

Harry Potter 761

Chapter 761: The Gurg

Evan had to resist the urge to pull out his wand. The giants were in awe of magic and wanted to sense its mysterious power, but they hated wizards pointing their wands at them and using magic against them; it would only agitate them.

By now, he had finally understood why Dumbledore had to send someone to woo the giants. He could imagine the shock and sense of domination brought about by the battlefield presence of formidable fighters as large as mountains...

If these giants all turned to Voldemort, his dark power would multiply several times. Few wizards were rivals to giants. In the face of such colossuses, most people wouldn't even have the courage to fight.

The group had to go around the lake. Evan looked about and saw more and more giants gathering. He didn't know how the other three felt, but his heart was thumping so hard.

Although Evan had seen many Dark creatures, none of them were as visually intimidating as giants.

They were invincible in ancient times. and were the reason why many ancient civilizations had to build such tall walls around their cities.

Fortunately, their numbers had become very small, and those dark days were gone forever. Otherwise, humans would still be living in fear, with their establishments being more like cages that imprisoned them.

"We've come to pay homage to the Gurg with a gift!" cried Hagrid, in English.

Most of the giants couldn't understand what he was saying and made meaningless, rude shouts, but the few of them who were wearing more clothes clearly understood him. They turned around and ran to the top of the mountain opposite, making loud roars...

"They're going to inform the chief. We'll just wait here." Sirius whispered.

Evan took the opportunity to look around, and while the group waited for an answer, the giants separated in groups around the lake.

The group of giants closest to Evan seemed to be cooking food. He didn't know where they got a huge stone cauldron, as large as the one Voldemort used for his resurrection. They were cooking meat and some grass-root-like things in it.

This should be a family, consisting of a slightly emaciated female and three strong male giants. They also had two children, young looking, but of course, they were already three times as tall as Evan!

Hiding behind their parents, they looked curiously at the four people entering the camp, and their eyes finally landed on Evan, who smiled at them; and they responded with a rude growl.

Just then, the giants who had left earlier ran back again, rushing into the crowd in a hurry.

“Humans, the Gurg wants to see you. Follow me with your present!” said an old giant, dressed in brown robes, relatively neat, almost like a normal wizard. But he had clearly been wearing them for a long time. They were a style from decades ago.

These robes seemed to have had their size changed with the Enlargement Charm, for certainly no one would tailor them to a giant’s figure.

They followed the old giant to the top of the mountain, and the giants around the lake seemed to be afraid of it and did not follow.

The path built by the cliff went straight up, and they walked carefully on it. This road had been built to the size of the giants, so it was very wide for them.

“My name’s Herbert,” said the old giant, and his rumbling voice came down from above. “I’ve been to Poland in the past, married and had children there, and lived there for a long time. I liked that country. Of course, that was more than 80 years ago, and then after a terrible war, I fled back! “

The old giant was talking as he walked. He had a heavy accent, and Evan could barely understand what he said.

Then the giant turned his head and looked at Hagrid and Madame Maxime with dim eyes.

“You two seem to have giant blood?”

“My mother’s Fridwulfa,” said Hagrid, looking at him with concern. “She... is she still alive?”

“You’re the son of Fridwulfa?!” The old giant seemed a little surprised, looking closely at Hagrid. “She’s still alive, but she’s not doing very well. Giants like us who have lived in human society are different and have a low status in the tribe. Other giants are unwilling to trust us.”

“My mother’s still alive... Where’s she now?” Hagrid raised his voice, looking a little agitated.

“You’ll see her, Fridwulfa’s son! She gave birth to two more children after she returned. One died and the other’s deformed like you. He’s too short,” said Herbert, looking at Madame Maxime. “What about you?”

“My father died... on the battlefield!” She said simply.

“Yeah, most of us giants end up like that, dying in battle!” Herbert turned his head again. “We have lost too many people in the past, but the ones who remain alive are unwilling to learn lessons and they continue to fight. Why are you here, humans? “

“We’ve brought gifts and a message from Albus Dumbledore, and hope to be allies with you!” Sirius said.

He patted Hagrid on the back, signaling him to calm down.

They never expected that they would meet such an old giant who was easy to communicate with. His thinking was clear, as though he was no giant at all; just a taller human.

“Albus Dumbledore?!” said the old giant. “I’ve heard the name of this wizard. He once opposed killing the last giants in Britain and helped them leave. He’s our friend. I think Karkus would be interested in what he has to say.”

Evan, Sirius, Hagrid, and Madame Maxime looked at one another. Would things really go so smoothly?!!

“But don’t get your hopes too high. Giants need war, not peace…” Herbert continued. “Dumbledore’s ideals have few supporters here. Giants like me are different, and few giants are willing to communicate with humans. Of course, they’ll be happy to receive presents from you.”

After saying that, Herbert stopped talking and led the four of them to the top of the mountain.

They reached a large platform, at the end of which there was a cave that could not be seen clearly.

By the time they climbed up, the platform was already full of giants. Compared with the giants below, they were taller and larger, wearing simple clothes made of animal hide, and many giants had weapons in their hands.

In the middle was a huge stone bed, very simple but spacious, on which lay two giants.

One of them was a male giant, very large, thirty-five feet tall, and very ugly. He looked as heavy as three male elephants, and his exposed skin was like that of a rhino. He was roaring at the others to feed him. His hands were busy with other things.

Needless to say, he must be Karkus the Gurg.

In his arms, lay a giantess, with no clothes on...

Chapter 762: Grawp

The giantess, about twenty feet tall, was lying on Karkus, bouncing constantly up and down, all while eating like him.

She should be his wife, and the giants around seemed to be used to it, and did not feel any bad.

The scene in front of them was particularly shocking, and Evan tried to keep calm.

The giants around started shouting noisily, but Hagrid and Madame Maxime held their gift up high, kept their eyes on the Gurg, and ignored the others, and the other giants gradually went quiet.

The four of them walked over to the huge stone bed, and Karkus turned his head to look at them.

His expression was ugly and grim, his eyes were fierce, and his body was covered with precious stones. Hagrid bowed and put the presents down in front of him.

Karkus’s gaze skipped the goats, and he watched with interest the quietly-burning Gubraithian fire.

His wife also stopped, looked at it, and whispered a few words in Karkus's ear.

Then, Karkus growled a few times. Evan couldn't understand anything he said.

"The Gurg is asking you, what's this flame?" said the old giant Herbert, who brought them to the top of the mountain.

Madame Maxime explained to him in detail how precious the Gubraithian fire was, the everlasting flame.

Herbert translated these words, the giants around him heard what he said, and there was a commotion on the platform.

The giants seemed very happy, watching the Gubraithian fire with excitement, and Karkus nodded with satisfaction.

"A gift to the Gurg of the giants from Albus Dumbledore, who sends his respectful greetings," said Hagrid.

After understanding what he meant, Karkus nodded again, and he growled a few words in a terrible voice.

"The Gurg said he accepts the gift!" Herbert said.

"Albus Dumbledore asks the Gurg to speak with his messenger when he returns tomorrow with another gift," said Hagrid.

Herbert translated again. Karkus ignored them and turned to continue fiddling with the giantess in his arms...

The four looked at each other and knew it was time to leave. They bowed again and followed Herbert out.

Giants, especially those who had not lived in human society, still maintained a fairly primitive wild nature, not developing the patience required to communicate with others. The four had to go step by step. Today's progress was enough, for now, to leave a good impression on them.

Now that the gifts had been received, it meant that Karkus had agreed to talk to them.

The four followed the old giant down the platform and back to the lake below.

While no one was looking, Evan gave Herbert a well-made pocket watch, and the latter looked very pleased. This thing had no meaning to other giants, but a giant like Herbert who had been to human society knew the importance of time.

"Come back tomorrow morning. I'll be waiting for you here," said Herbert.

"Karkus is different from his father, the previous Gurg of the giants. He is not too keen on fighting, but likes women, treasures and things made by humans. If your gifts continue to please him, I think he will agree to your request for alliance. What would be the specifics of our deal? "

“Dumbledore agrees to give you a batch of supplies every year to meet your various needs, but he hopes you will not participate in the human war,” said Sirius, looking up at Herbert.

“I see. That’s going to be hard to achieve. Giants like war. It’s in our nature,” said Herbert, looking concerned. “And not everyone in the tribe obeys Karkus. There are many powerful giants out there...”

“You mean Golgomath?” said Sirius. “We heard of his name before we came.”

“He is the strongest warrior in the tribe right now, and many people support him.” Herbert lowered his voice. “I heard a giant living on the mountain say that Golgomath had quarreled with Karkus many times and blatantly disobeyed his orders.”

“Well, we have some gifts for him to show our respect. Can you help us deliver them?”

“I can try,” said Herbert, looking around cautiously. “But don’t get your hopes up; Golgomath is different from Karkus. He is as... giant as a giant could be, and has strong hostility to human wizards. He thinks that we should rob humans of their wealth, rather than rely on equivalent exchange or alms as we do right now...”

Evan took out the presents for Golgomath, and Herbert hid them under his robes.

“I want to see my mother,” said Hagrid suddenly, looking at Herbert. “Where’s she now?”

“Come with me. I was going there as well. She is on the other side of the mountain. She is not qualified to live by the lake!” said the old giant.

They walked along the hillside in the other direction, where there was a dense jungle.

There were obvious traces of giants’ life in the whole jungle. Many trees had been uprooted and thrown on the ground at random.

“Sometimes they are so full of energy and have nowhere else to vent, so they come here to pull out trees and play!” Herbert pointed to a big fallen tree and said, “I used to be young, so I know exactly how hard those impulses are to contain. However, I was luckier than most of them. Back in the day, I had many ways to distract myself in Poland. It was also back then that I met my wife, a human woman. She was the only one who could calm me down, and we eventually fell in love and had two children together...”

“Where are they now?” Evan asked.

“I don’t know. I haven’t seen them since I fled Poland, and they haven’t come to me,” said Herbert sadly. “In fact, you are the first humans to come here in years. Many giants have descendants outside, but you are the only ones who have come. I think Fridwulfa will be happy. She has had a good time outside, but recent years haven’t been good to her.”

They walked silently in the woods for more than twenty minutes, getting farther and farther away from the giant’s lake camp.

Then Evan suddenly saw a huge, smooth mound of earth appear in front of him. The mound was nearly as tall as Hagrid. Trees had been ripped up at the roots all around the mound, so that it stood on a bare patch of ground surrounded by heaps of trunks and boughs that formed some kind of fence or barricade in front of them.

But immediately, Evan realized that it was not a mound, but a sleeping giant. He looked to be “only” 16 feet tall, and his body was moving slowly up and down in time with the deep, grunting breathing.

“This guy is Grawp, another child of Fridwulfa,” said the old giant, pointing at the giant lying on the ground, and then looking down at Hagrid. “In age, he should be your younger maternal half-brother.”

Chapter 763: Mother and Son

“My brother!” Hagrid murmured, his eyes turning red!

He looked at Grawp with his eyes wide open, though he could only see part of him, with his head and feet covered by bushes.

Through the dense foliage, Evan could see what he thought to be a vast mossy boulder in the distance, but it was actually Grawp’s head.

It was perfectly round and covered with tightly curling, close-growing hair the color of bracken.

The rim of a single large, fleshy ear was visible on top of his head, which seemed to sit directly upon his shoulders with little or no neck in between.

Probably thanks to Fridwulfa, he was wearing clothes that would hardly be seen anywhere else in this village. It was something akin to dirty brownish smock composed of animal hides sewn roughly together, and his back under the smock was very broad. As Grawp slept, it seemed to strain a little at the rough seams of the skins.

His legs were curled up under his body, and Evan could see the soles of enormous, filthy, bare feet, large as sledges, resting one on top of the other on the earthy forest floor.

Among the giants, Grawp was a small, deformed monster, but the “mound” in front of Evan was actually large enough for Evan, Sirius, Hagrid, and Madame Maxime to easily stand on it.

“Do you want to say hello to him?” The old giant asked, looking down.

Hagrid nodded, but then immediately shook his head. “I want to see my mother first!”

“Then we’d better not wake him up. His temper is not very good!” The old giant easily stepped over Grawp and continued to move forward. Evan and the others had to go around from the other side of the bush, “Because he is so small, this child is often bullied in the tribe. No one wants to talk to him. He is not built for the life of a giant. I can hardly imagine what would happen if Fridwulfa died. He certainly cannot take care of himself. “

“Can’t he find food for himself?”

“Food is only one aspect. He can catch birds or deer for himself, but he is lonely!” Herbert looked at Hagrid. “He will always be alone and separate from the tribe. This has always been the case, unhealthy children like this ended up on their own.”

Evan never thought that he would hear the word “lonely” from the giant’s mouth. Despite their rudeness and brutality, giants, like humans, had feelings.

He saw Hagrid becoming very sad, and Madame Maxime was comforting him in a low voice, holding Hagrid’s hand.

Given what Evan knew about Hagrid, he was likely to take care of Grawp himself.

They walked on for another five minutes or so before they saw a large tree shed deep in the forest, and the ground was covered with thick withered grass.

A giantess was sitting in front of the tree shed, staring at the sky, as though pondering something.

She was very old, her face was covered with wrinkles, her back was bent deeply, and her muscles were atrophied, which made her look a lot shorter. Despite the sunshine, her body was still shivering uncontrollably, as if she was freezing.

She was dressed in black robes, which was the most decent look Evan had seen today.

She was Hagrid’s mother, Fridwulfa, who was once a famous giantess in the British wizarding world.

On a warrant issued by the Ministry of Magic, her head was still worth five hundred Gold Galleons to this day.

Hearing footsteps, Fridwulfa turned her head slowly, and there was no expression in her muddy eyes.

“Herbert, how come you’re free to come and see me today?” She said slowly, her voice equally old and weak.

“I’m bringing someone here. He hopes to see you. Look who it is!”

“Human?!” Fridwulfa’s gaze glanced over them in turn, and finally stopped on Hagrid.

Hagrid took a huge dirty handkerchief from his vest pocket and wiped his eyes, looking at his mother.

For a few minutes, the two looked at each other like this, and no one spoke.

“Rubeus... you are Rubeus Hagrid!” After a while, the giantess said incredulously and wanted to stand up. But she was too old, too weak, and her body shook and she fell again.

“Mum!” Hagrid murmured, wiping his eyes again with his large handkerchief.

As strange as this scene was, it was even more touching. Hagrid finally made up for his biggest regret, and saw his mother again.

As for Fridwulfa, she did not show much affection, and simply asked a few questions.

But she still remembered Hagrid’s father very well. After all, the two had a happy time together. He was the first man in Fridwulfa’s life. She asked Hagrid a lot of questions about him, and after learning that he had already passed, she felt even lonelier.

Hagrid mentioned his father’s last words before he died, and Fridwulfa waved her hand slowly. For the first time, her sadness surfaced to her face.

The life of this old giantess was coming to an end.

The two talked for a long time, and Evan helped Sirius, Madame Maxime and Herbert handle the food.

As the breeze carried the scent of the barbecue, a harsh growl came from the other side of the woods.

It was Grawp. Evan saw him wake up, probably because he smelled the meat.

The giant gave a roar that echoed around the silent forest. Birds in the treetops overhead rose twittering from their perches and soared away.

The gigantic Grawp was rising from the ground, which shuddered as he placed an enormous hand upon it to push himself up.

He growled again, and turned his head, searching for the source of the smell.

As he approached rambling in, he covered almost the entirety of Evan’s field of vision.

Evan looked up into his startlingly huge face, which resembled a gray full moon swimming in the gloom of the clearing. It was as though the features had been hewn onto a great stone ball. His nose was stubby and shapeless, his mouth lopsided and full of misshapen yellow teeth the size of half bricks, and his eyes were a muddy greenish-brown color.

If this was the first giant he’d seen, Evan might have been shocked...

Compared to other giants, Grawp was very short, but his movements were still agile.

“My dear brother!” Hagrid’s eyes were red, and he walked towards the oncoming Grawp.

Connecting with his mother had already made him very emotional. He walked over with open hands, as though to embrace Grawp.

The next second, with a big bang, Hagrid's body flew backwards quickly!

Chapter 764: The Scabbard

In Evan's impression, Hagrid could subdue any dangerous magical creature, and even bring a dragon into submission.

This powerful half giant being easily knocked away by Grawp, the weakest of full-blooded ones, clearly showed the gap in strength between humans and these powerful creatures.

Under the sound of Madame Maxime's screams, Hagrid rose from the ground, bleeding from his nose and mouth.

Herbert stopped Grawp, and Fridwulfa scolded him, and the giant stood there uneasily, making incomprehensible sounds.

"Well, don' blame him. He did nuthin'," said Hagrid, covering his bleeding nose. "I think little Grawp was jus' too excited to see me. He couldn't keep it all in; I'm his brother after all!"

He opened his arms again and went over to hug the aggrieved Grawp, even though he could only reach his waist.

If it were Evan, he would've only reached the giant's knee!

Fridwulfa introduced Evan and the others to Grawp, but the latter was so clumsy that he didn't memorize Hagrid's name until the end.

He had a roasted lamb in one hand, as the other seized the top of the pine tree not far away and was pulling it toward him, evidently for the simple pleasure of seeing how far it would spring back when he let go. Next second, the giant let go of the top of the pine tree, which swayed menacingly and deluged them with a rain of needles.

He looked down at Evan, Sirius, Hagrid and Madame Maxime, all covered in leaves, and gave a loud laugh.

Fridwulfa reprimanded him a bit more, and Grawp reined in a little, looking afraid of his mother.

It didn't take long for the fear to dissipate, however, and he soon returned to tugging on the pinetree.

This was a giant, a "proper" giant. Giants like Herbert and Fridwulfa who could communicate with humans were the exception.

After lunch, Evan, Sirius, and Madame Maxime left the camp and Hagrid decided to stay with his mother and brother.

After hearing what Herbert said, he seemed to have decided to try to communicate further with Grawp. Hagrid probably thought it was *his*

responsibility, as the young giant was his family.

“I can understand that those two giants are very important to Rubeus.” On the way back, Madame Maxime sighed and said, “But that young giant seems to be really cranky. I think the wisest thing to do is to keep a distance from him.”

“I believe that Hagrid knows that,” Evan followed, “but to him, this is just his little brother acting dumb!”

That afternoon, he saw two new giants fighting in the same place until the evening.

He had learned that this was the giants’ special way of communicating, which made him worry about Hagrid, who had not yet returned.

In fact, Hagrid only came back the next morning, looking very different.

His hair was matted with congealed blood, and his left eye had been reduced to a puffy slit amid a mass of purple-and-black bruises. There were many cuts on his face and hands, some of them still bleeding, and he was moving gingerly to a point that made Evan fear that he had broken ribs.

Obviously, that was the result of a night of “communication” between Hagrid and Grawp.

In the world of giants, they were only used to express physically, and their feelings were amplified through violence, more so than through words.

“Hagrid, what happened to you?” Madame Maxime was panicking.

“I’m okay... Grawp has remembered me from earlier, and we’ve had a good time,” said Hagrid, washing his face in the sink hard to wash off the blood.

“When he doesn’t lose his temper, he’s actually a good lad. We just need a little patience. My mother told me that no giant wants to be with Grawp... He’s too lonely, so I want to try to teach him a little English.” Hagrid continued, shaking his wet head, “I think if he could talk to other people, he’ll understand more that we all like him. That should make him more cheerful!”

Evan, Sirius, and Madame Maxime all said nothing and looked at him in a daze.

“Well, this is my own business, and I’ll deal with it,” said Hagrid. “What are we going to give Karkus today? I think we could finally tell him about our purpose.”

“Let’s give him the imitation of the crown of fate. I think he’ll like it.” Sirius said, and began to prepare gifts.

Twenty minutes later, they saw Herbert at the foot of the mountain. He brought bad news.

Golgomath had returned all the gifts they sent, and did not want to communicate with them. No one knew why.

“It’s abnormal. Although giants hate human wizards, they usually accept gifts,” said Herbert. “He might have felt that the gifts you sent are not valuable enough, taking it as an insult.”

That was highly improbable. Those gifts had been carefully selected by Dumbledore to suit the giants’ preferences.

Perhaps, it was the other way around. Maybe Golgomath did not take the gifts because of his unwillingness to communicate!

Evan thought it might be because he had already reached an agreement with other wizards, Death Eaters, perhaps.

Regardless, their only choice now was to put all their chips on Karkus, hoping that he would agree to their request.

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This time around, the Gurg of the giants received them in a huge cave near the top of the mountain, a reception much more formal than last time.

He was neatly dressed, sitting on the huge throne in the cave hall, without a naked giantess beside him.

This cave was also surprising. Evan originally thought it would be primitive, but it wasn't.

The cave was very high, even the tallest giant around looked small inside. Rows of ancient and mysterious huge stone columns were arranged on both sides, extending forward. At the front of the hall, behind the huge Gurg's throne was a statue... a *shocking* statue!

It was a Cyclops whose skin was reddish, with its vital points protected by armor.

The one-eye on its head was a massive yellow gem, exuding mysterious power.

The statue's hand was raised high, as if it was summoning lightning, and at its feet was the body of a black dragon.

Next to the dragon, a pile of petrified bones could be seen... real bones!

It was like none of the dragons one could see in the wizarding world today. Its body was much larger.

What shocked Evan, however, was something else entirely.

The Statue was cracked... The crack split it into two halves from top to bottom, taking away from its majesty.

Evan raised his head, his gaze kept looking upwards, and then he saw something deep in the eye of the Cyclops.

It was a silver scabbard, the scabbard of Gryffindor's sword!!!

Chapter 765: Prove Yourselfes

The magnificent Cyclops statue oppressively towered above everyone, almost being inviting to bow at its sight.

The creature stood as high as a mighty Greek titan and was extremely powerful, enough to slaughter the dragon and kill anyone who dared to offend it.

But now, that momentum has been undermined by a mere scabbard.

The scabbard was planted into the giant's eye, carved with exquisite patterns and inlaid with small sparkling rubies.

With it as the center, the huge crack tilted downward, dividing the Cyclops in two halves...

Evan had seen Gryffindor in past memories, and his sword was sheathed in this scabbard. However, only the blade was left behind for his heir, the sheath was left behind in here.

Looking at the nearly 100-foot-tall statue split in half in front of him, Evan could imagine the brutality of the battle.

In the face of the legendary Cyclops, Gryffindor was finally scarred in the eye by his lightning and lost his scabbard. The Cyclops also paid a painful price and had since disappeared from history.

This broken statue and this scabbard were proof of that battle, a testament to the past.

Gryffindor's sword had been made by goblins and had a lot of magical characteristics, and so was this scabbard.

It was one with the sword. Only when the two were combined could the sword be at its full potential.

Evan looked at the scabbard above, wondering how to get it away, and unconsciously followed Hagrid forward.

Karkus was waiting for them impatiently, constantly wriggling. He was not used to wearing such formal clothes.

Hagrid held the replica of the crown of fate, the exquisite goblin-made battle helmet, and offered it to Karkus.

Karkus took it, and sat there listening to Hagrid and Sirius, with Herbert translating.

The two expressed their intentions and conveyed Dumbledore's words.

Karkus didn't say much, but seemed interested in what Dumbledore had to say. He snarled a few times, and Herbert told them that Karkus had heard of Dumbledore's name and knew he was a great wizard.

Inside the cave, more and more giants gathered, showing their interest as well...

That was a good sign, and what remained of the conversation was quite pleasant. The four of them were full of hope.

When Hagrid promised to bring another gift tomorrow, definitely better than the "crown of fate" in the hands of Karkus, Karkus's face lit up with an eager smile.

He said that the four of them were friends of the giants, and even invited them to stay for dinner, and was ready to introduce more giants to them.

But the situation quickly changed as a very burly giant came in from the outside.

He was forty feet tall, the tallest giant Evan had ever seen. He had dark hair, big black teeth, and was wearing a necklace made of skulls, some looking human. On one of his volleyball-sized knuckles was a ring engraved with intricate runes.

Evan felt a touch of magic in it; it was a Dark magical item. This was really astonishing! Where did this giant get this stuff?!!

“This is Golgomath!” Herbert whispered, looking scared of the giant.

In fact, since he entered, the mood inside the cave clearly shifted, and even Karkus flinched back.

That was the impact of Golgomath, the most powerful warrior of the giant tribe. Not long ago he had rejected the group’s goodwill.

Evan raised his head and looked at the tall giant warrior. He was tall enough to reach the thighs of the statue of Cyclops, and his tanned bulging muscles showed his strength. The other giants looked much weaker in front of him.

This guy had certainly begun working with Death Eaters by now, as evidenced by the Dark magic ring he was carrying.

Golgomath walked to the front of the throne. He talked to Karkus in the language of the giants, and their voices grew louder and louder.

“Golgomath does not approve of the Gurg’s rash alliance with you. He thinks he should be more cautious when it comes to answering Dumbledore’s request ...” Herbert translated their conversation, but with a roar of Golgomath, he stopped quickly.

The old giant’s expression was terrified, his body was shaking slightly, and Golgomath seemed to be scolding him. Perhaps it was because of those gifts that made Golgomath think that Herbert was on the team’s side.

He gave Herbert, Evan and the others a hard glare, and then turned his head and angrily continued to quarrel with Karkus.

Golgomath was waving his hands vigorously, as though ready to pounce on the Gurg of the giants.

The giants around were scared and slowly stepped backwards.

“Be careful, there’s something wrong!” said Sirius, pulling Evan back a step. His right hand was on the wand at his waist, and Madame Maxime in the front did the same.

“Golgomath has proposed a duel. He wants to test your strength to judge whether you are qualified to form an alliance with the giants!” Herbert said suddenly, in a hasty and uneasy tone. “The Gurg agreed with his suggestion and you must get ready.”

“What? A duel?!” Hagrid looked at him in surprise.

“Giants don’t trust wizards. We only admire the strong,” the old giant repeated Golgomath’s words and pointed to Evan and Sirius. “You two don’t have giant

blood, so you have to prove yourselves. Either accept the duel or get out of here!”

If they left like this, the negotiation and alliance with the giants would obviously fail! Evan and Sirius looked at each other and pulled out their wands.

“Since it’s a duel he wants, let’s begin!” said Sirius, raising his head and staring at Golgomath. “Herbert, tell this big man that I have no problem with his request, but let him know that he should be prepared to lose!”

“I don’t have any problem either; I just hope he doesn’t regret choosing the wrong opponent!” said Evan, and there was a little shimmering light at the end of his wand.

The sudden duel immediately began, and everyone backed away to make room for them.

Golgomath called out a giant warrior from outside. This guy was only slightly shorter than him. He was wearing heavy armour, holding a massive sharp axe in his hand, and staring at Evan and Sirius. A giant armed to the teeth, which made him several times more dangerous.

Golgomath also had his weapon in his hand. It was a black iron bludgeon covered with aged dry blood and goo.

Herbert told Evan that Golgomath’s favourite method of killing was smashing skulls...

Chapter 766: Evan the Terrible!

The filthy goo on the black iron bludgeon was actually from the brains of other creatures.

It included animals in the nearby woods, giants killed by him, and humans...

Few people could match the brute force of giants. They were proficient at wielding huge tree trunk bats or iron clubs in battle, causing extreme damage as if they were walking meat grinders.

Obviously, they could just directly grab the enemy, breaking their necks and smashing their skulls, letting the blood splash on their faces, for nothing excited them more.

Evan already knew from the documents gathered for him by Hermione; his best bet was to keep a distance. Using spells to attack from a distance was a wizard’s advantage in such a fight.

But the space inside the cave was obviously not enough to allow Evan and Sirius to dodge, and the despicability and insidiousness of Golgomath showed clearly when he chose to start the battle here and now.

He was not as stupid as he looked. He first chose Evan, who was still a child, to take part in the duel, and chose such a narrow space. Although Hagrid suggested going to the platform outside the cave, he did not agree.

Evan did not refute either. This was not only a disadvantage, but also an opportunity.

Giants were highly resistant to magic. They were inherently able to resist various spells. Beating them under these circumstances would shake their perception of the balance between Dumbledore’s allies and Voldemort’s. He had to subdue these savage giants with brute power, and strike fear into their hearts. Otherwise they would never have a chance to form an alliance.

When Golgomath asked for a duel, no one else noticed that a complex magic rune was being drawn under Evan's feet.

This was his combination of Alchemy, from the Astrology above the Temple of the Moon of the Centaurs' colony and the powerful ancient spell "Silence" in the swamp Temple of Silence. Something that he could now use with the power of the philosopher's stone.

Only Sirius and Madame Maxime seemed to have noticed the raw magical power emitted by him!

They didn't know what Evan was going to do, but they cooperated with him and bought him some time by arguing with the giants.

"Enough!" Golgomath gave a harsh growl, and he asked Herbert to translate, "I am Golgomath, the strongest of the giants, and beside me is my most powerful companion. Here is our territory... our mountains. Only by defeating us can you win the respect of the giants. Otherwise, you have to die... you will *all* die here!"

Karkus, the Gurg of the giants, was very dissatisfied with Golgomath's words, but he just flinched and didn't object.

After Golgomath said these words, the giant warrior beside him also roared; they had already picked their targets.

Without giving Evan a chance to respond, Golgomath waved the iron bludgeon and flung over to Sirius.

The heavily armed giant warrior came over to Evan, and his sharp axe shone as it was hit by sunlight. This was a dangerous weapon that would usually not be in the hand of a giant...

He straightened up, roaring defiantly at Evan, trying to intimidate him. Even in the face of a child, he would never be softhearted.

Evan retreated slowly, but not impatient, and kept a proper distance from his opponent. His magic rune had been completed.

Now all that was needed was for the opponent to get into the runes.

The wand in his right hand pointed firmly at the giant, while his left hand opened the locket on his chest, holding the shining Philosopher's Stone.

Evan retreated to the edge of the rock wall. The shimmer at the tip of his wand was getting stronger. His magic was gathering, and the spell was ready.

Beside him, Sirius and Golgomath had already started fighting, and the wizard chose to face the powerful giant head on.

This seemed to stimulate the giant warrior next to Evan, who could not wait to growl and rush towards Evan.

In front of his massive body, Evan seemed extremely small and frail, and everyone thought that the child would be smashed into a pile of meat.

Hagrid even wanted to intervene and stop him, but Madame Maxime didn't let him.

A thirteen-year-old wizard, and a powerful adult giant, the strength of the two sides was in sharp contrast...

But what most expected did not happen. The next second, a wall of fire rose between Evan and the giant.

The flames enveloped the giant instantly, and he made a terrible cry of pain.

In the smell of scorched earth, the armor he was proud of was melting rapidly, turning into shackles to restrict him.

The giant's ferocity and pride made him endure the pain and continue to rush to Evan through the fire.

He kept telling himself that he was close to the human wizard... only two steps away...

But the two steps seemed to grow into an unending distance that he could never cross.

Evan raised his wand high, with a trace of indifference in his shining eyes, fully absorbing the power of the Philosopher's Stone.

The warm magical power poured into his body, and then raged and spread, and the entire cave space was under Evan's control.

At this moment, he was mighty above all, and the *huge* giant was just a trivial ant.

When the giant entered the magical runes drawn before, Evan waved his wand and a red magical light flew toward him.

The giant stopped. He felt the power of death and destruction from the subtle red light.

He wanted to get out of the way, but his body was too big a target, and he couldn't move. His soul was shivering, and he could no longer control his body.

Everyone held their breath, and even Sirius and Golgomath, who were dueling, stopped. They all looked at Evan and the giant more than thirty feet tall in front of him, watching the red light moving forward to hit the giant.

Nothing seemed to have happened at first, but then the power of the Philosopher's Stone immediately burst out.

With the giant warrior as the center, the ground around him was all reduced to tiny fragments, flying upside down before turning into dust.

The giant warrior opened his eyes wide and looked at the thin wizard in front of him. In his eyes, this fragile human boy had completely turned into a god of death. He felt his body was out of his control, his life was coming to an end, and a void formed within his soul, a void that was gradually filled by fear...

He wanted to make a sound, but he only opened his big mouth feebly.

When the dust fell, everyone saw Evan holding his wand standing in place, unscathed, and even his breathing was not disturbed, while the most powerful warrior of the giant tribe collapsed, and his ugly head fell to Evan's Feet.

He was dead. It was such an unexplained death, caused by a frail human child.

The sharp axe in his hand, which was previously seen as a sign of death, had suddenly dropped, as though it were merely a toy.

“So this is your most powerful companion?” Evan whispered softly, kicking the giant’s head gently, turning his head to look at the stunned Karkus, Golgomath and the other giants “Is *this* the proof you needed?!”

Chapter 767: The Giant in the Core

Silence!!!

There was only silence inside the cave. Sirius, Hagrid, Madame Maxime and all the giants seemed to have lost their voices.

They looked at Evan in disbelief, and at the powerful force that burst out from this thin body.

How did he do it? Was this power a human wizard should have?!!

Even Dumbledore and Voldemort would not be able to kill one of the most powerful giant warriors in a second.

If all wizards and witches had the power of Evan, then the giants, those war machines, would be useless as allies in such a war!

“I’ve proved my strength. Is there any objection?” Evan continued, looking around.

No objection. No one wanted to go to their death, and their only thought was to submit.

For a while, no one dared to look him in the eyes. Even Golgomath backed aside and lowered his head.

There was no point in continuing this fight. Evan’s crushing instant kill was enough to prove his strength.

This magical power beyond imagination left the most shocking impression on all the giants present.

They all thought that death awaited them if they did not side with this boy.

Probably only Sirius understood what was going on. Evan had used the power of the Philosopher’s Stone again.

Although he looked relaxed, he was probably at the end of his strength. The Philosopher’s Stone was putting a heavy burden on Evan’s body.

In fact, Evan was feeling extremely fatigued and dizzy, and he was struggling to remain standing.

With the help of the magical runes, he did not faint directly as he did last time, and Slytherin’s Locket did not show any strange power. Evan was able to maintain his consciousness, proving that he was qualified to use the Philosopher’s Stone in a fight.

to minimize losses and insure success, he had to go all out. He wanted to scare all the giants and make them aware of his strength.

Regardless of who became the Gurg of the giants, whenever they mentioned Evan in the future, their first reaction would be fear that could not be dispelled, remembering this day.

Evan wanted the giants to realize that supporting Voldemort and the Death Eaters was not necessarily the right choice. Looking at the expressions of the giants around him, Evan knew that his goal had been achieved.

The giants had always been like this, and it would be always pointless to reason with them. He had only to let them know whose fist was “bigger”.

Killing a giant would not make them angry or sad; they would just admire the killer’s strength!

Evan leaned against the rock wall behind him and put away the Philosopher’s Stone.

Before withdrawing his focus from the Philosopher’s Stone, he raised his head and glanced at the statue of the Cyclops at the end of the cave.

The next second, his eyes widened suddenly and he looked at the statue with disbelief.

With the help of the Philosopher’s Stone, Evan was now in a very special state, which was magical enough to crush all those around him.

In this cave space, he was the mightiest! But from the huge statue in front of him, he felt an ancient and powerful force. This power was so strange, so primitive, simple, crude but powerful.

It was enough to oppose his godly powers. This was the power of the Cyclops!

Time seemed to stagnate, and the space became frozen. Evan stared at the statue stupefied, confronting the suddenly appearing power.

Hagrid, Sirius, Madame Maxime, and the giants all looked at Evan, wondering what had happened.

Because of the shock caused by the magic just now, he didn’t move, and the other people didn’t dare to move, and even breathed more slowly!

“Evan...” After a long time, Sirius came over and whispered. He noticed that something was wrong with Evan.

Evan’s back was covered with sweat. He had done his best, the red light on the Philosopher’s Stone flashed, and he was unconsciously absorbing more magic from it.

Correspondingly, the strength emanating from the statue of the Cyclops also increased dramatically.

“Wait, what’s this feeling?” Sirius turned his head and looked at the statue in horror.

Now everyone in the cave felt the power of the Cyclops and its imposing momentum.

If Evan’s magic just shocked Karkus, Golgomath, and the other giants, they were now completely frightened. They were horrified, and prostrated themselves on the ground, worshipping Evan.

Everyone in the cave fell to the ground except Evan.

The giants didn’t understand magic, and didn’t know that this sudden power was actually from their ancestor the Cyclops.

Sirius and Madame Maxime looked at the statue stupefied. Even Hagrid, who was slower than most when it came to magic, had noticed.

Evan was struggling to resist this power, feeling almost out of breath.

His huge magic had changed into substance, turning into an orange-red magical shield surrounding him.

He was fighting against the Cyclops, holding on by strong will.

He did not know what was going on. The magic he had just cast and the magic of the Philosopher's Stone seemed to have activated something.

Could it be a Cyclops?!!

Hadn't this creature been extinct long ago?!!

The sudden momentum was getting stronger and stronger, and the magical shield around Evan was beginning to crack.

But then, the scabbard on the statue of the Cyclops suddenly shook slightly. The ruby on the scabbard shone, and it made a sound... as if a sword was sheathed within it!

The next second, the Cyclops's momentum and mysterious power left and dissipated, as though they had never appeared before.

Evan was no longer able to contain his struggle and he blacked out.

In the dark, he felt his body falling and falling all the way to the center of the earth's core, as though there was no end, and just when he began to get used to it, a touch of red appeared in front of him.

It was magma, the magma deep in the core of the earth, like a scene in the depths of hell.

Evan saw a huge monster immersed in endless lava. Its body extended downwards, and the part exposed outside the magma was shocking. It was like a giant magnified dozens of times, the muscles of its body flashing red.

Blended into the surrounding hot magma, he seemed to be absorbing it into the body.

This was a Cyclops whose eyes were closed, losing all strength and life.

But Evan could clearly feel that he was alive... weak, but actually alive!

He seemed to have fallen into a deep sleep, and as he breathed, the magma was flowing slowly.

Whenever the Cyclops breathed a little stronger in his sleep, magma erupted, and that was why Etna frequently erupted. (Editor Note: Mount Etna, or Etna, is an active stratovolcano on the east coast of Sicily, Italy)

Evan looked around at the existing Cyclops. This guy's body was not weaker than that of a terrible evil god.

If ever he woke up, the state of the entire wizarding world would change dramatically... The world would tremble at his feet!

Chapter 768: An Absurd Dream

In mythology, the Cyclops was a horrible creature comparable to ancient gods.

It had strong power to control the magic of Thunder and Lightning, but the most terrible thing was that eye. The eyes of different Cyclopes had different powers, such as cursing, insight, copying magic, foreseeing danger and even creating illusions, and so on.

The single eye was their symbol, a byword for fear, and represented the dark ages that were ruled by Cyclopes thousands of years ago.

If this Cyclops woke up, the whole world would tremble at his feet.

Evan's consciousness was floating above the red magma, quietly looking at the huge monster below.

Was this the same Cyclops that had fought Gryffindor?!!

He looked really powerful. Even though the senses of the naked eye alone were not able to recognize how powerful he was, simply his size was frightening.

The so-called giants like Karkus and Golgomath were only little dwarfs in front of him, fragile, small and vulnerable, just like an average person compared to the strongest giant.

As for humans, in the eyes of the Cyclops, they were just bigger ants that would be accidentally trampled to death.

Evan remembered Ravenclaw in her memory saying that even the ancient warlocks did not dare to provoke the Cyclops for no good reason.

He looked away from the dreaded Cyclops, and stopped looking at the boiling magma below.

Evan noticed thirteen protruding semi-circular stone platforms at the edge of the rock core, on which stood weird wizards in black robes.

Their heads were shrouded in the shadow of hoods, and he could not see their faces clearly. They were waving their wands and chanting spells quickly. Magical energy emanated from the wizards, and complex magical lines gradually appeared.

There was a black oval gem on the rock wall behind them, surrounded by complex dark green magical lines.

The hexagonal pattern and the mysterious magic pattern were intertwined, and the deep ancient font slowly condensed.

It was slow, but it was progressing.

They converged little by little towards the center of the magma, like vines crawling all over the walls.

Magic continued, the magma below was churning frantically, and an unimaginable mysterious force was brewing.

This ongoing ritual, and the magic that the Dark wizards read, gave Evan a sense of uneasiness.

The Cyclops in the magma did not die, he just fell into a deep sleep to regain his strength, and these Dark wizards were trying to wake him up!

Did these guys know what they were doing? This was absolute madness, just as mad as summoning an evil god would be.

Evan wanted to go over and stop them, but now he was just mere consciousness and couldn't do it.

It was hard to say if everything happening here was real. He gradually calmed down. The scene he saw might be just a dream, an absurd dream.

What benefits could these Dark wizards get by waking up a Cyclops?!!

If the monster would wake up, these men would be his first feast!

But this dream felt too real, and the world would never run out of such irrational lunatics.

Evan didn't know how long he had been like that, and then he noticed a teenager with a translucent body smiling at him.

He blinked and realized that it was Gryffindor, a teenage Gryffindor, about seventeen years old.

Gryffindor's smile never left his mouth, his face a little blushing.

There was no scar on his eye; his eyes were smart, matching with his short red hair. He was young and handsome, and his body was full of infinite vitality.

He didn't speak, but just waved to Evan, and the silver scabbard appeared in his hand.

He was not a memory or a Horcrux now, but a thought left on the scabbard, unable to recognize Evan.

Gryffindor handed the scabbard to Evan. As soon as Evan took it, a message came to his mind. From this information, Evan knew the ins and outs of the matter.

Stimulated by the power of the Philosopher's Stone, the thought of Gryffindor left on the scabbard noticed Evan.

It showed him the Cyclops's power and the scene in front of him, hoping he could stop the ongoing evil ceremony.

It did not know the specific purpose of the ritual, but it must not be allowed to continue, that would lead to the worst imaginable results.

The Gryffindor in front of Evan was not real, but the thought that his power left behind, imitating the look of its former master. It had noticed the power of the Philosopher's Stone used by Evan. The magic in the Stone and the power on the scabbard were compatible.

It thought Evan was the heir of Gryffindor, hoping he could stop it all.

As incredible as this was, Evan couldn't communicate with Gryffindor through this mere image.

After passing this much information over to Evan, the silver scabbard turned into a ray of light and slowly disappeared.

To learn more, he must have the real scabbard in his hands, so that he could communicate with Gryffindor's thoughts, know what the ongoing Dark magic was, and why those Dark wizards were trying to wake up the Cyclops in the core of the earth.

The red light and hot temperatures gradually dissipated, and the surroundings became a mass of darkness in which Evan was floating slowly.

His tiredness resurfaced, and this time, he really fell asleep!

Evan heard someone calling his name in his sleep, sounding like Sirius.

When he woke up, Sirius told him that because of his powerful strength, they had formed an alliance with the giants. As a basic condition for the alliance, both Karkus and Golgomath proposed to Evan: "*Marry my daughter!*" both said at the same time. And just like that, Evan was to marry two coquettish cute giantesses...

It was normal for giants to breed with powerful wizards.

Evan did not agree. He did not need a giantess in his life, let alone two. But nobody listened to him, and all the faces showed exaggerated wicked smiles.

Evan objected, but he was dragged out from his bed by giants, and undressed by them as they rudely led and flung him into a large bed made out of rock, the one used by Karkus and his wife.

Evan struggled, but couldn't make a sound, when he saw the two young giantesses approaching him.

They were the daughters of Karkus and Golgomath, one of whom was about the same age as Evan and the other was about five years old.

Yet despite their young age, they looked larger and more developed to Evan than human adult women.

The older one was twice as tall as Evan; the younger one was also much taller than him; it was frightening...

They climbed to bed, and Evan gasped, watching the two giantesses gradually merge into one before him, turning into a horrible Cyclops that rode him!

Their weight was getting heavier and heavier, the pressure was increasing and Evan was ruthlessly crushed into a meatloaf in an instant.

He opened his eyes sharply, and by the time he saw the light again, he had woken up.

At this moment, he was lying on a bed inside a cave.

Evan gasped, feeling that the pictures around him coincided with his dreams...

Chapter 769: A Bad Situation

The giantesses were even more terrifying than the Cyclops!

In the dim light, Evan sat up quickly, but his body was weak and he fell feebly again.

He panted and saw that the figure standing by his bed was Sirius, not a giantess.

"Thank goodness, you finally woke up!" Sirius said happily and hurried over to help Evan.

"How long have I been asleep?" Evan asked, rubbing his eyes, confused.

He checked his belongings and breathed a sigh of relief. The wand, Slytherin's Locket, the owl pendant on his wrist, and the cloth bag containing all kinds of books, materials, *the Book of Abraham* and Ravenclaw's Diadem were all on him. There was nothing missing.

His clothes were also in perfect condition, as though they had not been touched.

"You've been in a coma for three days, and we were worried about you," said Sirius, helping Evan drink some water. "Madame Maxime and I have checked your body and found no abnormalities. It may be just the sequelae of using the Philosopher's Stone. This time was much more serious than the last time. I think you should use the Stone less often in the future."

"Not the Philosopher's Stone, in fact. I had a dream," said Evan uncertainly.

He recounted the first half of the dream, mainly the bits about the scabbard of Gryffindor, the consciousness above, and the horrifying Cyclops in the magma deep in the core of the earth and the magical rituals being performed by thirteen Dark wizards. Sirius listened very carefully.

"You say that the terrible power from the statue was really a Cyclops?!" he said in surprise, looking at Evan in disbelief. "Dear lord! A living Cyclops is sleeping in the magma deep underground?! And the Dark wizards are ready to wake him up?! Are they mad?!"

This was even more terrible news than Voldemort's resurrection. The Cyclops was much more powerful than Voldemort. If he came out, it would be enough to shock the whole world.

Cyclopes were powerful creatures of the last magical age, legendary creatures that existed only in stories and books.

But now, how could there be a living Cyclops?

"I'm not sure if it was a dream or some kind of vision that the scabbard showed me." Evan drank some water and felt that his body was recovering. He carefully recalled the scene he'd seen and said slowly, "I can't determine what those Dark wizards are going to do, and if they are really awakening the Cyclops, that's Dark magic that I don't know."

"Whether they're really awakening the Cyclops or not, this is not a good thing," said Sirius worriedly. "We should find an owl or any other way to write a letter to Dumbledore. The present situation is too bad!"

"What happened during my coma?" Evan asked, looking around. "Where are Hagrid and Madame Maxime? And, why aren't we in our camp? It looks like a giant's cave here."

"They're outside. There's something else. This is indeed a giant's cave, and we're hiding in this place," said Sirius. "The situation is very bad. For your safety,

we had to leave the camp. Before you woke up, I was wondering if I should send you back to the carriage first. It's too dangerous around here!"

"What exactly is going on?"

"I'll start from the moment you lost consciousness. That day in the cave, you fainted, and the suffocating mighty power gradually dissipated, and the giants got up from the ground. Whether it was Karkus, the Gurg of the giants, or that strong Golgomath, they were scared to death. You really should have seen the way they've been looking at you that day and worshiping you as a god."

This was normal. Evan had used the Philosopher's Stone to kill a giant warrior in an instant. This was already beyond what they'd ever expect from a human.

And then, there was the Cyclops's power that would bring ancient gods to submission.

This was especially true for the giants, whose forces inherited in the blood made them actively submit to their terrible ancestor.

The only good thing was that these guys knew nothing about magic and couldn't distinguish between Evan and the Cyclops's powers.

"After easily dealing with the giants, we left with you and returned to the camp," said Sirius. "That afternoon, Karkus and Golgomath sent people with gifts to negotiate the alliance with us."

"Because of the powerful display you've shown, things have been moving in the right direction," noticing Evan's expression, Sirius waved. "We made friends with the two leaders of the giants. Karkus and Golgomath were on the back foot. They were even going to give you their daughters, two giantesses about your age."

"YOU DIDN'T AGREE FOR ME, DID YOU?!" Evan shivered, remembering the second half of the dream.

"Of course I refused. What, do you have a thing for giantesses?!" Sirius watched Evan's face contorting with a smile on his own, and then the expression on his face became serious again. "After they went back, I don't know what they were arguing about. I think it was about boring topics like whose daughter you were going to marry. Then, there was a fierce fight that night. We saw it all the way from our camp; it was *bad*. It went on for more than five hours and didn't stop until the second half of the night. You wouldn't believe the noise. We didn't dare to take part in it. When the sun came up, the whole giants' territory was red, and his head was lying at the bottom of the lake."

"Whose head?" Evan asked, looking at him in surprise.

“Karkus’s... he was much weaker than Golgomath,” said Sirius heavily.

“Golgomath became the new Gurg of the giants. When we went to see him with a gift, he was very proud. He was sitting on the throne, Karkus’s helmet on his head, and his widow on his lap. He received us cheerfully.

Karkus died just like that, but it didn’t make any difference to us who was the Gurg of the giants. All we needed was to cooperate with them. We relayed Dumbledore’s words to Golgomath again, and while he didn’t seem too excited about our proposal, in the end he reluctantly agreed to the alliance request and told us what he needed as compensation.”

“So, we succeeded?” Evan looked at him in amazement. “Why did you say things were getting worse?”

“Yes, that’s true. All we had to do was to make a pact with them and take that damn list back to Dumbledore, and our mission would be achieved: we’ve thwarted Voldemort’s plot and made his Dark army lose important allies,” said Sirius. “But Hagrid, Madame Maxime and I were too careless and negligent. We did not expect those Death Eaters to take action so swiftly.”

Chapter 770: The Curse of the Giants

“Death Eaters?!” Evan remembered that Golgomath had always been in touch with the Death Eaters.

“Remember how Golgomath returned our gift before?!” Sirius continued, “In fact, he had already contacted the Death Eaters, agreed to Voldemort’s request, and was ready to take his companions to join his army. Then, when he killed Karkus, became the Gurg, and ruled all the giants overnight, the Death Eaters couldn’t be happier. However, he told them that he was not going to cooperate with them and wanted to quit. Such a word was never in Voldemort’s dictionary. Not to mention that he was ready to ally with us.”

“Oh, what did the Death Eaters do?” Evan moved his wrists and stiff body.

“We finished talking to Golgomath that day and agreed to meet again the next day. When we left and returned to the camp, Golgomath and his cronies met again with the Death Eaters, who were surely unhappy with all this quitting talk. Long story short, the giants are all dead!” Sirius paused, giving Evan enough time to digest the news, before continuing, “Well, almost... all the giants who were in the cave died in silence. There’s none of them left...”

“How did they do it? It was not Voldemort, was it?”

“No, it was not a head on fight; they don’t have the strength to kill so many giants like that,” Sirius waved and said scornfully. “It was sneaky Dark magic. The giants have received gifts from Voldemort and the Death Eaters before. Remember the black magical ring on Golgomath’s finger?”

Evan nodded, remembering that weird black ring on Golgomath's finger. At that time, he looked at the ring and felt something was wrong with it...

"Golgomath and his cronies have received similar magical ornaments. The Death Eaters gave them gifts, which were actually cursed items made by Voldemort," said Sirius in a heavy tone. "Obviously, the Dark Lord did not trust them. He was very uneasy about the giants. What he gave them was not only a source of power, but also a shackle and a terrible curse. What we did showed that his concerns were justified..."

"So, the curse on those accessories have been activated?" said Evan, raising his eyebrows.

"I went to the cave later and saw the scene. It was absolutely horrible. If Golgomath knew this would happen, he would have probably never thought of betraying Voldemort," said Sirius. "I can guess the scene at that time. When Golgomath and the other giants confirmed that they wouldn't join Voldemort, the curses on the accessories were activated, killing them instantly. There was no need for Death Eaters to do anything. Voldemort's power could guarantee this."

Indeed, the giants, though powerful, knew almost nothing about magic. It was not difficult for Voldemort to kill them all in an instant, thanks to the curses he had personally put on the ornaments. It was really foolish of them to accept the gifts Voldemort had sent. Their consent to carry the curses made them defenseless against them.

Evan had felt the magic of that ring was a bit strange at the time, but he did not expect Voldemort to be so cruel...

As a result, Karkus and Golgomath were both dead, and there were not many giants left who had felt the power of Evan and the Cyclops that day.

Instead, the fierce names of Voldemort and the Death Eaters spread quickly among the giants.

In their simple heads, the weird Dark magic had been equated with death.

In order to make the giants surrender, fear must be struck into their hearts. They were now afraid of Voldemort and the Death Eaters...

"It's sad that these giants were forced to take part in a war between wizards. It is not a good thing that they are born so strong. It is a curse in itself!" Evan followed with a sigh, thinking of the emotionless Ravenclaw... thinking of what she had said in the past, which was the first goal of his trip to Sicily. "Now that Karkus and Golgomath are dead, who could even be Gurg of the giants?"

“You got the point, no one!” said Sirius, raising his voice. “The death of two successive Gurgs, especially the way Golgomath and his supporters died, made the giants panic. But this is indeed an opportunity for the ambitious among them.

As I told you before, the giants’ social structure in Sicily is actually very complex. There are many of them who have fled from Europe like Herbert or Hagrid’s mother. They belong to other tribes and they always fight when they are free. After the death of Karkus, Golgomath, and a large number of giant warriors, the power of local Sicilian giants declined and they could not effectively suppress other giant tribes. Things got messy; there were scuffles going on every day, fighting for the position of the Gurg, and dozens of new ambitious giants emerged. And those Death Eaters, they kept fanning the flames behind the scenes. The situation here is just a mess and cannot be straightened out in a short time.”

“I see,” said Evan. “Isn’t there a strong giant out there to reunite the tribes?”

“No!” said Sirius disdainfully. “Although the giants are very brave in combat and near unstoppable, they are far from being strategic tacticians. They simple-mindedly fight at every turn. They don’t ask why, and even fight with their closest brothers... a bunch of fools.”

There was a moment of silence, and Evan was imagining what Sirius talked about, all that chaos...

“The giants are all fighting as individuals, none thinking of making alliances. The Death Eaters are still gathering the remaining giants to make them work for Voldemort again. It’s really tough to deal with. The ones sent by Voldemort are also pretty strong. By the time we could react, it was too late.”

“So, now there are three forces in the Giants’ Territory: Us, Voldemort and the Death Eaters, and the giants who are fighting each other...” Evan analyzed, “Fighting now would only cause a bigger mess.”

“It’s almost like that, but the number of giants who support us is decreasing. Hagrid and Madame Maxime are trying to persuade them, but with little effect. For these brainless brutes, the Death Eaters offer more tempting terms,” Sirius nodded, and said worriedly, “In the past three days, the number of giants on their side has been increasing. Yesterday, they also launched an attack on our camp to assassinate us in the middle of the night.”