

Краткое содержание

[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Important note: this is my original work and although it is fanfic. I in no way claim to be completely faithful to the original, be it the world of Harry Potter or Avatar. This is my story. And I believe that those who simply rewrite the book in their retelling without changing anything are just lazy.

Although I will try not to deviate from the canon, but for convenience and plot development I can even afford to change some canonical settings of the world.

I had some definite trouble writing the first 20 chapters. But you can open any random chapter after chapter 30 and see how much better it got. Just for those who might find the first chapters a bit stilted. I've corrected myself.

Would you like to see Rowling's world of magic and your favourite childhood characters in a different environment, more magical than we are shown in the original. Then join our protagonist on his adventure through the world of Harry Potter. Thanks to the world enhancement system, the world of Harry Potter will gradually change beyond recognition

This is my first work and English is not even my second language, so there may be moments that sound strange, but I correct them as fast as you point them out.

This is not just a Harry Potter fanfic. No, although the first hundred chapters will be, but the purpose of the first half of the work is to reorganise the world of Harry Potter, and to bring the worldview of Harry Potter into something else based on Harry Potter without losing the characters of Hogwarts.

About updates. Guys, I am not going to stop the book till something really significant happen, and I will be updating it as fast as possible. I also have a job to do and exams to prepare for. I am literally writing it on my phone when I have time for it. I do all my best. If you really enjoy this book, you will have an opportunity to donate for faster updates, I have added links to my patreon. There WON'T be any vip chapters or additional content, or charges in any type. The donations will help me to have more time for the book. I work as a freelance translator, so If there is extra money I can take less tasks. That's why I am starting the patreon. Thank you for your support, I am really happy that this book is liked by so many people. For me personally, trying to write a book or even fan fiction always seemed stupid, (you are not a writer and ect. was always on my mind) For this reason, I am grateful to everyone who reads this book, thank you very much. Although I can't say that I realized my dream, it definitely means a lot.

my patreon: [The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](https://www.patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 15 - Grindelwald - I Saw

Hope

On September 3rd, at 6:00 PM, while Asmodeus was having dinner, Dumbledore had already gone to the address left in the note from Grindelwald.

\*Dumbledore knocks on the door of a house by the Baltic Sea in the city of Puttgarden.\*

Knock, knock, knock.

The door, surprisingly, wasn't locked and opened upon knocking. In the lamplight, Dumbledore saw his old friend sitting at the table, oddly not much aged since their last meeting.

"You've aged," Grindelwald remarked.

"And you, on the contrary, have kept yourself quite well."

"Oh, nothing too complicated, a bit of dark magic and transfiguration here and there,"

Grindelwald replied casually.

"We need to talk seriously, Gellert!"

"I wanted to say the same!"

"Why did you leave? You promised not to meddle in the wizarding world anymore and to stay in Nurmengard!"

"Calm down, Albus, I left because of your student."

"Harry Potter?"

"What? Who's that?"

Dumbledore even coughed at this response.

"Albus, you know who I'm talking about—the child with the gift of fire!

Though I don't know his name yet, I've seen his appearance, and my people at Hogwarts will soon contact him."

"Call off your people. He's at Hogwarts, and his name is Asmodeus Noren Morningstar."

"Asmodeus Noren Morningstar," Grindelwald slowly pronounced the name, savoring it as if trying a fine wine.

"Gellert, why do you need him?"

"He's not needed for me, Albus. He's needed for all of us, for the world."

Hearing this and aligning it with the Trelawney prophecy, Dumbledore stopped pretending and firmly said, "What have you seen?"

"HOPE, Albus, hope. Hope for wizards, and even Muggles!"

Hearing the part about Muggles, Dumbledore took a cold breath and asked, "Tell me everything you've seen."

"A world where people are no longer divided into wizards and Muggles, a

world where magic is everywhere. A world where everything depends on your talents and diligence! Magic developed to the point where we can travel through worlds and planets! A world without death, Albus! I saw Ariana alive, and your parents alive! Can you imagine what a beautiful future it is!"

The more Grindelwald spoke, the more excited he became.

He wasn't sitting anymore; he stood, describing the future as he did back in Paris, but this time, he spoke not of the threat to Muggles but of a solution, of the future!

Dumbledore didn't know what to say after the first few lines, but when he heard about Ariana, he stood up, grabbed Grindelwald by the collar, and through tears asked, "Are you telling the truth?"

"Yes, Albus, I don't lie! Look at the future with your own eyes."

Grindelwald approached his favorite skull-shaped hookah on the table.

He took a drag and exhaled.

Dumbledore couldn't contain his emotions anymore, watching the future that Grindelwald revealed.

Prosperity for wizards, the advancement of magic, the popularity of alchemy... breaking the secrecy law! Wizards living fully in the sunlight. Muggles using magic! He also saw many people who should be dead, walking the streets as if nothing happened. The Potter family reunited, Severus found himself a wife, and they had a daughter! Nicolas Flamel young again! And most importantly, he saw himself young, with his family, Ariana, Aurelius, and Aberforth!

Seeing this future, Dumbledore cried tears of joy. This was the world as he wished to see it, a world without unnecessary tragedies.

Wiping away tears, Dumbledore turned to Grindelwald and said, "But what about your hatred for Muggles? Can you allow them to learn

magic?"

"Albus, my ideas stemmed from fear, from hatred! What is there to hate in that future? I want that world more than you do because I fought to the end, unlike you."

"Then what should we do? How can we help him?"

"I'm already gathering my old followers. I need you to arrange a meeting with him. I want to show him this and help him achieve it!"

"Are you with me? Or not?"

"Of course, I'm with you. But first, we need to legalize your current status. You know, when you left the German Ministry of Magic, panic had already begun."

"Don't worry about that. If you can bring the Minister of Magic of Germany here, I think we can come to an agreement, and he'll agree with me that such a world is worth striving for. Besides, 40% of the Ministry consists of my devotees' children. So, even if he disagrees, I can take over the Ministry without any fuss and settle everything quietly."

"No, I don't want more senseless bloodshed! I want to talk to him. Give me an hour, and I'll bring him here."

"Okay, I'll be here. I'm still considered a criminal who escaped from prison."

Dumbledore nodded and left the house, attempting to calm his emotions. In his heart, he vowed not to stop at anything to achieve the predicted future.

---

Ministry of Magic in Germany, 19:15

With a bang, Dumbledore appeared before the minister's desk, holding onto Fawkes.

"Mr. Schmidt, I need to talk to you."



30 seconds later

Puff,

"Let me go, Dumbledore, you've gone mad!!"

Grindelwald watching this and smoking his hookah: ☹️ (ಠ\_ಠ)

)y~~

Seeing Grindelwald, the minister froze.

(ಠ\_ಠ)

Dumbledore: (ಠ\_ಠ)"(ಠ\_<,"

Minister: (ಠ\_ಠ)ಠ (ಠ\_ಠ)ಠ ಠ

"Well, Minister, don't worry so much. Your face looks like I'm about to eat you."

"What if I do worry? You and Dumbledore are together again. How do I know what you're planning!?"

"Calm down, Wolfgang. I've already told you. Listen to what he wants to say."

"Well, I don't have much choice, so let's hear what are you talking about ಠ\_ಠ(ಠ\_ಠ)," said the minister, sitting on the chair Dumbledore offered him.

---

Half an hour passed.

"So, you two are telling me there's a child who can make Muggles use magic and expose the magical world?"

(ಠ\_ಠ)

"Yes!"

Dumbledore and Grindelwald: (ಠ\_ಠ)

Minister: (ಠ\_ಠ)

"Alright, let's assume that's true. What do you propose we do next?"

"Help him! That's obvious."

"How to help? As I understand, Dumbledore has known him for no more than a month, and you're a hardened criminal who learned about him from a prophecy!"

Grindelwald: "I sense the world's malice."

Ahem, Dumbledore cleared his throat and said, "Wolfgang, that's why we want you to help us. Grindelwald needs the opportunity to meet him without hiding and understand what assistance he will need. He wants to involve the saints to help this future come true!"

"Saints! Albus, they're all hardened criminals."

"I disagree here. They are just, like me, revolutionaries who have suffered failure, similar to Muggle Decembrists."

Minister: (□□0□)

After several hours of persuasion and then several more hours of negotiations on the conditions under which Grindelwald can legally leave prison, they came to a conclusion.

"Let's summarize."

"Grindelwald undertakes not to harm the Ministry of Magic of Germany and do not attack people who previously interfered with his plans, etc. He will be on probation under the supervision of Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore while in Germany.

If no violations of the agreements are observed within a year, surveillance of Gellert Grindelwald during his stay in Germany will be lifted.

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore undertakes to restrain Gellert Grindelwald from aggressive actions towards Germany and its inhabitants, and in the event of a violation of the agreement, he undertakes to personally return Gellert Grindelwald to prison within a week.

The agreement is valid for 5 years from the moment of signing and will be sealed by two unbreakable vows—one between Wolfgang Schmidt and Gellert Grindelwald and the other between Albus Dumbledore and Gellert Grindelwald. This document can be disclosed by the Ministry of Magic of Germany without discussion with other parties of the agreement.

After signing the oath and the agreement,

Grindelwald said, "God, so many points. It feels like I almost destroyed the world."

Minister: (;□□□)

The next morning, owls spread shocking news worldwide, "Grindelwald is free!"

The entire world shuddered at this phrase, and hundreds of wizards headed towards Germany to confirm the news.

Thus, the Minister of Magic in Germany had to show the original agreement and explain that Grindelwald escaped on September 1st, but now there is an agreement that restrains him. When he said this, representatives from different countries jumped up, shouting, "The agreement only mentions Germany, not the whole world!"

"Do you take us for fools? Every line specifies points about Germany, and only two lines about the rest of the world, and that's in small print!"

While Minister Schmidt was calming down representatives of the international community, Dumbledore and Grindelwald had already headed to France. Not to burn Paris, but to meet another prophet, Nicolas Flamel.

Chapter 16 (15.2) - Hitchhiking

Across Europe

Approaching what seemed to be an old and abandoned house at first glance, Dumbledore knocked on the door. Before he could say anything,

a clear voice emerged from the door lock, saying, "Who are you, and what brings you here?"

"Albus Dumbledore and Gellert Grindelwald are here to meet Nicolas Flamel," Dumbledore replied.

"Just wait a moment... You are allowed to enter," the voice said. With these words, the door opened, revealing not a deserted shack but a vast new world—gardens, meadows, forests, and in the midst of it all, a majestic mansion styled in 13th-century classicism.

Walking along the path and looking towards the mansion, they noticed the house's door opening, and an old man and woman emerged. It was Nicolas Flamel and his wife, Perenelle Flamel.

Approaching them, Albus said, "It's been a while, Nicolas."

"Not that long, Albus. You recently begged me for the Philosopher's Stone," Nicolas replied.

Grindelwald coughed, hearing this conversation.

"Albus, you said you're not afraid of death?"

"It's necessary for my plan to capture Voldemort."

"And this little one, oh, he had potential, but he immersed himself too much in dark magic, thus corrupting his soul."

"Enough about that. Nicolas, we came to you on business."

"What could two lords of demons, black and white, need from an old man like me, especially when one of you already took the only valuable thing I have, aside from my wife?" Nicolas said, exaggerating his tone.

"May we sit? The conversation promises to be lengthy," Dumbledore said.

"Enter, Lisa will finish preparing lunch soon," Perenelle said, calling out,

"Lisa, prepare two more servings for lunch!"

"Alright, ma'am."

"Who is this?" Grindelwald asked.

"Just an alchemical puppet."

"Take a seat, Albus," Nicolas said, offering a chair to Dumbledore. And you, he added, handing a peculiar dragon-skin-covered chest to Grindelwald. "Hey, this is unfair! Why is he sitting on a chair, and I'm on a chest?" Grindelwald protested.

"Because he didn't burn Paris!" The Flamels retorted with a growl.

Grindelwald: I sense unwarranted malice. (-\_-)

"Alright, tell us what's going on."

"First, allow me to ask you, Nicolas, when was the last time you prophesied?"

"Huh? Not for a while. The future doesn't particularly interest me; it won't affect me.

Although I didn't expect Grindelwald to escape from prison, and you would bring him to me."

"Cough, well then, let's do this. First, you take the crystal ball and try making a prophecy about the future. Then we'll talk."

"Why so mysterious? Can't you just tell me?" Nicholas suspiciously remarked.

"It's better if you see it for yourself. Besides, you wouldn't want the entire room filled with hookah smoke, would you?"

"Fine, wait here; I'll be back soon."

---

After 5 minutes,

Nicolas Flamel rushed into the room, clearly moving at a speed unsuitable for his age, with his eyes ablaze, asking, "Who is it, Albus? Speak quickly!"

"Calm down, Nicolas. What happened?" Perenelle asked in puzzlement. You know, the last time she saw such a look in her husband's eyes was



the same time, Grindelwald made his own. That's why he escaped."

"Trelawney? Cassandra Trelawney?"

"No, her great-granddaughter. Not everyone can live for centuries without noticing it, like you!"

"Alright, I'm not particularly interested in this. Tell me everything you know about this boy."

"Well, actually... I've only known him for about a month or so, and Grindelwald has known about him for the second day."

"At least give me some hints about him; a person can't just fall from the sky."

"He's an orphan who awakened his magic late, so he entered Hogwarts at 13, and he has an incredible affinity with the element of fire. That's all I can say."

"Stop, an affinity with the element of fire. What's his middlename?"

Repeat it again?"

"Noren."

"....."

"That's definitely not a first name?"

"No, the first name is Asmodeus. The second is Noren and the last name is Morningstar"

".... Alright, it's not that important."

What Nicolas didn't mention was that a couple of decades ago, he encountered a young man named Norem in the mountains, and they could communicate using magic. Surprisingly, the young man wasn't particularly amazed by magic. Upon closer inspection, Nicolas felt a vibrant flame energy within him, even though he was a squib. This contradiction made Nicolas remember him.

"Perhaps this child is his descendant," he thought.

"Okay, so I understand that you didn't just come to tell me about him.

What do you plan to do?"

"We want to gather authorities in the magical world to help him!"

"Alright, and who's in the group?"

"Currently, it's you, me, and Grindelwald."

"???"

"What did you expect? I just rescued this criminal and came to you; I haven't had time to do more."

"Okay, where are you heading next?"

"We thought of spending the night here and then heading to Dorset; Newt lives there now."

"Scamander?"

"Yes."

"I remember him, the boy with an affinity for animals, a pleasant young man."

"He's 94 now..... Although for you, everyone is probably young."

"Wait, did anyone ask for my opinion? How will a zoologist help us? He's just an ordinary wizard."

"First, no one asked, and second, he managed to thwart your plans many times."

Grindelwald: "This world is set against me." (μ\_μ)

"Okay, then, let me show you to your bedrooms. Do you need separate ones?"

"Cough, cough, separate ones will do," said Dumbledore.

But then he heard the sound of something falling behind them. It turned out that when Grindelwald was about to stand up and follow them, he accidentally knocked over a box he was sitting on. Guess what he saw? Hundreds of brightly red Philosopher's Stones rolled out of the box on

which he had been sitting for the past hour.

Grindelwald: ∑(O\_O;)

Dumbledore, looking at Nicholas: ☹( ☹☹☹)☹

Nicholas: (●☹●)

---

While Dumbledore and his company traveled the world, gathering talents,

Asmodeus gradually accumulated points by completing daily tasks.

"Ding, try the taste of fish from the Black Lake - 10 points obtained."

"Ding, congratulations on achieving the 'first flight after entering Hogwarts (broomsticks are uncomfortable, look at my flight as Iron Man)' achievement - 25 points obtained."

"Ding, weekly task completed - 'earn 100 points for Ravenclaw house' - 50 points obtained."

And so on.

After a couple of weeks of hard work, Asmodeus had accumulated a total of 500 points. Adding this to his previously earned points, it amounted to 770 points.

"I'm getting close to purchasing my first passive income source!" ☹(☹▽☹)

☹

"So, besides the weekly task of earning academy points, what do we have for today?"

"Ding, deal with the troll in the bathroom."

"Ding, save Hermione."

"Introduce yourself to Harry Potter."

These tasks form a series, and depending on the success of their completion, the host (Asmodeus) receives different rewards and a Halloween gift set.

"Halloween? Stop, what's today's date?"

"Ding, October 31, 1991."

"Ah, they say that youth passes the fastest; I didn't even notice two months passing."

After classes, he headed to the Great Hall for dinner.

Evening

The Great Hall of Hogwarts Castle was adorned with Halloween decorations. A thousand bats fluttered across the walls and ceiling, and more hovered over the dining table like low black clouds, making the candle flames flicker in the pumpkin bellies. The golden plates on the long table were filled with more abundant food than usual, resembling a dinner party at the beginning of the school year.

"Ronald, have you seen Hermione? I haven't seen her all afternoon,"

Harry sat at the Gryffindor table.

"I heard Patil tell her friend that Hermione cried all afternoon in the women's bathroom in the basement."

"Oh, who cares about her," Ronald munched on the pie. "She always likes to lecture others, didn't you notice?"

"She doesn't have any friends."

"Everyone can't stand her."

"But we're from the same academy... and she has a friend from Ravenclaw," Harry frowned slightly.

"There are too many people in the same academy as us. Besides, she's a traitor. Talking to those nerds from Ravenclaw, she might as well go there. And what if she's in the same house as us, is it possible that I make everyone to please and accommodate?" Ronald still didn't care.

At the same time, sitting at the Ravenclaw table closest to the entrance, Asmodeus confirmed that he didn't see Hermione and ate while waiting

for Quirrell, who was supposed to appear any minute. After a short wait, The gate of the hall suddenly opened, and Professor Quirrell ran in from outside in a panic.

"There is, troll, it's... in the dungeon... I thought you should know."

After speaking, Quirrell fell directly to the floor and passed out. As soon as everyone heard about the troll, there was an immediate commotion in the hall, and the little wizards looked terrified.

"Quiet!"

Since Professor Dumbledore was absent, and Professor McGonagall took his place, she had to make several piercing pyrotechnic explosions from the tip of her wand. Only then did the hall become quiet.

"Prefects, lead the students of your houses back to the dormitories immediately..."

"Gryffindor students will come with me." Seeing this, Percy quickly stood up and beckoned for the youngsters to follow him back to the dormitory.

"Wait, Ronald, we can't go back in this state!" Harry Potter was about to leave when something suddenly sounded.

"Hermione is still in the basement bathroom; she doesn't know about the troll yet."

"Do we have to do this?" Ronald hesitated for a moment. "Well, I hope Percy won't find out."

They didn't notice that as they left the hall and headed to the girls' bathroom, a shadow of Asmodeus, who had been waiting for them, flickered behind them. He couldn't do anything about it; the task stated to introduce himself to Harry would be difficult if he just killed the troll while no one was watching.

At the same time, in the basement bathroom, the little witch Hermione Granger sat on the floor, holding her head in her hands, crying sadly.

Earlier in the day, there were Charms classes, and the content of Professor Flitwick's lectures still involved flying spells. Many young wizards had already mastered this magic skillfully. Let feathers fly. But Ronald, sitting to her right, still couldn't pronounce the spell accurately. The little witch kindly pointed out Ronald's mistakes. Eventually, Ronald yelled at her, and Hermione walked behind after class, hearing Ronald saying nasty things to Harry Potter. He said she had no friends in Gryffindor. This upset the little witch. For two months since the start of classes, she had worked diligently to earn points and tried to win the House Cup for Gryffindor.

But people around me seem not to care. The sense of discord with Gryffindor grew stronger. There were times when Hermione thought that if she had been sorted into Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff or even Slytherin, it wouldn't have been so bad. She cried in the bathroom for half a day, but no one came looking for her. Certainly, it confirmed Ronald's earlier words. Hermione felt like she really had no friends.

"Oh, let's see who it is~"

When Hermione was feeling sad, a familiar voice suddenly appeared in front of her. The little witch rubbed her face, lifted her head with tears in her eyes, just in time to see Asmodeus entering the bathroom with Athena on his shoulder.

"Asmodeus!"

— How did you find me?

"Went by the sounds of crying echoing throughout the castle. I thought if I didn't come, our Miss Granger would cry here until tomorrow."

Asmodeus handed the little witch a piece of paper.

— I didn't cry... — the little witch muttered. However, most of the sadness in my heart immediately dispersed. In any case... She also has a

friend, Asmodeus! Who said you don't have friends!

"Honestly, I didn't expect anyone to care so much about others' opinions!"

"Cried for half a day because of the words of an idiot who can't even learn a basic spell!" Asmodeus shrugged.

"Huh? You already know..."

"Of course!" Asmodeus is familiar with the plot, how could he not know what happened on Halloween night...

There are just many things that prevent him from explaining to Hermione in advance how the world works. Maybe I should have come earlier and told Hermione not to pay attention to other people's opinions? But lessons can only be learned from one's own bitter experience.

In fact, Hermione is not annoying or anything like that; she just craves approval too much. I don't know what it is, but it is.

Asmodeus believes that if you seek approval, it should only be from significant figures, certainly not from those who are clearly worse than you.

"I just wanted to remind him of what I did wrong."

"Obviously, I worked very hard to add academy points, but they regularly deduct points because of their stupidity, but it feels like no one in Gryffindor cares except me! The little witch became agitated from her grievances and burst into tears again.

"No, you were wrong from the beginning."

Asmodeus shook his head. Seeing that the little witch suspiciously looked at him, he continued.

"Remember why you came to Hogwarts? To help your classmates? Or to help your academy win the Academy Cup?"

"No, of course... I guess it's for studying?"

That's right. "To explore this mysterious magic full of enchanting

wonders..."

"So why should you care about others, just mind your own business, study, read books.

"Do you mean I shouldn't interfere in their affairs? But I... "

The witch opened her mouth... Before she could finish speaking, Asmodeus interrupted her with a pat on the head.

"Of course - kindness, Miss Granger, that's good, but if the cost of this kindness is that you are hated, what's the point? Be selfish, you owe nothing to anyone. You'll see how these idiots will crawl on their knees to ask for your homework. And you'll send them away"

"But you actively accumulate points for your academy too."

"This is also to some extent an expression of my selfishness. I'm not trying to please anyone; I'm trying to gain more knowledge and power, and the points are just a bonus."

(I can't tell her about the system.)

Hearing Asmodeus's words, Hermione began to gradually understand.

"Do you want me to tell you folk wisdom from my homeland?"

Seeing the effectiveness of his words, he decided to explain it all the way.

"In fact, when you skillfully master this wisdom, you will find that 90% of your life problems disappear."

"Don't interfere where you're not asked, it's not your problems, let them figure it out themselves..." Asmodeus shrugged and said.

At that moment, heavy footsteps could be heard near the bathroom. They were so heavy that even the ground began to tremble slightly.

"Look, trouble is approaching!"

"You cried in the bathroom for half a day because of someone's words."

"Not only did no one come to comfort you, but they exposed you to danger!"

During the conversation, the owner of the footsteps also approached the bathroom door.

A powerful body over five meters tall emitted a foul odor. In his hand, he also carried a huge club. It was the troll that Professor Quirrell had talked about. The troll approached the bathroom door and, seeing two small wizards inside, immediately showed excited eyes.

Quirrell hadn't fed him for three whole days to ensure that he would cause enough commotion in Hogwarts.

"Asmodeus, be careful, it's a troll!"

The knowledgeable little witch immediately recognized the troll, screamed in surprise, and subconsciously hid behind Asmodeus, trembling with tension...

"No need to be afraid." Asmodeus patted the little witch on the shoulder to calm her.

"It's just a minor inconvenience. But before I get rid of him, I hope you can think about whether it's worth it. Let those who really care about you worry about you because of some insignificant person.

It's not just me; it's also Professor McGonagall and the other professors.

Do you know you're their favorite?"

Having said that, Asmodeus looked at the troll approaching him. The mountain troll was delighted with the appearance of food. The troll raised a large club and swung it at Asmodeus.

But here's the catch—before the club could touch Asmodeus's head, he calmly dodged, stepping to the right.

"I heard you have high magic resistance, I wonder how much?" Saying this, Asmodeus extended his right hand forward, leaving Hermione behind to avoid crossfire.

On the palm of Asmodeus's hand, flames began to appear, but he didn't

release it immediately. Instead, he let the fire accumulate and condense for a few seconds. Just as the troll was about to swing for the second time,

Asmodeus said, "I hope the castle walls can withstand this."

Uttering these words, a dense flame burst from Asmodeus's hand, hitting the troll directly.

The troll was already screaming in pain and the sensation of burning alive. The flame surrounded the troll from all sides due to the too strong flow, filling the corridor with fire.

When Asmodeus noticed that the stones making up the castle walls began to turn red, he stopped releasing the fire.

All that remained of the troll was a pile of ashes and the smell of burnt flesh lingering in the air.

Hermione: ☹️☹️☹️

"You, how did you do that? No wand... no spell..." It is what professors call connection with fire? she thought.

At that moment, two heads with singed hair appeared from around the corner. It turned out to be Harry and Ronald, who had rushed to the bathroom in alarm.

They only had to turn the corner, but a pillar of flame blocked their path.

They barely managed to dodge, so they were unharmed, but their hair was now smoking.

Waiting for the flames to dissipate, they cautiously stuck their heads out and noticed Asmodeus retracting the fire back into his hand.

"Did you do that?"

Harry skeptically looked at Asmodeus, who didn't even break a sweat, and the pile of ashes emitting a meaty smell.

"Good evening, Mr. Potter, yes, it was me!" Asmodeus nodded, then

looked at Ronald, who was still in shock, and said,

"Mr. Weasley, I'm not interested in teaching you life principles, but I want to say..."

"Take care of yourself because not everyone responds with kindness to evil, as Hermione does," he added while flames played in his hands.

"Oh, mate, I'm so sorry..." Harry knew Asmodeus was standing up for Hermione, putting him in a dilemma—friends on both sides!

I want to say a few words about Ronald. But I don't know what to say. It's clearly Ron's fault.

"Mr. Potter, nice to meet you, my name is Asmodeus Noren. I see great potential in you, and you value friendship, but you need to learn to choose your friends."

"This, I..."

"I'm not saying the Weasley family is bad, quite the opposite; The twins are very interesting kids. But every barrel of honey has its fly. A person who doesn't understand what's good and what's bad isn't the best choice for a friend."

"...Harry fell silent; he didn't know what to answer."

Fortunately, Harry's embarrassment was interrupted by the sound of hurried footsteps. Professor McGonagall and the old bat Snape quickly approached the bathroom.

"What are you doing here?! Why aren't you in your common rooms? And where's the troll?" She said, not holding back her anger.

"Professor McGonagall, don't fret. The troll is here," Asmodeus pointed to the large pile of ash.

Upon hearing this, Snape immediately went to check.

"Mr. Morningstar, now is not the time for jokes," but before he could finish, Snape, looking strangely at Asmodeus, said,

"He's not lying,

it's the ashes left from burning the troll.

Some potions use their meat, and the smell and taste are the same."

"Alright, then who will explain what happened here?"

"I will!" said Hermione, but Asmodeus shook his head and began to tell everything in detail, including why Hermione ended up here.

"Mr. Weasley, I'm very disappointed in you, and Mr. Potter, you should not blindly agree with everything your friends say. Both of you lose 25 points," Professor McGonagall said.

"And you, Miss Granger, should not pay attention to what others say about you."

"I already... know," Hermione nodded.

"What about you, Mr. Morningstar... 100 points to Ravenclaw for your determination to protect your classmates and the incredible use of the fire spell."

"Alright, go to your rooms," Professor McGonagall said.

Asmodeus nodded and headed to the Ravenclaw tower, first asking Hermione if she could make it to the Gryffindor dormitory on her own. She said yes.

When all four left the corridor, Snape said, "Professor McGonagall, the flame's intensity... And this is not devilish fire but a simple fire spell... look here."

Hearing this, McGonagall approached the wall Snape was pointing to, and when she got closer, she felt that the stones were clearly heated.

"No wonder the hat mentioned his connection to fire... it's incredible. We were only gone for a few minutes, how powerful was the fire?"

At that moment, Asmodeus had already reached his room and mentally said,

"System!"

"Ding, congratulations to the owner on completing a series of tasks. Your grade is S+. The task was perfectly executed:

you destroyed the troll,

saved Hermione Granger,

left an impression as a reliable friend and comrade to Harry Potter."

"Congratulations."

"The reward will be 500 points + Halloween gift set."

"Receive?"

"Of course, yes!"

"The gift package has been sent to the system warehouse. The current balance is 1270 points."

"Do you want to open the gift package?"

"Yes!"

So far he was very relaxed, except he didn't know that a meeting with the old men and authorities of the entire magical world was coming up.

Notes

I finally clarified everything with the name of the main character.

Asmodeus Noren Morningstar

Chapter 17 - Huh???

"Do you want to open the gift package?"

"Yes!"

"Ding, the host receives 50 points.

Ding, the host receives a book - 'Basic Body Strengthening with Mana/Qi/Internal Energy.'

Ding, the host receives a dragon feed package (Halloween-themed feed molds)."

"Ding, the host currently has 1310 points."

"Do you want to use them?"

"Yes, open the trading center."

Asmodeus already knew what he wanted to buy, so he continued immediately.

"Buy the 'Guide to the Development of Magical Knights' - includes a guide to building magical rings around the heart and basic meditation sets for accumulating mana in the heart."

"Ding, purchase made, 1000 points deducted. Your balance is now 310.

Do you want to continue shopping?"

"No, that's all for now. I want to see what I bought for 1000," Asmodeus said, closing the system and holding three books in his hands.

In the first one, a swordsman was depicted casting a spell with a free hand.

The second showed a magical circle with a person sitting inside it.

The third book was thicker than the previous two but still small. The cover featured a heart with runes and three rings drawn over it.

While Asmodeus examined the books, a notification sounded,

"Ding, does the host wish to memorize the books in memory? It will cost 10 points for simple memorization and 50 for full comprehension."

"Why didn't you say that before?! Of course, yes, full comprehension."

"Ding, remaining balance 260."

But Asmodeus didn't hear the second sound of the system. He was actively absorbing knowledge.

After half an hour, Asmodeus sat on the floor, breathing heavily. "I thought this would be much easier."

Absorbing knowledge from a thousand pages in half an hour not only affected Asmodeus's mental state but also his physical one.

Returning to his room after a meal in the hall, he asked Terry not to

disturb him. Somehow, he found chalk and began drawing a magic circle on the floor.

After a couple of minutes, Asmodeus sat inside the circle and crossed his legs.

"Okay, gradually introduce the energy gathered in the circle into the body and extend it to the heart."

It's a good thing I have internal energy without meditation;

This significantly reduces the chance of failure.

That means, wizards could become magical swordsmen themselves if they wanted, with much more mana. But it's unclear why they would do that.

"Okay, outline, form the ring, and the preservation rune!"

"Success!"

Feeling how a new source of magic spread from his chest throughout his body with each heartbeat, Asmodeus said,

"Stop, something's wrong!"

Mentally delving into his body, Asmodeus saw that the mana leaving his heart was blue and collided with the dark red flame energy in his blood.

Changes occurred;

Suddenly, as if receiving a signal to attack, the red energy directed towards his heart, and the dark blue mana, gradually turning into the heart, began to change its appearance. New accumulation and fire runes formed on the heart, and the previously blue mana ring now consisted of red energy.

"Ding, congratulations to the host on the first body transformation and the achievement of

"Heart of fire."

"Ding, results of the analysis of changes in the host's body - 'Heart of Fire'

- allows accumulating and producing flame energy independently of surrounding magical elements."

"Ding, a new skill has been unlocked - 'Flame Wave' - when used, the ring of fiery energy around the heart releases all accumulated fire energy around the body, creating a powerful area attack. The skill's weakness is that the host cannot use any magic for a minute after using it."

"Ding, a passive skill acquired - 'Unburnt' - attacks with ordinary fire cannot damage you.

P.S. Magic fire still inflicts damage, but it's reduced by 10%."

While Asmodeus listened to the incessant system notifications, trying to understand why his heart had mutated, he decided to ask the system even though he already had a guess.

"System, why did the mutation occur?"

"Ding, this meditation and body strengthening technique is designed for only three levels, so it's considered a low-level reinforcement technique. Your lineage is considered high level for this meditation technique, so the energy flowing in your blood absorbs and transforms the mana collected from the air into something new."

"Does it have any drawbacks?"

"No, in fact, it only has benefits."

Alright, thought Asmodeus. Just as he was pondering this, a knock on the door interrupted his thoughts.

"Mr. Morningstar, the headmaster asked me to call you," Professor McGonagall's voice was heard.

"Huh?"

Chapter 18 - Oh, So Many Old

People

Hearing the voice behind the door, Asmodeus was puzzled.

Wasn't Dumbledore missing for two months because Grindelwald escaped?

Asmodeus knew that Grindelwald had escaped, and Dumbledore had gone after him, but he didn't think it was directly related to him.

He considered it just a butterfly effect, having little impact on the freedom of this lover of old bee.

So, being 90% sure that Dumbledore wanted to ask about the troll, he said to Professor

McGonagall, "Good evening, Professor. Do you know why the headmaster is looking for me?"

"Good evening, dear. I don't know, but it's definitely for something good," McGonagall said cunningly.

"Let's go; I'll take you to him."

"Uh-huh," nodded Asmodeus.

But the further they walked, the stranger his facial expression became.

He thought, "Isn't the headmaster's office in the tower? Why are we going downstairs?"

After five minutes, he understood where they were going but didn't understand why they were here and not to the headmaster's office.

Professor McGonagall's office was on the second floor of Hogwarts.

Opening the door, McGonagall let him in and then closed the door behind him.

"Professor McGonagall, where is the headmaster?"

"We'll get to him soon. He's at the Hog's Head Inn."

"???"

"Don't look at me like that. I don't know either.

Wait a moment; I need to get Floo powder."

Saying this, McGonagall went to her bedroom to get Floo powder, leaving

Asmodeus to ponder, "Why is Dumbledore waiting for me at the Hog's Head Inn and not in his office? Also, doesn't Aberforth hate Albus??" His thoughts were interrupted again by Minerva McGonagall's voice.

"Are you ready?" she asked, shaking a pouch with green powder pouring out from the edges.

"Yes."

"Do you know how to use this?"

"Yes, throw it into the fireplace and clearly say the name of the place you want to go to."

"Correct. I'll go first, and you repeat after me."

Saying this, she took a handful of Floo powder and handed it to Asmodeus.

Professor McGonagall threw a similar handful into the fireplace and shouted, "Hog's Head Inn," disappearing in the flames.

Shrugging, Asmodeus did the same. "Hog's Head Inn."

A second later, along with a cough, Asmodeus emerged from the fireplace, shaking off the ash. Raising his head, he froze in place. (□\_□;)

Do you know why?

Because fifty pairs of eyes were looking at him. Not the attention given to a new visitor. No. At the moment, tables and chairs were arranged around the fireplace, as if awaiting someone's arrival.

Asmodeus simply didn't want to think that fifty centenarians had gathered because of him, but his hope was interrupted by Dumbledore's voice from the middle of the room.

"Oh, here he is, dear friends, Asmodeus Noren Morningstar!"

"...Professor Dumbledore, may I ask what all this is about?..." Asmodeus asked uncertainly.

He was sure that no one knew about the method to make Muggles use

magic. It's impossible. It's been just over two hours since he received it, and so many people already know? Impossible. And certainly impossible for these people to gather because of a troll. So, Asmodeus was extremely puzzled.

"Don't be nervous, boy. We're all here to get to know you, and most importantly, help you achieve your goals!"

What are the goals you are talking about? (-\_-;)... Asmodeus didn't understand.

"Okay, kid, enough pretending. We know you can turn Muggles into wizards!" someone from the crowd shouted.

Asmodeus: "....." (□ω□;)

"Alright, it seems I do have something like that. But first, can you explain why you need it, and how did you find out?" Asmodeus said firmly, gradually accumulating magic in his feet and palms.

"Calm down, kid, we're not your enemies. We just want to help."

"Who are you?"

"Allow me to introduce myself, my name is Gellert Grindelwald! A pioneer on the path to revolution and the one who started the first wizarding war!"

Asmodeus: (;□□□) and raised his right hand, flames gathering.

"Don't come closer, though I know you handle fire well. I don't think you're better than me!" Asmodeus exclaimed.

Grindelwald: What did I do??? (⌘□⌘)

Everyone else in the room: "....."

Seeing that the situation was not going well, Dumbledore stood up and walked towards Asmodeus.

"Alright, Mr. Morningstar, calm down. We're here to help you and become friends, not to fight. Besides, I don't think your fire can harm

anyone present," Dumbledore confidently said.

"Oh? Are your bodies stronger than trolls?" Asmodeus asked with a hint of sarcasm and surprise.

Dumbledore: "... Turned around and looked at McGonagall (□□)?

Professor McGonagall: (ΦωΦ)

Everyone else present also turned to McGonagall.

"Ahem, um, yes, a troll recently got into Hogwarts... And Mr. Morningstar burned it to a pile of ashes... and the castle walls even blushed from the heat..." McGonagall's voice became quieter as she spoke.

Old folks: "... Uh, kid, put your hand down. We really don't intend to harm you."

Asmodeus: "Then why did you bring him here? He's a hardened criminal," he said, pointing a finger at Grindelwald.

Grindelwald: "This world is against me" (π\_π)

Old folks: "Well, he's already received his punishment..."

Asmodeus: "... Your arguments are clear, but I don't accept them.

Dumbledore: "Alright, Asmodeus, we're here because of a prophecy."

Asmodeus: "What proph..."

And then he understood. Damn it, although Trelawney behaves like a lunatic most of the time, she's a real prophet. And all the prophecies she spoke in an unconscious state came true.

So, he asked, "Professor Trelawney?"

Dumbledore: "Yes and no. Not only her. For example, Gellert got out of prison because he saw something on the day you entered Hogwarts."

"And there in the corner, Nicolas Flamel also saw this prophecy, but a little later."

"We're all gathered here because of what we saw in the prophecy."

Asmodeus finally understood that these old folks gathered here because

of the future made possible by the system. But he didn't expect even the old immortal Nicolas Flamel to be here. And he didn't understand what this hermit could see that made him come here. So, he asked.

"Tell me what you saw."

"It's easier to show," said Grindelwald, pulling out his hookah.

A couple of minutes later, the old folks were very excited. Although they had seen this prophecy many times, they couldn't help but be excited when they saw it.

Asmodeus was silent. He finally admitted the reason for all this. Although he expected the world to change dramatically thanks to the system, seeing it personally still surprised him. And naturally, he understood why even Dumbledore, whom he considered an opponent of any change, was ready to support him.

Everyone has their regrets in life. For Dumbledore, it's Ariana, or rather, the entire tragedy of the Dumbledore family. In the prophecy, he saw Ariana Dumnledore alive, meaning he managed to obtain a method to resurrect people. Moreover, even those who died decades ago.

"Well, do you believe it now?"

"Yes, but I am going to disappoint you. What you just saw is definitely not the immediate future. The only thing I can achieve right now is to make some talented Muggles learn magic,"

Asmodeus replied.

When he finished, he saw that the excitement did not leave the faces of these elders; on the contrary, it intensified.

Understanding the reason for his confusion, Nicolas Flamel said, "Child, you didn't think we expect instant changes from you, did you?"

Honestly, we old folks should be ashamed of burdening you like this. But instead of saying you can't do it, you just confirmed the promised future.

That's why they are all happy."

"Alright, kid, can you tell us how you planned to act and how you can make Muggles perform magic?" someone from the crowd asked a bit excitedly.

## Chapter 19 - Wizards of the Second Generation and Truth

Upon hearing this, Asmodeus nodded gracefully. "First, allow me to explain the most crucial aspect to you. The starting point. What will enable talented Muggles and even those less so, with the help of wizards, to use magic." As Asmodeus spoke, he pulled a piece of chalk from his pocket and began drawing a mana accumulation circle around himself.

"So, do you see this magical circle? Mr. Nicolas Flamel should somewhat understand what it's created for, right?"

"I see runes for accumulation and preservation, but I don't think it's used just to store mana. There's a part of the circle I don't quite grasp," Mr. Flamel remarked.

"Mr. Flamel, the distinguished alchemical genius, I see merely peculiar symbols with lines drawn around them," one of the elders chimed in.

"Yeah, I don't understand anything about runes, just some doodles," someone else added.

Ahem, Asmodeus redirected attention from the discussion about the circle back to himself.

"Mr. Flamel is telling the truth. This circle is used for mana accumulation and keeping it in place. But the most crucial part of this circle is the runes 'direction' and 'introduction.'"

"It's my own development based on the runes 'Path' and 'Seeking' for the 'direction' runes and an altered rune 'penetration,'" he said without blushing.

Well, actually, it could indeed be considered his creation. The magical accumulation circle wouldn't have appeared in this world without him and the system, and the system wouldn't have emerged without him.

Moreover, after paying 50 points for the complete absorption of knowledge in those books, he truly became an expert in runes and everything related to those books.

"The main purpose of this circle is to help a person guide magic into their heart and form what I call energy rings around them."

"With each new ring, the amount of mana produced by the heart will increase, and upon completing the third ring, it will lead to qualitative changes in the person's body."

"The constant influence of magic will gradually assimilate into the person's heart, allowing the heart to generate mana independently, regardless of the presence or absence of the rings."

"Although, at the moment, this method cannot fully equate Muggles to wizards due to the body's saturation level with magic,"

"This method has advantages over natural-born wizards."

"What I call 'impact magic,' spreading throughout the body from the heart, will strengthen a person's physical abilities."

"Wizards like us, who rely on manipulating energy in our blood and around us, also, in a sense, have a physical advantage over Muggles, but it lies in bodily strength and the so-called 'life force' of the entire organism."

"That's why wizards, on average, live much longer than Muggles."

"For example, our previous Hogwarts headmaster, Armando Dippet, is still alive. To your knowledge, he's already 354 years old."

"Cough, cough, is this lad cursing me?"

A cough echoed from the end of the hall.

Asmodeus turned and saw an old man with a beard twice as long as Dumbledore's sitting in a wheelchair.

Asmodeus smiled and said,

"Good evening, Elder Dippet. I hope you can help me confirm my theory.

So please answer, have you ever used something like Mr. Flamel's Philosopher's Stone or anything else to extend your life?"

"Cough, cough, no, lad. Honestly, I still don't understand why I'm still alive."

Well, without me, you wouldn't have lasted long, thought Asmodeus, nodding to the second eldest person here.

"As you can see, the more powerful the wizard and the more mana within, the longer the lifespan and even the quality of life."

"By the way, a little off-topic, but you old folks might find this very interesting."

"The construction of rings around the heart is not exclusive to Muggles, and Squibs and full-fledged wizards can also use the technique I've created."

"This will allow you to strengthen your body and extend your life.

Moreover, though it's not so crucial in the case of those present, it will, to some extent, increase the amount of mana in the body and the level of its control."

"Mr. Dippet, I'd be happy to guide you if you allow it."

"Cough, cough. Let's give it a try, lad. Not that I fear death, but if I can walk again, I wouldn't mind living another dozen years or so," he said as his assistant, or better to say, pupil, pushed the wheelchair into the circle.

"Mr. Dippet, you must have already felt the magic of the circle, haven't you?"

"Yes, it feels like I can peer into myself. Interesting magic."

"This is the influence of the 'search' and 'direction' runes. Close your eyes, and you can feel the mana surrounding you at the moment. You need to grasp it and mentally direct it toward your heart."

Armando Dippet closed his eyes and began to sense the magic around him.

"I feel it; the magic in the circle is about five times denser than outside. I think if I draw such a circle in my bedroom, even without the rings, I could live another couple of years."

"You are to some extent right. Actually, if a magical circle is drawn on an enlarged scale in the classrooms where young wizards are taught, it could enhance the efficiency of their education. Unfortunately, it would reduce their natural sensitivity to magic, which, in my opinion, is more crucial than rapid progress.

Now, let's continue. Headmaster, can you grasp the magic in the air around you?"

"Yes, it's as if I have an additional invisible hand."

"Good, now direct the mana flow through your veins and arteries toward your heart, completing a full rotation around it to form the ring.

Once you've formed the ring, take a small portion of that mana and carefully carve the 'accumulation' and 'preservation' runes on your heart. Do it slowly and precisely, making sure not to cut too deep, so that in case of further improvement to this technique, you can replace the rune."

While Asmodeus spoke, Mr. Dippet had already immersed himself deeply in the process of carving the runes on his heart. He tried to do it as finely and cautiously as possible; he didn't want to die from such foolishness as piercing his heart.

"It seems ready... well."

Before the former headmaster could finish, he felt surges of magic emanating from his heart. It felt as if waves from the shores of England were constantly washing over the body of this 354-year-old man.

Seeing that Armando Dippet fell silent, his apprentice wanted to approach and ask if everything was alright, but Asmodeus stopped him, saying,

"Everything is fine. He successfully formed the ring and carved the runes; just let him feel the changes."

While Asmodeus spoke, Armando Dippet had already realized the changes in his body.

Slowly, leaning on the arms of the wheelchair, he began to rise, and, seeing how his apprentice's eyes were about to pop out from amazement, Armando finally stood on his feet!

"Haha, I haven't walked on my own for 10 years. I feel great. Guys, you definitely need to do the same, especially you, Niko!" This old man had a smile from ear to ear;

Asmodeus was surprised that his jaw prosthesis hadn't fallen out yet.

"As you can all see, mana rings can not only allow Muggles to use magic, but, according to my preliminary calculations, will increase the expected average lifespan in the magical world by 30%."

To be honest, the lifespan didn't matter much to these old folks; most of them were well over 80, except for some newcomers. But the prospect of strengthening their bodies excited them greatly. While Dumbledore might be able to jump and skip at 110, not everyone's bodies retained their former capabilities.

"Cough, cough," Asmodeus regained the attention of the elderly.

"We got a bit sidetracked; I'll continue."

"According to my observations, wizards expend 40% of their own magical

power while casting spells, and the rest is supplemented by ambient magic in the air."

"Unfortunately, the rings cannot enable a Muggle to tap into external mana, as they already accumulate it from the air themselves."

"Therefore, the new generation of wizards will find it more challenging to cast spells, and they'll lag in endurance during battles."

"But since my future plan relies on Muggles not fearing wizards and matching them in strength, I've thought about this."

Saying this, he pulled out a leaflet from his pocket and, after casting a copying spell, handed it to everyone present.

"What you see here is an alchemical weapon I developed: swords, rapiers, spears, and so on."

"They will have runes similar to those on the heart carved into them. This will help new wizards in casting spells and using magic, somewhat like magical wands but with their own characteristics. I chose various forms of cold weapons because, according to my calculations, the physical strength, upon completing the three rings, can reach the level of three adults combined and may become the primary combat method for new wizards. Especially since, over time, due to the constant exposure to magic, the weapon will evolve alongside its owner. Honestly, I've already contemplated crafting a pair of enchanted blades for myself."

"By doing so, we will balance the powers of both sides to prevent conflicts in the future. The emergence of a new group of people in the magical world will inevitably lead to a new stage of resource distribution. For fair competition, the strengths of the parties must be roughly equal. Additionally, this will to some extent reduce the influence of the theory of blood purity."

"I have also developed combat methods based on the new system..."

Asmodeus spoke without pause until he felt that the gazes directed at him carried an unfamiliar emotion. So, he stopped and asked, "Uh, did I say something wrong? Why are you all looking at me like that?"

"Are you really just 13 years old?" asked Perenelle Flamel.

"Can't you tell?"

"Well, it's just difficult for all of us to understand why a 13-year-old behaves like a seasoned storyteller. Besides, you managed to do what hundreds and thousands of wizards before you couldn't: give magic to Muggles," she continued.

"Well..."

Well, anyway, I was going to find a way through that world..

"Actually, you're right, Mrs. Flamel."

"I'm not 13 years old; I'm 20, and moreover, I'm not from this world."

For a moment, complete silence hung in the bar.

.....

Ahem, ahem.

Dumbledore cleared his throat and asked, "Uh, ki... Mr. Morningstar, what do you mean by that?"

Asmodeus began to tell his story, hiding all the information about the system and his first life. He told only about his life as a fire bender.

Chapter 20 (19.2) - Planning and

Action + Patreon

"....so I woke up in this world and ended up in the shelter."

Actually, Asmodeus had long contemplating whether to share the story of his origin. What did it matter? After all, he wasn't revealing his trump card. Damn it, he was tired of being looked at as a child.

Though being back at the beginning of his life was pleasant, and the

hormones of a 13-year-old body sometimes made him act impulsively and childishly. But!

He was a renowned 20-year-old warrior in the Avatar world and an 18-year-old student on Earth. How do you think it feels when professors and even these old folks treat him like a 13-year-old child! It's torture. If this continues, Asmodeus doesn't know how much longer he can endure it.

He ONLY spoke about his life as a fire mage and NEVER revealed anything about his first life or the system. Those were his trump cards, and he would never tell anyone about them in his life.

After Asmodeus's narrative, the room fell silent again, with only the sound of a cricket playing an unknown melody continuing.

"All right, let us digest this."

"You're a warrior of the Fire Nation in another world. There's a war going on in your world, and the Fire Nation is trying to conquer the world because the so-called Avatar disappeared."

"You disagreed with the Fire Nation's ambitions and decided to journey to the Earth Kingdom, where you were mistaken for a spy.

Since you didn't want to attack Earth mages to avoid accidentally killing them, you fled to the mountains, where you fell into a hidden cave, and after some period of time, you woke up on the riverbank in England in a young body?" Dumbledore said with an expression of disbelief and confusion on his face.

Dumbledore: ☐(☐\_☐ )☐

Asmodeus: ☐( ☐☐☐)☐

"Sorry, kid, but I don't believe you. This sounds like the ramblings of a madman," someone from the crowd said. But then Nicolas Flamel's voice interrupted.

"I believe him."

Everyone turned, unable to understand why this story could make this elder believe.

"In fact, I haven't told you, but his second name sounds very familiar to me."

"A couple of decades ago, when I was in the mountains searching for ancient ruins, I met a young guy, around 16. By my senses, he was a Squib, but he had a very distinct fire energy, and he was clearly physically stronger than ordinary people."

"So, that guy's name was Noren."

.....

"Then you probably met my father, Mr. Flamel."

"You see, my father, in his youth, was very fond of Lady Ursa, the Fire Lord's wife, and wanted to marry her. But it was an imperial decree, and he couldn't oppose it. For some time, he lived in the forest in the mountains..."

"Mr. Nicolas, I think you may have accidentally entered my world, or my father was in this world for some time... but I definitely came here from the Earth Kingdom. It's very strange that there are interdimensional passages in the Fire Nation too."

.....

"Asmodeus, you didn't mention who your mother is, since you talked about your father, can you tell us about your mother?"

"I would if I knew, but my father never spoke about her. I only know that she died right after my birth...and left me her last name "

Asmodeus said a bit sadly.

Regardless of whether it's the first life or the second, or even the tenth... you'll love your family regardless of circumstances—they're your blood.

"Sorry," the old man said.

"It's okay; you didn't know, and you couldn't."

Then Asmodeus intervened.

"Now that Nicolas can confirm certain aspects, I think we can agree that what Asmodeus told us is true."

"But what do we do with this information? Won't the Fire Nation bring its army into this world?" someone said, but Asmodeus interrupted.

"You don't have to worry about that. In the next 20 years, the Fire Nation will be at war with the whole world. They won't have time to explore their own mountains in search of a passage to another world they don't even know about."

"So you don't have to worry. Besides, according to my information, the Avatar didn't die but is simply sleeping somewhere near the Water Tribe's shores."

"How do you know that?"

"I also have a certain gift of prophecy," Asmodeus said slyly. Well, I even know the future of this world, not to mention one of my favorite childhood cartoons.

"Okay. Actually, that's not the main thing now. I think we'll have more time to discuss my past, but right now, we're talking about the future of this world," Asmodeus said, trying to steer the conversation back on track.

"Yes, calm down, friends. At the moment, we don't know the conditions for entering that world or where the passage is. Let's solve problems as they come. Right now, we're on the brink of global world changes, and we should focus on our world rather than some distant future of another world," Dumbledore supported him.

"Let's hear you out, Mr. Morningstar," said Armando Dippet.

This time, he didn't call him a child; now it's Mr.

"Then I'll continue. I've already told you everything I can about the magic circle. Now I want to talk about how to introduce it to the world."

"Yes, that's a big problem. Neither the Muggle governments nor the pure-blooded families will be pleased if you suddenly announce your invention to the world."

"I know, so I came up with a way to solve the problem on the Muggle side."

"What about pure-blood families?" someone asked.

"I actually don't like the ideas of blood purity. In my opinion, only livestock breeders or dog kennels should be concerned about blood purity. So if they interfere, they can be eliminated!" Asmodeus said firmly.

The aura he emitted made the hair of some unseasoned fighters among this old fellas stand on end.

"Mister Morningstar, isn't there another way?" Dumbledore asked, reluctant to resort to bloodshed.

"Principal, I understand your desire to resolve everything peacefully, and I'm not against the idea of nobility itself. But I believe that nobles should earn their influence and status through exceptional deeds, not the so-called pure blood obtained through incest," Asmodeus replied.

"Remember how many families from the so-called Sacred Twenty-Eight helped in the fight against Voldemort?"

"Only the Weasleys."

"And how many of them joined the ranks of Death Eaters?"

"Almost all of them."

"So, if they don't interfere with my plans, I won't touch them. But if they decide that I'm an easy target and try to hinder me... I have no problem ensuring that only a couple of families remain from the Sacred Twenty-

Eight. Anyway, in their current state, they are a cancer on the magical world."

Actually, Asmodeus isn't concerned about the so-called pure-bloods at all. He views them as either hindering or supporting him based on their actions.

However, the idea of pure-blood superiority is deeply rooted in the magical world. For instance, getting a decent job or a position in the Ministry of Magic for a Muggle-born is many times more challenging than even for a half-blood.

Just so you know, Hermione in the original story became the Minister of Magic with the Weasley surname, not the Granger surname.

Such a state of affairs is unacceptable if he plans to develop this world.

Although he doubts the possibility of bringing the world to meritocracy,

he thinks it's the direction in which he wants to move the world. He

understands that completely eliminating the factor of connections and

kinship from interpersonal relationships is impossible, but he wants to

ensure a fair assessment of talents among Muggle-born wizards and those

who become wizards thanks to the magic rings.

"Alright, we're getting too far ahead. Let's get back to the Muggles," Newt Scamander said, attempting to conclude the topic.

His best friend, Jakob Kovalsky, is a Muggle, and he has always wanted

the opportunity to learn magic. So, he was very pleased when he heard

the contents of Dumbledore's prophecy, and that's why he joined this

impromptu gathering. He wasn't particularly concerned about the fate of

the 28 families, although he dislikes bloodshed and is close to nature. He

clearly knows the law of the jungle—only the strongest survive.

Moreover, he is well aware of the evil caused by these families and feels no guilt about it.

"Thank you, Mr. Scamander. I'll continue."

"As I mentioned earlier, talented and not-so-talented Muggles, with the help of wizards, will be able to form the magic rings."

"But Muggles unfamiliar with magic will naturally fear the addition of wizards to their ranks. Members of the Muggle government will be especially concerned because they effectively transfer people who previously obeyed their laws into the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Magic. Although this won't be noticeable in the early stages, it could begin to worry them later on."

"But now that I have a lot of free hands, I've found a solution to this problem."

Although what he's planning contradicts meritocracy directly, it will only be the case for a certain period until magic becomes fully accessible, and the governments of ordinary people will be assimilated by the magical world.

"I suggest we contact all the high-ranking figures in the Muggle world—politicians, billionaires, businessmen, remaining royal families, and so on."

"We'll propose to them and their children to become wizards and extend their lifespans, provided they support us in our endeavors. This way, we'll get the first batch of new-generation wizards in the form of influential Muggles and their children. By doing this we also pull them to our side in the confrontation with radical Muggles."

"Regarding the process of teaching Muggles, I believe these influential individuals will be pleased to cover all expenses for the construction of the 'Hogwarts Institute of Magical Research' under my name."

"This way, we can avoid mixing Muggles and wizards in the early stages to prevent conflicts. Additionally, we'll nurture talents for their future

recruitment into the same institute. I think the education system in the magical world is extremely limited, causing wizards to stagnate rather than progress. The institute will financially support and assist new wizards, as well as natural-born wizards who choose to stay after their education and offer their knowledge to the world."

"What do you think about this?"

There was no immediate response, but applause echoed throughout the hall.

"Well done! Even at 20, you handle things like an old fox, no worse than Dumbledore," words from Nicolas Flamel and Newt Scamander echoed from the crowd.

Dumbledore felt as if he had been stabbed with a knife. (T□T)

---

Ahem, ahem (aggressively clearing my throat).

Greetings, everyone. It's me, your humble servant and the author of this fanfic. I am truly delighted by how you, the readers, have reacted to my first book. The level of support you've shown me is incredibly meaningful. I believe I can maintain a consistent daily update schedule for one chapter, but I also ask for your understanding. I have a job and I'm preparing for university admissions; I can't dedicate all my time to writing the book. For these reasons, I've decided to create a Patreon.

I work as a freelance translator, and having an additional source of income would allow me to take on fewer translation projects and focus more on writing the book. There WON'T BE PAID CHAPTERS or ADDITIONAL CONTENT on Patreon, but I would be grateful for your support. This way, I can concentrate more on the book and release more chapters. So, without further ado, I present to you my Patreon:

[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

I've set up two subscription options for those who want to support me.

The \$5 subscription doesn't offer any extra benefits compared to the \$2 one; it's just for those willing to support the author with a larger amount of money.

I'll emphasize once again: THERE WON'T BE PAID CHAPTERS on Patreon, at least for this book. I created it for those who genuinely enjoy this book and want it to continue with stable updates.

Wishing you all a wonderful day, happy reading, and see you again,

folks! (☺☺)☺\*:☺☺

Chapter 21 - Voldemort

After the meeting, Asmodeus and the group of old wizards exchanged contact information and agreed that the elders would take on the task of contacting magical officials from different countries and inviting them to a meeting next month.

Asmodeus was surprised to learn that almost every government in the world and major company had a wizard employee. They assist with protection and security, guarding against both other wizards and non-magical threats.

Therefore, reaching out to officials wouldn't be a problem. It turns out even the English royal family has a court wizard, who was present at today's event.

So, when most attendees had already dispersed and only two Dumbledores, Grindelwald, McGonagall, and Asmodeus remained in the bar, Asmodeus said,

"Principal, I need to speak with you privately."

"Everyone here is on our side, Mr. Morningstar. You don't have to hide anything... unless it's something personal. I've heard about your unusual relationship with Miss Granger."

Asmodeus responded with a fishy glare (☹️)

"Alright, I'll go. I really wanted to tell you why Voldemort is still alive and how to kill him..."

"What - what?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I'll be going."

Dumbledore: (° □ ° |l|)/

As Asmodeus turned and was about to leave the bar, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

Dumbledore: („• ∪ •„)

Asmodeus: Get away, you're repulsive (;ಠ\_ಠ)

Seeing Asmodeus openly disdainful, Dumbledore clutched his chest.

When had he been so openly scorned?

Dumbledore: (ಠ\_ಠ)

Grindelwald: (ಠ´ω`)(ಠ\_ಠ)

"Mr. Morningstar, don't be so critical. It's just a joke, haha," Grindelwald interjected.

"Oh, so the first Dark Lord wants to get rid of the newcomer?"

Grindelwald: (ಠ\_ಠ)ಠ\_ಠ I think I'll go to a corner and draw circles... (ಠ\_ಠ)

Minerva McGonagall looked at this scene strangely and said.

"Mr. Morningstar, stop mocking them, please. Tell us about the one whose name cannot be pronounced."

"Fine, but only because you're a very good teacher, unlike the headmaster and the criminal."

Dumbledore and Grindelwald, clutching their chests: Why are you doing this to us?

\*cough\* McGonagall cleared her throat. "So, what do you mean by ~~Voldemort~~ him not being dead?"

Asmodeus looked surprised at Dumbledore. "So, this schemer didn't tell you?"

"Well, it makes sense."

"Do you know why he brought the Philosopher's Stone to the school?"

"To protect it, of course, so it wouldn't fall into the wrong hands."

"Professor McGonagall, you're too trusting. Do you really think Nicolas can't defeat Voldemort?"

"He's 600 years old and an alchemist. His house has long become an impenetrable labyrinth."

"Actually, Dumbledore has two goals: to lure Voldemort and test our savior, Mr. Potter, or rather, the spell Lily Evans cast on him."

"Dumbledore, is that true?" She asked, looking at her old colleague with an assessing gaze.

"Um, yes, but Minerva, it's really necessary."

Everyone in the room, except Grindelwald, who was drawing circles with his finger in the corner, went silent for a moment:

Don't come near, you're repulsive (□□ω□).

Dumbledore felt a heart attack approaching.

Asmodeus: "Alright, regarding Voldemort, you already know that I have the gift of prophecy. So, I'll say it straight, according to what I saw:

Voldemort created seven Horcruxes - Tom Riddle's Diary, Marvolo Gaunt's Ring, Salazar Slytherin's Locket, Helga Hufflepuff's Cup, Rowena Ravenclaw's Diadem, Nagini, and Harry Potter. I saw this prophecy when I was in the Avatar world, so I don't know when Voldemort created the Horcrux Nagini - the snake. He infused a part of his soul into her. And yes, you didn't mishear - Harry Potter is indeed a Horcrux of Voldemort."

"He's insane, splitting his soul seven times. Now I understand why he changed so much since he came to me," Grindelwald murmured quietly.

"Now I see why he didn't die, but what do we do with this? In the prophecy...?"

Before Dumbledore could finish, Asmodeus said, "I know what the prophecy says, and I won't interfere with your obsession. I have an idea; whether you use it or not is up to you."

Dumbledore nodded.

"Gather all the Horcruxes together, and I'll let you know where they are and how to safely obtain them. Then use the Fiendfyre spell to burn them. It can destroy Horcruxes. Afterward, continue with your plan to capture Quirrell. Let Harry touch Quirrell, and the protective spell will work, killing Quirrell and leaving only Voldemort's soul, which you can also burn with the Fiendfyre spell. If we're lucky, only one Horcrux will remain - Harry. If not, there will be two: Nagini and Harry. I have a way to destroy Voldemort's soul without harming Harry. When I separate the soul from Voldemort, Harry will use the Fiendfyre spell and fulfill the prophecy!"

He said this mentally, looking into the trading center system.

"Astral Soul Spell, from the Book of Vishanti white magic - optimized for the Harry Potter world. Cost: 500 points. Current balance: 260 points."

"Alright, I agree with your approach."

Asmodeus rolled his eyes, you initially wanted Harry Potter and Voldemort to kill each other...

"Okay, then listen. The first Horcrux is located..."

So, after 15 minutes of uninterrupted speech, Asmodeus finally finished talking.

"Can you resist the temptation of the Resurrection Stone?" He asked, looking at Dumbledore seriously.

"I'll go with him," said Grindelwald.

"Oh yes, your old lover is still here. Well, I won't interfere."

"Professor McGonagall, when using the Floo Network, do I shout 'Deputy Headmaster's Office at Hogwarts'?"

"Yes, I'll go with you."

Leaving two offended old gays and one sad old man (Aberforth), Asmodeus and Professor McGonagall left the Hog's Head Inn.

In Professor McGonagall's office:

"Mr. Morningstar, I think there's no need for you to attend first-year classes. I'll inform the professors that starting tomorrow, you can freely choose the courses to attend."

"Thank you, Professor McGonagall. I was just about to ask you to transfer me to the third year."

"But that's even better."

"Of course, Mr. Morningstar, considering your breakthrough in runes science, I think Professor Bathsheda Babbling would be willing to take you as an assistant, or even learn from you."

"No, no, that's too much. I'm not that good yet..." Asmodeus said shyly.

So, from the next day, students noticed something strange - there was a student who clearly didn't belong to their class or even their year, attending their classes. However, the professors didn't seem to mind and even gave him points...

Moreover, gradually, people found out who he was - a first-year student!

But the students from Ravenclaw and Gryffindor were shocked for a different reason.

During an extra class on the Study of Ancient Runes:

Senior students from different classes sat with open mouths, watching as the child and the professor argued about something they couldn't understand, holding sheets of paper in their hands.

"Professor Babbling!!! This rune definitely means 'to build,' not 'to dismantle'!!!! Look at this text!!!!" Asmodeus shouted.

"You little one, what do you know? If you put the word 'to dismantle' here, the sentence won't make sense!!!!"

While this was happening, a Gryffindor asked a Ravenclaw, "What are they talking about?"

"I have no idea, but it's very interesting," someone behind them replied.

---

Please support the author so that updates continue, and the author enjoys writing the book.

[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 22 - Changes

While Asmodeus delved into the depths of magic at Hogwarts, on the surface of the Muggle world, everything seemed calm. However, that was just on the surface.

Buckingham Palace, November 10, 3:00 PM

Prime Minister of England, Sir John Major, nervously paced the room.

The queen watched his restless movements with a smile.

"Sir John, why are you so agitated? Relax, sit down, and have some tea with me."

"Your Majesty, thank you, but I'm nervous about why the 'greatest white wizard' of this century contacted you and me for a meeting. Moreover, he did it bypassing the Ministry of Magic. A year ago, when I was told that wizards exist, I was shocked and didn't believe it at first. But after seeing all the documents and talking to the Minister of Magic in England, I was able to accept it. And now, someone they call the greatest wizard of the century asks for a meeting with you and me. It's naturally for me to be nervous."

"Prime Minister, calm down. Mr. Dumbledore was introduced to us by our court magician, Sir Russell William Bedford. His family has served as our protectors for 300 years, and they are extremely loyal. He wouldn't have called us if there was any danger."

"I hope so..." John nervously replied.

His words halted as the doors to the room opened, revealing two elderly gentlemen. One appeared to be around the queen's age - 60-65 years old, and the other, with a long beard, looked like an ancient wizard in John's imagination.

The tall, thin, and very old wizard with silver hair and a beard (both so long that he could tuck them into his belt) caught John's attention. His "blue eyes shone brightly from beneath half-moon-shaped glasses perched on his long, hooked nose, which appeared to be broken in at least two places." Dumbledore wore his favorite long robe, a lilac cloak, and buckle shoes.

While the Prime Minister contemplated, the two old men entered the room. They paid their respects to Her Majesty and greeted the minister. After completing the formalities, the queen asked, "Sir Bedford, could you please tell me why this esteemed wizard has requested a meeting with me and our Prime Minister?"

"Your Majesty, I believe it's better for him to personally explain the purpose of his visit. Especially considering that what he will say may change the world!"

Upon hearing the words of the court magician, the queen and the Prime Minister turned their heads in surprise towards Dumbledore.

"In that case, I would really like to hear what you are going to talk about. I am very interested in what our court magician considers something that could change the world."

"Then, with your permission, Your Majesty, what do you know about magic and wizards?"

"I know about as much as the average employee of the Ministry of Magic. We still maintain contact with the Ministry of Magic in England and must understand your existence. As for magic itself... Almost nothing. I only know that wizards awaken their magic before the age of 11. When I was quite young, I hoped to become a witch like in my grandfather's stories. Unfortunately, whether due to my lineage or something else, I never became a witch. But instead, I became a queen," the queen said a little sadly. The royal family of England is like a talisman, but it is useless. They can be likened to an expensive keychain for house keys - it looks beautiful, but it's useless. Because of this, after 65 years of life as a keychain, the queen naturally longed for what these witches and wizards had - freedom. While the status of secrecy imposes limitations on wizards, in practice, Newt managed to embark on a journey to the other side of the world using Muggle transportation without concern for consequences. Wizards like Harry Potter should not worry about food, water, or finances in the Muggle world. Everything, except for food, they can attain through the enchantment of spells, the kind of freedom many of the world's top officials crave. Unfortunately, they love power much more...

Upon seeing the queen's expression, Dumbledore understood something and asked, "Your Majesty, what if I tell you that you have the opportunity to become a witch?"

"..."

"Are you joking, Headmaster Dumbledore?"

"I am completely serious. I came here today to invite you to a meeting that will take place in two weeks and to tell you about a new technique

invented by a Hogwarts student that allows non-magical people to become wizards!"

"Then, Headmaster Dumbledore, please tell us about it!"

Already not hiding her eagerness, the queen said.

Five minutes later,

"...In this way, Muggles will be able to make their hearts produce mana and become wizards. What do Your Majesty and Prime Minister think about this?"

"Yes, yes, of course, yes!" Almost simultaneously, the two representatives of the English elite, having long lost their composure, replied. Who would refuse such an opportunity? Give them the chance to become a wizard, extend their lifespan, strengthen their bodies. Anyone who rejects this is either an idiot or already a wizard.

"Then, I believe you will be pleased to come to the Hog's Head Inn, don't worry about the word 'bar' and the name of this establishment. At the moment, several wizards are working on its renovation, preparing it for the visit of high guests."

"On November 24th at 12:00, we will be waiting for you there."

"I think I should leave you now; I have a few more places to visit."

Dumbledore said and disappeared.

"Your Majesty, what do you think? The world will change if everyone becomes a wizard. Are you sure you want to support these changes?"

"Sir John, you still don't understand. Changes will happen anyway, with us or without us. But wizards give us a chance to maintain our position by providing early warning. I think, according to the wizards' plan, you want to contact all the top authorities in the world?"

She said, turning her gaze to the court magician.

"You are right, my lady."

"Wizards under the command of Dumbledore and Grindelwald are already contacting the governments of magical and non-magical nations around the world. They are also in contact with many billionaires and millionaires at the moment."

The queen nodded.

...

Indeed, Dumbledore was far from the only envoy. Such conversations, as just happened, were taking place in almost every government building in the world.

In fact, almost everyone present at the meeting took it upon themselves to contact one or two countries. Dumbledore just took on a few more families.

Two weeks later, Asmodeus set out for the meeting.

---

Please support the author so that updates continue, and the author enjoys writing the book.

[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 23 - Encounter

November 24, 11:45

Boom

Asmodeus, along with Dumbledore and Fawkes, appeared at the door of the Hog's Head Inn.

Previously, the Hog's Head Inn was a small, dark, and very dirty room that strongly smelled of something, possibly goats. The windows were so covered in dirt that very little daylight could penetrate the room, which was instead lit by the flickering candles on rough wooden tables.

The Hog's Head was known for its bad reputation, often frequented by dubious characters. Due to the shady nature of the place, it was

fashionable for customers to conceal their faces.

Now, everything has changed dramatically.

After two weeks of reconstruction and magical assistance, the bar had transformed into a vast conference hall reminiscent of a Roman amphitheater. Thanks to the countless Extension Charms applied inside the bar, the space could now accommodate 2,500 people. Upon entering, you are greeted by the reception desk, with the boar's head hanging above it, the only reminder of the building's past purpose. Behind the counter is a staircase leading upstairs to guest rooms for potential visitors. Previously, even the darkest wizards wouldn't have stayed here due to the extreme dirtiness. Now, these rooms resemble those of a five-star hotel in the Muggle world. Looking to the right of the stairs, you'll see an entrance leading to the conference hall. To save on furniture or to evoke an ancient atmosphere, the conference hall consists of a performance platform surrounded by tiered seating for the audience.

They were not made of stone like in ancient times but were covered in the skin of some magical creature. An enchantment on the ceiling, similar to the Hogwarts dining hall, simulated the night sky, allowing you to feel like you're in ancient Rome, a time when wizards were the most important advisers to emperors, and almost everyone knew about magic, and wizards didn't need to hide.

While Asmodeus was assessing the rebranding of the Hog's Head Inn, the Muggle elite and a small number of wizards gradually filled the rows of seats.

Among them, Asmodeus saw a diverse group of people, from members of royal families and nobles to business magnates and scientists.

This assembly brought together people from all walks of life, but most importantly, all the present are elite who influenced the lives of ordinary

people. If these people supported their actions, their plan would face no obstacles on the Muggle side, meaning guaranteed success.

Not that there couldn't be opponents to his ideas in the wizarding world, but he was confident that in the worst case, he could simply kill anyone who resisted. In the Muggle world, it wouldn't work that way. There were too many non-magical people, and as soon as someone from the top died, it would turn everyone else against them.

Moreover, this assembly plays a crucial role in his current research.

After Asmodeus absorbed knowledge about runes from books, he could read ancient texts and extract information from them. From these ancient texts, he understood that magic was much stronger and more potent in the past.

The most powerful wizards of ancient Egypt could incinerate a city of 100,000 people with a single spell, and it wasn't even Fiendfyre, just ordinary fire.

Over the last two to three weeks, he had been trying to find an explanation for why the density of magic in space was depleting. During his research, he discovered that after the introduction of the Secrecy Law in 1689, magic began to rapidly lose its strength. Even the requirements for Hogwarts students significantly decreased! Take Shield Charms as an example. Currently, only Aurors are required to know this spell. It's not even part of the mandatory Hogwarts curriculum anymore! But a hundred years ago, "Protego " was a condition for advancing to the sixth year!

Even earlier, before the introduction of the secrecy status, this spell was taught in the third year at Hogwarts.

Asmodeus believes that such a decline in the magical world is directly linked to the secrecy status. If, immediately after the introduction of the

Secrecy Law, many Muggles sincerely believed in witches and magic, considering electricity a witch's doing, then, after hundreds of years, people began to see magic as mere fantasy.

Asmodeus's idea is that since the magic in this world is inherently idealistic and, at the initial stages, does not require strict training and research (up to a certain level of development, magic in the world of Harry Potter resembles instinctive actions of wizards), and mostly relies on the desire of the wizard, it also depends on the number of people who know about magic and sincerely believe in it.

In other words, because of the secrecy status, fewer and fewer people believed in magic, and magic gradually weakened until it reached today's level, where there are no more than three million wizards worldwide.

Furthermore, now understanding the ancient writings, Asmodeus saw that in ancient times, there were completely magical cities, not one or two, but several dozen. Each of them had hundreds of thousands of wizards at that time! Even Atlantis once existed and disappeared relatively recently, about 400-600 years ago.

The founders of Hogwarts even left records of their journey to Atlantis. It was a floating island held afloat by the magic of 12 wizards of the same level as the four founders of Hogwarts. But due to the witch hunt, Atlantis cut off all contact with the world, and without magical energy support, it eventually sank.

This meeting will allow Asmodeus to understand if his theory is true. In three weeks, he and Professor Batsheda Babbling, the Study of Ancient Runes, developed a tool that roughly determines the saturation of space with magical energy. Currently, the device shows 0.5 units of magic per square meter with an error of 0.01 particles. Asmodeus asked the system how much he could increase the density of magical energy in the world

at once, and it replied by 5 units. This means that one increase in the world's level through the system will bring 10 times more magic into the world than it is now; no wonder such an improvement costs 10,000 points.

While Asmodeus contemplated, all seats were already taken, and Muggles had begun whispering to each other. Therefore, Grindelwald decided it was time to start. He was chosen for the introduction as he was the most experienced in public speaking. He approached Asmodeus and said, "Are you ready? I'll make the introduction, but the task is yours afterward. Are you not nervous?"

"Don't worry; whether it's this bunch of old folks or these 3,000 people, the feelings are the same. I can handle it."

"Good, then I'm off; people are already waiting."

"Good luck."

After waiting for Grindelwald and the others to leave, Asmodeus took out some potion from his pocket.

"Well, I can't go on stage looking like a 13-year-old; I need to show them why I was considered the heartthrob of the Fire Nation."

.....

On Stage:

"Greetings, ladies and gentlemen, kings, queens, nobles, sheikhs, and distinguished scholars. We are pleased to welcome you all here at the Hog's Head Inn, at the first congress of the new world!"

Applause echoed in the hall, and it was well-deserved. Grindelwald, resembling Johnny Depp, possessed unlimited charisma that even affected Muggles.

"You have all gathered here for one thing. This."

As Grindelwald said this, blue flames appeared around him, transforming

into various animals that roamed the hall.

"Magic. You are all here for magic. For something you, for some reason, did not possess. But today, you have a chance to feel it and become wizards yourself!" Grindelwald shouted the last words, and the audience didn't lag behind, with most wizards already standing and applauding, anticipating further performance.

"But I believe I am not worthy to tell you about the method of obtaining magic because today, in our presence, is the creator of the 'magic circle.' Please welcome him, Asmodeus Noren Morningstar!"

When his words fell, the blue flame on the stage disappeared, and a dark red, burgundy-tinted flame took its place. A fiery path appeared between the rows of seats, and Asmodeus descended from the top of the amphitheater. When he turned around, people saw a figure that was difficult to describe in words.

They saw a man wearing a vibrant red robe with a loose, flowing design. His long hair cascaded down his shoulders, framing the face. He looked gentle and aggressive at the same time, with a Scandinavian-Slavic appearance: sharp, chopped features and an aggressive look. His dark brown eyes seem to stare straight into the soul...

Ascending the stage, Asmodeus declared, "Greetings to all present. My name is Asmodeus Noren Morningstar, and I am the creator of the magic circle."

When his words resonated, all the women in the hall applauded while standing, and the eyes of the men burned with jealousy. It turns out that before stepping on stage, Asmodeus had consumed an aging potion, which restored his appearance to that of a 20-year-old Fire Nation warrior, chased by countless women.

"Thanks to Mr. Grindelwald for helping me with the introduction. Now, I

want to present my creation to you all!"

---

Please support the author so that updates continue, and the author enjoys writing the book.

[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Notes

---

Please support the author so that updates continue, and the author enjoys writing the book. <http://patreon.com/>

[The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 24 - show must Go on

With a wave of Asmodeus's hand, fire appeared in the air, gradually forming a magical circle.

"You've all heard about something that can turn you into a wizard. Here it is, this magical circle. It will allow non-magical individuals to become wizards and wield magic. Moreover, and probably most important for many present, this magical circle will strengthen the body and increase lifespan."

Once again, with the gesture of his hand, three brochures appeared Infront of everyone.

Asmodeus didn't think that anyone present would be interested in the research and the description of the circle-making process. That's why he made these brochures. They contain everything that you might need to know about building the circle, introducing magic into the body, and the runes used in the circle.

"In your hands are three brochures, a condensed version of my research. I don't think any of you want to read three books of 300 pages right now," he said in a playful tone.

"Now, I ask you to read these three brochures, and after 20 minutes, you

can ask any questions that may arise. If you don't understand a particular part of the text due to unfamiliarity with magic itself, you can approach the nearest wizard."

When he said this, wizards stood up in each row and waved to the people in their sections.

20 minutes later.

"I assume you've all finished reading and are eager to ask questions.

That's why I'm here. Let's begin, shall we? Mr. on the right in the fifth row with your hand raised, please."

"Mr. Morningstar, honestly, I don't have any special questions. I would like to try this method right now."

"Ha-ha-ha, that's wonderful, ladies and gentlemen. Let's applaud this gentleman. Please, Mr.... Bush? You are the President of the United States, am I right?"

"Yes, that's exactly right, but I don't think this position is considered anything special among those present, haha," the president replied with a touch of humor.

"Ha-ha, but isn't it good that there are more world leaders gathered here than at the UN summit?" Asmodeus also replied with humor.

"Then please come to the stage, Mr. President. I will personally supervise your runic drawing."

When George Bush stepped onto the stage, Asmodeus said, "Mr.

President, would you like to draw the circle yourself? I have chalk."

"Well, although I'm not sure I'll draw it correctly, let's give it a try.

Besides, I won't be drawing from memory; I have this little booklet," he said, shaking the booklet in his hand.

"Don't worry about it. If there are any issues with the magical circle, I'll correct them. So, shall we begin?"

"Yes, let's get started. I don't want to keep the whole world waiting," replied the president.

"I appreciate your humor, Mr. President. Well then, I wish you good luck."

George Herbert Walker Bush took the chalk from Asmodeus and began drawing the magical circle. It didn't take much time, only about 5 minutes or so.

"Mr. Bush, to be honest, I am surprised. Although you traced it from the picture, you managed to draw the circle quickly and well. It's fully functional. Would you like to test it?"

"How do we do that? Start introducing magic into the body?"

"Mr. President, you're breaking my flow..."

"Actually, I wanted to demonstrate this with a clearer example," he said, pulling out a magic density meter from his pocket.

"See, right now, the sensor reads 0.53. Do you know what that means?"

he asked, not distracted by the confirmation of his assumption. If people believe in magic, the mana density in the air increases.

The audience nodded, expressing their curiosity and anticipation.

"Alright, I won't prolong this. This sensor indicates the magic density per square meter."

"So, in the place where we stand now, the magic density is 0.53 per square meter. Now, let's place it inside the circle."

"Tell me, by how much should the density increase if the circle is successfully formed?" he asked Bush.

"It's written in the booklet, from 4 to 5 times."

"Correct. Well then, let's check how well you've drawn the magic circle."

He placed the meter inside the circle. "2.2, a good result, Mr. President.

You can start becoming a wizard. Ready?"

"Honestly, I can't wait to try."

"Well then, sit with crossed legs and start feeling the magic."

After a couple of minutes, "I feel it, I feel the magic."

"That's wonderful. I must say, you're quite talented since you managed to do it so quickly." Of course, he didn't mention that he helped a bit because he didn't want to wait for him to sense the magic.

"You know what to do next. Mentally take this mana from the air and direct it into your body through the veins, towards the heart."

"Done!"

"Now, the most important and dangerous part. Here, I'll assist you. I'm afraid England won't survive if the President of the United States commits suicide on its territory," Asmodeus joked.

"Done."

"Ha-ha, I feel it. Feels like I'm 20 again. A fantastic sensation."

"Congratulations, Mr. President, you are one of the first non-magicians in the world to become a wizard. Congratulations!"

"Now, where are your applause, ladies and gentlemen? I can't hear them!"

As his words landed, the entire hall erupted with thunderous applause.

"Mr. Bush, now you'll have to wait until we start producing magical weapons so you can use magic. Although, given your talent, I think you'll be able to cast spells without a wand after some practice."

"Ha-ha-ha, you're joking, Mr. Morningstar. I'm definitely not that talented."

"Then, please, have a seat again, Mr. President. Now, I need to tell you about the precautions when using magic with the help of rings."

"Firstly, until you've built all three rings, after each use of magic, you'll need to meditate and restore magical power."

"Secondly, if you expend too much magic without building the three

rings, you'll have to rebuild the rings and redraw the runes."

"Third and lastly, if you're not a wizard, please, form one ring per month."

"The last point is the most crucial. The body needs time to adjust, and overloading it—for example, by building two or even three rings at once—won't be beneficial. It might even harm your body from within as it won't have time to adapt to the magic."

"All of this is mentioned in the brochures, but I believe it's essential information that should be emphasized!"

"So, who wants to be next?"

With these words, everyone in the hall, except for Bush, raised their hands.

.....

"I have an idea. Let each of the attending wizards help me. Honestly, if we do this one by one, we might not have enough time, maybe not even several days."

"So, wizards who are familiar with the process, please raise your hand."

About 70% of the wizards raised their hands, approximately 100 people.

The others hadn't had a chance to familiarize themselves with the process as they were the last to be informed about the event.

"So, we're about 100 out of 2500. Guys, you'll have to work hard!"

Although Asmodeus knew that most of the attending wizards worked for certain Muggles, he still brazenly asked for their help and the help of the other people. Moreover, at their level, even if their countries were in conflict, they all communicated well behind the scenes.

---

Please support the author so that updates continue, and the author finds it more enjoyable to write the book.

[Link to support the author] (<http://patreon.com/>

The\_last\_airbenderlibrary)

## Chapter 25 - Agreements

Thanks to the wizards' assistance, everyone present successfully completed the construction of the first magical ring around their hearts in 3.5 hours.

"Now that everyone present is a wizard, I would like to present my plan for further development."

"To begin with, I would like to establish a magical school for the children of all those present here. Most likely, the first of the new generation of magical schools will have to be built in England. I understand the possible reluctance of certain countries to have the school in England, but I am currently in England, and the majority of wizards who support our goal at the moment are in England. Are there any questions about this?"

Someone raised their hand.

"You, sir, go ahead."

"Mr. Morningstar, as I understand it, you want to teach our children magic and develop them. But this is not your ultimate goal; you want everyone in the world to learn magic, right? So why do you think the Ministries of Magic and we will support you? Don't you think that just a magical circle is not enough?"

"You are absolutely right. But have you ever thought that if I provide this method to all non-magical people in the world through the internet or mass media? I reached out to you because I need your support, and in exchange, I am willing to give you and your families an advantage. If I were to release this methodology to the public, do you think you could maintain your power? As for the Ministry of Magic, well, they are just a group of nobodies that can be disposed of at any time."

After these words, those few who had the idea of keeping the magical circle in their hands and not letting it spread realized how foolish they were. They were here only because of their status and financial resources; they were not essential for advancing the magical circle, just helpful.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please ask any questions that come to mind. We don't know when another opportunity like this will arise!"

"Ah, there you are, milady, in the second row. Are you Princess Anna, right?"

"Greetings to you, Mr. Morningstar. Yes, you are right, I am Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise."

"My question is probably the same as many others present: what financial and resource contributions do you wish to receive from us?"

"Thank you for asking!"

"Honestly, we don't need a particularly large sum in terms of finances, but we will need support in human resources."

"Since the distinguished individuals present are not very suitable for assistance in construction, we need each of you to allocate 10 trustworthy individuals and 200 kilograms of gold."

"I understand why you need people, and I believe that everyone here will be willing to provide their most trusted individuals with great joy."

Of course, gladly. You think you can obtain some secrets and get closer to me, thought Asmodeus.

"But can you tell us why you expect financial assistance from us in the form of gold? Not that anyone here cannot fulfill this obligation, but gold has not been widely used as currency for a long time, and you are, in fact, asking for 500,000 kilograms of gold."

"Your Highness, Princess, you are right that in the non-magical world, gold is no longer as important. But don't forget, for wizards, the money of

Muggle banks means no more than scraps of paper."

"Can you explain why this is so?" Anna asked.

Ah, so that's your goal; you're simply thinking about how to earn money by transforming it from the Muggle world into the magical one in advance.

"I would be delighted to answer your question. Does anyone present have a banknote or coin?"

Asmodeus addressed everyone in the hall, although it looked amusing that he was asking about money from the wealthiest people in the world.

However, Miss Anna immediately handed him a 50-pound banknote.

"Oh, thank you, Your Highness. Now, look, all of you see this banknote?"

"And now, Gemino!"

When the words fell, from a small explosion an identical banknote appeared in front of everyone, indistinguishable in any way.

"Although the banknote numbers match, I don't think it's a big problem.

A wizard can simply use different ATMs and deposit twice the amount into his account. Do you understand now?"

"Then won't the same thing happen with gold?" someone in the hall said.

"No, no, no, you don't understand, gentlemen. I'm not going to use gold to pay for services. I plan to convert this gold into the currency of wizards, Galleon."

"Can't you duplicate it with this spell?"

"No, you can't. This currency is not made by wizards but by goblins. And at the moment, we are negotiating with the English branch of Gringotts, the bank owned by goblins, about cooperation. We want to get 50% control of the bank, provided that we can bring more investments into the bank."

"Why do goblins manage the wizards' bank?" someone asked with evident

confusion.

"A very good question from the back rows. Actually, it's a result of historical events. Due to several wars, goblins are now not allowed to use wands and are only permitted to handle the financial aspects of the magical world. Additionally, money in the wizarding world is not an indispensable commodity. In simple terms, a wizard can easily live without using money at all; it's just that their standard of living would be lower. That's why wizards have never been overly concerned about it. But, as I mentioned, we are currently in negotiations with Gringotts and also aim to obtain licenses to open banks. In the future, those who wish to open their own banks will be able to do so, but you'll have to wait for about six months."

Upon hearing Asmodeus's words, the prominent bankers nodded, not hiding their satisfaction.

"If there are no more questions, I'd like to return to the topic of the new magical academy and its construction."

---

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and the author finds joy in writing the book.

[Link to support the author]

([http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary))

Chapter 26 - Turmoil

"Regarding the construction of the academy, as I mentioned before, I want to build it in close proximity to Hogwarts to facilitate management and create a kind of Academy city in that area.

As explained to you earlier, I don't want the newly built magic academy to become just another school of magic. No, I want to establish something akin to a university in the Muggle world. My goal is to nurture

in students the desire to explore and advance magic. I believe everyone present would agree that the potential for magical development exceeds that of technology, at least at this stage.

Therefore, the layout of the academy will differ from Hogwarts. It won't be merely a grand castle. No. We will organize the construction of a main building for classes and activities. However, dormitories and research centers will be built separately.

Since, according to my vision, the academy should accommodate a minimum of 45,000 students and 4,000 teachers, I must seek permission from the British government for construction. But I must emphasize, the Magic Academy will be an independent institution, unaffected by any government worldwide! This is my non-negotiable condition and is not up for discussion!

The professors for the first stream of students will be individuals with the highest achievements in their respective fields."

"I have the honor to introduce them to you today. Let's welcome:

Gellert Grindelwald - professor of combat magic and duels. This course will replace the Defense Against the Dark Arts. I believe it's better to learn dark magic and know how to control it than to fear and defend against it. While this name may not carry much weight for non-magicians, in the magical world, he is considered one of the three strongest wizards! Proficient in dark magic, he will also serve as the deputy director of the academy!

Newt Scamander - professor of Care of Magical Creatures. The author of numerous works on magical creatures, Hogwarts uses a textbook written by him!

Florenz - instructor of Astronomy and Divination. Yes, he's a centaur, and as all wizards know, centaurs are excellent seers!

Aberforth Dumbledore - Transfiguration professor. Yes, he's Dumbledore, the younger brother of today's most powerful wizard!

Horace Slughorn - professor of Potion Making. One of the most renowned masters of potions in the magical world!

Claudia Dromgul - don't let her young age fool you; honestly, the professor of Ancient Runes at Hogwarts wanted her to take her place!

Herbert Biri - the former Herbology professor at Hogwarts, retired due to age, but thanks to magical rings strengthening his body, he decided to return to the ranks of professors!

William Ronen - the grandson of Abraham Ronen and the champion of magical duels last year. He will become the Charms professor at the academy!

Nicholas Flamel and his wife Perenelle Flamel! - I don't think they need an introduction, but still! Universally renowned wizard and alchemist of French origin, the only known creator of the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, thanks to which Nicholas and his wife Perenelle have lived for over 600 years. They will be teaching Alchemy to our students!

And so on..."

For nearly an hour, renowned wizards took the stage one by one. In the end, approximately 150 wizards from all spheres of activity graced the stage.

"I can see doubt in your eyes. I mentioned 4,000 teachers. But, ladies and gentlemen, understand me. In the first year, only your children and relatives will be students. If we can gather even 10,000 people, that would be good. So, I believe that having around 150 teachers for now will be quite sufficient. What are your thoughts on this?"

In response to his question, applause erupted. People near the bar thought there was an earthquake. Naturally, not a single dissatisfied

person was in the audience!

Are you kidding? If everything the young man on stage said is true, then this faculty can be called the best in history! Their children will be taught by the world's finest wizards! Muggles were shocked, and even more so were the wizards working for these former Muggles.

They know exactly what each name mentioned today signifies. Such an assembly is enough to overthrow the International Wizarding Federation in a matter of hours!

"Thank you all for the warm welcome to our faculty! I am delighted to announce that we are ready to commence the construction of the Magic Academy - 'Elysium' starting next week!"

With these words, the applause only intensified. So much so that if Asmodeus hadn't used a voice enhancement spell, even the people on stage wouldn't have heard him. He raised his hand to calm everyone and said,

"For today, that's all. We will get in touch with everyone tomorrow regarding financing and the commencement of construction. Today, you can return to your children and loved ones to let them know that they will soon become wizards!"

"Once again, I thank all of you present for your support!"

"As a memento of this day, I have prepared a gift for each of you."

As he spoke, a pendant appeared before everyone. Half of the pendant was black, and the other half was golden. The pendant took the form of angel and devil wings enclosing a blue ruby in the middle.

"Take this pendant. It can protect you from an attack once."

"See you soon, comrades!"

---

Over the next week, there were two topics of conversation in the world.

First, why did some key figures in the world receive identical pendants, and did these people join some society for world control? The second topic was about who was buying gold worldwide. The value of gold skyrocketed. If previously the price per kilogram of gold was \$38,000, within a week, the prices soared to the 2023 level of \$70,000 per kilogram.

Although these two topics briefly dominated the media space, they quickly faded away.

---

Please support the author for updates to continue and to make the writing experience more enjoyable: [[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)]

[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

#### Chapter 27 - Ministry's Reaction

After their meeting, Asmodeus and Dumbledore gracefully returned to Hogwarts. Nevertheless, they would have to wait for financial support. Neither Asmodeus nor Dumbledore wished to exploit the Philosopher's Stones for gold - a tactic deemed foolish. Firstly, only an imbecile would employ the Philosopher's Stone in such a manner. Secondly, Asmodeus aimed to bind these affluent Muggles to his cause. To fully gain their allegiance, he needed them to comprehend what they could gain and what they could offer. In this arrangement, Asmodeus gained control over the future magical world educational system, while they gained the opportunity to become wizards. For this to happen, Asmodeus must share his knowledge, and they must contribute their resources. It's simple; cooperation based on mutual benefit is always more reliable than a one-sided deal.

In reality, Asmodeus emerges the victor in this maneuver, especially

considering that the stronger the world becomes, the more he stands to gain.

Now, Asmodeus and Dumbledore must decide how to handle the Ministry of Magic. They didn't anticipate that the arrival of approximately 3000 people in the village of Hogsmeade would go unnoticed.

And, as it turned out, they were right.

Ministry of Magic, England. Minister's Office.

"Damn it, what is Dumbledore doing? Why is there such a gathering at his brother's bar? Why wasn't I, the Minister of Magic, informed?"

Furious, Fudge paced around his office in a fit of rage. Despite his fear of Dumbledore and the knowledge of whose hand fed him, Fudge dared not ask him directly or express any discontent. However, he needed to understand why over 70 internationally renowned wizards had entered England in the past week. They all had one reason for their arrival – an invitation to a meeting from Dumbledore.

Unaware of any such gathering, Fudge didn't dare offend any of Dumbledore's guests, each either a scholar or a world-class wizard. The most he could do was to discreetly monitor one of them. What he witnessed was staggering – within an hour, 2500 people entered the Hog's Head Inn. Forget the clearly unauthorized use of space-expanding charms, forget even the fact that these wizards had blatantly entered the territory of the Ministry of Magic in England illegally. But what was Dumbledore planning, inviting 2500 people to a meeting? Clearly, these were not locals; many seemed foreign. Yet, he didn't recognize any of them.

(Unaware that most attendees were Muggles, the thought didn't cross Fudge's mind. Moreover, except for attire, an average wizard couldn't discern magical abilities in a person. Hence, Fudge naturally assumed

they were wizards.)

Fudge had already begun distancing himself from Dumbledore, especially after Grindelwald's release. He believed Dumbledore was gathering forces to oust him from the Minister's position, unaware that for Dumbledore, he was no more than a beetle to be crushed at any moment.

Today, Fudge found enough courage to write a letter to Dumbledore, demanding explanations. Little did he know that just when Dumbledore received the letter, someone openly disdainful of him would be by his side.

Hogwarts, Headmaster's Office

Asmodeus and Dumbledore discuss the layout of the future academy.

"I'm telling you, there should be a dragon breeding ground here! What child wouldn't want to be a knight riding a dragon!"

"Asmodeus, we won't be allowed to do that, and taming dragons is no easy feat."

"Albus! This is my academy; I'm the headmaster! I want us to have a field for teaching children how to ride dragons!"

Dumbledore rubbed his aching temples. He couldn't argue against this point. The academy indeed belonged to Asmodeus, or more precisely, the Morningstar family, as specified in the land contract issued by Britain. However, he doubted that any Muggle parents would allow their children to attend a school in the midst of a dragon farm. Moreover, he himself didn't want such neighbors.

You know, the new academy will be located next to Hogwarts. If you fly on a broom, you can reach Elysium from Hogwarts in 5 minutes. It's no more than 15 kilometers away.

Dumbledore doesn't want one of the students who took a joyride on broomsticks to end up as a dragon's meal. Elysium Academy should be

built to the northeast of Hogwarts, the direction Quidditch players go when testing broomstick speed.

Asmodeus contemptuously looked at the Dumbledore, thinking, "So, you can build a dragon pen right next to Hogwarts, but I can't!" But he said nothing. He was already considered a prophet among these old folks; one shouldn't overdo it, or they might start addressing him as the prophet later.

"Damn it," thought Asmodeus. "Oh well, I really wanted to understand the difference between local dragons and the dragons of the Fire Nation..."

While these two stubborn individuals sat and stared at each other, an owl tapped on the window.

Dumbledore stood up, opened the window, and the owl dropped a letter on the table before flying to the bowl set for all incoming owls. So many owls had arrived at Dumbledore's in the past week that he had no choice but to resort to this method.

Opening the letter, Dumbledore read it and handed it to Asmodeus.

"Albus, my dear friend. It's me, your loyal comrade, Minister Fudge.

Three days ago, the ministry detected unusual activity in Hogsmeade and a significant influx of people at the Hog's Head Inn. Some ministry members are getting nervous and demand explanations from you. Could you please respond to them?"

"Ha, what a pitiful sight. He didn't even dare to ask directly. I'm just amazed at you. How could you allow such a useless piece of crap in the minister's chair?"

"Well, you're exaggerating a bit, Asmodeus... Fudge isn't that bad, at least he was... At that time, I thought a weak minister who couldn't stir up trouble would be the better choice."

"Ha-ha, then you miscalculated in choosing people. I tell you, he's a dog

biting the hand that feeds him. We should put our own person in the minister's position."

"Who? Do you already have a candidate?"

Asmodeus was surprised that Dumbledore wasn't against it and said,

"Amelia Bones would be suitable; I want to talk to her. If she agrees with our ideas, I'll be glad if a worthy person heads the Ministry of Magic. But I want a seat in the Wizengamot."

"Asmodeus, why do you need that? You'll already have enough power as the director of the first magical academy of a new format."

"Actually, I don't need it. Consider it as me just trying to ensure a good life for my descendants. Although I doubt I'll ever die..."

"Death is just another journey; there's no need to run from it."

But before Dumbledore could finish, Asmodeus interrupted him, "No, Albus, death is a journey only for those who either don't see the point in living beyond it or don't enjoy life. For example, you don't enjoy life, and I think if it weren't for me, you would have chosen to die alongside Voldemort and end your journey in this world. But now look, you're planning a future as you envisioned your family together and want to live for that future."

"Right now, I have no intention of dying, and I think there will be plenty for me to do in the future."

"Perhaps you're right..." Dumbledore murmured quietly.

"But what do we do with Fudge now?"

"What's complicated about it? Capture him, lock him in a box, and let someone from the saints take his place using a Polyjuice Potion until we find a suitable replacement and officially change the Minister of Magic for England."

"But Fudge hasn't done anything to be treated like this..."

"Albus, believe me, he already thinks you're planning to remove him from the Minister's position."

"...It seems he's right..."

"....."

"It's not about that. I mean, since he has started showing signs of disobedience, just get rid of him. No need to kill him. Just let him serve as an ingredient for the Polyjuice Potion, and then we'll erase his memories of being a minister, and he can live his life. Even if someone in the magical world recognizes him, we'll just say he had a counter-reaction from some spell, and now he doesn't remember who he is.

What's the problem?"

Hearing Asmodeus's words, Dumbledore sighed and said, "Well, alright.

Shall we go to the Ministry?"

"Yes, let's go. I want to see the pink toad dwelling there."

"Who?"

"Oh, just someone, it doesn't matter."

---

Please support the author to ensure updates continue and to make writing the book more enjoyable:

[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 28 - Minister of Magic

With a gentle pop, Asmodeus and Dumbledore appeared at the Ministry of Magic. The Ministry, an eight-story structure with underground chambers, welcomes wizards daily through the Atrium.

Adorning the Atrium is a grand Magical Brotherhood fountain, adorned with golden sculptures of a Mage, Sorceress, Goblin, Centaur, and House Elf. Tradition dictates tossing small coins into the fountain, with these contributions going to St. Mungo's Hospital.

From the Atrium, one enters a small hall hosting no fewer than twenty lifts, as the Ministry's expansive layout places various departments on different floors. The following are these departments in the order they divide the levels.

In the hall, special fireplaces are positioned: on one side for "entry" and the other for "exit." A duty wizard sits here, where non-Ministry visitors must register, undergo inspection, and present their magical wand for scrutiny on a designated device. Each Ministry employee carries an identification pass.

Asmodeus and Dumbledore approached the registration desk, where Dumbledore said, "Hello, Conan. Could you please issue a pass for this young man? He's invited by Fudge."

"Oh, Director Dumbledore, just wait a moment. I'll need to check his wand," replied Conan Greenwood.

"Uh, well, alright."

"What's this? He can't possibly be without a wand!" Dumbledore exclaimed, slightly surprised.

However, Asmodeus, who had returned to his 20-year-old appearance, intervened. After the last time he used the rejuvenation potion, Asmodeus went back to Hogwarts, waved his hand, and ordered 100 vials from Snape. Snape was furious, claiming he had no time for such low-level potions, but after a couple of thousand Galleons, he reluctantly agreed.

"Uh, I think Director Dumbledore is referring to this," he said, pulling his staff/wand from behind and placing it on the registration desk.

Conan Greenwood: "..."

He looked at Asmodeus strangely, then shifted his gaze to Dumbledore with a facial expression asking, "Is this a joke?"

Ahem, Dumbledore coughed and said, "Well, his wand is a bit special..."

"What the \*\*\*\* kind of wand is this!!!" screamed the inspector inwardly but still tried to pretend to examine and verify the wand. He described the wand's appearance and stamped the pass.

"Everything is ready; you are free to go."

Holding the pass, Asmodeus and Dumbledore headed to one of the lifts, and Dumbledore said, "Department of Magical Ministry Management."

As the lift stopped after ascending one floor, Asmodeus, not quite remembering where the minister's office was, asked, "Is the lift broken?"

"Ha-ha-ha, no, no, we've arrived. The minister's office is on the first floor."

"What's the point of having a separate lift that goes up just one floor?" disdainfully remarked Asmodeus.

"Ahem, you should ask Evangeline Orpington about that; she introduced lifts to the Ministry of Magic."

"Isn't she the one who got involved in the Muggle war?"

"Ahem, those are just rumors..."

"Alright, I don't care; it's just funny that the Ministry of Magic, existing to prevent contact between wizards and Muggles, participated in a Muggle war."

(In the mid-nineteenth century, the interaction between the Muggle and magical worlds became noticeable like never before: rapid technological progress scared wizards, but some non-magical inventions were introduced into magical life (such as the Hogwarts Express). It is believed that Evangeline Orpington, a friend of the queen, magically intervened in the course of the Crimean War, and the next Minister of Magic resigned due to unfavorable relations with the British non-magical government.)

Asmodeus and Dumbledore conversed while walking through the Department of Magical Ministry Management— the division in the British

Ministry of Magic located on the first level, where the minister, his administration, and other leading figures of the Ministry work directly.

After a couple of minutes, Dumbledore and Asmodeus reached the Minister's office, and Dumbledore knocked on the door.

Knock - knock - knock.

"Come in, the door isn't locked."

\*Sound of the door opening.\*

"Oh, Dumbledore, it's great to see you. You know, the Auror Department has been pressuring me about your meeting a couple of days ago. But don't worry, I stood up for you..."

Non-stop chatter began immediately after the door opened. Hearing what Fudge was saying, Asmodeus couldn't hide his undisguised contempt. He thought Fudge would at least have the courage to ask about it personally or not ask at all. But now he's clearly trying to shift all the responsibility onto the Aurors.

"And I'm pleased to see you, Cornelius..."

"Albus, I need to know what to tell them about the sudden influx of wizards into England. You know, they all said they came to meet you, but they haven't left anywhere. So our Aurors are nervous; they think someone among the newcomers might be up to something."

"Cornelius, I can assure you that none of those who came at my invitation harbors ill intentions. We gathered in England to discuss the latest magical research..."

As Dumbledore continued to justify and attempt to be polite, Asmodeus couldn't bear it. Especially after seeing Fudge's combat power value determined by the system - 3 points. Do you even understand what that means? For a well-trained Muggle, combat power is exactly 1 point. The combat power index grows exponentially, and 1+1 doesn't mean two but

5. According to Asmodeus's gathered data, a fifth-year Hogwarts student averages 3-4 points, and top graduates have 5 points of combat power. Aurors possess 7 points. After magically enhancing his ring, Dumbledore raised his combat power to his peak from forty years ago - 40 points. Thanks to ring enhancements, Asmodeus's combat power also rose to 32 points. And now Dumbledore, with his strength, is trying to explain something to a bug. Having lived for 18 years in a world of law supremacy, Asmodeus also lived in a war-torn world where everything is based on your own strength for 20 years. He leans more towards the form of governance - the stronger, the more important. He can't understand why the elephant is trying to reassure the mouse scared by its steps. You might perceive this as arrogance, but Asmodeus respects those stronger than him. With Dumbledore, Grindelwald, and Nico, he can jest but never demand or demean them. It's his respect for the strong! Asmodeus doesn't believe there's no place for the weak in the world or anything radical. No, he simply thinks everyone should know their place, especially in a world where personal combat power can surpass the strength of an army. He supports anyone who, in such conditions, strives to increase their strength and treats them with respect.

Fudge, however, is practically indistinguishable in strength from a Muggle for him. Yet, Fudge behaves as if he were an immensely important person in front of Dumbledore.

Unable to contain himself any longer, he said, "Albus, why are you explaining anything to him!? He literally got into this position solely thanks to your support; it's his job to run after you."

Hearing these words, Fudge's face contorted. Since becoming the minister, no one dared to address him like this, and he turned around to see where the voice was coming from. Initially, he didn't notice anyone

else in the office besides Dumbledore, as Dumbledore was his main focus and he didn't pay attention. But now he turned around and saw that disdainful gaze directed at him, and he asked discontentedly.

"This young man lacks manners, whether with Dumbledore's support or without, I am the Minister of Magic, the most important person in England."

"Oh, do you think so?" Asmodeus said playfully, and the disdain in his eyes only intensified.

"Dumbledore, who is this uncultured young man?" Pointing at Asmodeus with disapproval in his voice, Fudge asked.

"I don't think you need to know," Asmodeus said before Dumbledore could answer. "It's time to wrap this up, Dumbledore."

He reached into his pocket, pulling out a small suitcase with a space expansion charm cast upon it. Newt Scamander had given this suitcase to Asmodeus, hoping that if Asmodeus ever managed to enter the world of Avatar, he would bring back animals for him to study. But now, inside the suitcase, was one of Grindelwald's people, chosen to replace Fudge. Dumbledore sighed and pointed his wand at Fudge.

Seeing this, Fudge paled.

"What are you going to do? I'm the Minister of Magic; you have no right! HELP!"

"Sorry, Cornelius, but you're no longer suitable for this position. Besides, no matter how loudly you shout, they won't hear you."

Saying this, Asmodeus cast a spell that struck Fudge, causing him to lose consciousness.

Seeing this, Asmodeus placed the suitcase on the floor and opened it. A middle-aged wizard emerged, saluting and saying, "I'm ready to take on the role at any moment!"

"Excellent. Over there lies the one you'll be for the next year," Asmodeus said, pointing at Fudge.

He handed three vials of Polyjuice Potion.

"You'll be receiving a new batch of Polyjuice Potion every week. Don't let anyone suspect that you're not Fudge!"

The man nodded, took out a trunk from his pocket, and placed Fudge inside.

That's how, without any commotion, Dumbledore and Asmodeus replaced the Minister of Magic.

---

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and writing the book remains enjoyable for them.

[[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)]

[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 29 - Squibs

Returning to Hogwarts, Dumbledore offered Asmodeus a cup of tea.

"Asmodeus, care for some tea?"

"No. I actually wanted to talk about another group of people. You see, by focusing on Muggles, we completely forgot about Squibs."

Dumbledore's face showed embarrassment and genuine surprise. "You know... I've forgotten about them too. If you hadn't mentioned it, or if I hadn't seen Filch, I might have forgotten that we have a vast number of potentially loyal individuals. Lately, I've been concentrating on Muggles and losing sight of wizards."

"Albus, approximately how many Squibs are there in the wizarding world?" Asmodeus asked somewhat suspiciously. He clearly doubted Dumbledore's use of the term "vast number" and didn't expect Dumbledore to say just a couple of thousand.

"I don't know the exact number worldwide... but I have a rough idea of the number of Squibs in England. Although my information may be outdated. You know what, let's find out from Squib himself."

While Asmodeus and Dumbledore waited for Filch, who had been summoned by the portraits, Asmodeus pondered. Squibs are essentially wizards unable to use magic. In the Harry Potter world, wizards rely on the magical Mana in their bodies and the Mana floating in the air.

Although, except for wizards of Dumbledore's level, no one can feel Mana, the magic circle helps Muggles sense Mana and use it. Until the construction of three rings around the heart, Muggles will have to rely on Mana that has already been collected in the heart. Therefore, at the initial stages, the magic circle for wizards will be weaker than the original. However, this situation will change thanks to the physical advantage and the ability to use Mana from the air again. Although wizards in the world of Harry Potter unconsciously use Mana, Muggles who become wizards will be fully aware of the existence of Mana.

Now, about Squibs... a person born into a wizarding family but completely lacking magical abilities. Though it should be acknowledged that Squibs have broader possibilities than Muggles. For example, they can see Dementors, communicate with animals on a higher level (there is an obvious connection between Argus Filch and Mrs. Norris, as well as between Arabella Figg and Mr. Tibbles). Squibs can also see enchanted buildings: Mr. Filch successfully works at Hogwarts and even uses the Room of Requirement, while ordinary Muggles see only ancient ruins in the castle's place.

There's a theory that Muggle-born wizards come from Squibs who married Muggles: magical abilities may suddenly manifest through several generations. Asmodeus thinks this might be true, as he believes

that all wizards in the Harry Potter world have a common ancestor, or at least a group of ancestors in the form of the first wizards.

In these musings, Asmodeus awaited Filch. "Headmaster Dumbledore, did you summon me?"

"Yes, Argus, honestly, Asmodeus and I have a question that perhaps only you can answer."

"I'll be happy to help you, Director!"

"Alright, Filch, could you please tell me how many Squibs are registered in England, and where they gather."

Hearing Dumbledore's words, Filch's face showed genuine surprise. He never thought that the great wizard Dumbledore would be interested in information about the shame of the wizarding world.

"Mr. Director, in the late 19th century, the Society for Support of Squibs appeared in England, founded by Idris Oakby. It's still functioning. The last time I was there was seven years ago, and although I don't know the exact number of people there, I can assure you there are no fewer Squibs in England than wizards themselves. Almost every wizarding family has or had a Squib... it's just that wizarding families carefully hide it."

Hearing Filch's words, Asmodeus asked, "Mr. Filch, what do you think these Squibs would be willing to give in return for the opportunity to become wizards?" with genuine interest.

"You... you're not joking...?" Filch asked hopefully.

"I'm asking entirely seriously!"

"Then I'm ready to answer for myself—I'm willing to give everything I have! And I'm sure that most Squibs feel the same way!"

"Alright, very well. Come here, I'll make you a wizard !"

---

15 minutes later, Argus Filch sat in the chair and wept with joy. Just

using Asmodeus's wand, he managed to perform the Levitation spell.

Asmodeus, on the other hand, was extremely surprised by the effectiveness of using magic rings on Squibs. Forming the first magic ring, Filch, in the eyes of Asmodeus and Dumbledore, did not differ from an average middle-aged wizard. And the most astonishing thing was that even the magic ring that was supposed to remain around the heart somehow disappeared but didn't disappear without a trace. Instead, it dissolved into Filch's body. As Asmodeus understood, Squibs differ from wizards in that their magical chains are damaged, and such a ring replaces the damaged parts, restoring the integrity of the Squib's magical chain.

Although not every Squib would be able to become a wizard after forming the first ring, Asmodeus believes that the maximum level of damage to the magical chain can be healed with two rings. Furthermore, Squibs, unlike Muggles, already have Mana in their bodies and possess abilities to control Mana in space, albeit not functional. Thus, Asmodeus decided to take advantage of the time before the announcement of Mana rings to the public and subdue the Squibs. He would make an unbreakable vow with each Squib.

The conditions will be as follows: Upon successfully becoming a wizard, the Squib agrees to be loyal to the Morningstar family and never harm their interests. This way, Asmodeus will gain a large number of loyal subordinates in a short period. Honestly, even without an unbreakable vow, many Squibs would be willing to give their lives for him. For example, someone like Filch sees Asmodeus not just as a wizard but as a god. However, Asmodeus doesn't intend to take such risks; he'd rather be cautious.

After careful consideration, Asmodeus turned to Filch: "Argus, go and tell

all the Squibs you know that I can heal them, on the condition that they remain loyal to me!"

"Additionally, here, take 100 Galleons. It should be enough for a wand and some decent clothes."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Morningstar. I won't let you down!" Filch said quietly through tears of happiness and immediately headed towards the door of the headmaster's office.

---

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and the author can enjoy writing the book: [Patreon link](<http://patreon.com/>

The\_last\_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 30 - In Pursuit of the

Philosopher's Stone

As Filch departed, Asmodeus inquired of Dumbledore, "Have you gathered all the Horcruxes?"

"Yes, except for the snake you mentioned. I hope Voldemort hasn't managed to create the seventh Horcrux, as we speculated."

"Even if there's one Horcrux left, it won't affect our plan. After his rebirth using the final Horcrux, he'll be rendered useless, taking into account his fear of death and damaged soul. He'll be nothing more than a specter, able to touch the material world and shoot green beams from his wand indiscriminately.

Moreover, I have a sense that by harming his own soul, he has closed off any further paths of growth. He'll be perpetually stuck in this state, unable to strengthen himself. Besides, you're at the peak of your form again, what are you worried about?"

"Perhaps you're right. I just don't want any more innocent victims..."

"Then you should have killed him on the spot when you saw him at the

orphanage. There's no use regretting a past that can't be changed."

Sighing, Dumbledore nodded but asked again, "Are you absolutely sure you can separate the Horcrux from Harry's soul?"

"100%, I have complete confidence in my method."

Of course, I'm sure, damn sure! Asmodeus screamed within himself. I spent a whopping 500 points on a single spell. Damn, that's half of what I've accumulated in the last month.

"When do you plan to begin?"

"Honestly, I was thinking of waiting until Christmas break, but I believe we can expedite the process. Listen, make sure Harry hears xxxxx and xxxx...Hagrid.."

After a couple of months of preparation, Asmodeus was ready to start his plan:

In the evening, at the Great Hall

Harry and Ron, wearing somber expressions, consumed their dinner, contemplating how to prevent Snape from stealing the Philosopher's Stone. Although it was much more challenging for this duo to find clues about Nicolas Flamel without Hermione's assistance, Harry recently found a card of Dumbledore in a chocolate frog. They learned that Nicolas Flamel was a great alchemist who created a magical stone capable of turning base metals into gold and granting immortality. Moreover, before dinner, Harry discovered that Hagrid might have inadvertently leaked information on how to deal with the three-headed dog. After dining, they headed to Professor McGonagall to report Snape's attempt to steal the Philosopher's Stone. Why not directly to Dumbledore? They hadn't seen Dumbledore at dinner for the past two days.

Poor kids, Asmodeus had long asked Dumbledore to leave the school and

return only when he wrote...

In such a state of mind, Harry failed to notice that when he placed his wand on the table while eating, it seemed to have subtly changed, either externally or internally. However, Harry couldn't sense it without comparing two wands immediately.

While Harry and Ron sought Professor McGonagall, Asmodeus, with the help of alchemical devices provided by Nicolas, quietly began to monitor Quirrell.

Exactly at ten.

Quirrell's office.

Asmodeus wore a mask concealing his breath. An invisibility cloak, not like Harry's, but a regular one with clasps on the edges, making it look like a long jacket with a hood. On his feet were "mad boots," one of Nicolas's old inventions from his youth when he wanted to rob some nobleman... ahem, let's not delve into the dark history of the world's greatest alchemist.

Thanks to this gear, several layers of concealment magic, and an enhanced spell of Muggle repulsion, cast on him by Dumbledore but reversed to repel wizards, Asmodeus became more than just an invisible man. It felt as if he had dissolved into space, and even Voldemort wouldn't be able to find him without special preparation.

Quirrell nervously prepared to leave, stuffing various potions and items into his pockets. "The Master told me to start right away. Relax, Snape has stopped paying attention to me lately, and Dumbledore hasn't shown up at Hogwarts for a long time. Tonight is the perfect time," Quirrell thought, comforting himself.

So, Quirrell and the invisible Asmodeus quietly moved through the fourth-floor corridor. They encountered no one on the way. Forget about

Filch. Not even a ghost was seen. It was all the result of Asmodeus's preparation, just to ensure Quirrell or Voldemort wouldn't harm any students or castle inhabitants.

However, Quirrell was both excited and oppressed. Excited about the future life if successful and oppressed by thoughts of what lay ahead.

Thus, he didn't notice the strange silence around him.

He created a miniature harp through Transfiguration and silently unlocked the door in front of him with the Unlocking Charm.

Quirrell pushed the wooden door open.

In the dark room.

A tall figure suddenly leaped up!

The stench hit Quirrell in the face!

Fluffy, the three-headed dog, was about to pounce!

Quirrell quickly grabbed the harp in his hand.

The once fierce beast soon fell asleep silently.

How could this big guy have such a fatal weakness... thought Asmodeus.

Quirrell opened the door, which the dog had been sitting on just moments ago. A large dark hole was revealed beyond.

Quirrell, without hesitation, jumped down, and Asmodeus quietly followed him. Luckily, he had brought an invisible flying broom made by Nicolas. Otherwise, he would have had to either jump down head first - like Quirrell or use his own method of flight. But if he flew using flames, as he could, he was afraid not only the devilish net below would burn but also Quirrell beneath him...

Quietly descending, Asmodeus heard a faint laughter.

"Hahaha, Dumbledore is foolish... He really relaxed at this time, so I finally have the opportunity to steal the Philosopher's Stone!

When they find out about the stone's disappearance, I'll already have

returned my master to life. Soon, very soon... the master will be resurrected! I... I will also get what I want..."

Then Quirrell suddenly shuddered, horror reflected on his face.

Asmodeus guessed that Voldemort had just berated Quirrell. Asmodeus felt he deserved the reprimand.

Who asked you to set red flags right in the middle of the task???

Quirrell didn't dare to speak anymore.

He went straight to the stone corridor in front of him.

This corridor gradually leads people underground. Even streaks on the walls... At the end of the corridor is a brightly lit room with a swarm of enchanted keys flying near the ceiling.

On the other side of the room is a door with a large lock.

Quirrell pointed his wand upward and cast the spell "Arresto Momentum," freezing the keys in mid-air. But he didn't stop there; he pointed his wand upward again and said, "Accio key to the door."

Professor McGonagall's room with living chess pieces guarding the passage to the next room was swiftly bypassed with a Confundus Charm.

In his own room, Quirrell simply cast a Petrificus Totalus on the troll.

Since the old giant troll had been replaced by a young one who hadn't yet grown... interesting, why did they have to replace the troll?

After the troll, there was Professor Snape's room, containing a table with seven vials and a parchment with the conditions of a logic puzzle. Only the potion from one vial allowed passage through the cold flames that covered the final passage. Asmodeus wondered how much time Quirrell would spend on this.

After five minutes of contemplation, the poor thief couldn't decipher this second-grade level riddle. Apparently, Voldemort had to provide hints, as Asmodeus clearly saw Quirrell flinch.

Drinking one of the potion bottles, Quirrell passed through the fire.

Asmodeus didn't need to drink any potion – are you kidding? He's a fire mage; the flames simply parted softly before him, and Asmodeus controlled them so that the fire didn't look suspicious to Voldemort sitting on Quirrell's head.

A burst of fire occurred, revealing a new room in front of Asmodeus. This room was circular, with a massive mirror in the center.

Meanwhile, Quirrell was anxiously pacing around the mirror. It was nothing like what he had imagined! In his mind, shouldn't the Philosopher's Stone be on some pedestal or in a chest? Why was there only one mirror in the room? What about the Philosopher's Stone?

Quirrell was now panicking. He sneaked in here tonight; it was, in fact, his only chance. If he couldn't find the Philosopher's Stone, even if Dumbledore didn't learn of his betrayal, his own master would torture him to death!

Quirrell looked at the mirror in front of him, his face expressing bewilderment. This mirror was truly strange. He saw in the mirror that he presented the Philosopher's Stone to his master, and his master was resurrected. He rewarded him! The Death Eaters around him looked at him with envy in their eyes! It was so beautiful...

...just a scene in the mirror. But what about the Philosopher's Stone?

At this moment, Quirrell already felt Voldemort's consciousness growing impatient! He quickly pulled out his wand and began casting various detection charms. He was sure it was Dumbledore's trick! He had to be able to crack it!

Asmodeus stood aside, watching Quirrell dart around the mirror. It was the Mirror of Erised, inside which Dumbledore had hidden the Philosopher's Stone. In the mirror, people could see what they desire

most in their hearts. Harry saw his parents, Ron saw himself as head boy, leading the Gryffindor Quidditch team to victory.

Asmodeus was curious about what he would see in the mirror but decided to leave it for later. In any case, he didn't believe that Dumbledore hadn't placed any protective charms on the mirror.

Therefore, he wasn't worried that the mirror would break during the battle.

"Allow me to do this, useless idiot," said Voldemort, preparing to take control of Quirrell's body.

Just then, a "whoosh" sound echoed behind them. Flames flickered. A figure emerged from the fire. Harry found himself in a large room with the Mirror of Erised in the middle. In the center stood an adult. But when he turned around, it wasn't Snape but Quirrell.

"You? No, it can't be, that was Snape! He, he was..."

"Haha, yes, he doesn't look like a good person. But next to him, who would suspect the stuttering Professor Quirrell?" Quirrell said with a smirk.

"But during the Quidditch match, Snape tried to kill me..."

"Ha-ha-ha, oh, foolish boy. I! I was the one who wanted to kill you! And if it weren't for Snape and his counter curse, I would have succeeded!"

"Snape tried to protect me...?"

"Strangely enough, yes. It was Snape who hindered me all this time. And that dreadful child Asmodeus, you know, Snape immediately came here when he heard about the troll and didn't fall for my trick. But because that bastard Asmodeus killed my troll so quickly, I couldn't do anything."

"After that, he never took his eyes off me, and I barely escaped today..."

But here I am, standing in front of the mirror. I see myself in the mirror holding the Philosopher's Stone."

"BUT HOW DO I GET IT!"

After Quirrell's scream, a voice emanated from somewhere, saying, "Use the boy..."

"COME HERE, POTTER!! RIGHT NOW!!!"

Harry descended the stairs to the mirror.

"Now tell me what you see!"

"I, I am shaking hands with Dumbledore and winning the Academy Cup..."

"He... is lying..."

"SPEAK, POTTER, WHAT DO YOU SEE!!!"

"I, I'm telling the truth."

"Let me talk to him!"

"But, master, you are not strong enough right now..."

"Do as you're told!"

Quirrell removed the turban. And Harry saw Voldemort's reflection in the mirror, looking at him.

It was clear that Voldemort wanted to speak with the boy who turned him into what he is now, over ten years ago.

At that moment, Harry was terrified by Voldemort on the back of Quirrell. He had never seen a face so dreadful. The visage was pale as chalk, and his red eyes glowed intensely. Below, two slender serpent-like nostrils were positioned.

"Harry Potter," Voldemort's whisper made Harry want to step back, but his feet seemed to defy control.

"Look at what I've become!" Voldemort roared, "All that remains is this soul! The ability to converse only emerges when I share a body with someone else.

"But... once I acquire the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, I'll be

able to recreate my own body!"

"Well... this little trick of Dumbledore's, you must know how to solve it, don't you? Go, take out the Philosopher's Stone and give it to me!"

Harry recoiled. How could he honestly listen to Voldemort?

"Don't be a fool! Better help me!"

"Do as you're told. Otherwise, you'll end up like your parents! Before their deaths, they begged me to spare their lives!"

Initially, Harry was still frightened. But upon hearing this statement, an explosion of anger suddenly ignited in his heart.

"Nonsense! You're lying!" Harry exclaimed loudly.

"Hehe... how touching. I always admired bravery. Yes, I admit your parents were very brave then."

"Your father died in a duel with me. And your mother... She didn't need to die. I promised a faithful servant to save her life.

"But... she defended you till the end! Well, hurry up and do as I say, don't let your mother die in vain!"

---

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and the author can enjoy writing the book: [Patreon link](<http://patreon.com/>

The\_last\_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 31 - Confronting

Voldemort

Voldemort couldn't get the Philosopher's Stone and was now very anxious. He knew if there was anyone Dumbledore would allow to take the stone, it would be Harry.

So, on Voldemort's command, Quirrell hurried towards Harry. But out of nowhere, a leg appeared. Quirrell fell face-first on the step next to Harry. A dreadful scream echoed, expressing the agony of his shattered face.

"AAAAAA, HOW PAINFUL! WHO, WHERE ARE YOU, BASTARD, COME OUT, I'LL KILL YOU!"

Quirrell, trying to stand up with one hand covering his face, screamed in agony.

Then applause rang out. The rhythmic claps gradually approached Harry and Quirrell until they clearly saw the source of the sound.

"Asmodeus!" Harry exclaimed joyfully.

"Mr. Morningstar..." Quirrell and Voldemort whispered quietly.

"Yes, it's me. Hello, Harry," he said, nodding gently to Harry.

"Quite a show you've put on, Mr. Voldemort," he said with a touch of sarcasm.

"Asmodeus Noren Morningstar, I noticed you during the sorting, and how you dealt with the troll intrigued me. Achieving such results with ordinary fire, I was very surprised."

"Oh, thank you for your praise, Mr. Voldemort."

"Kid, I see potential and strength in you. If you want to join me, I'll be happy to welcome you."

"To join you? In your current state?" Asmodeus smirked.

"It's temporary! Once I get the Philosopher's Stone... I'll regain my body and kill Dumbledore!"

"Forgive me, Mr. Dark Lord, but I don't like your idea of purity. So, I'll have to interfere."

"How unfortunate that, in that case, you'll have to die," Voldemort said with a disappointed expression.

"AVADA KEDAVRAAAA!"

"Fiendfyre," Asmodeus quietly uttered.

He waved his hand, and it was the first time he cast a fire spell in this world. For someone like Asmodeus, who could use fire magic without

wands and incantations, uttering a spell meant he was exerting himself to the fullest.

Before Asmodeus, a wall of burgundy-black flames appeared. Voldemort's spell evaporated instantly as it approached the wall.

"You, you're not a student!!! Where do you get such power?!" Voldemort shouted loudly.

"AVADA KEDAVRAAAA, AVADA, KEDAVRAAAA," he continued casting spells at Asmodeus. But no matter how hard he tried, before the spell could touch Asmodeus, the green color vanished in black flames.

Voldemort simply couldn't believe it. Even though he was weakened and using Quirrell's body, he was much stronger than Quirrell in this state.

This method of blocking his spells was inaccessible to anyone in the world. Because to suppress his spell in this way... it meant Asmodeus had more mana at his disposal.

"No, no, THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! EVEN DUMBLEDORE DOESN'T HAVE SO MUCH MAGICAL POWER. Why can you use so much mana?!"

Voldemort roared in rage and disbelief. To reach a level where he could compete with Dumbledore, Voldemort underwent numerous body modifications and turned into a faceless monster. But now, In front of him stood a 13-14-year-old boy who overwhelmed him in terms of pure magic power.

"Alright, time to finish this," Asmodeus said effortlessly, as if the battle with Voldemort hadn't drained him at all. Managing the shield of fire with his left hand, Asmodeus raised his right hand towards where Voldemort stood and said, "Mr. Dark Lord, try my enhanced fire-summoning spell - 'Incendio diabólico!'"

From Asmodeus's hand, a blood-red flame erupted, which literally vaporized Quirrell's body in seconds. Even one of the columns behind

him melted, and it was made of stone.

"Harry, help me!" Asmodeus shouted towards him. "Use any spell you know!"

Harry, who already saw that there was nothing left of Quirrell and Voldemort but ashes, didn't understand why he needed to do anything. Still, he obeyed this pyromancer Ravenclaw student.

Harry raised his wand and pointed it to where Quirrell used to stand. He shouted, "Wingardium Leviosa!" It was the only spell he knew at the moment, thanks to Professor Flitwick. What do you expect from him?

Events accelerated due to Asmodeus. Instead of a year of preparation, Harry had only five months.

But when Harry thought the spell he learned was useless in this situation, he realized there was something wrong with his wand. He clearly felt that the wand was extracting something from his body and collecting it at the tip. Before he could react, blue flames erupted from his wand. To his surprise, he saw a mist gathering and forming a figure in the place where he directed the fire.

"You can't kill me...."

"Aaaah, what the hell, I'm on fire! No, no, noooooo!"

After a while Voldemort's voice finally fell silent. However, Asmodeus didn't stop there. He approached Harry and said, "Harry, get ready to cast that spell again." Harry nodded, realizing that something was off with Voldemort's condition, and he wouldn't simply die like that.

While Harry contemplated, Asmodeus pulled out his "Newt's briefcase" from his pocket and spilled all the Horcruxes out.

"Harry, burn them!"

"Hmm, Wingardium Leviosa!"

Furious screams erupted from the pile of items, but they quickly

subsided.

"Now, Harry, you'll feel a bit strange, but as soon as you can, return to your body and use this magic on him again!"

As Harry heard Asmodeus's words, there were only three question marks in his head, "???" Return to his body? What the hell does that mean?

However, before he could ask, he felt someone push him in the chest.

"Eh, aaaa, I'm a ghost! I'm dead!!! No, stop, wait, is that what he meant by returning to the body? But who's the second one he mentioned..." he pondered, but continued his subconscious movement toward his body.

Back in his body, he heard Asmodeus shout, "Come on, Harry, he's right behind you!" Harry turned around and saw something in between himself and Voldemort. More precisely, half of this creature's face resembled Voldemort, and the other half was like his own.

Without hesitation, he shouted again, "Wingardium Leviosa," and the flames consumed the last horcrux.

"No, no, I can't die like this!! No...aaa..."

As the horcrux, which shared a body with Harry, disappeared, Harry lost consciousness. Asmodeus supported him to prevent him from hitting his head on the floor and gently laid him down.

"Ha, I was right, he didn't manage to make the last horcrux," he muttered as he saw the system panel before his eyes.

"Ding, task series, kill Voldemort."

"Ding, each horcrux destroyed rewards 1000 points. When the system confirms Voldemort's complete death, a separate reward of 10000 points will be available."

Asmodeus received a reward of 7000 points for all the horcruxes destroyed, plus 10000 for completing the task of killing Voldemort.

Joyfully humming, Asmodeus lifted Harry with his favorite spell, as he

understood, "Wingardium Leviosa," and headed towards the school nurse. But as he was about to leave the room, he stopped and returned to where Harry had lain earlier. He looked around and spotted the wand lying near the steps.

"There you are. It would be a shame to lose you," he said, picking up the wand.

You know, he, Nico, Grindelwald, and Dumbledore had worked on making this wand together for almost three weeks. It can only cast one spell and extracts Mana from the user.

This enhanced flame spell was developed by him and Grindelwald together. It combines the heat of Asmodeus's fire and the malleability of Grindelwald's fire, and it can also burn souls. That's why a few hours ago, Asmodeus switched Harry's wand with this one.

Putting the wand in his pocket, Asmodeus took out Harry's original wand from his suitcase. He placed it in Potter's pocket and continued on his way. He decided he would look into the mirror later when he had the time.

---

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and the author can enjoy writing the book: [Patreon link](<http://patreon.com/>

The\_last\_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 32 - Beginning of

Construction + Trading Center

While Harry was recovering and Asmodeus spent time in the library absorbing knowledge through the system and occasionally strolling with Hermione.

Dumbledore, Grindelwald, and other elders were extremely busy.

Asmodeus' requirements for the future academy were too high, and they

didn't even know where to start construction.

"Gellert, we need to start construction... you know, the academy is supposed to admit its first students in 9 months, and we haven't even begun building the main castle."

"Go tell that to Asmodeus! Damn him, who wrote this plan? What the hell is this magical creature breeding plan? What are those magical towers around the castle? And why did he mention 45,000 students!!!!"

Grindelwald responded with frustration to Dumbledore.

"Ahem, ahem... I really don't want to see him lately. I have a feeling he's targeting my beard; I don't know why, but I have this premonition that he wants to do something with it."

"..."

"And because of that, you don't want to consult with him!"

"Alright, alright. Calm down; we really need to start construction. And I finally understood what those mage towers he was talking about are."

Nicolas intervened in the conversation.

"???" Two gazes fell upon him.

"Ahem, ahem, mage towers - in ancient times, wizards built them for conducting research. It was like a home for powerful wizards. Each floor had a different purpose... but they haven't been built for a long time because during the witch hunts, many of such towers were destroyed, and the Muggle expulsion spell didn't exist yet... so wizards gradually stopped building them. Also, with the advent of magic schools, wizards stopped living ascetically and gradually began forming villages. The towers were used so long ago that even I didn't know about them until I found it in an ancient magical book from the times of Merlin."

"Why does he need it in the school!"

"I don't know. Our task is to build a tower; I've already contacted

Asmodeus, and he said he'll enchant and improve them himself later."

"Alright then..."

"So, shall we start with the main castle?"

"Yes, it's time to begin construction."

"Will the main entrance be in the southeast?"

"Yes, Asmodeus said he doesn't care; if it makes it easier for wizards, we can arrange the castle however we want."

"Then in the southeast, there's a cliff to the north, and to climb from that side, we'll need to build stairs. So, it's better to place the entrance facing that lowland."

"Ah, so much work... why are we working while he's relaxing at Hogwarts?"

Ah, three consecutive sighs echoed.

Amidst sorrow and frustration, the construction of the future center of the world began.

While the elders worked, Asmodeus, having spent over 1000 points on comprehensive learning in all available subjects at Hogwarts, lay on his bed, digesting knowledge.

"Ah, my head hurts. But now I understand the magic of this world as well as Dumbledore and Grindelwald."

"Alright, I should probably see what the system has to offer."

"System! Open the trading center."

"Ding, at the host's request, the trading center is open."

In front of Asmodeus' eyes appeared the familiar 4x4 grid where he had bought a set of books months ago to transform Muggles into wizards.

"Sort out only what I can afford to buy!"

"Ding, the host's balance is 15,345 points. Removing offers from the trading center that exceed this price."

"Potion of Pet Development - 700 points. Allows maximum acceleration of pet growth and unleashes its full potential."

"Guide to Pyromancy in the world of SAILOR MOON. The ability to gain insight into a question or situation using fire/heat. Sub-power of Fire Magic. Technique of Fire Manipulation. Variation of Elemental Divination. - 3,000 points."

"Hell-Fire Magic - IFRIT - Ability to use hellfire magic. Form of Magic. Variation of fire magic and manipulation of infernal flames. Opposite of Sacred Fire Magic - 15,000 points."

"Holy-Fire Magic - ZELDA - The power to use holy fire-related magic. Form of Magic. Variation of Fire Magic and Holy Fire Manipulation. Opposite to Hell-Fire Magic. - 15,000 points."

"Potion of Lineage Fusion - 5,000 points."

"Lineage of the Vermilion Family (Black Clover) - 15,000 points."

"Fire Elementalization. Allows the user to take the form of a fire elemental. In this state, physical attacks do not affect the user. Fire magic damage is increased by 20% in the elementalized state. Fire magic consumes 15% less mana. Control over flames is increased by 50% - 5,500 points. Note: minimum requirement for elementalization is 1,000 points of mana for the owner, mana is not consumed all at once but gradually until the host returns to normal state."

"Current mana reserve of the host - 1,250, meets the requirements."

"Small potion of permanent mana increase by 100 points, price - 1,000 points. One person can take only 3 potions per year, developing resistance to the potion after 9 bottles."

"Small potion of physique reinforcement - increases all basic body characteristics by 5 points, price - 1,000 points. One person can take only 3 potions per year, developing resistance to the potion after 9 bottles."

"1 level World Enhancement - 10,000 points. Raises the world level once.

Improvement in all aspects - the amount of mana in the air, its quality, the physical preparation of average beings in the world, magical creatures becoming stronger and etc."

"Angel's Tear Potion - brings the deceased back to life if no more than a year has passed - 5,000 points."

"World Level Increase, by half a level. - price 5,000 points."

With the constant flickering of products Infront of his eyes, Asmodeus feared an epileptic seizure. However, he had already chosen the items he wanted to buy.

"Buy Flame Elementalization, Small Potion of Permanent Mana Increase x3, and Small Potion of Physique Reinforcement x1."

"Ding, confirming the operation... deducted 9,000 points. Current balance - 6,345 points. Thank you for your purchase!"

With the sound of the system, Asmodeus felt that something in his body begin to change. Before he could do anything, he lost consciousness.

After a couple of hours, Asmodeus woke up and attempted to stand up from the floor.

"Ugh, my head is splitting, damn it, my whole body is convulsing..."

\*hiss\*... maybe I shouldn't have... ah, I'm falling... or not falling..."

As Asmodeus tried to get back on his feet, he slipped, but before he could fall, he involuntarily transformed into an elemental.

"Convenient..."

---

Today I want to express gratitude to two individuals who have supported my creation on Patreon. Even though there isn't much on Patreon yet, these two people subscribed because they believe in me and are ready to support me. I thank Elias and Steven for their support. Thanks to you

guys, that's how I understand that someone sees my efforts, and my endeavors are not indifferent to them!

Please support the author to ensure updates continue and make the writing experience more enjoyable for them: [The Last Airbender Library on Patreon]([http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary))

## Chapter 33 - Universal

### Enhancements

Experiencing the skill "Flame Elementalization," Asmodeus noticed four small bottles lying before him. Three potions for a constant increase in mana and one elixir for enhancing his physic.

Without much hesitation, Asmodeus took the Small Body Strengthening Potion in his hands, drank it, and sat on the bed in his room, awaiting the effects. The wait wasn't long; after a couple of minutes, Asmodeus felt as if the blood in his veins began to simmer. Yet, it wasn't an unpleasant sensation; rather, it was akin to sitting in a luxurious Finnish sauna while someone stoked the heat.

After 15 minutes, the sensation subsided, and Asmodeus realized that the process of fortifying his physique had concluded. Before checking his stats in the system and examining his body, he decided to take a shower. The stench was unpleasant, and impurities accumulated over years of life, reminiscent of Chinese novels from his past existence, washed away with his sweat.

Returning from the shower, Asmodeus inspected his body. While he had always stood out for his height at his age, now, if not for his youthful face, he could easily be mistaken for a "beach bodybuilding" class competitor. Every muscle line was sharply defined, and fat on his body was almost nonexistent. He reverted to the physique he had before entering this world, but now, this body was only 14 years old, indicating

that the potential for natural growth was not yet exhausted.

To be honest, his current appearance resembles that of a 16-year-old athlete. His face has matured, though not as significantly as his body. Moreover, it hasn't aged; it has grown, turning him into a young man rather than a tall child.

Although explaining such a transformation to Hermione and the elders might be challenging, he'll simply mention experimenting with a potion for physical enhancement that went awry. "Alright, that's done. Looks like it's time for you," he said, eyeing the mana bottles.

Athena: "???" - "My master has gone mad, talking to bottles."

Ignoring Athena's puzzled look, he took all three bottles and consumed them in one go.

Oddly, the familiar warmth didn't follow as before. Instead, he felt as if a spring breeze was gently blowing over him. When Asmodeus sensed the potion's effects had worn off, he shouted, "System, display my stats!"

"Ding, current host's statistics:

1. Combat Power: 37
2. Health: 150/150
3. Mana: 1550/1550
4. Strength: 26
5. Agility: 22
6. Intelligence: 35"

"Wow, a real improvement, and even combat power has increased."

"1550 mana is sufficient for full-fledged combat in elemental state and provides a reserve for magic usage," Asmodeus muttered.

"System, display Athena's stats."

"Ding, Athena (Wyvern):

Lineage: Wyverns, with a high threshold for peak combat power and

potential evolutions, 20% of lineage potential is currently activated.

1. Combat Power: 7
2. Health: 50/50
3. Mana: 100/100
4. Strength: 11
5. Agility: 25
6. Intelligence: 7"

"You've become stronger without doing anything," he said with a smile, patting the now larger Athena. If he could easily hold her like a cat before, now it's not just challenging to lift her; she's simply too big to pet while she's in his arms. Athena is now a wyvern the size of a large dog, not yet as huge as a horse but definitely not small.

Well, when Athena grows to the point where she can't walk around the castle, I'll move her to Elysium. In any case, I'll be spending a lot of time there, thought Asmodeus.

Ah, I need to talk to the old man today...

He remembered that since the new generation of wizards would need "wands" or, as he decided to call them, magical weapons, he had to find people who could craft them.

---

1:30 PM at the Hogs Head Inn

"Oh, here comes our irresponsible director!" shouted Grindelwald with a glass of wine in hand, surrounded by several teachers of the future academy.

"You're the irresponsible one; I've given you everything you need for construction - resources, finances, knowledge, and even found students in advance!"

\*Sound of a cough\*

Grindelwald coughed at such a harsh response.

"Alright, folks, we didn't gather here today to point fingers, especially since Grindelwald is to blame. We're here to decide what to do about the fact that incoming students will also need to buy magical weapons, cauldrons, robes, and so on. And in Diagon Alley, there won't just be a lack of space for all the incoming students, but also not enough goods and shops..." said Nicolas.

Grindelwald: "I sense undisguised malice..."

"Nico, who do you think among your students can manufacture magical weapons?"

"Most of my students are either dead or working on their inventions, but they have children willing to learn the technique of crafting magical weapons and get to work. They are also willing to sign a contract with the academy as a priority client and an unbreakable non-disclosure agreement about the method of crafting magical weapons outside the family, But they also want to become something like Ollivander's family with his wands."

"I believe their conditions are quite justified, but the problem is that one family won't be enough..."

"Hahaha, don't worry, my student turned out to be very prolific. He has 25 grandchildren, and they have good family relations, so they'll have enough people."

"What's your student's name?"

"Hugh Benishu. He's working on studying alchemical runes and their interaction with electricity, aiming to transform Muggle tools... Sadly, he hasn't figured out how to make a TV work with magic yet. It became his obsession after seeing a TV in a Muggle store."

"Nico, do you think he needs financial investment or any assistance? I see

potential in his research."

"Who do you think I am? Although I don't bury him in gold, what he learned from me is enough for him to live comfortably for the rest of his life. Once a month, he produces some alchemical tools and sells them; he has no money problems at all, and resources for his research are delivered for a fee from the best sources."

"Cough, cough, alright, don't get nervous, you're old. I just wanted to help him."

"Hmm," Nicolas grunted dissatisfied.

"So when can we meet his grandchildren? Are they arriving soon?"

"They're already here, waiting in the guest room."

"Then let's go meet them."

Ascending the stairs and opening the door, Asmodeus saw the true meaning of the phrase "strong seed" that John Arryn from the world of ice and fire once mentioned. Twenty-five men who looked almost identical – short black hair, unremarkable appearance, dressed in dark blue jackets... as if he had stumbled upon a clone factory.

"Here, the grandchildren of my student. From left to right: Albert, Baptiste, Veronique, Gabriel, Damien, Giselle, Gerard... and so on."

"Uh, good day, everyone. As I understand, you're ready to take on the task of crafting magical weapons for incoming students at my Academy?"

"Yes, Mr. Morningstar, on the condition that the Benishu family receives exclusive rights to manufacture magical weapons in Europe."

"To be honest, if you had said in England and France, I would have agreed immediately, but we're talking about all of Europe. Are you sure you can handle such a load? People from all over the world are now enrolling in the academy, and there are many compared to the previous number of wizards. What if instead of 5000 weapons, as it is now, you

have to make weapons for 50000? Do you really think you can keep up with the demands of buyers?"

Upon hearing Asmodeus's words, they all slumped a bit. They hadn't thought about the possibility of not being able to cope with future demand; they were merely trying to grab as big a piece as possible.

Seeing this, Asmodeus continued, "Let's do this: I'll grant your family exclusive rights to open an alchemical forge right at the Academy, and I'll give you the best spot on the trading street near the academy. You can also advertise your alchemical forge as approved by Elysium Academy.

Also, your family will sign a contract for the out-of-turn production of weapons for Morningstar family members— three weapons per year.

Don't forget, I'm providing you with the complete method of manufacturing magical weapons. After that, you'll have to research and improve your knowledge and methodology of production. And I don't commit to not disclosing the basic technique of making magical weapons. I'm giving it to you first; the rest depends on your efforts! Well, are you in agreement?"

"We agree, but on the condition that the Morningstar family or the academy prepare a contract similar to Hogwarts with Ollivander. That is, weapons will be sold to people from low-income families at the academy's expense."

"Alright, so be it."

"Deal!"

Asmodeus shook hands with each member of the Benishu family.

"You can approach Grindelwald to get a place for opening the forge in the academy; I'll inform him. As for the branch on the new trading street, we'll discuss it in a month when it's finished."

"Okay!" The 25 men said in unison. Asmodeus thought his ears might

start bleeding.

"Well then, when should we make an unbreakable vow?"

"Yes. Mr. Flamel will be the witness."

So, half an hour later, Asmodeus returned downstairs to Grindelwald, and the Benishu family headed back to France to inform the elders of their actions. They would return to England in a couple of days and begin mass-producing magical weapons for incoming students. Spears, swords, staffs, axes, and so on...

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and writing the book remains an enjoyable experience for author.

[[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)]([http://patreon.com/](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)  
The\_last\_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 34 - Problems and their  
solutions

"Alright, for the time being, the issue with magical weapons is resolved.

How are things progressing with the construction of the Elysium Academy?" inquired Asmodeus Grindelwald as he descended the stairs.

"The construction of the Academy is proceeding according to plan. In approximately three months, by the end of March, the exterior will be completed. The next steps involve designers and interior arrangements," replied Grindelwald.

"That's good. What about the new trading street?" Asmodeus asked, noticing the darkened expressions on Gellert and the others.

"What's wrong? Any issues during construction?" Asmodeus questioned, observing the visibly incorrect expressions on the elders' faces.

"Construction is proceeding smoothly, but... those shop owners in the diagonal alley refuse to open branches with us. They claim there aren't enough wizards in England to attract visitors," explained Grindelwald.

"Hmm... Have you mentioned squibs to them?" Asmodeus suggested.

"Yes, but they don't believe it. They won't believe there's a method for squibs to become wizards until someone officially announces it. As for Muggles, we haven't disclosed that yet," admitted Grindelwald.

"Alright, then let's announce through official channels that I've found a solution for squibs. A new Magic Academy will be built for them, along with a trading street adjacent to the academy!" declared Asmodeus.

"Are you sure? I thought you wanted to quietly subjugate all squibs..." questioned Grindelwald

"In fact, those Filch brought me are already sufficient. I currently have 10,000 subordinates, 'former squibs,' and I have no intention of handing over magical circle technology just like that. At least not until the academy admits all elite Muggles and they become full-fledged wizards. I plan to announce through 'The Daily Prophet' that I am ready to heal all squibs willing to sign a contract with the Morningstar family. They commit not to oppose the Morningstar family in any form!"

"Sounds good to me; I'm all for it!"

"Alright, when can you make the announcement on behalf of the Minister of Magic?"

"Tomorrow! Let the old man rest today... you know, lately, I've been constantly checking if everything is going according to plan during construction."

"Alright..."

As Asmodeus said this, it seemed he remembered something and told Nicolas, who was descending the stairs, "Nico, here, take this. Engrave these runes so that the castle and the surrounding area are always neither too hot nor too cold," he tossed the book to Nicolas.

Basic runes for improving living conditions - a book he bought a long

time ago for 100 points. It contains special runes for enhancing comfort in the house and several runes for reinforcing the building itself. For example, the "cooling" rune can be used as an air conditioner if inscribed on the castle wall. In conjunction with the "warmth" rune, they can create a constant temperature of 25 degrees in the building. The book contains many such useful but non-combat applications of various runes.

"Wow, Asmodeus, this is excellent! I was thinking of using my alchemical knowledge for this, but with these runes, everything will be much easier."

"You're always welcome," Asmodeus nodded.

"By the way, Grindelwald, you can take this book from Nico and build a couple of high-class hotels on the trading street. I think there will be many visitors willing to pay extra for better living conditions. Moreover, Muggle elites will surely want to occasionally meet with their children there. You can register the hotels in your name; in any case, the entire street belongs to me."

"Oh, and regarding those who want to open branches with us after the Ministry of Magic announcement, suggest either renting the buildings we've constructed or inform them that building new structures is possible on the outskirts. Try to keep the shops in the center for our needs."

Grindelwald nodded and said nothing. It didn't matter to him anymore; he was pleased that his goal was nearing completion, and he would assist Asmodeus in any way he could.

Having said all he wanted to this group of people, Asmodeus headed towards where Newt Scamander and magizoologists were sitting.

"Newt, hello. How's the selection of animals I mentioned going?"

"Oh, hello Asmodeus, I didn't notice you. What you asked for is not impossible, but still not that simple... gathering different magical creature species below level 4 and creating habitats for them within the castle... I

still don't understand why we're doing this."

"To allow Muggle students from different countries to interact with magical creatures from their regions and promote the protection of these beings! You know, according to our research with Bathilda Babbling, the more wizards in the world and the more people know about magic and believe in it, the higher the magical density in space. Over time, the amount of mana in the world will only increase, and magical creatures will become more abundant, gradually becoming stronger. We need to train new wizards to interact with them in advance and not push them away."

"I know, I know... I just think it's better for animals to live in their natural environment."

"I completely agree with you, but we'll have to do this. I want to teach students to live in harmony with magical creatures and instill in them a love for nature. And for that, they need constant contact with friendly animals."

"Alright, alright... I'll do it, but I'll need a lot of funds."

"Ha-ha-ha, tell Nico to lend you the Philosopher's Stone if the money from the Muggles isn't enough. Anyway, he has boxes filled with those philosophical stones. I'm sure he'd be happy to lend you some."

Newt Scamander nodded.

Having finished all his business, Asmodeus headed towards Dumbledore's table.

"Albus, tomorrow Grindelwald's people, in the form of Fudge, will make a statement that I'm ready to cure squibs. You'll have to handle the pressure from the International Confederation of Wizards."

"Yes, I've already heard about it. Don't worry; I'm no longer the coward you could push around. I've broken out of the cage I trapped myself in

after Fudge's ousting."

---

Please support the author for updates to continue, and to make the writing experience more enjoyable for them.

[Link to Patreon]([http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary))

Chapter 35 - Shock in the Magical

World

The next morning, the Ministry of Magic made a startling announcement.

"Squibs can become wizards."

Worldwide newspapers:

Daily Prophet: "Truth or fiction? The Ministry of Magic claims a Hogwarts student has created magic that can cure Squibs and turn them into wizards?"

The Quibbler: "Ministry of Magic news - Fudge's attempt to divert attention from something more shocking?"

Wizarding World News: "Will the world have more wizards!?"

The Quidditch Weekly: "Has Angus Buchanan's dream finally come true?"

Spellbound: "Are there handsome Squibs among them?"

And so on.

The entire magical world trembled. Letters flooded the Ministry of Magic from every continent, Squibs gathered at the entrance of the English Ministry of Magic. There were so many of them that each Auror on duty had to cast the Obliviate spell at least 100 times a day...

Soon, news came from the Ministry of Magic - "Asmodeus Noren

Morningstar, the inventor of the Squib treatment method, will hold a press conference tomorrow at the Black Lake in Hogwarts. For conference passes, contact the Magical Law Enforcement Department of the Ministry of Magic of England."

It is said that someone in the Ministry of Magic quietly shed tears, then angrily resigned from their job, considering the number of applications to attend the conference...

---

Malfoy Manor, Wiltshire

"Damn it!" Lucius cursed, throwing the latest issue of the Daily Prophet to the ground.

He nervously paced not because Squibs could become wizards; in fact, it benefited him, as the Malfoy family also had Squibs. His unease stemmed from Dumbledore not bothering to coordinate this conference with the Board of Governors, of which he was now the chairman.

Previously, any event held at the castle required Dumbledore to inform the Board of Governors. However, this time, Dumbledore practically ignored them. You see, though Death Eaters fear Dumbledore, they fear not the Dumbledore who is the headmaster, but the one who fought against Voldemort. After the Dark Lord's fall, Dumbledore restrained himself and followed the rules set by the Ministry of Magic and the same Board of Governors. But lately, Dumbledore had clearly changed; he started meddling in Ministry affairs and actively participated in Wizengamot sessions. This scared the former Death Eaters.

This attitude towards the Board of Governors made Malfoy realize that Dumbledore had altered his methods, and it remained uncertain whether he could be manipulated through pure-blood influence within the Ministry of Magic.

"I should check this myself..." Lucius muttered, wrote a letter, handed it to his owl, and, donning his coat, Apparated to Hogwarts.

After some time, a group of pure-blood wizards arrived at Dumbledore's office.

The Hogwarts governors, led by Lucius Malfoy, collectively prepared to protest Dumbledore's behavior, allowing Asmodeus to hold a conference at Hogwarts without their permission.

They should restrain Dumbledore before he starts ignoring the laws of the Ministry of Magic. What if he begins pursuing them outside the Ministry's jurisdiction? That's something they cannot tolerate!

After Lucius Malfoy and others entered the headmaster's office, they were stunned to see Grindelwald there. However, they paid little attention, knowing that Grindelwald was free because of Dumbledore's guardianship. Ignoring Grindelwald, Lucius directly questioned Dumbledore behind the director's desk.

"Dumbledore! I think you owe us an explanation!" Lucius Malfoy spoke first.

Dumbledore looked at the threatening pure-blood members of the family, smiled, and said, "What happened?"

Upon hearing Dumbledore's words, Lucius smirked, "Enough joking, Dumbledore, we appointed you as the director! We have no objections to the conference, but you ignored the Board of Governors! If you can't give us a satisfactory answer, we might impose a ban on inappropriate activities at Hogwarts!"

Dumbledore remained silent, sitting and smiling. However, Grindelwald took the wand lying on the table and slammed it against the floor.

Having lost his previous wand to his old lover, Grindelwald decided to align himself with the new wizards and ordered a coal-black combat staff made of obsidian, with dark blue crystals embedded at the staff's tip.

The faint blue Fiendfire enveloped the principal's office.

Grindelwald provocatively stated, "Oh? What explanation do you need from us?" His magic instilled fear in everyone from the pure-blood

family, as he unleashed the advanced Fiercefire Curse without an incantation. Lucius and the others turned pale instantly.

Feeling the heat of Fiendfire, Goyle asked tremblingly, "Dumbledore! Grindelwald! What do you think you are doing?"

Grindelwald, mocking, looked at the terrified Lucius and said, "Are you still wizards? Grab your wands! If you can win, Dumbledore and I will listen to you!"

Lucius and the others were even more frightened. What kind of twisted joke was this? Engage in a duel with Dumbledore? Their masters dared not, especially considering Grindelwald was on par with Dumbledore in power.

Just when Lucius and others were at a loss, Dumbledore stood up and patted Grindelwald on the shoulder. Grindelwald understood Dumbledore's signal and waved his staff to extinguish Fiendfire.

Lucius and the others breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that Dumbledore was still the restrained old man. However, Dumbledore's sharp gaze halted Lucius as he declared, "Grindelwald means what I mean! Times are different now. Either raise your wands or get the hell out of Hogwarts!"

Dumbledore, no longer bound by worries of longevity, thanks to magical rings, confidently asserted he could live at least another 35 years, even without the elixir of life. Voldemort was dead, and a prophecy revealed resolution to all his regrets. The prophecy shown by Grindelwald about Asmodeus was something Dumbledore couldn't stop, giving him no reason to restrain himself.

The Board of Governors turned pale, realizing the Lion was no longer in the cage. Despite their unwillingness, Lucius and the others had no choice but to leave Hogwarts in despair.

"Dumbledore has lost his restraint!" Lucius exclaimed angrily at home.

Narcissa tried to calm him down, saying, "Lucius, calm down first."

After recounting the events at Hogwarts, Lucius calmed down a bit.

Narcissa, concerned for their son Draco, asked about his safety.

"Dumbledore won't harm students, and Hogwarts is the safest place for

Draco in the current situation. He'll be fine," Lucius reassured.

Narcissa sighed in relief, but the worry about their future lingered.

With Voldemort gone, they were no longer protected. The recent disappearance of Lucius's Dark Mark indicated Voldemort's fall. While this seemed like good news, Dumbledore might now turn his attention towards them. Lucius was uncertain about what awaited him in the future.

In reality, until the pure-blood family opposes Asmodeus when he decides to announce about Muggles, both Asmodeus and Dumbledore will remain indifferent to them. Asmodeus doesn't believe the Malfoys will object to his actions, especially considering the family's past closeness with Muggles.

The surname Malfoy originates from Old French, meaning "treachery."

Like many other forebears of noble English families, the wizard Armand Malfoy arrived in Britain with William the Conqueror during the Norman invasion. Providing magical services to William I, who became the King of England, Malfoy acquired the best parcel of land in Wiltshire, seized from local landlords, where his descendants have lived to this day.

Their cunning ancestor, Armand, embodied many qualities that distinguish the Malfoy family to this day. Malfoys have always had a reputation, hinted at by their not-so-flattering name, as unscrupulous individuals seeking seductive power and wealth wherever they could find it. Despite their passion for pure-blood status and firm belief in wizarding superiority, the Malfoys did not hesitate to flatter and curry favor with

Muggles when necessary. Consequently, they became one of the wealthiest wizarding families in Britain. Rumors suggest that over the centuries, the family successfully dealt with Muggle currency and assets. Expanding their land holdings in Wiltshire, annexing the lands of Muggle neighbors, and ingratiating themselves with royal authority, they added Muggle treasures and artworks to their ever-expanding collection.

Historically, the Malfoys maintained a sharp distinction between poor Muggles and those with wealth and power. Before the introduction of the Statute of Secrecy in 1692, the Malfoy family mingled in noble Muggle circles. They opposed this law, fearing a loss of their pleasant societal sphere. While subsequent generations vehemently deny this fact, some magical historians claim that the first Lucius Malfoy was a suitor to Queen Elizabeth I, although his attempts at marriage were unsuccessful. Nevertheless, some believe that Elizabeth I's subsequent resistance to marriage arose due to a Malfoy curse.

Driven by the self-preservation that dictated the Malfoys' actions over centuries, after the enactment of the Statute of Secrecy, the family severed all ties with Muggles. They believed that continued protests would lead to alienation from the newly established Ministry of Magic. The Malfoys, making a sharp turn, actively supported the Statute more fervently than its initial advocates, even denying any past interactions or marriages with Muggles.

The immense wealth of the Malfoys ensured significant influence in the Ministry for several generations, although no Malfoy sought the role of Minister for Magic. The family is often said to be absent from the scene of incidents, although their fingerprints might be on any wand involved in a crime. Independently wealthy and unburdened by the need to earn a living, they preferred the role of power-brokers, concentrating real power

in their hands, letting others undertake the greater, thankless work and bear the responsibility for failures. They financed many election campaigns for their privileged candidates, involving underhanded tactics to deal with opposition.

The Malfoys treated all Muggles who couldn't offer them wealth or power with genuine disdain. For most of their supporting wizards, this led to the doctrine of pure-blood supremacy, seemingly the most suitable source of unhindered power in the early decades of the twentieth century. With the introduction of the Statute of Secrecy, no Malfoy entered into marriage with Muggles or Muggle-borns. However, the family avoided the somewhat perilous practice of intermarrying with a small circle of pure-blood wizards, as such unions were considered weakened and imbalanced. Notably, there were a few half-blood branches regularly appearing in the Malfoy family tree.

Considering all of the above, Asmodeus and his party do not believe that the Malfoys will oppose the repeal of the Statute of Secrecy and the transformation of Muggles into wizards. Actually, if the Malfoys are given a broader field of action, they would gladly embrace it.

Honestly, if one were to unveil the plan to Lucius about ushering Muggles into the realm of magic, the Malfoys, as representatives of an ancient pure-blood lineage, would anticipate being granted a prominent role in this new order of things. Ah, how wrong they are going to be...

The situation is exactly the opposite with families like Lestranger, Nott, Carrow, etc., even though the heads of these families are in Azkaban, each pure-blood family has numerous side branches that still follow their orders. Asmodeus already has a solution to deal with the remnants of the Death Eaters.

Chapter 36 - Press conference

Hogwarts, Black Lake, 12:00

Students gathered around an improvised amphitheater, as the seating was reserved for journalists and representatives from the Ministry of Magic worldwide. Hogwarts students would have to observe the conference standing, although they didn't mind. They still couldn't comprehend why their peer managed to create something that captured the world's attention. Asmodeus wasn't exactly inconspicuous at Hogwarts; quite the opposite. Thanks to the system and regular consumption of points for accelerated learning, his knowledge level was already comparable to professors, allowing him to assist in classes. Sometimes students witnessed heated debates between him and professors over matters they couldn't grasp. Lately, Asmodeus attended 7th-year students' classes, he frequently sat in Ancient Runes class, often disagreeing with the professor. Despite all this, it was hard for Hogwarts students to accept that while they were still learning summoning spells, their peer had developed something that would change the world. It's like attempting to get a driver's license on the third try while your childhood friend, with whom you played, just got a pilot's license over summer break. The levels are vastly different.

Another reason why Asmodeus and his knowledge aren't widely known in Hogwarts is that he mostly interacts with six people and no other students. These are Cedric Diggory from Hufflepuff, Hermione Granger, Harry Potter, Cho Chang, and the Weasley twins. Moreover, he can communicate with the twins while ignoring their younger brother Ron...

Due to this limited social circle, nobody paid much attention to this peculiar student, except for the senior class. They know exactly how many points this Ravenclaw earns for each lesson. Honestly, all seniors have long been convinced that Ravenclaw will win the Academy Cup this

year. They just don't want to disappoint the juniors and keep on telling them that there's still hope for victory in the Academy Cup.

The time approached for the beginning of the conference scheduled for 13:00. Journalists filled the seats, and Ministry of Magic representatives scanned the area for Asmodeus, who, by the way, hadn't shown up yet.

As the scheduled time approached, someone in the crowd shouted, "Look, on the tower!" Everyone turned to see a figure with a staff in hand, seemingly preparing to jump. "Professors, professors! Someone call a professor; someone is about to jump from the tower!"

Before anyone could react, the figure jumped. Women and students closed their eyes, not wanting to witness the scene of a poor student falling. However, when gasps of surprise echoed around them, they reluctantly opened their eyes. Person held something like a hang glider behind his back, emitting flames from his feet towards the ground, extending the flight distance. Asmodeus had practiced extensively, calculating the maximum distance before the wings would catch fire.

After a few seconds of stunned observation, journalists saw a platform forming in front of the approaching figure. This platform was perfect for landing, with a slightly raised angle allowing for an easy touchdown by extending the legs forward. Folding his staff and tapping it around him, Asmodeus conjured flames for a few seconds. When the flames disappeared, everyone saw a comfortable and, most importantly, elegant chair with a stand for the staff to the right of it. Asmodeus greeted everyone loudly and took a seat.

"Greetings to all present - squibs, journalists, and envoys from various Ministries of Magic worldwide. Allow me to introduce myself: I am Asmodeus Noren Morningstar, creator of the so-called method of building magical rings, or, in other words, the savior of squibs! Feel free to ask

any questions; I am ready to answer them." He said, settling into the chair.

Before anyone could react, a witch in a bright green suit stood up and asked, "You casually refer to yourself as the savior of squibs. Do you not consider the possibility of your method failing? What if someone, after your so-called treatment, cannot use magic?"

Seeing this attire, Asmodeus immediately understood that this audacious reporter, Rita Skeeter, would have been a special correspondent for the "Daily Prophet" without his intervention, sent to Hogwarts to cover the Triwizard Tournament. She is an unregistered Animagus—able to transform into a beetle, aiding her in acquiring hidden information.

Honestly, he doesn't care about what she plans to write in her little newspaper, but he doesn't know how his former squib subordinates will react to her article. To be honest, he is very pleased with the individuals Filch introduced; they are loyal and have earned his trust. Each of them signed a very strict and inviolable vow, but none resisted or felt any negative emotions about it. All those introduced by Filch considered becoming direct subordinates of the Morningstar family an honor and found it natural for Asmodeus to request their loyalty in return for making them wizards. So, if someone dares to defame him in the newspaper... well, the newspaper may not last long.

Forgetting his musings, Asmodeus responded to Rita Skeeter, "Miss Skeeter, firstly, please raise your hand if you want to ask a question. We are civilized people and must behave appropriately. The second point is in response to your question. Yes, I am one hundred percent certain that any squib can become a wizard after applying my method, and I believe calling myself the savior of squibs is still very modest. In fact, I will bring new blood to the magical world, which is currently too small. For

example, Miss Skeeter, do you know how many squibs there are in England?"

Such a quick and prepared response baffled Rita, and the last question left her utterly speechless.

"Oh, you don't know? Too bad; you probably should take your job more seriously. So, I will tell you; in England, there are between 3,000 and 5,000 wizards and between 10,000 and 15,000 squibs. Moreover, most squibs don't know they're squibs. Many of them have been living in Muggle society for several generations but still remain squibs rather than becoming Muggles. What sets them apart from Muggles is that they have, albeit incomplete, a magical chain in their bodies through which magic flows in our organisms. My ring formation technique will allow squibs to restore their magical chains and perform magic."

Hearing Asmodeus's response, people first restrained their laughter and then were in shock. No one had ever thought that there were so many squibs in England. What if we consider the entire magical world? If what this young man said is true, it would mean that the wizarding population would increase several times over. Naturally, this is good news for everyone present.

"Alright, does anyone else have any questions? Ah, yes, the cultured gentleman on the right in the second row."

"Hello, Mr. Morningstar, I am from the French magical magazine 'Street of Magic.' I would like to ask a question that concerns everyone, not just the English. How do you plan to spread your creation worldwide? Will you do it for free or for a fee? Are there any conditions for squibs who wish to become wizards?"

Chapter 37 - Press Conference

Part 2

"I am delighted that you've chosen to ask this question. Firstly, I've reached an agreement with the Ministry of Magic in England, allowing squibs from around the world to come to the Ministry of Magic in England, where I will welcome them. Over the next month, I will personally assist squibs in becoming wizards, and in the future, those squibs whom I've already cured will take on this responsibility. Secondly, yes, of course, this service will not be free. I request squibs to sign a magical contract in which they agree not to oppose me and my family in the future."

"But Mr. Morningstar, do you not find your demand somewhat threatening, as if you are planning something that might provoke opposition from the magical community?"

"No, no, no. Actually, I am making these efforts solely to facilitate the progress of my future research and improve the lives of future generations of the Morningstar family," he said, winking at the Frenchwoman to the right of the journalist, who held a camera in her hands.

His words caused many women to blush...

Who wouldn't want their man to plan the future of their family in advance?

"Any other questions? Yes, you, the beauty in the third row on the left."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Morningstar. I represent the magazine 'Noticias Místicas' from Spain. You mentioned that after a month, squibs who have long become wizards will continue to help remaining squibs in your place. I'm curious about how long you've been researching your magical rings. As far as my information goes, you're only 14 years old and you've been at Hogwarts for just one year as a transfer student."

"Excellent question. I began studying the squib issue from the moment I

entered Hogwarts. I saw that the magical world was too small, and I wanted to expand it. I viewed a group of squibs as the perfect focus for my research. As for my age... I believe geniuses sometimes emerge," Asmodeus said with a slight smile on his face.

Upon hearing such a response, the entire hall applauded, except for Rita Skeeter, whose quill scribbled: "Extremely arrogant, audacious, and self-absorbed Mr. Morningstar..."

Too bad she doesn't know what awaits her upon returning home.

Amidst the constant scribbling and chatter, the conference concluded after 6 hours. In the history of the new world, this conference would be remembered as a turning point, marking the beginning of visible changes in the world.

Returning home, Rita Skeeter was furious; she hadn't been ignored and ridiculed like this in a long time. She decided to write an article that would spark widespread outrage. As she laid her notebook and quill on the table and began undressing, she was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"I'm coming!"

The sound of the door opening.

"Miss Skeeter, you are accused of illegal use and abuse of Animagus. You will have to come with us for questioning."

"I, me, I, no, this is a mistake... how could I be an Animagus?"

But no one listened. Grindelwald's followers who infiltrated the Ministry of Magic decided to preemptively rein in this journalist—not by putting her in prison, but by making her work for Asmodeus and his company.

For other journalists returning from the conference, their feelings were much more joyful.

Everyone was impressed by Asmodeus's maturity and the level of

knowledge he displayed at the conference. The next morning, various magical world publications released news with massive circulation.

- "Wizarding World News": Genius student to cure squibs! The wizard population will increase!

- "What a Wizard": "I want to expand the magical world" - quote from the Hogwarts student who cured squibs.

- "Daily Prophet": Hogwarts student changed the world!

- "Review of Magical Education in Europe": It seems Hogwarts will soon reclaim its leadership position among wizarding schools.

- "Noticias Místicas": Important News, no more fireworks!

- "Magical Street Talk": Charming student who changed the world!

- "The Quibbler": The phrase "expand the magical world" sounds like Grindelwald's slogan... perhaps there's a conspiracy behind turning squibs into wizards.

And so on.

Now officially confirming the news, squibs from around the world, not just England as before, headed to the Ministry of Magic in England.

Thanks to the Floo Network opened by various Ministries of Magic to directly contact the English Ministry of Magic, the magical world in England now had more people than the entire Eurasian continent.

Over the next month, Asmodeus established himself in the Ministry. He was assigned an office next to the Minister of Magic's office. In addition to the ceaseless thank-you letters from squibs, Asmodeus now had to deal with letters from various fans and business owners. For example:

"Good morning, Mr. Morningstar, I'm Stanley Shunpike, Conductor of the 'Knight Bus.' We thank you on behalf of the entire Knight Bus team; thanks to you, the bus is now packed every day, and we have the means to build a second bus. As a result, any member of the Morningstar family

will now be serviced for free; just present the badge attached to this letter. If the Morningstar family expands, just let me know, and we'll allocate more passes for you. Thanks to you, we can now afford it!"

Or this:

"Good afternoon, Mr. Morningstar, I'm just a witch who fell in love with a squib. Thanks to you, my family is no longer against our marriage. Thank you so much!"

And so on.

Asmodeus receives a couple of hundred such letters every day!

After a month of work, he delegated the task of transforming squibs into wizards to subordinates who were once squibs themselves. He selected 70 individuals who would travel to different countries and transform squibs into wizards.

Upon returning to Hogwarts, Professor McGonagall informed him that Dumbledore and Grindelwald were looking for him.

"Sigh, no rest for the weary," Asmodeus said wearily and headed to the Headmaster's office.

---

Please support the author so that updates continue, and writing the book remains enjoyable for them: [Patreon - The Last Airbender Library]

([http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary))

Chapter 38 - International

Wizards Federation

While Asmodeus walked to the Headmaster's office, more interesting things were happening in the Ministry of Magic.

---

When Rita Skeeter woke up, she found herself tied up in a dark basement. Her mouth was sealed with a spell, and her body was bound

with chains, rendering her immobile. A month ago, a group of Aurors suddenly burst into her home, accusing her of being an illegal Animagus! On the way to the Ministry of Magic, she assessed the situation and decided to immediately use her Animagus spell to escape. Transformed into a beetle, she intended to slip away unnoticed while the Aurors figured out where she had disappeared. After all, a beetle in the middle of the night wasn't the most conspicuous figure.

But as soon as she shrank, she saw a wizard pull out a wand and use a type of magic she had never seen before! She intended to escape, but heard, "There she is!"

Then, the beetle she transformed into was surrounded by a group of Aurors. The spell was cast directly on the beetle she turned into! It was the Cruciatus Curse, and at that moment, she realized that those present were not just Aurors but dark wizards.

John Ryan, a subordinate of Grindelwald who commanded this operation, looked at the woman before him and said, "Miss Skeeter, I advise you to be obedient, or should I curse you with my wand and ask you again?"

In the Ministry, John relayed to Grindelwald that Rita Skeeter was bound in the Department of Mysteries.

After reading the letter and casting a spell to conceal their conversation, Grindelwald smiled and said, "John, how is our guest doing?"

John replied, "Rita Skeeter hasn't suffered much."

"I think she'll be able to answer Lord Grindelwald's questions soberly."

"That's good." After finishing speaking, Grindelwald patted John on the shoulder and went to the prison.

At this time, Rita's well-groomed hair was disheveled, and her body bore numerous wounds inflicted by dark magic.

Rita saw Grindelwald entering, her eyes filled with fear, and she hastily cried out, "I'm ready to cooperate! Don't kill me! Please, stop torturing me!"

Grindelwald approached her and joked, "Is this the face of the first person in the 'Daily Prophet'?"

Before Rita could continue speaking, Grindelwald pointed at her and said, "You can live if you want. Sign an unbreakable vow with him and swear allegiance to the Morningstar family. I'm here as a witness."

"John, from now on, she will be your subordinate.

'Daily Prophet' is ours from now on," said Grindelwald, quickly returning to Hogwarts.

---

Entering Dumbledore's office, the first thing Asmodeus heard was,

"Asmodeus, the International Wizarding Federation and the Wizengamot are planning to award you the Order of Merlin, First Class."

Asmodeus helplessly remarked, "Do I have to attend? Or receive this award at all? It's essentially useless."

Dumbledore responded, "Certainly not. Merit in increasing the wizarding population deserves recognition, and the medal can only be awarded to you personally."

Reluctantly nodding, Asmodeus asked, "Isn't it possible to modify this ceremony to take place here? I don't want to travel across the realms for a useless trinket."

Dumbledore, observing Asmodeus's uneasy expression, suddenly felt much better and said, "That's not a problem. It has been decided to hold it at the Ministry of Magic in Britain."

"I will personally present you with the award."

Seeing that he couldn't avoid it, Asmodeus could only nod and agree. It's

not that he doesn't want recognition or something like that; it's just that the Order of Merlin has no actual influence in the world. It might help establish some connections, but Grindelwald and Dumbledore have already assisted him with that.

Seeing Asmodeus in this state, Grindelwald smiled and said, "Asmodeus, it's an honor that many people will never achieve in their lives!"

Asmodeus looked at Grindelwald and said, "I just want to see how the Federation will react when I announce that the rings can make not only squibs but also Muggles into wizards."

Thinking about what Dumbledore had said, he got a headache. Although Asmodeus is responsible for research and the general direction of their actions, Dumbledore and Grindelwald have to intervene and prevent anyone from interfering. So, they get tired much more than Asmodeus.

The presentation of Asmodeus's Order of Merlin, First Class, was postponed at his insistence. After a month at the Ministry of Magic, these things seemed bothersome to him. Yesterday, he didn't sleep all day, and now he wanted to return to a relaxed state. So, Asmodeus left this matter to Dumbledore and Grindelwald. He intended to sneak back to his bedroom.

Asmodeus is currently preoccupied with the affairs of the saints and the takeover of the Ministry of Magic in England, while Dumbledore has meetings worldwide regarding Asmodeus's award. Due to this, the old man had to attend numerous meetings globally, including the Wizengamot and the International Confederation of Wizards. In short, Asmodeus is slightly worried about Albus's health, but there's nothing he can do about it right now - he just wants to sleep.

Asmodeus quietly returned to his bedroom and stayed there for two days, resting. After three days, he emerged from the room when Hermione

called for him.

In their daily lives, they get along well, and Asmodeus considers her a good friend – nothing more, he's not a lolicon pervert. He simply thinks that Hermione has changed a lot since that conversation in the bathroom. She no longer tries to please everyone and stand out.

Currently, Hermione is more like a Ravenclaw than the one from the Golden Trio. She reads books that interest her rather than the entire school curriculum. She has almost stopped interacting with Harry and Ron, or rather, she doesn't interact with Ron at all, while she talks to Harry. Asmodeus has become a good friend to her, someone who can help if she doesn't understand something, and he introduced her to his circle of acquaintances, expanding her horizons.

Those who are better than you won't consider you an upstart if you know something they don't; on the contrary, they will ask you for advice.

Thus, Hermione joined this strange campaign of eagles, badgers, and lions. She often asks Cedric if she doesn't understand something about herbology and also talks to Cho Chang and Penelope Clearwater on female topics. Penelope didn't have to deal with Percy due to the arrival of Asmodeus. He noticed her because she performed very well in Ancient Runes classes and recommended her to Nico as a potential student. He was pleasantly surprised when he learned that Nico decided to teach her the crafting of magical instruments, seeing potential in her. Therefore, Penelope no longer needs to rely on her pure-blood family to get a position in the Ministry of Magic. Oh, how surprised she was when she found out that Asmodeus and Nico knew each other.

Now she regularly flirts with him. Asmodeus doesn't mind, but he is not yet ready to start a relationship. He believes it's better to contemplate this when his body completes the phase of rapid growth, especially

considering that there won't be a long wait.

---

For those who want to read a book faster and not wait for updates, a patreon is available.

With a paid subscription, you get access to the book several chapters in advance.

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and the author can enjoy writing the book even more.

[[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)]([http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary))

Chapter 39 - muggles

"Asmodeus, come out. We've all been waiting for you. Tell us about these so-called magical rings!"

Asmodeus was awakened by a knock on the door accompanied by a shout...

"I'm coming out now! Just wait five minutes...."

God, no rest, he thought.

5 minutes later

"Wow, you've all gathered here," Asmodeus said in surprise, looking at the people in front of his room. The Weasley twins, Cedric, Penelope, Hermione, and Cho Chang were present.

"Whose fault is it that you disappeared for a month? Ours?" Hermione asked, clearly displeased.

"I was at the Ministry of Magic, and I needed to control the situation until the former Squibs will be ready to take further actions."

"Alright, alright, no need to justify yourself. Better tell us why we didn't know that you were studying how to turn Squibs into wizards?" Fred and George asked.

"And would you have understood anything if I had told you?" Asmodeus looked at them contemptuously.

"How would we know if we don't try?"

"Well, if you want, you can also build magical rings on your hearts," Asmodeus said.

"What?!" All six exclaimed in unison.

"Why scream like that???... I have a headache because of you."

"Do not deviate from the topic. What do you mean by asking us to build rings? Isn't it only for Squibs?"

"Ha? No, of course not. They are suitable for wizards with a functional chain as well. This way, you can increase your physical fitness and mana capacity," Asmodeus explained.

"Why didn't you say that earlier?!" They asked.

"You didn't ask!" he replied.

"Alright, alright, everyone calm down. Asmodeus, will you help us build the rings?" Penelope asked.

"Yes, come in. I don't want to go anywhere, so let's do everything in my room."

So, 30 minutes later, everyone had three rings each, with runes inscribed on their hearts. Don't forget, wizards don't need to adapt to magic, so they can build three rings around their hearts without worrying about overload.

"Try casting a spell," Asmodeus told them.

The whole company nodded and began to try various non-destructive spells.

"Wingardium Leviosa! Wow, it feels like before I had to concentrate when using magic, and now it's as if I can achieve the desired effect with just one thought", said Hermione, looking at the levitating teapot.

"In a sense, you are right, but currently, you are using too much magic for a basic spell. Magical rings are designed to enhance control over magic and increase the amount of mana in the body. However, this doesn't mean you should forget about control after gaining more mana. On the contrary, you must learn to spend less mana and better control magic.

Additionally, thanks to the rings, your lifespan will increase, and your body will become stronger. Although you won't turn into a bodybuilder now, you will gradually become physically twice as strong as an average wizard. Hermione, thanks to the rings, your magic is now at the same level as Cedric's before the rings. And Cedric is now on par with elite Aurors in terms of mana."

"By the way, try not to tell anyone that rings can also be made for wizards. It will attract unnecessary attention, and I don't need that right now."

"Coming from someone who is about to receive the Order of Merlin First Class. You know, they usually give that posthumously," said Penello.

Asmodeus: "Are you cursing me???"

"By the way, thanks for reminding me. I need to talk to you and Hermione, but that will be later. For now, Cedric, Fred, George, Hermione, Penello, Cho, do you want to attend the Order of Merlin ceremony?"

"Yes!!" The company answered in unison.

"Why are you all so loud... alright, I got it. You will receive invitations tomorrow. The ceremony will take place next week at the Ministry of Magic. You can bring your families. Now, all pure-bloods, please leave the room!"

"Why?" asked the Weasleys, Cedric, and Cho.

"Because I need to discuss something with Penello and Hermione alone!"

"Oh, why so secretive..."

"You'll find out in a year, maybe two."

"Okay, okay... we're leaving."

"Good."

After seeing off the four individuals, Asmodeus remained in the room with Penello and Hermione.

"Hermione, Penello, the next conversation must remain secret until I permit otherwise. Okay?"

Hermione nodded, and Penello said, "Let's make an Unbreakable Vow.

Even under Legilimency, no one will know what we talked about today."

"Are you sure? Hermione, what about you?"

"Yes, if this ensures keeping the secret, it's better to make an Unbreakable Vow."

"Alright then. I'll make vows with both of you. You'll be a witness for her, and she'll be a witness for you."

After a couple of minutes exchanging vows, Hermione asked, "Okay, speak. I'm curious about the secrecy."

"You asked for it. What if I tell you I can turn your parents into wizards?"

"What!!!!"

"It seems that I need a headache pill..."

"Forget about your headache. What do you mean?!"

"What I said. I can make your parents wizards!"

"How?! Wait, really..."

"Bingo, yes, I initially created the rings to allow Muggles to become wizards."

"Oh my God, you want to repeal the Statute of Secrecy!!!"

"Shh, my head hurts."

"And rightly so! You want to break the fundamental law of the magical world!" said Penello.

"Calm down. Penello, what do you think of the magical world now?"

"...colorful, unusual, strange, magical...." Penello replied.

Asmodeus nodded and asked Hermione, "And you?"

"Pretty much the same as Penello, just in my opinion, the magical world is also cruel...."

Asmodeus nodded and said, "Want to know what I think of the magical world today?"

"Uh-huh," the two girls nodded.

"Poor, weak, outdated, crumbling, teetering on the edge, distant from complete destruction."

Such a harsh description took the girls' breath away.

"You, isn't it a bit too..."

"No! It's a clear description of the magical world. Especially when compared to the Muggle world! Like Muggle wizards, you should better understand what the magical world is facing. The power is not at all equal, and that's why I decided to absorb the Muggle world. Let everyone in the world be a wizard!"

For the next two hours, Asmodeus explained to the two girls what he is currently working on.

"But what do our parents have to do with your plans? Isn't it better to wait until everyone becomes wizards, and our parents also fall under the category of 'everyone'?"

"To be honest, it's just my desire to give them a head start. You know, when everyone in the world becomes a wizard, many professions will disappear due to redundancy. So, in this way, I want to help you and your family secure good positions in the new world. So, have you

decided?"

"I agree. My father will be happy to become a wizard."

"Me too, I don't think anyone would be against it."

"Then it's settled. After my award ceremony, I'll meet with your parents and propose that they become wizards!"

---

For those who want to read a book faster and not wait for updates, a patreon is available.

With a paid subscription, you get access to the book several chapters in advance.

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and the author can enjoy writing the book even more.

[[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)]([http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary))

#### Chapter 40 - Invitation

After some time, the day of Asmodeus receiving the Order of Merlin approached. Hogwarts professors must be present, and Asmodeus also invited Hagrid, as he had good relations with Hermione. Asmodeus had already invited Hermione and Penello, and they, in turn, invited their parents.

Since their parents are Muggles, everything related to wizards is very interesting to them. Hermione's parents, in their correspondence with her, expressed the desire to meet Asmodeus, about whom Hermione often writes.

Grindelwald also planned to meet with Hermione and Penello's families, as they are members of the most important group in their plan - Muggle parents of wizard children and just Muggles, not elite, but average people outside the magical world. He wanted to understand their attitude

towards the magical world and hear their thoughts on the possibility of becoming wizards. Asmodeus had already told Grindelwald about his actions a week ago.

---

Wendell and Monica Granger - dentists with a daughter. But since a witch appeared in their own family, their worldview has completely changed! In this world, there is magic and wizards! And their daughter, Hermione Granger, is one of them!

On that day, a witch in a dark green magical robe came to their house and demonstrated magic to them. Wendell and Monica saw as the witch waved the wand in her hand, and the cup on the table turned into an owl!

This shocked them, prompting reflections on the peculiar occurrences around Hermione during their childhood. With Professor McGonagall's explanation, they understood it was the magical antics of a young wizard. Later, they descended into Diagon Alley, led by Professor McGonagall. The magical shop and enchanted items left them profoundly astonished and nostalgic. Hermione then attended a magical school called Hogwarts to study magic.

Afterward, they frequently communicated with Hermione using Hogwarts' owl post. The Grangers gradually gained a general understanding of the magical world through Hermione's letters.

Hermione also gained her first friend, who introduced her to others—his name is Asmodeus Morningstar. Initially, his surname puzzled them, but they concluded that if magic exists in the world, then myths and legends from the wizarding world must have transferred from the magical to the non-magical realm, so they didn't dwell on it.

The appearance of this friend was a relief for the Grangers, as Hermione

had no friends in her early school years. They were concerned that their daughter might face bullying if she went to an unfamiliar place.

Recently, in a letter, they learned that Hermione's new friend had actually received the highest honor in the magical world. Wendell was initially somewhat skeptical of this news. How could a child achieve something so outstanding to merit such a prestigious award? However, Hermione sent them a newspaper explaining why Asmodeus deserved this honor.

In fact, lately, Hermione spends most of her time writing them letters about Asmodeus.

This gave Wendell an indescribable premonition, but from Hermione's letter's description, he knew that Asmodeus regarded his daughter as a friend and nothing more. Wendell looked at his wife with a wry smile and asked, "Monica, are we doing the right thing sending Hermione to Hogwarts? It seems like she's completely fixated on this boy."

Monica rolled her eyes at Wendell and said, "Now that it's a fact, don't worry about it. And read Hermione's letter; she is very happy now. I can't wait to see her new friends."

After speaking, Monica took the letter from Wendell's hand—the one from Hermione inviting them to Asmodeus' award ceremony. Then Monica continued, "she hasn't met anyone her age stronger than her. It might be good that she found someone who surpasses her, especially if it's a boy who interests her."

Wendell said weakly, " We should meet Asmodeus first. I don't know if this child is as powerful as Hermione described..."

The time soon came to the weekend, and the Grangers were fidgeting at home, waiting.

Hermione mentioned that someone would come and take them to the

investiture ceremony. Just when the Grangers couldn't wait, there was an explosion at the door, frightening the Granger couple. Before they could recover, they heard a knock on the door.

Wendell hesitated for a moment, then quickly ran over to open the door.

Opening it, he saw Hogwarts professor Minerva McGonagall.

McGonagall saw the Grangers, smiled, and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Granger, it's a pleasure to see you again."

The Grangers also hurriedly greeted McGonagall; Wendell said, "I heard from Hermione that she was taken care of by you at school. Thank you very much!"

McGonagall shook her head with a smile and said, "It's Hermione who works hard, and that's why professors cherish her in every possible way. She's a very clever little witch!"

Hearing Professor McGonagall's words, the Grangers raised their heads proudly.

McGonagall then continued, "Hermione should have told Mr. Granger about Mr. Morningstar. Today I'm going to pick up the two of you to go to Asmodeus' award ceremony... As members of Hogwarts, we will enter the venue early."

Hearing McGonagall's words, Wendell hurriedly asked, "Professor McGonagall, please wait a moment. Could you start by telling us about this boy...?"

McGonagall froze for a moment, then realized that Hermione was still telling her parents about Asmodeus a lot.

McGonagall went on to say with great pride, "Asmodeus Noren Morningstar is the most talented wizard in the history of Hogwarts or in the history of magic! He is now the youngest member of the Order of Merlin. At the same time, he is a teacher's assistant for the subject of

ancient runes."

The Grangers completely believed Hermione's words after hearing McGonagall's explanation.

Otherwise, who would have believed that a little wizard who was only eleven years old would have such an achievement?

Wendell calmed down and asked McGonagall, "Professor McGonagall, how do we get to the ceremony?"

The Grangers then saw McGonagall taking a napkin from her robe and say, "This is called a 'portkey,' and it is a tool used by wizards to travel. Hold on to the napkin, and I'll activate it on the count of three. Today's award ceremony took place in the Grand Hall of the British Department of the International Confederation of Wizards of the Ministry of Magic. By the way, Professor Dumbledore himself made this portkey."

Mrs. and Mrs. Granger looked very puzzled at the napkin. Is this what wizards use for travel?

But the Grangers put their hands on the napkin after McGonagall said, closing the door behind her.

Since they had witnessed magic, seeing the Grangers release their hands, McGonagall solemnly said, "Absolutely do not let it go in the middle!"

Seeing the nervous Grangers nodding, McGonagall continued, "Then I'll count to three." "1" "2" "three!"

The Grangers saw the napkin trembling in their hands, emitting a faint blue light. Then the Grangers felt a hook in their navels. Then their feet left the ground. Their bodies started to fly forward swiftly, so fast that they couldn't see anything clearly ahead! The same thing was happening in the Clearwater home. Only this time, Professor Filius Flitwick picked up Penello's parents.

---

For those who want to read a book faster and not wait for updates, a patreon is available.

With a paid subscription, you get access to the book several chapters in advance.

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and the author can enjoy writing the book even more.

[[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)]([http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary))

Chapter 41 - Order of Merlin

At the moment when the Grangers finally landed, they felt almost nauseous. Wendell struggled to get up from the ground and asked McGonagall, "Professor McGonagall, is your wizard's travel... ugh. Has it always been this... thrilling?"

Monica was pale as well. Professor McGonagall looked at the awkward Granger couple, pulled two potion bottles from the wizard's robe, handed them to the Granger couple, and said, "Actually, Portkey remains a more convenient method. The most common method we use is Apparition. Mr. and Mrs. Granger, this potion will ease your symptoms."

The Grangers took the potions, staring at the dark blue liquid inside; for a while, they dared not speak. Seeing this, McGonagall said, "Just take a sip, and the effect will be quick."

The Grangers finally mustered the courage and took sips of the potions. "Cough...cough-cough." Wendell and Monica swore! They had never in their lives tasted anything so dreadful! It was like thick mucus mixed with the smell of raw fish! But they both found that after taking the potion, the discomfort soon disappeared!

Monica said with lingering fear, "Professor McGonagall, I don't think I'll ever forget this experience!"

Wendell also looked at Professor McGonagall and nodded.

Professor McGonagall said with a smile, "This is just the beginning; the rest is what you'll never forget!"

Only then did the Grangers have a chance to survey their surroundings.

At that moment, they approached a red telephone booth in the alley, having no idea where the Ministry of Magic was.

Afterward, McGonagall led them to the telephone booth in front of them.

As soon as McGonagall finished speaking on the phone in the booth, three badges fell out of the coin slot. McGonagall instructed the Grangers to put on the badges. While they looked on skeptically, the space inside the booth began to descend slowly.

Soon after, all three arrived in the Ministry of Magic's hall. Then, they needed to take the lift in the atrium to the British Department of the International Confederation of Wizards on the fifth underground floor.

The award ceremony would take place there!

Today, the fifth underground floor of the Ministry of Magic was exceptionally lively as the investiture ceremony of Asmodeus with the Order of Merlin, first class, was taking place!

Reporters had arrived at the Ministry of Magic in advance to witness this bustling scene.

Caitlin Ryan, a journalist from the USA, observed this lively scene and said to Rita Skeeter standing next to her, "I didn't expect this! A Hogwarts student can indeed receive the Order of Merlin!"

"And it's a first-class medal! Who would have thought of this before?"

Rita smiled and said, "Of course! We are witnessing a legend this time!"

When Caitlin heard Rita's words, she looked at Rita in surprise and said,

"Miss Skeeter, don't you think it's a conspiracy this time? It's not easy to be sure about the topic!"

Rita ignored her co-workers, now filled with terror.

She knew part of the truth! Everyone was a pawn that day!

Now, even the Aurors of the Ministry of Magic were members of Grindelwald's party.

She had also made an unbreakable oath, and now, as long as she dared to speak ill of the Morningstar and Grindelwald families in the newspaper, she would be killed by the oath.

The Morningstar and Grindelwald families were now her big bosses, the kind that would kill her if she resigned! Now many people were under her arrangement, and there were more and more saints and another organization, whose name she didn't know, in the Daily Prophet.

Sooner or later, Grindelwald, Morningstar and Dumbledore would control the discourse of the entire British wizarding community.

More than that, she, Rita Skeeter, is the accomplice of the saints! Rita no longer knows what will happen to the world; the Grindelwald party is back, and in England, a genius appeared whom they support.

Everyone in the wizarding world is wrong! Dumbledore is now all sided with Grindelwald! They work for the Morningstar boy.

They have a very big conspiracy, and they can even conquer the entire English Ministry of Magic. But she, Rita, couldn't speak out. She knew that if she dared to betray, what awaited her was something more painful than death!

"Ah..." Rita sighed, just as she was about to go out for a smoke. The fireplace at the award ceremony is lit up! Asmodeus has arrived!

Asmodeus had just arrived at the venue, and seeing so many people, he rubbed his sore temples.

Grindelwald beside him joked, "Asmodeus, today is your debut day; cheer up!"

Asmodeus gave Grindelwald a dead fish glaze and said, "If I could, I would refuse this useless nonsense you forced upon me."

At this time, Hermione, Penello, and Cho Chang were nervous as they had come to the Ministry of Magic with Asmodeus and were now standing near him. Asmodeus stepped in front of them first. At this moment, reporters quickly surrounded him!

"Mr. Morningstar! May I ask you about your next steps after receiving the award?"

"Mr. Morningstar! Your wizarding world expansion idea sounded like something from Grindelwald; are you going to continue the legacy of Gellert Grindelwald?"

"Mr. Morningstar! What is your relationship with Gellert Grindelwald and Albus Dumbledore, they both came to support you today!"

Looking at the reporters who approached and the flashing lights of the cameras, he felt that his friends were getting nervous. Asmodeus got a little impatient and said, "Enough!"

As soon as Asmodeus's voice fell, two rows of red flames separated all the reporters from him and the people behind him!

The reporters and the Ministry of Magic staff were frightened, backing away when they saw the fire! The rumors from Hogwarts that Asmodeus is really skilled in fire magic were confirmed. No spell, no wand, nothing. No one dared to say a word, looking fearfully at Asmodeus!

This is the Ministry of Magic, and they are journalists; how can he boldly separate himself from them like this! At that moment, Grindelwald patted Asmodeus on the shoulder and said, "Hey, I'll handle this for you, no need to be nervous."

"I'm not nervous; they just annoy me. Like persistent flies that won't go away."

"But you have to endure it!"

Asmodeus nodded, turned to the girls, told them not to get nervous, and walked ahead. When Asmodeus began to walk, the fire automatically dispersed in front of him, closing behind his group.

Asmodeus's path and the group gradually diverged. The girls headed towards their families, and Asmodeus continued towards the podium.

Among the reporters, Rita was the most frightened; it reminded her of the blue flames with which Grindelwald's subordinates intimidated her when they tortured her.....

On the other hand, the Granger couple, who had just arrived at the meeting place with McGonagall, also saw the scene where Asmodeus shooed away reporters.

Wendell swallowed and asked McGonagall, "Professor McGonagall, is that fire real? Is this guy really Asmodeus? Hermione said he's only 14 years old, but he looks like he's 16-17."

He saw reporters converging on Asmodeus, but they were immediately repelled by the flames! It even frightened many people! McGonagall calmly said, "Yes, he's Asmodeus Morningstar. He's a very talented wizard, but he can be aggressive at times... Regarding the fire, yes, it's real fire. I don't know if Hermione told you, but Asmodeus's magic has an element. This element is fire, so fire magic is like an instinct for him."

---

For those who want to read a book faster and not wait for updates, a patreon is available.

With a paid subscription, you get access to the book several chapters in advance.

Please support the author so that updates can continue, and the author can enjoy writing the book even more.

[[http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)]([http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary))

## Chapter 42 - Muggle-born Wizards

While McGonagall patiently answered the Grangers' questions, Hermione also approached them.

"Dad, mom!"

"Hello, sweetheart, how are you at school?"

"Very well, my friends will be here soon. Oh, here they are."

At this moment, the Grangers saw another group of people moving toward them. It was the Diggory family.

"Cedric, we're here!" Hermione waved to them.

"Hello, Hermione!"

While Hermione and Cedric chatted, Mr. and Mrs. Diggory introduced themselves to the Grangers.

"Good day, I'm Amos Diggory, Cedric's father, and this is my wife, Lisa."

"Hello, it's a pleasure to meet you. We're very glad that Hermione has friends in the wizarding world."

"I think we should thank your daughter. Cedric says she regularly helps him with Transfiguration assignments."

Their conversation was interrupted by the Weasley twins, who greeted Hermione and Cedric.

"Hermione, Cedric, hi! Where are the others?" they asked, slightly surprised.

"Cho Chang and her parents will be here a bit later; they wanted to bring her grandfather. Penello and her parents were supposed to be picked up by Professor Flitwick... and here they are," said Cedric, seeing Professor Flitwick approaching with Penello and a Muggle behind her.

Penello's mother died when she was very young, and her father didn't

know she was a witch until Penello's acceptance to Hogwarts. Therefore, Penello's father, who loved his wife very much, wanted his daughter to become a witch too.

"Hello, Minerva! Can I entrust Mr. Clearwater to your care? I saw representatives of the wizarding dueling community and want to talk to them! Thanks to Asmodeus and the glory he brought to the school, I'm sure I can convince them to hold this year's competitions at Hogwarts!"

"Of course, Filius, don't worry. I'll help Mr. Clearwater get home and assist him in understanding the magical world today," said McGonagall with a smile, looking at the eager Flitwick.

Seeing Professor Flitwick leave, Mr. Granger asked McGonagall,

"Professor McGonagall, who is he?"

"Professor Filius Flitwick, teaches Charms and is the head of Ravenclaw house, where, by the way, Asmodeus studies. People often underestimate him due to his peculiarities, but he's the best spellcaster among the living. He's a former World Dueling Champion with magical wands."

Hearing this, the Muggles nodded. Honestly, Flitwick initially seemed like a clumsy and kind old man due to his short stature. But upon hearing his titles, all parents understood that in the magical world, judging people by appearance wasn't wise.

"Penello, where's Cho Chang?"

"She's on the third floor of the Ministry right now, said she would find us soon."

After a couple of minutes, Zhou joined them, accompanied by her mother, as her father and grandfather had business in another department of the Ministry.

Hermione's parents and Penello's father regularly asked McGonagall about the magical world and Hogwarts. In turn, she patiently answered

all their questions with a smile.

"...flying brooms aren't the only flying instrument for wizards. There are flying motorcycles and flying carpets. They're just prohibited from importing to England..."

Time flew during their conversation, and the award ceremony began.

"Mr. and Mrs. Granger, as well as Mr. Clearwater and the children, let's proceed to our seats," said McGonagall, leading the crowd like a mother duck guiding her ducklings.

Watching Asmodeus take his seat, everyone from Hogwarts also settled in.

Grindelwald sat next to the Hogwarts students. The poor kids and parents sank into their chairs. Only the Muggle parents didn't understand why their children were scared until they saw who sat beside them and heard the journalists' exclamations.

"Nicole Flamel!!! Nicole Flamel is present at the award ceremony!!!!"

"Who? Where? Oh, God, Nicole Flamel!!!!"

"Wait, who's beside Nicole?!"

"It's Grindelwald!!!!"

"Could the Quibbler be right?! Morningstar and Grindelwald planning something together??"

"Oh my, this is big news!! Flamel and Grindelwald sitting together!!!"

Doesn't Flamel hold a grudge against Grindelwald for attempting to burn Paris?"

Hearing the journalist's last exclamation, the Granger couple and Mr. Clearwater were in shock.

What did they hear? The person beside them tried to burn Paris???

Muggles moved away from Geller.

Grindelwald: (□□□□)

Nico chuckled: "HAHAHAHA, You're literally a terrorist just released from prison; sit quietly and don't scare people."

Grindelwald: (☹☹☹)

While Nicolas Flamel taunted Grindelwald, the Muggle parents decided to ask their children who these two men were.

"Hermione, who are those men next to us?" whispered Wendell.

"Gellert Grindelwald and Nicolas Flamel."

"I know, but what have they done, and why are they so famous?"

"Oh, well, one of them initiated the First Wizarding War and is considered somewhat of a magical Hitler who didn't attempt mass killings, and he's also one of the most powerful wizards of the century. The other has been alive for 600 years and was in charge of defending Paris during the war started by the first one."

Upon hearing this casual response, the trio of Grangers and Clearwater lost their ability to speak. It seemed like they heard something unbelievable. Why did they hear something about 600 years? But most importantly, why are these people here today? And how can they be so friendly with each other?

Before they could ask again, the door to the hall opened. Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of the British Ministry of Magic, led the way, followed by teachers invited to participate in the ceremony. Also there were Reporters who couldn't get inside earlier came last.

Asmodeus spotted many familiar faces in the crowd. Bathilda Bagshot and Newt Scamander smiled and nodded at Asmodeus.

Asmodeus glanced at "Fudge" and said directly, "There is no need to waste time! Can we start the ceremony?"

"Fudge," with a smile on his face, nodded; he genuinely didn't care. He wasn't Fudge, and Lord Grindelwald had already declared that

Asmodeus's orders should be regarded as important as his own.

Minister "Fudge" obediently stepped onto the stage upon hearing Asmodeus's words.

"Welcome everyone to the award ceremony of the Order of Merlin, First Class, for Sir Asmodeus Noren Morningstar!"

"Today's honor for Mr. Morningstar will be presented by the Chief Wizard of the Wizengamot: Mr. Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore!"

"The honor of Mr. Morningstar is the honor of the entire British wizarding community!"

"Mr. Morningstar and Mr. Dumbledore, please come onto the stage!"

After Minister "Fudge" finished speaking, Asmodeus walked onto the stage accompanied by Dumbledore.

Then, Minister "Fudge" took a copper box from under his robe, and Dumbledore took the box, pulling out a green medallion from it.

Dumbledore looked at Asmodeus, winked, and said, "Congratulations!"

Saying this, Dumbledore attached the medal to Asmodeus's magical robe.

The next moment, the hall erupted in enthusiastic applause!

Everyone at Hogwarts cheered for Asmodeus!

Asmodeus's friends stood up excitedly, happily watching him on stage!

The Saints led by John Ryan chanted "Morningstar!" to set the atmosphere.

#### Chapter 43 - Parents

After the award ceremony, John and the others returned to their posts.

They still didn't have complete control over the Ministry of Magic. Now was not the time to let up. Gradually, those connected to Hogwarts also began to depart.

Upon seeing this, the girls' parents wanted to bid a simpler farewell and accompany them to the fireplace network. However, as they started

discussing it, they were interrupted by Penny and Hermione.

Hermione: "Mom, Dad, we need to wait for Asmodeus. He has something important to discuss with you."

Penny: "Dad, shall we wait for Asmodeus? I think you'll like what you hear."

Parents: "???"

Nevertheless, they heeded their daughters and decided to wait for Asmodeus. After 15 minutes, they saw Asmodeus, who had just bid farewell to Newton.

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Granger, Mr. Clearwater," Asmodeus nodded as he approached. "I don't know if Hermione and Penny have told you why I wanted to talk to you."

The parents shook their heads. Asmodeus threw a questioning look at Penny and Hermione.

"???"

"We didn't have the chance. Don't look at us like that," Penny said.

The girls' parents observed their children's interaction, puzzled about what they were talking about.

"Well then, Mr. and Mrs. Grangers and Mr. Clearwater, I suggest we go to the Minister of Magic's office with me. I think he'll be happy to make room for a private conversation."

Upon hearing this, the bystander, Fudge, nodded and said, "If Mr. Morningstar needs a place to talk, your office is still vacant."

"Oh, then let's go to my old office."

"Um, Asmodeus, may I call you that?"

"Yes, of course, Mr. Granger."

"Alright, may I ask why you have an office in the Ministry of Magic?"

Before Asmodeus could answer, Penelope interjected, "It's all because of

Muggles. He practically had to live here until most of England's Muggles became wizards, so they assigned him an office."

"Okay, it doesn't matter. Let's go."

In a couple of minutes, the group of six arrived at Asmodeus's former office.

"As I understand, the girls haven't told you why I wanted to talk to you.

Let's not beat around the bush. I can and want to turn you into wizards!"

"..."

"What?"

"I want to turn you into wizards."

"???"

"Darling, did I hear correctly? It seemed like this little one is saying he'll turn us into wizards."

"No, dear, I heard the same thing."

"Mr. Clearwater..., and you?..."

"Mr. Granger, you won't believe it, but I heard the same thing."

"Ha-ha-ha....ha....ha, what a good joke, Mr. Clearwater...."

"....."

Asmodeus watched this farce with a twitch at the corner of his eye and finally decided to put an end to it.

"Mr. and Mrs. Grangers, as well as Mr. Clearwater, I wasn't joking, and you didn't mishear. I can turn you into wizards. Please take this information seriously."

Upon hearing Asmodeus's words, the trio finally calmed down and adopted a serious expression.

"Asmodeus, although we are Muggles, from our daughters, we clearly know that there's no one who can turn a Muggle into a wizard. Please don't joke with us like this."

"Mr. Granger, do you know what I was awarded for today?"

"For creating a method that allows Squibs to use magic."

"Excellent. Do you know who Squibs are?"

"They are wizards who can't use magic, at least that's what Hermione told me. I don't know much about them."

"Let me explain. A Squib is, in fact, just as much a wizard as Hermione, me, and Penelope. However, Squibs have damaged magical conduits through which mana flows. As you understand, Muggles simply lack magical conduits. But do you know how I restored the magical conduits of Squibs?"

The girls' parents shook their heads.

"In essence, I built new magical conduits for Squibs, which later merged with the old damaged sections."

"Wait, you said new magical conduits, does that mean..."

"Yes, I can allow you to build what I call 'new magical conduits,' or as I call my invention, magic rings. This will eventually allow you to become full-fledged wizards. It will take a maximum of three months if you follow the instructions."

"You're not joking?"

"No, it's the plain truth. In fact, the entire elite of the Muggle society underwent a similar transformation about seven months ago, and now I'm building a new magic academy for the wizards of the new generation."

"You...you want to make the whole world magical?"

"Bingo, Mr. Granger. You're right; I don't want to see magic disappear from the world!"

"Then why do you need us?"

"Uh, I just decided to give my friends' parents a head start."

"..."

"Alright, I agree," intervened Monica.

"Dear, you..."

"Wendell, I don't understand what there is to contemplate. We can get closer to our daughter, so why refuse?"

"I agree too!" Mr. Clearwater said.

"Okay, you're right. I'm ready too. Especially since Asmodeus's words make it clear that the world is about to change..."

"Good, I'm very glad that you made the decision so quickly."

Half an hour later, the Grangers and Mr. Clearwater headed home, accompanied by Professor McGonagall, each with a magic ring and runes engraved on their hearts.

Asmodeus returned to Hogwarts with the girls.

Clarification about magic and fire bending.

Guys, everyone who writes about fire bending not being magic. I KNOW.

Don't you realize I'm not comfortable separating the two? That's why I defined fire bending as magic. My God, why do I have to explain this?

Fanfic doesn't have to be accurate in that sense, especially since I'm merging several worlds together.

In my setting fire bending and the rest of the elements is just a special bloodline given to humans by the lion turtle. In my story. Mana/qi and all kinds of energy that can affect reality have one root. Cosmic energy.

It's just that everyone has learned to apply it differently. This will be explained in future chapters. So the protagonist can use magic, and any bender can use it.

Please calm down about this. If you think my approach is wrong please go read the original book and enjoy. No one is forcibly holding you down

or forcing you to read it.

To all those who like the book thank you so much for your support, updates are about to resume. I had a vacation from everything and decided to take a week or two to drive around Europe. If you want I can post a couple of pics in patreon if anyone is interested. no charge.

Chapter 44 - Otto (I am back)

With the burgeoning magical population, the proprietors of potion shops, material emporiums, clothing stores, and more found newfound interest in a new trading street built by Asmodeus and his company. Upon returning to Hogwarts, Asmodeus unwound, while Grindelwald and Asmodeus subordinates diligently negotiated leases and construction permits.

Asmodeus personally granted construction permits, as the land on which the trading street stood was now registered under the Morningstar family name. Gradually, the "Omnis" trading street, translating to "Everything" in Latin, came to life.

Some wizards even sought permission to build houses on the outskirts, prompting construction crews to create new branches, expanding this nascent village. Currently, Hogsmeade's population stands at around 500, while around the trading street, no fewer than 2000 have settled - nearly half of the English magical world, before Squib Magification, of course. Recognizing the village's potential and future development, Asmodeus decided to give it an official name. Thus, the world witnessed the emergence of the largest magical village - "Adastra" or "Leading to the Stars."

By the way, until the Academy's construction is complete, Asmodeus opted to maintain bewilderment spells and concealment charms at the construction site. He believed it better to gift the magical world with

more surprises. Therefore, for now, those living in Aداstra remain unaware that they will soon reside near the world's largest magic academy.

---

Otto Nelson, a 25-year-old young man, is simply one of the Squibs living in the Muggle world, unaware or, more accurately, not comprehending that he is a Squib. His father is a wizard from the USA, and his mother, a Muggle, pursued the American dream and moved to USA with his father. When it was revealed that he was a Squib, his father distanced himself from Otto and his mother. To avoid starvation, Otto's mother took him and left the USA, heading to Germany, her parents' homeland.

His mother returned to her elderly parents, unable to work due to their care needs. Formerly a caregiver, she took on the responsibility herself to avoid spending money on one. At 14, Otto found a job as a janitor in the Muggle world. Life gradually improved, and after a couple of years, Otto became a waiter and assistant manager at the cafe. He saved up, but recently had to spend on his grandfather's funeral, who had become a surrogate father after Otto's own abandoned them. Unfortunately, his grandfather was diagnosed with stage 4 cancer, opting not to endure the treatment for a few extra months of life.

Several more years passed, Otto, now 22, managed the cafe and developed a relationship with the owner's daughter, possibly heading towards marriage. Otto wasn't ambitious; he genuinely liked Anna and wanted to marry her with her father's blessing. Young love evolved into a strong relationship, leading to marriage a year later.

At 24, managing his wife's cafe, Otto enjoyed financial stability. His thoughts turned to the past, questioning why his father abandoned them and what being a Squib meant.

Amid such reflections, Otto, now 25, happily married to Anna, contemplated a bright future.

It's just a pity that the brighter the light at the end of the tunnel, the darker the darkness behind him. Lately Otto had been thinking more and more about his childhood.

One day, while strolling through Europa Park in the town of Rust, Otto and Anna encountered a man holding a sign - "Squibs, only you can see this, come to me if you want to become wizards!" Seeing the sign, Otto was plunged back into memories from a decade ago.

"Darling, what's wrong? Why were you angry with little Otto?"

"Step aside, Maria! He's not worthy of your protection! He's a Squib!"

"What Squib!? You've lost your mind, Mark! He's your son!"

"I don't have a Squib for a son! Shouldn't have gotten involved with a Muggle... parents were right, your blood is dirty, and I should have married a witch."

This dialogue was etched into Otto's memory, not that he wanted to remember it; it just imprinted itself on him. Lost in these reflections, he didn't notice the man with the poster approaching.

"Good morning, sir!" said the man in German with intermittent breaths as he ran towards them.

"Uh, good morning?" Otto replied in confusion, holding his wife's hand.

"Oh, my goodness, how did you do that?" Anna exclaimed after touching Otto's hand.

"What's wrong, dear?"

"This man, he just had a sign with directions to buy tickets for rides, but as soon as you took my hand, the poster changed."

"Huh? Really? I thought it always said something about Squibs..."

"No, I'm sure!"

Their conversation was interrupted by the man with the poster.

"Um, may I explain?"

Otto and Anna turned to him with questioning expressions.

"Mr., you're a Squib! I used to be one too, but now I'm a wizard!"

Otto: "Darling, let's go, don't interfere with this lunatic."

Saying that, he turned and started walking away from the man with the poster.

Service for Squib Identification Employee: "Do I sense disdain?"

"Wait, sir, please, it's true. I don't know why you're unaware of wizards, but I think you should hear me out! It could change your life!"

Otto didn't stop, but suddenly he felt Anna pulling his hand.

"Dear, let's hear him out... I think you heard the word 'Squib' a year ago, in a dream... you mumbled something, and 'Squib' was one of the words..."

Otto was perplexed. He didn't want to remember his childhood and thought that after that incident a couple of years ago, he wouldn't recall it again. But subconsciously, he said something in his sleep...

"Fine, we'll hear him out."

"Thank you, Mr. and Mrs....."

"Nelsons."

"Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. Please follow me.

There's a cafe nearby. They brew excellent coffee, don't worry, it's on the house. Actually, it's one of our spots in Germany."

"Alright, let's go."

In a couple of minutes, this newly formed group reached the cafe. But

Otto found the cafe very strange...

Half of the cafe was no different from similar ones in the amusement park, and there was even a small queue. But Mr. Faustino, as he

introduced himself on the way, didn't stop at the line. He walked past the main entrance and turned the corner, leading them to a quieter street. He tapped the cafe wall with a wand about 30 centimeters long, and a door appeared in the wall.

Anna and Otto, after this, already believed a little in his story about being a wizard, but not enough to be fully convinced.

Passing through the door, the Nelson couple saw a huge hall where many people sat in strange cloaks, talking about something.

The roof was dome-shaped, and the room had the shape of a hexagram.

There were different stalls and cafes around, seemingly surrounding huge gates from floor to ceiling standing right in the middle of the hall. Inside the gates, from bottom to top, a green fire burned, from a distance it looked as if the gates were covered with a green swirling film. It looked mysterious and magical. On the sides of the gates were scoreboards displaying the time and names of cities.

"12:40 - London, "Hogs Head Inn"

"13:10 - Paris, "Lunar Vampire"

"13:50 - Madrid, "Night of Dance"

"14:15 - Rome, "Gladiator"

"14:50 - Athens, "Thoughts of Aristotle"

"15:10 - London, "Ministry of Magic"

"15:40 - Berlin, "Ministry of Magic"

And so on.

There were hundreds of cities and some strange names...

"Oh, Mr. Nelson, are you interested in Floo Network gates? Yes, yes, Mr.

Morningstar came up with a brilliant idea. Enlarge the fireplace and

make it in the form of gates. At a certain time, the gates lead to the place indicated on the scoreboard, and when it's time for another destination, it

changes. Just don't try to jump in at the last minute

No one is sure where you'll end up... believe me, I had to spend half a day in Athens just to wait for a new flight... and I needed to be in England!!"

Otto and Anna listened, not understanding what he was talking about.

"?"

"Oh, sorry, I forgot that you're not wizards... Well, not yet."

"Okay, I'm getting tired of this. Explain to me where we are and what this place is," Otto said a little impatiently.

"Yes, yes, yes... oh, come, there's a spot in the corner."

They sat at a table in a cafe named "Tea Joe," and from this spot, they could survey the entire hall.

"Well?" Otto impatiently asked.

"Allow me to introduce myself once again. My name is Rey Faustino, and I am a wizard," proudly stated the man.

"Mr. Nelson, what do you know about your parents?"

"My mother is a simple woman, and my father is a piece of trash who abandoned us."

"I'm sorry, I didn't know. But I think I know the reason. Have you heard the word 'Squib' before?"

"Yes... in my childhood. It was because of that word that my mother and father had a falling out. Finally, explain to me what it means!" Otto said, displeased. He didn't want to recall the past, and this man kept asking about it.

"Calm down, dear," Anna gently said. She knew Otto didn't want to remember his father leaving, but seeing this place, she thought that what Mr. Faustino would tell might help her husband finally let go of past grievances.

"Thank you, Mrs. Nelson. Mr. Nelson, as you can see, we're not in an ordinary place right now. But instead of explaining, I think it's better to show you practically."

Saying this, the man pulled out a wand and tapped it on his coffee cup. With expressions of shock on Otto and Anna's faces, they saw the cup transform into an owl that perched on the man's shoulder.

"You, is this...? How is this possible?"

"This is magic, Mrs. Nelson! And your husband can master it too!" said the man proudly.

You know, just a year ago, he was the same... a Squib living in the wizarding world, seeing magic but unable to use it. But people from the Squib Support Society found him and brought him to Mr. Morningstar, who gave him a second chance at life.

"Alright, Now I believe in magic. But what is a Squib?"

"A Squib is a child or descendant of a wizard who cannot use magic. You are such a person. Honestly, we would have come to you earlier, but the Squib detector can only find those Squibs whose magical chain is damaged by no more than half. Your magical chain seems to be severely damaged, making it difficult for the radar to detect you."

The Squib detector operates based on a magic density meter developed by Asmodeus. Squibs cannot use magic, but their bodies still contain some magic in their magical chains, making them easy to find. The more damaged a Squib's magical chain, the harder it is to locate them.

"So you're saying my father abandoned me and my mother just because I can't use magic?" Otto said with extreme bitterness.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Nelson, but that's the case. You were born during a time when the purity theory was at its peak, and Squibs were considered lower beings in the wizarding world, even below house-elves. Of course,

that was before the invention of magical rings by our savior, Mr.

Morningstar. Now, Squibs are equal to wizards, and there's no difference between us."

"But this is cruel," Anna said sadly, looking at her husband who was holding back tears.

"I know, Mrs. Nelson, but unfortunately, the magical world was like that before."

"Okay, let's forget about it. What did you mean when you said you could make me a wizard, and why are Squibs equal to wizards now?"

"In short, a year ago, Mr. Asmodeus Noren Morningstar created a method through which Squibs can restore damage to their magical chain and become wizards. It's the greatest invention in the history of magic!"

"Alright, but what do I need to pay for this?" Otto asked somewhat suspiciously. After five years in a managerial position, he knew that there's no such thing as a free lunch.

"Nothing! You just need to sign a magical contract in which you agree not to interfere with the further actions of the Morningstar family!"

"And that's it? Or does your Morningstar family plan to destroy the world? Why only one condition, and such an unclear one?"

"Haha, you're joking amusingly. Actually, every Squib asks this question, but Mr. Morningstar said it's to facilitate his further research and the promotion of products from his future studies. Besides, what can one family do?"

"You're probably right..."

"What do you think, Anna?" Otto asked his wife. He wanted to know her decision on this matter. He didn't want to make such an important decision without her; she gave him the love he had been missing.

"What's there to think about? Of course, agree, and with magic, you'll be

able to help me in the kitchen at home! Am I right, Mr. Faustino?"

"Hahaha, yes, indeed! At home, you can do whatever you want. The new laws allow displaying magic to your relatives. Besides, there are separate books on home magic and cooking magic. I think you'll be thrilled if your husband can tidy up the house with a wave of his wand."

Upon hearing this, Anna's eyes sparkled. After all, who wouldn't want someone to handle household chores?

"Otto, agree immediately, and tonight, a surprise awaits you."

Otto nodded without hesitation and said, "Mr. Faustino, where do I sign?"

"Here's the contract. Read it. I'll answer any questions you may have," he said, handing the crumpled A4 sheet to the Nelson family.

So, after five minutes, Anna and Otto thoroughly scrutinized the contract from A to Z, not skipping a single letter. The surname Morningstar... But they found nothing that could raise suspicion. In fact, there were only five points in the contract, all of which essentially meant one thing: not to oppose the Morningstar family. And that was it, no more conditions.

After signing the contract, a vague symbol sparkled on Otto's hand, and he quickly disappeared. It was a sign of a successful, unbreakable vow.

"Well? When will I become a wizard?" Otto asked impatiently. He wanted to return home with Anna as soon as possible; you know how German women can surprise you.

"Just a second," Faustino said, taking out his wand and aiming it at the contract. "Contractúm Fierium antum!"

The contract lit up and vanished, replaced by a pouch of golden Galleons. What did you expect? He had to earn a living somehow, and he received 200 Galleons for each Squib he returned to the magical world. These were the funds Asmodeus paid his subordinates. Money meant nothing to him, but attracting new people to the magical world played into his

hands. Therefore, the profession of "Squib Detective" became one of the highest-paying in the magical world.

Until all Muggles become wizards, this method of increasing the population is extremely effective. Moreover, it creates job opportunities for newcomers in the magical world, allowing them to earn a living.

Everyone benefits.

"Here, take this," Faustino said, pulling out a brochure with the methodology for building magical rings and a pouch of money. These funds, financed by magic ministries in different countries, are given to new Squibs. There are 100 Galleons in there, which will allow a Squib to buy everything they need for the first time. In any case, they will quickly recover their money, as 80 Galleons equate to the average monthly salary in the Ministry of Magic. And new residents in the magical world mean more consumption, more consumption means more production, and so on.

"In this brochure, it says what you need to do. If you want, I can help you form magical rings right now. Don't worry; it's free. I've already been paid for my work."

Before Otto could say anything, Anna said, "Yes, right now! Make him a wizard!"

Otto smiled wryly and nodded to Faustino.

After 10 minutes of continuous magical ring construction, Otto finally restored his magical chain.

"Merlin's gray beard! Your magical chain was damaged by 80%. No wonder the radar couldn't detect you, but now it doesn't matter. The main thing is that you're a wizard now."

"First, you should buy a wand. You can get one here in Germany from Gregorovitch or go to England to Ollivander. Since you're American, you

can also go to the USA, but I don't recommend it. I can proudly say that wand makers in Europe are recognized as the best in the world.

Ollivander in England is silently considered the best in Europe since the most powerful wizard in the world bought his wand from him."

"To get to England, do I have to use this thing?"

Otto asked, pointing to the gate.

"Yes, it's the Morningstar family's teleportation network. They signed a contract with the family that manufactures Floo Networks, and now it looks like this. Much more convenient than a fireplace. Also, since it's the European transportation system, if you don't plan to stay in another country for more than a week, you don't need to register with the local Ministry of Magic. If Aurors stop you, just show them the ticket. It costs one Galleon one way. Don't think it's cheap;

it's cheap only because the Morningstar family covers 90% of the cost to encourage tourism in the magical world. Otherwise, the ticket would cost no less than 10 Galleons. In the pouch I gave you, there are 100 Galleons. Besides, let me tell you a secret: you can exchange money for gold in the Muggle world and then exchange gold for Galleons in the wizarding bank. It's much more profitable than exchanging directly. So, have you decided to buy a wand here or in England?"

"In England, since you say they're the best in Europe, and I don't want to return to the US ever again."

"Then, you can check the board to see when the gateway to England will open tomorrow.

Look for the destination 'Diagon Alley' or the shopping street 'Omnis.'

There are branches of Ollivander's shop in both places. In the store on Omnis trading street, you can find a guide; give him a couple of Sickles, and he'll guide you. Honestly, it's grown so much lately that it's hard not

to get lost."

"Why tomorrow? Can't it be today?" Anna asked, eager for her husband to learn cleaning magic quickly.

"Haha, it's already 7:18 PM, and the last gate to England closes at 7:20 PM. Remember what I told you?"

"Don't try to jump in at the last minute?"

"Yes! Look, there's a fool running there who wants to take a risk. I bet he'll end up not in England but in... Denmark," Faustino said, pointing to a person running towards the gate and then to the board, which changed right after he jumped into the flames. The destination 'Diagon Alley' changed to 'Copenhagen, Ministry of Magic.'

"See? Some wizard scientists already think that the board is behind the portal because even if you manage to jump in within a minute, you'll still end up somewhere else."

"Um, why not fix this problem or, I don't know, stop people who want to jump in at the last moment?" Anna asked, bewildered.

"Hey, why? It's fun! Later, in the bar, everyone listens to someone wandering around the country looking for something to do until the returning gate."

"I see..." Anna said, not understanding the humor of wizards.

"Okay, let's go home today, and tomorrow we'll come back here. Look, see there? Tomorrow at 12:40, the gate to Omnis trading street will open. We'll stroll there and then return on the last flight," Otto said, hoping that Anna wouldn't decide to go to Berlin. Right now, he wants to return home and... well, you understand.

"Alright, let's go home," Anna said flirtatiously.

So, bidding farewell to Faustino, Otto returned to the parking lot and drove home with Anna. She promised to do things the way he likes when

they return, so the unfortunate three-liter diesel engine felt unprecedented loads on the autobahn. Fortunately, on most German highways, there are no speed limits...

chapter 45 - Magic tourism

Chapter 45 - Magic tourism

After an unforgettable night playing the roles of an evil sorcerer and a trusting young girl, Otto and Anna returned to the amusement park.

However, approaching the wall, Otto and Anna were at a loss—how could they get inside? They hadn't had a chance to buy wands.

But within moments, the brick wall dissolved again, and a door appeared before them. Strangely, a voice echoed seemingly from nowhere.

"Come in, I see you. To your right, the wall isn't brick but transparent, just an illusion spell. I watched Rey bring you here yesterday, so I'll let you in."

Otto and Anna nodded synchronously and entered. Inside the building, to the right of the door, they saw an elderly but cheerful woman sitting behind a marble-black table in the corner with a sign that read "Ticket Counter." Yesterday, they hadn't noticed her because they immediately followed Faustino.

"I'm Miranda, the concierge of this transportation network branch. If you're not heading to the bar but want to go somewhere, you'll need to buy tickets from me. I also allow those who forgot which brick to touch. In rare cases like yours, I have to deal with those who don't have wands yet or those who don't use them at all, like Uagadou School of Magic graduates."

"Um, thank you."

"You're welcome. So, are you buying tickets? Or are you heading to the bar?" the cashier asked.

"We need tickets to England, to... what arrival points are available there?"

"Oh, England. There's a lot of good stuff there—Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, one of the oldest wizarding shopping streets in the world—Diagon Alley, and the village of Hogsmeade near Hogwarts.

But I understand you used to be a squib?"

"Yes, I used to be a squib."

"Then I suggest you head to Omnis, the shopping street in Aadastra Village. It was built recently but has already become a point with the largest permanent wizarding population in the world. There are no fewer than 2,000 wizards living there permanently, and from Germany alone, at least 100 people travel there every day. And according to official data from all of Europe, no fewer than 900 people visit it daily. So, where do you decide to go?"

"To Omnis, the shopping street. Please, two tickets!"

"Ha-ha, I knew it. Except for those old folks who don't accept anything new, most people will choose the new Omnis. Do you want round-trip tickets, or one way?"

"What do you think?" Otto asked Anna.

"Hmm, we've never been to England, so maybe we should explore there a bit longer?"

Before Otto could answer, Miranda decided to ask, "Guys, how much are you willing to spend there? You need money to buy all the necessary wizarding supplies, as the Morningstar family sponsors squibs, but to stay in England, you'll need money. Of course, if you're planning to stay at 'The Leaky Cauldron' pub, forget about my question, but... I don't want to badmouth old Tom, but he should clean up his hotel more often."

"Money is not a concern; I brought some gold with me."

"Ahhh, so Faustino told you. It's an interesting loophole, but yes, if you

have gold, the goblins will treat you like royalty. Well, in that case, I recommend you stay in a double room at 'The Hog's Head Inn.' Although now it's hard to call it a pub; it's more like a five-star hotel in the wizarding world.

"They have excellent rooms for the price of 5 galleons per night. I know it might sound steep, but it's worth it. They host conferences and gatherings for wizarding researchers from around the world. Recently, for example, there was a gathering of potion-makers, although it ended with Professor Severus Snape of Hogwarts throwing a vial of potion at someone who disagreed with him. But most of the time, it's very quiet there. Although 'The Hog's Head Inn' is not located in Aداstra Village, it's on the outskirts of Hogsmeade Village, close to Hogwarts, and 5 kilometers from Aداstra Village, so if needed, you can rent a flying carpet and reach there.

Although, if you're willing to spend an extra 2 galleons, you can use the portal just like here, but I don't recommend it. Two galleons for a trip to another country is not expensive, even cheap, but 2 galleons for 5 kilometers... excuse me, but that's robbery in broad daylight. For a flying carpet, you'll pay a maximum of 20 sickles, much cheaper, and you'll get to see the landscapes.

By the way, the 'Hog's Head Inn' hotel/pub is owned by Albus Dumbledore's brother, Aberforth Dumbledore. If you don't know who Dumbledore is, ask someone in England; they'll be happy to tell you. Honestly, before Asmodeus Noren Morningstar appeared, he was the main figurehead of their wizarding community. Moreover, he is considered the most powerful wizard in the world today. Although no one knows how powerful Mr. Morningstar is... but most think he's still too young, even though there are reports that he burned a troll to ashes with a simple fire spell. But officially, Dumbledore is the strongest.

Therefore, no one dares to cause trouble there."

Otto and Anna quickly realized that this elderly lady loved to talk, but then she provided such a large amount of information that they felt a bit overwhelmed. Nevertheless, Otto decided to learn in advance about the magical world of England to make the most of their time there. Besides, he checked on the display board, and there's still a whole hour and a half until the nearest portal to "The Hog's Head Inn" opens, so there's no need to rush.

"Mrs. Miranda, could you tell us what else we can do in England so that we know in advance how long we should book a room at the hotel?"

"With pleasure. You know, before becoming a witch, I worked for 40 years in a travel agency. That's why I chose this profession. So, after you settle in 'The Hog's Head Inn,' ask the locals where the parking for flying carpet drivers is; it's something like Muggle taxis. Until recently, they were prohibited in England, as the Ministry of Magic called them 'unsafe.' In reality, they just didn't want flying brooms to take a back seat because carpets are produced in the Middle East, and it's an import.

Oh, I got distracted. Find a flying carpet driver and tell him to take you to 'Omnis' trading street or 'Aadastra' village, depending on what you want to do first - buy a wand or enjoy the views. But first, ask about the price!

That's crucial! Don't get in if it's more than 25 sickles; it's expensive.

Negotiate and lower the price. They like to take advantage of tourists. If you still choose to buy a wand first, which I recommend, head to the center of the trading street. There will be a little shop that is called 'Oliwandars - Omnis branch,'

Run by the daughter of the world's most famous wand maker, Ollivander.

By the way, they have another store, but it's in 'Diagon Alley,' with the same name; it just says they've been making wands since 382 BCE.

Honestly, I don't believe it, but who knows? I've only been in the magical world for 1.5 years and don't know its history that well.

After you buy a wand - it will cost at least 30 galleons, if you were a child entering the wizarding school, it would cost 7, but you're older, and you were given the money for that - you can go for a stroll and look at books on magic.

By the way, since you're a former Squib, you can enroll in magic courses starting next spring. I don't know where they will be held

I only know that Asmodeus Morningstar is building something like a magic school for Muggles and their children. Just no one knows where it is. After buying a wand and books, you can go buy yourself a wizard's robe, but honestly, they've started going out of fashion. Most wizards saw how former Muggles dress and started to refuse this style. Oh, if you're interested in potion-making, you can buy yourself a cauldron. It's better to buy a used one; in any case, if you're learning potion-making, it will explode more than once."

With the rest of your purchases, you'll figure it out on your own. Check how much you spend on books, etc.

Then, you should head to the village for a walk. "Aadastra," though a small village compared to Muggle cities, is very beautiful.

In the evening, you can stroll down the street of magical lanterns, which are actually magical creatures flying near the magical plants store. They beautifully illuminate the street, and in the evenings, couples love to spend time there.

Then you can return to "The Hog's Head Inn," and... Ah, is today Saturday?"

Otto and Anna nodded; they didn't even speak, just confirmed. What did you expect from them? They saw a person who could talk without

stopping for the first time; it seemed to them that she didn't even breathe, just spoke non-stop.

"Oh, since it's already Saturday, you're in luck. At the registration desk, you can buy tickets for a tour around the Hogwarts area. You know, it's the first wizarding school in the world, and it's rich in history. Although they won't let you inside the castle because there are many students, they'll let you walk in the inner courtyard, and you can row on the Black Lake in a boat. If you're lucky, you'll see a beautiful sunset. Oh, don't be afraid of the guide who will show you around Hogwarts. Although it's an open secret, he's a half-giant. Don't fear him; he's just a very large and tall wizard. By the way, for an additional fee, at night, you can go with him into the Forbidden Forest and watch the moon dance of the Mooncalfs living there. It's on the outskirts of the forest, so don't worry; it's safe there. Besides, you'll be accompanied by a group of five adult wizards.

By the way, so you know, until recently, besides students, no one could enter Hogwarts and its territory without special permission. But Headmaster Dumbledore decided that to support tourism and better acquaint former Squibs with the magical world, he would open the entrance to Hogwarts every second Saturday of the month. Although I think he just wants to earn extra money before his retirement. Oh, there are only 15 minutes left. Come on, guys, quickly, two tickets there and back or just one way?"

Anna and Otto, still somewhat stunned by Miranda's continuous speech, didn't initially understand why she abruptly stopped. But then they realized.

"Two one-way tickets to 'The Hog's Head Inn,' we're still not sure how long we'll stay," Otto said, handing over two galleons.

"Alright, here you go, take them, go. You have 12 minutes. Just don't jump into the portal at the last minute!"

With the tickets in hand, Anna and Otto headed toward the portal.

Approaching it, they held hands and took a step forward. When the green flames touched them, they felt a strange sensation, as if riding a water slide while standing still. And someone was preventing them from falling off this slide.

After some time, they felt like they were standing on solid ground again and opened their eyes. The surroundings were unusual. They stood in the center of a strange circle of green flames that periodically flared up, and people appeared from it.

"Hey, come out, why are you standing like statues? Do you want someone to appear under your feet or land on your head?!" they heard and turned around.

They saw a man around 50 sitting at a black wooden table, on which stood signs reading "registration desk," and, as they understood, his name was Robert Williams."

Realizing they were blocking the entrance, they stepped aside and went to the registration desk.

"Uh, sorry, it's our first time."

"Oh, no problem. I thought you might be among those who just want to see what happens if they keep standing at the arrival point. Merlin, if they only knew how many times I had to explain to those idiots that this is only for arrivals, and the gates are separate. Until a 200-kilogram fat guy landed on someone's head, they didn't believe it."

"Uh, okay... probably."

"Are you foreigners? How long do you want to stay in England, and what will you be doing?"

"Yes, we're from Germany. I'm a wizard, and I want to buy a wand. As for how long we'll stay here, I'm not sure yet. It's my second time in the magical world, and we want to explore."

"Ah, so you're a former Squib! Congratulations, buddy. You're lucky. You know, in my youth, Squibs were scorned in every possible way... forget it. Since you don't know how long you'll stay here, I'll grant you permission to stay for 7 days. That's the maximum I can give you without documents and a lengthy registration at the Ministry of Magic."

Otto nodded.

"Alright, sign here and here. And give me some form of identification, Muggle IDs work too."

"Sure, here," Otto said, handing over his driver's license and Anna's passport.

"Otto and Anna Nelsons, okay, I've noted your details. You can go through. Straight through the arch, and you'll come out directly into the main hall of 'The Hog's Head Inn.' I wish you a great time in England!"

Chapter 46 - The Hog's Head Inn

Hotel

With their documents in hand, Anna and Otto headed towards the exit when they heard a shout again.

"You empty-headed trolls, how many times do I have to tell you?! Don't stay in the center for too long! Do you want some fat ass like Dave Charpinton to land on you!?"

Realizing that Mr. Williams wasn't addressing them this time, they continued walking.

Exiting, as they understood from the sign, "Arrival Gate #2," they found themselves in an even larger hexagonal hall. In the middle of the hall stood a gigantic display board, comparable to what Otto had seen in

Berlin airport. Frankly, it was challenging for them to estimate the size of this area—it was just enormous. If not for the continuous stream of people, they might have complained about wasting such a big space.

On each face of the hexagon was an arch with a sign. For example:

"Departure Gate #1"

"Departure Gate #2"

"Arrival Gate #1"

"Reception - Hog's Head Inn"

"Exit - Hogsmeade"

After reading the signs, they walked across the square towards the reception area.

In a couple of minutes, they arrived in an even larger hall, divided into two sections. At the entrance, there was a long hotel reception desk on the left, and on the right, a bar/restaurant separated from the counter by a very wide arch. In reality, it wasn't particularly needed there, as it almost didn't obstruct the view, standing there just to define the space where people ate from the entrance.

Approaching the reception desk, Otto asked the man holding a peculiar-shaped beetle in his hands, "Good morning. How much will a room for two cost for 3 days, and is it possible to extend it later?"

"Just a moment, sir. I'll answer this call and then assist you. In the meantime, you can have free coffee or tea; just sit on the sofa to the right for incoming guests. To order coffee, press the bell."

Otto nodded, though he didn't understand how someone could call on a beetle, and walked towards Anna.

"Let's go, dear, there's a waiting sofa over there."

Anna nodded and followed Otto to the sofa.

Sitting on the couch, Otto decided that free coffee could be enjoyed; in

any case, he didn't know how long they'd have to wait. He noticed that behind the hotel counter, not just one person was working, but everyone had a beetle of a strange shape in their hands.

Otto pressed the bell, expecting a random cup of coffee or tea to appear before him. Instead, a creature with huge eyes and a long-nosed attire appeared in front of him, dressed as a butler.

"Morbus, pleased to serve you, sir. What do you desire? We offer 108 types of tea and 56 types of coffee. Here, please take a look," said the house-elf, handing Otto the menu.

Otto recognized the names of two types of tea from the list, and that was only because he had seen them on the news as extremely rare and expensive teas.

"We'll take two of these, and two sugar packets."

"Do you want sugar, sir? Not magical bee honey?"

"Let's have both," Anna said to conceal her husband's embarrassment.

"One moment, ma'am!"

With a snap of Morbus the house-elf's fingers, two cups of fragrant tea and a jar of honey appeared before them. To be honest, the Nelsons were afraid to touch such exquisite cups—they were clearly gold-rimmed and made of an unknown material.

"If the gentleman and lady need anything else, you can summon me at any time by pressing the bell. I'll be delighted to assist you!" joyfully said the house-elf and disappeared.

"And who was that?" Anna said in surprise.

"I'm curious too," Otto replied. Honestly, in the past two days, he had been surprised so many times that it seemed the emotion of surprise might soon atrophy from overstimulation.

Their contemplations were interrupted by the furious cry of a young

woman behind the registration desk.

"Merlin's dirty underpants! Why the hell are there so many calls?! I can't answer three beetle-transmitters at once, I CAN'T! I'm going to complain to the owner!! I'll demand an expansion of the staff!! I refuse to work under such pressure!!! AND WHY so many orders for tickets to Hogwarts?! Make a separate line for that!!" She yelled, throwing large beetles in different directions.

"Bzzzz, the sound of the beetle's flight."

A chubby beetle, about 5-7 centimeters in length and round in shape, landed in front of Otto. Before Otto could remove it, he heard a voice coming from the beetle!

"Hey, are you still there? What about the ticket for the Hogwarts tour?!"

Otto was stunned. He already understood that this was something like a Muggle phone, but damn, how on earth do you even reject a call? And why did the beetle fly to him??

Yes, the beetle-phone was a recent purchase by Asmodeus. He bought a couple of them for 150 points each to make it easier to communicate with Grindelwald and organize the brigade. These beetles worked on the principle of pagers, but instead of an operator, there was a beetle in the middle. This way, you could communicate through them. More than that, they reproduced like crazy. They didn't even need to feed—they fed on sound waves, gradually accumulating them to bring new offspring into the world. Plus, they were very easy to tame, and some people even managed to keep them as pets. The downside was that each beetle could only keep 200 so-called contacts and remember them. Although Asmodeus considered this a downside, none of his acquaintances said he had too few available contacts. So he bought a couple of powerful speakers in the Muggle world and figured out how they worked. Thus, he

and Nico created something like a magical speaker—though playing music on it was not possible, they managed to make it produce the sounds of waves crashing against rocks. That's how the first beetle phone farm was formed, and after a couple of weeks, Asmodeus opened branches throughout England. By the way, Asmodeus noticed that these beetles were gradually evolving, so some of them could have more contacts and occasionally different shapes and colors.

Otto took the beetle in his hand and tried to find something like a reset button. While he searched, he accidentally pressed the beetle on its belly and heard, "Call ended."

"Oh, interesting. How do you accept a call?" Anna said.

"You need to pat the beetle's belly three times," replied a female voice behind her. It was the woman who asked them to wait on the couch while she finished talking.

"Oh, sorry. It flew to us by itself, and we decided it would be better to just end the call, considering your colleague's condition..."

"Yes, thank you very much for that. Honestly, we can't handle such pressure. After the beetles spread across Europe, we have to deal with a couple of hundred calls a day, and sometimes several at once. On top of that, with each passing day, more and more wizards who used to be Squibs come to Hog's Head Inn, and we're also preparing to host the alchemists' congress organized by Nicolas Flamel... because of him, we're now overloaded with work. Every week, the boss hires another employee, but that's not enough. So, please forgive us for the inconvenience.

I've finished the call and am ready to assist you. Regarding your questions: the price for three nights will be 20 galleons without meals. If you include a buffet, then the price will be 30 galleons for three nights. Unfortunately, I can't answer about the possibility of extending your stay.

Currently, we have the last double room available, and if you don't pay for it within an hour, it may be rented to someone else. Therefore, I can't say whether you'll be able to extend your stay later. Although there's a chance that other rooms will become available, and you may move to them if absolutely necessary. Are there any other questions you'd like to ask?"

"Not for now, but maybe later. For now, please give us a double room with meals for three nights, here are 30 galleons," Otto said, counting out 30 golden galleons from his pouch.

"All right, follow me to the registration desk. I'll check you in and give you the key to your room. The room is protected by anti-apparition magic, so no one can enter without a key. Well, except for house-elves, but they've never stolen anything from a wizard in history. So your belongings will be perfectly safe," said Rose, the woman behind the registration desk.

After a couple of minutes, Otto was already holding the key. If it weren't for what Rose said about the anti-apparition magic, he would never have believed that this old-style key could protect against any burglars.

"Follow me," said Rose, exiting the desk.

Otto and Anna followed her. After passing through the restaurant/bar area, they arrived at a wide staircase. Climbing to the third floor, they saw a corridor that seemed to stretch on forever. Frankly, they still couldn't grasp the size of this building. Based on what they saw inside, it felt like their hometown was smaller than this structure.

"Go straight down the corridor; your room is 19. For any questions, you can contact the registration desk through the beetle-phone in your room. To call, just say, 'Connect to the registration desk,' and we'll answer immediately. You can order lunch in your room, but I'd recommend

having dinner downstairs. Since we're currently overwhelmed, the housekeepers can't manage to deliver dinner to the rooms. Sorry for the inconvenience," Rose explained, bidding farewell to the Nelson couple.

"Thank you," said Otto, taking Anna's hand, and they continued down the corridor.

"16"

"17"

"18"

"Here we are, 19."

Otto inserted the key into the lock and opened the door.

The couple stood in astonishment.

Was this really a double room in a hotel? Not a three-room apartment?

Opening the door, they saw a huge living room; the area of just this room felt like at least 80 square meters. Beautiful and sophisticated decorations adorned the space. Not the kind you usually find in expensive hotels—too flamboyant and garish—but elegant and stylish.

"Darling, maybe we should buy an apartment in the magical world?"

Anna asked, sitting on the couch in the middle of the living room.

"I had the same thought," replied Otto.

For the next half hour, Otto and Anna enjoyed the splendid room.

However, they didn't forget why they came to England: to buy a magic wand and understand the magical world. Otto decided it was time to leave; it was already 13:10, and he wanted to make it to the bank before 15:00.

"Did you forget anything in the room?" Otto asked, closing the door with the key.

"No, I have my bag with everything I need. Let's go quickly; I want to see the flying carpet Miranda mentioned!"

Descending again, Otto approached the registration desk.

"Could you tell us where the nearest parking for flying carpets is?"

"At the exit, turn right and walk about 150 meters. The parking is on the left. Although I'm not sure if there will be available drivers today."

Otto frowned. "Why do you think so?"

"Because of the alchemists' congress. They shuttle back and forth in search of materials and equipment. Drivers know there's no such thing as poor alchemists, so they try to serve only them. But I can order a taxi for you right from the hotel, though we charge a 3-sickle commission. So the ride to Adastra shopping street will cost you 28 sickles, around 2 galleons."

After some thought, Otto decided that, although he would pay a bit more, it was better than being left without transportation. He didn't want to use the portal for such a short distance. As Miranda said, it's better to enjoy the views here.

"Order it, here are two galleons. We'll wait at the entrance."

"Alright, in a couple of minutes, a dark blue flying carpet will pick you up. I'll inform the driver about your clothing and appearance so he can recognize you."

"Thank you, goodbye," Otto said, heading towards Anna, who was sitting on the couch.

"Let's go; I've ordered a taxi since they mentioned we might not find available drivers in the parking lot. They're busy with some alchemists' gathering."

"Oh, well, let's go," Anna said, getting up from the couch.

They headed towards the exit, and upon leaving the building, they were once again astonished.

"Dear, doesn't it seem strange? Did we really come out of there?"

"Yes, exactly..."

"Then why does this building look so... disproportionate?"

"I don't know," Otto said, entering and exiting the building.

They couldn't understand why what they initially imagined as a massive hotel turned out to be more like a mansion, albeit larger than ordinary houses. But it was certainly not as extensive as it appeared from the inside; at first glance from outside, it shouldn't be more than 1000 square meters. But only the restaurant area in the middle of the hotel seemed to be over 1000 square meters.

"It's the Discreet Expansion spell!"

They heard a voice from somewhere above.

Raising their heads, they saw the dark blue carpet and a middle-aged man sitting on it.

"Are you the Nelson family?"

"Yes, we are."

"Then I've come for you. Get on board; I'll take you quickly and safely!"

The man said, gradually lowering the carpet to Anna's knee height.

Sitting on the flying carpet, they ascended into the air and leisurely flew towards a small village in the distance. While Anna enjoyed the scenery, Otto asked the driver about the Discreet Expansion spell.

"Actually, its application used to be strictly limited by the Ministry of Magic. But recently, it seems Fudge has been replaced, and he started passing good laws. Now you can use the Discreet Expansion spell as much as you want, as long as Muggles don't notice you.

Because of this, most wizards now live in huge houses, and the shops have become larger. You know, when I bought my wand, Ollivanders' store was three times smaller, and as a child, I thought if I slammed the door hard enough, his wand boxes would collapse like a house of cards."

## Notes

Guys, please leave your reviews. I'm not asking you to write only good things. it's just that reviews of a book help promote it. unfortunately, out of more than 3,000 readers, less than 20 people left their review. reviews, comments on chapters and paragraphs, all this helps promote the book. I think that if you like this book, you will be happy to share it

### Chapter 47 - The Bank

Gradually approaching the village of Adastra, at an altitude of 100 meters above the ground, Otto and Anna finally got a glimpse of it. The village was built in the shape of a large circle. In the center of this circle was an enormous square paved with stone, in the middle of which burned a fire similar to the one they arrived through. To the left and right of the Arrivals gate stood two departure gates. Houses surrounded the square, among which stood out a large, three-story mansion, comparable in size to the "Hog's Head Inn" where they were staying.

"What about that house? It clearly stands out from the others."

"Oh, that? That's the Morningstar family's research center. Sometimes it's closed, sometimes it's open, and sometimes wizard researchers hold meetings there. But unlike the Hog's Head Inn, it's not as large inside, though it's still not small. When it's open to the public, they exhibit all sorts of strange magical devices and new magic books for sale. In fact, the entire land on which the village is built belongs to Asmodeus Morningstar."

"Isn't that a monopoly?"

"What's a monopoly?"

"..." Otto realized he needed to get used to common sense in the magical world. Over the past two days, he heard the Morningstar surname so

many times that now he thinks it's the most important wizarding family in the world, so he decided to ask the driver.

"How many members are there in the Morningstar family, and why is this family so powerful?"

"Ha-ha-ha, I understand your surprise, and many people ask that, but in fact, there's only one person in the Morningstar family now. Asmodeus Noren Morningstar, the one who developed the magical rings. This 14-year-old achieved what none of the 28 sacred families could."

One person? 14 years old?"

Astonishingly exclaimed the Nelson couple. They couldn't imagine founding a family that felt like the most important in the entire magical world at such a young age.

"Yes, I know. It's amazing, isn't it? In fact, Mr. Morningstar is now considered the most enviable groom in the wizarding world. Because any woman who marries him becomes a princess in the magical world. No one dares to offend the Morningstar family because he has accumulated enormous connections, and one should not underestimate former squibs. Many of them would be willing to give their lives for him. He gave them magic, something they craved all their lives."

Otto and Anna nodded. They already understood the attitude towards squibs in the magical world before the magical rings. So, it's not surprising that Asmodeus gained followers.

A few more minutes into the flight, the flying carpet landed in the parking lot on the outskirts of Adastra's central square.

"We have arrived at your destination. I know you've already paid for my services at the hotel. Thank you. I wish you a good day."

"Oh, wait, sir. Do you know how to get to the wand shop on Omnis's trading street?"

"Oh, that's not far. The trading street is to the north of the village. You see, the square is surrounded by houses, but there are streets between them. You need that street over there. It's the widest. Walk 200 meters along it, and you'll find yourself on the trading street. Don't worry; you won't get lost; there are signs everywhere." The driver said and then added, "If you want to exchange gold, I recommend the local bank Adastra, it's called the same. It's also owned by the Morningstar family, and they currently have the most favorable exchange rates for gold to galleons."

"Thank you very much. How do we get back? We heard that most drivers are busy or don't want to take anyone except alchemists."

"Don't worry about that. See over there?" The driver pointed to something like a gigantic beetle in the form of a phone booth, to the right of the parking lot.

"That's a beetle-telephone booth. You can ask it to connect you with the hotel administration. They'll call me or someone else to pick you up. But, as you already know, we charge a bit more than those standing on the street."

"Not much more. We'll probably order a taxi from the hotel when we return. Thank you very much for the advice."

"You're welcome. It's my job; I immigrated from India to England after seeing how vibrant life is here."

After bidding farewell, the Nelson couple set off on their way. They kept looking around all the time, drawn to everything they saw.

Although Adastra is called a village, it looks more like an ancient city.

The buildings are mostly constructed in one style, resembling old

Germanic architecture. Not tall but neat houses.

Occasionally, you can see a tower with a pointed roof and oddly shaped

clocks on it. The clock face is not mechanical; it consists entirely of a strange black flame. The hands are also made of fire, but the second hand is of red flame, while the minute and hour hands are of blue flame. It looks beautiful and entirely reflects what could be called magic.

The closer they got to the trading street, the more banks and shops they saw.

"Dear, there's the bank the driver mentioned!"

Anna pointed to a 4-story building clearly standing out from the general view of the street. The main part of the building was the color of mammoth bone, with black and red flame patterns on the walls.

The name "Magic Bank Astra" was carved on one of the walls.

There was no entrance on the first floor; instead, there was a staircase leading directly to the second floor and tall iron doors with two inscriptions on them.

The first one read:

"Wealth can be found, but it's much harder to keep. Does wealth make you happy?"

And the second one:

"Is he poor who has nothing to lose?"

Otto and Anna didn't ponder much on these inscriptions; they thought they were there for atmosphere.

Before they could knock on the door, it opened by itself. They saw a large reception area and heard a slightly excited voice.

"Hello, are you here by appointment or without an appointment?"

They saw another house elf dressed like a butler, but this one was noticeably younger, and his attire was very elegant. They didn't know that just two months ago, wizards would have considered this house elf insane.

Asmodius decided to hire those house elves who had been abandoned by their previous owners. He told them that if they wanted to work for him, they would have to wear the uniform he provided. Also, Asmodius had a hard time convincing the elves to accept a salary. He pays them 10 galleons a week. He wanted to give more, as he does not support slavery, but they outright refuse...

You might think that Asmodius enslaved those first 10,000 squibs. But in reality, the contract of loyalty to the Morningstar family clearly specifies the payment for their work. They earn very well.

As for the house elves, Asmodius treated them the same way. Instead of simple words of submission, the elves signed a contract with Asmodius - they would serve him on his terms. Asmodius' terms were clothing, salary, and self-respect.

Thus, around 300 house elves currently work for Asmodius in various shops and enterprises of the Morningstar family.

In fact, he wants to verify his suspicions about house elves. He and Nicolas found records that the entire race was enslaved by a witch in ancient times. That's why now, they look like this. Although they used to look completely different. Asmodius and Nicolas are trying to find a way to lift the curse. Of course, not for all house elves, only for those who signed a contract with Asmodius.

That's why only house elves work in this bank branch. He decided not to deal with goblins. Let the goblins and the bankers from the Muggle world compete with each other. For now, he will develop his banking system.

"Uh, we don't have an appointment. We came to exchange gold for galleons," Otto said.

"Oh, I understand. Please proceed to the hall to your right. There will be four currency exchange desks! Can I help you with anything else?" the

house elf said, still excited.

"No, thank you. We don't have any questions for now."

"You're welcome. It is an honor for a house elf to help wizards. Feel free to approach me anytime!"

Otto and Anna nodded and headed into the hall to the right of the registration desk. They entered a wide hall with four long tables. Behind each table sat two house elves who were actively calculating, weighing, assessing, and so on.

They found an available spot, and a house elf gestured for them to approach. Sitting down, Otto said, "Good afternoon, I need to exchange gold for galleons."

"Good afternoon, respected wizard. How much gold do you have, approximately by weight?" the house elf asked.

"I brought 500 grams of pure 999 gold with me."

These were Otto's savings from the past year; he had initially planned to spend them on a trip to Bali...

"Then I can give you 6580 galleons. You can check the exchange rate in other banks, but I can assure you that we have the best exchange rate in the entire magical world!" proudly stated the house elf, who clearly held himself in higher regard than other house elves they had seen.

"I know you have a good exchange rate. I agree to this exchange," Otto replied.

The house elf nodded and opened a drawer in the table, from which a voice emanated, "How much?"

"6580, and a bag with the Undetectable Extension Charm on it," replied the elf.

"Ah, bloodsuckers..." grumbled the voice, and a pouch with money was spat out. This alchemical creature, accidentally created by Nicolas, was

essentially a living box, but to put it mildly, it was quite greedy.

Taking the pouch with money in hand, the elf placed it on magical scales, which immediately determined the amount of money in the bag.

Ensuring everything was in order, the elf opened another box containing stacks of documents, reminiscent of Muggle checks. Handing Otto a form for completing the currency purchase agreement, the elf inquired, "Mister, do you have any form of identification? Muggle documents are acceptable."

Otto nodded and handed over his driver's license.

The sound of a pen writing on paper was heard.

".....6580. Otto Nelson," mumbled the elf to himself.

Finishing writing, he snapped his fingers, and an identical copy of the form appeared to the right of the original. Handing the original to Otto, the house elf said, "Thank you for using our services. I would like to offer you the opportunity to open an account with us. By becoming a client of our bank, you will receive our Astra card. If you deposit more than 5000 galleons, we will also offer you a 6.18% annual interest rate."

Otto was surprised by such a high percentage but decided to ask, "What does the Astra card offer?"

"Oh, many things. Firstly, you can make purchases in the city of Adastra and all establishments owned by the Morningstar family using the card, and you won't have to carry a large sum with you. Additionally, the ticket price for passing through the portal to the village of Adastra from any gate-equipped point in the world will be reduced from 1 galleon to 1 sickle. Also, in the case of limited sales of Mr. Morningstar's research results, you will be in the first group of interest."

"Alright... let's deposit 5000 galleons into the account. I hope I'll have enough for purchases today with the remaining 1580," Otto said.

"You don't need to worry about that. The average salary in the magical world today is 100 galleons per month. In fact, Muggle wizards and squibs who have become wizards are now considered a wealthy group among wizards. If you're not buying a vehicle or real estate, it will be difficult for you to spend more than 200 galleons at a time," explained the house elf.

"Okay, then let's deposit 5500 into the account. I'll leave the rest in cash."

Five minutes later, Otto rejoined Anna, who was waiting on the couch with the card in his hands. It was a black card with a gold border, the name "Otto Nelson" written in the middle, and the number 5. The number indicated the client's level, with a total of 7 levels. Accumulating more than 5000 allowed the client to advance to the fifth level.

"Wow, what's this?" Anna asked.

"That's what wizarding bank cards look like," Otto said, boasting.

But before he could celebrate, Anna snatched the card from his hands and tucked it into her chest pocket.

"It definitely won't get lost, and you won't spend all the money," she said.

Otto's heart was broken... but then he remembered a good thing. The card was linked to him through blood. Anna couldn't spend the money without him. Ha-ha, I love magic.

Having finished their business at the bank, Otto and Anna stepped back onto the street.

"Dear, turn right there. That's the beginning of the shopping street! Let's go quickly," Anna said, pulling Otto along.

Notes

Guys, please leave your reviews. I'm not asking you to write only good things. it's just that reviews of a book help promote it. unfortunately, out of more than 3,000 readers, less than 20 people left their review.

reviews, comments on chapters and paragraphs, all this helps promote the book. I think that if you like this book, you will be happy to share it

#### Chapter 48 - Omnis Trading Street

"Wow, how beautiful!" Anna exclaimed excitedly, paying no mind to the curious glances from passersby.

Otto, found himself pleasantly surprised. While the village had always possessed a certain beauty, it used to be half-empty, lacking liveliness. Now, they see stretched an incredibly long street, its end unseen. As they glanced around, sharp towers emerged behind houses like mushrooms after rain.

A broad pedestrian path, paved with stones, led the way. The houses and shops showcased traditional Germanic architecture with a touch of modern flair.

Various goods were displayed for sale - peculiar creatures, herbs, brooms, cauldrons, and even ordinary food items.

Numerous people, clad in diverse attire, filled the scene. Some wore everyday modern clothing, while others resembled druids fresh from the forest, adorned with plants and tree bark. Nearby stood a plump woman wrapped in a red woolen garment.

In the distance, the voices of merchants and customers echoed.

"Come closer, new Puffskein litter! Approach and acquire an adorable pet for yourself! Only 5 galleons!"

"Niffles for sale! The latest litter of the best household creature for passive income! Come and purchase these youngsters, they tame well!"

"Fire Crab for sale, just arrived from Fiji, don't pass by. Licensed for breeding, Fire Crab with all the paperwork!"

"Shrivelfig, Acónítum, Screechsnap, Sopophorous plant, Fanged

Geranium, Chinese Chomping Cabbage, Mandrake, Béllis - any plants of your choice! Approach, don't walk by! Discount on Chinese Chomping Cabbage!"

"Brooms! Flying brooms!! Broomsticks!!! Family brooms, Sports brooms, Toy brooms - all kinds!!! NIMBUSES OF ALL GENERATIONS!!!! Don't miss the chance to buy a broom for your child!"

"Pay no attention to those single-seater brooms!!! I have flying carpets for sale!! Come and buy!!! Just arrived from Agrabah!!! Buy flying carpets!!!"

"Reject these outdated contraptions!!! For sale: flying motorcycles!!! Available with and without sidecar!!! Come and it will take you to the ends of the earth!!!"

"Potion cauldrons!!! Cast iron, copper!!! All types!!! Approach, don't pass by!!! We have used and new ones!!!"

"Pest Control Agency!!! Getting rid of pesky garden Gnomes has never been easier!! Tell us your address and make a down payment!!! The next day, all pests will disappear!!! We provide a 2-month guarantee!!!"

"Potions!!! Potions for women!!! Everlasting Eyelashes, Fairy Spark Dust, Ten-Second Pimple Vanisher, Love is Blind Eye Serum, Cure for Boils, Dr Ubbly's Oblivious Unction - any potions of your choice to charm your favorite wizard!!! We don't sell Love Potions!!! Only natural love!!!"

"A branch of St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries has opened on Omnis Trade Street!!! All those affected by magic, come to us for treatment!!! The best magical healers will assist you!!!"

"Honeydukes has opened a branch on Omnis Trade Street!!! Come and buy your favorite sweets!!! Without sweets, life is not joyful!!!"

"Florean Fortescue's ice-cream parlor is now on Omnis Trade Street! Come and indulge in your favorite ice cream!"

"Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop has opened a new branch! Calling all

couples to join us!!! Here, no one will disturb you!!!"

"A new branch of your favorite cafe, Rosa Lee Teabag, come and enjoy some butterbeer!"

"Herbicides of all kinds!! Come and purchase!!! Don't walk by!! 2 galleons per bottle!!"

"2 galleons? It's daylight robbery!"

"Well then, brew it yourself if you're so clever!"

"..."

Otto and Anna joyfully strolled down the street. Occasionally, Anna would dash into a shop and peruse the available goods. Each of these dashes terrified Otto to death. He hoped she wouldn't find out that she couldn't use the card without him.

Moving further down the street, Otto stopped as he felt Anna pulling him by the hand.

"What's going on?"

Anna didn't answer but pointed to the magical creatures shop.

"Do you really want to get a pet?"

"Yes, I didn't want to get a dog because they are big, and cats shed... let's see what they have to offer?"

"Let's go, maybe we'll really get a pet."

"Ding, ding - the sound of bells."

The door opened, and behind the counter, a young man's voice was heard.

"Hello, would you like to buy food for your pet? Or are you looking for a companion? Magical creatures make the best pets; they're three times smarter than Muggle animals."

"My wife wants to see what you have. Can we do that?"

"Of course, you can. Why not? I'm happy to entrust these little ones to

kind hands for a certain fee. Do you have any preferences regarding the appearance of the animal?"

"The main thing is that it's not too big and doesn't shed."

"Hmm, come follow me; I think I know what you're looking for," said the seller, stepping out from behind the counter and heading deeper into the store.

Otto and Anna followed him, observing magical creatures. Don't worry; each animal's cage had an undetectable extension charm, ensuring they lived in the most comfortable conditions.

On their way, they saw the strangest beings:

Something resembling a patch of greenish fungus with eyes, which the seller called Bundimun.

A large cat - Kneazle.

A peculiar frog sitting on a tree like a monkey - Clabbert.

Even an ordinary hedgehog, but the seller said it was a Knarl and didn't like being fed...

They also saw a massive aquarium with a silvery fish swimming in it; they were told it was a Ramora, highly valued by sailors.

A brightly pink bird Fwooper caught Anna's eye, but the seller mentioned that its singing gradually drives people insane.

After that, Anna and Otto decided to just follow the seller to ensure nothing happened to them. After a couple of minutes, they stopped at two enclosures. One was labeled Puffskins, and the other Niffler.

"I think both of these animals suit you, but I highly recommend Puffskins."

"Why specifically him? Can you tell us about both options?"

"Of course. Puffskins is a harmless creature found worldwide. Its body is spherical and covered with soft, cream-colored fur that doesn't shed. At

least, I've never heard of it. Puffskins are low-maintenance, don't mind being petted or tossed in the air when happy, and purr quietly.

Occasionally, they extend a very long, narrow pink tongue and use it to search the entire house for food. Puffskins are omnivores, scavenging anything from leftovers to spiders. They especially enjoy sticking their tongue into the nostrils of sleeping wizards and eating boogers. That's why children love Puffskins; that's why they're happily kept in magical families. I consider them the perfect pet for a young couple. They require minimal care, maybe a bath once a week - they like that. Also, they usually find their own food. You don't need any Ministry license for their care and breeding. In short, the best pet for beginners."

Otto nodded, thinking it was a suitable pet for them, but he still wanted to inquire about Niffler.

"Nifflers look much like a cross between a duck-billed platypus and a mole. But they're quite mischievous. They inhabit Britain, and goblins often tame them, teaching them to find treasures in the ground. Nifflers are affectionate but should not be kept indoors - it's destructive to furniture. They live in burrows up to twenty feet deep. So, if you don't have a separate piece of land and aren't prepared for valuable items to disappear constantly, I don't recommend taking one. They are usually bought by wealthy wizards with large homes and gardens or treasure hunters."

Weighing the pros and cons, Anna and Otto decided that the seller was right. Puffskins would be more suitable for them. So Otto said, "Can you open the cage? We want to choose the one we like the most."

"Yes, of course."

After Anna petted all the Puffskins in the enclosure, she wanted to buy all of them...

Otto, however, thought it was going too far. "Let's just take this one. It was the first to climb onto your hands, and it has a beautiful heart-shaped pattern on its belly."

While Anna didn't want to leave all the Puffskins, she understood that they couldn't keep 30 of them immediately. You might think she's spoiled, but she just sometimes likes being a little girl that Otto persuades - it makes her feel like a princess.

"Yes, let's take this one; it's so soft (o~ ∩ ~o)"

Puffskin: (□• ω •□)

"Alright, how much does it cost?"

"8 galleons. The mother of these little ones won the award for the fluffiest fur in the 'Wizards Pets' magazine, so the price is slightly higher."

"Okay, here are 8 galleons."

"Will you feed him leftovers, or do you want to buy him food?"

"What food do you suggest?"

"We have a magical feed that simulates the movements of beetles, but they won't crawl out of the bowl. The price is 2 galleons per kilogram."

"Give me one kilo; here are another 2 galleons."

"Ding, ding - the sound of bells."

Otto and Anna finished their purchases at the magical pet store. In addition to the feed, Otto bought a special bag for Puffskin and a bowl. Anna was very happy, and Otto watched her with a smile on his face, pleased as well.

So, now with their new companion, they gradually made their way towards the store with the sign "Oliwander" on it.

---

Please, support the author to ensure ongoing updates and to make the author's writing journey even more delightful. Visit <http://patreon.com/>

The\_last\_airbenderlibrary

Notes

Guys, please leave your reviews. I'm not asking you to write only good things. it's just that reviews of a book help promote it. unfortunately, out of more than 3,000 readers, less than 20 people left their review. reviews, comments on chapters and paragraphs, all this helps promote the book. I think that if you like this book, you will be happy to share it

Chapter 49 - Olivander

<em>"Ding, ding - the bells chimed." </em>

Anna and Otto stepped into the shop. They couldn't quite gauge its depth as the lighting dwindled the farther in they looked. Yet, they beheld hundreds of shelves filled with small boxes. The only thing unsettling them was the absence of a shopkeeper. Otto contemplated calling out to someone loudly. However, before he could start, a dry voice echoed from the depths of the store, "Oh, visitors, I'm coming, wait a moment."

After a while, they saw an elderly wizard with large gray-blue eyes that seemed to peer straight into the soul. His hands were dry and calloused, with long fingers that might have been fit for playing the piano. He was dressed in the standard wizard's robe, burgundy or brown, with an embroidered ring-shaped design over his heart, signifying the wand shop. Observing the appearance of the old man, Anna, who held a card received from a chocolate frog, covered her mouth in astonishment.

"Are you Garrick Ollivander? But aren't you supposed to be in the Diagon Alley shop?" She was extremely surprised. You see, for those who grew up in the magical world from birth, Ollivander is just the owner of the shop where magical wands are sold. How should I put it... an important and well-known person might stop seeming so special after you've seen

him a couple of hundred times. But Anna and Otto were different. Just before entering the wand shop, Anna bought a chocolate frog. And she got Garrick Ollivander. Here's what was written on his card:

"Mr. Ollivander is arguably the best wandmaker in the world, and many foreigners come to London specifically to buy a wand crafted by him. Mr. Ollivander grew up in this family business, showing his talent very early on. His ambitions extend to studying the characteristics of wand cores and woods to find the perfect combination and create the ideal wand. Before Mr. Ollivander took over the family business, wizards used a variety of substances as magical cores for their wands. Clients often provided the master with something particularly precious or a source of family pride as the magical core for their wand.

Mr. Ollivander, being a purist, always insisted that a good wand couldn't be made using the hair of the client's favorite Kneazle, or a sprig of Dittany that once saved the client's father from poisoning, or a strand of hair from a Kelpie's mane encountered by the client in Scotland, unless paired with the client's favorite wood.

According to Mr. Ollivander, the best wands are a combination of a strong magical core and a carefully chosen wooden casing, all tailored to the characteristics of the future owner, allowing the wand to unleash its full power in the hands of its wielder. Initially, this revolutionary discovery faced resistance, but it soon became clear that Ollivander's wands far surpassed all others. His methods of finding the right wood for the casing and selecting a suitable magical core for creating a wand perfectly suited to its owner are closely guarded secrets and the envy of all competitors.

A distinctive feature is that he remembers all the wands he has ever produced and recalls which wand went to whom."

This was a card from a limited edition. Asmodeus allocated funds to the chocolate frog manufacturer. Now, they don't just feature brief summaries of the achievements of the greatest wizards but also those recognized by the magical world for their craftsmanship, research, skills, etc. So people would know those who deserve respect. He decided to increase the level of education among young people and newcomers to the magical world. In any case, these frogs are cheap, and most people entering the magical world will decide to buy and try local sweets. It's a win-win situation.

"Ha-ha-ha, for the first time, I see someone so excited to meet me. I like you, young lady. Too bad you're not a witch... yet." The last word he said silently to himself.

"Actually, I've decided to move my main shop here. My little old shop will be managed by my daughter, Lisa Ollivander. There are many more people here, and I can encounter more interesting combinations. She'll have time to practice interacting with customers. Even though Diagon Alley is not as popular as it used to be, a good number of wizards from England still visit. Alright, young folks, I've talked enough about myself. Today, as I understand it, you've come for a wand, young man?" said Garrick, addressing Otto.

"Yes, Mr. Ollivander, you're correct. My name is Otto Nelson—I used to be a Squib. This is my wife, Anna."

"That's wonderful! Every time, I'm so delighted to see new faces in the wizarding world. Although, after this kid Asmodeus invented magical rings, I had to involve my son and daughter in the business. I'm very pleased with this influx of customers in my old age. Mr. Nelson, which hand do you usually use?"

"I'm right-handed."

"Right-handed, good. Extend your arm; I need to take some measurements."

Otto watched as a tape measure flew out from Ollivander's sleeve and meticulously measured him—height, arm span, distance between nostrils, finger length, and so on. While the tape measure did its work, Ollivander recorded the data in a 10x10 table, making it easier to find a suitable wand.

Anna observed the process with keen interest.

After some period of time, Ollivander pointed to the corner to the right of Anna, saying, "Wait a couple of minutes; you can sit on the couch over there. I need to retrieve some potential matches."

Ollivander returned after a short while, accompanied by 5-7 boxes of various lengths levitating behind him.

Placing the boxes on the table and removing their lids, Ollivander motioned for Otto to come closer.

"Here, try the first one you like. I need to understand where to go from here. If you were a child, I would personally give you the first wand to try. But I've noticed that the older former Squibs get, the more challenging it is to find the right wand. I don't know if it's because a person's personality develops gradually, and the wands don't have enough time to adapt, but the wands I've sold to adults seem to fit them even better than the ones I sell to children. Just remember, 'The wand chooses the wizard, Mr. Nelson, not the other way around.'"

Otto glanced at the boxes on the table and decided to pick one at random. Perhaps it was the appearance of the wand that drew him in. He reached for a box. Ollivander observed his movements and commented: "Vine wood, 12.5 inches, dragon heartstring core. Powerful and flexible." Ollivander was about to continue his explanation when Otto waved the

wand, and a sound of explosion echoed.

Quickly taking the wand from Otto, Ollivander said, "This one is not suitable. Try this one. Willow wood, 13 inches, unicorn tail hair core.

Very stable and faithful."

Otto took the wand again and waved it. A light appeared at the wand's tip, but it quickly vanished.

"It fits, but not perfectly..."

Ollivander took the wand from Otto once again. Placing two wands back into their respective boxes, Ollivander slid two boxes toward Otto.

One box contained a shiny, jet-black wand, polished to perfection, while the other held a reddish-brown wand with a dragon pattern at the tip.

"Choose for yourself; I believe both of them will suit you."

Otto thought for a moment and reached for the coal-black wand, feeling that it resonated with him more.

Observing Otto's choice, Ollivander commented, "Hmm, 13.5 inches of beech wood with a unicorn hair core. An interesting choice. The beech wand is ideally suited for a young but wise person beyond their years, or a knowledgeable and experienced adult. Beech wands are not favored by those who are narrow-minded or impatient. Such wizards, upon receiving a beech wand, often seek out knowledgeable wandmakers, like myself, demanding an explanation as to why their beautiful wands lack power. However, a properly matched beech wand can achieve a level of skill and artistry rarely seen in wands of other woods, hence their shining reputation.

As for the core...

Unicorn hair produces the most resilient magic and is less susceptible to fluctuations and blockages than other cores. Wands with unicorn hair are the least likely to turn to Dark Arts. They are the most loyal of all cores,

usually maintaining a strong bond with their owner, whether the owner is a seasoned wizard or a beginner. A slight downside to unicorn hair is that it doesn't provide the most powerful wands, although this can be compensated for by the wood used for the wand. They are also prone to melancholy if mistreated—meaning the hair can 'die,' requiring replacement. I promptly turn away those whose 'core dies' and refuse to serve them in the future."

Hearing this, Otto waved his wand, and a spring breeze gently wafted through the store. Anna joyfully applauded at the sight.

"Your wand has chosen you. Please treat it with respect and don't consider it merely a tool. It's your loyal companion that will never betray you."

"Yes, I'll treat it like my second wife. Hey!"

Otto exclaimed, feeling a nudge to his leg.

"What second wife are you talking about?"

"It's just for comparison; of course, I won't trade you for a wand. I meant I'll take good care of it..."

"Hmm," Anna smirked.

"Mr. Ollivander, how much do I owe you for the wand?"

"45 galleons for sincerity. Would you like to buy a set of oils and brushes for wand care? It's an additional 5 galleons."

"Yes, please. Here's 50 galleons."

"Thank you very much for your purchase. I hope to see you unlock the potential of this wand in the future and not waste such fine craftsmanship."

"Don't worry; I won't disappoint. Thanks again."

"You're welcome."

After bidding farewell to Ollivander, Otto and Anna headed towards the

door, but before they reached the door they heard:

<em>"Ding, ding - sound of the bells ringing" </em>

---

Please, support the author to ensure ongoing updates and to make the author's writing journey even more delightful. Visit [http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Notes

Guys, please leave your reviews. I'm not asking you to write only good things. it's just that reviews of a book help promote it. unfortunately, out of more than 3,000 readers, less than 20 people left their review. reviews, comments on chapters and paragraphs, all this helps promote the book. I think that if you like this book, you will be happy to share it

Chapter 50 - Encounter

Before Otto and Anna could react, a voice echoed, "Hey, old man! Where's your beetle phone?! I've been calling you for the past half hour! Damn it, why did you decide to move to Aadastra at all? Is it really so hard to give a heads up? If it weren't for your daughter Lisa, who said you're here, Grindewald would have mobilized all his saints and sent them on a quest to find you."

"Hehe... you found me," Ollivander chuckled.

"Of course, we found you. This street belongs to me, and besides, Lisa told us where to look for you."

"Hmm. Daughter, the traitor!" Ollivander turned away, muttering discontentedly.

"Who's talking? You're slacking off from your work! Nico and I are almost done. We just need suitable wands, and for their crafting, we need your help. Nicolas said your research on wand materials would be very useful."

"I refuse! I will never do something so outdated. It's not even a magic wand. Just take any old stick and let them try."

"You..." Asmodeus struggled to restrain himself from hitting the old craftsman.

"Do you realize this could bring a new kind of wizards to the magical world?"

"Yes."

"And you're still against it because of the silly idea that a wand must have a core?"

"Yes!"

"Then what do you say about my staff?! You sold it to me yourself!"

"It's my great-grandfather's discovery, and it has nothing to do with me!"

"Believe it or not, I'll burn your little shop and all the wands in it right now."

"No! You monster!! They're alive, they're my children!"

"An old pervert who loves showing wands to children..."

"A pyromaniac who just wants to burn everything! Not a single wand chose you! Go wave your staff somewhere else."

"You!" Asmodeus gasped for breath. "You're not good enough to make a wand for me!"

"Maybe I just didn't want to waste materials on you." Otto and Anna watched in surprise as this scene unfolded, nibbling on candies they bought at Honeydukes until they noticed a dark red card.

"Asmodeus Noren Morningstar - 14 years old. Now known as the wizard with the brightest future and the deepest pockets. He is the leading contender for the title of the most powerful wizard after Dumbledore's retirement. An outstanding magician, he has a strong affinity for the element of fire, influencing almost every spell he casts. Possesses

tremendous combat potential, confirmed by killing a troll with a simple flame-summoning spell, leaving only ashes behind.

Responsible for developing a method to turn squibs into wizards and numerous highly useful inventions, such as magical gates, beetle phones, and more. Also, he is the founder of the wizard village Adastra and the trading street Omnis. The founder of the Morningstar family."

"Oh my, you're Mr. Morningstar!" exclaimed Anna, comparing the photo on the card to the live person.

Otto, in turn, solemnly said, "Mr. Morningstar, thank you very much for the opportunity you've given me. Without you, I wouldn't have known that the world could be so bright and magical."

"Eh, don't mention it. But what are you talking about?"

"He used to be a squib."

"Aah, I see. Well, you don't need to thank me. If you've signed a contract, it means you're obligated not to harm the Morningstar family. It's a deal. And you don't owe me anything."

"I know. It's just human gratitude."

"Then, you're welcome."

After Otto's response, Asmodeus looked at Ollivander again. "Let's go, old man! Your son will look after this shop."

"Do you really need me?"

"Yes!"

"Alright, but take them with you."

"Why? Because of the girl?"

"Yes, do you feel it too?"

"Yes, she's not a wizard or a squib, but it's like she's drawing nature to her."

"Yes, I feel the same. I think she's very suitable for that type of magic."

Otto looked surprisingly at Anna, who also didn't understand what was being discussed.

"Uh, Mr. Morningstar, Mr. Ollivander, can you tell us what's happening?"

"Well...", Asmodeus began his tale.

---

Let's go back a week. At that moment, Otto and Anna hadn't even set off towards the amusement park, and they hadn't even thought about the existence of magic.

Asmodeus sat on the floor in the library, surrounded by stacks of books, muttering to himself, "...druids... druids once existed in this world...

hmm... the first wizards... connection with nature... weak in battles..."

In the process of reading, Asmodeus soon came across a sketch on one of the pages, and a blurry image flashed in his mind. Clearly artificially carved cave. In front of the cave, there was an array of huge stones, arranged in some sequence, among them grew peculiar plants forming incomprehensible patterns.

Among the stones, on a large boulder, there was a circular cavity, and it seemed like something had to be placed there. Next to the boulder, stood several quadrupedal animals, resembling a magical version of alpacas, with different fur colors, but all with large eyes. At that moment, they all looked at the stone formation in front of them, seeming a bit... silly?

Asmodeus pondered, "Artificial caves, stone formations, strange patterns, circular inserts, and quadrupedal animals... I always feel like I've seen this somewhere before."

"Wait... could this animal be... a Mooncalf?"

Asmodeus had seen this creature many times; Scamander often called him to his suitcase...

Mooncalfs are extremely shy creatures that come out of hiding only

during a full moon. Their bodies are smooth, usually light gray in color, with round bulging eyes on the top of their heads. They have thin legs with very large flat feet. Mooncalfs perform intricate dances on their hind legs in the moonlight in secluded areas, believed to be their mating rituals. After such dances, they leave behind trampled patterns in the field, confusing Muggles with complex geometric shapes...

The Mooncalf dances were not only a charming spectacle; they had practical benefits. If their silvery dung was collected before dawn and scattered on flower beds and vegetable patches with magical herbs, the plants would grow faster and suffer less from diseases.

Thinking about this, Asmodeus suddenly realized where he got the déjà vu feeling... because he had been there.

"Isn't this the Moonstone Garden!" In the game called Hogwarts Legacy, Asmodeus had already visited there.

"Could it be that Druids have some connection to the Moonstone Garden?"

Contemplating this, Asmodeus reached for the staff leaning against the bookshelf next to him and, using it for support, emerged from the pile of books. Taking a couple of books and checking if he forgot anything, he headed towards the library exit. However, Madame Pince's voice stopped him:

"And who will tidy up?"

"Madam Pince, please, this is the last time. I'm really in a hurry. Besides, my levitation spell... well, you already know," he said, gesturing to the side.

The last time he tried to clean up, the book he lifted with the levitation spell started to smoke... Fortunately, it didn't catch fire. It was just moisture accumulated in the book evaporating. Since then, Madam Pince

had banned him from using magic in the library. You know, even though there's a fire barrier around the object that Levitation lifts and protects it, the temperature is still a factor... so it's not advisable for Asmodeus to use the Wingardium Leviosa spell on flammable items.

"This is the last time, Mr. Morningstar. I know your research is important, but you can't leave a mountain of books behind every time. I can't keep cleaning up after you indefinitely. Have at least the most basic respect for books!"

"I know, sorry again. I promise it was the last time."

"I'll believe you this time, but if it happens again... I'll forbid you from taking more than one book at a time!"

Asmodeus: "☺(o□▽□o)☺ Thank you very much, I won't let you down."

He said and rushed towards the exit, as if escaping from a monster. After a couple of minutes, he found himself in the headmaster's office.

"Albus, I need to go to the Hog's Head Inn. Nicolas is there, right?"

"Yes, he's there, but what's the rush?"

"That's why, I know where it is!" He said, pointing to the sketch in the book.

"What is this?"

"Possibly the place where Druids left their legacy!"

"Druids? Those who disappeared hundreds of years ago? Nature mages?"

"Yes, yes, exactly!"

"But why do you need this? If I remember correctly, their magic was... not exactly combat-oriented."

"So what? Any magic has its place!"

"I agree with that, it's just... you know, your affinity with fire... Let's say, it's not exactly compatible with Druidism."

Asmodeus: "Are you being polite?"

"Ahem, ahem. Okay, whatever... the fireplace is open if you want to use it at any time."

"By the way, when will you finally install gates in Hogwarts?"

"I'd be glad, but I can't find a suitable place, and besides, I don't see much point in them... no student except you is allowed to leave Hogwarts except for a walk in Hogsmeade. And if we open gates directly to Hogwarts, the Hog's Head Inn will lose a large share of customers among those who want to come to Hogwarts for a tour."

"Alright, do as you wish; it's your school. In my academy, there will be much more freedom!"

"Ummm, okay."

"Well then, goodbye. I'm going to find Nicolas. He has long wanted to explore some ruins with me."

In reality, Nicolas and Asmodeus had become close friends over the past six months. Although Asmodeus also got along well with Dumbledore and Grindelwald, Nicolas seemed closer to him in spirit. In his youth, Nicolas was extremely active... he explored magic and roamed the world, and those who got in his way were beaten by Nicolas to the point that their mothers wouldn't recognize them. Now he looks like a powerful old man, but from Perenelle's stories, it's evident that he used to be quite a daredevil.

"Alright, goodbye. Let everyone know I won't be around for a while!"

Asmodeus shouted, disappearing into the flames.

"Cough, cough, what a crazy teleportation technology. No wonder I redesigned it!" Asmodeus said, clearing his throat and shaking off the dust.

He exited the fireplace, which no one used anymore, so besides ashes as before, there was now a layer of dust, and even spiders had spun their

homes here.

Leaving the utility room, Asmodeus headed to the registration desk.

"Hello, Rosa, where's Nicolas now?"

"Hello, Mr. Morningstar. He and a few other alchemists are having lunch in the restaurant. Shall I guide you?"

"No need, I'll find it myself. Thanks for the help."

"You're welcome. Our staff is always happy to see you here!"

Nodding, Asmodeus headed to the dining hall. After a couple of minutes, he spotted a table where 5-6 old men, including Nicolas, were sitting.

Approaching from behind, he gestured with his hand, signaling everyone at the table to be silent.

"Tickles, tickles, tickles - the sound of tickling."

"Ah, who dared! I'll tickle you to death myself!" Nicolas exclaimed, jumping up.

Thanks to the magical circle, his body now resembled that of an 80-year-old and alchemical implants allowed him to feel like a 60-year-old, so Nico was now an active old man again.

"Is that you, Asmodeus? You know, you need to get rid of this habit..."

Every time Nicolas is engrossed in his work, Perenelle tickles him to distract him since Nicolas is very afraid of being tickled. She jokingly told Asmodeus about it once, and he decided to try it. Gradually, he got used to tickling Nicolas when he doesn't notice. It reminds him of the caretaker at the orphanage who took care of him in his first life.....

"Nico, I'm here for business. Look!"

"And?"

"I know where this is!"

"What?! Why didn't you say so immediately? Get ready, let's go! Sorry, guys, the meeting will have to be postponed for a couple of days."

"No problem."

"Yeah, it's a shame, but at least during this time, we'll enjoy the new wizard village."

"Yes, Rick is right. Go, I would have come with you, but I need to buy some materials before the conference."

"Yeah, not a problem; we'll find something to occupy ourselves."

"Go, just be sure to tell us what you find there!"

After saying goodbye to the alchemists, Asmodeus and Nicolas headed to teleportation hall #1.

---

Please, support the author to ensure ongoing updates and to make the author's writing journey even more delightful. Visit [http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Notes

Guys, please leave your reviews. I'm not asking you to write only good things. it's just that reviews of a book help promote it. unfortunately, out of more than 3,000 readers, less than 20 people left their review. reviews, comments on chapters and paragraphs, all this helps promote the book. I think that if you like this book, you will be happy to share it

Chapter 51 - Ruins or a Place of Heritage?

Approaching Asmodeus in the teleportation hall, Nicolas asked, "So where are we heading? Are you sure there's a destination point?"

"A destination point... darn it. Let's go to the storage room," muttered Asmodeus, and they turned, heading towards the storage room.

"We need to figure out how to make the gates go where you want... not just the predetermined points during sunrise... I'd like to study Kamar-

Tajd gates... darn it, I don't want to crawl into the fireplace again.

"Asmodeus muttered to himself

After a couple of minutes, Asmodeus again saw the dirty fireplace. "..."

"Okay, don't look at it like that. Everyone used fireplaces before gates; it's just you being picky. Let's say the destination."

"Irondale village; there should be a fireplace connected to the network."

"Okay, then I'll go first; don't make the old man wait." Nicolas shouted and disappeared in the flames.

Asmodeus, albeit reluctantly, followed him. Only when he felt the cold winter wind did he realize they had reached the destination.

Asmodeus raised his head and saw himself in a fireplace, in a field with a ruined house, surrounded by a small village. The village was small, more like a settlement than a village, with only a few houses.

As the village was situated in a mountainous area, it was practically built on the slope of a hill, and the buildings stood out from the landscape.

The most noticeable in the village was a windmill at the highest point, looking like a small giant in a white hat under the dim night sky.

It was winter, and abundant snow fell from the sky. Both the ground and the roofs were completely white, and all the houses were brightly lit, with hardly anyone outside.

This was Asmodeus's destination, Irondale village. The Moonstone Garden he was looking for was at the foot of the mountain ahead.

Brushing off the dust, Asmodeus turned to Nicolas and asked, "Did you turn on the heating in your robe? Don't forget; you're old, and it's harmful to stay in the cold."

"What about yourself? You're dressed completely out of season."

"I don't need it."

Asmodeus shrugged. His normal body temperature was higher than the

locals, and the fire magic boiling in his blood wouldn't let him freeze. He asked Nicolas just to make sure the old man hadn't forgotten.

"Alright, follow me. I must remember the way."

They walked for about twenty minutes before seeing a landscape resembling what he remembered. In reality, both Irondale and this hill were much larger than in the game.

Reaching the familiar steep slope, Asmodeus stopped. "Nicolas, do you have something that allows you to fly?"

"Huh? Yes, of course. Do you need it?"

"No, it's for you," said Asmodeus, taking off and heading downwards.

"Hmm, a show-off."

Nicolas took out a surprisingly familiar rod from his bag and jumped off the cliff. After a minute when he landed, Asmodeus asked, "Umm, what's this?"

"A flying rod."

"I know it's a flying rod; why does it look exactly like mine?"

"Why exactly? Your rod is just a stick with wings conducting magic. Mine is an alchemical device that allows me to fly freely; the wings have runes for wind enhancement, heat retention, etc. The ones you gave me to improve the academy, but drawn a bit differently. I used dragon blood and phoenix tears when drawing them. Now it's a fully functional transportation device. Besides, it's more comfortable than a silly broom. You know, in old age, you have to be careful."

"Alright, alright, I get it. I'm not interested anymore."

In the open space, familiar stone formations greeted them. However, the stone structure was now covered with a layer of white snow, devoid of the Lunatic Beast or any mysterious symbols. Levin didn't take it seriously because the real destination wasn't here.

He continued further and soon saw the entrance to the cave. If the events of the game were accurate, hidden in the mountain before him was a massive underground palace and a treasure known as the "Scholar's Moonstone," which might have some connection to the druids who disappeared long ago.

"This is our goal. Shall we go? Or fly?"

"Let's walk. I'm not that old. Besides, what if there are traps... I'm curious!

I recently watched a Muggle movie... what was it called? Indiana Jones!

It was so funny how he ran ahead while arrows were shot at him from behind! I want to try that."

"Umm, alright." It was challenging for Asmodeus to grasp the humor of wizards. Why did a tense scene in a movie make the old man laugh? Perhaps because any wizard could walk through the film's corridor untouched...

So, he and Nicolas entered the underground palace.

Walking straight down the corridor, Asmodeus observed that the space inside was indeed quite vast. The corridor alone extended deep into the mountain for tens of meters, and further inside the mountain was another cave.

At the end of the corridor, there was an open circular stone chamber covering an area of about twenty to thirty square meters. Asmodeus surveyed the room. The surrounding walls were constructed of stone bricks and large stone slabs. The stone walls were adorned with ancient reliefs in Celtic style, covered in moss and various weeds. It was evident that the place hadn't been inhabited for a long time and had an incredibly long history.

Torches adorned the walls. Although it was clear that there was no combustible mixture or even rags on them, they simply consisted of

wooden sticks with fire on the end. As per Asmodeus's observation, it was Gubraithian Fire - perpetual flame. Asmodeus was adept at using it, but besides those with an affinity for fire, this magic was considered one of the most complex in the world.

Without paying much attention to this, Nicolas and Asmodeus gradually delved deeper into the cave. After breaking through several walls and doors, which they naturally restored with magic afterward, they reached the last stone door separating them from the Moonstone Chamber.

"Merlin's drawers, Asmodeus, why are you in such a hurry? I thought we were going to explore the ruins, look for something interesting or at least beautiful. And you're just marching forward without stopping - where's the fun in that?!"

"You'll see soon. Do you want something beautiful?" With a smile on his face, Asmodeus opened the last door.

"Come on, follow me. Soon you'll see something very interesting."

The two of them headed into the corridor revealed by the door.

As soon as they entered the corridor, Asmodeus noticed something distinguishing this part of the ruins from the rest. The underground palace and tunnels behind them had to be manually carved. He was sure of that. The surrounding walls were laid with artificial stone bricks and slate. Nature wouldn't have done that. Especially with sunlight piercing through the overgrowth above. This means this passage has no roof. The trees are just creating shade below.

But this corridor is a natural path, with two "walls" of natural stone on either side of the road. Essentially, the entire corridor should represent a hidden passageway within the mountain.

This ravine is very long and deep. The final stretch is even covered in water, seemingly part of an underground stream. The two of them

followed the underground passage to its end.

Reaching the end, Asmodeus and Nico paused for a moment, savoring the scenery. They beheld a vibrant natural landscape hidden within the mountain, untouched by external world developments.

"I never expected such a beautiful place to be hidden deep among the ruins. Perhaps I should have built my home in a location like this instead of an ordinary village..."

The moment Nico saw this cavern, he was captivated by the surroundings. It shouldn't be called a cavern, but rather a valley. The moonlight illuminated a massive crack atop this pristine, untouched land in the mountains. Streams flowed down the slopes, formed by groundwater, and lush vegetation adorned the rivers and even the mountain slopes.

Amidst the grass and shrubs, various flowers and vibrant plants were scattered, while vines adorned the stone walls.

But most striking was the enormous oak tree, growing on a small hill in the center of the valley. Bathed in silver moonlight, this ancient and massive tree spread its branches. Birds perched on the tree's crown, and fireflies and other insects flitted around its roots.

This place emanated a profound sense of tranquility. "A closed ecosystem hidden deep in the rock... truly beautiful," remarked Asmodeus as he surveyed the scene.

Nico asked with curiosity, "Do you know who exactly built this place?"

Asmodeus merely showed him a sketch in the book, and he hadn't had time to read it.

"More or less," nodded Asmodeus. "By the way, this place must be several times older than you. The first people who discovered this valley and built the ruins must be the ancestors of this land - the Celts."

Whether it's the relief style on the ruins, the book made of bark, or this mountain sanctuary, all the evidence confirms it. In ancient Celtic times, wizards didn't have such a unified system of knowledge. Wizards studied only what they liked or had access to.

The Celts who once lived on this land believed in the forces of nature as the foundation of creation. Wizards of this ancient tribe also developed in the direction of harmony with nature and maintaining balance.

What these wizards did is referred to as "Druidism." Although they weren't the combat druids like in Diablo IV, they are closer to them than to the modern wizards in this world. This group of people can be considered the one of the ancestors of wizards in this world.

Many traditions of today's magical world in England are inherited from that era. A typical example is the 13 months in the Celtic tree calendar. To this day, Ollivander still chooses wand wood based on this tradition, consequently selecting the wand's owner.

The original meaning of the word "Druid" is "one who is familiar with oaks." More precisely, Druids were priests among the ancient Celtic peoples, the keepers of the world who chose the path of nature, following the wisdom of the Ancestors, healing and protecting the world.

They worshiped and respected nature, and the oak, not surprisingly, was their sacred tree. Druids used the powers of nature to preserve the natural balance and protect the surrounding world.

An experienced druid was quite powerful, although not compared directly to the combat wizards of the Romans at that time.

In Celtic tribes, they also served as judges, engaged in healing, and practiced astronomy.

That's why an oak tree grows on this hill. These ruins must have been a gathering place for ancient Celtic druids. This oak serves as the central

element of this sacred site.

The Scholar's Moonstone—a treasure guarded by druids. It's interesting, however, why druidism itself has essentially become extinct in this world.....?

Admiring the local landscape, Asmodeus advanced and approached the oak. He refrained from using his favorite flight, considering it disrespectful to this place. Although he's not particularly inclined toward nature magic, and his powers are more focused on destruction, he knows how to appreciate nature and doesn't want to accidentally set fire to this place by flying too close to a dry blade of grass.

In a huge hollow on the tree trunk, a crystal iridescent blue sphere emits a faint blue light. It is precisely for this that Asmodeus came here—the Scholar's Moonstone.

Asmodeus gently lifted the Scholar's Moonstone, cradling it in his hands. The moment he touched it, he felt a magical power. This type of mana is gentle, peaceful, and has a strange connection with the bright moon in the sky and the surrounding space. It seemed to him that there was something hidden in this stone.

"This is truly a treasure of the druids."

---

Yall really going to like the next chapter.

Thank you everyone for reading my book. Please leave a review if you can. It wont take more than a minute, but for me it really helps to promote the book.

---

Please, support the author to ensure ongoing updates and to make the author's writing journey even more delightful. Visit [http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

## Chapter 52: Druids

As Asmodeus held the stone, he approached Nicolas.

"Do you feel it?"

"Yes... as if something is hidden within it."

"Indeed, I speak of the mana within. Hold it in your hands, and you'll sense it," he said, passing the stone to Nicolas.

Nicolas frowned. "Hmm, a peculiar sensation, as if the mana inside holds an element. An element of... nature or perhaps... plants?"

"Yes, I mentioned this to you. I have a feeling they didn't vanish without a trace but left their legacy in this stone."

"So, how do we unlock it? I'm an alchemist, not a hacker."

"Follow me. Remember the formation of stones at the cave entrance?"

"Yes... one of them had an indentation."

"Finally, it dawned on you."

"Hey, I'm old; my thoughts aren't as swift! So, do we just leave this place and head to the exit?"

"Hmm, you're right." Asmodeus surveyed and found a spot suitable for drawing a teleportation magic circle.

"Let's leave a mark there, one that can be remotely activated."

Asmodeus no longer wanted to travel inconveniently through the fireplace. He decided to leave marks wherever he could. He wouldn't open this gateway until he finds someone to look after this place. He didn't want anyone to destroy the local beauty while the portal was open, though he doubted he'd come back himself, except maybe to admire the views. According to his hunch, the stone concealed the legacy of the druids. In the future, this place could be passed on to those who would become druids.

After finishing the mark, Asmodeus and Nico closed the passage with

illusion magic and headed towards the stone formation. It was already dark outside, with only the moon illuminating their destination.

Approaching the boulder with the round recess, Asmodeus cast all the concealment spells he knew. They were unsure of what would happen when they placed the stone inside, but it was better to be safe.

Carefully, Asmodeus placed the moonstone in its designated spot and stepped back a few paces. He watched as the recently partially ruined stone formation gradually returned to the state when the Celts once dominated the area.

Certain parts of this magical formation, worn down over time, were becoming whole again. Stone pieces that had fallen due to erosion were gradually returning to their place. Where there was once a stump, a tree grew anew. Even the nearby oak, which had bent under the weight of its foliage, was slowly straightening. Despite it being winter outside, within a 100-meter radius of the moonstone, the world seemed to have returned to spring. Trees regained their greenery, snow melted, grass awoke from its slumber, bugs that hadn't succumbed to the cold, and animals that slept in their burrows moved toward the moonstone.

"A beautiful sight," remarked Nicolas.

"Yes, nature in all its glory," replied Asmodeus, not taking his eyes off the unfolding spectacle.

For half an hour, Asmodeus and Nico observed the restoration of this place to its former state. They were only interrupted by the awakening animals.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak." Asmodeus felt a tug on his leg. Looking down, he saw a small hedgehog trying to get his attention. Seeing that it had finally succeeded, the hedgehog pointed at Asmodeus and then at the moonstone.

"Do you want me to go with you to the stone?" Asmodeus asked.

The hedgehog nodded (o´V`o) and ran towards the stone, periodically looking back to make sure Asmodeus was following.

With a smile on his face, Asmodeus obediently trailed behind the hedgehog.

When they were almost at the stone, the hedgehog approached Asmodeus again.

Asmodeus: "What?"

Hedgehog: \*waves its paws\*

Asmodeus: "?"

Hedgehog: (□ □|||)

Asmodeus: "....."

Seeing that verbal communication wasn't working, the hedgehog decided to demonstrate. It pointed to itself and then at Asmodeus, as if saying, "Repeat after me."

The small creature then jumped to barely touch the stone and returned to Asmodeus.

Hedgehog: "□(□\_□)□"

Asmodeus: "Alright, I get it. I need to touch the stone."

Hedgehog: "(→\_→)"

Asmodeus: "Am I being lectured by a prickly mouse or something?"

Ignoring the haughty little creature, Asmodeus did as it asked.

"So be it," he muttered to himself and touched the stone.

As he touched the stone, he felt mana being drawn from him, but there was no sense of threat. On the contrary, he felt remarkably light, as if... as if an overflowing river had found a new stream. It was a strange but pleasant sensation.

Digesting these feelings, Asmodeus decided to open his eyes and take a

look around. He was surprised by what he saw. What did he see? Don't get the wrong idea; he didn't find himself in space or another place. No, he was still standing in front of the moonstone, surrounded by the stone formation. However, beside each of the stones stood an old man, smiling at him.

"Um, good evening?"

"Good, I would say a very good evening," replied one of the old men with a smile stretching from ear to ear.

"May I ask, are you horcruxes? Or who?"

"Ugh, don't mention that disgusting life-extending technique in front of me, it offends me!" retorted another old man.

"Yes! We told that young Herpo that there are far more methods of life extension than that silly soul-splitting magic. In fact, he paved his own way further by doing that nonsense. Oh, he could have lived another 200-300 years like us and gone to sleep awaiting your arrival. Although he's probably still alive... just in the form of a Horcrux. But can that be called life?"

"Excuse me for interrupting, but may I ask, what does it mean to wait for me, and why?"

"We waited for the day when there would be enough mana in the world to awaken us."

"More precisely? No, first, please tell me who you are!"

"We are the Druid Council! The seven most powerful druids in the world! Although... in your time, probably no one knows about us."

"In my time... druids... are you from the Celtic period?"

"Yes, our people were called Celts..." said one of the old men sadly.

"Why did the Celts disappear, and more importantly, why did the druids disappear?"

"It will be a very long story. Do you have time to listen?"

"Of course, I'm not in a hurry."

"Then... Our group lived somewhere two and a half thousand years ago.

Magic was at its dawn back then... ordinary people respected wizards, and magical creatures were considered gods. There were countless types of wizards. Druids, summoners, necromancers, Animancers, enhancement mages, time mages, blood mages, voodoo practitioners, runic masters, psions, Beast Masters, witchers, temple mages, elemental mages like you, and many more kinds of wizards. Each mage studied the branch of magic closest to them. But one day, all powerful wizards felt that magic in the world began to weaken. We and other mages of our level tried to find the reason for this phenomenon, and it seemed that we succeeded. We learned that the world suddenly became smaller. Literally smaller.

Previously, there were 20 continents in this world, and after the disappearance of a large part of the mana, we realized that we had lost contact with many familiar ones from other continents. After that, we sent an expedition around the world to discover that there were only 6 continents left. We understood that the reason for the decrease in mana in the world was that there were fewer wizards and people who believed in magic. In our time, wizards relied much more on the mana floating in the air than you and people of your time. Understanding that due to the loss of so many people, there would gradually be not enough magic for our level of life in the world, we decided to direct our research in another direction. How to wait for the moment when magical energy in the world would strengthen again. You know, although magic depends on people's belief in it, it is only part of what mana represents. We were sure that as long as people continued to believe in magic, magic would not disappear completely from the world. Rather, it would weaken. But there was no

longer a place for us in this world. Our bodies were sustained by the magic we consumed from nature, and other types of mages of our level simply absorbed the mana floating in space. The only good news was that over time we noticed that wizards born after the weakening of magic in the world began to produce more magic with their bodies. We were lucky; wizards no longer depended on magic in space as much, but they themselves became small generators of magic. Although it was not a solution to the problem... Because the more powerful magic is used, the more mana is consumed, and many wizards couldn't use the magic passed down from generation to generation. Therefore, gradually, wizards began to develop new methods of magic. That's how our descendants became the wizards you are now!"

Asmodeus chose not to refute the last thesis about descendants. Although his magical blood did not originate from this world, he understood what they meant.

"In 50 years, magic had declined to a level where even the strongest among us could barely move. Although our bodies now began to produce mana in large quantities, it was still insufficient... We decided that our last hope was that our descendants would gradually restore magic to its former glory! Then, many high-ranking wizards began using their methods to preserve their lives. For example, we preserved our souls and bodies in this stone. To be more precise, there is a liquid inside the stone—it's dew collected from the moonflower. It can hold our souls and bodies inside almost indefinitely. Moreover, such a method allows us to continue observing the world. The problem was that when we started preparing for the ritual, the Romans attacked these lands... We wanted to help the locals, but we decided that continuing the legacy of the druids was more important... So, placing our bodies and souls in this space, we

began to wait. Wait for someone with enough mana in their body to appear because that would mean that modern wizards are now comparable in strength to us in the past. And they can restore magic's recognition. We just had to wait... Honestly, waiting took us a long time. We witnessed the fall of civilizations, armies, wars, and much more. Gradually, we felt that magic in the world began to strengthen again, although not enough for us to emerge from the stone, but enough for us to use some magic. We decided to explore the world, becoming one with the nearby animals in spirit. We saw that the world was on the brink of war. Ordinary people, this rabble, dared to hunt wizards! How could they, without us, human civilization would not have reached even a fraction of the greatness it has now! But seeing this, we understood why magic in the world began to strengthen again. We expected that wizards would soon win the war and show why one should fear magic and the forces of nature. But! Do you know what they did? Idiot wizards buried their heads in the sand like ostriches, adopting some law they called the 'Statute of Secrecy.' This idiotic action weakened the already weakened magical force in the world... Honestly, we lost hope. Until you appeared. As soon as you took the stone, we felt that there was no less mana in you than in an average wizard of our time. We were so happy; we could finally return to the world! We thought until you handed the stone to that alchemist... although he has an amazing body that has lived for more than 600 years. But damn it, why does he have so little mana!!! There is barely half of what we saw in you!! This shouldn't be, he's clearly much older than you by tens of times, and with age, magic in the body should strengthen! Therefore, we decided to ask you personally about the state of the magical world at the moment. Could you please explain to us what is happening in the world now, and why you have so much mana in your

body, while an old man like us has so little?"

"Um, actually, I'm not from this world, so the measurement of my mana in your dimension cannot be used to understand the current state of the magical world."

"... What do you mean?"

"Well, this world is connected through a passage to my world, and I ended up here accidentally... In my world, one-third of all people are elemental mages. More than that, even though my power is considered outstanding there, I'm definitely not the strongest person in that world."

"Maybe your world is one of the parts that disappeared in our world?"

"No, definitely not. I have information from reliable sources."

Asmodeus couldn't reveal the details of the system. He had long been curious about why the Avatar and Harry Potter worlds were connected through a passage. So, he decided to inquire with the system. It responded that this world was once severely damaged, resulting in spatial rifts forming and certain passages between worlds emerging. When he asked how such passages were formed, the system explained that these passages appear entirely randomly, not connecting close worlds. On the contrary, a passage could link two fundamentally different worlds with nothing in common. Therefore, Asmodeus didn't think that the Avatar and Harry Potter worlds originated from one large world as the old men mentioned.

"...Okay, then what is the current state of our magical world?"

"Well, probably everything is fine. And you might be able to return to the world in a couple of years."

"Why are you so sure?"

"Because in two years, everyone in the world will possess magic!"

Asmodeus confidently replied.

"What do you mean by everyone? Only wizards can use magic. Everyone knows that!"

"I've developed a methodology through which Muggles, or ordinary people, can gradually make their bodies produce mana!"

"...What do you mean?!"

"I created a method by which Muggles, or ordinary people, can gradually make their bodies produce mana!"

"...You know, this is not funny."

"I'm not joking."

"What?!!! Are you saying that you really managed to turn ordinary people into wizards?"

"Yes. Honestly, I also realized that the more people believe in magic, the stronger it will be. And I was extremely annoyed by the Statute of Secrecy that you mentioned. So, I gathered the strongest wizards of this generation around me and started changing the world."

"Clap, clap, clap." The old druids began clapping one by one.

"Ah, only one foreigner, who is not from our world, has to solve the problems of our world, huh?"

"Well, actually, I'd better stay in your world and continue changing it. In my world, there will be nothing but war in the next 20-25 years."

"Well, then, welcome. We thank you on behalf of all those ancient wizards who are still alive in any form."

"So... what should I do with the stone? Leave it here? Will you wait until magic is restored in the world? Or do I somehow help you?" asked Asmodeus.

"In fact, there's a method for us to return to life earlier. We'll just look a little different..." one of the old men replied.

"Oh yes, and with this method, we'll have enough mana. One by one,

we'll all be able to get our bodies!" added another.

"Hmm, may I ask what you're talking about? I thought you wanted to wait until magic was restored..." Asmodeus inquired.

"Well, we can wait, and we'll be able to return to our old bodies. But... to be honest, without that missing part of the world. No matter how many wizards there are, the density of magic is unlikely to become the same as it was before. The entire world has significantly weakened. Mana in space is composed of half of people's wishes, and the other half is what the world itself produces and because the world has become smaller, the planet now also produces less magic... and we have no solution to this problem," explained one of the old men.

"Okay then. I'll help you return to your bodies, and afterward, you'll help me achieve my goal."

"We'll be glad. Although it will be a bit difficult with our new bodies..."

"What do you mean?"

"We'll become huge walking trees - ents. By reducing the consumption of mana from the air, we'll strengthen our connection with nature and increase the amount of mana our bodies produce."

"But don't you want to travel around the world? Instead of becoming trees"

"Not trees, ents! We'll become those who taught us druidism, and we'll similarly start teaching the new generation of druids!"

"Yes! To be honest, we don't have a strong attachment to life. In normal bodies, we lived for 300, some even 500 years, then another 2000 years in this stone... If it weren't for the desire to pass on the legacy of the druids, we would have long severed our connection to the stone and finally slept."

"So, you want to find those who will become druids in the future?"

"Yes, of course. Actually you'll also receive our legacy. But that's just an exception because you're helping us. Otherwise... well, sorry, but your mana... it's like fire... poorly compatible with our nature. But don't worry, we'll pass on all our knowledge of druidic magic to you, but it will depend on you if you can use it... And you can't pass on our knowledge to people we haven't approved! We'll personally select future druids!"

"I agree to your conditions. Just tell me what is required of me to turn you into ents."

"Mana! A lot of mana! Gather powerful wizards and inscribe the runes we'll give you around this formation! Pour as much mana as possible into each of the runes. And place an oak tree seed on the rune. After that, you just need to guard us for three days. We'll need time to form the body and transfer our souls into it."

"As I understand, you need a lot of life energy, and the runes transform mana into this life energy?"

"Yes, you guessed it right."

"Then I think I have a way to spend less mana and provide you with enough life energy directly!"

"What is it? You know, we're not sure if anyone besides you has enough mana even to resurrect one person..."

"Remember the old man you assessed as having a small mana reserve for his age?"

"Well?"

"He's actually recognized as the best alchemist in the world..... he managed to create an elixir of life that allows eternal life. The elixir contains a huge supply of life energy. Besides, I believe he'd be happy to exchange it for magic that prevents aging."

"That's wonderful! If he can indeed provide us with a sufficient supply of

the elixir of life, we're ready to share with him our techniques for preserving youth and strengthening the body! Summon him, we can't. Only those who touch the stone can see us."

Asmodeus nodded and turned his head toward Nicolas. "Hey! Come here!

Someone wants to talk to you!"

"I'm coming!"

---

Please, support the author to ensure ongoing updates and to make the author's writing journey even more delightful. Visit <http://patreon.com/>

The\_last\_airbenderlibrary

Chapter 53 - Ents

Touching the stone at Asmodeus's request, Nicolas also saw the druids.

"Are these..... Horcruxes?"

"Another one! Damn, why is the second person in a row asking us about this pathetic magic?

Does everyone in your time use this miserable magic?" The old man shouted in clear dissatisfaction.

"They're not Horcruxes; in fact, they are whole souls, just confined in stone."

"Oh, interesting technique, though not practical."

"Hmm, we developed this magic together with other 7th-level wizards."

"What level are you talking about? Asmodeus, do you know what they mean?"

"Probably some system of strength assessment among wizards of their generation. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Nicolas, they want to make a transaction. You give them enough elixir, and in return, they'll give you all the knowledge about extending life and strengthening the body that they've accumulated. What do you think about this?"

"What amount of life elixir are we talking about?"

"How much life force is in one flask?"

"I don't know... one flask is enough for a week of life for me; let me show you, and you can assess for yourselves." Nicolas reached into his breast pocket, pulling out a flask, similar to those cowboys used, only containing life elixir instead of whiskey.

"You... what if you need more?"

"Hahaha, did you think this is all I carry? Don't worry, Asmodeus, I have a whole stash of 50-liter barrels of this stuff in my bag! I don't leave home without extra reserves for a rainy day. This flask is just convenient and quick to access," said Nicolas, seeing Asmodeus's concerned look, and handed the flask to one of the old men.

"The sound of inhaling air through nostrils."

"Very well, very well. Just splendid. I admit we underestimated you! You truly deserve the title of the greatest alchemist of the generation. Even in our time, this liquid is considered a treasure that could start a war! Five of these flasks would allow one of us to restore the body. So, we need 35 flasks. But I'm willing to exchange an additional 2 flasks for each person for our records on ancient alchemy! Although 5 flasks per person should be enough, pouring 7 might weaken us not as much as we expected... we'll be on par with you in strength..."

"Alright, now that you've agreed. I want to know if there's anything else you need?"

"Not for now, but we'll need staffs. Even though we'll become ents, we can temporarily take on a human form. And for using magic, we'll need staffs."

"Staff? Maybe modern magic wands would suit you?"

"No. We have already seen what you call a wand. Although it facilitates

the application of magic, what you call the core of the wand somewhat alters Mana. For wizards of your generation, this is normal. But for us... it's critical. We just need assistance from a suitable tree. It's a pity that many types of trees have disappeared over these two and a half millennia."

"Hmm... a suitable tree... I know someone who can help you with that. I'll ask him about it."

"Excellent. When can we start?"

"I think the day after tomorrow at sunrise. I need to prepare the elixir. I don't want to dip into my reserves. I need a day to prepare enough."

"Alright. See you in two days then."

Having settled everything, Asmodeus and Nicolas returned to the Hog's Head Inn. Nico headed straight home, while Asmodeus went to Hogwarts.

Principal's Office

Flames flickered in the fireplace, and Asmodeus appeared. It was already deep into the night, but he didn't feel tired. The appearance of the druids meant the emergence of a new type of magic in the world, strengthening it. He was very pleased about it. Thanks to squibs becoming wizards, Asmodeus could now passively receive 75 points per day without doing anything. It wasn't a large sum, but as the world became stronger, so did Asmodeus. Lately, he had been thinking about why the system was strengthening this world and what severe damage it was referring to. He decided to have a thorough conversation with it after dealing with the druids. Brushing off the ash, he shouted,

"Hey!! Old man, wake up! We've got work to do!"

At his shout, the portraits on the walls instantly woke up and began grumbling, but he paid no attention to them. What did he care about the

remnants of thoughts that had already left this world?

After a couple of minutes, Dumbledore descended from above, dressed in a polka-dotted pajama, rubbing his eyes.

"Asmodeus... it's 3 AM, what do you need? Please have some respect for the elderly... let's talk tomorrow."

"No time. Besides, Nicolas is working, and you're sleeping. He's the oldest among us, so why can he afford not to sleep, and you can't?"

"Because he wants to stay awake..... I want to sleep!" Dumbledore said, getting ready to usher Asmodeus out the door.

"Hey, hey, wait. Alright, don't be mad. I wouldn't have woken you up just like that. Come here, look," said Asmodeus, pulling a red thread of thoughts from his temple and inserting it into Dumbledore's Pensieve.

After half an hour.

"Okay, I understand that this is important, but what do you want from me?"

"Go to your lover and gather the strongest wizards to welcome the guests. Although I don't think they are enemies, it's better to be cautious."

"And what will you be doing in the meantime?"

"I? I'll go to sleep. A child's body needs rest!"

"You!!!"

"Alright, I'm joking. I wanted to contact Ollivander and gather potential future druids to introduce them to the old men. I have a few people in mind, including Newt."

"Okay, but if I find out that you went to sleep after waking me up!

Believe it or not, I'll fight you to death!"

Dumbledore said and entered the fireplace.

Asmodeus wasn't far behind. He headed to the owl post office in Hogwarts to write a letter to Ollivander. Explaining the situation in the

letter and handing it to an owl, Asmodeus returned to the director's office to use the fireplace.

"Hog's Head Inn!"

Exiting reception hall #1, Asmodeus headed to the registration desk.

"Mira, good evening. Where is Newt Scamander staying now? I know he's somewhere here, but I'm not sure in which room."

"Oh, Mr. Morningstar. Good evening. It's surprising to see you so late at night. Regarding Mr. Scamander... he's currently staying in room 14 with his wife."

"Eh, Tina is here too?"

"Yes, she arrived yesterday evening."

"So, it's undesirable for me to wake them up... Well, thanks. Have a good evening!"

Asmodeus said, bidding farewell. He didn't want to disturb the old folks from their rest. Except for Dumbledore, who was the laziest among the group. It seemed like after Voldemort's death, he lost the sense of threat and now spent whole days eating candy.

But Asmodeus didn't stop there. He returned to Hogwarts and headed to the Hufflepuff common room.

"Hel-ga-Hufflepuff," he knocked in rhythm on the huge barrel, and the doors opened.

---

Please, support the author to ensure ongoing updates and to make the author's writing journey even more delightful. Visit <http://patreon.com/>

The\_last\_airbenderlibrary

Chapter 54 - Insomnia

"Cedric, wake up."

"Oh, Asmodeus, is that you? What do you want? Why are you in my

bedroom? You may be attractive, but I'm interested in girls... so, nothing will happen between us."

Asmodeus: "...(\[\[\]0\]) "

"You sick bastard. How did you even think of that? You know what?

Don't feel like flying? You'll also wake up!" Asmodeus said displeased and dragged Cedric to the window.

Cedric didn't initially understand what he intended to do. Since the windows in the Hufflepuff common room were at ground level, the worst that could happen was a bruise. But after Asmodeus opened the window and stood on tiptoes, flames began to gather beneath his boots.

Now Cedric understood what "flying" meant, but it was too late.

"Hey, Asmodeus, okay, I was joking. Let's forget about this situation, no, no, don't do thaaaaat!"

Asmodeus flew out of the window with Cedric in hand, soaring as high as possible.

"Asmodeus, let's go back, please, I was just kidding!!" Cedric yelled, but the wind prevented Asmodeus from hearing him, and he wouldn't have listened anyway.

They flew upward until the massive Hogwarts castle in their eyes turned into a tiny dot, and the black lake resembled a puddle.

"Well, what? Have a pleasant flight!" Asmodeus said, releasing Cedric's hand.

"Asmodeuuuuuuus!!!!!!" Cedric screamed in fear, descending toward the black lake.

"Hmm," Asmodeus grunted disapprovingly and, waiting for another five seconds, flipped over and flew downward, catching up with Cedric.

"Asmodeuuuuuuus!!!! Help!!!!!"

Meter by meter, Asmodeus approached Cedric until he finally grabbed

him by the hand. He didn't immediately stop to avoid dislocating Cedric's arm and continued flying, gradually changing direction. Cedric didn't initially understand this, and he almost wet himself in fear when they passed a meter from the black lake.

After a minute, Cedric was standing on the ground, and his dinner surrounded him.

"You're crazy, Asmodeus! What if you hadn't made it in time? And most importantly, who taught you to wake people up like that!?"

"First, I had full control of the situation. Second, you brought this upon yourself. Third, you're no longer sleepy."

Cedric: "..."

Returning to the Hufflepuff common room, Cedric said, "Well? Why did you wake me up so early?! Couldn't you wait until morning?!"

"I could, but if I had fallen asleep, I would have had to fight a strong old man... besides, it turned out I needed to tell you something, so you popped into my lap."

"..."

"Okay, tell me what's so important?"

"Do you know about druids?"

"They're supposedly extinct wizards who specialized in nature-related magic. Honestly, I don't remember much about them; they were only briefly mentioned even in History of Magic classes."

"What if I told you that you have a chance to become a druid?"

"Why? Weren't they considered weak?"

"You're talking about the new druids. I'm talking about the ancient ones!"

"And how are they different?"

"Well....."

After half an hour,

"So, you want to tell me that last night you went to explore ruins and found a legacy left by ancient druids. It turns out that the seven strongest ancient druids are still alive, just in a different form. And you and Nicolas Flamel decided to restore their physical bodies, and in return, they want to find apprentices? Let's forget that you woke up not only me but also seven 2500-year-old geezers. What did you mean when you said that druids were stronger before the damage to our world?"

"Quite literally, in this world, according to their words, there used to be 20 continents. Druids were powerful, but at some point, our world weakened. Future generations of druids couldn't fully use their magic."

"Alright, but why do you think I'm a suitable candidate?"

"Your mana. Although you don't have an element, you're close to nature. Honestly, I think it's one of the reasons they sent you to Hufflepuff. In fact, you would fit in Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and Hufflepuff, but Helga Hufflepuff also had a connection to nature like you, even though she wasn't a druid."

"So you think I'm suitable to inherit the legacy of one of the druids?"

"Yes. Besides you, I have three other candidates on my mind. Although I'm not sure about the last one..."

"Are any of them at Hogwarts?"

"Yes, Rolf Scamander."

"Then what are we waiting for?! I don't want to be the only one suffering from your spontaneous insomnia-induced outburst! Let's go wake him up; he's in the third room on the right down the corridor!"

Cedric knew this first-year with a famous grandfather. They usually got along well. But today, Rolf would understand the complexity of human hearts.

"Knock, knock, knock. Ouch, that hurts! Where are you dragging me?"

Ouch, damn it, Cedric? What are you doing??? Stop, let me get up!!"

Rolf woke up as Asmodeus and Cedric were dragging him along the floor by his legs. The issue was that over time, the wooden flooring in the Hufflepuff common room corridor had slightly loosened. The planks were no longer perfectly aligned, protruding or sinking a bit. So, while Asmodeus and Cedric were dragging Rolf, he kept hitting his head on these joints.

Getting to his feet, Rolf looked offendedly at Cedric and asked, "Senior Diggory! We get along well, why wake me up like this?! My head hurts because of you!! And you?! You're Asmodeus Morningstar! My grandfather told me about you. I thought you were a noble and great person, not someone who wakes people up by hitting them on the head!"

"....."

"Okay, Rolf, sorry. We just didn't want to wake up your roommates."

"What about me? Can I be woken up? The sun hasn't even risen yet! Speak up, why did you wake me up? Otherwise!" Rolf pointed to his chest pocket, where the head of an Occamy was peeking out.

Asmodeus was surprised by Rolf's character. He thought he would be like Newt, a bit introverted and indecisive. But Rolf Scamander was more like his grandmother, Tina Scamander - decisive and confident.

"Alright, calm down, Mr. Scamander. I just asked Cedric to wake you up. He said you'd like this way of waking up."

Cedric: "(□□□□) ....." He felt a figurative knife in his back.

"Speak up, what do you need?" Scamander said, looking at Cedric suspiciously.

"Do you know about druids?"

"Of course, I know! They were the first magizoologists in the world!"

"Then....."

Half an hour later, as the sun began to rise from the east, Asmodeus finished his explanation.

"I agree. I'll gladly go with you to meet these ancient druids."

"Alright, I'll call you in two to three days when everything's ready. Oh, by the way, Rolf, warn your grandfather and father. They might want to come. I'm sure your grandfather will become a druid!" Asmodeus said, bidding farewell.

"Wait, where are you going?" Cedric asked when he saw Asmodeus about to close the door.

"Me? Of course, to sleep. It's a new day, and the old man won't think I went to sleep after waking him up. Alright, good night," Asmodeus said, yawning.

Rolf and Cedric: "....."

Returning to his room, Asmodeus saw a gigantic dragon-like cat curled up on his bed.

"....."

Deciding not to disturb Athena, he took out an extra blanket, climbed onto Athena, wrapped himself in the blanket, and fell asleep.

---

Please, support the author to ensure ongoing updates and to make the author's writing journey even more delightful. Visit [http://patreon.com/The\\_last\\_airbenderlibrary](http://patreon.com/The_last_airbenderlibrary)

Chapter 55 - Preparations

At 10 in the morning, Athena awoke. Opening her eyes, she saw her beloved owner wrapped in what he called a blanket, sleeping on her.

"Purr," she joyfully purred and continued to sleep, so as not to disturb Asmodeus.

Half an hour later, Asmodeus also woke up. Athena sensed it and slowly

stood up.

"Good morning. Thanks for not waking me; I was tired yesterday,"

Asmodeus said, stroking her head.

"Meow, purr."

"You know what, let's go together tomorrow. Do you want to?"

"Meow!"

"All right, all right. I know you don't like Hogwarts very much. But who knew you would grow so fast?"

"Meow, meow!"

"Okay, then tomorrow evening, I'll come back here, and after sleep, we'll go for a walk. I think you'll like it."

"Purr," Athena nuzzled her face against Asmodeus, glad that her owner would take her for a walk.

Although she was allowed to roam around Hogwarts and in the Forbidden Forest, Athena still wanted to spend more time with Asmodeus. However, he was often busy in the library lately, and Madame Pince didn't allow her into the library. Athena remembers how Madame Pince shouted something like, "Never will there be a dragon in my library!"

"Okay, I need to meet with the other potential druids. You can play in the Forbidden Forest today. Tomorrow, I'll take you with me. Just please, don't scare the centaurs. Last time, they said they saw you sitting on a tree and looking at them as prey."

"Meow!" The cat/dragon responded offendedly. She didn't want to attack them; she precisely followed Asmodeus's instructions not to eat humanoid beings. She just found it interesting to observe these creatures. They were neither humans nor horses. And horses are tasty...

After a couple more minutes of cuddling Athena, Asmodeus headed

towards Hagrid's house.

"Knock, knock, knock."

"One moment, I'm coming!"

"Sound of the door opening."

"Oh, Asmodeus, is that you? Come in, you haven't visited me in a while.

Is Athena with you?"

"Hello, Hagrid. Athena might go to the Forbidden Forest today, but for now, she's in my room."

"Too bad..."

Hagrid's affection for this cat/dragon, who clearly understood human speech, was evident. He often fed her when Athena was too lazy to hunt in the forest. Besides, Athena allowed him to collect her shed scales.

Hagrid used these scales to make a sturdy bag, in which he now collected herbs.

"Alright, don't be sad. I'm sure she'll come to play with you. But now, there's something more important. Hagrid, do you want to become a druid?"

"A druid? Who are they?"

Asmodeus forgot that Hagrid was expelled from Hogwarts, and he didn't finish his education. But now, thanks to Grindelwald, Hagrid could use a wand again, and his Ministry of Magic case was erased.

"Well..."

Asmodeus started explaining his prepared speech. After thirty minutes, Hagrid said, "Of course, I want! You said druids can communicate with animals!! That's wonderful, I'll be able to talk to these cuties!"

Asmodeus nodded, confident that Hagrid would agree.

"Good, then tomorrow, I'll come for you. Be ready. Early in the morning."

"Alright. Do I need to bring anything with me?"

"No, don't worry. Although... you can take the suitcase that Newt gave you. We might need it if we don't have time to build a temporary village."

"Alright. I'll prepare a place to stay just in case!"

After saying goodbye, Asmodeus remembered the last candidate and pondered.

"Hmm... the Lovegoods. They live near the Weasley's burrow. I need to ask Fred and George about this."

So, Asmodeus headed towards the dining hall. It was already noon, and lunch was about to begin. He would definitely find the twins there.

In the main hall, he saw the twins sitting on either side of Harry and Hermione. Ron sat on the other side of the table.

Recently, Harry had become closer to Hermione and Asmodeus's company. He distanced himself from Ron accordingly...

Over time, people realized that Harry was just a little wizard with a sad past. Without the threat of Voldemort, he started living the life of an ordinary young wizard. He laughed more often, let go of his worries.

Now he was just a little wizard known by more people. Not some savior or an enemy of the main villain. Because of this, Harry gradually became more open and sociable. Unfortunately, without his fame and the support of his popularity, Ron was also less noticed, and he now wasn't as actively eager to be friends with Harry as before... Harry hadn't noticed it yet, but he now talked more with Cedric, Hermione, the twins, and even unfamiliar classmates than before.

Asmodeus approached the twins without paying attention to how the Gryffindors were sitting. After greeting everyone, he turned to the twins.

"George, Fred, do you know where the Lovegood family lives?"

"Lovegoods, of course, we know. They're our neighbors. Turn right from our house and go up the slope for a kilometer. But why do you need to go

there?"

"Oh, just something. Can I use your fireplace?"

"Yes... But I want to make a statement! It's unfair that you can come and go from Hogwarts at any time. And we are confined here like criminals in Azkaban!"

"Cough, cough. Who here is being held like Azkaban criminals?" A displeased voice came from behind the twins.

"P-p-Professor McGonagall. We didn't mean that, we were just joking."

"Alright, wish you luck, and I have urgent matters. See you later,"

Asmodeus said as he left the twins.

A few minutes later, Asmodeus was already in the Burrow, but he didn't stop to inspect the house. He greeted Molly Weasley and continued. After some time, he saw the Lovegood's house.

The house sits atop a hill, resembling a black cylinder or a chess rook, with the moon hanging in the daytime sky. By the slightly tilted gate, three homemade signs are nailed, bearing inscriptions: "X. Lovegood, Chief Editor of 'The Quibbler,'" "Mistletoe of your choice," and "Do not step on Dirigible plums!"

Along the pathway leading to the house, whimsical plants grow, among which Asmodeus noticed a dangerous adder and orange radishes, the latter Luna Lovegood would wear as earrings in the future. By the door stand two leafless apple trees, adorned with apples and mistletoe. The entrance door is studded with nails, featuring a hammer in the shape of an eagle.

Approaching the door and knocking on the hammer, Asmodeus waited.

"Coming, coming!"

He heard a male voice from the second floor of the house and the sound of rapid descent on the stairs.

"Sound of the opening door."

"Good afternoon. How may I help you?"

To his surprise, Asmodeus saw a handsome man. Slightly cross-eyed, with white, almost cotton candy-like hair cascading to his shoulders, wearing a hat with a dangling brush just above the tip of his nose.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Lovegood?"

"Yes, that's me. And you... Mr. Morningstar."

"Yes, you're correct."

Asmodeus noticed that Xenophilius' attitude was a bit peculiar, though not as standoffish as when he first met Harry Potter. However, Asmodeus could sense Mr. Lovegood's wariness towards him, and he couldn't recall why.

"Mr. Lovegood... I feel that you regard me with suspicion. May I inquire why?"

Xenophilius was slightly taken aback. "Uh, I thought you came about my articles in 'The Quibbler.' Isn't that the case?"

"Ha-ha-ha, no need to worry. Honestly, I occasionally enjoy reading your journal. I especially liked what you wrote about me and Grindelwald, that I am an improved version of him."

"Then please come inside. It's not fitting for a 'Quibbler' reader to stand at the entrance. You can enter, and we'll talk inside."

"Thank you."

Asmodeus took a seat at the table while Xenophilius went to prepare tea. After five minutes, when the tea had steeped enough, Xenophilius handed Asmodeus a cup and asked, "If you didn't come about my journal articles... then why are you here?"

"For your daughter!"

"Luna? I'm intrigued. What could one of the most important and powerful

individuals in the modern magical world need from a 10-year-old girl?"

"Mr. Lovegood, what do you know about Druids?"

---

"So you believe that Luna is suited to become a Druid's heir?"

"Yes, Mr. Lovegood."

"But why do you think so?"

"Mr. Lovegood, the public doesn't know, but I have a minor gift of prophecy. I know what Luna could grow into."

"Well, since you say so, I think we should hear her opinion...."

"I agree!" A young voice echoed from upstairs.

"Oh, you were eavesdropping!"

"Yes..."

"Alright. But are you sure?"

"Yes, Dad. I want to try. Besides, lately, Wrackspurts have been swirling around me. Maybe, by becoming a Druid, I can get rid of them."

Asmodeus observed the dialogue between father and daughter with interest. It was evident that the family still mourned the loss of the mother. Yet, they didn't despair and tried to move forward.

You know, in Asmodeus' mind, Poluna is a kind of Hermione's antithesis. Hermione's worldview is entirely based on logic and rationality, while for Poluna, faith is paramount. According to him, Luna would become a better witch in the truest sense of the word than Hermione.

After waiting a couple more minutes and seeing that the Lovegoods had almost finished their conversation, Asmodeus bid farewell, stating that he would pick up Luna early tomorrow morning.

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

Его статус: идёт перевод

<http://tl.rulate.ru/book/100904/3491725>