

Harry Potter 721

Chapter 721: Following Ravenclaw

It was Rowena Ravenclaw in her youth!!

Evan breathed in the sea breeze and subconsciously looked away from Ravenclaw.

This feeling reminded him of Dumbledore for a moment. His eyes too could see through a person's mind.

But it was not exactly the same. Dumbledore could see through a person's mind because of his rich life experience. He had experienced many things in his life and could understand others' thoughts, besides the occasional use of Legilimency.

In front of him, Rowena Ravenclaw was only eighteen or nineteen years old and should not have that kind of vicissitudes and experience.

Her smart blue eyes revealed her cleverness, shining with indescribable bright light, maybe because she was too smart, nothing could escape her eyes... so it felt at least.

It was unclear why Evan felt that way, but he was certain that hiding any secrets from her was an extremely unwise choice.

There was a pocket watch-like thing hanging around her neck, a Time-Turner that had brought Evan back to a thousand years ago.

Evan's gaze continued upward, Ravenclaw was carrying her diadem above her head, not the ordinary iron ring he had found, but a very luxurious magical item.

The main body of the diadem was the shape of a raven spreading its wings inlaid with sparkling gems and pearls.

The most striking was the huge sapphire in the middle. If Evan was not mistaken, it was a Philosopher's Stone.

That should be the Philosopher's Stone he needed to find. Where was that Stone now?!!

"Rowena, I see land!" Just then, a shout rang out over the sky.

Evan looked up and saw a person standing at the top of the towering observatory, but not clearly.

The man seemed to be slender and young. No matter who he was, it was obviously reckless to climb to that high place, and it seemed to Evan that there was no stability at all. He was afraid that even seagulls or other birds would think twice before landing there.

The man easily jumped onto the sling and climbed barefoot on the rope, looking as comfortable as a squirrel.

In the turbulence of the waves, Evan was dizzy, and he hoped that the man would not fall down.

"Come down, Godric!" said Ravenclaw, her crisp voice was not very loud, but it almost magically cut through the voice of the waves. "That's Sicily, keep moving forward, we are about to reach our destination!"

“We should go to the island for a rest before we set out!” Godric slipped nimbly down the rope.

That man with short red hair was Godric Gryffindor in his youth.

He looked one or two years younger than Ravenclaw, only sixteen or seventeen years old, with a smile that never seemed to leave his mouth, a handsome face, and no scar on his eye. He had pinned the sword forged by the goblins on his waist and his wand could not be seen.

Gryffindor looked more like an energetic warrior, not a wizard!

“I don’t like to go on a boat. It’s uncomfortable to shake constantly!” Gryffindor said. “Come on, Rowena; let me get some air ashore.”

“You have to learn to be patient, Godric. Our journey is approaching its end. Don’t get us in trouble before it does!” Ravenclaw said, and it was clear from her slightly reproachful tone that Gryffindor had caused a lot of trouble along the way.

“I’m not you. I can’t sit there all day with a magic book in my arms,” Gryffindor said disapprovingly. “Besides, I didn’t make trouble.”

“You didn’t make trouble?!” Ravenclaw approached two steps forward and glared at him angrily. “What happened with the Centaurs, as well as the fire dragon, the troll, the Quintaped, the huge sea serpent, the Dark wizard we met with Frank, the Muggle Knight Lord and the demon he summoned, and...”

It seemed that Gryffindor did a lot of things along the way, which made Ravenclaw very dissatisfied.

Evan was surprised. She looked like Hermione... a more domineering Hermione.

From his past experience, he knew that Gryffindor was going to be out of luck!

Sure enough, Gryffindor took a small step backwards every time Ravenclaw said a name.

“Those troubles came to me on their own, and I didn’t provoke them!” He whispered, looking unsure, and hesitated to add, “Rowena... I’m here for you.”

His last words worked, and Ravenclaw’s momentum became significantly weaker.

“Well, we can take a rest on the island!” she said, walking to the side of the boat and looking at the closer island. “This island is the hometown of giants. Don’t go to provoke them, they are not weak. Especially don’t go looking for Cyclops. I heard that there is one remaining on the island. It’s a giant beast left from ancient times; extremely dangerous.”

“I know, don’t worry!” Gryffindor promised, but the smile on the corner of his mouth revealed his true thoughts.

He would definitely look for the giants, and the extremely dangerous Cyclops Ravenclaw talked about.

Evan followed and looked at Sicily a thousand years ago. The island was still pristine, and this area in particular seemed to have no trace of human settlements.

Behind the reefs and sandy beaches were dense forests and mountains, with rumbling sounds from time to time.

As he was about to follow Ravenclaw and Gryffindor to see the giants, the scene before him suddenly changed.

It was like switching memories in a Pensieve. After a brief dark, Evan came to another memory.

It was still on this ship, but in front of him, Sicily had disappeared, and there was only sea water around.

Evan and Ravenclaw were still standing at the bow, and the mist slowly surrounded them.

The fog had come suddenly, and Evan sensed something strange. It was not a normal natural change.

The thick fog slowed down the boat's progress, and Ravenclaw's face became more and more cautious, less relaxed than before.

Something appeared, and Evan opened his eyes wide through this dim fog, barely recognizing a ghostly blurry outline. It was a big sailing ship, much larger than theirs, just like Durmstrang's big ship.

The hull glowed with faint green light, which looked very uncomfortable, and even more disturbing was the crew above.

At the very first moment, inexplicable fear rose deep inside Evan's heart. He saw a ship driven by the dead sailing out of the fog screen. Their skin was pale, with a trace of rotten corpse green in their white, wrapped in strands of seaweed, and their clothes soaked in seawater were ragged.

"It looks like we're going to fight!" Gryffindor stepped out of the cabin and waved the sword in his hand. "I don't like these fellows!"

He looked the same as before, but there was a fresh scar on his eye, which seemed to be the trace left after fighting Cyclops.

Chapter 722: Mysterious Past

"Be careful, Godric!" Ravenclaw said cautiously, taking out her wand, "Don't disturb the dead with no reason; it's a very irrational act. Even if you win against them, what's the use? They will reappear after a while."

She raised her wand high, and a blue magic barrier emerged around the sailboat.

The undead looked around blankly. They didn't know what was going on. Under the influence of magic, Ravenclaw, Gryffindor, and the entire ship with the crew on it disappeared in front of them. They could not see them!

The two ships crossed each other, and Evan looked at the ghost ship close at hand, and the ferocious and hideous undead on it.

They showed morbidity, with speed and thoughts that undead creatures should not have, as though they were more advanced versions of the Inferi he had seen before.

A few minutes later, the ghost ship drifted away, disappeared from their front, and the surrounding fog dissipated.

It was still the calm sea, and the sailboat was swaying gently in the waves as though nothing had happened.

“Hiding is not my style!” Gryffindor said. “We should go up there and beat them up.”

“You should know the true face of this ship, if you go up rashly, you may be taken to that dangerous place!” Ravenclaw said solemnly, “This is totally opposite to the purpose of our trip. If we are not careful, we may even stay there forever!”

“You mean the Lost City?!” Gryffindor replied nonchalantly. “What a pity... I really wanted to see it. It was an important magical city in ancient times... there should be a lot of precious treasures left there!”

Evan froze for a moment. Was the lost city they were talking about the city that had sunk in the nearby sea?!!

So, to get there, he had to board that ghost ship?

“Greed is the original sin, Godric. There are too many dangers in this world beyond your capabilities.”

“I am keeping a proper thirst for knowledge,” said Gryffindor. “It is because many wizards like me are willing to risk their lives to explore ancient relics and search for lost knowledge that the wizarding community can make continuous progress and recover from ruins in less than a thousand years, instead of studying new magic like you.”

“Don’t you forget how the mighty warlocks of ancient times perished?” Ravenclaw said cautiously. “Magic should be developed in the direction of being close to life and improving practicability. Sometimes, getting too strong would not be a good thing, as it would attract the attention of those monsters again.”

“You should say this to Salazar. You know what he is going to do in Greece this time, don’t you?” Gryffindor said, waving indifferently. “Herpo the Foul’s secret laboratory... I don’t have to think about it, I know what’s going to be in it.”

After a moment of silence, Ravenclaw slowly said, “He is different from us. He knows what he wants!”

“He is really different. I’m much more measured than he is. I know when to stop.”

“It’s because you’ve been so reckless that you’ve had this scar on your face,” said Ravenclaw angrily, looking at Gryffindor discontentedly. “I have warned you again and again before, don’t go to provoke that Cyclops.”

“Who would have thought he would use magic?!” Gryffindor rubbed the scar on his eye and said with pain, “Was that fellow really a giant? He could use such a terrible amount of lightning power. Even wizards can’t use this kind of magic.”

“You should read more books when you have free time. Cyclopes were known in the ancient times for their physical strength, cruel character, and mastery of lightning magic. Ordinary ancient warlocks did not dare to provoke them,” said Ravenclaw, stepping forward and touching the scar on Gryffindor’s eyes. “If it weren’t for your good luck... the one you met was too old and his strength was fading away. Otherwise, I don’t think you would have come back alive!”

“Well, I know, you’ve told me so many times, I will be more careful!” Gryffindor’s body was tight, and Evan noticed that he didn’t dare to move as Ravenclaw seemed to gently approach and touch him. “I will no longer provoke any Cyclops for duels; I will stay away from them!”

“You have a powerful magic in this scar, and I can’t cure it!” Ravenclaw let go and groaned. “When you get back, find someone else. There are wizards who are proficient in healing magical wounds in the Presbyterian Church. They should have a way to make that scar disappear.”

“Don’t care about this scar, my lady, it’s a man’s medal!” Gryffindor said. “I’m quite satisfied with it. This is proof that I have fought with Cyclops. I will tell this story to future generations.”

“This ugly scar is just proof of your foolishness!” Ravenclaw whispered, and then raised her voice. “In fact, you’re a bit as disturbing as Salazar. When this is over, I’ll go back and establish a school of magic. It will be in Slytherin’s castle. I’ll watch him closely and see how he can do those terrible magical experiments!”

“Establish a school of magic?!” Gryffindor was a little surprised. “Isn’t it too early for us to recruit apprentices now?”

“It’s not too early. This is an endeavor that needs a lifetime to complete. Besides, I just thought,” said Ravenclaw. “Do you not feel that the state of the wizarding world is very abnormal now? So many gifted wizards can’t learn the magic knowledge they should master because of their origins and waste their talents in vain... and those ancient pure-blood wizard families are even messier. They give

some powerful Dark magic and taboo magic to children who have just awakened. And..."

"I've got only one question. Can I *not* go?" Gryffindor waved. "I don't want to meet Salazar again!"

"No, you have to be with me!" Ravenclaw replied, giving him a stern glance.

"Well, I'm in... but I'll choose my own students!" Gryffindor said helplessly.

At this point in the conversation, Evan had learned some secrets of the past and the original purpose of Hogwarts.

Besides, he had a strange inexplicable feeling. The relationship between Gryffindor and Ravenclaw in front of him did not seem to be as simple as imagined.

In history, of the Four Founders of Hogwarts, only Gryffindor was never married and had no offspring!

Rowena Ravenclaw had a daughter, and her daughter Helena Ravenclaw was also a ghost in the school.

As for who her father was, there was no record in the history of magic, and it was impossible to speculate from her surname.

These two things were not normal, anyway. The Middle Ages and the present were not the same. A normal man hadn't married for a lifetime, and the other had her child follow her mother's last name. That was really abnormal!

Looking at the two in front of him, Evan felt that he might have discovered something interesting.

Chapter 723: The Gift of the Goddess of War

To know whether Ravenclaw and Gryffindor really had any unknown relationship, the most effective and direct way was not to look up any historical books, but to ask the ghost Helena herself. She must know about her mother.

Evan had met the ghost because of the newspaper.

She had left an impression that if he was willing to say something nice, she would probably be willing to tell him everything she knew, without reservation.

Many ghosts were not as simple as they seemed. They knew some hidden things, such as Moaning Myrtle.

She didn't stay in the out-of-order girls' bathroom on the second floor, crying all the time and doing nothing else. When she was fine, she would also go out and stroll around the bathrooms of the prefects and the boys of the four Houses to peep at the boys' baths. And she was willing to share with people who knew the secret, commenting on the boys' bodies and sizes.

After knowing this, Evan was very careful every time he went to take a bath, to see if there were any ghosts hiding in the pipes.

Turning back to Gryffindor and Ravenclaw, in fact, Evan was still very interested in the secrets of the founders of the school, but now was not the time to study these things. The first thing he needed to understand was why Ravenclaw had left behind those memories.

She wouldn't leave her past experience for future generations just to comment on for no reason. Where was the key to her secret treasure?!!

Evan had the heart to continue to watch, the scene had changed, and he entered a new memory.

This time, the sailboat was floating quietly on the sea without advancing. What appeared in front was a gigantic, dangerous black reef.

The central position was raised high away from the sea surface, allowing the waves to beat on it.

The raised black reef looked like a beautiful human girl, about seventeen or eighteen years old. She had nothing on her body. But that was not all. In the surf, Evan could see it vaguely. The lower half of her body under the water was a horrible beast with six heads and twelve legs!

It was Scylla, the infamous sea monster from mythology.

It was said that its ending was to merge with the rock wall where it lay and became the rock itself.

When Hagrid said he was going to Sicily to find the giants, Evan thought of the famous sea monster.

To this day, its descendants were still living in the waters near the Strait of Messina, but the statue had disappeared.

The descendants of Scylla were under the strict control of the International Confederation of Wizards and the Italian Ministry of Magic. The wizards regularly sent food and cleaned up the disobedient ones. It had been a long time since the water monsters had eaten passers-by and sailors.

In fact, Evan also heard that they were going to follow the Romanian approach to managing fire dragons, and had developed a reserve dedicated to protecting these sea monsters, open to tourists, and earning research and feeding expenses.

That sounded great, and it was a good thing for the endangered magical creatures themselves!

But Evan was now a thousand years in the past, and in Ravenclaw's memory, things were very different here.

The beautiful song came on and off, as though to guide them through. If there was no sound of giant dogs panting and barking, its singing sounded pretty good, more beautiful than that of the Merpeople. It was the best music Evan had ever heard.

"Scylla, one of the three legendary sea monsters ... What a dangerous sea area ... there are all kinds of monsters!" Gryffindor said softly, he was standing to the left of Evan, "Rowena, What are you going to do? It's not good to just go there."

The sea surged around the reef in front of them, revealing from time to time the traces of one or two Scyllas, whose upper bodies looked like the most beautiful human girls, wearing nothing, matching the wonderful song.

The crew members on the ship looked at them dumbfounded, with strange expressions of fear and excitement on their faces. They all knew what those Scyllas meant, but they couldn't help the temptation of the girls showing off in front of them. If it weren't for Ravenclaw's magic, they might have been driven away long ago, and waiting for them would be only death and to be eaten alive by those sea monsters.

"You wait here with the others, I'll go first!" said Ravenclaw, looking ahead, "Now that we've seen these Scyllas, the great whirlpool of Charybdis should be nearby. From the information we got, what we want is inside."

"It's okay for you to investigate, but first you have to agree that you can't act alone without me," said Gryffindor, looking at Ravenclaw seriously. "I don't need to say more, you should be aware of the danger of that place."

"Don't worry; I'm not you, I won't act rashly!"

"I'm afraid you can't help doing something foolish, otherwise I wouldn't have followed you! That thing being in there; that is just the result of Divination... not necessarily true." Gryffindor continued, his face unusually full of worries.

"It must be there. Helga paid a great price to see what she saw!"

"But my Astrology came to the exact opposite conclusion," Gryffindor sighed as he watched Ravenclaw staring at him, and continued, "Well, even if that thing is in there, it may not help you."

"I know my own situation better than anyone else. I just don't want to give up on hope, even if the hope is minimal!" said Ravenclaw. "This is the blood malediction of the Ravenclaws. I have decided to end it in my generation, no matter what it takes."

Standing aside, the more he listened, the more confused Evan felt. What was the Ravenclaws' blood malediction?!!

He had never heard of it, nor had it ever been recorded in that historical book.

What strange development was that? If he could, he really wanted to shout to them both and ask them.

"You call this power a malediction, but I don't see what's wrong with it. This is the secret that keeps the Ravenclaws strong." Gryffindor paused for a moment and said seriously, "Rowena, let's just go back!"

"The Ravenclaw family prospered because of wisdom, not because of this malediction. You don't understand my pain!" Ravenclaw said, her eyes shining brightly, "I've told you many times that too much power is a burden. Maybe wizards like Salazar need it, but I don't. If this is a gift from the goddess of war,

Morrigan, then all I have to do is give it back to her and rely on my own strength to be a great witch.”

Chapter 724: The Power of Pure Blood

“The gift of Morrigan, the goddess of war!” Evan suddenly thought of the magic concept of “blood inheritance”.

When flipping through ancient magic books, he had seen the word more than once and then looked it up.

This word might be very strange now. Most wizards had not even heard of it, but it was still occasionally heard in the ancient Middle Ages.

Only in the oldest and purest families of pure-blood wizards was the bloodline inheritance possible. Very rare, the chance was very low, but it was not impossible!

To understand this rare special magic, one must first know the origin of the wizard’s blood.

The ancestry of wizards is very strange. Unlike Muggles, most pure-blood wizard families trace their origins to some powerful magical creatures of ancient times, such as the so-called incarnation of the gods in the world, or some kind of magical animals with great strength and intelligence, etc.

As an example in the information found by Evan, the ancestor of a pure-blood wizard family was a wild boar.

Although he was curious about how wild boars and human wizards gave birth to offspring, it seemed that this was true.

The combination of humans and magical creatures was very common in the wizarding world at that time, and most pure blood wizards were proud of it.

Of course, there were many restrictions on this combination, and the requirements for magical creatures themselves were very high. It was not that you could just find a wild boar or some other magical creature to do it, and then you could create a pure-blood wizard family.

These magical creatures living in ancient times had very strong magic power and therefore had many rare traits. Although power could not be directly transmitted to future generations, those traits could be passed down through blood.

That was the so-called bloodline inheritance, and it was also the root of the power of the pure-blood wizard families and ordinary wizards.

In simple terms, the stronger and more special the ancestors were, the more noble their descendants would be.

That nobility was not reflected in the nobility of status, but referred to the special ability possessed by family members. Depending on the ancestors’ abilities, the members of different pure-blood wizard families had different characteristics, and the methods of inheritance were also different.

For example, the Slytherin family's Parseltongue, the ability to talk to snakes was not a skill that could be learned through hard work. This trait could only be obtained through blood, or it could not be mastered by others like Harry.

Of course, this rare method of power transmission had almost disappeared and was hard to see now.

Because the bloodline of pure-blood wizards had become very impure, the power hidden in the blood had become so thin that it could not be revealed at all.

Although they kept trying to continue this power through marriage and breeding of close relatives, it did not help.

The only result of true intermarriage within a family was extinction. Although the integrity of the bloodline and the integrity of the inheritance traits were maintained, the personality of the last generation members had become irritable and the IQ had been greatly reduced. That was an inevitable result.

Just like Voldemort's uncle Morfin Gaunt, as the last member of the Gaunt family, he could not even communicate normally. He only spoke Parseltongue and had a rude temper and a cruel character. He brewed the ensuing tragedy together with his father.

Intermarriage within a family was a very extreme barbaric practice. The common strategy adopted by pure-blood wizard families was to combine with other pure-blood wizard families to spread the power of family blood within a small range.

The idea was good, but in fact it did not help. The way to obtain blood power was not as simple as proportional conversion.

Until now, the so-called pure-blood wizard families like the Malfoys, had been very thin in original blood. Pure blood itself would not bring them any benefits in strength and power, but just a symbol of identity as they just married other pure blood families.

In Evan's view, this had instead become a shackle, locking them firmly.

They kept promoting the concept of *pure-blood supremacy*

to highlight the nobility of their status, looking down on other wizards, and they even pinned their hopes on Voldemort, hoping that he would lead them back to the past, looking for the lost supremacy.

That kind of thinking was actually very sad. It slowly decayed with the development of the times and was the last struggle of the declining pure-blood families.

Although that was the case today, in the Middle Ages a thousand years ago, the power of bloodline transmission still existed.

The Ravenclaw family was the most obvious example. This ancient family was considered to be a direct descendant of the Raven, the incarnation of the goddess of war, Morrigan, and they were likely to have acquired special abilities from the goddess of war.

In some way, this family could always ensure that there was a successor from generation to generation.

Although Evan wasn't sure what traits they had acquired, they were undoubtedly very powerful.

The Ravenclaw family was one of the top wizarding families at the time. It ruled and led the whole wizarding world for thousands of years.

According to the information that could be found at present, that influence was not limited to Britain, but could even expand to the whole of Europe.

However, their influence quickly declined after the death of Madam Rowena Ravenclaw and became negligible!

Her daughter Helena had died in the forest of Albania in disgrace after stealing the diadem.

Other members of Ravenclaw did not gain that power, and the once famous ancient family slowly disappeared from history.

Judging from the current situation, it was very likely that Rowena Ravenclaw had voluntarily given up this power, which she called the gift of Morrigan, the goddess of war, but also the power of the curse.

The more power you could be given from abnormal sources, the greater the price one would have to pay. Perhaps that was how it was both a gift and a curse.

Rowena was a very intelligent person, even once known as the wisest wizard. Of course, she could measure the gain and loss relationship and make the wisest choice, although that choice was simply impossible to understand for those who were power seekers.

"You are already a great witch!" Gryffindor took a step forward. "There is no need to change anything. I love you like you are now."

"Godric, you don't understand the pain that this power brings to me." Ravenclaw looked at Gryffindor, the blueness in her smart eyes became deeper, and she said calmly, "I also want to have feelings like a normal person, rather than judge what response I should give based on your words and actions."

Chapter 725: Charybdis Whirlpool

Gryffindor was very sad to hear what she said, but Ravenclaw looked at him calmly, almost coldly.

There was no change in the expression on her face, and there was no movement in her blue eyes.

With no feelings, it was a guarantee that she would not be swayed by emotions at any time, and would always make the most correct judgment.

Ravenclaw, the cleverest, so that was what it was, that was the real secret of the wisest witch in the world.

It was really a terrible quality. No wonder Evan felt uncomfortable with the way they talked. No wonder Ravenclaw left the world with such an awe-inspiring impression, as though all feuds in the world had little to do with her.

Because she had abandoned all emotions and maintained absolute rationality at all times, calm was her only real reaction.

Looking at Ravenclaw, Evan suspected that even if Gryffindor immediately committed suicide in front of her now, she would not have any mood swings. She would not be surprised, sad, or depressed. All the expressions she showed were intentional.

Ravenclaw was indeed very powerful, but in her calm, she brought coldness to the hearts of those before her.

That power was the gift of the goddess of war, Morrigan, and it was indeed a curse, a terrible curse.

What would be the difference between a human being without feelings and a machine?!!

Even though Ravenclaw was the wisest witch in the world, even though she had mastered a lot of magic beyond the imagination of the world, she was indeed incomplete and could not even be called a person, but a superior goddess.

“Rowena, I can understand the pain you are suffering!” said Gryffindor slowly.

“Really?!” Ravenclaw looked at Gryffindor, who was plunged in sorrow and said calmly, “then you are really lucky. Although I told you that I am in pain, I don’t even know what pain itself is... this is the part that should be abandoned like anger, excitement, joy and other emotions. It makes a person extremely irrational, affects thinking and leads to making wrong judgments. I only know that this word should be used to describe the feelings I *should* have now, so I told you that I am in pain, but in fact...”

“Enough ... don’t say no more!” Gryffindor shouted, and Evan noticed that his eyes were wet with tears.

“I can’t say any more. Now that we are here, there is no reason to flinch. I must get rid of this cursed power!” Ravenclaw stepped forward and patted Gryffindor gently on the head, smiling, “You and the crew will wait for me here. I will be back soon.”

After she finished speaking, her body quickly changed and shrank, and she transformed into a raven in the blink of an eye.

It was the Raven who had brought Evan here, but her eyes were still blue, not weird red.

There was also a diadem that had been reduced several times above her head, very delicate, like a special mark.

Rowena Ravenclaw was an Animagus, and that was her transformed form.

The Raven jumped over Gryffindor’s head, pecked him gently, and flew away, leaving the deck.

The next second, Evan’s body floated lightly, and then flew, like a ghost, firmly tied to Ravenclaw.

That was really a unique experience. He was flying in the sky around Ravenclaw, who had become a raven.

On the sea ahead, Evan saw the huge Scylla statue getting closer and closer to him.

The sea relentlessly slapped the reef, and in the water surrounding the reef below the statue were hidden dense caves.

That was the Scylla's lair, and from time to time, there were scary Sirens coming in and out of it. There were hundreds of them.

These sirens were looking greedily at the distant sailing boat and kept singing their tempting songs, hoping they would come over.

Ravenclaw ignored the Scyllas below, and she moved forward quickly.

Ahead, there was an endless sea. There was no legendary large whirlpool, and there was no place to settle down.

Ravenclaw flew forward for more than ten minutes. Just as Evan wondered what was going on, she stopped suddenly, flapping her wings, and stopped in mid-air, as though she had reached her destination, but there was nothing underneath.

Evan thought so, but the sea below suddenly burst into a crack, as though opening a big mouth of blood to swallow everything in the world, and a lot of seawater rolled down the widening throat.

In the roar of the earth and the sea shaking and trembling, a huge whirlpool gradually formed.

The whirlpool was hundreds of feet in diameter and reached as far away as the reef where the Scylla lay.

All the seawater kept rolling, quickly flowing into the depth of the bottomless whirlpool, but still unable to satisfy it.

The spray splashed, the torrent surged, and the center of the whirlpool appeared a magmatic dark red, gushing out in the opposite direction.

That weird dark red was the result of some magical dispersion, with strong magical power in the whirlpool.

The magic of red was spreading in the whirlpool, rotating rapidly, the more it spread out, the darker the color was, and the central position had the strongest response. It was like a volcano that would erupt at any time. Something couldn't wait to come out of it.

In such a shocking scene, Evan followed Ravenclaw down, close to the large whirlpool below. The closer he got, the more shocked he felt.

That terrifying whirlpool seemed to go all the way to the deepest part of the earth, to another world.

For a moment, he even thought that a huge monster would emerge from it, just like the terrible evil god seen in the illusion.

This whirlpool extended all the way to the world in which they lived, from which evil spirits would be born.

But nothing happened. About five minutes later, the speed of the seawater's rotation was getting slower and slower, and the diameter of the vortex was shrinking.

Evan was relieved that it was about to disappear!

That was the power of ancient warlocks. There were traces left by them in this whirlpool. It was not the kind of damaged building in the mud deep in the swamp with no much power left, but a real relic with full protection.

It was a terrible power, and it was impossible to imagine such a power at the current level of the wizarding world.

Evan didn't know what Ravenclaw would do. After seeing this big whirlpool, he felt that no matter what was hidden in it, Ravenclaw should give up. No emotion was better than no life!

Just then, Ravenclaw, who had been observing in the air, suddenly moved.

A light blue magic barrier appeared around the Raven's body, flapping its wings and flying straight into the center of the whirlpool.

Ravenclaw was so fast and she was swallowed by the narrowing whirlpool in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 726: Ravenclaw's Test

"Don't!" Evan shouted, subconsciously trying to stop her.

Even knowing that it was only Ravenclaw's memory, he still wanted to stop her.

It was too irrational to enter such a terrible whirlpool! But that was not the real world. He couldn't stop anything. He could only passively follow Ravenclaw into the whirlpool and experience the things she had experienced in those days.

In the thunderous roar, the whole space was shaking violently. The sea was constantly rolling and bumping around, and the red at the center of the whirlpool became brighter and brighter.

The powerful magic was mixed with the sea water oscillating in space, tearing everything into the whirlpool.

Had it not been for the protection of the magical barrier, Ravenclaw would have been smashed to pieces by now.

Although the magical barrier on the outer layer of her body had been shaking all the time and Evan was shocked to see it did not break in the end.

They gradually penetrated into the great whirlpool, as though they had crossed the barriers of space and entered another world, a world deep underground.

When the last ray of light was swallowed up and darkness was about to come, Evan saw an orange glow flashing not far away.

He was stunned for a moment before realizing that it was Godric Gryffindor. The latter had followed.

It seemed that he was still worried about Ravenclaw, knowing that she would venture into the whirlpool alone.

In the materials found by Evan, it was recorded that there were magical relics left in ancient times in the great whirlpool of Charybdis. For thousands of years, none of the people involved could survive...

This was Ravenclaw's own business, and she didn't want Gryffindor to risk his life.

But with the character of Gryffindor, since he came all the way here to the end of her journey, there was no reason why he would not follow.

How could such an adventure carry without him? The two founders of Hogwarts were exactly the same as the legend.

The most precious things in their characters had been inherited, affecting generations of wizards and witches...

The brave Gryffindors, brave at heart, their daring, nerve and chivalry made Gryffindors outstanding!

The beautiful Ravenclaws, smart, calm, wise and erudite, they could always make the right choice before crisis!

In the darkness, the blue and orange magical barriers faintly glowed. Like two bright stars in the night sky, they added radiance to each other!

Ravenclaw changed back again, and she looked calmly at the approaching Gryffindor, with no surprise.

She seemed to have expected Gryffindor to appear or simply did not think of it, but she was not surprised because she had no feelings.

Gryffindor approached, took Ravenclaw's hand and held it tightly, showing his determination!

Ravenclaw didn't break free. She quietly looked at Gryffindor in front of her, watching the worries and concerns written on his face, and the firmness in his eyes that he would never retreat.

Then, the corner of her mouth turned up, revealing a smile.

Ravenclaw stretched out her other hand and gently touched Gryffindor's head, as they did when they were parting on the deck.

Throughout the process, there was a smile on the corner of her mouth, just like the smile on all her statues and paintings.

The smile was matched with Ravenclaw's delicate face, beautiful enough to stop one's breath.

But there was no awe-inspiring, unapproachable feeling. At this moment, her smile seemed to come from the heart, not pretending.

At this moment, she seemed to get a glimpse of emotions. The feelings from Gryffindor moved her. Ravenclaw and Gryffindor's hearts blended with each other!

In the huge roar, Ravenclaw leaned over and whispered something in Gryffindor's ear.

Evan didn't hear it clearly, but Gryffindor was obviously very happy and laughed.

He followed them all the way down. He didn't know how long it took.

In the obscurity, he saw a huge outline in the underground world deep in the whirlpool...

What was it? It didn't seem to be some kind of ancient building!

Just as Evan opened his eyes wide and was ready to see clearly, the scene changed rapidly.

That was the end of Ravenclaw's memory, and he returned to the circular room inside the Merperson statue.

In the silence, everything became unreal, spanning a thousand years in a row, making Evan feel a little trance.

He had learned a lot about the secrets of Ravenclaw and Gryffindor, and gained a lot.

But what mattered most to Evan was what had appeared in the depths of the whirlpool. What was that huge outline?!!

He was so close to see it clearly!

He gasped, shook his head, and didn't keep thinking.

On the statue of Ravenclaw opposite, the raven was staring at him, its two ruby eyes shining.

"Visitor, you've seen Madam Ravenclaw's memories," said the Raven in a weird, cold voice. "Follow her steps and pass the test she left, you will get the reward she left you!"

"What do you mean?!" Evan paused before continuing to ask, "You don't want me to go into that whirlpool, do you?"

What a joke, that was pure suicide.

He was not Ravenclaw or Gryffindor, who had strong magical power and could freely enter and leave the terrible whirlpool...

In any case, Evan's entry into this way was definitely a dead end.

There was no need to study what dangers were inside, just the raging sea water and magical power in the process of crossing were enough to tear him to pieces.

"Follow the footsteps of Madam Ravenclaw, pass the test she left, and you will be rewarded." The Raven repeated it again ignoring Evan. "This diadem will guide you, may the light of wisdom be with you!"

With that, it grabbed Ravenclaw's Diadem, flew up again, and hovered over Evan's head.

The Raven's two ruby eyes glowed brighter and brighter.

With a bang, it changed into a burning flame, which fused with the diadem...

In the flame, the shape of the diadem changed, and the center of the ring became a raven spreading its wings.

It fell gently into Evan's outstretched hand, and its weight had increased a lot.

Now, this exquisite diadem was exactly the shape of Ravenclaw's diadem that Evan had seen in her memory. However, with the exception of the two sparkling rubies in the eyes of the Raven, the other locations of jewels were empty, and there was no blue Philosopher's Stone in the center.

At this point of the development of things, Evan generally understood!

That was the final test of Ravenclaw's secret treasure key. Unlike Gryffindor, relying on the illusory magic to personally select the heir who met the conditions, the test left by Ravenclaw was obviously more complicated and much more dangerous. He had to follow her footsteps to repair the damaged diadem.

Evan was going to visit Sicily, in Italy, and maybe he really had to get into that terrible whirlpool. Besides a wry smile, he really didn't know what to say.

To get Ravenclaw's secret treasure key, he had to do what she said and pass the test she had left behind.

Evan returned to the castle with the diadem, ready to talk to Dumbledore first.

Hagrid and Madame Maxime were about to go to Sicily to contact the giants, and he would join them...

Chapter 727: Departure to Sicily

Evan said goodbye to the Merpeople back to the castle and went straight to Dumbledore's office.

The Gargoyle's password through the door was still *Cockroach Clusters*, and when Evan went in, Dumbledore was already waiting for him!

"Good evening, Evan, do you have anything to tell me?" He asked calmly.

On the desk in front of him, the Pensieve was placed there, and the milky liquid was slowly spinning inside.

Before Evan's arrival, he seemed to be combing his memory and searching for clues that had been neglected in the past.

"There are indeed some things, professor, about Rowena Ravenclaw and the secret treasure key she left," said Evan, walking over and sitting down. "I found the remains left by Ravenclaw in the Merpeople village at the bottom of the lake; it's very troublesome to explain. Can I use the Pensieve to make it more convenient ...?"

"Of course you can!"

The entire communication process went exceptionally smoothly. Using the Pensieve could make Dumbledore know more intuitively what Evan had been through.

Dumbledore had been supportive of Evan's search for the secret treasure left by the Four Founders of the school.

Especially now, the secret treasure was related to Voldemort and the evil god, and Evan had even more support.

"The whirlpool of Charybdis?!" said Dumbledore softly. "I had been there when I was young. The wizarding community generally thinks that great whirlpool is a passage to another space. Of course, its power is not as strong as it was a thousand years ago. The power to maintain this channel is weakening and it may disappear at any time. The most direct manifestation is that people have

not seen this whirlpool for many years, and its diameter is not as large as you have seen.”

“The power is weakening ...” Evan continued to ask, “Professor, have you ever entered that whirlpool?”

“Yes, I’ve been there, and there are ruins from ancient times,” said Dumbledore, “like all the ruins of that era, it is protected by powerful magic, it is impossible to enter it without the correct method. Gellert and I originally had great expectations for that trip, hoping to find something, but in fact we found nothing. However, since you have the guidance of Rowena Ravenclaw, I think you might find something when you get there ...”

Gellert Grindelwald?!!

Dumbledore was fascinated with power for a while when he was young. He had left home matters and his sister Arianna alone, traveling around the world with Grindelwald, looking for various ancient ruins and powers, and planning their careers.

The cause was to rule the world “for the greater good”.

It sounded a lot like Voldemort; if it wasn’t for the death of his sister that made Dumbledore repent, it was not clear what the situation would be like.

It was possible that the whole wizarding world would have been under the joint rule of Dumbledore and Grindelwald by now.

That was probably the dark history of Dumbledore, who’d never talked about it.

It was the first time Evan heard Grindelwald’s name from his mouth. And then, Dumbledore told him some more about the trip and details about the ancient ruins, Scylla and the great whirlpool of Charybdis.

Maybe it was because of the great difference of the time, or it might be an illusion, Evan always felt that what Dumbledore saw in the whirlpool was not the same as the great outline he had seen in the memory, which caused him a great deal of horror...

After telling Evan some matters, Dumbledore agreed to let him go to Sicily with Hagrid and Madame Maxime.

Due to time constraints, they didn’t have to wait for the summer vacation. They would leave in three days.

Dumbledore was also planning to call Sirius back and ask him to accompany them.

With Sirius, things could be more secure.

That would dispel Harry’s urge to leave the Dursleys for the summer with Sirius.

He had to live in his aunt's house for a while before his mother's protection magic could continue to work.

Just in case, Dumbledore also gave Evan the Invisibility Cloak he'd found with Barty Crouch Jr.

There was only one invisibility cloak that could really work: the one in Harry's hand, one of the Deathly Hallows.

Barty Crouch Jr.'s travelling cloak had been woven from the hair of a Demiguise, and enchanted with a powerful Disillusionment Charm. Compared with Harry's genuine product, it had limitations. It would wear out over time, eventually losing its function to become visible.

Nevertheless, that invisibility cloak was also very precious, second only to the legendary magical items.

Demiguisés were magical creatures hard to find and hunt. It might take years or even decades to find them. Not to mention the need for the hair of many invisible beasts to weave a cloak like that. The number of similar items in the whole wizarding world would not exceed 100.

More than an hour later, Evan took the Invisibility Cloak from Dumbledore and returned to the Common Room.

He told Harry, Ron, and Hermione that he was going to go to Sicily with Hagrid, Madame Maxime and Sirius to find the giants, and all three of them were surprised.

They wanted to go with Evan, but they couldn't. The semester was not over yet, and they had to stay at school for the final exam.

After Dumbledore announced that the Triwizard Tournament had been cancelled, the final exams were brought back to their daily routine.

That caught all the students off guard and they complained. Fred and George even said that they thought it was the most catastrophic impact of Voldemort's resurrection.

Harry and Ron were fine. As for Hermione, Evan had promised her to take her on the next adventure. But judging from the current situation, he had to break his promise again...

Hermione didn't say anything. After learning about the matter, she took the initiative to go to the library to help Evan find information about Sicily, which made Evan very sorry. According to the plan, he was going to watch the Emerald Tablet in Egypt during the summer vacation, and there was no danger in that process.

Evan was going to invite Hermione to accompany him, if she and her parents agreed...

The three days passed in a flash, and soon it was time to set off. All Evan's things had been packed. He and Sirius, Hagrid, and Madame Maxime were going first to get to Beauxbatons through the Floo Network, and then set off from there in a horse-drawn carriage directly to Sicily, Italy.

Because they didn't want the outside world to know that they were connected with giants, the whole process was kept secret.

Chapter 728: Situation Analysis

In the short term, Voldemort did not want to attract attention; neither did Dumbledore or the Order of the Phoenix.

Fudge and the Ministry of Magic, in particular, had now completely fallen out with Dumbledore and seemed determined to take measures against Hogwarts. If they knew what Dumbledore had planned to do with the giants, they would have plenty of excuses...

Therefore, the whereabouts of Evan, Sirius, Hagrid and Madame Maxime must be kept secret and could not be found out by the Ministry of Magic.

Although the disappearance of the four people would certainly arouse suspicion, as long as there was no sufficient evidence, Fudge could not make a fuss about it.

He was now bent on reforming Hogwarts education, and it was said that he had come up with a preliminary plan, which was being further improved.

Not surprisingly, when Evan would be back to Hogwarts again, he should see Professor Umbridge!

The four of them set out early. Evan had already bid farewell to Harry, Ron, Hermione, Colin, Gabrielle, Fleur and others last night.

Hermione had spent three days preparing a lot of information about the giants for him, almost filling up a school bag.

It included the legend of the Cyclops, giant wars, and the way the wizards and the giants got along. In order to reduce the reading time, she also kindly helped Evan draw the key points...

Hermione was very good at doing such things. She could always predict what the teachers would test them on and easily got high marks, and she had an equal talent for predicting what needed to be learned in face of danger.

Harry and Ron had been relying on her help over the years, so they hadn't been too far behind in their results.

Although the focus of Evan's trip was not on giants, in fact, looking at these things was really helpful for increasing knowledge.

What touched him most was Hermione's relationship with him. She stayed up late every night for the past three days looking for information.

As for Fleur and Gabrielle, they would stay at Hogwarts until the end of the term.

After Evan had become Gabrielle to complete the second task, his relationship with her sister went further.

Fleur asked about Evan's summer vacation plans. She was graduating this summer. She was going to have a good time around the world first, and then find a place to work. She preferred to come to Britain to improve her English.

After hearing that Evan was preparing to go to Egypt in the summer, she seemed to be planning to take Gabrielle to join him...

"Good morning!" Evan greeted.

When he walked into Dumbledore's office, everyone else was already waiting there!

Professor Moody was also there. After his recovery, he agreed to stay in Hogwarts until the end of the term.

In fact, his teaching style was actually similar to or even rougher than that of Caresius and Barty Crouch Jr.

Moody's skepticism was too heavy. Every class required students to be on the alert and be careful of the people around them.

To him, it seemed that no one could be trusted, and anyone might be trying to murder you...

Although the method was very rough, he still had the real ability to systematically conduct initial Auror training for the students to improve their actual combat ability and resistance to Dark magic. That was particularly important after Voldemort's return.

Whether or not the young wizards believed that Voldemort had returned, they soon accepted the new Professor Moody.

Because of Evan and Harry, Dumbledore reconvened the Order of the Phoenix after Voldemort returned.

Their current task was to do their best to ensure that Voldemort was unable to implement his plan.

Voldemort needed to do nothing more than three things. The first was to figure out why he couldn't kill Harry and why his wand did not work in the duel with Harry. In order to figure this out, he needed to get the prophecy of that year.

Snape must have mentioned it to him when he returned; telling Voldemort that the prophecy he knew was not complete.

In this way, when Voldemort did not want to show up, he had to lure Harry to the Ministry of Magic to get the prophecy.

As for the second thing, it was the greater power Voldemort needed to acquire from the power of the evil god.

Now that he knew the method from Caresius, the Order of the Phoenix had to act fast to gain an even superior power.

Evan and Dumbledore also wanted to get in touch with them, but the group of vampires disappeared suddenly. They didn't know where they went, and could only wait for now.

Another method was the secret treasure of the Four Founders of Hogwarts. That treasure must be related to how to defeat the evil god.

The third thing was to regroup the troops and train the army.

Sirius and Evan had said that in the old days, a large number of people had been at Voldemort's command: witches and wizards he had bullied or bewitched into following him, his faithful Death Eaters, and a great variety of Dark creatures, such as werewolves, giants, Acromantulas, and so on.

He certainly would not only take a dozen Death Eaters against the Ministry of Magic with thousands of staff members. Although Voldemort himself was very strong and no one was opponent to him, it was impossible to fight so many opponents at the same time.

Therefore, he had to train another army, a Dark army that fully obeyed his command.

At the same time, the Order of the Phoenix should regroup and recruit new personnel.

In Evan's eyes, those original wizards were almost the elite of the Order of the Phoenix. Although he admitted that they were all strong and well-trained wizards, their number was too small, and the aging phenomenon was very serious...

Voldemort was "weak" now, but Dumbledore and the Order of the Phoenix were weaker than he was.

The most powerful force currently was undoubtedly Fudge and his Ministry of Magic, but they would not take any meaningful action.

It was too bad that Fudge, unwilling to believe the matter, had the target that was supposed to be on Voldemort's back placed on Dumbledore's instead.

All could only rely on themselves. Sirius had been running around these days, trying to make more people think that Voldemort really came back, let them be alert, even get them join the Order of the Phoenix, and stand at the forefront of the fight against Voldemort.

However, this was proving to be a difficult task, and few people were willing to believe them.

Evan had expected *Hogwarts Magic* to play a role in letting more people know about Voldemort's return.

But it was clear that Fudge and his think-tank had anticipated that, and shortly after returning, he sent special reviewers to the newspaper.

Their only task was to check *Hogwarts Magic* for illegal content that was not suitable for publication. Lupin believed that it was illegal to do so and was protesting to the Ministry of Magic through normal legal channels...

In order to ensure that *Hogwarts Magic* would not be seized, Dumbledore kept them from publishing the article about Voldemort's return for the time being.

That was the most troublesome part. They could not face the Ministry of Magic openly.

Chapter 729: Meeting Nicolas Flamel Again

So far, Hogwarts' Floo Network had not been under the supervision of the Ministry of Magic, at least not in Dumbledore's office.

With this fireplace, Fudge and the Ministry would not know where Evan, Sirius, Hagrid and Madame Maxime had gone.

As for Voldemort, he had probably sent messengers to contact the giants. Sooner or later, they would meet. It was estimated that it would be a fierce battle.

The giants were hiding in Sicily, Italy, and it was not easy to find them.

They were living in a very secluded place. In the deep mountains, it was difficult for ordinary people to enter, at least for humans.

Dumbledore had been there before and was able to relay his word, and he told Hagrid about it.

In the matter of communicating with the giants, everything was to be led by Hagrid and Madame Maxime, with Evan and Sirius only cooperating. Although they knew it was difficult to convince the giants, they must be made aware of Dumbledore's attitude and be persuaded not to resort to Voldemort once and for all.

In Evan's view, it was a journey doomed to failure purely from the perspective of persuading the giants.

Voldemort was able to offer the giants far more than Dumbledore could promise, and was more attractive. Nevertheless they had to take the initiative to get in touch with the giants and communicate as much as possible.

Because the giants had great fighting strength, they were very powerful magical creatures and could not be ignored.

"I hope you understand that this is a very difficult journey. Not only is it a bad environment, climbing rocks, sleeping in caves, etc., it is also possible to meet Death Eaters at any time and fight them." said Dumbledore, watching the four of them. "Communicating with giants is also a great difficulty. You must be on your guard at any time, and you cannot relax!"

"I have no problem!" said Madame Maxime worriedly, "but this child is too young to ..."

"I can do it!" said Evan hastily.

Besides Dumbledore, and Sirius, the others didn't know anything about Evan's real purpose this time. Even Hagrid did not know. Everyone thought he was following Hagrid and Madame Maxime to find the giants.

For a young wizard of thirteen or fourteen, that was really too dangerous!

After knowing that, Madame Maxime had to object. She didn't know all about Evan and couldn't trust his ability.

"This journey is truly extraordinary. You will face many dangers beyond your imagination. This is a great test for Evan, but I believe he has no problem. He has proven he can be trusted with his past experience," said Dumbledore calmly.

"Yes, I can attest to that, Evan is already a very good wizard!" Sirius agreed.

"Only in the struggle of life and death can a wizard grow fastest, and the flowers in the greenhouse can never bear the heavy burden," said Moody gruffly, turning to look at Evan. "I'm not sure how this kid has done in the past, but the giants are a good opponent, and I'm in favor of him going."

"But ..." Madame Maxime was still hesitant.

“Well, Olympe! Evan is indeed a great wizard, and we have to admit it!” Hagrid followed, looking at Madame Maxime. “He can help a lot by following us; we can’t belittle him because he’s young.”

After Hagrid had spoken, Madame Maxime nodded suspiciously and said nothing more.

“Very well, if there is no other problem, I would like to say a few words about getting rid of the surveillance of the Ministry of Magic and communicating with giants. There are several points that must be noticed,” Dumbledore continued. “Evan, you can wait for them in Madame Maxime’s office first. Nicolas is already there. He has something to say to you.”

Evan nodded, glanced at the five of them again, and turned toward the fireplace.

The green flames flashed, and after a whirlwind, he was the first to get out of the exquisite fireplace in Beauxbatons.

That was Madame Maxime’s office. Located at the very top of Beauxbatons Castle, it had plenty of daylight.

Like the main decoration style of Beauxbatons, everything was surrounded by gold and red, and the decorations inside were very luxurious.

The entire room was divided into two upper and lower floors. The two huge stone pillars on the innermost side were carved into the appearance of two young witches. They were pretty in appearance. The wands raised high in their hands crossed with each other, and stars flashed from time to time on the dome in the middle.

Madame Maxime’s desk was under the drapery, and it was full of thick documents.

That table and the chair behind it were much larger than normal, and were made according to Madame Maxime’s figure.

On the right side of the room, a staircase extended upward. On the upper floor were rows of tables, and a small tea hall.

An old man in dark gold wizard’s robes was sitting at the tea table, with cakes and steaming coffee in front of him.

“Good morning, Evan. Nice to meet you!” said Nicolas Flamel with a smile and looked up at Evan.

“Hello, Professor Flamel!” Evan replied respectfully, looking around.

“When we parted before last year, I had a hunch that we would meet again, but I didn’t expect it would be so soon,” said Flamel, walking down from the top. “Yes, Albus told me everything... we have a special contact method. How have you been this past year, and how far has the Alchemy I taught you progressed? “

“I’m still studying those ancient magical texts, and I’ve acquired some basic alchemy knowledge.” Evan said shyly.

His progress in this area was really unpleasant. In the past year, just to understand what the messy ancient runes meant, it took him a lot of time, let alone the actual alchemy operation, which had not yet begun.

“It took me a full fifty years to figure out what those words were saying. You have done a great job. I’ve always believed that your future achievements will be much greater than mine,” said Flamel. “But the current situation is extreme. If you can, I hope you can hurry up and go to Egypt as soon as possible. This will be very helpful for you to master Alchemy. I heard Albus talk about those monsters, which made me very worried...”

“I’ll go this summer, professor. What is worrying you?” Evan asked, wondering what Flamel had to tell him.

“More than six hundred years ago, when I was a student, there was a fanatical religious organization in the wizarding community, which was once very popular. It had been founded by a group of wizards who graduated from Ravenclaw House at Hogwarts and worshipped the goddess of war Morrigan...”

“Raven’s Claw?!” said Evan in surprise, everything came full-circle!

Chapter 730: Nicolas Flamel’s Story

“Yes, it’s Raven’s Claw!” Flamel looked at Evan and continued. “To know this name shows that you have really worked hard in the history of ancient magic. This fanatical heretical organization was born more than six hundred years ago. The first members were all from Ravenclaw House in Hogwarts. They claimed to be Ravenclaw’s descendants and believed in the goddess of war, Morrigan. That was an extremely important deity in Celtic mythology, representing wisdom and war.”

The goddess of war appeared in different mythological systems. Although the names were different, the priesthood was basically the same.

In ancient times, Celtic warriors would pick up a stone representing themselves, mark it, and pile it together on the edge of the battlefield to form a hillock.

When the battle would be over, they each retrieved their own stones and left the others in place then gathered them like a small tomb. The warriors who died were considered sacrifices taken by the goddess of war, Morrigan.

Therefore, the appearance of this goddess of war was often accompanied by war, death and destruction...

Despite this, she was still a decent goddess, and it was difficult to imagine what cult organizations she would be associated with.

As for the relationship between Ravenclaw and the goddess of war, it had been said many times before. This ancient wizarding family was said to be a direct descendant of the Raven incarnate by Morrigan, also known as the greedy predator, describing their thirst for wisdom and knowledge.

In the memory of Rowena Ravenclaw, Evan had confirmed this.

“At the time, Beauxbatons was a newly established elementary school, but Hogwarts was already a very well-known school of wizardry. It was much larger than it is now. More than two-thirds of the wizards in the entire wizarding world graduated from there. “Nicolas Flamel recalled the past and continued, “One of the most prestigious was Ravenclaw House. Only the most brilliant were qualified to enter it. At that time, their wisdom could guide the development of the wizarding world.”

More than 600 years ago, the Muggle world was in the Renaissance period, which was considered the prelude of modern European history.

Great changes were also taking place in the wizarding world at that time. The old magic system was gradually abandoned. New magic theories and more practical casting methods were created and invented. It was the wizards represented by Ravenclaw House who led all that.

These emerging schools of wizardry and community organizations not only innovated in magic theory, but also advocated different ideas, including many that now seemed absurd and even wrong...

“I don’t know the specific process, but one day, a wizard from Ravenclaw House suddenly announced that he had found the revelation left by Rowena Ravenclaw in Hogwarts Castle. The core content of this revelation is that Morrigan, the goddess of war, will return to the world and carry out the final judgment on the world. Everything will be destroyed. Only the heirs of Ravenclaw and the followers of Morrigan can survive...”

What Flamel said, Evan had read it in a book, and thought it was absurd anyway.

“It’s ridiculous, isn’t it ?!” said Flamel in an old voice, looking at Evan. “Everyone thought so at the time, regardless of this wizard and the organization Raven’s Claw he had founded, but this organization developed faster than people thought. The wizard seemed to have really found the power left by Rowena Ravenclaw, which came from the powerful magic of ancient times.”

There was no doubt that the wizards of Ravenclaw House were very smart. Once they were fanatical and paranoid, they were much more terrible than ordinary people.

Raven’s Claw quickly became a huge cult organization. In the following decades, they frantically searched all over the world for relics left by ancient warlocks. No one knew what they were looking for or whether they had found it.

All they knew was that they had done a lot of crazy things and planned many terrible massacres.

Unlike Voldemort and the Death Eaters, Raven's Claw didn't want to rule the wizarding world. What they wanted was chaos and destruction.

At first, because of the relationship between Ravenclaw and Morrigan, the members of Raven's Claw took the goddess of war as the only goddess they believed in, but later, the gods they worshiped gradually changed and became ancient gods older than anything else.

Those fanatical believers firmly believed that in the near future, the ancient gods they believed in would break the captivity that imprisoned them, return to this world, restore order to ancient times, and conduct a doomsday judgment on all souls in this world.

Using the ancient magic found, the members of this organization were very strong, far superior to ordinary wizards.

One of the most famous and craziest things they did was aggressively attack Hogwarts in its heyday.

They were trying to completely destroy the world's largest school of wizardry, looking for more clues.

After the excavation of countless ancient magical ruins, the founders of Raven's Claw firmly believed that the important clue left by Rowena Ravenclaw had not been found, and that it was somewhere in Hogwarts and was the key to usher in the Apocalypse day and start the doomsday judgment.

Therefore, they had to seize Hogwarts.

As a result, it was no surprise that an act that was almost hostile to the entire wizarding world, led to the destruction and disappearance of this fanatical organization.

That period of history was a must-have for ancient magic history. Unlike other wizards who scoffed at it, Evan doubted that Ravenclaw might really have left a clue to some evil god.

After this clue was discovered and used by those who came later, they got in touch with a terrible evil god...

Therefore, the ancient gods worshipped by Raven's Claw were evil gods.

The doomsday advocacy they propagated was the destruction of the world by the advent of evil gods.

"I told you before that I got *The Book of Abraham* and the Philosopher's Stone on an adventure trip to Egypt more than six hundred years ago, when I narrowly escaped from the Sphinx, and got deep in the desert. I struggled alone in the endless yellow sand for several days until that night," said Flamel slowly, his voice as bleak as ever.

Evan had heard the story from Flamel last summer.

Knowing that he had seen the ancient prophet Abraham in his dream, he got the magic book from him, and started his own legend.

“Yes, that cold and biting night, when I exhausted my last physical strength, I fell to the ground suddenly. Life was rapidly disappearing from my body... I could feel death approaching... getting closer... it wanted to take me away,” said Flamel, looking at Evan. “When I closed my eyes, I saw the man with a strange crutch. He said his name was Abraham. He gave me the book and told me as long as I studied hard and understood thoroughly, I could get extraordinary power from it. My child, I told you this last time, but this is not the whole story...”