

## Harry Potter 421

### Chapter 421: The Blood Pool

“I’m coming back soon, and then, the never-ending nightmare will begin!”

The chilling voice of the evil spirit echoed in the Temple. “Tremble, young human wizard! Be ready to give in to death!”

“SHUT UP!” Evan shouted. His voice echoed back and forth in the silent tunnel.

The whisper of the evil spirit bored him. For a moment, he just stared at the dark cave under his feet, with Sirius in his mind.

He couldn’t believe that Sirius had fallen down like this, perhaps to his death.

Then, Evan ran up, as fast as possible. There was no point in staying here. The cave was too deep. Sirius couldn’t climb up from below, and he couldn’t jump from above.

Because of the appearance of the evil god, the magic in space became irritable.

But it was clearer than before. Evan could now clearly feel the location of the evil god, just below in the underground pit, in the deepest area underground.

Besides jumping down directly, there was definitely another way to go there: It was the secret passage he had taken before with Okegiga, the Centaur to sneak into the Temple of the Moon from the lake in the illusion. That was the right path.

Evan knew he had to hurry. Sirius might not have died yet.

He ran to the corridor as quickly as possible, and saw many panicking wizards along the way.

They also heard the whispers of the evil spirit, and stood there not knowing what to do.

“AVADA KEDAVRA!”

Just as Evan turned the corner, a sharp voice suddenly sounded.

The training with Sirius came in handy, and he subconsciously brought himself to the ground, the green light brushing over his body.

He saw a wizard in a black robe holding a wand and standing not far ahead of him.

His skin was pale and he was dressed like the three wizards he saw in the pub last night. He was wearing a thick black robe that covered his whole body. This was a vampire!!!

After the pit appeared under the wizards inside, the vampires who had been lurking in the dark finally came out. They gathered around to kill any survivors to ensure that what happened today in the temple would never be heard of.

Neither the evil god nor their plots could be made known to the outside world, and with what happened today, only the dead could truly keep this a secret.

Evan didn’t have time to waste here. While ducking to avoid the vampire’s Killing Curse, three red lights quickly flew out from the tip of his wand.

In the face of Evan’s counterattack, the vampire hurried to dodge.

He seemed somewhat surprised, not expecting that Evan would escape his sneak attack and react so quickly, and still manage to cast three magic spells in such a short time.

Following his spells, Evan shouted and rushed at him.

His wand shone like a sword and sparks flew everywhere.

While the opponent managed to avoid the first round of attacks, Evan's Full Body-Bind Curse followed and hit the vampire!

His arms and legs clung together and he fell heavily back.

If this was under any different circumstances, Evan would sit down to interrogate the vampire and ask him about their plots, but now he was in a hurry to save Sirius.

He didn't even see the vampire falling to the ground and continued to rush forward.

In a remote corridor away from the previous chamber, Evan looked at the moon phases carved on the wall, and he beat the full moon sign on the wall as fast as he could.

Creak, creak, creak...

With the dry and astringent sound of the dry pulley, the thick stone door rose slowly.

The muddy, damp smell extended from the secret passage to the depths of the ground, as expected.

As the stone gate rose, the magic fluctuated in the area more madly than before.

Judging from the current situation, this secret passage must lead to the location of the evil god.

On the thick dust on the ground, Evan also saw a lot of footprints, traces of the vampires hiding in the dark coming in and out of the area.

At the end of the narrow passage, there was a large scary Lovage.

From its height and thickness, it was at least several hundred years old.

Lovage is a kind of plant with strong characteristics, one that could spread its roots to the surrounding plants and make them wither slowly. Even other Lovages are no exception.

In the end, only one Lovage can survive and enjoy all the nutrients in a certain area.

Seeing this large, frightening Lovage, Evan finally knew where the vampires got the curse material cast on the gold.

It is important to know that Lovage is mainly used to make Confusing and Befuddlement Draughts, that could make people overtaken by hot-headedness and recklessness, or become gradually lost in the illusion built in their minds.

The juice made from Lovage leaves is an essential material in the preparation of some mind-confusing Dark magic.

The Lovage grows in length extremely slowly. Evan had seen a Lovage in Professor Sprout's greenhouse.

That plant had been kept for more than 40 years, but it was still much smaller than this one, and the confusion that it could cause was also poor.

Besides, the Lovage generally lives in dark and humid places.

Next to it, Evan saw a sloping downward passage filled with red water.

The smell in the air was unpleasant and weird, and Evan remembered Professor Sprout's remark that the smell of the Lovage was confusing.

He held his breath and rushed into the pool, casting upon himself the Bubble-Head Charm.

The pool was deep and extended down the ancient passage to the depths of the ground.

In the muddy, turbid water, Evan could not determine where he should go exactly.

He could only dive by instinct. The red water felt sticky, and Evan quickly knew what was going on. The vampires had poured a lot of blood into it.

This was really too bad, and he felt nauseous when he realized he was in the blood.

He resisted nausea and speeded up the dive. But immediately, he felt something entangled in his ankle.

He clenched his hand on his wand and looked back.

Besides the red turbid items, nothing could be seen in the muddy blood.

Evan shook repeatedly, bent down getting his hands close to his ankles...

His heart was beating hard, feeling the danger approaching him. There seemed to be something in the blood.

He raised his vigilance and slowly explored forward...

The next second, a hideous, highly rotten face suddenly appeared in front of him!

#### Chapter 422: The Vampires Show Up

Under the faint light of his wand, Evan saw the corpse of a man.

His face had been swollen and deformed, and his mouth was wide open.

The tongue, which had deteriorated and rotted into dark brown, came out, long; and his skin was pale and cold.

Almost instantly, Evan remembered the Inferi he had seen in the cave before.

He hurried back, but his feet were entangled by something.

Evan struggled, his heart thumping hard, but he was dragged back again!

He could feel that a body under his feet, something like a tentacle, was not willing to let him go. It was trying to bring him down.

Encountering such a situation in turbid blood could easily crush anyone's composure.

The wand in Evan's hand aimed at the direction of the floating body at his feet, emitting several red lights in a row.

Bang, bang, bang...

In the blood, each spell of Evan stirred up a strong current of water.

Under the impact of his spells, the already muddy blood became more chaotic.

The man's body was swept away by Evan's magic, but the tentacles on his legs were getting tighter and contracted backwards.

The more Evan struggled, the more entangled his legs became.

Soon, he saw the black rattan winding along his legs to his upper body.

These rattans, Evan realized...

It was the Devil's Snare!!!

He finally knew what he had come across. A Devil's Snare grew in the blood pool.

This plant likes the dark and the damp, and can kill the living creatures that it catches by strangulation.

It was the first time that Evan saw the Devil's Snare growing directly in the water. Perhaps because of the blood concentration in the pool, this Devil's Snare was growing well.

This was a good discovery finding that blood stimulated the growth of the Devil's Snare... Evan shook his head. Now was not the time for such nonsense!

He hurriedly waved his wand, pointing straight ahead, and the end of his wand emitted Bluebell Flames.

The Blue Flames surrounded Evan with a fiery temperature.

They are harmless to the human body, but they could persist even in water.

In a matter of seconds, the Devil's Snare loosened its grip on Evan.

It was clear that it cringed away from the light and warmth brought by the flames.

The Devil's Snare wriggled and flailed, automatically unraveling its tendrils wrapped around Evan.

It took the body that Evan had just blown away and retreated to a dark corner.

After getting rid of the Devil's Snare, Evan continued to move quickly along the passage.

Because he was worried about Sirius, he kept speeding up.

Fortunately, there was nothing else in the blood to stop him.

After a winding passage, the descending slope began to slow down and quickly rose upwards, and Evan heard the sound of glug from above.

Here, the blood concentration in the water was much higher! It was not like turbid blood mixed with mud and dust. It was completely blood red and was stickier.

Evan even suspected that it was just pure blood!!

Glug, glug, glug...

Like boiling water, blood was constantly bubbling outward.

Following the bubbles, Evan rose to the surface.

Around him, all the wizards who had just fallen had become cold corpses, floating quietly on the bright red water.

Red bubbles kept popping up from below, breaking apart beside them.

The blood pool was facing a huge gap above the temple. It was more than a thousand feet deep and dark above. Nothing could be seen, like a black hole devouring everything.

Evan ignored the surroundings and looked for Sirius in the blood pool.

“Good evening, young human!” A low male voice sounded ahead. “If you are looking for him, then you don’t have to waste your effort.”

Evan looked up and saw a dozen vampires in black robes standing on the ground outside the blood pool, pointing their wands at him.

At the center of these people was a middle-aged man with a cold face.

He was handsome and upright, with wine-red eyes deep and distant, wearing a beautiful black cloak, and his exposed skin was particularly pale.

He had an aura of “pure evil” surrounding him, and the light seemed to deflect from him.

Evan could feel a whirlpool of pure magic whirling around his body, engulfing other magic and light around him.

This vampire was too bizarre; Evan had never seen such a wizard before.

His eyes stopped short on him and immediately went to Sirius, curled up in front of him.

He was bloodstained and unconscious, but he still seemed to breathe.

“SIRIUS!” Evan shouted.

He ran two steps forward just to find a dozen spells coming his way.

Evan hurried to stop, and the magic brushed his body and flew out.

They didn’t make a real attack, they were just warning him not to move.

“Don’t worry, this human being is very strong and has not died yet!” said the middle-aged man. “His life depends entirely on you. We have something to ask you.”

“Let Sirius go. I’ll tell you everything.” Evan said anxiously.

So these vampires were the people who planned everything behind the scenes. What did they want to know?

Could it be that they already knew that half of the Philosopher’s Stone was on him?!

Evan looked around, trying to find a solution to the immediate predicament.

He saw the flesh and blood in the blood pool in front of him, pulled by magic, slowly moving upward, forming streams that rose to meet in the distance.

Other than that, there was nothing in the stone chamber.

At the same time, in the face of more than a dozen powerful vampire wizards and a man of unpredictable strength, Evan had no chance of winning anyway.

“Don’t worry, we still have time. We need to crack the last magic left by the ancient Centaurs!” With an elegant smile on his face, the vampire said slowly, “First, please allow me to introduce myself, my name is Caresius Slytherin, it’s...”

“I know Elaine, we are...” Evan hesitated for a moment and continued to shout, “We are friends!”

When he heard the surname Slytherin, he immediately knew who these vampires were.

“Elaine’s friend?!” Caresius showed a little surprise on his face. “No, you shouldn’t know her...”

“We met in Diagon Alley, on Christmas Eve.” Evan took out the Locket on his chest and said in a hurry. “I know the prophecy and the trouble you are facing. I can help you. I have Slytherin’s Locket on me. I’m probably the one mentioned in the prophecy.”

After Evan finished his words, there was a long silence.

Caresius did not speak, and his wine-red eyes rested on the Locket on Evan’s chest.

His face was cloudy and uncertain, and he seemed to be thinking about what Evan had said.

Chapter 423: Distrustful Allies

“Young human wizard, in the face of existence beyond your imagination, submission is the only correct choice, which will bring you unimaginable benefits!”

“Have you ever tasted death? Death is not the end of fear. Time is endless, and death is but the beginning of pain!”

“Only the immortal are powerful! Do you want it; immortality?”

The whispers of the evil spirit continued to echo through Evan’s head; it uttered the maddest of thoughts.

Under its torment, Evan had a terrible headache.

From the expressions of the vampires around him, it seemed that only he could hear the whispers of the evil god.

The evil spirit felt the Philosopher’s Stone that Evan carried with him, and it was tempting Evan to yield, surrender to it, hand over the Philosopher’s Stone, and help it break the seal and come to the real world.

Unless he would really go mad, Evan, who knew the true face of the evil spirit, would naturally never do that. He had to concentrate hard and wait for the decision of the vampires.

"I don't know where you got Slytherin's Locket!" Caresius looked at Evan. "But you're not strong enough to help us."

"Strength can be improved, I still have time." Evan hurried to say.

If he couldn't convince these vampires, he and Sirius would be dead.

"But we don't have much time. My clan and I must decide as soon as possible whether to be destroyed or reborn!" Caresius's eyes moved from Slytherin's Locket to Evan. "Tell me your name, human young man!"

"Evan Mason!" Evan was slightly distracted.

In the vampire's wine-red eyes, there seemed to be some kind of Confundus Charm.

"Very good, Evan!" Caresius said slowly. "Thank you for your help, but we have already chosen our ally. He is very strong and has a common ancestor with us. I'm sure he'll help us get through it!"

"Who is it?!" Evan had a bad feeling.

These vampires were descendants of Salazar Slytherin. If the ally had a common ancestor with them and was in the forests of Albania, then this person was...

"We better not call him by his name directly. As the most dangerous Dark wizard in history, people usually call him You-Know-Who!" Caresius said slowly, a playful smile appeared on the corner of his mouth, and it seemed that he didn't really think so.

"VOLDEMORT!" Although he had already guessed it, Evan was still shocked when he heard Caresius actually acknowledge it. "You are mad; you're going to work with Voldemort!"

He kept looking around, looking for the traces of Voldemort.

No words could describe his feelings now. It was as if his heart suddenly sank to his stomach.

There was a blank inside Evan's head, which was the worst result.

He was afraid to think about it. With the help of vampires, Voldemort's power would grow unimaginably. It was only a matter of time before he would return.

"You are playing with fire, Voldemort is the most dangerous and powerful Dark wizard!"

"In the eyes of wizards, we vampires ourselves are dark taboos. I don't think there is anything wrong with working with a Dark wizard!" Caresius said. "As long as he can keep his promise and help us, that's enough!"

It was a joke to expect Voldemort to keep his promise.

Whenever he regained his strength and gathered the Death Eaters, these vampires would be much less useful to him. And then, he would not hesitate to abandon them.

Evan hoped to convince him to understand this. Under his persuasion, Caresius seemed to hesitate, but in the end he did not budge.

“Let’s get down to business. You and Black were supposed to die, but because you are a friend of Elaine, I decided not to kill you!” Caresius said, “I will take you to see that person, he hopes to know why Dumbledore appeared in the forest. After that, I will personally erase your memories.”

The damn Obliviate spell again!

Although those vampires promised to let him and Sirius go, Evan doubted that Voldemort would agree.

“By the way, you’d better hide the Locket on your chest.” Caresius walked two steps forward and suddenly turned and continued, smiling. “I just know who the original owner of this Locket was. We’d better not take risks!”

Under the gaze of the vampire, Evan put the Locket back under his robe.

Caresius was right to remind him that this Locket was one of Voldemort’s Horcruxes. If he saw it, things would turn south really quickly....

Evan quickly thought about this matter. Judging from the tone of Caresius in the conversation just now and his warning about the Locket, he did not seem to fully believe in Voldemort.

Although allies, there was a lot of mistrust between the two sides.

Evan felt that he might have a chance. If he could talk some sense into these vampires, he could turn things upside down and even finish Voldemort here to end everything.

Along the way, Caresius listened to Evan’s persuasion with a smile on his face, not opposing nor approving, and making him really helpless.

No matter what he said, the vampire did not express his opinion.

It was like hitting a ball of cotton really hard, it was mad and hopeless.

The vampire seemed determined to help Voldemort, but he didn’t intend to put all his eggs in one basket. His words meant to attract Evan.

Both Voldemort and Evan met the requirements of the prophecy handed down by their clan; it was wise to leave adequate leeway at all times.

If not for the situation at hand, Caresius would really be a kind-hearted elder. He would even invite Evan to go to their family to meet Elaine again.

In midair above everyone, the river composed of countless blood and flesh fragments slowly moved forward in the direction of their advancement, making a sound of flowing water.

This feeling was very strange. Anyone who would see this scene would be first and foremost shocked, and then immersed in the powerful magic of the caster.

But then it was disgusting and horrifying to see the creepy things in the river.

The pungent smell of blood made Evan want to vomit.



The vampires who were familiar with the smell of blood did not feel uncomfortable; they actually enjoyed it in way, like humans going through the kitchen of a masterchef!

“What are you going to do?!” Evan frowned at the disgusting river of flesh and blood in the air, and asked uneasily, “Use this flesh and blood to summon the evil god?!”

“We don’t intend to summon the ancient evil creature hidden in the Temple!” Caresius looked a little surprised by Evan bringing this up, “In fact, there is a powerful philosopher’s stone in the depth of this relic. He hopes to get it, to crack the last magic left by the ancient Centaurs.”

#### Chapter 424: Voldemort

Voldemort also wanted to get the Philosopher’s Stone. Evan felt that he had heard more bad news today than he had heard for a whole year. Things had gone far beyond control.

“In the deepest part of the Temple, the ancient Centaurs left a powerful magic.” Caresius continued. “We have to collect enough flesh and blood to break it.”

Undoubtedly, this ancient black magic was incredibly evil and cruel.

Voldemort and the vampires might not care about this. They didn’t care about the lives of others, but Evan doubted whether they knew what they were doing.

Collecting enough flesh and blood to crack the magic, this was also the first step to summon the evil spirit, and Evan was delivering the half of the Philosopher’s Stone it needed to its door.

By then, all the conditions for summoning the arrival of the evil spirit of terror into this world would be met.

Without someone of Gryffindor’s caliber around, no one should be able to stop it.

Evan shivered when recalling the horrible scene where the evil god was called out. It was at an apocalyptic level.

This was too terrible. Peace in the wizarding world would be shattered. A war sweeping the world was coming, and this time, wizards would have to face monsters never seen for a millennium!

Even if they went against such a creature , the losses in life would be unimaginable!

This must never happen, but Evan couldn’t do anything.

Considering his current situation, he was simply unable to stop it.

First, Voldemort and the vampires would not believe what he would say and work with him.

Second, Evan could not say that he had the Philosopher’s Stone.

It was unwise to confront Voldemort, the vampires and the evil god head on, and if Dumbledore didn’t get there in time, the wisest choice for Evan would be to run.

But the problem now was that he couldn’t leave Sirius alone.

Under the influence of magic, Sirius’s body was floating slowly beside him.

He followed Evan forward and didn’t seem to be waking up any time soon.

The only good news was that after a simple treatment, his breathing was much smoother than before and he was out of the danger zone.

The group of people walked through the spacious hall and came to a closed secret chamber at the end.

Caresius no longer spoke. He shook his black cloak and walked neatly at the front of the team, as if he had nothing to do with Evan.

In the back, more than a dozen vampires pointed their wands at Evan, eyeing him covetously.

Evan gasped and entered the Chamber of Secrets, with a growing sense of uneasiness in his heart.

It was the chamber he had seen in the stone basin of prophecy made by Nicolas Flamel with alchemy, where all evil and horrible crimes were about to take place.

In the middle of the chamber was a magic barrier glowing with green light.

It divided the entire chamber into two parts, preventing people from crossing it.

On the inside, Evan could vaguely see the skeletons of dozens of fallen Centaurs.

They were scattered on the ground, assuming the positions he had seen them taking in the illusion when summoning the evil spirit.

In front of the Centaurs' skeletons, there was a Philosopher's Stone that emitted a soft red light. It was placed on top of an altar, next to the ugly statue of an evil god like a tree root.

In midair, great amounts of flesh and blood gathered after rising from the blood pool.

They passed through the barrier and revolved around the fallen Centaurs' bones to build their bodies.

Evan saw a fallen Centaur recovering from a pile of white bones and assuming a praying posture.

Besides the fact that it lacked vitality, it did not look one bit like it had been dead for hundreds of years.

It looked very much alive, and knowing how it came to be that way made it much more eerie!

Outside the green barrier, there was the vampire that Evan had seen last night.

At this point, he was facing everyone in a weird posture.

"Caresius, you keep on surprising me!" The cold voice suddenly sounded, "Would you look at that; Sirius Black and a student from Hogwarts!"

The strong vampire turned slowly, and Evan was horrified to see that where there should have been a back to the vampire's head, there was a face.

This was the face that would not appear in the most horrible of nightmares. It was chalk white with glaring red eyes and slits for nostrils, like a snake.

This was VOLDEMORT!!!

After Quirrell, he reattached it to someone else's head.

Evan stared and he would have screamed, but he couldn't make a sound.

He had imagined many scenario's of the first time he would meet Voldemort, but never expected this! Things were simply terrible.

Adding covetous gazes of vampires around him, the closer he got to Voldemort, the snake bracelet on Evan's wrist began to sting, and its magic gradually spread out.

He hastily hid his right hand behind his back, hoping that he would not be discovered by Voldemort.

"Surprised to see me, aren't you?!" Voldemort whispered, "I've disappeared for thirteen years. Maybe you've forgotten me. As the greatest wizard of all time, there is only shadow and vapor left . I have form only when sharing another's body, but I've never forgotten..."

Voldemort stared at Evan with a grim smile on his face.

"Voldemort is invincible, you think you will succeed, but your puny spells cannot kill me." He said maliciously, "Soon, when the magic left here by the ancient centaurs is broken, I will be able to restore my strength, recreate a body of my own, and even become more powerful. When that time comes, I will go back to Hogwarts and take back everything that belonged to me ..."

"You can't do anything!" Evan shouted. "Don't think I don't know, Dumbledore and Harry defeated you two years ago!"

Evan took a step back and clenched his wand in his hand.

"Harry Potter?!" Voldemort's voice became colder. "He is not a savior at all. He is nothing before might!"

"Harry has a power you'll never understand. You have no chance of winning. You can't beat him at all." Evan said as he stepped back.

He was trying to anger Voldemort to distract him from the curse on him and leave him enough time to look for opportunities.

Ahead of them, the magic left by the fallen Centaurs could be broken at any time.

The light on the green barrier was getting dimmer and dimmer, like a candle in the wind.

With massive quantities of flesh and blood, most of the Centaurs inside had recovered their bodies. They could be seen more and more clearly as they assumed various postures and stood facing the summoning ceremony.

The whispers of the evil god were getting stronger and stronger, as if it was about to come to this world.

Chapter 425: Allegiance or Death

As the whispers of the evil spirit increased, the whole hall began to shake slightly.

The closer it got to the real world, the more obvious the signs were.

Magic in the area became restless, the earth and dust were shaken down through the cracks in the wall, the light of the Green Magic barrier was fading, as if about to crumble at any time.

Now, even the vampires could hear the whispers of the evil spirit.

They looked around in panic, their faces full of horror. In the face of this ancient and evil unknown creature, no one could keep their calm!

Besides Evan, Caresius's face was also gloomy to the extreme.

He stared at an ancient Centaur who was being rebuilt by the flesh and blood; he looked at the evil magic, thinking.

"The magic of the Centaurs is about to lose its effect. The monster inside is totally more powerful than expected!" he whispered, "We'd better get ready."

"Don't worry, Caresius!" Voldemort said in a whispering voice. "I have a way to deal with the thing inside. No matter how powerful it is, its power will eventually be used by me. Before that, we have to entertain our uninvited guests."

Voldemort seemed to have a plan but he turned a blind eye to the evil spirit, while everyone else was immersed in the shock of the signs of its arrival.

His pale face showed a cruel smile and he looked at Evan with great interest.

Evan didn't know what Voldemort could do to deal with the evil god. This was hard to imagine.

Maybe, he had mastered some powerful black magic that he didn't know yet.

Such magic would need to have a restraining effect on the evil spirit, but looking at Voldemort's red eyes, Evan felt that things were not that simple.

Voldemort looked at Evan for a long time before slowly saying, "I can feel that you are trying to irritate me! Interesting, I haven't seen a wizard like you for many years. I have to say that you are very similar to me when I was young."

This wasn't the first time someone said that Evan was like Tom Riddle in his school days.

They were both very obsessed with magic, and through various efforts, they had accomplished unimaginable achievements for wizards their age, but there was a fundamental difference between them: Evan was determined to never follow Voldemort's path!

"Yes, unlike other young wizards, you have courage." Voldemort said softly, "And I've always admired courage, so I'm going to give you a chance. Tell me your name, child?"

"Evan Mason!" Evan whispered.

He stepped back and watched Voldemort warily.

"Choose, Evan!" Voldemort said in a hoarse voice, "Either you be loyal to the great Voldemort and gain unimaginable power and privileges, or continue to have faith in Dumbledore and die here in obscurity."

“Where is Dumbledore?” Evan asked, making no choice.

He glanced at the vampires around him and over a dozen wands aimed at him.

Under the current circumstances, a word from Voldemort was enough for him to meet his demise...

“Don’t expect Dumbledore to save you. I know him better than anyone else and I know how to lure him into a trap. He is pursuing the traces I left behind, far away from the Temple of the Centaurs!” Voldemort said cruelly, “And my vampire friends left an interesting spell there. By the time he cracks it, everything will be over.”

It was only then that Evan realized the reason for Dumbledore’s disappearance.

He didn’t know how Voldemort fooled Dumbledore, but as things stood, he and Sirius might die here long before he could return.

“Tell me your choice, allegiance or death?!” Voldemort said in a harsh voice.

“Dumbledore was right about you; you will never understand that death is not the most terrible outcome.” Evan clenched his wand, “I don’t see any choice here. I will never believe a monster like you who would rather give up his soul for eternal life! Even if only death awaits me, I will fight to the end.”

Evan gave his answer, controlled the magic, and the light at the tip of his wand became brighter and brighter.

“You fools are all like this; you would rather die than surrender. How charming!” Voldemort’s wicked face grinned fiercely. “Since that’s the case, give me the Philosopher’s Stone you have on you, and then die.”

Evan was shocked that Voldemort had found out the piece of the Philosopher’s Stone he had.

“Don’t be surprised, even though my current strength is declining, I felt that you had my curse on you the moment you came in.” Voldemort said in a cold voice, “Yes, I still remember this curse. In the year I was about to graduate, I found the Philosopher’s Stone in the Centaurs’ colony in the Forbidden Forest, but there was that magic left by that damn Gryffindor. I had no way to crack it. So, I left a curse on the Philosopher’s Stone so that I could get it later.”

Evan stepped backwards, racking his brain to think about what to do now.

“I never expected to see you here after so many decades, after I almost forgot about it. What a pleasant surprise!” Voldemort smirked. “No doubt, the Philosopher’s Stone you have on you and the piece in this Temple are a whole. As long as I get it, I can control the monster inside, and gain power to become stronger than ever before. Even Dumbledore will be no opponent of mine...”

“No way!” Evan shouted.

“Give it to me, NOW!” Voldemort screamed, “Then kneel down in front of me and beg bitterly for mercy; beg for your death!”

Evan didn't see anyone make a move, but he found his body flying quickly forward, approaching Voldemort under the action of a sudden and powerful force.

In front of him, raging fire rose abruptly from the ground, scorching the area around it.

Evan waved his wand at the fastest speed, making a transparent magic shield that surrounded him like a glass wall.

At the moment he passed through the flame, the transparent magic barrier was burned red at high temperatures.

Then, with a thud, it shattered and dissipated.

Behind the flame, waiting for Evan, was the sly Voldemort.

Watching Voldemort getting closer, Evan held his breath. The wand in his hand emitted a series of blue lights unstoppably.

Boom, boom, boom!!!

Like a bomb, Evan's magic exploded beside Voldemort, making a powerful impact that shook the chamber violently.

In the thick smoke brought by the explosion, Voldemort screamed, “Caresius, help me catch him! SEIZE HIM!”

Caresius turned a deaf ear to Voldemort's orders.

He did not act, just stood by and watched coldly.

Seeing that Caresius did not do anything, the other vampires did the same.

This was a battle between Evan and Voldemort, and the vampires chose not to get involved.

“Fools! I'll make you pay!” Voldemort said in a harsh voice.

He controlled the vampire he was attached to and staggered away from Evan's spells.

The next second, Evan felt great pain from his wrist.

He looked down and saw that the black snake bracelet curse seemed to be alive.

It was twisting, getting larger and larger, sliding up along his blood vessels.

In just a few seconds, half of Evan's arm turned black....

Chapter 426: Mutation

Too bad!!!

Voldemort was activating the curse on Evan, and in a few seconds he would die.

With his blood flow, the black snake pattern went straight up his arm.

On top of the piercing pain, Evan felt that his strength, magic and vitality were rapidly dissipating and being consumed by the curse.

He difficultly cast another spell against Voldemort and put down his wand decadently.

Evan's body was getting heavier and heavier, to the point he felt barely capable of keeping his eyelids open!

"Impotent fool, under my curse, say hello to your death!" Voldemort roared fiercely, "I shall regain my strength and return once again!"

Under the effect of Evan's last spell, the body of the vampire to which Voldemort was clung was injured.

Like an Inferius, it struggled to get closer to Evan.

But he was so badly injured that he took only two steps before falling to the ground immediately.

Voldemort let out an impatient shrill roar. He flew straight out of the body and rushed towards Evan like a black ghost.

Black smoke filled the whole chamber, moving forward with terrible momentum.

When in contact with Voldemort, Evan felt as if he had fallen into dark, cold water.

He sunk, landing in never-ending darkness.

The power of the curse was getting stronger and stronger, wreaking havoc in Evan's body, devouring magic, light, hope and everything it could encounter.

Evan even started hallucinating, and heard someone calling his name all the time.

Just as he was desperate, the Philosopher's Stone suddenly flew out of Slytherin's Locket hanging on his chest.

It floated on Evan's chest, giving off a soft red light, dispelling Voldemort's power.

Under the influence of a warm magic, the power of the curse on Evan quickly subsided.

The black smoke made up of magic was isolated by the soft light. Voldemort swung around Evan and greedily looked at the Philosopher's Stone floating on his chest; he could feel that there was huge magic within it!

That was the power he'd been dreaming of. He wanted to get it, but now he was mere shadow and vapor. He couldn't do anything without physical help.

"CARESIUS, HELP ME GET THAT PHILOSOPHER'S STONE!" Voldemort screamed loudly. "HELP ME GET IT, DON'T FORGET OUR ORIGINAL AGREEMENT!"

Caresius hesitated for a moment before he said softly, "As you wish!"

He walked over to Evan, who had fallen to the ground, ready to take away the Philosopher's Stone from his chest.

But before he even acted, the chamber began to tremble quickly, the whole place shook violently, and large, massive rocks fell from above.

The magic in the air was completely out of control, for the evil god was about to arrive!

With a thud, the green magic barrier finally broke.

The magic left by the fallen Centaurs in this Temple had been broken. They had recovered from their skeletons to their former bodies, and the air was filled with old and evil stench.

Caresius stopped and frowned at the altar in the center of the chamber.

"I feel unknown..." he said softly, raising his wand.

"Welcome the coming of your destruction!" As if in response to him, the cold voice suddenly sounded.

This seemed to be a signal. The voice just fell, centered on the altar, and the bodies of the fallen Centaurs around it began to change rapidly.

Their skin was irregularly bulging, as if something was going to break out.

Crunch, crunch, crunch...

The strange scalp numbing sound lingered in the chamber, emitted by the Centaurs that had just recovered their flesh and blood, becoming horrible monsters.

With whatever strength he had left in him, Evan raised his head slightly and saw many of the monsters he had seen in the illusion of the Temple of the Moon.

It was that fungi-insect body he had already seen. Their heads were those of an odd creature with oval leaky pores all over them.

They buzzed and rushed at the bewildered vampires.

Behind them, there were multiple other monsters that Evan had only seen on the ancient murals of the Fallen Centaurs, which were even more terrible in appearance.

The monster's huge body was distorted, and it gave out a terrible roar. Its legs were two and a half feet long and had horrible claws.

Just when Evan thought he had seen it all, another lower limb appeared in front of him.

Next, a huge arm covered with black fur appeared out of its torso, splitting into two at the front, and each grew a paw-like hand.

It had two bright pink eyes. The giant freshly awakened monster, its head as big as a barrel, staggered out.

The two eyes protruded up to two inches on each side of the head, protected by coarse hair and bones. The most frightening thing about the head was its huge mouth: it did not grow horizontally, but vertically, full of huge yellow teeth, cracking straight from the top of the head to the bottom.

In the black smoke made by Voldemort, it looked even more frightening.

The vampires were in a mess. Curses, screams, Voldemort's curses and monster roars coincided, filling the underground chamber.

Evan had a terrible headache. He had the illusion that the room turned into a terrible hell almost instantaneously.

Now, no one was paying attention to him. The vampires were fighting monsters.



Only Voldemort was still spinning around Evan, hoping to break through his last line of defense and kill him to get the Philosopher's Stone.

However, he couldn't break through the blockage of the Stone.

A few seconds later, Evan felt that he was slowly moving. He saw two gray, horrible, wrinkled monsters coming out of the ground.

They clamped Evan's legs and dragged him toward the altar.

There, the remaining half of the Philosopher's Stone gleamed red, reflecting on the statue of the evil god.

They were ready to take him and offer him to the evil god.

"STOP THEM, STOP THEM!" Voldemort growled. "Caresius, kill the boy and bring me the Philosopher's Stone!"

But it was too late. There were countless monsters filling up between Evan and the vampires.

"Welcome destruction, human!" The whisper of the evil spirit echoed. "Soon, everything will be over, and your feeble courage will soon disappear. Close your eyes and sleep forever. My minion will devour your rotten body!"

The spirit of the evil god was getting stronger and stronger, and all it took was a body to come to the real world.

"NO!" Voldemort screamed, the black mist rolling.

It was like a torrential river, coming towards Evan, instantly crushing into powder the two indescribable monsters that were not protected by the Philosopher's Stone mist by his legs.

In order to compete for Evan's Philosopher's Stone, the evil god and Voldemort were confronting each other!

Chapter 427: The Dream of the Evil God

Evan thought many times that he felt bad, but that word gained a whole new dimension when he got sandwiched between the two most evil dark monsters!

He wanted to do something, even issue a mere spell.

But his arm was too heavy to lift.

He felt his magic, the Philosopher's Stone floating in front of his chest, and the light of the Philosopher's Stone on the nearby altar slowly merging.

Thanks to the existence of the red mist around him, he did not die in the hands of the evil god and Voldemort.

"If only I could get that half of the Philosopher's Stone..." Looking at the half of the Philosopher's Stone on the altar, the idea came to Evan's mind.

If he could fuse the Philosopher's Stone, he could use its powerful magic to break the curse on his body, and then eliminate the evil god and Voldemort in one fell swoop!

Thinking of this, he struggled to raise his wand and aim at the Philosopher's Stone on the altar.

The action that was usually very easy to complete, at this moment, Evan felt it very difficult and needing a long time.

"Accio Philosopher's Stone!" he shouted, exhausting all his strength.

This was the Summoning Charm that could summon objects.

For a few seconds, Evan looked hopefully at the Philosopher's Stone.

But it didn't even budge. In the fierce confrontation between Voldemort and the evil god, all the magic powers were lost and magic was not working.

Under the torture of the curse, Evan's weak magic could not summon the Philosopher's Stone.

In front of him, two monsters were fighting for the Philosopher's Stone on his chest. Powerful forces were fighting, colliding and breaking out beside him, regardless of his life and death.

In the twisted vortex of magic, Evan's consciousness was getting weaker and weaker.

He couldn't use magic anymore. His eyes went blank and his headache was getting stronger and stronger.

Now, he could only hear the whispers of the evil god and the terrible roar of Voldemort.

Evan knew that everything was over. This was the end...

He was about to lose his grip, both physically and mentally.

Knowing who would emerge victorious, Voldemort or the evil god, had nothing to do with him.

In the blur, Evan saw a figure suddenly appear in the Chamber of Secrets, in the focus of the battle between vampires and monsters, his waist-long silver hair shining.

It was Dumbledore!!!

He finally arrived, and Evan was delighted and became a little more sober.

Dumbledore's blue eyes sparkled with heart-rending, icy light.

Evan had never seen him like this before, he never saw such wrath in his eyes, and they never were so cold!

Dumbledore looked around and raised his wand high.

The white magic light centered on him quickly spread outward, like waves on the water, dispelling Voldemort's monstrous black flames and the cursing whispers of the evil god.

With the intervention of Dumbledore, the evil god and Voldemort concentrated their scattered forces around Evan and the nearby altar, and fought with all their might.

The two monsters seem determined to solve everything quickly.

In the turbulence of magic, Evan felt his soul leaving his body.

He drifted up through the thick rocks floating over the remains of the Centaurs.

There, he once again saw the exquisite city of the Centaurs, and the beautiful place that only appeared in his dream, just under his feet.

The battle between the evil god and Voldemort seemed to be taking place ages ago!

Looking at the white clouds slowly drifting by his side, Evan wondered about the reason of his presence here.

But there was a blank inside his head, and as he looked up to the sky, all he saw was gray...

"Is this the feeling of death?" He muttered to himself, looking at his weightless body.

"Have I become a ghost... doomed to remain here forever?"

Dong, dong, dong, a loud drum suddenly sounded!

Following the sudden sound, Evan slowly drifted downward. He saw many fallen Centaurs gathering in front of a river ferry.

In the world beneath, like a dry river, sand overtook the land, flowing down the hill.

It ran straight through the Centaurs' colony and extended deep into the Albanian woods.

Many of the fallen Centaurs' ancestors came out of the ruins and gathered there. Like Evan, they were all milky white translucent bodies.

Following the footsteps of the Centaurs, Evan also drifted over to it.

It was a very large ship on the ferry, which was shocking.

The hull was extremely long and narrow, longer than any other ship Evan had ever seen.

It was exquisitely carved with complicated decorations, painted in purple and dark green, with a peculiar exotic style.

Evan landed on the ferry and looked curiously at the big ship.

Above, a white toad-like monster was beating a drum, holding the bones of magic creatures in its hands.

Where there should be the monster's head was a cluster of pink tentacles, with no eyes.

Evan looked at the monster and didn't feel even a little scared.

On the contrary, he had a kind of eccentric feeling.

In the sound of drums, a Centaur who had already gone up waved to him and motioned him to follow.

They did not attack as expected, and looked very friendly.

The state of the whole space was strange, obviously very abnormal, but there was a certain sensation of peace everywhere, as if everything in the world should be like this.

Evan hesitated for a moment and followed him to the boat.

Because he felt something attracting him, he was very curious about what was happening in front of him, and wanted to see what was going on.

The big ship started slowly and the Centaurs stopped talking.

They tightly surrounded Evan in the middle, and then he saw it clearly.

In front of their sailing, it was no longer the dense forest, but the horrible evil god that had just emerged.

The sky started raining dark red raindrops.

It was like what he had seen in the illusion, wherever the rain fell, on the ground, on the river, on the trees, everywhere, a lot of bloody bubbles began to appear.

This was followed by layers of green film that looked disgusting.

They were like green moss or algae that suddenly grew several times higher, covering the patches, and weird plants that did not belong to the Earth began to emerge.

In the deep red blood rain, they grew rapidly.

The wriggling tentacles of the evil god were like the roots of a huge tree, and its huge mouth full of fangs and dripping with blood, was aimed in the direction of the ship where Evan was.

There must be a change of direction, and if it went on like this, it would eventually be swallowed up by the evil god.

A cold wind blew, and Evan woke up.

In the blink of an eye, the strange feeling of peace that had been surrounding him disappeared. He saw himself surrounded by countless Centaurs with cold faces like the dead.

Not far away, the strange creature beating the drum was not friendly as before.

It now looked so weird, with a lot of pink tentacles on its head, full of tiny fangs.

The souls of the fallen Centaurs around him were rapidly dissipating, mercilessly being devoured by it.

Chapter 428: Book of Abraham, Part 3

In this quirky space, the surrounding atmosphere felt extremely bizarre and evil.

Evan wanted to go over and stop it, but he was tightly surrounded by the souls of the fallen Centaurs.

They blocked him in the middle like thick walls, and his body was as cold as ice.

The big ship slowly moved forward, and the huge body of the evil god became clearer and clearer.

As seen in Gryffindor's illusion, its body was distorted and ugly.

It was like a cysticercus that had been magnified many times, or like a giant tree root with countless branches.

It slowly rose from the horizon, floating in midair, with its huge mouth open in the middle, waiting for Evan.

The big mouth was covered with green mucus, and filled with many black fangs.

On its bumpy body, there were many mouths of different shapes, set off by wrinkled skin around it.

Above the head of the evil god, at both ends of the edge of the black meat, two big disproportionate eyes were watching Evan.

The Dark red eyeballs slowly rolled inside, tracking Evan's position.

Its body was surrounded by countless tentacles wriggling restlessly, with eyes or claws hanging from it.

It was too large and seemed to be filled almost to the point of bursting, with several cracks bursting open and closing all over it.

The pale green liquid rolled out from their inside, soiling the surrounding environment.

"Young human wizard, surrender to the fear in front of you!" It slowly said, "Give me the Philosopher's Stone, and then kneel on the ground and tremble. The great presence is coming, and pleading is the only thing you can do."

Hearing the call of the evil god, Evan subconsciously wanted to cast the Patronus Charm.

This spell had a strong resistance to all negative emotions and protected him from the evil god's Legilimency.

In the illusion, Evan had tried it and achieved good results.

When he put his right hand on his waist, he found that he didn't have a wand.

He looked around blankly, not knowing what to do.

This sudden and weird space, as well as the absurd scene in front of him, was very strange.

In the Temple of the Centaurs, the evil god and Voldemort were fighting, and it clearly had not yet come to the real world.

Evan began to doubt the things he was seeing right now.

Could it be that he had entered another illusion, an illusion created by the evil god?

None of this was real. It had never happened, and there was no need to worry about it.

But Evan had an inexplicable feeling that if he was really swallowed by the evil god in front of him, all would be over.

No, he had to run away!

He pushed aside the Centaur in front of him, squeezed himself to the edge of the big ship and jumped down.

The current was swift, and Evan tried his best to move forward, hoping to stay away from the evil god.

He didn't know how to get out of this space, but he remembered that Dumbledore had arrived before he came in.

As long as he stuck to it, there would be a way.

“Foolish human, like your ancestors, you are choosing to uselessly resist!” The huge body of the evil god leaned forward and stared at Evan coldly. “It’s ridiculous, I didn’t destroy you immediately. That’s already the most benevolent thing in the world.”

“You don’t know that from the moment the world was born, my companions and I were already there, feeding off others in the darkest corners of the world.” The evil god said in his cold voice, “We were still very weak at that time, but with the constant supply of evil, darkness, fear, greed and all the other negative forces in your hearts, we slowly became stronger.”

The evil god continued to move forward, and its tentacles were already able to touch Evan.

“Thousands of years ago, your forefathers discovered the space where we existed. As soon as they ventured there, they were shocked by the reality of what they saw with their own eyes.” The evil spirit said slowly, “That is the present of our world, and the future of your world. Remember, under the vast ocean, there are endless secrets...”

The next second, the tentacles of the evil spirit directly rolled up Evan, no matter how hard he struggled.

The evil god raised Evan to its front, and seemed to be ready to swallow him.

“Human wizard, do you want to explore our world and the mysteries of fear like your ancestors?” The voice of the evil god sounded deep in Evan’s mind. “You have the Philosopher’s Stone on you, which means that you are qualified to enter our world. But your ending has long been doomed, not to be driven mad and become our follower like other creatures; but just like your ancestors, flee from the light to a new era of darkness and seek illusory peace and safety.”

The evil god’s tentacles were tightly wrapped around Evan, and below it was its enormous body, like a black mountain.

Its cold glassy eyes glared at Evan, and its big mouth opened slowly.

“Come on; take a look at the truest of fears in the world, and welcome your end!”

Without any warning, its tentacles violently loosened, and Evan fell vertically from above.

Looking at the evil go that was getting closer and closer, his heart beat violently.

As the evil god said, everything was coming to an end...

Evan did not know what that world of the evil gods was like, and he did not want to visit it.

No doubt, if he was swallowed by the evil god, he would die!

He tried his best and couldn’t think of a solution to the current predicament.

This was a real illusion created by the evil god. Everything that happened here was beyond his understanding.

No matter which magic book, no such ridiculous things and horrible magic would be recorded in it.

Just as Evan thought so, a thick magic book suddenly flew out of him.

The pages glistened with golden light, flipping rapidly in front of Evan, as if blown by high winds.

Evan looked at the magic book in surprise. It was The Book of Abraham given to him by Nicolas Flamel!

The pages moved forward at a very fast pace and soon came to the first page of the third part.

There, all the pages of the book were still covered with ink, and the specific content couldn't be seen.

But Evan noticed that the thick ink in the central part seemed to melt away, and the color became lighter and lighter.

In the blink of an eye, a pattern appeared there, looking very abstract.

Evan recognized it at a glance. It was the image of this horrible evil god in front of him.

"This is the Power of the seal..." The evil spirit said in a disgusting tone, "Foolish human, no matter how powerful your magic is, you can't prevent me from returning to the world. One day, I will come!"

Its voice became weaker and weaker and soon disappeared.

The things that Evan saw in front of him disappeared as quickly as the ink merged into the water, and the surrounding scene retreated backwards.

In no time, he returned to the real world.

#### Chapter 429: The End of Gryffindor's Trial

In the Temple of the Centaurs, Voldemort's roar was still ringing in his ear.

Evan came back to his senses, and felt pain all over his body as if he was about to be torn apart.

He felt as if he had been in the illusion for centuries, but in the real world only a few seconds had passed.

The Philosopher's Stone floating on his chest glowed faintly red, preventing Voldemort from approaching.

What had just happened in the illusion was affecting the real world.

The odor of the evil god had disappeared, and the indescribable monsters it created had also vanished.

Only Voldemort's black smoke was pervasive, but it was also a spent force.

This battle just now quickly consumed Voldemort's strength recovered due to the care from the vampires in recent months.

He was still very weak, relying only on the magic of the unicorn's blood to accumulate a little strength.

After seeing Dumbledore, he was ready to run away.

But just then, the power of the ancient evil creature that had been fighting him suddenly disappeared.

Voldemort roared and flew over to the altar, ready to get the Philosopher's Stone.

"Accio Philosopher's Stone!" Evan shouted, raising his wand with his last strength.

This time, without the hindrance of the evil god, his magic worked.

The Philosopher's Stone slowly floated, bypassing Voldemort and quickly flew over to him.

"NO!" Voldemort screamed. "Caresius, STOP HIM! STOP HIM!"

His current body and black magic could not touch Evan under the protection of the pure magic of the Philosopher's Stone.

Not far away, Caresius and the rest of the vampires were fighting Dumbledore.

Voldemort's piercing roar was just falling, and the space next to Evan's body was twisted, and the vampire's figure appeared eerily.

After fighting the indescribable creatures of the evil spirit and Dumbledore, he now looked flustered.

But his breathing was fairly steady and there were no scars on his body.

Caresius held his wand and stared at the Philosopher's Stone that was flying over.

Evan's heart sank sharply. He was powerless and Dumbledore was still badgered with five vampires.

No one could stop Caresius from getting the Philosopher's Stone. After all these efforts, Voldemort succeeded!

Just as he thought so, the magic that Caresius was about to cast suddenly stopped.

The pause was short, probably for only a second, without any sign.

In fact, besides Evan, who was right below, no one perceived anything unusual.

Evan clearly saw that the wand Caresius was waving had visibly stopped for a second.

It was a crucial second. Under Voldemort's roar, the Philosopher's Stone flew into Evan's hand.

Instantly, the bright red mist spread outward with Evan as its center, and the two broken pieces of the Philosopher's Stone were fusing.

Evan had no time to think about what was going on, he felt a powerful magic erupting.

Under the influence of this magic, the curse left by Voldemort in his body quickly dissipated.

"Remember, you owe us one!" Caresius's low voice rang in Evan's ear.

He shook his black cloak, and his body disappeared from Evan's side again, leaving a black magic swirl in the air.

Evan couldn't believe it. This vampire was helping him. Wasn't he Voldemort's ally?!

This was the last thought in Evan's mind. He didn't understand what was going on.



In the dim light, he saw Caresius appear at the altar and pick up the statue of the evil god. Voldemort was still roaring, and Evan couldn't hear what he was saying. He only felt a strong black smoke rushing towards him, and he fainted under the strong impact. This time, Evan did not feel the darkness, nor did he enter the absurd and strange dream. His regained consciousness and he found himself lying in a space full of golden red light. The light came from two objects of different sizes in the sky, which were slowly merging together, becoming one. It was the Philosopher's Stone. Its light was like the sunshine at noon in winter, warm on the body and very comforting. If it was possible, Evan would've wanted to stay here forever. He didn't know how long he'd been here. He felt cold water dripping on his face. Drop by drop, as if someone were crying. Evan heard a low cry, but he didn't know who it was. He blinked and saw a pair of bright brown eyes. How strange! They seemed to be Hermione's eyes. It must be an illusion. How could Hermione be here?! But it was true that Evan really missed Hermione and wanted to see her. This separation of more than a month felt more like it lasted a century. He subconsciously reached out and hugged Hermione tightly, in a moment of softness. Everything was so real! If it was not a dream, how good it would be! The next second, Evan heard Hermione's muffled cry, and he blinked hard again. In front of him, Hermione's surprising smiling face gradually appeared, with tears on it. "Evan, you finally woke up!" said Hermione. Getting suddenly caught off guard by Evan, she looked very embarrassed. But she was soon immersed in the joy of Evan's waking. She leaned down and hugged him tightly. "What on earth is going on?!" Evan stared at Hermione. Feeling the warmth and heartbeat of the girl, he realized that he was not dreaming. He hugged Hermione tightly and didn't let go. He couldn't tell why this feeling was so good! It took a long time for them to separate slowly. "Hermione, why are you here?" Evan hurriedly asked, "Where am I now?"

“This is your own bedroom. Mrs. Mason has just gone downstairs.” Hermione said with delight. “I received a letter from Dumbledore yesterday. He asked me if I would like to come and take care of you. He thought it would be better for you to be accompanied by someone now. Your parents agreed, and I happen to have time, so...”

Hermione turned red and her voice became lower and lower.

Evan already knew what she wanted to say. His heart was full of joy and happiness that she could come to be with him.

“What’s going on, why am I in my own home?” he asked softly.

“Well, Dumbledore said in his letter that other professors had intended to send you to St Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries, but he thought you’d better come back here.” Hermione and Evan separated, “Of course, they have checked you out, and you have no problems now. The Curse has been broken!”

Evan felt that Slytherin’s Locket on his chest was obviously a lot heavier, and he opened it.

The restored Philosopher’s Stone was quietly placed inside, with bright red soft light, like the purest gemstone.

Just touching it with his hand and he could feel the magic.

Chapter 430: Harry’s Summer Vacation

“So this is the Philosopher’s Stone!” Hermione followed, with a sound of concern in her voice. “Dumbledore said that under its influence, the Curse that Voldemort left on you was completely broken, leaving no sequelae behind.”

Evan stared at the Philosopher’s Stone for a moment, and then suddenly remembered, “WHERE IS SIRIUS?”

“He is at St Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. I heard Dumbledore say that he is seriously injured, but his life is not in danger. He needs to rest for a while.” Hermione frowned and said, “Evan, where on earth did you go during the summer vacation? How dangerous was it to get this Philosopher’s Stone? Did those ancient Centaurs leave anything behind?”

While Evan was telling Hermione about his vacation experience, Harry jumped out of bed.

He was sweating and sitting on his cot, breathing hard, as if he had been running.

He recalled the vivid dream he had just had, the scar on his forehead burning under his fingers.

The scar hurt so much that it seemed as if someone had pressed a red-hot wire on his skin.

Harry gasped, pressing the scar with one hand and grabbing the glasses in the dark with his other hand.

He was sure he had just dreamed of Voldemort.

It was a big, dark, shabby house, and there was a wizard named Caresius next to Voldemort.

Harry was puzzled. Who was this wizard named Caresius?!

In the dream just now, his body was tightly wrapped in a black cloak, and his face was very pale.

Harry didn't recognize this person, but no doubt, Voldemort had found a new helper.

In front of them, there was a statue in the shape of an ugly tree root.

Harry closed his eyes and tried hard to recall the dream just now, the appearance of Voldemort and the statue, but the scar was getting more and more painful.

Voldemort was plotting something, but everything became blurred.

Harry couldn't remember, whether it was Voldemort or the terrible conversation between them.

They were planning to kill someone, but he couldn't remember the name anyway.

He only remembered that he felt fear at the end, and he was awakened by strong convulsions or the pain of the scar.

The perspective in the dream also made Harry feel worried.

He seemed to be lying on the ground, in the corner beside the burning stove, like a snake...

Harry gasped for a while, and it took a long time for his thoughts to shift to the letter Hermione wrote to him not long ago.

Hermione told him in the letter that Evan and Sirius had already acquired the Philosopher's Stone and that Evan's curse had been lifted.

However, it also mentioned that both of them were seriously injured.

Evan was better, and had been sent back to his home. Hermione was about to go there with him.

Sirius was sent to St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. He was out of danger and just needed a rest period for recovery.

Harry was worried about Evan and Sirius, and he didn't understand why Dumbledore didn't tell him directly.

He spent the whole summer worrying about it, but he didn't get any news.

Harry wanted to do something as well. Even if he couldn't go to St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries, he should go to see Evan.

But the reality was, where he was now, he couldn't even go out of the house.

Thinking of this, Harry was angry for a while.

Although he had a godfather, this summer vacation still went bad.

The only change was that the Dursleys were no longer hiding all his magic items; Evan had warned them about this.

Mr. Mason's construction business was now Uncle Harry's biggest buyer, so for them, Evan's words weighed heavily.

Of course, another reason might be that the Dursleys gave up. They finally knew that no matter what they did, it was impossible to squeeze the power of magic out of Harry's body. It would be better to ignore him and assume that he did not exist.

Compared with what he had suffered before, Harry was more than happy with this situation.

The only bad thing was that he could only stay in his room all summer long and couldn't go anywhere.

No one talked to him. He was like a helpless boat, stranded here alone...

The pain on the scar once again disturbed Harry's thoughts.

He got up from his bed sluggishly and looked around his little room blankly.

At his feet, a large trunk was open, revealing a cauldron, a broomstick, and different kinds of magic textbooks.

Rolls of parchment were scattered on Harry's desk, and on the other side of the desk was a large, empty cage where the owl Hedwig lived.

Harry had no way to provide enough food for it. It could only fly out at night to look for it on its own.

There was a book on the floor that was open. Harry had read it before falling asleep last night.

The pictures in the book were moving, and the people in bright orange robes were riding fast on the brooms.

Figures were visible for a while, and they could not be seen for a while, and they threw a Quaffle to each other.

Harry walked over and picked up the book and slammed it shut.

Hermione's letter and the stabbing pain of the scar on his forehead made him feel very bad.

Even Quidditch, the world's most interesting sport for him, could not change this situation.

What's more, Harry thought it was not the time to study Quidditch.

The scar was stinging him. Maybe Voldemort was nearby...

But Voldemort couldn't be here right now. This idea was obviously absurd, absolutely impossible...

But this was obviously not normal, and he did not know what to do. Maybe he should tell somebody about it?

Harry first thought of Dumbledore. But he was hesitant. He didn't know what to say to Professor Dumbledore.

"Dear Professor Dumbledore, Sorry to bother you, but my scar hurt this morning.  
Yours sincerely, Harry Potter."

Harry shook his head. Even inside his head, the words sounded stupid and ridiculous.

What's more, he was still angry that Dumbledore didn't tell him about Evan and Sirius.

Then he thought of his godfather, Sirius.

Sirius was indeed a good person to talk to, he was like his father. Although Harry was a bit shy at the thought of this, he had to admit it, no matter what he said to Sirius, he would not feel stupid.

He had experience in dealing with black magic and would make pertinent suggestions on the current situation.

But he was still in St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries, and Harry didn't want him to worry about his own affairs.

As for his good friend Ron, Harry had his reaction in his mind.

Ron's long nosed, freckled face seemed to drift toward the ground, with a dull, confused expression: "Harry, is your scar hurting? But, You-Know-Who can't be near you now, can he? I mean, you'd know, Harry, wouldn't you? He'd be trying to do you in again, wouldn't he? Maybe curse scars always twinge a bit. Wait a minute, I'll ask Dad..." (Note: Ron's nose in long as described in the books))

No matter from which perspective, Mr. Weasley was a fully qualified wizard.

He worked in the Ministry of Magic, but seemed to have no expertise in dealing with curses and black magic.

In any case, Harry didn't like the idea of the whole Weasley family that he was getting jumpy about a few moments' pain.

Mrs. Weasley might be too worried, and Fred and George might think that Harry was losing his mind.

As for Percy and Ginny, they would certainly become too worried....