

Harry Potter 331

Chapter 331: Ron's Suggestion

Evan took an old slate and secretly recorded the route marked on the map.

Hermione used a quill to record a few key positions on the map on the parchment, ready to go to the library to cope with books on ancient Greek geography.

The ward was quiet and Harry and Ron looked at each other.

"Are you two still studying this thing?!" Ron said suddenly. "Things are already very clear. It doesn't make sense to continue research..."

"How doesn't it make sense? This map shows the location of the ruins of the temple left by Herpo the Foul. If we find it, we can defeat the monster." Hermione retorted, "It's also helpful to defeat Voldemort. You know, it was Herpo the Foul who first invented the method of making the Horcrux."

"Find out how to make a Horcrux, I can't see what that's good for." Ron waved and raised his voice. "What we need to understand now is how to destroy the remaining Horcruxes of You-Know-Who, not how they are made and how they work."

"Yes!" Harry agreed.

Looking at the map above the slate, he felt his scar hurt a little.

He only felt such pain before when Voldemort appeared or approached him, which made Harry very uneasy, and he expected that something unknown was going to happen.

If they continue to explore the secrets that Slytherin had left behind, terrible things were bound to happen.

Harry shook his head forcefully and removed the thought from his mind.

Although he also wanted to take risks and defeat the evil black wizard, the situation was totally different now from half a year ago, and he was very satisfied with his current life.

Although it was somewhat disappointing to return to the Dursleys during the summer vacation, he was not afraid of anything when thinking of Sirius, his godfather, accompanying him.

Looking at Evan, Ron and Hermione, and thinking of Sirius, Lupin, and Hagrid, Harry knew that he had never been happier than he was now.

He wished that time would stop and that nothing would change. This fantasy, though childish, was indeed his greatest dream.

"We can talk to Sirius about this and listen to his opinions." Harry suggested, rubbing his scar gently.

"But..." Hermione seemed to want to say something.

“Harry is right. It’s beyond our capabilities.” Ron took a quick look at Evan before continuing, “Hermione, I know you want to figure out how to make the Horcrux, and so do I. But my dad always said that it’s dangerous to know everything. That’s what the most evil Dark wizard would do. Although immortality is tempting, I would never study or use black magic...”

He said this strangely, as if to express his position.

Hermione was stunned for a moment and didn’t know how to answer Ron.

In her opinion, the study of magic should be free, based on the spirit of inquiry to the end, and even black magic should not be an exception.

Needless to say, she would do so to defeat Voldemort, not to actually make a Horcrux.

Hermione wanted to retort, but Ron said nothing wrong.

Studying evil black magic was very dangerous in itself.

“We should give Dumbledore the clues and the slate to handle it.” Ron tried to understate, “Otherwise, what are you going to do? We’re just four twelve or thirteen-year-old wizards. Even if we know the location of the temple, we can’t go there, can we?”

There was a moment of silence. What he said was also realistic. They couldn’t run to the mountains of Greece to find the remains of the evil Dark wizard.

“You’re right. I will tell Dumbledore about it.” Evan raised his head and said putting the stones in front of him in his own package.

He couldn’t tell why, he felt that Ron’s state was a bit strange and that he seemed too determined.

He knew that Ron never had such an attitude before.

Just as he started feeling doubts, Evan calmed himself down and relaxed again.

Thinking about it from another angle, there was nothing really strange about it.

After two consecutive Imperius Curses, Ron must have been very disgusted with black magic, and his mental state should be sensitive to the extreme. In his opinion, all black magic should be forbidden. Don’t say use, even research was unforgivable.

Evan could understand Ron’s thoughts. If he had the same unfortunate experience, he might be even more extreme than him.

Hermione had mentioned this to him before, and Evan didn’t take it seriously.

Now thinking about it, he decided to do it according to what Hermione said, and not to go against Ron for the time being.

Considering Ron’s growth path and personality, Evan decided to adopt a softer approach, and more obscure ways to help his unconfident fragile friend.

Moreover, he really couldn't go to ancient Greece to find the remains of Herpo the Foul. He should just capture this map in his mind for the time being, for it might come in handy in the future.

"Well, we're going to have the exam in June." Hermione looked at Ron for a while before she continued, "Do you need me to help you make a study schedule?"

"Come on, Hermione!" Harry shook his head in a hurry. "It's still a long way from the exam. There's still more than a month to go. We have just won the Quidditch Cup, and Evan has just eliminated all the Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest. We should take a break."

Ron shook his head in a hurry and returned to his old self.

"We have to review all the course content in the next month, so it is not enough time to do that." Hermione said sharply, "I don't worry much about Evan, but you two don't even remember the history of magic you took in the first year. If you don't want to repeat the year..."

"Relax, there are Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe!" said Harry. "We will certainly do better than the three of them."

"Let's talk about something happy," Ron then said. "We can go to Hogsmeade next weekend, where we can buy something for Evan."

"It's not a good idea to waste a whole day at Hogsmeade at this time." Hermione took a copy of 'Numerology and Grammatica' out of her schoolbag.

If it hadn't been for the stones, she would have spent the afternoon in the ward with Evan reading the book.

"I feel that at my level, it is a waste of time to recite those spells and knowledge points on the book. They don't have much effect at all." Ron blinked and said slowly, "Maybe we can expect a sudden surge in magic like Evan, so we don't have to worry about test results."

Everyone looked at Ron in surprise and wondered what he was talking about.

"Don't you understand yet?!" Ron's gaze slid over Harry's and Hermione's faces, deliberately dodging and not looking at Evan. He explained, "Now that we've fulfilled the requirements of the Centaurs, we can go to them and take out the Secret Treasure Key left by Gryffindor..."

Chapter 332: Evan's Recovery Time

"Gryffindor's Secret Treasure Key?!" Harry was surprised.

"We all know that the item he left behind in the Centaurs' colony has strong magic power, which can help us to enhance our magic power. Sirius and Professor Lupin,

with the help of that thing, made the Marauder's Map." Ron nodded and said, "Think about it, Harry! If we get more magical power, we won't have to worry about the upcoming exams. Hermione and Evan, you can also use that thing..."

"No, Ron!" Hermione interrupted him and said sharply, "That's cheating. That can't be done, absolutely not!"

"What can't be done? With the help of Slytherin's Locket, Evan's magic has increased dramatically." Ron whispered, "I haven't heard you say anything about that..."

"This is not the same, Evan was already very powerful, he can control such sudden bursts in magical power, but we are not the same." Hermione looked at Ron and said, "What's more, he can pass the exam without relying on any magic items to cheat."

"But..."

"Don't bother thinking about it!" Evan interposed, "Sirius just told me he thought we should go to the Centaurs' colony after all the exams, he also needs time to prepare DADA exams for all the classes."

"Yes, I saw him discuss it in his correspondence with Professor Lupin before," said Harry. "Sirius wants to test our actual combat ability in the grade exam. He has been very busy recently and it seems like he wants to use some Dark creatures."

"I'll help the three of you make a study schedule. If we start now, everything will be in time." Hermione pointed at some parchment with her wand.

She started with the lessons of Evan, Harry and Ron, as well as specific review arrangements.

"Okay!" Ron said in frustration, "I just made a suggestion. Since Sirius didn't get the item, we wouldn't necessarily get it either."

"No one knows what will happen without trying." Evan whispered, his eyes sparkling.

The truth was, after seeing Slytherin's practice in the deep ruins of the earth, he looked forward to the magic left by Gryffindor. He wanted to see what the great wizard, who was as famous as Salazar Slytherin, would have prepared for them.

"You know, it's probably easier said than done." Ron looked at Hermione making a review plan, and whispered, "Since all four of us are students of Gryffindor House, in theory, there is a possibility of getting that item."

"That's obvious!" He went on to say, "The Sorting Hat inherits some of the thoughts of the Four Founders and can see the innate qualities of the young wizards. When it sorted us into the Gryffindor House, it meant that the four of us have been recognized by Gryffindor, so the item he left behind..."

That afternoon, Ron kept talking about it.

It could be seen that he was very concerned about the Secret Treasure Key left by Gryffindor, hoping to enhance his strength as quickly and easily as Evan.

In fact, not only Ron, but Evan, Harry and Hermione were also very concerned about Gryffindor's Treasure Key, and the rest of their conversation was focused on that topic.

It was more tempting than an adventure full of dangers and uncertainties.

They had fulfilled the requirements of the Centaurs, and now it was time to reap the fruits.

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After that day, Harry, Ron, and Hermione came to the school hospital every afternoon. With Evan, they discussed and reviewed the exam contents.

Hermione lent her last year's study notes to Evan, which analyzed in detail the important contents of the second year course and possible test points. That helped him a lot.

Last year, because of the Basilisk, the school canceled the school year exam. These notes were naturally not used.

Evan was confident that with Hermione's notes and his own fast learning capabilities, he would be the first in his class and leave behind a record score that should be hard to surpass.

As time went by, the school hospital returned to calm, but the news of Evan and Malfoy's injuries spread quickly throughout Hogwarts.

This event replaced the just-finished Quidditch Finals to become the hottest topic.

That afternoon, Goyle and Crabbe, riding the Hippogriff, Buckbeak, panicked and flew back to the school for help, and were seen by many people.

Everyone was very curious, wondering what happened in the depths of the underground.

No matter with relationship with Evan was ever simple. Were their opponents just Acromantulas this time? Or were there more horrible monsters?

Rumors and gossip spread quickly in the castle, especially after knowing that Evan had saved Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe. Malfoy, in addition to being bitten by a spider, had also been affected by evil black magic, and had now been sent to St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. All the young wizards' interests were raised to the highest level.

It was common sense that Acromantulas were fierce and powerful, but they should never be able to cast black magic!

There must've been other more evil creatures inside that cave. Most people thought that Evan had defeated his opponent, making it once again through an amazing adventure.

Under these circumstances, everyone rushed into the school hospital to see Evan, and the rehabilitation cards flew in like snowflakes. Many girls hoped that he would recover soon.

Because there were so many people who came to visit Evan, the normal operation of the school hospital was affected, and Madam Pomfrey had to keep them all out.

In the end, even Harry, Ron, and Hermione could not come in.

Everyone who wanted to visit Evan had to get a professor's handwritten approval. Evan never thought he was so popular.

He now enjoyed the same treatment as the Library's restricted section's books.

Sirius prepared a whole lot of notes for Harry, Ron and Hermione. In addition to them, Evan also saw Hagrid, Colin, Ginny, Luna and Cho Chang.

He did not expect to see Cho. She got the approval from Professor Flitwick and sat alone with him for the whole morning when she did not have class.

It was really boring to be alone in the ward, so having a beautiful girl to accompany him was actually very nice. Evan naturally welcomed all the comers.

That morning, they talked a lot, and got to know each other better...

Chapter 333: School Year Exams

Unlike Hermione, Ginny, and Luna, Cho was a sentimental girl.

Besides magic and Quidditch, she also cared about many things, like an ordinary Muggle girl, not a wizard.

She said a lot to Evan, words Hermione would never say.

This feeling was very special. It impressed Evan deeply, making him somewhat fond of the beautiful girl.

But Cho only visited him once. Hagrid often came. Because of the matter of Acromantulas, he had been in a bad state recently. He looked haggard and always cried out without alert. He returned to the way he looked before Buckbeak was sentenced.

So far, he was the only person who insisted that Aragog was harmless.

In Hagrid's words, Aragog was different from other Acromantulas. The attack was not its intention, but its children acted on their own.

Evan didn't know how to comfort Hagrid, but just kept his promise to hand over Aragog to him. Without the help of dark energy, this old spider couldn't live long either way.

After seeing Aragog in the bottle, Hagrid cried again with Evan in his arms, thanking him infinitely for saving his "friend".

Dumbledore had told Hagrid that Aragog's Lair had completely collapsed.

He thought that Aragog died inside, and did not expect Evan to bring it out.

To thank Evan, Hagrid came to the school hospital many times after that, and brought him the latest news of Aragog, as well as homemade rock cakes and fruitcakes.

What these cakes had in common was that they were all as hard as stones.

Evan would never touch them at all, for he wasn't trying to get rid of his teeth.

In fact, he no longer cared about Aragog and the Acromantulas. After this incident, the Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest were also badly damaged.

The number of surviving spiders was very small, and Evan estimated that they could not recover their losses in the following ten years.

Because of the surge in his magic, Evan stayed in the school for a long time.

With the help of the strange capacity contained in Slytherin's Locket, his current magic level was very close to that of Sirius and Snape.

Considering his magic and practical abilities alone, he could easily graduate from Hogwarts.

In Dumbledore's words, besides Tom Riddle, Evan was already the best student at Hogwarts in recent centuries. Dumbledore allowed Evan to leave the hospital after checking that there was no problem and repeatedly warned him to use his power carefully.

By this time, it was already June.

Now, the days became cloudless and sultry, and what everyone felt like doing was strolling onto the grounds and flopping down on the grass with several pints of iced pumpkin juice, perhaps playing a casual game of Gobstones or watching the giant squid propel itself dreamily across the surface of the lake.

But they couldn't. Exams were nearly upon them, and instead of lazing around outside, the students were forced to remain inside the castle, trying to bully their brains into concentrating while enticing wafts of summer air drifted in through the windows.

The party that welcomed Evan out of hospital was also much smaller than expected. Everyone just drunk a few glasses of juice in the Common Room and were driven away by Percy.

Percy was getting ready to take his N.E.W.T.s, the highest qualification Hogwarts offered.

Everyone knew that he wanted to enter the Ministry of Magic.

Therefore, he needed top grades. He was becoming increasingly edgy, and gave very severe punishments to anybody who disturbed the quiet of the Common Room in the evenings.

Because of the upcoming school year exam, everyone was nervous and busy. Even Fred and George did not have the time to pull off their pranks; the new product research was suspended. They could only be spotted studying; they were about to take their O.W.L.s (Ordinary Wizarding Levels).

Driven by Hermione, Evan, who had just been discharged from the hospital, quickly entered a state of intense studying.

He was surrounded by Harry, Ron, Colin and others with the same sad faces.

Exam week began and an unnatural hush fell over the castle.

The first exam in the second and third years was Transfiguration. The third years started first. Their task was to turn a teapot into a tortoise.

Just arrived in Transfiguration classroom, Evan saw that the third years emerged from Transfiguration, limp and ashen-faced.

They were comparing results and bemoaning the difficulty of the tasks they had been set.

"Well, Hermione?" Evan saw Hermione coming out from inside.

“Not so good, my tortoise looked more like a turtle!” she said with a big fuss,
“Professor McGonagall will deduct points for me...”

“You are already very good, Hermione!” Harry said weakly, “At least, you’ve got the tortoise. If I could have the same, I’d be satisfied. Mine still had a spout for a tail, what a nightmare...”

“Were the tortoises supposed to breathe steam?” Ron said hopefully.

“Unless Professor McGonagall is under the confusing spell, she certainly will not think so.” Hermione waved to Evan. “See you in the Great Hall later. We’re going to take Charms exam.”

After saying goodbye to Hermione, Evan went into the classroom with the other sophomores.

Professor McGonagall stood solemnly beside the podium, and exuded invisible pressure. She pouted and asked everyone to turn the beetles on the table into buttons.

It was also the content of the primary Transfiguration, which was much easier than turning a teapot into a tortoise.

Just concentrate, wave your wand up gently, and think about what you want to make in your mind. Evan finished just as the voice of Professor McGonagall fell.

He turned the black beetle in front of him into a delicate bronze button with exquisite and intricate decorative patterns.

“Well done, Mr. Mason!” Professor McGonagall’s face showed a seldom smile, very proud of her student. “Full marks, no problem.”

The other young wizards all looked enviously at Evan and the button in front of him before they waved their wands. No one could do as well as Evan did. Transfiguration was the most difficult of all the courses in the lower years. Colin spent a long time there, just getting the beetle exercise.

The beetle ran around the table, hiding from the wand and he couldn’t point at it.

A Hufflepuff student was even more unlucky. When he grabbed the escaped beetle, he accidentally squashed it.

Professor McGonagall was unhappy that he had to ask for another one.

At this point, many people really began to admire Evan’s superb strength.

During the remaining time, Evan, who had nothing to do, took out the history of magic textbook and reviewed it for a while. Their second exam was History of Magic.

Professor Binns’s questions were always very difficult. Even Hermione, who had memorized all the contents of the book, was not sure she would get full marks.

Chapter 334: Evan’s History of Magic Exa

Unlike with The Transfiguration exam when he finished first, Evan was the last to hand in the paper in the History of Magic exam.

He wrote for two hours and a half. At the end of the day, the young wizards in the whole class stared at him, stunned. Even Professor Cuthbert Binns was very surprised.

They didn't know how Evan could write so much, which was beyond imagination.

He could have finished the whole exam within an hour, but the last essay question on Witch Burning in the Fourteenth Century aroused Evan's interest.

He discussed this with Harry back in the last summer vacation.

Recent studies of magic handed down from the Middle Ages had given him a deeper understanding of this aspect.

Generally speaking, the wizard community generally believed that Witch Burning was pointless.

Muggles were particularly afraid of magic and witchcraft in Medieval times.

But they were not very good at recognizing magic. On the rare occasion that they did catch a real witch or wizard, burning had no effect whatsoever.

The witch or wizard would perform a basic Flame Freezing Charm and then pretend to shriek with pain while enjoying a gentle, tickling sensation. Indeed, Wendelin the Weird enjoyed being burned so much that she allowed herself to be caught no less than forty-seven times in various disguises.

These facts were quoted word for word from 'A History of Magic', written by the magical historian Bathilda Bagshot, and also represented the views of the vast majority of people.

As long as this content was written on the test paper, Evan would get full marks.

However, through recent research, he believed that Bagshot's argument was very one-sided.

The witch-hunt behavior dominated by the Vatican was not as simple as the magic world now imagined. Evan thought it was a conspiracy.

After the fall of the Western Roman Empire, the whole of Europe entered the darkest Middle Ages.

Humanity had declined, morality had collapsed, productivity was developing slowly, and Muggles' fear of the unknown and fear of witchcraft had reached its peak in history.

The old sacred empire was divided into many countries, and the magic power was also divided. A lot of heretical magic about ancient warlocks and wizards was spread in Europe.

Perennial melee between Muggles also allowed magic, especially black magic, to develop rapidly. Among them, the demon spells that explored the eternal life or summoned dead spirits used by the newly emerging Dark wizards led by the traditional Vatican wizards were the fastest growing.

According to the clues that had been preserved, these two kinds of magic had in common that they required a large number of human souls or corpses as the basis for casting.

Especially the souls and corpses of underage women, they were the best casting materials.

As mentioned before, in this case, the outbreak of Witch Hunting did not actually lead to the deaths of many real witches, but Muggle women were the ones to suffer extensive persecution.

The campaign lasted for hundreds of years and eventually evolved into a terrorist act. Many Muggle girls were dubbed as witches, and were sent to religious trial courts.

They were executed, but their souls and corpses were secretly collected by Dark wizards.

Ironically, out-of-control witch-hunting action couldn't harm the real adult wizards, but it had destroyed the underage wizards who had just awakened their strength. Many Muggle-born children were brutally murdered by their relatives just after they showed their magical talents. Muggles called it the Power of the Devil.

This had led to the number of these wizards decreasing with time, and eventually to their demise.

More and more ancient wizarding schools had become extinct because they could not find suitable Heirs. The powerful magic of the ancient times was being turned into ashes little by little.

The magic world was becoming more and more depressed, and the status of the pure blood wizard family was getting higher and higher. Three hundred years after the outbreak of Witch Hunting, with the rise of colonialism and the introduction of mysterious witchcraft in the New World and the East, this terrorist act gradually ceased.

The International Statute of Secrecy, which was signed in 1689, was regarded as an important milestone in the development of the magic world. Necromancy and demonic black magic were re-tabooed and could not be studied. All magic books were destroyed and wizards went completely into hiding

They were no longer involved in the Muggle war, but had developed on their own to this day.

Because the exam time was limited, Evan could only sketch out his own research results, and couldn't carry them out one by one. And still, his answer shocked everyone.

In any case, this was a study of the history of magic that was enough to shake the entirety magic world.

If it weren't for the taboo nature of the subject of black magic, Evan could even provide his own proof for the evolution of hundreds of black magic spells.

Even so, Professor Binns was stunned for a long time after he saw Evan's paper.

Too excited, his translucent ghost body became obviously pale red.

Other young wizards looked sideways to see what Evan had written on the test paper, which could actually make Professor Binns so gaffe.

Because of its great research value, Evan finally got 120 points in the history of magic exam, and the extra points were awarded by Professor Binns. This new record in Hogwarts was to become the hottest topic in the castle.

Of course, that was all to occur later. Evan was walking with Colin to the Great Hall.

Unlike before, the third years were now all in high spirits and looked very excited.

Hermione's previous prediction was very accurate, and Professor Flitwick did indeed test the third years on Cheering Charms.

Evan didn't see Harry and Ron. Hermione told him that it was because Harry slightly overdid his out of nerves, and Ron ended up in fits of hysterical laughter. Professor Flitwick had to lead him away to his office and let him calm down before he was ready to perform the charm himself.

Halfway through lunch, Harry and Ron were able to get to the Great Hall.

They looked very haggard, not looking like they've been subject to the Cheering Charm at all.

"Very bad!" Ron shook his head and said, " Maybe laughing took too much of my energy. Maybe I was too nervous to cast spells. In short, my Cheering Charm didn't work. Harry just pretended to be Happy, Professor Flitwick clearly saw through it."

"Don't take it to heart, this magic is very difficult." Harry said weakly, "I did feel happy at the time, but it was not that strong."

Harry's statement was not convincing. He didn't look happy at all at the moment.

"I told you before that when you cast a spell, your wand waved in the wrong direction!" Hermione looked at Ron and said, "Obviously, you didn't listen to me."

"But when I used this Charm before, it all came into effect. I thought..."

"You should be thankful that Professor Flitwick won't give you zero points." Hermione took out the Potions textbook and said sharply, "But if you do this again on the Potions exam tomorrow, I'm sure Snape would never let it pass."

Chapter 335: Mars and the Dark Temple

Hermione's advice to Ron also applied to Harry.

Unless Harry did much better than the others, and was impeccable, he would never be treated fairly by Snape.

Snape wouldn't miss any chance to give Harry a zero, especially considering his recent mood. Even if he gave all Gryffindor a zero, Evan would not be surprised.

After dinner, the students hurried back to their Common Rooms, not to relax, but to start preparing for the following exams.

The second years had Potions, Herbology, Charms, and Astronomy. The third years and above students had Care for Magical Creatures, Divination, and Muggle Studies along with other courses.

Evan saw Fred and George sitting in the corner in deep thought. They were studying how to use quill pens for cheating in the hope of making a difference.

The following morning, Evan went to take the Charms exam, and Harry went to the Care of Magical Creatures exam presided by Hagrid. Everyone felt pretty good.

Professor Flitwick was a very nice professor. He would give all the young wizards marks that were as high as possible.

Things were even better with Hagrid, his test was to let everyone take care of Flobberworms. To pass the test, their flobberworms had to still be alive at the end of one hour.

As flobberworms flourished best if left on their own, it was the easiest exam any of them had ever taken.

But in the afternoon Potions class, the situation turned sharply. For all Gryffindor students, it was a disaster.

The second years' Potions test was about the Cure for Boils, the third years' was about the Confusing Concoction, and Snape had been hanging around Gryffindor, disregarding the actions of the students from the other three Houses.

It wouldn't be hard to imagine; students trying their best to recall the recipes and the preparation steps, with Snape, wearing a black robe, standing over their heads like an eagle with a sneer on his face and a gloating look, anticipating their failure.

He would also write on his notebook from time to time, moving the quill pen in a circular motion. How bad it would be? It could only be described in one word: horrible!

Apart from Evan, Snape did not spare any Gryffindor students.

He just glanced at the potion Evan cooked up.

His potion showed a light green color, and a hazy mist appeared out, and the color was perfect and impeccable.

Snape didn't say anything, and turned his head directly to see Colin's work.

Wednesday morning meant Herbology. The content of the exam was to help Mandrake to squeeze the juice. Everyone did a good job. As long as they were brave enough, they would act as quick as necessary and there would be no problem.

Staying in the greenhouses under a baking-hot sun did not feel comfortable. When they came out, everyone's back neck was sunburnt.

Then came Astronomy at midnight, all the young wizards below the fifth year took part.

They put on their cloaks, climbed up to the tallest tower, looked up at the night sky, and marked it on their own Astrological map.

Since last year, Mars in the sky had been very bright.

Although Evan could recite all the meanings Mars stood for, he still couldn't make much sense out of this course.

Like Divination, textbooks were of limited help to this course. The essence of Astrology lied in the ability to summarize the past and comprehend mystery. Astrologers had been giving different meanings through thousands of years of continuous observation.

This also meant that if he wanted to get high marks in this course, he needed to carefully read most of the books in the library.

Moreover, he had to have a great deal of insight to understand the signs of the planets.

This might be easier for the Centaurs. But for human wizards, it was very difficult to do that.

Take the unusual Mars in the last two years as an example. This red planet was linked to different meanings in different historical periods. Needless to say, you have to combine the position of other planets, the changes in the star map, and the energy it emits during the oscillations, and so on.

Evan didn't know if other people had this ability. He couldn't do it anyway. He could only rush to draw the position of the planet tonight on the Astrological map.

While they were observing the planets, the Centaurs in the Forbidden Forest were also observing.

"A harbinger from Mars..." The old voice sounded in the depths of the mysterious temple. "War is coming. Can the Centaurs be spared this time?!"

In the open air room at the top of the temple, the Centaurs' elder looked up at the stars quietly.

In front of him was a statue of a strange creature. Its huge body was unusually spectacular, most of it was hidden in the darkness, and its exact shape could not be seen clearly.

In the midst of the gloom, it seemed that the huge statue could be discerned vaguely and seemed to split in the middle.

Nobody knew what had happened there. At the top of the statue, a red gem was shining faintly, echoing the bright Mars in the distant night sky.

"Stupid Centaur, I am about to return to the world..." The voice of the elder of the Centaur just fell, and a strange voice sounded. "Cry and tremble, you can't change anything, pride will destroy you!"

The red light on the statue flashed a few times, and the temple was restored to tranquility.

By the dim starlight, the wrinkles on the face of the Centaurs' elder could be seen getting deeper and its sighs echoed in the temple for a long time....

For those not taking Ordinary Wizarding Levels test and Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Test, as long as they passed Thursday's exam, their hardships would end.

For the first and second year students, Thursday morning's Defence Against the Dark Arts exam was to be the last one. Students in the third year or above also needed to prepare for Divination and Arithmancy.

Sirius's careful preparation obviously impressed everyone. Unlike other courses, Professor Lupin suggested that he take a sort of obstacle course outside in the sun. He prepared a lot of Dark creatures, including Kelpies, Red Caps, a Boggart, etc., a lot more than expected, and it was not clear where he found them.

Depending on their age, students had to face different numbers of Dark creatures.

Sophomores had to wade across a deep paddling pool containing a Grindylow, cross a series of potholes full of Red Caps, squish their way across a patch of marsh while ignoring misleading directions from a Hinkypunk.

The last thing to face was an old trunk with a Boggart in it. Students of the third year or above had to participate. The young wizards of the first and second years were free to choose.

If they would beat the Boggart, they could get extra points.

“Very good, perfect score!” When Evan climbed out of the trunk, he saw Sirius staring at him with a smile.

Evan did not leave immediately; he was willing to watch the performance of other people.

The third-years exam was next, and he wanted to cheer for Hermione.

Chapter 336: Departure to the Centaurs’ Colony

Evan was the last one of the second years. Behind him was Ron. He did very well until he reached the Hinkypunk. While his performance before that was somewhat rushed, it was generally passable.

But then, the Hinkypunk’s misleading directions confused him into sinking waist-deep into the quagmire.

“That’s a pity. Ron must have mistaken the Hinkypunk’s lantern as a destination. This is a very easy mistake.” Sirius said with regret, “If he were in a real swamp, he would be in serious trouble now.”

Evan saw that he gave Ron eighty points, which was already very high. Normally, Ron failed halfway through and should not get such a score.

Like Snape, Sirius was unconditionally biased towards Gryffindor. Here, all Slytherin students scored very low, just as Gryffindor never got high scores at Snape. In a way, the two courses made up for each other.

After Ron was Malfoy, he just returned to Hogwarts two days ago, and there seemed to be nothing wrong with him apart from him being paler than usual.

Evan had previously worried that the magic of the monster directly acting on the soul would have an irreversible effect on Malfoy, but that did not seem to be the case now.

He performed very well, but he had a big trouble with the Boggart.

It was quiet in the trunk for five minutes, and Malfoy did not come out.

When Evan and Sirius went in and rescued him, he was shivering in the corner and sobbing in a low voice.

Not surprisingly, what Malfoy feared most was the eyeball monster.

Sirius was apparently stunned when he first saw the creature, and then waved his wand to drive the Boggart into the dark trunk.

Goyle and Crabbe came awkwardly and took Malfoy to sit down.

Ron was there laughing loudly at Malfoy’s performance. Although he was covered with mud, Malfoy was even more shameful than he was, bursting into tears.

“I have never really seen or heard of such a horrible creature.” Sirius did not hesitate to lay a zero on Malfoy’s paper and said in disgust, “I think that Slytherin was absolutely mad to hide such a monster around school.”

“It is the magical creation of Herpo the Foul, the wickedest Dark wizard in history. The souls and flesh blood of countless human beings and other creatures were put into making it.” Evan said slowly, “Haven’t you seen the message on the slate in Dumbledore’s office?”

“Yes, I think you’d better stop meddling in this matter.” Sirius simply replied, “Don’t worry, no matter what it is, Dumbledore will handle it. This is not something that you young wizards can participate in. It’s more evil than usual...”

Evan didn’t talk. In any case, he planned to go to the Temple marked on the stone to see it, but he didn’t want to argue with Sirius about it.

He shifted the topic. “By the way, how did you find these Dark creatures?”

In fact, Evan was really curious. Sirius had prepared much more Dark creatures for the exam than Professor Lupin had left behind.

“It wasn’t really hard. These guys were lurking in the shadows deep in the Forbidden Forest. They are eager to see what they can do to the creatures passing by. They can always be found if you look for them.” Sirius pointed to the one-legged Hinkypunk and said, “For example, this guy hides in a large marsh north of the Centaurs’ colony.”

“The marsh on the north side of the Centaurs’ colony?” Evan was surprised.

“You haven’t been there yet. It’s in the deepest part of the Forbidden Forest. You have to cross a mountainous area.” “Sirius turned his head and looked at Evan,” I repeat, stop thinking about Herpo the Foul, Slytherin and that monster. I know you guys can’t afford to be idle. There must be something wrong with being so laissez-faire. So I’m going to take you four to the Centaurs’ colony to try to challenge Gryffindor’s test. When will you be ready? ”

“We can leave at any time!” Evan waved his wand and sent out a colorful spark. “You know, I’ve been in good shape lately.” ”

“That’s good!” Sirius nodded not showing any expression on his face.

After Evan came out of the school hospital fully recovered, Sirius had a duel with Evan, who was growing in strength. The duel unexpectedly ended up with a tie, which made Sirius feel so embarrassed. It was simply unthinkable that he couldn’t suppress a 12-year-old wizard.

Evan didn’t know how Sirius would feel if he was to let him know that he held back the duel, and did not use the many powerful black magic spells he mastered.

“Harry and Ron have Divination exam in the afternoon. Hermione has Arithmancy!” Sirius said. “We can set off after dinner. The Centaurs are used to night activities. If we go fast, I think we can be back before midnight.”

“I will inform them later, at six o’clock in the evening, we will wait for you at Hagrid’s Hut!” Evan nodded and said that he could not wait to go to the Centaurs’ tribe.

“Remember, make sure that Harry brings his invisibility cloak.” Sirius said, “We’re in a secret operation this time. Don’t let anyone else find out.”

During the conversation, Harry had completed all the challenges.

He did very well, handling every Dark creature in the right way, and Sirius gave him full marks.

Behind Harry was Hermione, who did everything perfectly until she reached the trunk with the Boggart in it. After about a minute inside it, she burst out again, screaming.

“Hermione!” Evan hurriedly held her and asked, startled. “What’s the matter?”

“P...P..., Professor McGonagall!” Hermione gasped, pointing into the trunk. “Sh... she said I’d failed everything!”

For Hermione, who was focused on getting first place, it was absolutely the most horrible thing. She even forgot that it was just a Boggart.

It took a little while to calm Hermione down. When at last she had regained a grip on herself, she, Evan, Harry, and Ron went back to the castle.

Ron was still slightly inclined to laugh at Hermione’s Boggart, but his attention was quickly diverted. Evan told them about the conversation he had just had with Sirius, and asked them to get ready to meet at the castle gate at night.

“So we’re going to the Centaurs’ colony tonight to get that powerful magic item left by Gryffindor?” Ron asked excitedly.

“Yes!” Evan continued. “Harry, bring your invisibility cloak, Sirius specifically told us that we should not be seen by anyone else.”

Chapter 337: Arithmancy and Controversy

The topic continued until the four of them finished their lunch in the Great Hall.

“What shall we do when we get that item?” Ron looked at the Forbidden Forest and said uncertainly, “Since the power of that thing helped Sirius make the Marauder’s Map, maybe it can help us improve our magic...”

“It’s not a good idea. Strength should be accumulated a little by itself, rather than relying on the promotion of magic items!” Hermione frowned and said, “Besides, we won’t necessarily get that thing. Sirius said it was a very difficult test.”

“With Evan there, no test will be a problem.” Ron said indifferently, “What’s more, all four of us are students of the Gryffindor House, since it’s something he left behind...”

“Alright, the same words.... you’ve said it many times before, we can talk about this topic after the exam is over.” Hermione turned a heavy magic book out of her

schoolbag, "No matter what Gryffindor had left behind, all I want now is to revise Arithmancy before the exam."

Hermione waved to Evan and Harry, turned around and walked in the direction of the library.

"She must be mad, isn't she?!" Ron said with surprise. "With Gryffindor's Treasure Key and the adventure of the Centaurs' colony ahead of us, how could she only think about her exam results?"

"I think Hermione is right." Harry said with concern. "Now that we've done poorly on some exams, Divination is a very important chance, but I don't know anything about it. I can't see the future through the mist..."

"Come on, we all know!" Ron tipped his thumb to Professor Trelawney's tower and said contemptuously, "She's an outright fraud."

"Yes!" said Harry, "but I hope she doesn't score too low."

"Professor Trelawney likes to hear people predict tragic things." Evan suggested, "If you can't see anything in the crystal ball for a while, you can make up something like what she's been talking about, clubs, falcons, etc."

"Yes, that's exactly what we need." Ron agreed. "Predicting that we'll suffer misfortune, that death and fear will go hand in hand..."

"We'll go to the exam and meet in the Common Room later," said Harry.

Looking at their backs, Evan shook his head.

Not surprisingly, next year, he should be like them, relying on fabricating his own unfortunate future to satisfy Professor Trelawney and pass Divination test.

He should be like them next year, relying on fabricating his own unfortunate future, hoping to make Professor Trelawney satisfied and pass the Divination test.

After separating from Harry and Ron, Evan returned to the Common Room alone. Because all the exams for the first and second years were over, the atmosphere in the Common Room was very relaxed. Everyone gathered to talk and laugh and discuss their achievements.

Evan did not join in. He reviewed several articles to be submitted to the 'Hogwarts Magic', and played a few sets of wizard chess with Colin. When the sky gradually darkened, the others started to go to dinner, and he waited for a while, and Harry, Ron, and Hermione returned to the Common Room.

"How'd it go?" Evan stood up and asked.

"It was a mess!" Harry replied. "Except for the scars on the table, I didn't see anything in the crystal ball, so I made up some stuff."

“Me too!” Ron followed, “I said I was going to meet a Centaur tonight. I don’t think she was convinced. She kept asking me if I was going to be killed by the Centaur and such nonsense.”

“I told you long ago that Divination is a waste of time. Next year, you two should study Arithmancy with me!” Hermione commented, “Compared with the vain Divination, Arithmancy is very organized, and everything is analyzed in the evolution of numbers.”

“Give me a break, we can’t cope with it!” Ron shook his head again and again. “Those numbers seem like a headache, like Muggles’ learning content. I know they call it science. Think about it. How can a normal wizard accept these things?”

“Numbers are the charm of Arithmancy.” Hermione was relentless.

“Only those Muggle madmen could learn such things, I can’t...”

“RON!” Hermione said dissatisfiedly, raising the volume.

“Let’s go down to dinner. We can talk about it on the way. It’s a long way to the Centaurs’ colony deep in the Forbidden Forest.” Evan hurriedly interrupted, “Let’s go; we shouldn’t make Sirius wait for us too long.”

Hermione hesitated a bit and seemed very concerned about Ron’s evaluation of Arithmancy, especially when he said only Muggle madmen would learn it.

But in the end, she said nothing.

Harry returned to his bedroom and took the invisibility cloak. They went down with others to have dinner, but did not return to the Gryffindor Tower after that.

Evan asked Colin to cover for them, and the four tread carefully for a while.

Harry hid the invisibility cloak under the front of his robe, and he had to cross his arms all the time to hide the bulging it made in his clothes.

They sneaked into an empty classroom near the dim front hall, leaned on the door and listened for a while until they were sure there was no one nearby.

“I can transform, you three use the invisibility cloak!” After Evan finished, he turned into a black cat.

“This is really cool; I also want to learn Animagus Transfiguration.” Ron said enviously, looking at Evan, who became a black cat.

“Then you need a deep theoretical foundation of Transfiguration, and powerful magic as a support for your first transformation.” Hermione said casually. “This is a very esoteric magic, not to mention the underage wizard, many powerful wizards can’t do this.”

“But, did Evan did it?!”

“He’s strong enough to master sudden powerful magic.” Hermione bluntly said, because of Arithmancy, she was still angry with Ron, “And you are different. Don’t talk about such magic and profound metamorphosis. You don’t even want to understand simple numbers. I think what you need now is to read more books instead of fantasizing about mastering such illusory and profound magic...”

Ron’s ears were obviously red at Hermione’s words.

Evan jumped over Hermione’s shoulder and motioned her to calm down and not to go too far.

Because of Hermione’s outbreak, the atmosphere was slightly awkward. Ron blushed and seemed to want to apologize to Hermione, but opened his mouth and actually said nothing.

After a while, Harry lowered his voice and said, “There’s nobody outside. We’d better hurry up!”

Then, the three of them put on the invisibility cloak, huddled together under it and tiptoed through the Great Hall. Evan followed them and they walked down the stone steps to the gate.

By this time, the sun had fallen behind the Forbidden Forest, and the dark yellow afterglow was shining on the treetops, and a cool evening breeze blew from the north.

Chapter 338: The Temple and the Vision in the Sky

Harry, Ron, and Hermione walked silently, and the mood was slightly awkward.

Hermione seemed determined to ignore Ron, and she walked on Harry’s left.

Ron walked on his right and wanted several times to apologize, but never did.

Harry was in the middle of their “battle”. He tried to find a few topics, and he didn’t succeed. He tried to seek Evan’s help. But the black cat that Evan had become was not around them and he had no idea where he was.

The sky gradually dimmed, and ten minutes later, they arrived to Hagrid’s Hut.

Hagrid had not yet returned from the Great Hall, and only Fang’s barking could be heard in the room.

“Where are Sirius and Evan?” Harry looked around, lowered his voice and asked, “I didn’t see them.”

“I don’t know!” Ron muttered, turning his head and glancing at Hermione.

Just as the three of them were confused, a huge black dog came out of the shadow of the grass. Beside Sirius, it was the black cat that Evan had turned into.

Without saying anything, Sirius waved his paw in the direction of the Forbidden Forest.

Everyone went to the dark woods. They had come here to fight the Acromantulas before. This time they came to the Centaurs’ colony.

Harry waited until the castle was completely obscured by the thick leaves, and he pulled off the invisibility cloak.

“Sirius...”

“We’d better hurry up, nobody should find out that you four left the castle at night.” Sirius said as he changed back to the human form and led the way.

Because they had already been through once, they were relatively familiar with the road.

But as the sun went down, the Forbidden Forest looked gloomier, its darkness and quietness were overwhelming, and everyone’s spirit was highly strained.

“When I went into the Forbidden Forest to capture Dark creatures for the exam I notified the Centaurs, they know we’re coming today.” Sirius said. “Maybe they will come out to meet us ...”

His voice just fell, and a sharp arrow hit the road in front of him.

It was a Centaur, giving them a “warm” welcoming.

“Be careful!” Sirius shouted.

Even without his warning, everyone stopped, pulling out their wands and pointing ahead.

“Human...” Just when everyone was on guard, an arrogant voice sounded, and a tall Centaur came out of the shadows.

Not surprisingly, it was Sirius’s old rival Magorian.

“Good evening, Magorian!” Sirius pointed to Evan beside him, and continued, “You should have known that this boy eliminated the Acromantulas.”

“The stars have told us about this. Respectful human warrior, you have earned the friendship and recognition of the Centaurs, and the elder is waiting for you in the colony!” Magorian bowed half to Evan to show him respect.

Like human wizards, the Centaurs also respect the strong.

The request made by the elder of the Centaurs was to weaken the power of the Acromantulas. They thought that Evan and the others would kill a few Acromantulas, just a few young ones.

They observed in secret to see whether the courage of the four people met the requirements.

No one thought that Evan could actually eliminate the Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest practically on his own.

This was simply too unbelievable; and even the most powerful Centaur couldn’t do it.

The strong are respected, and treating Evan, Magorian was not as arrogant as before.

But when he turned his head and looked at Sirius, Harry, Ron and Hermione, he was still angry, as if he wanted to rush over and fight them.

On the way back, Magorian and Sirius were just like before, quarrelling with each other. If they hadn’t considered the presence of Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione, they might have fought at once.

As they approached the colony, more and more Centaurs joined their ranks.

The ranks were getting longer and longer, and they were surrounded by the sound of the Centaurs' hooves falling on the ground. Evan saw Ronan and Bane. They didn't seem to have changed since they last met, but this time they didn't pretend not to know them, but nodded slightly.

There was also Firenze, with his sapphire eyes.

He greeted everyone kindly, walked up to Evan and began to talk to him about recent events in the Forbidden Forest, as well as some harbingers from planets.

"Mars has recently been exceptionally bright, and the energy it exudes is being particularly unstable." Firenze said softly, "Evan, this is not a good omen. Perhaps..."

Magorian groaned heavily and turned to Firenze with a warning look.

Maybe because he was in front of Evan, he said nothing.

Evan remembered that when they last met, Magorian once said that they all knew their fate and Harry's fate, and that this fate was doomed to remain unchanged. He asked Firenze not to disclose to them what the Centaurs saw, because it was a very shameful thing.

But this time he did not explicitly object, which was really strange.

Evan did not think that because he had solved the problem of the Acromantulas and gained the recognition of the Centaurs, he would become entitled to learn the secrets they knew from the stars in the sky.

This was not a matter of friendship and recognition, but a matter that's being exclusive based on race.

The Centaurs would not impart any knowledge of their own to humans, or they would be expelled from the Horde forever and become exiled.

Or worse, they could be killed directly.

This was also the main reason why after Firenze agreed to Dumbledore's request to become Hogwarts' Divination Professor two years later, he could no longer be close to the Forbidden Forest.

But now, it was clear that Firenze wanted to talk to him.

This was too unusual, and Evan never thought he'd get more access than Dumbledore.

"Do you know what that means?!" Firenze said softly, his sapphire eyes sparkling, "It means war. War is about to begin."

"I know, you told me about it before. I went back and read the textbooks, above..." said Evan.

"No, you don't know!" Firenze took a few steps forward and then stopped to look at Evan. "The signs of the planet have changed. The ancient Evil is about to return. Even the Centaurs are not immune to this war!"

Evan looked at him doubtfully, and immediately stared at the scene in front of him in surprise.

Unconsciously, they had reached the Centaurs' colony.

In front of him, the thick leaves gradually became sparse, revealing the bright stars in the night sky. This was a very spacious area, a large number of dark gray, delicate and chic cabins were arranged in a coherent line, rather stylishly.

At the center of the colony, there was an extraordinarily magnificent Temple built on a hill. It was made of pure black obsidian, with weird and exaggerated patterns and figures on its broken stone wall, reflecting the vicissitudes of history and the uniqueness of the Centaurs' style.

The most striking thing was not this temple, but the bloody moon just above it!

Chapter 339: The Centaurs Divided

The dark red moon shone through the layers of dark clouds, exuding magnificence and prestige.

The shadows of the cloud were sparse, and the moon shone on the ancient mysterious Temple below. This huge Temple built by the Centaurs, looked like shadow between the clouds as it stood there within the mist, looking extraordinarily quiet and solemn, and radiating invisible pressure.

Evan was shocked and absorbed by the scene before his eyes.

It was almost inconceivable that such amazing architecture and civilization could be hidden in the depths of the Forbidden Forest in Hogwarts.

Behind him, Harry, Ron, and Hermione followed them out of the woods, and they couldn't help exclaiming, shocked by the amazing buildings in front of them.

Their eyes swept over the well-proportioned wooden cabins of the Centaurs, and finally landed on the massive, dark, impenetrable Temple on the central island of the colony.

"I never thought that the Centaurs' colony would be like this." Harry said in shock. "I thought it would be just a few simple shacks..."

"It's beyond everyone's imagination!" Ron followed with admiration.

"The Centaurs have a unique civilization, even their own cities." Hermione whispered, "It's only today that I really understand the meaning of this sentence."

For the Centaurs' colony in front of them, it was not too much to use any kind of praise.

The Centaurs with bows and arrows on their backs came out of the Forbidden Forest one by one and looked proudly at the expressions of Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione. The children's surprise was very satisfying to them.

"It's a lot bigger than it was twenty years ago. There weren't so many cabins at the time." Sirius smiled and said, "The temple above the central island was built by the ancestors of the Centaurs and is the most sacred place among the Centaurs' colony. It has been here for centuries, and it enshrines many stars and the souls of the Centaurs' ancestors."

"The item left by Gryffindor is kept there?" asked Evan.

“Yes, this is also the ultimate destination of our trip.” Sirius bent down and his smile faded away. He lowered his voice and said, “When you enter the temple later, if you see something strange, don’t ask about it; don’t touch it. The Centaurs have unique customs and unusual magic. There are many evils and dangers in there. We must respect them and keep the necessary vigilance...”

“Strange customs?!” Everyone was stunned.

Seeing Sirius’s earnest expression, many horrible scenes emerged in their minds.

“I went to Egypt last summer and saw this kind of thing in those huge pyramids,” Ron whispered. “All kinds of curses, and the mummies made by ancient Egyptian wizards who wrapped the dead Pharaoh’s bodies in strips of cloth in layers, stuffed with magical items and bizarre curses.”

Needless to say, this was another attempt by ancient wizards to obtain eternal life. Evan did not know whether the pharaohs who were famous in history had finally returned to the world, but the evil black magic that was born was definitely a headache for everyone.

So, would it be the same for the Centaurs?

Would they mummify all the corpses of their ancestors and preserve them properly, expecting the deceased to return from the abyss of the underworld some day in the future?!

Looking at the Centaurs around him, Evan could never imagine that they would do such a thing. In his opinion, the Centaurs’ civilization, though shockingly advanced, was still in a relatively primitive clan state, and Evan was more inclined that there would be a shrine for one of their ancestors or a certain god.

“Do the Centaurs make mummies too?” Harry asked.

“Of course not. Here is not Egypt. The Centaurs are native to ancient Greece!” Hermione disagreed. “That was the peak of the ancient warlocks’ power. Their customs may be related to this aspect, but what exactly they are; we’ll have to see.”

They talked in a low voice, but Firenze, standing nearby, heard it.

“Unlike human wizards, we do not disrespect the bodies and souls of our ancestors.” He came up and said softly, “The Centaurs now believe in the power of the stars, and the planets give us harbingers, but centuries ago, we weren’t like this.”

“What were you like at that time?” Evan asked.

Such a direct inquiry into the history of the Centaurs seemed not very polite, but Firenze was not upset. He blinked his dark blue eyes.

“I’ve told you before that the powerful magic item that the Founder of the castle kept in the tribe was incomplete, and it split with the division within the Centaurs.” Firenze

turned to Evan and said gently, "We have not fulfilled our original vows. For centuries, the elders have been blaming themselves for this."

"What happened then, and why did you split up?" Evan said, "I've checked many books on the history of magic, and I haven't seen any records about it."

"The history of the Centaurs will not appear in human books. We do not trust humans." Firenze looked up at the dark red moon hanging over the temple and said slowly, "Our ancestors made a great mistake. They believed in an evil dark god."

"Evil Dark God?!" hearing his words, everyone was stunned.

"Because it had been long ago, it is difficult for the Centaurs now to know whether the god came from ancient mythology or was an invention of our ancestors." Firenze leaned forward and said in a nearly whispering voice, "No one knows its name, where it comes from. We call it the God of the Forest. It speaks to us in the void, requests us to offer sacrifices and leads us to prosperity."

This sounded familiar, like the eyeball monster asking the Acromantulas to do the same for it, brutal and evil. If it wasn't for time, Evan even suspected that the God of the Forest that popped up suddenly was a monster in the depths of the underground.

"The so-called prosperity, in essence, is destruction. Because of this, there have been endless wars within the Centaurs. Finally, under the guidance of the stars, our ancestors won, but the huge tribe split." Firenze whispered, "Those who believed in evil spirits had been exiled from the tribe, most of whom were very high-ranking Centaurs. They took away a lot of things when they left, including a part of the powerful magic item that the Founder of the castle had left behind in the tribe."

No one spoke, and everyone was immersed in what Firenze had said. The Centaurs had been neglected by the wizarding world. Wizards looked upon them with disdain. There was little communication between them. People only knew that the Centaurs lived somewhere, nothing more.

No one could imagine that this happened to the Centaurs in Hogwarts Forbidden Forest.

Evan shook his head. Was this the Harry Potter World that he knew?!

What had happened in recent months was simply beyond imagination. It was originally intended to trace the clues of the Secret Treasures left by the Four Founders, but his findings were becoming increasingly shocking. One after another, powerful ancient Dark wizards and evil creatures popped up in front of him.

The more secrets he knew, the more he felt the true horror of this world.

Chapter 340: Changed Fate and the Dark Temple

The mysterious ancient magic civilization, the Dark gods from the void, and the magic creations left by the most evil Dark wizards in history, the development of things had long exceeded expectations...

It pushed Evan to wonder if he was in the Wizarding World of Harry Potter.

He sighed and gently touched the wand around his waist, and the cold touch made him wake up again.

Deep in the underground ruins, the eyeball monster called itself the God of death in front of the Acromantulas. It was in charge of eternal life and helped Aragog prolong its life with Dark forces. But in the end, it proved that it was not a God at all, but the magic creation of the most evil Dark wizard in history, and possibly Herpo the Foul himself.

So, what would this creature called the “God of the Forest” by the Centaurs be?!

Evan thought for a moment, but there was slurry in his head. He didn’t know what the other monster was, but he was sure that things were getting very troublesome, and the Centaurs who believed in it took away part of the key to Gryffindor’s Secret Treasure.

Recapturing the fragmented part was certainly not going to be easy.

“Did you see the blood moon above the Temple?!” Firenze said softly, his face hidden in the darkness. “This is the worst of all the signs. As I just said, the ancient evil is coming back, and the evil god is about to return to the world..”

“Do you mean that someone is trying to summon the evil Dark creature that your ancestors worshiped or to wake it up from its slumber?!” Evan asked.

“Will it be Voldemort?” Harry said, “He’s the worst Dark wizard.”

“Yes, it sounds like something You-Know-Who can do.” Ron nodded.

“It doesn’t make sense at all. How does Voldemort know about the Centaurs?” Hermione frowned. “And it’s impossible for him to..”

“I don’t know what happened, but fate has really changed!” Instead of answering their questions directly, Firenze went on to say, “Things have happened in recent days. The blood moon representing the evil gods coincided with the trajectory of Mars representing the Wizarding War, which means that not only you humans, but even the Centaurs will be involved in the upcoming war.”

Hearing Firenze’s words, Harry’s, Ron’s and Hermione’s faces were full of doubts.

They had no idea what Firenze was talking about. A terrible evil god had just emerged, and now there was an inexplicable Wizarding War.

Harry remembered Hagrid’s comments on the Centaurs when he was chatting with him a few days ago: “The Centaurs are just some muddled old mules. They always look up at the stars and give others some vague warnings, but turn a deaf ear to what is happening around them. They may know a lot of secrets, but they never tell you straightforwardly what they know; it is a waste of time to communicate with them on those harbingers.”

Harry thought about it for a while, but there was no clue.

Evan knew that the war Firenze talked about was the Second Wizarding War after Voldemort's return.

Did that mean that Voldemort would summon the evil god worshiped by the ancestors of the Centaurs?!

Although Voldemort had always looked down upon non-human magical creatures, that did not rule out this possibility.

Everything was too vague, and in the face of unknown enemies, Evan needed more information.

Just as he was about to ask Firenze, he saw Magorian and Sirius coming.

"Honorable human warrior, welcome to the Centaurs' colony!" He bowed softly to Evan and waved his hand, which seemed to be a signal.

Almost instantly, the dark, straight road in the middle of the colony suddenly brightened.

Fire pits were placed on both sides of the road, and they were ignited by the Centaurs in turn.

It was a path of light illuminated by fire, extending from the colony's entrance to the Temple on the central island, looking very spectacular.

"The elder is waiting for you!" Magorian turned and looked scornfully at Sirius, Harry, Ron, and Hermione, and said in disgust, "As for the four of you, you are also allowed to enter the Sacred Temple!"

"We are being treated like followers of Evan!" Ron couldn't help muttering.

"Don't take it to heart; the Centaurs have always been like this. There are many Centaurs like Magorian. They are arrogant. They look down on humans!" Sirius said uneasily: "We better hurry up and not stay here too long."

The huge welcoming team moved forward again, and Evan and Hermione also wanted to ask Firenze about the evil god he had just mentioned, but they could see him nowhere.

They entered the Centaurs' colony along the central path. On both sides of the road, more and more Centaurs came out of the cabins and looked at them curiously.

Most of these Centaurs were old and weak women and children, and the majority of them were minor foals. Evan saw that several foals were very short, reaching only his knees. They apparently had never seen humans, and their eyes were both curious and full of fear.

Compared with going straight along this road, Evan preferred to visit the Centaurs' colony and observe the civilization of the Centaurs up close, which was a very rare opportunity.

Magorian apparently had no intention of doing so. He guided the way ahead.

The nearer he was to the huge Temple on the central hill, the more shock and hidden pressure Evan felt. The Temple was about half the size of Hogwarts Castle. It was made of obsidian and the ground was covered with cyan marble slabs.

The walls were engraved with exaggerated patterns of Centaurs, who were hunting, offering sacrifices, stargazing, chatting, etc., as well as the trajectories of various stars.

But that was not all. There were many creatures and patterns that Evan could not understand.

They were arranged irregularly in everything, and all the creatures' eyes felt like they were watching him, making ancient mysterious pressure that keeps one from speaking out loud.

If there were any words to describe the Temple, it would be that it was dark and depressing!

"A terrible thing is about to happen. In the dark Temple full of taboos, the Dark Devil's old magic will be..." With the whistling wind, Professor Trelawney's hoarse, hysterical voice sounded again in Evan's ear.

Was the Temple of the Centaurs the place mentioned in that prophecy?!

Uncertainty rose from the bottom of Evan's heart, and he felt that his blood was about to freeze in his veins, he repeatedly thought about this matter, thinking about the terrible prophecy that would be fulfilled!

When he came back to reality, he found that he had reached the entrance of the Temple.

A cool breeze blew, and his back was soaked in cold sweat.

Evan gasped, wiping the cold sweat off his forehead and looking at the dark, narrow stone passage in front of him...