They dedicate all their resources to Paris and other big cities, not to a small city like Dijon. I am the only one who insisted on coming to investigate,” said H el ene. “This case is very complicated. I think this is an opportunity to prove myself. There are no such opportunities in Paris. Before you came, I had searched the house and found something really remarkable.”

“What is it?”

“Well, how to say it? Mary, the last owner of this house seemed to have a unique hobby. I found hundreds of dead owls in the store room downstairs, all of them skinned and thrown there...”

Hundreds of bloody owl bodies were piled up in a small room, a purgatory!

This further confirmed Evan’s guess, as the Dark magic he saw on the wall had this process drawn.

Mary, the owner of the house, might be the owl monster. She killed herself, sacrificed her life to this “devil”, and became a terrible monster. The owls were her medium of choice.

Perhaps, she took the feathers peeled from them and transplanted them to herself with dark magic...

With the Owl Fortress right outside the city, her picking this animal was only natural.

Now the question was: *where* was the monster? And Ariane, the woman that had appeared in the mirror, what was her *real*

purpose?!!

In the dark, the three returned to the ground floor and came to the corridor full of house-elves’ heads.

“The woman who appeared in the mirror told you that someone has hidden something in these heads?” said H el ene, who had just learned about it from Evan. “I didn’t expect I’d have to search there... Disgusting!”

“Really disgusting!” Evan nodded, looking at the dry heads of the house-elves and their big ugly noses.

He had to admit that hiding something in them was a brilliant idea. Maybe he should go back to Hogwarts’ kitchens and have a good look at the heads there as well...

“When the house-elves died, the habit of hanging their heads on the wall is said to have originated from the old Black family, which was later adopted by other pure-blood wizard families in England and eventually around Europe. It has continued to this day,” said Sirius ironically. “It seems that one of my ancestors

really made a great contribution to the development and progress of the wizarding world. One, two, three... The eighth one on the left should be our guy.”

The one Sirius pointed at was a house-elf with brown dry skin. During his lifetime, he seemed to have been ill and had some kind of mutation. His whole face was deformed, with plenty of his flesh beginning to rot. He was staring at the front with his big bulb-like eyes.

It was quite the sickening sight.

“Let me do the dirty work!” said Sirius. He stepped forward, opened the elf’s mouth and looked inside.

Hélène looked at Sirius with a half-shocked and half-admiring expression, and watched his hand reach into the mouth of the house-elf. He took out a small bottle of dark red blood, covered in sticky liquid, and handed it to Evan.

Evan opened the bottle and smelled it. It smelled like blood.

He was not a vampire, and he couldn’t tell whether it was the blood of a unicorn, a Chimaera, a phoenix, or something else. But that didn’t matter. Now that they had it, there were no other valuable clues in this house.

Evan talked with Sirius and Hélène, and the three of them directly Disapparated to the Owl Fortress outside the city.

As soon as he appeared, Evan saw a huge, gloomy black outline appearing above the valley in the distance. That was a huge castle built entirely of dark brown stones that were arranged into the shape of a massive beast.

Unlike Hogwarts, that castle was built on a hill, looking like a medieval fortress. It looked desolate and silent, surrounded by nothing but black stones on the ground.

#### Chapter 744: The Owl Ghosts

The light from the trio’s wands was insignificant in the endless darkness, and they were swallowed up in the night.

When Evan’s eyes gradually adapted to the darkness, he could see the huge black fortress in front of him.

In that place, known as the Owl Fortress, tall granite buildings stood quietly on the cliffs above the river valley, looking down majestically at visitors. The original builders of the castle deliberately chose such a precipitous place, using magic to merge the whole fortress with the cliffs.

That was almost miraculous, extremely astonishing. Undoubtedly, such a wonder, while shocking and frightening, was still also majestic and awe inducing!

The huge fortress was fortified by magic, with the central spire protruding high, strangely without windows.

The walls were covered with strange vines. They were tightly intertwined and interlaced with huge stones, forming the main outline of the castle.

A mysterious atmosphere shrouded around it, with an evil and unknown aura, all who gazed at it quickly shifted their eyes.



“This ancient castle has been shielded with many protective spells. Only wizards can find it. It is a very famous magical landscape in Dijon,” said H el ene, looking at the distant fortress. “I have seen it before; thousands of translucent owl ghosts watching you silently inside. It is gloomy and eerie, if you ask me.”

“Well, let’s check it out!” said Evan, clearly feeling the magic and unknown power behind those walls.

The three of them Apparated and appeared at the gate of the castle.

The gate was closed tightly and blocked by megaliths, but an irregular opening was rudely opened on the wall next to it.

Following that entrance, the three uninvited guests entered the castle.

Inside was a huge square hall. Besides all kinds of garbage piled on the ground, there was nothing. For hundreds of years, this fortress had been visited by countless visitors with various purposes. The valuable things in it had been completely looted.

“This place is more deserted than I thought ...” said Evan as he looked around.

“It’s the same from top to bottom. There’s barely anything here. No one knows what this place used to look like. Greedy thieves have robbed this old castle over the course of a long period and have spared nothing,” H el ene then explained. “They didn’t care whether the contents were cursed or not, as long as they were valuable. And whatever was left was also moved by the Ministry of Magic to the museum in Paris.”

In Europe, there were many abandoned castles like this, standing quietly in the fields as witnesses to the past history.

If the owners of the castles had money, they might be protected as cultural relics, or reused as private resorts or hotels.

If no one managed them, then they would be abandoned. The Muggle governments would spend a part of their funds to maintain the castles every year to ensure that monuments did not collapse, but the Ministries of Magic did not do the same.

Owning a castle was a huge burden, something that was even more glaring with the decline of pure-blood wizard families.

It was said that on top of their huge manor, the Malfoys also owned such an old castle in a certain area of England, which was managed by dozens of house-elves. This however was an exception; there were only a few pure-blood wizard families like them.

“Although there is nothing here, the place is very large. It is really difficult to find the owl monster hiding here. We don’t have enough staff to search the entire fortress at the same time ...” said H el ene.

“I believe she will come out and show up to find us,” said Evan. “What about the owl ghosts?”

“Oh, you’ll see them. They don’t usually appear near the entrance,” H  l  ne waved her wand, and the light at its tip became more powerful. She lowered her voice and said, “The owl ghosts are definitely not as simple as they seem. How to say it... they are like humans, and they have human-like habits, which is strange, isn’t it? Well, if you want to go to the dungeons, I remember we should go this way. There is a doorway in the kitchen leading to the basement. I just looked from a distance.”

They went straight through the doorway, not up the stairs, but in a narrow passage on the ground floor, taking seven or eight turns to go to the basement.

This feeling reminded Evan of the maze, and he could not be sure what was waiting for them behind a closed door.

When they came to the kitchen through the dark corridor, Evan finally saw the owls. Their bodies appeared to be translucent and milky white, as H  l  ne said. Instead of flying in the air or looking for food or something similar like a normal owl, they stood quietly on the ground.

They seemed to pace... like humans do, and there was a touch of sadness on their tiny faces.

After Evan, Sirius, and H  l  ne entered the kitchen, the owls didn’t approach them, just watching the three of them quietly.

This felt really uncomfortable for the trio.

“Look, that’s why I don’t like this place, I have seen ghosts, but I haven’t seen ghosts like this,” whispered H  l  ne, afraid to alarm them. “We’d better be careful. I can feel that they can understand us.”

“It’s a bit strange, I’ve never seen anything like this, they emit waves of some sort of soul magic, which reminds me of something I saw in an ancient magic book before ...” said Evan.

He thought for a moment, and walked towards the owl that was closest to him, ready to test his theory.

“What’s the matter with this kid?” H  l  ne looked at Evan’s back and said, “It’s weird. He seems to know a lot of magic. Speaking of which, what are you going to do running around with such a young wizard?”

But Sirius didn’t intend to answer H  l  ne. He didn’t even look at her. In his eyes, this woman was definitely an under qualified Auror, unworthy of his answer.

Although she did not lack magical power, on top of being cute, she was too casual in character and didn’t show enough caution. She didn’t know what caution was. She said too much along the way and told Evan almost everything, all that should be said and what should *not* be said!

She was just lucky enough that the two of them were not Dark wizards like Death Eaters.

She probably forgot everything Moody had told her, Sirius thought.

Listening to H el ene talking on and on, his past Auror habits made him want to scold her, as if she was an apprentice...

Chapter 745: The Soul of the Past

Evan walked to the side of an owl ghost. The latter did not dodge, but just looked at him with its head crooked. Its translucent body shone under the light of Evan's wand, and it seemed to be curious about what the boy wanted to do.

"A cursed soul?!" Evan looked at the owl, remembering the magic he saw in that ancient book.

Although he did not know the power of the devil or the curse, he still remembered this soul-type magic called Eternal Shadow. While its description didn't mention the specific shape of owls, it still could potentially be used to achieve this effect.

Evan lowered his wand downwards, spraying a stream of milky liquid at the end, shimmering, and marked a magical symbol on the ground.

The runes were very complex. Evan's movements were slow, drawing very carefully. Sirius and H el ene were watching behind him.

At H el ene's insistence, Sirius couldn't help but start talking to her, and topics ranged from Evan to Auror's skills.

Later, Sirius kept mainly telling her what to pay attention to and notes about investigative techniques, and H el ene listened very carefully.

Although she still had a long way to go, she did seem to want to be a good Auror.

She had a great admiration for Sirius. As could be seen from collecting all the reports about him, she was a big fan.

When she was talking to Evan before, H el ene could tell a lot about Sirius just from his silent behavior...

A few minutes later, Evan had drawn his magic runes and raised his head to signal the owl ghost to come over.

The latter stared at him, as though studying Evan's drawing, then it fluttered its wings and landed in the middle of the runes.

*"Revelio*

!" said Evan, tapping gently on the ground with his wand.

Starting from where the end of his wand touched, along the lines on the ground, blue light quickly spread around.

Soon, the light blue light enveloped the owl ghost.

“Bingo!” said Evan as he stood up. Sirius, Héléne, and the other ghosts were watching him.

“Bingo for what?” Héléne asked, puzzled. “What did you do? What kind of magic is this?”

The next second, a figure appeared in the blue light.

The owl ghost’s wings and claws were getting longer and longer and gradually became human hands and feet. Both sides of the shoulders burst out at the same time, and the body gradually grew into taking a humanoid appearance, and for a moment, it looked just like the terrible Owl-Woman. But then, the feathers on its face disappeared quickly and it looked fully human.

It was a middle-aged man in his fifties with deep wrinkles on his face. He was wearing a servant’s costume, an ancient style from hundreds of years ago, and he was once a member of this castle.

Although he was still a translucent ghost, he now finally looked like a man again. After looking at his two hands in disbelief, he quickly raised his head to look at Evan, the thirteen or fourteen-year-old wizard in front of him...

“What did you do to it?” said Héléne in surprise. “How could this owl become a person?!”

“Well, don’t look at me like this, it’s just simple magic,” said Evan. He didn’t want to explain the complex principles behind his spell to her right now.

“Simple magic?!” said Héléne, rubbing her eyes. “To be honest, I don’t know how you did it. This is incredible. You turned an owl’s soul into a human. Mon Dieu, I really should have gone to Hogwarts! What does that school teach to allow 13-year-old children to use this level of magic?!”

“It’s like he said. It’s a very simple magic!” said Sirius. “Now be quiet!”

He also looked curiously at Evan, with clear shock on his face. But he didn’t speak. He felt that it would be his shame to exclaim as Héléne just did next to him. Beautiful face... stunning bosom... but no Auror’s pride!

Sirius had seen too many miracles in that boy during the past two years, and this was just a trivial one.

In the kitchen, all the other owls also left their initial positions and gathered quickly around them.

“Can you talk now?” Evan asked, looking at the ghost that was still in shock and hadn’t recovered.

“Ah ...” It made a strange sound, and seemed to struggle momentarily: it hadn’t spoken for too long. It stuttered, sounding strange, uncomfortable, with strong gasps every now and then. “Be careful, it’s all around you. Don’t trust anyone.”

“Who are you talking about? What happened to the castle that year?”

“Demon, demon... DEMON!” It stared at Evan dead and yelled in a strange voice, which kept rising in pitch and volume. “Whoo, that demon is among you ... you can’t escape, you are already its prey. Your souls will become like ours... you will never get rest.”

Evan quickly turned his head. There was no one but Sirius and H el ene. Who was the demon?!!

“I don’t understand what you mean. Can you say it more clearly, I ...”

Evan stopped. When he said this, there was a grim expression on the man’s face, and he let out a cry of pain. It was as though he was hit by the Cruciatus Curse.

He seemed to be hit by the heart-cursing spell. His whole was twitching there, constantly struggling and shaking.

“It doesn’t look right!” H el ene was pale and hid behind Sirius, with her wand firmly facing it. But she didn’t know what spell to use on a ghost, which was beyond her ability.

“Evan, be careful!” said Sirius.

Evan didn’t need his reminder. At the sight of the ghost’s appearance, he also took a step back, feeling bad.

“Tell me, who is that demon?” He shouted, “I’m here to help you, I will end this curse, and I will help you get rest.”

“I ... I can’t say that name ... we have vowed!” He gasped violently and growled intermittently. “I need to obey his orders, I must ... Ah, you should not disturb the souls of the past. Your life is about to end, stranger!”

It suddenly rushed to Evan, but after leaving the magical runes on the ground, it quickly changed back into an owl. It passed through Evan’s body, cold and uncomfortable, like ice.

In the kitchen, dozens of owls were all around, looking at them spookily.

For the first time, Evan realized how ominous an owl’s gaze could be...

Chapter 746: The Devil’s Altar

“Get out of the way!” Sirius waved his wand impatiently to disperse the owl ghosts in front of him.

Those ghosts didn’t have any attack power. They just looked at Evan and the others gloomily, their eyes shining with pain and hatred.

If they could, they would pounce like the ghost just now, tearing the three of them up. But they could do nothing.

They did nothing. In fact, those ghosts were also a group of unfortunate people. They were just ordinary servants of the castle. Most of them were not even wizards. They had been poisoned by that witch. After death, their souls had been detained here.

Until now, they had been controlled by the devil, unable to act according to their wishes and to rest in peace.

Evan couldn't help wondering who the devil that the ghosts couldn't even name was. Why couldn't they mention that name, and what about the vows they'd made? And what did he mean by what he had just said? Was the devil watching them nearby?

Things became more mysterious. The castle was full of evil atmosphere, and in the darkness that could not be dispelled, the unknown power was gradually approaching...

"We'd better get out of here!" said Sirius, and there were more and more owls around.

Evan realized that his magic had disturbed the souls of the past and made them restless.

"Well, let's go and take a look at the dungeon." He nodded.

Evan didn't want to wait until all the owls in the castle gathered here. Although they didn't have any offensive capabilities, they felt uncomfortable at the thought that they were actually human souls.

Passing through a corridor full of spider webs, they found the entrance to the dungeon in the wine cellar on the innermost side of the kitchen.

In fact, that was probably the most eerie spot in the whole castle. The narrow arched door was a rusty iron fence lying on the ground. It seemed like it had been pushed by some monster, twisted and deformed. It was full of dark brown blood stains.

Across the iron fence, Evan walked into the crypt, which was divided into small rooms to hold prisoners.

But now, this place was no longer a dungeon, but a huge family tomb. Appearing in front of them were many coffins carved from stone, scattered everywhere.

The patterns carved on the coffins were very simple, and the workmanship was also very rough, which showed that the status of the funeral was not high.

They moved on and entered a boxy hall.

The surrounding walls were recessed inward, and the space for placing things was carved out. On top of them were human bones. They were there, wrapped in rags, straw mats and the like. Most of them had been corroded and weathered, or eaten by rats, insects and other creatures. However, there were still a few mummies.

In the light of the wand, Evan saw a skeleton facing him, with two dark holes in its eyes.

In such a terrifying atmosphere, even the air became thin and turbid.

"It used to be the dungeon of the fortress where prisoners of war were held, but then many people died in this place, all of them died overnight. Because there was no place to bury them, they were all left here," said Hélène in a low voice for fear of disturbing anything. "I haven't been in here before, but people who have

come here haven't found anything. There is nothing in this place besides corpses and bones."

"Where's the altar the woman talked about?" Sirius looked around.

"It might be hidden somewhere. Since it is the source of the curse, it can't be laying out there," said Evan. "Let's look first for any strange things. I always have a bad feeling that someone is watching us ..."

He looked at the stone coffin in front of him. There was no nameplate on it. He could not see who was buried in it.

Since entering the castle, Evan felt something hiding in the dark and watching them, but he found nothing. Besides the three of them, there was no one around.

"Well, we'd better hurry up. Those damn owl ghosts are coming back!" Sirius looked back.

The three of them checked separately and did not go too far away.

They were all in a stone chamber, and if something went wrong, they couldn't just call to get immediate help.

A few minutes later, Evan was next to a coffin, and he found a boxy hole that went straight down, and only a very thick rope falling on it. He poked his wand down, read a spell, and at the end of the wand came out a ball of light.

The ball of light kept falling down for a long time before it stopped. It was about fifty feet deep below...

What was this place for? Evan was hesitating whether to go down.

That rope was obviously not a product that the castle should have. It looked newer than everything else...

Judging from the nearby traces, it seemed that not long ago, something went down through this rope!

When Evan was about to call Sirius and H el ene over, he looked up and saw something appearing beside him.

It was a small owl ghost with a translucent pale blue body, just the size of his palm, and it was looking at him.

After seeing Evan noticed it, the owl spread its wings and flew to his shoulder. Then it flew down again and landed on Evan's outstretched palm.

"Do you have anything to tell me?" Evan asked, that ghost was behaving so strangely!

The little owl nodded to answer Evan's question. It had not lost its mind, nor was there hatred in its eyes, nor was it influenced by demons.

“Hold on, I’ll draw the magic runes to help you restore your original form!” said Evan cheerfully.

He raised his wand, feeling that he would learn vital information from this owl.

But the owl didn’t wait for him. Instead, it spread its wings and flew to the distance, and kept turning back to signal that Evan would follow.

It flew to the burial chamber on the left and disappeared into an inward sunken compartment on a wall.

“Is there anything in it?” Evan bent down and looked inside...

The next second, he saw a mummified corpse staring at him with big, hollow eyes, its mouth wide open and its face ferocious and horrible.

Evan stepped back, only to see the little blue owl poking its head from under the corpse’s skirt, looking at him anxiously, as though urging him to move faster. Under the mummy, there was an inward slowly extending tunnel.

Evan hesitated for a moment, and then crawled in, through the body into a small secret chamber.

In the center of the room, he saw an altar at a glance, the altar that summoned the devil, the source of all evil in the castle...

#### Chapter 747: The Power of Nature

The altar was very simple and crude, with a wooden pillar erected in its center, narrow at the top and thick at the bottom. A simple portrait of an owl was depicted with a knife or the like in an abstract style, looking more like some terrible monster.

Its body was significantly widened, its eyes were large and out of proportion, and its feathers jumped like flames.

A very thick rope was tied to the post, forming a knot, on which hung a turquoise owl pendant.

Further down, on the ground were complex magical runes that Evan had never seen before. round patterns were interwoven with hexagonal patterns, creating wild shapes.

The runes were shining and a pale blue light flickered in it. Evan could feel a strange magical power, very peaceful, almost healing...

“Is this the Devil’s Altar?” He looked at the wooden post in a daze. “As long as I drop blood on it, I can get rid of the curse.”

But he always felt something was wrong. It was different from the demon altar he had seen in the depths of Hogwarts.

In front of Evan, the little owl flew over to the altar. As soon as it entered the runes range, its body changed rapidly.

Soon, it turned into a girl, about twenty years old. She was beautiful, with clear skin, and eyes as calm as the sea. Her nose was small and her mouth was slightly curved upward, with a sad smile. She was wearing a long classical dress, a scarf and a simple wooden headband on her forehead.



“Hello, stranger!”

“Who are you?” Evan paused and continued to ask, “Why did you bring me to this place?”

“As you can see, I am a dead soul.” The girl said slowly, with a touch of calmness in her voice. “As for my name when I was alive, you can call me Shukrya. I saw you use magic to restore that soul to its original appearance, and I heard what you said to it. I think you can help me escape this curse, so I brought you here. “

“The curse?” Evan gasped, gripping his wand tightly. “I’m here to help you, but only if I know what’s going on in this castle? First of all, what’s that pillar next to you? I can feel strong magical power on it. It’s a strange force to me. “

“This is a totem I made by myself. It is because of its power that all the souls wandering in this castle have become owls,” said Shukrya, looking at the pillar nearby. “I hang the sacred things of our tribe on it. It can communicate with an owl god, which is a very powerful natural force ...”

“It’s you who turned all the souls here into owls, and that’s the curse ...”

“No, this is not a curse, but a protection!” said Shukrya calmly, correcting Evan’s mistake.

Evan frowned, looking at the girl in front of him and the shining blue wooden pillar beside her, and the exaggerated owl above.

As the woman Ariane he saw in the mirror said before, it was this magic that turned all the souls in the castle into owls, but this thing did not seem to be a devil’s altar.

Evan could feel that this power was not so evil, but rather peaceful.

In fact, what Shukrya said of the totem reminded Evan of another special kind of magic, of how shamans used the forces of nature.

Different from wizards’ magic, shamans used the power of natural elements. They were very ancient and mysterious spellcasters. In those primitive tribes, they were also responsible for communicating with the spirits of their ancestors and treating patients.

In the past, shamanism was very popular, but since time entered the modern era, it had gradually become a relic.

Because the method of inheritance was very ancient and quite complex, it had higher requirements on the caster himself. The casting process with Shamanism was also very tedious, and the communication with the dead and the power of the elements was always necessary. Various restrictions had greatly reduced the number of shamans.

Evan had only read about Shamanism in introductory books about the history of magic, so he didn’t have much knowledge on the topic

The totem that the girl just talked about reminded him of this ancient craft. After all, this was not a very common casting item.

“This totem you made, did you make it in the methods of Shamanism?” Evan asked.

“In our tribe, it is called witchcraft, and those who use this power are called witchdoctors, and are the spiritual leaders of clans and tribes,” said Shukrya; the pale blue magic light slowly flowed through her hands. “We are responsible for communicating with our ancestors’ spirits and the gods of the natural world, guiding our people through all kinds of difficulties and maintaining the order of nature. Of course, in your country, this kind of practice is also called shamanism, but it’s just a different name!”

“A witchdoctor from Africa ... then you should be the witch she talked about!” Evan thought for a moment, and continued to ask, “So, what about the protection you just said? Turning all souls into owls, so that they can never rest in peace ... how is that protection?”

“It’s a kind of protection!” Shukrya slowly said. “There are very powerful evil forces in this castle. If I don’t provide shelter for these souls, they will be mercilessly devoured by the devil.”

“What on earth is going on? This is not what I’ve learned.”

“I’ll tell you the truth of everything, stranger, and then it’s up to you to decide,” said Shukrya, looking at Evan calmly. “A long time ago, I left my tribe for a journey alone. That was a test. Every witch-doctor in the clan had to undergo this process. The elders hoped that I could cleanse my soul during the trip, better communicate with the elements, and return to the tribe to become the new great witchdoctor. But on that long journey, I gradually lost track of my original purpose. I met a wizard... I met him and fell in love. He wanted to take me back to his family and prepare for us to get married...”

We crossed the Mediterranean and were going to Paris, where his family was. We came to this place near the end of the journey. The hostess of this castle was his classmate. They used to study together in a wizarding school called Beauxbatons. At her request, the two of us agreed to stay for a few days before leaving.”

Chapter 748: Another Version of the Story

“The mistress of the castle you’re talking about, wasn’t she called Ariane?” Evan blinked.

“It’s her. She was a witch who dedicated her soul to the devil, and the source of this unfortunate curse,” said Shukrya calmly. “So, you have already met her. What does she want you to do here?”

“We’ll talk about this later. You tell your own story first!” Evan waved his wand.

He didn’t trust the woman in the mirror nor the soul that had suddenly appeared.

Neither the evil witch who offered her soul to the devil nor the shamaness witch doctor from Africa who could use strange powers would be easy to mess with. And God knew what exactly happened back in the day.

And... the prince-charming in both stories, the wizard from Paris, *where*

was he now?!!

In fact, the more he thought about it, the more things seemed to be far worse than what he had ever imagined.

It was very possible that five hundred years ago, this all was just two evil witches confronting each other over a man, making many suffer with them in the process. And now, even after death, their powers were still at work, both hoping that Evan would give them the edge they needed to finally tip the scales!

“After we stayed, she treated us warmly, but over time, I found that my lover gradually changed and became indifferent to me ...” Shukrya hesitated and continued, “He didn’t seem to love me anymore!”

“Amortentia?!” Evan looked at her.

“Yes, this potion is called Love Potion in our country,” said Shukrya, with a trace of pain in her eyes. “If I hadn’t hung on to move and just went back to the tribe to become a witch-doctor, the rest might not have happened. After I found out that my lover had changed, I didn’t know whether he had been drugged or something else, but the root of everything was obviously that woman. He changed after he came to her castle, and I decided to find out the truth. After some investigation, I found that the movements of the castle’s mistress, Ariane, my lover’s former classmate at the Wizarding School, were very suspicious. The tracing magic I left behind showed that she snuck out of her bedroom every night, sometimes with my lover to a remote room in the castle, and sometimes with other men, but what was even more shocking ...”

“What is it?” Evan looked at her. The idea of Ariane switching men like shoes was shocking enough for him.

“It’s that she went deep under the castle almost every night after laying with them. There, I found a secret room protected by magic, I cracked the magic she left and broke in. I saw piles of bones inside, piled high on the floor,” Shukrya said those shocking words in a calm tone. “The wizards who used to smile in the daytime and seemed nice and noble all turned into demons at night, killing ordinary Muggle civilians and dissecting their bodies. In addition to the pile of

bones, I also saw iron chains criss-crossing over the room, with human bodies hanging from these chains. These human bodies all seemed to be ordinary people or Muggle farmers, or perhaps local residents. Some people were hanging from their feet, while others were hanging from their heads. Their knees were badly worn and blood flowed from them to their feet. Some people hadn't died yet, and they kept wailing..."

If Shukrya was telling the truth, then the secret of Ariane was really terrible.

Evan couldn't believe that she was simply abusing the farmers and mutilating their bodies. It was definitely some very evil Dark magic. Only painful torture could make a person's heart and soul distorted. That kind of power was what Dark magic needed.

"After investigating, I found out that she was using those people's flesh and souls to worship the devil!" said Shukrya, gradually raising her voice. "This is a castle full of sin. The wizards here are all demons. Then, I told this fact to my lover, but he didn't want to believe me. He thought I was lying and framing his classmate. He said... words that couldn't be taken back at the time, and left me. I could feel that he had completely changed. He was bewitched by that woman's demonic power and didn't love me anymore, but I couldn't leave him alone, so..."

"So what?" said Evan, frowning at her.

"So, I used the Love Potion on him and put it in his cup to make him fall in love with me again!" said Shukrya, not happy. "I am very good at making potions, which is one of the duties of a witch-doctor. I thought I could be with him in this way, and after leaving the castle, he would slowly change his mind, but that was only the beginning of something worse..."

Evan looked at the ghost in front of him, one who could've been a great witch-doctor and a spiritual leader of her tribe. What Ariane said was fitting so far. She did not lie, but did not recount all the facts. Linking the two stories together, Evan began to envision the whole picture.

"We ran away, but were caught back soon, and I was locked in a dungeon and tortured by them madly, receiving all kinds of humiliation," said Shukrya, with a hint of hatred in her voice. "I thought my lover would come to save me, but he didn't. I didn't know until then that he was already engaged to that demon. A few months later, the news of their impending marriage came, I was completely desperate, and I compromised with the dark gods. I swore I would stop this... I would thoroughly purify this evil fortress. I used my blood as a medium and used the ancient shaman's techniques to ask for the help of the gods of nature, so that owls, mice, and other creatures could get me potion ingredients. I made a

poison and put it into the water source of the castle. I wanted all these demons to die.”

“So you poisoned them all?” Evan looked at Shukriya, who was getting a little scary. As she took revenge on those demons, she became a demon herself.

All the things that Ariane said were true, and Shukrya was a terrible witch in her own right.

But if what the latter said was also true, then Ariane was evil too. It was hard to say who was more terrible.

“I thought this would complete the purification, but I was wrong again!” said Shukrya, her eyes fixed on Evan. “The poison I made was very powerful. Many people in the castle died, but that was what the woman hoped. She had long abandoned her body and offered her soul to the devil. After figuring out what happened, she did not hesitate to kill the ones who survived, including her parents and relatives. She was ready to sacrifice the souls of everyone and summon the devil to the world...”

#### Chapter 749: Rejection

For evil Dark wizards, parents, relatives, and friends had never been something they needed to cherish.

They were just props to achieve increasingly evil magic, some of the important magic materials that were just... effective

Indeed, what else could be more evil than using the blood, bones, and souls of parents and brothers?!!

For example, Voldemort’s father Tom Riddle Sr., Voldemort needed him only when he wanted to resurrect. He needed his bones.

As a devil’s servant, Ariane regarded the lives and souls of others as the sacrifices needed for the advent of the devil. She even dedicated her own soul to it and completely lost all reason, along with her humanity. She was no longer human, falling into being a hellish demon herself.

Evan sighed; how horrible it was, the thirst for unlimited magical power!

This incident was nothing more than a sample of what took place in Europe in the Dark magic era, hundreds of years ago, when blood and sin were omnipresent...

The truth of what really took place back then was too shocking and horrible to be captured in books about the era.

“I knew I couldn’t run away, she wouldn’t let me go. I was cursed by that demon!” Shukrya continued, her faint voice being almost as frightening as her tale. “But I couldn’t let her complete that ritual, I had to stop her, otherwise even after my death, my soul wouldn’t get any sort of peace. So before she came to kill me, I changed all the souls in the castle into owls at the cost of my life.”

If she didn't lie, that was the origin of the Owl Fortress. But Evan didn't believe what she said was all true, maybe it was only part of the truth!

Like Ariane, Shukrya embellished her sins with noble reasons.

“That's what the curse was all about?”

“It is not a curse, but a kind of protection. I protected these souls from being devoured by demons.” Shukrya said with some anger, then immediately calmed down again. “Of course, I do not deny that it was a kind of protection for me, too. I hid among these souls so that the devil could not distinguish me. “

“How did you do that?” Evan asked, looking at Shukrya who was floating in the air like smoke. “Those souls were all part of this castle in their lifetime. They should obey Ariane's orders, shouldn't they?”

No wonder the ghost he saw earlier said that he could not go against the vows he once made, and could not disclose anything about his mistress. It should be their vows of allegiance to Ariane. This magic used by the ancient pure-blood wizard family on servants still worked even hundreds of years after their death.

Speaking of them, those ghosts were really unlucky. They were innocently involved in this conspiracy and could not rest. Until now, they thought that the hostess had killed them, but had to obey her orders.

“After becoming owls, they have lost their intelligence. Naturally, they cannot hear the demon's order to them, and she can't find which of the thousands of owl ghosts is me.” said Shukrya. “But once their human form is restored, the magic will work, and she will order them again, just like you've seen ...”

“Well, how did she order them, I didn't see her there!”

“This place, the entire fortress is under her surveillance. Hundreds of years of fighting have allowed us to know each other, even better than ourselves. I know that she got a mirror from the devil, and now it has become her body, showing all the sights inside and near the castle,” said Shukrya.

“You mean, she can see us?!” Evan froze for a moment, then immediately thought, “So she knows I'm here? Does she know where the totem is?”

“Yes, but it doesn't matter!” said Shukrya. “She has long known about it, but she has no way to come in. In fact, it is a matter of time. My power began to decline long ago. For centuries, those stupid adventurers who kept coming in destroyed the magic I left in the castle. I can no longer hold her back. She is getting stronger and stronger, and can even leave the mirror and contact her descendants or other greedy wizards to induce them to fall.”

Mentioning this, Evan thought of the Owl-Woman, the terrible humanoid monster.

“She taught taboo demonic power to the greedy wizards and convinced them that they would become stronger. But that was only part of it, and they ended up becoming a mixture of lower demons and humans, like what you call Owl-Woman.” Shukrya looked at Evan and hesitated for a moment. “I don’t want to lie to you, I want your help. I can feel that although you are young, you are very clever and different from those wizards. I can tell you that when she seduced those wizards who entered the castle to fall, I also spoke to them through the power of nature, hinted to them, told them the wrong magic, and made them lose their minds after becoming demons, unable to serve her, become pure monsters, or die directly ...”

That was really insidious. Those adventurers who thought they had everything and that they had become more powerful were nothing more than playthings in the hands of these two women. But really, Evan was no longer surprised. From what Shukrya had already told him, it would be strange if she didn’t do it.

No wonder Ariane would ask for help, and Evan was probably her new prey.

If Evan hadn’t been cautious, he would have spilled his blood and the contents of the bottle on the totem as he was told. He would be caught as Ariane’s slave and Shukrya would not let him go.

“Well, now that you’ve told me everything, what do you want me to do?” Evan said.

“Save me from this nightmare, stop the devil and destroy the mirror. Otherwise when she recovers her strength and summons the real devil, everyone will die... no one would escape. That is a terrible power beyond imagination,” said Shukrya.

“But it doesn’t make any sense to me. We are just outsiders. We will leave Dijon tomorrow. Even if she becomes a real devil, that would be for the French Ministry of Magic and its Aurors to deal with. I have a lot of trouble left unsolved and don’t want to provoke new ones!” said Evan. After thinking about it for a moment, he shook his head. “To be honest, after listening to this story, I’m feeling tired of all of this. It’s far more complicated than I thought, I’m not too...”

Chapter 750: The Voice in the Darkness

Five hundred years of fighting, everlasting hatred, even death could not stop it...

Evan didn’t intend to get involved. Shukrya just said very clearly that the woman in the mirror was a demonic entity.

Now that she was recovering strength, in this case, trying to destroy the mirror was like fighting the devil directly.

He wasn’t afraid. He just thought it was pointless to take such a risk.

To really do this, he would be no different from those stupid adventurers. They were all the playthings in the hands of these two witches.

Although Evan wanted to understand the magic of demons and witch doctor shamans, he didn't want it that way.

"Help me... help me out of this nightmare and let my soul rest in peace. I can't wait any longer!" Shukrya hesitated for a long time before continuing, "As long as you help me, I am willing to pay any price!"

Evan shook his head. He could not see what a witch, who had died five hundred years ago, could provide.

"I will not help you, nor will I help that demon!" He took out the small bottle of magic blood and threw it to the ground. "She wanted me to pour this thing on the totem together with my blood to break your magic. This thing..."

"Wizard, you don't understand my pain... I don't care about death... my soul has been stranded here for too long, long enough that I have forgotten everything, whether it is love or hatred, these have no meaning to me." Shukrya waved her hand gently and a pale blue owl ghost flew out of the totem. She pointed to the owl pendant above the totem and continued to say, "As long as you are willing to help me, after my soul leaves, I will give you this pendant, it is our sacred tribal heritage of thousands of years, which can help you communicate with nature..."

Along the direction of her finger, Evan looked at the pendant tied to the totem knot.

Although shamanism wasn't too clear to him, he could still clearly feel that the pendant was the core of this magic. With such a strong magic power, it was obviously a legendary magical item.

"This is the sacred item of our tribe. It has been kept by great witch doctors for generations. You are not a witch doctor, you don't understand shaman's magic, and you cannot communicate with ancestors' souls and elements of nature, but it can help you use the Owl God's power..." Shukrya paused again, as though sensing something and then slowly said, "And you have no reason to refuse, Wizard, your two companions have entered the devil's room, that land of sin."

.....

In the dungeon, not long after Evan followed Shukrya into the secret chamber, Sirius discovered that he was missing.

"Hélène, have you seen Evan?" He frowned as he asked, shouting Evan's name, but there was no response.

In the silence of this mysterious castle, Sirius's shouts echoed frighteningly, but had no answers.

"Could that kid have been captured by a monster or a ghost, while we were not paying attention?" Hélène whispered, raising her wand high. She kept looking around, but saw nothing but darkness.



The unknown and the darkness exacerbated the fear in the air, and every dark corner seemed like it could spawn horror at any moment.

Hélène didn't like the atmosphere around her and subconsciously leaned against Sirius. But she stopped quickly. She didn't want to let him see her vulnerable side.

“You don't know Evan. He's not an ordinary thirteen-year-old wizard. He's far much stronger than he looks. He is the best of the three of us. He wouldn't be killed in silence,” said Sirius, waving his wand, not seeming too anxious. “Knowing him, the kid must have found some clues, leaving us to investigate alone...”

He was too familiar with this feeling. Evan could always find clues that no one else could notice, and then end up investigating alone.

Before entering the castle, he specifically told Evan not to act alone, but deep inside, he knew that was futile.

“I feel that the child is weird. He knows too much about magic. Are all Hogwarts students like that?!!” Hélène muttered. “I remember he was in charge of this side. Let's see what we can find.”

They followed Evan's previous trajectory, and soon saw the boxy dark hole and the rope above.

“This is a secret passage. Someone has pried the bricks off the ground!” said Hélène.

“Looking at the traces around, it should be not too long ago that something went down this rope ... maybe Evan found something.” Sirius reached in with his right hand holding the wand, leaned out and shouted, “Evan, are you down there?”

There was no response, and the darkness around seemed to grow more intense.

Just as Sirius was about to give up, a shrill voice replied, “Yeah, I am here!”

“Is this Evan's voice?” Sirius paused for a moment and looked at Hélène. “It doesn't feel right.”

“There is nothing wrong with it. Boys' voices always fluctuate like this at his age, and they sound hoarse and hard to hear,” said Hélène. “You are too suspicious. It's slightly different, but it sounds like him. What is he doing down there? Did he find anything?!!”

“Evan, what's down there?” shouted Sirius loudly, smelling a damp odor of rot.

With this smell, he was sure that the things deep in the cave would definitely not be pleasant.

“It's what we need to find.” The weird voice responded. It paused and started to urge Sirius and Hélène to go down. “There is a lot... so much that you would be interested in. Come down and have a look. Hurry up!”

“A lot?!” Sirius was stunned again.

“Getting into the hole... I don't like this feeling!” said H  l  ne, looking down.

“Evan is really daring, entering this dark cave, but what did he find?”

“Come on, come on, I can't wait anymore...” The voice kept echoing in the dark.

“I'll go in and have a look. Maybe he found the devil's altar,” said Sirius, standing up and looking at H  l  ne. “Well, if you don't want to go down, you can wait for me here.”

“Don't underestimate others. I am also an Auror, not some damsel in distress who needs your protection!” H  l  ne puffed out her chest and looked at Sirius tit for tat. “Since that child dares to go in, I will go down too, um... and I'll be leading the charge!”