

Harry Potter 751

Chapter 751: The Room of Evil

There was a large space in the dark cave below, and climbing down the rope was definitely not the right way to get in here.

Looking at the nimble Héléne below, Sirius secretly admired her; few witches had such a skill.

Although she was a bit too wordy and a tad too naive, when it came to physical fitness, she was competent enough to be an Auror.

He followed Héléne, tightly tangling the rope with his left hand and legs, carefully sliding down, with his right hand stretched out, holding his wand. Although he made his wand light brighter, he still couldn't see anything but darkness...

As he went down, the smell of rot in the air became more and more pungent.

Sirius sniffed and could quickly recognize the smell: it was the stench of a corpse.

It was not like the mummified corpses he'd seen above, but a corpse that had recently died and had not been completely weathered and rotted.

It was so strange. Why would there be a fresh dead body in this ancient castle dungeon?!!

There was also the voice of "Evan" just now, which sounded unspeakably weird. The more Sirius thought about it, the more he felt things were off. It was definitely not Evan.

It was foolhardy to come down like this. He should have questioned it more. Evan certainly wouldn't talk like that.

"Wait, Héléne, there's something wrong!" He hurriedly shouted down.

"What's wrong? I'm almost at the bottom!" Héléne looked up at Sirius, her face puzzled. "There seems to be something down there. I can't see it very clearly... it's white... a whole lot..."

Before she had finished her words, the voice in the darkness sounded again, "You're here... you have come to accompany me, ha ha!"

"You're not Evan! Who are you?" Sirius shouted into the darkness and cast a Shield Charm.

"I am who I am. Come and stay with me, living. I can't wait!" said the strange voice, coming through the darkness. "Since you've already made it here, don't go; just like them, stay here with me forever... ha ha ha."

"Héléne, let's go back up..."

"I DON'T THINK SO!" The voice lengthened its tone and shouted, "*Mary*, lovely little *Mary*, where are *you*?!"

The voice just fell, and Sirius heard a sound above his head. He quickly raised his wand up.

In its light, he saw the Owl-Woman standing at the entrance of the cave, glaring at him with hatred, with a terribly dreadful expression on her face!

‘The dark creature hiding in the dark is allied with the Owl-Woman!’ Sirius’ heart sank sharply.

The next second, the rope he and H  l  ne were holding suddenly loosened; cut off by the monster, and they fell down.

“Ah!” H  l  ne shouted.

Sirius turned around and quickly sent up a magic, jumped downward, hugged H  l  ne, and held her in his arms.

Before H  l  ne could react, the two of them fell heavily on something.

Thanks to Sirius’s protection, H  l  ne was not injured. She only heard Sirius grunting in pain beneath her.

“*Black, Sirius!*” H  l  ne yelled, but there was no response.

She fumbled Sirius’s chest with trembling hands, and gasped.

“I’m fine... that was rough!” It took a while for Sirius to gasp and say, “I seem to have... broken some ribs. Please... get off them....”

H  l  ne hurried to the side. In fact, she didn’t expect him to do what he did, and now he must be badly hurt.

Fortunately, it wasn’t a hard rocky ground below; there was some sort of buffer, those white things that she had vaguely seen before.

Looking at the floor more closely, H  l  ne blinked twice and then flinched immediately. That was not simply something white, but human bones... a massive pile of bones!

She raised her head and looked forward. In front of the bones pile, she saw an image from hell. In the small room, iron chains crisscrossed and dangled from the high ceiling.

Many iron chains were empty, or had some strange things hanging from them, but about a dozen of them were hanging human corpses!

Some of these people were hung from their heads, and some others from their feet. Some of them had blood slowly dripping from where the iron chains penetrated their flesh. Some were just rotten corpses, and their blood had already dried up...

This was the source of that pungent odor they smelled before! H  l  ne felt like vomiting.

Below the iron chain, on the innermost side of the room, was a very luxurious round mirror with a faint red glow on its surface.

H  l  ne had never seen such a luxurious mirror. It was inlaid on the innermost wall of the room, surrounded by complex magic runes she could not understand. It was almost covering the entire wall. Beside the mirror, there was an ugly skeleton. It was looking at them, and then...

It spoke!

“Welcome to hell, living!” Its mouth opened and closed, making a weird creepy sound, the hoarse, unpleasant sound that Sirius and H  l  ne had heard before. “A wizard and a witch, this is a rare sight; much more valuable than those lowly Muggles. It will like it, it will torture you *well*, it will not let you die fast!

Of course, the two of you will eventually die. Your blood belongs to me, I like the smell.” The skeleton paused and gave a harsh laugh. “Sorry, I forgot I can’t smell. How peculiar it is that now, I feel like I almost could!”

“Monster, what on earth are you?” Sirius gasped and said, sitting up with H  l  ne’s help.

He now rested almost all of his weight on her, the wand in his right hand pointed firmly at the skeleton.

“Don’t use that ugly word! Like you, I am a wizard, a noble pure-blood wizard, back when I was alive,” said the skeleton, with a hint of undisguised pride in his voice. “I heard the woman call you Black. I have heard of this family of wizards in England, a trivial small family. You know, heraldry is something that must be mastered. I used to spend a lot of effort on that. Living man, although your family is very small and humble, since you are a pure-blood wizard like me, I can be kind enough to tell you something. It won’t wake up that fast anyway; we have enough time to reminisce. Ah! Reminiscing! Must be my favorite thing, aside from the flavor of blood!”

“Reminisce?!” This skeleton was absolutely mad. Sirius could not imagine what past it could have had.

“So where do we start? So much to be said, so little time... Days won’t be enough to say everything! I guess I’ll start with what’s most important... My family. You must know that my family is a branch of the Capetian family of the French royal bloodline, the oldest and noblest pure blood wizard family in Paris. The blood that once flowed through my veins was the purest and the noblest of all,” said the skeleton. “Being born with such blood obviously granted me supreme status and glory, far beyond what you could ever imagine...”

The skeleton stopped talking, awaiting a reaction, but Sirius and H  l  ne did not react, and seemed to be, more than anything annoyed by the skeleton’s ramblings.

“Huh... how disappointing, living; you don’t seem to understand at all... You don’t seem to know the weight of my blood... the value it holds. Forget it, let’s continue! I bet the next bit would be more interesting to people of your caliber; my love affairs while studying at Beauxbatons...”

“My first girl was my personal maid. She was given to me by the family. She was a very talented witch, one year younger than me!” The skeleton screamed. “Just a month before I went to school in Beauxbatons, I took her...”

Sirius took out the Healing Potion he was carrying, while listening to the skeleton going on and on about the women he had been with in the past, from that poor little maid to the schoolgirls of Beauxbatons, the innocent Muggle girls, and the famous ladies of the pure-blood wizard families.

Even by the standards of the Muggle aristocracy hundreds of years ago, this guy had lived quite the life. He seemed to know the way to a girl’s heart, and obviously, magic had helped him quite a bit.

Sirius did not, however, care about any of that. He was more concerned about the fact that the skeleton did not seem to intend to prevent him from treating himself.

That made him feel very bad. It meant that the skeleton was confident enough to not care about his strength.

Immediately afterwards, Sirius thought of Evan. Where did he go?!!

“This skeleton was already a perverted scumbag before his death!” said H el ene angrily, blushing.

Unlike Sirius, she listened very carefully. When she heard it describe how he abused magic to get into the bed of an innocent Muggle girl, she couldn’t help but get angry. If Sirius hadn’t stopped her, she was really about to try to teach it a hard lesson, no longer caring about her strange surroundings.

“The girls’ blood had strong magical power within it, so I quickly became strong and became the best among wizards of my age. But it was not enough. I needed to be stronger. As an ancient pure-blood wizard family, my family had many secrets, one of which was the rearing of demons.” The skeleton continued, in that weird tone, “This is very powerful and evil Dark magic. No one had ever succeeded at executing before me, for none of them could find a perfect carrier for demons to live on earth.”

“However, I found her, hahaha. I didn’t expect that I would be so lucky. My fiancée, Ariane, is such a woman, an excellent witch who can satisfy me in more ways than one could imagine... Oh, she could even satisfy the devil!”

“Ariane?!” Sirius murmured, thinking of the spooky woman who had appeared in the mirror.

“She was my classmate at Beauxbatons, the mistress of this castle, her family was the magical guardian family in Burgundy, and important allies of our family,” said the skeleton, shaking vigorously. “Of course, of course, that was not important. In my eyes, she was just my pet devil in the making. She was the source of my power. Under my training, she gradually fell, turned bloodthirsty,

promiscuous and cruel, laying with different men and meeting the devil's requirements in all aspects..."

Unlike before, what followed became more and more shocking.

"Shortly after my graduation, I went to Egypt to do something according to my family's orders. On that trip, I met a girl named Shukrya. She was a witch doctor of an ancient tribe. Unlike witches, it was a very strange magical power." The skeleton paused for a moment, and then gave out a loud laugh. "Of course, what caught my attention was the girl's looks. She was very beautiful... the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I thought that perhaps she could become a carrier of a new devil."

"It only took a few sweet words for her to fall in love with me very quickly. I brought her back to the castle and gave her to the devil. However, the ancient shaman power that she had stopped the process. The devil couldn't approach her and even felt disgusted. She was no longer of use to me," The skeleton was shaking on the wall, making loud clicks and bangs. "Although I didn't mind having one more slave, her tribe was very strong, and I didn't want to get into meaningless trouble. So, I was going to let her go and allow her to get away from here."

It paused for a while, as blood dripped from a human corpse tethered to the iron chain above, dropped on it, and splattered.

"I told her that I didn't love her anymore, that I was tired of her, that she should go, and that I never wanted to see her again. Yet, she did not leave. I think she was really hopelessly in love with me. It was really foolish. I was going to kick this stupid woman away, but she discovered the secret in the castle, and found out the fact that Ariane had become a devil. She came to tell me, so I could no longer let her go!"

"So, what did you do to her?" Sirius gradually grasped the point of the matter!

What this ugly skeleton said seemed to be the true secret hidden behind the Owl Fortress, and the root of evil in this castle.

"Before I could take action, the woman secretly used a strong Love Potion on me, rendering me unable to disobey her wishes. She wanted to take me back to her tribe... back to that wild and backward place." There was a little anger in the voice of the skeleton, and its trembles became more intense. "She didn't know the truth, and thought she was saving me. It was foolish. Thanks to Ariane's men, who found me and undid the Love Potion, we locked her in a dungeon, tortured her and prepared to sacrifice her soul to the devil. But that was a mistake... a fatal and terrible mistake. I didn't expect that she could make poison

while tied. She poisoned many people in the castle, and they all died overnight...”

“That Shukrya... she simply poisoned the people inside the castle?!” H  l  ne asked in fear.

“Yes, even me!” The skeleton yelled harshly. “That’s how I died... I died for NOTHING, it was all because of that foolish woman, all her, and I must take revenge. My soul is attached to the devil. I controlled Ariane to kill everyone in the castle, including her parents, brothers and sisters, relatives and even herself. But this was not enough. I wanted to find the woman ... the stupid woman who ruined EVERYTHING...”

The skeleton screamed, making a lot of noise, and it didn’t stop until a cold voice interrupted it.

“Honey, what are you arguing about?” It was a woman’s voice.

Sirius instantly recognized Ariane’s voice, the witch who had sent them here.

“You’re awake, my darling!” The skeleton turned quickly, facing the mirror next to it. “It’s no big deal. I’m talking to two dead people and recalling the past. You know how much I like that!”

Chapter 753: Entering the World in the Mirror

Sirius opened his eyes wide and looked at what was happening in disbelief.

A woman’s figure gradually appeared in the red glowing mirror. It was Ariane, whom he and Evan had seen before.

She was still dressed in her aristocratic dress from hundreds of years ago, and her expression was grim and indifferent, but she was slightly changed from before.

Her skin was paler. It was unhealthy white. Her eyes were strangely red and a long tongue was hanging out of her mouth.

The most shocking thing was the horns on her head, which were black, not very long, but clearly showing the devil that she was!

“Diable!” H  l  ne gasped. She knew it was the most evil Dark magic in France, one that had been extinct for a long time.

She was tense, holding Sirius’s arm tightly with her left hand, leaning as close as possible to him.

She forced herself to open her eyes wide, and look at the strange scene in front of her: An ugly skeleton and a ghostly devil woman in the mirror.

Sirius was also staring at them, clenching the wand in his hand, and he was secretly trying Apparition without any effect.

“Oh, it’s you, the teacher from Beauxbatons. Where’s the young wizard who was with you?!” said Ariane casually. “It’s really disappointing. I thought you could crack that woman’s magic.”

“You are the real devil behind this...”

“Please mind your words, living, that devil is mine, *I am* the master here!” The skeleton interrupted Sirius and shouted in a shrill voice. “Although my happy memories are not over yet, since Ariane is out, your lives shall end here. Kill them, sweetheart, I want to taste that witch’s blood, I can’t wait!”

“As you wish.” In the mirror, Ariane stretched out a finger with a bright, long red nail. She pointed hard at Sirius and H  l  ne, and the chains at the top of the room rattled.

They began to fly fast in the air, and as if they were vipers, they attacked them with terrible momentum.

Sirius waved his wand and cast a spell, blowing a chain away, and he and H  l  ne stood up from the pile of bones.

His injury had healed well enough, and although he was still in a bit of pain, it did not affect his fighting ability.

He and H  l  ne kept hitting the chains flying to their side. H  l  ne was doing well, showing skills fitting of a qualified Auror. Sirius also used Transfiguration, which was usually Evan’s thing. He was trying to morph the chains into something less lethal, but that didn’t have much effect.

The chains kept coming, and there seemed to be no end to them.

A strange force field surrounded them, and the speed at which their magical energy accumulated was getting slower and slower...

Sirius didn’t know how long they could hold on. The two devils on the opposite side didn’t seem to plan to kill them quickly. Ariane was floating in the mirror, laughing continuously, and the skeleton outside was chattering, saying all sorts of mad gibberish.

They were just toying with their food; having fun!

.....

Inside the secret room, knowing that Sirius and H  l  ne were in danger, Evan quickly turned around to leave, but Shukrya stopped him.

“Your companions entered the room, and they have become the prey of the devil,” said Shukrya calmly. “But don’t worry, they will be fine for a while, we have enough time. That devil likes to torture her prey before killing it. If you truly want to rescue them: you must help me! Only *I* know how to destroy that demon, and only *with me could you* succeed.”

“How?” Evan asked quickly. “Should I go and destroy the mirror you’re talking about, the devil’s entity?!”

“No, you won’t succeed. The mirror is very robust, and no magic can destroy it.”

At Shukrya's words, Evan instantly thought of the Horcrux. The same was true of Horcruxes. Although their texture might be very common, they were protected by powerful magic and could only be destroyed through special methods.

Evan didn't know these devils and wasn't sure if the mirror was the same as Horcruxes.

The only thing he knew was that summoning or defeating a devil must involve an altar that would be the key to everything.

"The devil's altar?!"

"Yes, only by destroying that devil's altar can you completely defeat it!" said Shukrya, nodding. "It took me hundreds of years to realize that the devil's altar was inside the mirror. We need to enter it if we want to have a chance."

"What should I do to enter the world in the mirror?" Evan frowned.

"Only with the consent of the devil can you get into its mirror, and there was nothing I could do about that," said Shukrya, looking into Evan's eyes. "But now we have a chance, and that's one of the reasons why I wanted you to help me. It's what that devil wanted; use the blood the demon gave you to destroy this totem and the magic I left here, and the souls that inhabit the castle will lose their natural protection and return to their original appearance. She will surely swallow them. It's right then, right as that mirror devours those souls, we'll follow along with them to find the devil's altar and destroy it."

"Wait, I'll become a *soul* with you?"

"Don't worry; as long as you wear this tribal holy pendant around your neck, the souls of my ancestors will protect you." Shukrya pointed at the owl pendant attached to the totem. "It will help you become an owl of a special energy form, similar to the state of a soul to some extent, and that would allow you to enter the mirror with us."

Taking on some kind of special energy form similar to a soul? Evan had never heard of such a thing. Shaman magic was truly different!

In Wizards' magic, only through blood sacrifices could Dark wizards turn into energy forms, and that process was completely irreversible. For a simple pendant to allow him to do such a thing, it was truly remarkable.

"What do you choose, wizard?" said Shukrya calmly, "Fight, or flee? If we fail, we would both be devoured by that devil and add to its power, but this nightmare will end anyway."

"Fight!" said Evan, determined. He considered the matter carefully, and there was nothing wrong with the approach Shukrya proposed. It was the only way.

The only thing that he needed to be worried about now was how powerful this devil was and whether or not he could kill it.

There was no point in staying here and worrying about his ability to win. He could only know by trying, and Evan was never afraid of fighting.

Under Shukrya's gaze, he stepped forward and took off the owl pendant from above the totem. The gentle magic flowed slowly from the pendant into his body. The natural forces surrounded him, and his body changed at a speed visible to the naked eye.

In the blink of an eye, Evan became a ghostly owl!

Chapter 754: Betrayal

Just as Evan became an owl, a mysterious force of nature was released from the shaman totem, quickly passing through the dark castle.

The owl ghosts wandering in the castle were stunned to find that the power that had been confining them had disappeared.

Their bodies were changing rapidly, returning to their former shapes...

The ghosts regained their senses, shouted cheerfully, and celebrated in the broken corridor covered by the cobwebs.

If someone was to come at that moment, they would be frightened; the castle turned into a world of ghosts!

Deep underground, in the wicked room full of corpses where Sirius and H el ene had been fighting, the chains suddenly stopped flailing around and fell to the ground. The skeleton was shaking violently, making a shrill scream that vaguely sounded like a laugh.

"What's going on? What's going on?" H el ene gasped, leaning weakly against Sirius.

Her physical strength had been exhausted, and the battle was getting increasingly dangerous. She and Sirius worked together to barely resist so far.

"I don't know!" Sirius shook his head and held his wand tightly.

He looked at the two monsters that had suddenly become ecstatic in front of him and did not know what was going on.

Then immediately, he thought of Evan. It must be him... He must have done something to make them like this.

But the next words on the opposite side made Sirius's heart that had just been lifted sink again.

"Did you feel it? That damn power is gone. There is nothing to imprison us!" The skeleton shouted madly, "Darling, you will soon be back in this world, even stronger than ever before."

"It must be the young wizard. He destroyed that tramp's magic like I told him. He spilled the blood of the demon on the totem... I knew he would succeed," said Ariane excitedly, quickly moving forward, leaning to his side in the mirror, licking

her lips with her long tongue and panting hard. “Ah, ah, I have waited for this day for more than 500 years, and I’m finally going to be free!”

“Yes, absorb those damn souls in the castle. You will become very powerful, we will ...”

“Shut up, you filthy ugly monster, I have endured you for a long enough!” said Ariane sharply, glaring at the skeleton next to the mirror with hatred in her eyes, “It is because of you that I became a devil; it is because of you that I killed my parents, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends with my own hands... It is because of you that I have been trapped in this damn mirror for 500 years!”

“Honey, my dear Ariane, what are you talking about...” The skeleton’s crazy laughter abruptly came to a halt, and he couldn’t believe what the woman in the mirror was saying, “I am your man, your closest lover.”

“You are but a fool with no power now, and the magic you left on me has long since disappeared!” said Ariane spookily, “for so many years, I pretended to follow your orders, just to paralyze you, to build up strength, waiting for today. Hahaha, in the process of transforming the descendants of my family and those adventurers, you thought I would do nothing?! “

“You... you...”

“Those who raise demons always end up being devoured by them...” Ariane licked her lips and continued, “It was inevitable; it was decided the moment you gave me to the devil five hundred years ago. My beloved, only by eating your soul can I become as strong as I could be... PERFECT! Then, no one could ever control me again. By then, I will leave this cursed castle and start a new life on my own.”

“Ariane... you can’t... you can’t do that to me... you’ve gone mad... *YOU DEVIL!*”

“Haha, that, I am!”

“NOOOOO!” The skeleton screamed aloud, with its bones making eerily loud clicks and clacks as they shook vigorously and collided with the wall.

Then, it quickly turned its head to look at Sirius and H el ene, and said in a hurry, “Living, destroy this mirror and attack it with your strongest magic! Hurry up and destroy it, otherwise you two will also die, she won’t let you go, she ...”

Red swirls appeared on the huge mirror, slowly rotating, getting faster and faster, turning in a vortex.

Sirius saw a man’s soul being sucked out of the skeleton.

Before he could react to what was going on, he saw more and more souls passing through the upper wall and being sucked into the mirror.

They mourned, trying to escape or stop it all, but to no avail.

Soon the entire room was filled with all kinds of souls; a tornado of souls, rooting in the mirror and reaching the ceiling of the cave.

Sirius and H  l  ne stood on the pile of bones, looking pale, watching this shocking scene.

A few minutes later, a translucent little owl landed on Sirius's shoulder and winked at him.

"Evan..." muttered Sirius. Looking into his eyes, he instantly recognized that this was his trusty companion.

He didn't know what was going on. Why did Evan turn into a ghostly owl?!!

The little owl flapped its wings and rushed straight to the mirror at the end of the room as fast as he could.

In the blink of an eye, it disappeared into the mirror with other wailing souls.

"NOOOOO!" Sirius shouted loudly, and hurried over with H  l  ne.

But all the souls had been sucked into the mirror, and the strange red light reappeared on its surface, as though nothing had happened.

Evan, Ariane, the skeleton, and the ghosts all disappeared.

In this evil room, only corpses and bones were left to tell the tale of evil beyond belief...

Along with Shukrya, Evan had smoothly gone through the mirror.

Inside was a chaotic world, where all was engulfed in some kind of depressingly gray fog.

They stayed in midair and saw the ghosts quickly absorbed into a red devil's altar below.

The complex magical runes were shining, and a woman's figure stood beside the altar, ecstatic.

She was Ariane, Ariane in her Devil Form!

Evan saw her eyes, blood-red, shining brightly without pupils. The black horns on her head, iconically diabolical, were slowly growing, getting thicker, longer and bigger...

Her power was increasing as it devoured the power of the souls sucked into the devil's altar.

In front of her, a handsome-looking wizard was kneeling down, constantly uttering words of despair...

Chapter 755: Regret

"Let me go, my dear Ariane!" The wizard eventually gasped and kissed the devil's feet. "From today on, I'm your slave, you can order me to do anything, and I will be obedient, I'll be your dog..."

“SILENCE, you filthy fool! I left you here to torture you, not to make you my dog!” said Ariane. And she suddenly felt something. She looked up and saw Evan and Shukrya in midair, with a sepulchral smile on her face. “Ah, the cute young wizard and Shukrya, I was just wondering when you two would show up!”

“You knew we were coming here?” said Evan, returning from the owl form.

He regained his human shape, and the pendant tied to his wrist exuded a strange power, ensuring that he would not be expelled from the mirror.

“Of course I knew. I have been fighting that witch next to you for over five hundred years; I know her even better than she knows herself,” said Ariane. “I knew, a bit over ten years ago, that she was getting tired and could not hold on for much longer, so I carefully devised this plan, patiently waiting for the right candidate. Finally I found a wizard like you, one who could convince her to help me. I did indeed need your blood to crack her magic, that was the only thing I lacked... I didn’t lie.”

“You devil!” said Shukrya calmly, her eyes on the wizard kneeling on the ground.

“Don’t pretend to be so lofty. From the moment you poisoned everyone in the castle, you became a devil yourself!” snapped Ariane. “This is just a battle between a *devil*... and another, and I will be the one to emerge victorious!”

“No, you are wrong, we’ve both already lost!” said Shukrya slowly, closing her eyes. “I have failed to live up to the expectations of my tribe’s elders and the great witch doctor who taught me. I have broken the oath I made to my ancestors and to the will of nature. These five hundred years of suffering are the punishment I deserve. And you, from a human aristocrat to a devil’s vessel; you have killed your own family and friends with your own hands. You are merely a monster now.”

“Shut up, you vixen!” Before Ariane spoke, the wizard kneeling before her raised his head and shouted, “If it hadn’t been for you, none of this would’ve happened. *Who* do you think screwed up everything?”

“He’s the man in your story? The wizard you deeply loved?” Evan frowned.

Shukrya nodded slowly, her gaze stayed on the wizard, unwavering.

“That scumbag,” Evan sighed and looked at the wizard with disdain. “Do you still love him now?”

Shukrya didn’t respond to Evan’s question, and seemed hesitant.

On the ground, the wizard kept kissing Ariane’s feet, looking lowly and disgusting...

Seeing that Shukrya didn't respond, Evan thought he had got her answer and was ready to focus on his enemies. But at that moment, he actually saw Shukrya nodding slowly.

"No matter what he becomes, he is the one I love the most. I am willing to give everything up for him," she said calmly. "Sorry, I can't forget this love. It was the happiest time of my life."

"Hahaha, you still like this guy!" Ariane gave a shrill laugh. "What a stupid wench! You may not know what he did, what he looks like now, who he really is, but..."

"No, I know, and I hate him for what he did," said Shukrya. "As you said, I am a devil, too; and my sins can simply be washed away. But I am different from you. I am still a witch doctor, and I will not forget the teachings of the spirits of my ancestors. I still have love in my heart, and I still remember our early days, and that, for me, is enough!"

"You are disgusting, Shukrya, my impression of you has never changed," shouted Ariane, kicking the wizard kneeling on the ground. "I'll just get this over with, so that you finally disappear from this world."

Her body was changing rapidly, from a humanoid form, into that of a pure devil.

The horns on her head rose high, her expression became more ferocious, fangs came out of her mouth, and her hands changed, turning into terrible claws. Her cold skin was still colorless, and her body exuded incredible Dark magic.

That was the true form of a devil. It was really shocking.

Evan took out his wand and pointed at her, but he didn't find any obvious weaknesses on his opponent.

As more and more souls were devoured, her strength should now be close to Dumbledore's or Voldemort's, and Evan was not sure how to defeat her.

Then, his eyes turned to the bloody devil's altar at the back.

He didn't have to defeat her in a direct battle; he only needed to destroy the altar, which was the essence of the devil's existence.

"I will bind her with magic for a while, destroy that altar, young wizard!" Shukrya whispered, floating beside Evan. "You must succeed; you are our only hope."

She glanced at Evan, and then turned back to the devil, her eyes gleaming with determination.

Shukrya began to chant ancient incantations in a language that Evan was not familiar with. It sounded like a sacrificial hymn of an African tribe. A gentle power came out of her, and all the ghosts around her stopped flocking to the altar.

They looked at Shukrya, with an expression of relief on their faces, and a faint light appeared on their bodies.

All the lights came together, gathered in front of Shukrya, forming a huge wall.

“No, you idiot, stop it!” shouted Ariane. “The ghosts are mine!”

She rushed towards Evan and Shukrya. Evan waved his wand quickly, and a golden barrier appeared in front of him.

The barrier kept the devil from approaching. Although it did not last long, it was enough. Shukrya’s magic had been completed. The ancient shamans could mobilize the power of the souls. That was the light emitted by those souls, and now, it all flew towards Ariane, changed into a cage, and locked her firmly in the middle.

With all the souls she had absorbed into this mirror world, Shukrya had a ton of power at her disposal, and despite the fact that Ariane tried to claw her way out, the cage did not budge.

However, Evan noticed that the souls’ bodies became more and more transparent, and the weakest ones had disappeared.

Even Shukrya’s body was getting lighter and lighter. This magic was very harmful to the souls it involved.

Chapter of the Owl Fortress

“Ah, this abominable magic!” Ariane screamed. “These are *my* souls, *my* power!”

She lunged forward, but immediately retreated back, screaming.

It wasn’t just that she couldn’t break through, the cage actually badly burned her claws, and black smoke came out of them as soon as they touched it.

“You’re all going to DIE... you’re all going to DIE!” Ariane cursed, waving her claws vigorously and acting mad. “No! I want you to live forever, and I will TORTURE YOUR SOULS!”

“NOW, wizard, destroy that altar. This is our only chance.” Shukrya urged.

There was no need to remind him; Evan had already reached the devil’s altar, and he was now looking at the ancient and complex magical patterns on it.

The main body of the altar had the shape of an inverted pentagram, and was made out of kinds of wood and stone that Evan had never seen before. It had many ancient words engraved on it, the same words he had previously seen on the mirror.

Right in the center of the pentagram was a pupil-like red round hole.

The bright red, deep round hole extended inwards, like a human throat, into which the souls were previously being sucked.

There were many ripples inside the round hole, which kept expanding and contracting, giving Evan a feeling that it was a living thing.

He looked at it briefly, raised his wand, chanted a spell, and dark green light gathered on his wand.

The magic he gathered was getting stronger and stronger, and it soon reached the limit of what Evan could control.

He tipped his wand forward, the green light flashed, leaving a deep gully on the devil's altar in front of him.

Ariane, trapped in the cage, let out another loud shriek and then fell to lay prone on the ground, seemingly suffering great harm.

But it was not fatal. Evan's magic did not destroy the devil's altar, and the mark he left on it was gradually being healed...

"That's no good. Maybe now the power of the Philosopher's Stone could be useful!" Evan frowned at the altar in front of him.

He wasn't sure which magic to use. This was certainly not the right way to destroy this devil's altar.

Just like a Horcrux, it would not be destroyed by ordinary spells. It could only be destroyed by special weapons causing damage to the protective magic on it to prevent it from repairing itself.

"Living, attack that round hole. The devil's soul lives in it," Suddenly, the wizard who had been lying on the ground spoke, his face sullen. "That devil will not let me go, I must destroy her... I must destroy her!"

"Her soul is hidden inside?!"

"Yes, believe me. I made this altar myself. I put her soul in it, and raised and nurtured this devil with virgins' blood and souls," yelled the wizard wildly, with hatred in his voice. "Use your blood... Pour your blood into it, so that the devil's power inside is no longer pure, so that her soul could be destroyed."

Evan looked at the ghost of the wizard, and then at the constantly shrinking hole in the center of the devil's altar.

"Better not!" He said softly.

Even if he didn't know much about the demonic Dark magic, he knew that it was not a good idea to inject his blood into a devil's altar. That wizard absolutely did not mean well.

Even if this could really defeat the devil, this would not end well for Evan.

However, what the wizard just said made him realize that this round hole directly reached the devil's soul, which was her weakness. With that being the case...

As fast as he could, he pushed his wand down into the hole and read a spell again.

A blue magical rune flashed at the tip of Evan's wand. The next second, a large amount of strongly corrosive liquid poured out continuously. This was an enhanced version of the Corrosion Curse. These toxic liquids could destroy everything they encountered.

"NO... No... stop!" shouted Ariane, her voice piercing, but getting weaker and weaker.

Her body lying on the ground kept twitching, her muscles were convulsing, and her eyes were blank, as though something was about to burst out of her body. Her pale skin showed a red tint. She felt the heat spreading through her body, tearing it up bit by bit.

Ariane's face was twisted. She stretched out her terrible claws upward and then she lowered them again.

Her demonic body rapidly changed as it shook, returning to its previous human form, and then getting more and more frail.

It was all over, she felt that her soul was withering, and this nightmare would eventually come to an end.

With the devil's altar in front of Evan as the center, the whole space was shaking violently.

"It worked!" Evan murmured, controlling his wand to continue corroding the devil's soul.

"NO... you destroyed my altar, you destroyed the devil!" The wizard's soul was still screaming wildly, and the expression on his face was still distorted to the extreme. "What did you do? What did you inject into it? I told you to use blood..."

"Back off!" said Evan. He ignored the wizard's screams, pulled out his wand and ran to Shukrya.

He heard a crackling sound, the sound of a broken mirror, in which the world was collapsing.

"Let's get out of here, hurry up!" said Evan, looking firmly at Shukrya.

Her body had become almost completely transparent by now; her strength had dissipated, and she was about to completely fade away at any moment.

"You go... I'm not leaving, I'll stay here, and with me, this evil that has lasted for more than five hundred years will end." said Shukrya calmly, looking at the owl pendant on Evan's left wrist. "Wizard, this holy item is a gift from me. My only hope is that someday you could go to my tribe and tell them that I am sorry. I failed to live up to their expectations. If there is an afterlife, I will strive to be the best witch doctor. Go, the pendant will lead you to find my tribe..."

"I will... I promise!" said Evan solemnly.

He touched the pendant on his hand, strange powers emerged, and his body became an owl in energy form again.

He flew up, hovering in midair, watching Shukrya walk past Ariane on the ground, and slowly approaching the wizard.

With a smile on her face, she gently took the wizard's arm as though she were the happiest bride.

This was a wedding that was more than 500 years due. Although things had changed, this was still Shukrya's biggest dream.

No matter what he became, no matter what he did, as long as she still loved him, that was enough.

Evan looked at them one last time, and then raised his head and flew higher, leaving the world created by the devil.

If there was an afterlife, he hoped that Shukrya would find the love she truly deserved and meet the worthy man who would love her back.

Chapter 758: The Extinguished Lighthouse

Both Scylla and the whirlpool were located in the Strait of Messina between the Italian peninsula and Sicily.

From the northeast corner of the island, where Evan was now, they could clearly see the panoramic view of the strait.

There was a small town near their camp, Taormina, where Muggles and wizards lived together. There was a well-preserved ancient Greek theater in town. It was also the name card of Sicily. Evan had just visited it not long ago.

At the southern end of the town, there was a breathtaking view of the cliffs and Etna, Europe's largest active volcano.

The terrain of the whole mountain was quite complex, providing perfect hiding space for giants. It was also the birthplace of the legendary Cyclops.

In mythology, Cyclops built weapons from volcanic lava, making thunderous sounds as they did.

The clouds around here were very thick and the top of the mountain could not be seen for most of the year. Finding giants there wouldn't be an easy task. As their mundane daily life made wild noises that were often joined by the sound of thunder, Muggle residents nearby all thought that a mighty god of thunder lived up there.

Evan had carefully observed the surrounding terrain, as the island he had seen in Ravenclaw's memory was probably in this area.

Gryffindor and Ravenclaw had certainly arrived here more than a thousand years ago.

Gryffindor had a fight with the Cyclops in the mountain of Etna, which left a permanent scar on his eye.

To the north of the town near the coastline pier was an ancient lighthouse, a nearby commanding height. Until now, it had been guiding the sailing ships. If one wanted to take a boat to see the sirens, he needed to start from there.

The Italian Ministry of Magic had set up a special protected area here to provide protection for sirens, and operated cruise ships to visit them.

But now there was no one. Mr. Idas Grosso of the reserve told Evan that more often, wizards would come to visit during school holidays. It was very rare for young wizards like him to come here during the semester.

“No, no, we can’t go out to sea now!” Grosso shook his head and said, “Boy, I suggest you go to your parents or guardians. The area has been very dangerous recently. It’s no place for a young wizard like you.”

“My uncle is busy with other things. I’m just looking around. I’ve read descriptions of the sirens in a book,” said Evan. “Why can’t we go out? Because of Galleons? Or do you think I have to be accompanied to see the sirens?”

“Both!” said Grosso, straightening the hat on his head and pointing to the lighthouse on the high ground next to the dock. “But the main reason is that the lighthouse is broken. Without the lighthouse’s guidance, going to those waters is a death sentence. Let me tell you, those Sirens like young boys like you the most. If you fall into their hands, they will not kill you, but they will keep draining you slowly, locked up in a nest on the side of the cliff, and every day...”

Evan turned his head and looked at the ancient Lighthouse. Mr. Grosso told him that not long ago, the light on the top of the lighthouse suddenly went out.

In fact, this lighthouse was not simply giving directions to Muggles’ ships. The lights inside also had a very special protection magic, which could keep the boats and crews from being fooled by the singing of the Sirens, and keep them from being immersed in their illusions.

With the lighthouse now broken, sailing at this time was no different from seeking death.

Next, Grosso told Evan many horror stories about the sirens, as well as the undead wandering in these waters. But what Evan really cared about was what happened after the lighthouse was damaged...

“Yeah, after the lighthouse broke down, Muggles sent people to repair it several times. What do they call those weird people with long metal ropes... electricians?” said Grosso. “I saw them go in with my own eyes. Then it would take them a whole night to come out, and they’d be mad. They kept saying gibberish, as though they had met a ghost.”

“Mad?!! Evan looked at him in amazement.

“Yeah, it was as if they were brainwashed. They kept talking about doomsday, destruction, ancient gods, and so on. Who knows what they saw in the tower? I heard they kept having nightmares long after they went back.” Grosso looked around, then lowered his head, brought his freckled face closer to Evan, lowered his voice, and said, “The reason why the lighthouse was broken was obviously magical. There’s a group of Dark wizards in it. I saw them go in one night on a boat, all wearing black cloaks.”

“Did you see what they looked like?” Evan asked.

“No, no!” Grosso waved his hand, and there was a flash of horror on his face. “I reported it to the higher-ups, but the guy in charge of the town didn’t respond, and the Ministry of Magic didn’t send anyone over to investigate. A broken lighthouse is probably a trivial matter in their eyes, and there was no need to spend resources on it. In any case, those sirens will not starve to death; they will find food for themselves.”

“But this matter is very serious!” said Evan. The Dark wizards Grosso talked about made him think of all sorts of possible complications.

Before leaving, Nicolas Flamel once told him that the long disappeared Raven’s Claw had begun to come out again. This was the place where Ravenclaw once came. Would the Raven’s Claw be those hooded Dark wizards? Or, were they Death Eaters who came to look for the giants as well?!”

“It is indeed serious, but this has nothing to do with me either!” said Grosso, straightening up again. “I’m just a siren keeper. As long as I get my paycheck, I don’t need to worry about those problems. To be honest, I’ve had enough of this job. It pays well, but I’ve gathered a good sum already! I’m preparing to quit and find a new job in Rome. It is better than guarding an empty boat and a group of sirens.”

“Mr. Grosso, if I fix the lighthouse, can you take me out to sea?” said Evan. “I still want to see the sirens!”

“No problem, boy, as long as you can fix that lighthouse!” said Grosso. “I have never seen a young wizard like you who is interested in sirens... Yeah, their upper bodies are like those of human women, nude human women! But below, one look is all you’ll need to lose interest!”

Evan waved his hand and walked back along the path he came along. He waited until there was no one around and Apparated back to the camp.

Whatever the cause of the lighthouse’s extinction, there was clearly new trouble inside awaiting him.

He was going to wait until the contact with the giants came to an end, and then find a way to solve this problem.

Chapter 759: Giant Tribe

The lighthouse was the highest point on the coastline, standing high above all. Being up there, one could oversee the whole area.

Those dark wizards who occupied the lighthouse must have planned to find a favorable position to observe Scylla and the whirlpool, and everything in the area. But why would they extinguish the lighthouse?!!

Evan couldn’t understand. But on the other hand, Sirius, Hagrid, and Madame Maxime had things going well. The giants had a few contacts among local wizards, and from them, they learned that the

current Gurg of the giant tribe was a giant called Karkus, the son of the leader of the previous generation of giants.

Perhaps because he had inherited his position through bloodright, his rule was not stable. On top of that, there was another giant called Golgomath who was much stronger than him.

Many giants thought that Golgomath was more powerful than Karkus and more qualified to be the Gurg.

These might have also been just rumors; none of the wizards could confirm any of it with certainty.

In the eyes of most wizards, giants were mostly simple-minded creatures. But they actually had quite complex social structures.

After discussion, Sirius, Hagrid and Madame Maxime finally decided to contact Karkus first, but at the same time, they also prepared an equally valuable gift for Golgomath, just in case...

By the time Evan returned, the three of them had already made up their minds and were ready to go.

Not long ago, Hagrid went to the town and bought a ton of slaughtered goats, which was the giants' favorite food. He and Sirius carried sacks containing goats. Madame Maxime laid out magic inside the camp. Then, the four set off.

"Have you found the giants' location?" Evan asked, plodding along the rough mountain road. He had to do all he could to keep up with Hagrid and Madame Maxime.

"I found them, just on the other side of a ridge. I saw them the night before yesterday. There were little fires burning and huge shadows... like bits of the mountain moving!" said Hagrid, gesturing with his empty hands to make the comparison. "Those giants are about twenty feet tall; some of the bigger ones may be twenty-five... much taller than me. I didn't alarm them. After confirming that it was their territory, I came straight back!"

"How many were there?"

"I reckon there must be at least a hundred, which is actually not much compared to their heyday!" said Hagrid sadly, shaking the sack on his shoulder. "You know, there were loads of them once. There must have been at least a hundred different tribes from all over the world. But they've been dying out for ages. Wizards killed a few, of course, but mostly they killed each other, and now they're dying out faster than ever. They're not made to live bunched up together like that. Dumbledore says it's our fault; it was the wizards who forced them to live far away. They had no choice but to stick together in order to survive..."

Giants were powerful but were now an endangered species. They were decreasing in number at an alarming rate, and it was not certain when they would go extinct.

If that happened, wizards would only see them in books. They would have to look at trolls in order to imagine them, just like they do now with giants to imagine cyclopes.

“At this rate, we can get to the giants’ territory before dinner today,” said Sirius. “For safety, we’d better not sneak up on them in the dark and wait till tomorrow morning.”

“We discussed it before. Olympe and I will walk in the front with a present to the Gurg.” Hagrid confirmed. “As for Sirius and Evan, you’re responsible for giving other gifts to Golgomath and the other giants.”

“But we don’t know which one is Golgomath,” said Evan.

“You will easily recognize him. He is the strongest one in the tribe. You can’t possibly mistake him for another,” said Madame Maxime, “These negotiations will not be easy, and we must be prepared for it. We may have to stay in the giants’ territory for a long time to persuade them.”

“Yeah, living with giants should truly be an unforgettable experience,” said Sirius. “Very few wizards ever had this kind of experience. Evan, when you go back, you can write it in the newspaper. It will definitely be a hit.”

“That’s not a good idea. Dumbledore doesn’t want others to know that we’re in contact with the giants,” said Madame Maxime cautiously, looking at Sirius dissatisfied. “We must keep it a secret. You and Rubeus were really careless along the way, Evan was much better than you in this respect.”

“I know, I wasn’t serious...” (T/N: But wasn’t he? XD)

“Speaking of that, who knows what’s going on back in the country right now.” Evan hurriedly changed the topic. “It’s been a while, and I guess Fudge and the Ministry of Magic would definitely take some measures to restrict Dumbledore and Hogwarts...”

“He is an utter fool,” said Sirius disdainfully.

Things became a bit awkward after that. They didn’t speak and kept rushing. Later, Evan was too tired to speak. His body was not suitable for this kind of mountain hiking. Even though he always kept exercising, he was too frail to make his way through mountain roads for a whole day.

After crossing cliffs and ridges, they made their way up on the south side of Mount Etna.

They were now in a hidden valley, with only one winding path leading to it, close to the top of the mountain.

Although it was still summer, the top of the mountain was covered with snow and the temperature was getting lower and lower. Thick cloudy fog drifted around Evan, meeting the snow underneath his feet. As a result, all he could see was whiteness spreading as far as the eye could see.

Dumbledore had been here before, and he was one of the wizards who helped some giants escape from Britain. Without his guidance, it would've been very difficult and it might've taken several months to find this valley.

It was getting dark, and after struggling to climb a huge rock, Evan heard a roar.

“Be careful, this is a giant, we are very close to them!” Sirius said, stopping.

“What are they doing?” Evan asked, “Making such a loud noise!”

“It's hard to say, but I think they might be fighting,” Sirius answered.

“They always do this. The men fight each other and the women fight each other. My dad told me these things before. My mother told him,” said Hagrid, sighing. “They can't help themselves; they half kill each other every few weeks.”

“This is normal. Although their numbers are small, the composition of the giant tribe in Sicily is very complex and there are many outsiders,” said Madame Maxime. “They all fled after the previous wars. Now they are all crowded together. It is not strange for them to fight.”

Chapter 760: Primitive

“Because of grudges from the past, the remnants of the old tribes often fight each other, and that's even without squabbles over food and the best fires and sleeping spots,” said Hagrid. “You'd think, seeing as how their whole race is on the verge of extinction, they'd give it a break, but... those are giants for you!”

“That Gurg, the chief of the giants, doesn't he care?” Evan asked. He had read about this in the reading materials gathered for him by Hermione, but still found it inconceivable. “He just lets it happen?”

“Giants have their own rules, and they have always been like this. From the information we've collected, the current Gurg, Karkus, is an incompetent leader. He may be a little smarter than other giants, but he's too weak,” said Sirius, putting his things down. “He has no way to restrain the other giants. If he tells the giants not to fight, they may join forces to overthrow him.”

This image depicting the barbarism and backwardness of the giants was getting more and more solidified to Evan. Their various living habits and customs were still comparable to those of early human ancestors...

Even the giants who had come into contact with modern society preferred this primitive way of life. That was their nature.

In the direction of the rumbling noise, they walked for more than ten minutes before Evan saw the giants. Two young male giants, still fighting on a rocky hillside.

They were each twenty-five feet tall, looking over twice as tall as Hagrid, and clearly much stronger than him. Aside from a rudely stitched hide around their waists, they were practically naked.

As they beat each other viciously with a very primitive technique, the ground shook beneath their feet.

Even though they were far away, Evan could still feel their amazing momentum, and could not help gasping...

Continuing down the hillside, there was the giants' actual camp, and there were more giants gathered there.

They lit fires and were eating food, and the smell of meat being roasted came along with the wind.

They seemed to not even care about the deathmatch taking place near them, and it was clearly something they were used to.

For them, a bloody duel to the death might not be as big a deal as a dinner. After all, this kind of thing would happen too often. If the fight ended with one of the two being killed, then it would be even better: More food for everyone else!

In the giants' camp, Evan saw many taller shadows gathering around the mountain lake.

Most of these giants were like the two fighting giants, barely wearing clothes and having only simple accessories, even the female giants. Only a few of them looked different in clothes or armor.

On the other side of the lake were steep mountain cliffs, with only a narrow path winding upward, and more giants could be seen vaguely above. They seemed to have a higher status than the giants below, living in caves at the top of the mountain.

"Well, we'd better stop here and wait for tomorrow!" Sirius said, and he took out the tent. "It's best to be careful when making dinner. the giants' noses are very good."

Food was very attractive to giants, even if they were too "slow" to notice much else!

At dusk, Evan sat cross-legged on a high boulder, slowly eating the cake and stewed mutton made by Hagrid, watching the two giants fighting for life and death on the hillside far away. As weird as it looked, it was rather impressive!

They fought for over two hours before they finally stopped. By then, they were covered with scars and blood, and one giant's ear was torn apart and seemed to be almost on the verge of death.

They stopped; it seemed that no one was convincingly defeated, but they did not have the strength to continue fighting and sat back to back on the hillside.

After they gradually recovered their strength, they grumbled back to the camp by the lake. Evan didn't know if their grudges had been resolved.

It was a meaningless battle, with no reason; no winner. Even both sides of the fight did not know what that had been for. Maybe because of excess energy, it would be much better for them to vent, to then get along well with each other. They even supported each other as they walked back, as though they were close brothers. It was hard to imagine that they had been fighting so hard just hours ago.

After observing the camp for a long time, Evan found that the number of female giants was far smaller than that of males.

There were several male giants around each adult female giant, and as a result, their status was much higher.

The two giants who were fighting on the edge between life and death just belonged to the group without female giants. They could only snuggle up with each other. When they would be filled with pent up energy and the ferocity in their bodies could no longer be restrained, they would vent in this way...

Sirius and Hagrid were in charge of the night guard to prevent the giants from suddenly coming. They asked Evan and Madame Maxime to go to sleep in the tent.

But Evan didn't get a good night's sleep. The giants didn't fall asleep until after three in the morning, and when they did, they snored horribly. The rumbling, roaring, thundering snoring continued, spreading through the entire valley.

At first light the next day, Evan got up with two dark circles under his eyes. Sirius, Hagrid and Madame Maxime were already sitting at the simple dining table in the tent. Sirius handed him a cup of steaming coffee.

After breakfast, the four of them walked straight into their mission!

It was a very special experience. Evan saw many giants spotting them, roaring and yelling rudely, but they didn't come to them, because they saw Hagrid and Madame Maxime holding their gifts up high.

Those goats were their favorite food. As for the Gubraithian fire, the quietly burning light blue flame awed them. At that moment, even the densest of the giants felt the power of magic from the flame...

They stared at the four people who entered their territory, with indescribable expressions on their faces.

Compared to the giants around him, Evan's slim body was like that of a doll.

He had no doubt that if a huge fist was to hit him, it would definitely kill him.

These giants were war machines, terrible beasts born for warfare.