

Harry Potter 771

Chapter 771: New Plans

Evan noticed that Sirius's left arm was bandaged with a cloth strip, and he looked particularly flustered.

"There were five Death Eaters who came last night, and I only recognized Walden Macnair. You may not know him, a pure cold-blooded maniac who likes killing as much as Golgomath," said Sirius. "I remember he worked in the Ministry of Magic, and was responsible for the execution of dangerous magical creatures. I didn't expect him to come here."

"Have you confronted him?"

"I was outside the tent, and he was the first to rush in and we started fighting," said Sirius simply. "My Stupefy hit him. Of course, his curse hit my arm too... nothing too big!"

Although he said it was simple, the situation must have been much more dangerous.

"The Death Eaters rushed over with the giants who joined them. They let the giants take the lead and hid behind them to cast spells and sneak attacks. Although Hagrid was very powerful and Madame Maxime's spell-casting speed was beyond imagination, it was overwhelming. There were too many of them, and we had to retreat," said Sirius. "We ran into the mountains in the dark, and Hagrid and Madame Maxime went out to contact the giants who support us. I'm here to guard you, and that's basically it."

Looking at the bewildered Sirius and the spell scars on his arm, Evan could imagine how fierce the battle had been last night.

The situation was really bad now; it was almost impossible to convince all the giants.

They tried hard multiple times, but they could not convince them.

The Death Eaters could return to Britain with the few remaining giants supporting them, and that would be enough to strengthen Voldemort's army, but Evan and his friends could not. Dumbledore hoped that the giants would not participate in the upcoming Wizarding War, rather than confront each other on the battlefield, with the side with more giants having more power.

The situation was a mess. They couldn't just walk away. Dumbledore was counting on them!

They anticipated that persuading the giants would be a long mission that might take months to see results anyway.

Evan was wondering if he could find a way to wipe out all the Death Eaters who came to the giants' territory, so that the giants supporting them would naturally disband.

Then he shook his head again. This method couldn't work, and it was too difficult.

Even if he succeeded, Voldemort could send other Death Eaters, and they couldn't stay here forever.

The solution to this problem had to come from within the giant community itself. A new Gurg must rise, one who is firmly in Dumbledore's camp, one who would never cooperate with Voldemort and the Death Eaters.

Once that happened, maintaining the alliance would be less complicated. Dumbledore would simply have to dedicate someone or find some way to protect the new Gurg.

It wouldn't be a simple task, but it would be the only quick and sustainable way; certainly much easier than a constant battle with never ending waves of Death Eaters.

Evan followed this line of thought. The key to this plan lied in proper selection of the new Gurg.

It was to be a very delicate matter. He didn't know many giants, and he did not trust any of them.

Then Evan thought of Hagrid's brother Grawp. He would definitely be on their side, and he was young and full of energy, but he was too short, too weak and had not enough power to subdue other giants.

Evan sighed and set the matter aside.

At present, the immediate priority was not the chaotic giants' tribe and the new Gurg, but the Cyclops in the magma deep in the earth's core. There were also those Dark wizards who were carrying out some kind of Dark ritual. That was the most urgent matter.

It was a mission given to him by Gryffindor, and now he had to get his scabbard in order to know more. If that Cyclops was to awaken, none of what took place with the giants would even matter anymore.

It was a long time before Hagrid and Madame Maxime returned, both injured. Hagrid's arm was still bleeding.

They were very happy to see Evan awake.

"Hagrid, what's going on outside?" Evan asked.

"Not so good. The Death Eaters are looking for us all over the mountain. Olympe and I had another fight with them," said Hagrid, sitting next to Evan. Madame Maxime went to get bandages and potions for him.

"I told you before you left! It's best not to tangle with them." Sirius frowned at him.

"I know, but at the time, it was hard for me to stop Olympe. She was enraged by the Death Eaters!" Hagrid whispered, the corners of his mouth lifting his wild beard. "We encountered them, and with both sides not eager to fight, they started insulting our bloodlines... It wasn't long before Olympe could no longer take it; she wanted to teach them a lesson. She's fiery, maybe because she's French?!"

"We *MUST* teach them a lesson," said Madame Maxime angrily, who had just entered the room. "The situation outside is terrible. The giants all know that

we've been attacked last night. The giants who originally supported us are now hesitant. They think that we can't win and they might turn to the Death Eaters."

"Yeah, they probably have more than thirty giants on their side already. They are all strong fighters, bloodthirsty and cruel," said Hagrid worriedly.

"Then how many do we have?" Evan looked at Hagrid.

"There were a dozen or so, but two of them died just today. The rest are hesitant. My mother and Grawp are still reliable. The old giant Herbert is also willing to help us," said Hagrid. "There are three or four others, but they are all very old giants who have little strength."

Whether in quantity or quality, there was no way to compare the two sides.

Older giants were more rational and less brutal. They were more willing to accept Dumbledore's terms and live a better life than to participate in war.

The young giants were just the opposite. They were also the main force of the giants' tribe.

"What about the other giants?" Evan continued to ask, there were hundreds of them in the giants' territory.

"They are fighting each other, fighting for the Gurg's position, but I think those guys would be more inclined to take You-Know-Who and the Death Eaters' side. Their offer is just more appealing to them."

There was a moment of silence. The situation was just like Sirius said, or even worse.

Later, Evan explained his plan. After discussion, they decided that Evan and Sirius would go back to the cave to retrieve the scabbard.

Hagrid and Madame Maxime would continue to persuade other giants who did not want to rely on the Death Eaters, telling them Dumbledore's ideas.

"By the way, Hagrid, who occupies the cave at the top of the mountain now?"

"That cave is deserted. It was originally the palace of the Gurg of the giants, but because Golgomath and his soldiers died there, hardly any giant dares to go inside now," said Hagrid, looking at Evan and Sirius. "The giants are scattered into different groups and no longer gather by the lake. You two just need to be careful on your way."

"Did no one retrieve Golgomath's body?" It was hard for Evan to imagine the giants giving up the cave easily.

The cave was of extraordinary significance. It might have belonged to that Cyclops back in the day. It was his lair.

“Just go and have a look, you’ll see, Golgomath’s death was so horrible that other giants dare not approach.”

Chapter 772: A Terrible Curse

Soon, Evan knew what Hagrid meant by horrific death.

An hour later, he and Sirius arrived at the cave.

They did not see a living giant along the way. The lake at the foot of the mountain was a mess, full of corpses and even scattered giants limbs, as well as things that the fleeing giants had not had time to take away. The whole lake was dyed red.

That was because of the blood, too much giants’ blood had turned the mountain lake into a blood lake, giving off a pungent smell.

It used to be a gathering place for giants, but now it had become the most desolate place in the territory... a purgatory on earth.

The battle between Golgomath and Karkus’s camps killed many of the giants living here; the lake was the main battlefield.

In just three days, too many giants had died here.

The once powerful giants’ tribe was divided, and all the living giants had fled the place and moved to the nearby mountain forest.

Inside the cave, Evan saw Golgomath’s corpse, or something that was supposed to be his dead body, sitting on the throne under the statue of the Cyclops. He had turned into a black silent statue.

He also had the “Crown of fate” on his head, and a ferocious expression and a trace of consternation on his face. His two arms were stretched forward, and the sinews of his neck burst with pain. His whole body was covered with a layer of uneven black char.

Around him, other giant warriors were mostly the same, keeping their original appearance and turning into scorched statues.

Evan looked at them in surprise. It was more shocking than the bloody scene outside.

The giants were very resistant to magic and were almost immune to most low-level spells, but now they had turned into dead statues.

“This is Voldemort’s curse, those accessories have ruthlessly taken their lives...” said Sirius.

Evan didn’t know much about this particular dark magic, but he could feel the magic of the Dark Lord.

As though under the Full Body-Bind Curse, or Petrified by the Basilisk’s eyes, Golgomath and the giant warriors had lost any breath of life.

He wasn’t sure if he could ever bring them back to life, and several spells and potions came to his mind.

“These stupid giants just died, making things a mess,” said Sirius, bypassing Golgomath’s location and walking to the foot of the statue of the Cyclops. “Old Herbert told me that after Golgomath became like this, the other giants were scared and they didn’t understand what was going on. This used to be their holy place, but it has become a restricted area.”

“I can feel the power of the curse.” Evan took out his wand and gently tapped on Golgomath.

He tried to use a Charm to undo the petrification, but the texture of the statue was more fragile than he thought. As soon as his magic came into effect, a crack appeared on the statue of Golgomath, making a sharp creak.

Evan stopped in a hurry, frowning to see the cracks gradually widen. The magic he used had the exact opposite effect.

Obviously, Voldemort had anticipated this situation and guessed that some wizard would use this magic on the statue.

That was to say, even if the curse was finally undone successfully, Golgomath’s body could only be restored into a pile of meat.

Evan was speechless. Voldemort was really *terrible*!

Even Dumbledore, with all his knowledge, would probably go through all these giants before figuring out the way to restore them.

No wonder those giants dared not come to this place. This was not a force they could understand.

They only saw Golgomath and his warriors offend the Death Eaters, and then they instantly turned into sculptures.

That was a terrible curse... terrifying magic... horrific power...

Out of fear, the remaining giants did not dare to offend the Death Eaters.

This was the horror of Voldemort. The most dangerous Dark wizard in history was not merely a man wielding a wand and using Avada Kedavra.

“Well, Evan, Forget about these giants,” said Sirius. He also took out his wand and said, “What happened to them is horrible, but the fear it has induced makes it much easier for us to take the scabbard. No one will stop us.”

He waved his wand at the scabbard in the Cyclops’s eye.

There was no reaction. Sirius frowned at it, and he Disappeared.

He Apparated next to the eye of the Cyclops, held the scabbard firmly, and tried to pull it out.

“How is it?” Evan shouted, looking at Sirius, who had almost turned into a little black dot above.

“No, I can’t pull it out. There is special magic on the scabbard that fends off my power. It seems to be integrated with the statue,” said Sirius, returning to Evan. “It’s hard to imagine how Gryffindor had inserted this scabbard on it.”

“Well, I’ll go up and have a look,” said Evan, thinking for a moment, and Apparating directly above the statue.

It was almost a hundred feet high, and looking down from this position, everything on the ground became small.

If the Cyclops was the same height as the statue, then that would be their point of view. Whether it was humans or even modern day giants, they were insignificant ants in his eyes.

Evan was now standing above the Cyclops’s head, and in front of it was its single eye, a pure huge topaz.

The gem was as clear and shiny as crystal. It was clean in texture and free from any defects. This topaz had strong magical properties and had many applications in alchemy. At the same time, it was a treasure of extraordinary value.

Evan steadied himself and was ready to try to see if he could divide the gem.

He aimed his wand at the jewel beneath him, using powerful attack magic.

The silver light flashed, but it didn’t leave a trace on the topaz. Never did Evan see anything harder.

Not far away, at the center of the huge eye, the scabbard of Gryffindor’s sword was quietly inserted.

This was a bland scabbard, silver-white, and forged from the same material as Gryffindor’s sword. It was engraved with patterns and magic runes used by goblins.

On the main body of the scabbard, small pieces of ruby were distributed, emitting a hazy light, just like stars in the night sky.

It seemed to be feeling Evan’s gaze, and the rubies on it flashed.

Evan walked closer to observe the scabbard. As Sirius said, it seemed to be part of the statue.

It was sending out strange magic to the outside, reminiscent of Gryffindor’s power.

This power prevented the scabbard from leaving the statue, and it sealed the Cyclops below.

It was difficult to pull it out. If it were that simple, for a thousand years, the giants would have long thought of ways to remove the scabbard, instead of leaving it here to tarnish the statue of their ancestor, as a sign of the shame a human brought to them.

Chapter 773: Gryffindor's thought

Since even the giants and Sirius couldn’t pull the scabbard out, Evan shouldn’t be able to pull it out either; he didn’t have that much strength.

But Evan felt that the scabbard was waiting for him, and Gryffindor’s remaining power was guiding him.

It was part of Gryffindor’s Sword and belonged to Gryffindor’s true heir!

Evan walked over, took a deep breath, and grasped the scabbard.

Bizarre magic flowed from the scabbard, a strange force that Evan had never seen before.

It was a bit like the power of the Cyclops, but it obviously carried Gryffindor's own magical trace.

It made a quick rotation around Evan's body and returned to the scabbard, and Evan could feel the power in the palm of his hand.

That was the power of destruction, the overbearing primitive force that could destroy everything.

The scabbard was calling Evan... it was calling its new owner!

Evan looked at the ordinary scabbard, lifted it up with a very little force, and it was lighter than he had expected.

With a click, the scabbard left the statue of the Cyclops, and the seal of a thousand years was unlocked.

“Great

!” Evan said happily, looking at the scabbard in his hand.

The next second, the amazing statue of the Cyclops collapsed quickly, making a loud rumble.

Numerous cracks spread rapidly around the eye beneath Evan and soon covered the whole statue.

The ancient and powerful power pervaded the whole cave. Evan seemed to hear the angry roar of the Cyclops!

He left quickly, Disapparating with Sirius.

The dust was rising in clouds as they watched the magnificent statue crumble before their eyes, smashing the ground into a huge pit. The scene in front of them was particularly shocking.

Evan's focus was not on the collapsed statue, but on the scabbard in his hand.

After pulling it out, the mysterious power with Gryffindor's trace on it became more and more obvious.

As though using a Pensieve, Evan's consciousness moved forward quickly, condensing onto the scabbard, and a closed silver-white circular space appeared in front of him.

In his teenage form, Gryffindor was waiting for Evan, his hands clasped behind his head and a familiar lazy smile on his face.

“I feel the power of Godric Gryffindor in you. So, you are his heir?” said the young man, staring at Evan. “I didn't expect that after a thousand years, his heir would finally come to this place.”

“I got the Philosopher's Stone from Gryffindor. It should be regarded as his approval. Who are you?” Evan asked.

“I am a mixture of thoughts and various forces... a very special existence. The core part is the 17-year-old Gryffindor's thoughts on the scabbard. The outer

layer includes the magic of the seal left by Ravenclaw, the power of the scabbard itself, and the huge power absorbed from the Cyclops, and..."

Evan blinked and looked at the handsome young man in amazement. He did not fully grasp what he was saying.

The combination of thoughts and energy ... what on earth was this? Was it some kind of Horcrux?!!

"Well, looking at your expression, I see you didn't understand. To put it simply, you can think of me as a special Godric Gryffindor. After all, my core is his thoughts. So I inherited Gryffindor's character, his worldviews, his magic knowledge and so on," said the young man, putting his hands down. "For others, I am the purest form of power. But because you are his heir, owning that Philosopher's Stone, which is homologous with the magic of my core thought, I can have a simple discussion with you, just like now, but only at this moment, because I am going to dissipate soon!"

"Why?" Evan still didn't understand what he said.

"It goes without saying that Godric Gryffindor himself is gone. My core is only a trace of his thoughts. How could it still exist? Had it not been protected by great power, I wouldn't remain to this day."

"Just a trace of thoughts..." Evan murmured

"After you have that power, you will naturally know what is going on. You are too weak now compared to Gryffindor; you are far from understanding the essence of this power," said the teenager, walking to Evan's front. "Well, don't think about me, that is not the point. Anyway, I will disappear soon. We will never meet again in the future. What you need to worry about now is the big fellow below."

"Is it the Cyclops you showed me before, the one in the magma of the core?!"

"Exactly! I was originally the seal Gryffindor left here, fighting the monster below for a thousand years," said the teenager. "Oh, I forgot, you may not know about it, after all that long. In short, a thousand years ago, Gryffindor arrived here and fought with the terrible Cyclops, and he was unfortunately defeated. But in the end, it was a loss for both of them, because the Cyclops was too old and had to return to the magma to regain his strength."

"Return to the magma to regain his strength?" Evan looked at him in surprise.

He had been wondering before, what kind of monster was the Cyclops, absorbing the power of magma to restore strength?!!

"A creature like the Cyclops is different from normal creatures. It is said that it was a creation of a more powerful Titan in ancient times. It was originally a

combination of earth and magma, but weakened a little bit with flesh and blood and life.” The young man paused and said, “Of course, these are all legends, and no one can find a Titan to verify such things from that mythical age, and this matter is not the point. Anyway, after beating Gryffindor away, the monster ran to the underground magma below the lair to hide and take a breather, probably not expecting that Gryffindor would come back with Rowena Ravenclaw.”

“What did they do when they came back?”

“Of course he came back to take revenge and fight the Cyclops. Gryffindor was badly injured. He had never suffered such a big loss, and the woman Rowena Ravenclaw was also there. They could not help coming back.” The teenager continued. “This time there was no fight. With Gryffindor’s help, Ravenclaw used a powerful magic to make the Cyclops hiding in the underground magma sleep forever, in a state between life and death. “

This reminded Evan of the Dementor’s kiss. The person whose soul was sucked away by the Dementor was in such a state, walking dead, in a daze, actually dead, though looking alive.

Of course, this was true for ordinary creatures. It was hard to do anything through magic to the soul of such a powerful ancient creature like the Cyclops.

Even Evan didn’t know what kind of magic Ravenclaw had used. It was simply incredible.

“Your current level of power is too low, and it is really difficult to explain that level of magic to you.” Noticing Evan’s expression, the young man paused for a while before continuing, “It’s not a simple soul magic, but in a more common way, this is more like a seal, a soul seal. Ravenclaw used magic to make a membrane inside the Cyclops’s body. She used that membrane to separate its soul, consciousness and body. No matter how strong the Cyclops’s body is, or whether it is regaining its strength, its consciousness is constantly having nightmares. The nightmare never ends, and it will never wake up.”

Using magic to make a membrane inside the body... Evan had never heard of this seal before.

Chapter 774: The Seal Magic and The Raven's Claw

“Ravenclaw used the power of magic to separate the Cyclops’s soul and consciousness from his body?!” said Evan with uncertainty. That sounded no different from the evil Dark soul magic.

In the process of making Horcruxes, one could divide his own soul fragments by torturing, killing and using special spells on other lives.

The Dementor’s kiss was even more direct, sucking out one’s soul directly through the mouth-to-mouth method.

The terrible evil gods needed flesh and blood, but their thoughts could also have special effects on one's soul.

“Yes, but note what I've said, this is not simply destroying or detaching. The Cyclops's soul is strong. It will not be easily damaged. No wizard can do it. It is actually still in the body of the Cyclops, but just because of that membrane, his soul and consciousness cannot perceive his own body, and they are separated in this way! “

Evan nodded hesitantly; it seemed like the Cyclops was in a vegetative state.

The Cyclops had lost his ability to consciously move because of magic, but his nervous system could maintain his autonomous breathing and heartbeat, maintain basic life functions, leaving him in an irreversible deep coma.

“At the core of this sealing magic is the giant statue that had just collapsed. The magical crack in it extended deep into the core of the earth, all the way to the position of the Cyclops. After Ravenclaw finished the seal, Gryffindor left his scabbard to hold his essence, making it my body,” said the young man. He seemed very happy that Evan finally understood what he said. “I was inserted in the statue, and my main function was to absorb power from the Cyclops's body, use that power to maintain the seal magic, and fight with his soul and consciousness in dreams for a thousand years.”

Evan looked at the young man quietly. The latter's so-called basic explanation of magic content made him even more confused.

A thousand years ago, what did Ravenclaw and Gryffindor do to the sleeping Cyclops?!! Between the membrane, the looping energy system involving the scabbard, mixing energy and thoughts, and more... This was magic far more complex than anything Evan had ever seen.

“All you need to know is that the scabbard in your hand is my body, and my essence is Gryffindor's thoughts. For a thousand years, absorbing huge power from the Cyclops gave me this astral form...” The teenager touched his hair and smiled again. “You can think of me as a seventeen-year-old Gryffindor, or as a special energy body. Anyway, his thoughts are dissipating, and I will soon return to the purest state of energy.”

There was a moment of silence. Evan didn't know what to say to him.

No matter what his existence was, the complete disappearance into pure energy was not a good thing after all... It was the death of this being!

He should be sad, but the young man didn't seem to mind this fate. He kept smiling all the time, looking at Evan.

“Well, if that statue is the basis for sealing Cyclops magic, it has just been destroyed.” Evan said.

“Don’t worry, that cyclops is already very old and has come to the end of his life. Although his body is still there, his soul and consciousness have completely dissipated long ago. The seal has lost its meaning and my mission has been completed,” said the teenager. “In fact, Ravenclaw’s magic may have helped him survive for longer to some extent; otherwise, his body left in the magma below would have died. But now, even though his soul is gone, the powerful shell is still there, which is the real problem.”

“In my previous vision, I saw thirteen Dark wizards. What are they doing?” Evan asked. “Since the Cyclops is dead in soul and consciousness, they can’t wake him up, can they?”

“This is what I mean by trouble!” The young man sighed, and put his hands behind his head again. “For the past thousand years, the terrible big guy underground has been fighting me. He kept looking for loopholes in the membrane left by Ravenclaw, hoping to regain control of his own body, and every time he tossed, the nearby volcano erupted.”

Evan suddenly realized that Mount Etna in Sicily was the volcano with the most eruptions in the world. The real reason was here. Because of the resistance of the Cyclops below, it caused frequent outbreaks.

“The membrane left by Ravenclaw has been destroyed by him over and over again, and I have been repairing it continuously. The Cyclops has been looking for ways to get out of trouble through various means, but he was too old and his soul was getting weaker and weaker. I have absorbed the strength in his body and I was getting stronger and stronger. So he has not been successful. After hundreds of attempts, he has changed his strategy, not directly controlling his own body, but trying to contact other creatures to save him.” The young man looked at Evan and continued, “His primary target was the nearby giants. They are all his descendants, but the giants do not know magic, so they have not succeeded. Then, he found a group of Dark wizards.”

“The thirteen Dark wizards I saw?”

“Not them. It was more than 600 years ago when he was connected to the original Dark Wizards,” said the young man. “But they were all a group called Raven’s Claw. I have heard them mention the name of the organization more than once.”

“Raven’s Claw?!” Evan was surprised.

This mad cult, which originated 600 years ago, had been propagating the revelation of the Apocalypse and the evil gods they wanted to liberate.

Before coming here, Nicolas Flamel had also specifically warned Evan to be careful of the Raven's Claw resurfacing.

Evan had thought they were up to something behind the scenes in the lighthouse, but he had no idea what they could do with the Cyclops.

"This organization should be related to Rowena Ravenclaw, because the curse of the family needed to be broken. Ravenclaw and Gryffindor had come to this area many times. I was the one they left when they first came here," The young man continued. "The Dark wizards have been following Ravenclaw's footsteps, looking for the remains of various ancient times, as though planning to do something. Hundreds of years ago, they got in touch with the Cyclops below, but they didn't take any action at that time. They just passed through the passage inside the cave, looked deep into the core of the earth and disappeared. I thought they had forgotten this matter or were scared away, but I was wrong!"

Chapter 775: The Power of Lightning

In the silvery white spiritual space, the seventeen-year-old Gryffindor-like teenager opposite Evan suddenly started shining.

Like a ghost, his body gradually became more translucent, lighter and lighter...

Evan knew that it was because the thoughts left behind by Gryffindor were dissipating. Within a few minutes, he would completely disappear and become pure energy attached to the scabbard.

"Not long ago, the Dark wizards of Raven's Claw were back, and they were performing evil magical rituals below," said the teenager.

He didn't seem to notice how he was changing, or perhaps he did and didn't care.

"Do they think they could revive the Cyclops?" asked Evan.

"No, the Cyclops below is dead and can never be resurrected. The Dark wizards know this. They are back, looking for the huge power left by the Cyclops, and they want to extract this power!"

"Extract the power of the Cyclops?" Evan said in surprise.

"Yes, you have also felt it before. It is a very pure and very powerful force that could only do destruction. They are going to use this power for their own purposes. I heard that they are going to summon something that shouldn't exist in the world," said the teenager, the smile on the corner of his mouth gradually disappearing, and he looked at Evan seriously. "We have to stop them. It is my duty as the *seal* of the Cyclops. It is also your responsibility, *heir* of Gryffindor!"

"What should I do?" Evan looked at the young man who was by now almost transparent.

“Go to the depths of the rock core to stop their magical rituals. You can’t let them take away the magic that has been extracted. As for the remaining power of the Cyclops, you have to insert the scabbard into his eye again...” Like his fading figure, the young man’s voice was getting weaker and weaker, as though coming from a far distance.

Evan nodded hesitantly. It was easy for the young man to say it, but it was not that simple to stop thirteen heavily armed Dark wizards.

It might not be possible to do it without the help of the Philosopher’s Stone. But the Dark wizards were not stupid giants, and they would not let Evan draw magical runes leisurely.

“Don’t worry too much, heir of Gryffindor!” The young man seemed to see Evan’s doubts, and he smiled again. “Use the power on the scabbard, it will help you. I believe you will succeed!”

Before Evan could continue to ask questions, the spiritual space disappeared and he returned to the real world.

He and Sirius were standing on the edge of the cave. The space in front of them was still shaking, and the cave was full of smoke and dust.

After pulling the scabbard out, the statue of the Cyclops, nearly a hundred feet tall, completely collapsed.

The conversation between Evan and Gryffindor seemed to have lasted for a long time, but only a few seconds had passed in the real world.

The scabbard in his hand still exuded strong power, but the thoughts of Gryffindor were gone.

Now, this was pure energy, slowly flowing into Evan’s body.

This was the pure destructive power of the cyclops. Within Evan’s body, it didn’t seem to blend with his own magic, nor did it fight it.

It just revolved in Evan’s body taking its own path, just to finally return to the scabbard again...

Evan thought of what Gryffindor had meant to tell him. He waved his wand in an attempt to use this special magic.

He didn’t read a spell, but simply cast out the magic that the scabbard had poured into his body, emitting a red magical light.

The light fell on a boulder in the distance, accompanied by a terrible loud crackling sound. It looked like lightning, and sounded like thunder!

The stone shattered in response to the sound. This attack was amazingly powerful, comparable to high-level attack magic, but it was cast much faster.

Evan looked at the scabbard in amazement. He did not expect that it would be a thunderbolt. (T/N: In Greek mythology, the thunderbolt is a weapon given to Zeus by the Cyclopes.)

Just holding this scabbard was equivalent to grasping the strong power of thunder subdued by the Cyclops. In theory, even a weak young wizard could easily cast extremely powerful and harmful magic with this.

Evan was not sure whether this scabbard could only be used by him or anyone could use it, but this was already amazing enough!

Beside him, Sirius was also taken aback by the magic Evan had just cast.

“Evan, what was that lightning just now?” He said in surprise. “I’ve never seen this magic before.”

No wonder Sirius was surprised. With all the usual types of Magic that wizards would usually use, none of them produced lightning.

It was supposedly a power exclusive to nature, one that could not be summoned through the magical power of a wizard. However, just like muggles managed to use this power through tools and technology, some magical items allowed for the use of this power as well. These magical items were usually legendary magical props and were very, very rare.

“It’s the scabbard...” Evan simply told Sirius the information he had just received in the spiritual space.

The latter looked incredulously at Evan and the scabbard in his hand. Then he took the scabbard and gave it a try, just to find that he as well could use it as a thunderbolt!

After Gryffindor’s thought disappeared, anyone could use the energy in the scabbard.

For a thousand years, this scabbard kept constantly absorbing the original strength of the Cyclops from the depths of the earth’s core to maintain the seal.

In the end, the scabbard itself had become a powerful magical item, and its value was not less than that of Gryffindor’s sword.

Sirius examined the scabbard for a while before returning it to Evan.

They discussed the ongoing Dark magical ritual of the Raven’s Claw and the mission left behind by Gryffindor’s thoughts, and they both agreed: the best course of action was to take these dark wizards by surprise and foil their plans as soon as possible.

While there was a great discrepancy in numbers between both sides, Evan and Sirius had a great chance of success if they used the power of this scabbard well, just like the teenage Gryffindor said.

They only needed to insert it into the Cyclops’s eye to foil the ritual and solve this problem. At that time, they would directly Apparate to leave, or adopt different strategies depending on the situation.

The most dangerous thing was the process of barging in. How could they avoid catching the attention of those Dark wizards?

Ten minutes later, the huge sound of rumbling inside the cave completely disappeared, and the two went back in.

The original position of the statue was replaced by a pit, its bottom not visible in the darkness below.

“Please tell me we have to jump from here to reach the Cyclops!” Sirius asked, looking at the bottomless crater.

“No, there’s a passage from which the Cyclops used to pass,” said Evan, looking around the cave carefully.

If he knew the specific location of the Cyclops, it would become more convenient to use a Portkey or Apparition. That’s how the Dark Wizards of Raven’s Claw got in. This passage was last used hundreds of years ago, when the first Dark wizard to be contacted by the Cyclops had used it.

But Evan didn’t know this location, so they needed to find a way there. He and Sirius carefully searched inside the huge cave, and then found a stone gate on the innermost side.

It was an old-fashioned gate, so magnificent in size that even giants wouldn’t reach the handle.

Chapter 776: Underground Mine

Evan waved his wand, and with a deep creak, the stone door opened, revealing the darkness behind.

“Be careful!” said Sirius, taking the lead going in.

The entrance was a sloping downhill corridor, very spacious and built to the Cyclopes’ size.

Evan and Sirius turned down the light at the end of their wands to the minimum, only dimly illuminating their path ahead.

The air was cold and wet, but not stale.

They walked silently down the corridor, which was straight and precise, without any twists and turns.

This was definitely not something made by the giants or cyclopes. They weren’t meticulous creatures; they didn’t have that kind of patience...

But like the statue of the Cyclops, this tunnel showed a very high level of craftsmanship, and the more the two went down, the more spacious it became.

Evan and Sirius walked down for more than two hours. It was already deep enough underground for them to feel the temperature gradually rising.

When they reached the end of the tunnel, they saw a huge cave with red light.

Evan took a deep breath. He expected that this place would lead to the depths of the rock core, but the sight in front of him shocked him.

The blazing heat was coming from a sea of flames inside the cave, a sea of magma!

It was flowing slowly, falling from a height, emerging from the core of the rock, and converging into a river.

This place was a bit similar to the underground of Gringotts, but not exactly the same.

All magma was not enclosed in a fixed space. The river it converged into was moving forward, and there were no islands on it.

Evan didn't know where it was going, as its end wasn't in sight.

On the side of the river where the magma converged, there was a simple stone path, with its walls and ceiling inlaid with clear, yellowish crystals. The bright red light from the magma shone on them, making these crystals look as though they were fluorescent.

Although Evan knew it was just an illusion, the splendor and grandeur of this series of natural creations were truly breathtaking.

"These citrines have a strong magical power, the power of nature!" said Evan softly, as he touched a bare citrine on the rock wall next to him and sensed the strange magic.

The turquoise Owl Pendant on his left wrist glowed green, and seemed to be absorbing the magic from the crystal.

This was a magical reaction. The power in the pendant was stimulated by the magical power of the crystal. They were all natural forces.

"It's really strong magic, but what's more concerning are these traces on the ground!" said Sirius, squatting on the ground to look carefully. "Someone has been here not too long ago, we'd better be careful."

"It should be someone from Raven's Claw!" said Evan.

From the information obtained from Gryffindor's consciousness, in the past thousand years, besides Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Evan, and Sirius, the Dark wizards of Raven's Claw were the only humans that had been to this place.

"Hard to say... look at this... it's like the skeleton of a house-elf!"

Following Sirius's finger, Evan saw a small skeleton in front of a huge citrine in the corner, about the size of a house-elf. Next to it was a broken mining spade.

"A house-elf?!" Evan looked at the skeleton diligently. "It's like he was trying to dig out these crystals."

"That's right. There's a lot of magic in these citrines. Maybe those Dark wizards intend to use them for something," Sirius extinguished the light at the end of his wand and continued, "Take out the Invisibility Cloak, Evan, we need to be more careful!"

Evan took out the Invisibility Cloak Dumbledore had given him and covered himself and Sirius.

Their bodies disappeared, and the two continued to move forward, holding their wands tightly under the cloak.

The magma nearby emitted bright red, and the flames flowed quietly in the river of lava, breaking the darkness in the cave.

The temperature gradually increased, but they could not use magic to lower the surface temperature. This was a difficult test, and Evan saw Sirius's skin next to him glow with a strange red light.

He knew that the same was happening to him; he could feel the thirst in his body, and even his breath was hot. All the water in his body was evaporating rapidly, and his throat was feeling like dry wood that might burn at any moment...

Evan told himself to be patient, not to use magic, not to let the enemy feel abnormal magical reactions.

He could already hear a lot of clanging metal and rock wall collisions. Something was nearby.

They had to be careful. This place was very close to the location of the Dark Wizards of Raven's Claw.

Evan didn't know a lot about this mysterious heretic organization. He only read a few notes about them in a book.

He knew that they were searching all over the world for energy relics of ancient times, looking for the remaining information of the so-called ancient gods and the lost magic knowledge.

They wanted to destroy the current world and bring the ancient gods back to their former dominance.

This was undoubtedly an insane wizarding organization. Unlike cults in the Muggle world, they were not merely propagandizing eschatology to absorb believers, as they actually had the means to bring forth doomsday and to summon the ancient gods back to the world.

In Evan's understanding, the so-called ancient gods of Raven's Claw were simply terrible evil creatures from ancient times.

He didn't know what clues the cult found from Ravenclaw's relics that made them believe the evil gods should return to this world.

Gryffindor's thoughts told Evan that they intended to use the power of the Cyclops to summon some evil that should not exist in this world. What was this terrible monster?! What did it have to do with the control of the lighthouse outside the town?!

There were too many secrets in the nearby waters, whether from what Ravenclaw was looking for in the ancient ruins in the whirlpool of Charybdis, to what Gryffindor said about the ghost ship controlled by the dead and the magical city sinking in the bottom of the sea.

Evan knew; something big was about to happen!

Along the river of lava, he and Sirius turned around a corner, and the two stopped again.

Evan could see that at the end was another huge stone gate in an enclosed space surrounded by rock walls.

The stone gate was open, and the magma slowly poured out. That was the source of the river of lava.

Through the stone gate, Evan saw the huge body of the Cyclops soaked in a deep lava pool. Most of its body was immersed in the hot lava, leaving only its head and shoulders exposed, just like what Evan had seen in his dream. This was their destination!

Evan had already known about this, but what really surprised him was what was on the outer rock walls...

Chapter 777: The Dark Wizards of Raven's Claw

There were small platforms across the rock wall; there were about a hundred of them, and they were full of house-elves.

They were extra pale and skinny, dressed in dirty shabby clothes, with shackles and chains on their ankles and wrists, their big bulging eyes vacant, holding disproportionately large mining spades, digging hard for the citrines on the rock walls.

Evan pointed forward. He and Sirius looked at one another and walked cautiously towards the stone gate.

On a massive stone platform on the left side of the stone gate stood a fierce man in black robes with a wand in his hand.

Evan saw a strange badge on his chest, on which was a raven with wings spread out, and its eyes were weird sapphires.

The guy was a Raven's Claw, and he was monitoring the house-elves as they worked.

"Hurry up, you hideous little freaks!" He growled loudly, looking ferocious, "Don't you even dare let me catch you slacking off! Lazy elves feed the magma!"

Hearing his growl, many of the house-elves' bodies shook uncontrollably.

On a platform of the rock wall, a house-elf waved his spade a little slower... the next second, a green light hit him. He screamed harshly, lying on the ground, shaking uncontrollably and sobbing.

Evan frowned. It was the Cruciatus Curse!

Torturing the house-elves with this kind of magic, this guy was really a Dark wizard.

There were many ways to make house-elves obedient, and *Crucio* was definitely the cruelest of all.

"Scum, it is your honor to serve the great Raven's Claw. You should give your blood and soul to your master," said the wizard contemptuously, "But for the sake of your usefulness..."

"All right, Kagal, stop torturing these elves!" A man stepped out of the stone gate. He also had a Raven badge on his chest, but its eyes were red.

"How do you do, Harbinger of Doom!" said Kagal respectfully, bowing slightly.

"Harbinger of Doom... Strange name..." thought Evan, who looked attentively at the wizard coming out of the stone gate.

He was of medium height, wearing an exquisite set of mostly blue and purple wizard robes, with a hood on his head hiding his features. Evan could only see that the exposed bits of his skin were pale, bloodless. His hair, on the other hand, was even whiter than his skin.

What was interesting was that he brought an eerily chilling sensation along with him. Even though there was hot magma everywhere around him, after seeing him, Evan shivered, as if cold was emerging from the depths of his soul.

Like Caresius, the magic emanating from him did not feel like that of a normal human wizard.

Evan's gaze was focused on the impenetrable shadow cast by the hood, for he had sensed that this man was very dangerous.

Sirius gently pulled Evan, and they hid behind the rocks near the stone platform, overhearing the conversation between the two Dark wizards.

"You can't keep torturing these house-elves to death, Kagal. I know it's fun, but we still need them for digging out the crystals. It's already going very slow. If they all die, we wouldn't be able to find other creatures to replace them."

"I know their limits very well. I'm just scaring these little creeps into working harder." Kagal seemed a little scared as he tried to justify his actions. "Great Harbinger of Doom, they are too slow indeed. I think the giants above would be far better. Yes, they're much stronger than these hideous little monsters!"

"The giants are not creatures that could be enslaved so casually, and they can easily attract the attention of the outside world." The wizard paused and continued, "We have to be careful these days, Kagal. There are many wizards from Britain on the island. Some sent by Dumbledore, and some by the Dark Lord, and they all want to woo the giants. We must not let them find out about this."

"The Dark Lord... the *wizard*?!!" Surprise showed on Kagal's face. "I thought he was dead already!"

"That man is different; he has conquered death! We will also do it someday. When we finally summon our lord back to this world, we will have eternal life and supremacy in the new world after judgment!"

"I can't wait for this day. Let this dirty world be reborn under its fury!" Kagal was shivering with excitement.

"Patience, Kagal. For a goal as noble as ours, it is only natural to endure suffering!" The man's voice was bitterly cold. He said slowly, "The first step is often the hardest. We're not powerful enough yet, but once we finish this, everything that follows will become simple."

“Yes, Harbinger of Doom, your teachings have remained with me,” said Kagal, bowing slightly again.

The fierce-looking Dark wizard seemed to be very afraid of this so-called Harbinger of Doom. He was being far too polite for a dark wizard.

“The return of the Dark Lord is a good thing. We can cooperate with him once again to infiltrate our way back to Britain. There’s a vital message in the ancient Wizarding School, and we must get it.” The wizard looked at Kagal and said in a cold voice, “I will be leaving very soon to meet the Dark Lord in Britain and ask to join his army again.”

“That is really good news. I like the Dark Lord and the Death Eaters. Back when they ruled, we could slaughter Muggles, half-blood wizards and other creatures at will. This is what I always hope for.” Kagal licked his dry lips, with a cruel smile on his face.

Evan and Sirius looked at one another. It was not good news that these Dark wizards of the Raven’s Claw were ready to join Voldemort.

Obviously, Hogwarts must be the Wizarding School that the wizard was talking about. What were they planning to do?!

After learning about Voldemort’s return, many dark forces hiding in various parts of the world were on the move, ready to emerge once again.

“Don’t get carried away, Kagal, we are different from the Death Eaters! We have higher noble goals.” The wizard called the Harbinger of Doom paused for a moment, his breath was getting colder. “Okay, give me the recently mined Crystals, and complete another energy stone from the Cyclops. I want to take them to that city. The energy we’ve gathered is almost enough. I am going to summon that ancient existence before I set out to meet the Dark Lord...”

There was a sound on the platform. The Dark wizard, known as the Harbinger of Doom took a cloth bag from Kagal and Disapparated directly.

Chapter 778: Dark Witch Natalia

After the Harbinger of Doom Disapparated, Kagal was clearly relieved and relaxed.

He turned around and looked at the house-elves on the platform fiercely, tortured them with spells with a wicked smile on his face.

Evan was still thinking about what the other wizard had just said, which revealed a lot of important information.

What they had extracted from the Cyclops was being accumulated in something called energy stone, and they seemed to have accumulated a lot...

Besides, that Dark wizard called the Harbinger of Doom was preparing to meet Voldemort.

Before that, he would take the energy stone and the crystals excavated by the house-elves to a certain city to summon an ancient existence.

What was this ancient existence? And where was that city?

Gryffindor's thoughts on the scabbard asked Evan to stop them and prevent them from taking away the power of the Cyclops.

But the Harbinger of Doom had already Disappeared and left, and it was too late to stop him.

In addition to the house-elves on the platforms, there were many Dark wizards of Raven's Claw patrolling nearby.

Before inserting the scabbard into the Cyclops's eye, it wouldn't be smart to 'stomp the grass and startle the snakes'*. Besides, there were still a lot of things Evan didn't know. [*Editor Note: Chinese idiom.]

He needed to investigate and find out what the Dark wizards of Raven's Claw were going to do.

"You control some elves and lead the guy above the stone platform down to the tunnel we just came from." Sirius was equally puzzled. He leaned close to Evan's ear and whispered, "I'll ambush him there, catch this guy, and get some information from him..."

Evan nodded, and Sirius directly Disappeared away, hiding in the tunnel.

Evan carefully approached the stone wall, pointed his wand at two house-elves, and cast a nonverbal spell. The next second, the controlled house-elves made a harsh scream, and threw the spades fiercely to the ground.

The house-elves around them stopped and looked at them in awe, with unconcealed panic on their faces.

"These two are mad, and the evil Dark wizard could kill them immediately!" Their fellow house-elves thought.

"Damn it, what are you two bastards doing? Pick up the spades and get back to work, otherwise I'll skin you alive!" Kagal growled, waving his wand and releasing two green spells.

Under Evan's control, the two house-elves leaped to avoid the spell. They made a rude face at the thundering Kagal and ran straight down the tunnel.

Kagal kept cursing, waving his wand to cast spells, and chasing after them...

The other house-elves and Raven's Claw wizards looked at them dumbfounded. Something similar did happen every few weeks. Unable to stand the pressure and torture, many house-elves would sneak away or hide indolent.

But never did any elves show blatant rebellion such as this. These two elves were insane!

Kagal had said it; if he caught them, he would definitely skin them alive!

By the time Evan returned to the tunnel, Kagal had fainted, and Sirius was standing beside him with his wand in his hand.

“What an idiot! He was so busy trying to catch these two elves that he didn’t even see me right next to him,” he gasped, using his wand to cast the Incarcerous Spell and bind the Dark wizard on the ground. “Well, let me think about how we could get him to squeal...”

“No need to bother, I have Veritaserum here,” said Evan, opening his cloak and looking at the surprised Sirius. “It’s not as good as Snape’s, but a few more drops would still make him tell us what we need to know.”

From the cloth bag, he took out a crystal bottle, which contained a transparent liquid.

In fact, it was thanks to Caresius, who had pillaged Snape’s office last time and gave all the potions ingredients to Evan. Using some of those precious ingredients, Evan made this small bottle of Veritaserum, which was hard to acquire anywhere else.

Sirius took the bottle, opened Kagal’s mouth and poured a few drops into it.

“Well, that should do it!” said Evan, waving his wand to awaken Kagal. Just like Barty Crouch Jr., he opened his eyes, blank, without focus...

“Let’s try!” said Sirius. “What’s your name?”

“Kagal Lombardi!” He said slowly, his voice dull.

“Are you a Raven’s Claw Dark wizard? What are you doing here?”

“Yes, I am a member of Raven’s Claw. We are here to absorb power from the Cyclops’s body and supervise the house-elves. They are digging out the citrines in the rock walls. The Harbinger of Doom says that the crystals have great power within them...”

“Who is this Harbinger of Doom?” Evan asked.

“He is a high-ranking member of the organization, the most loyal servant of our master, a Raven’s Claw fanatic, and a harbinger of disaster and destruction. No one has ever seen his real face. I only know that he is the last husband of the murderous Dark witch Natalia.”

“The Dark Witch Natalia?!” Evan was impressed with the name, as though he had seen it somewhere before.

“I’ve heard of the name. Black Rose Natalia, also known as Black Widow, is a very famous witch in Italy,” Sirius told Evan. “Of course, you may not know of her. Natalia was active more than 70 years ago. It is said that she was a supporter of Grindelwald. She was a dazzling witch with outstanding beauty. But

don't think that just because she was a woman, you could look down on her. All those who belittled her have gone to hell."

Hearing Sirius, Evan remembered and knew who the Dark witch Natalia was. As Sirius said, all those who went against Natalia were to be doomed! That was not just alarmist talk. That was exactly what happened.

The Dark witch Natalia was one of the most notorious witches in modern Italian history and a follower of Grindelwald. She was a member of an ancient family of pure-blood wizards in Italy and completed her studies in Durmstrang.

Natalia was very beautiful and had no shortage of suitors. After graduation, she soon got married.

Then her husband died, on the night of the wedding, and this was just the beginning of a horrible nightmare.

In the following years, Natalia relied on her beauty and ingenious cover-up to marry the sole descendants of the twelve ancient pure-blood wizard families, and got rid of them all without leaving any trace like a black widow spider.

By inheriting her husbands' fortunes, the woman quickly became one of the richest women in Italy and even in Europe.

After Grindelwald's rise, she joined him like other evil Dark wizards, and soon gained attention. She was the leader of his followers in Italy, southern Europe, and the African region of the southern Mediterranean, and gained a reputation second only to Grindelwald.

Chapter 779: The Harbinger of Doom

With amazing beauty and skills, no man could easily escape Natalia's control.

Although everyone knew that she was a black widow, a poisonous black spider, there were still many wizards flying into Natalia's arms like moths to a flame, willingly giving all they had and welcoming death with open arms...

During the heyday of Grindelwald, Natalia had many avid admirers. Most of them were powerful wizards, willing to die for her.

Therefore, she was the strongest among the Dark Legion formed by Grindelwald.

It was well known that greedy Natalia did not follow Grindelwald for wealth, power and powerful evil magic like other dark wizards. These things were easily available to her and she did not need to turn to him for that.

What she really wanted was eternal life, to keep her youth forever. The true enemy of those who relied on beauty was the passage of time, and it was the ultimate goal of the Dark witch Natalia to have eternal beauty.

It was unknown whether she got what she wanted from Grindelwald. Soon after Grindelwald was defeated by Dumbledore and imprisoned in the topmost cell of Nurmengard, Natalia disappeared.

Some said she was dead, others said she had achieved her goal of keeping her appearance at the age of twenty forever.

She changed her face and continued to bewitch the rich men with her beauty, taking everything away from them. There was a saying in the wizarding world that all the wizards who could become Natalia's husbands were the most outstanding ones, but their fate was very miserable.

In a book about Grindelwald, Evan had seen information about the Dark witch Natalia and thought she was dead.

Unexpectedly, not only was she still alive, but she had also joined Raven's Claw, becoming a high-level member of this mad organization.

"Natalia, this evil witch is still alive?" asked Sirius with a frown.

"Like her husband, the Harbinger of Doom, she is one of the top members of the organization," Kagal replied in a dull voice, and uncontrollably extended his tongue and licked the corner of his mouth, with a greedy look on his face. "I saw her from a distance five years ago. She was surrounded by a bunch of admirers. She was a woman who would move any man who saw her. I had an impulse to rush up and possess her. She looked about twenty years old, and she had enough beauty to make anyone fall for her at first sight, with jade-like, crystal-clear plump skin and..."

Obviously, Kagal was very impressed with Natalia. Although he had only seen her from a distance, even he was obsessed with her and couldn't stop himself from ranting about her.

The fact that Natalia was successful was frightening. Not many Dark wizards achieved their ultimate goals.

Although she looked only twenty, she was in fact an old woman, nearly a hundred years old...

She was the same age as Dumbledore and Grindelwald, but she was still able to keep Kagal passionate about her from a glance.

Perhaps, it was this new master that granted her wish.

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know. The members of the organization are not allowed to socialize. I have been here for more than five years with the Harbinger of Doom and other members. I have never been out. I don't know where the others are or even know them."

It seemed that the Raven's Claws were even more secretive than Evan imagined. They had strict rules to prevent members from leaking information. Low ranking members like Kagal wouldn't know much.

"Well, let's talk about this Harbinger of Doom. In addition to being Natalia's last husband, what other information do you know about him?" Evan asked. "Think carefully and see if you've missed anything."

Kagal hesitated markedly, and then he slowly answered, "I've heard other people talk about his past. That's not something I should know. I tried to tell myself to forget, but I couldn't..."

"His past would be interesting. Let's hear it!"

"They told me that before joining the organization, the Harbinger of Doom was a prestigious wizard. His family was very powerful in Austria and had a territory inherited from their ancestors, a small town inhabited by wizards," said Kagal. "The Harbinger of Doom himself was also very strong. He was a very powerful wizard, approachable and willing to help other villagers. He was deeply loved by the residents of the small town. Because of his outstanding talents, he became Natalia's target."

"Natalia was already a member of Raven's Claw at the time. It is said that when he first saw Natalia, the Harbinger of Doom, who had always remained celibate, became speechless for about five minutes, overwhelmed by her beauty. A day later, they had their wedding; and a week later, destruction and disaster struck the quiet town. That was the power of the master. Natalia was interested in the Harbinger of Doom, and hoped that he would join the organization. She showed him the greatness of the master. In the town, people were constantly getting sick and dying. Cursed souls were wandering at night, dark monsters were attacking the town's residents all the time, and even the dead came back again. The whole town had fallen into darkness and despair."

Evan listened to Kagal intently. If this was true, then finding out the identity of this Harbinger of Doom would be easy! Such big events taking place in Austria must have been documented.

No wonder Kagal felt uneasy and wanted to forget about it.

The Dark wizard called the Harbinger of Doom had never shown his face, and even hid his name. He clearly did not want others to know his true identity and learn about his past. There must be some reason for that...

This was a very important piece of information.

"Residents in the town couldn't get in touch with the outside world. The power of the master shrouded in that place. They couldn't leave. They could only suffer in obscurity, hoping that someone could save them." Kagal couldn't stop shivering, and his voice became weird. "However, all that awaited them was destruction and death. After their marriage, the Harbinger of Doom and his wife did not step out of their mansion and allowed the disaster outside to happen. When everyone was dead, they came out from there to be welcomed only by corpses, including the citizens of the town, wizards, and the family members of the Harbinger of Doom. He had fallen. His once dazzling blond hair turned white, his body was cold, and he had a badge of Raven's Claw on his chest. He looked mercilessly at the corpses and the monsters around him. Naked, Natalia stood at the gate of

the villa and looked at everything in front of her, with a smile of satisfaction on her face...”

Chapter 780: Plans and Action

There was a brief silence. Whether what Kagal said was true or not, the past experience of the Harbinger of Doom was unpleasant.

No wonder he would be called the Harbinger of Doom, a person who brought endless disaster and death.

Obviously, all the residents of that town had died because of powerful curses and Dark magic.

Most wizards wouldn't even believe that such an event took place, but those who knew how wicked the Dark Arts could be would not count it out. Evil curses, spiritual invasions, monster summoning and more would allow a Dark wizard with enough power to do all this and more...

Raven's Claw was truly evil, and to a certain extent, even crazier than Voldemort and the Death Eaters.

“Who is the master you're talking about?” Evan asked. He did not continue to pester Kagal on the matter of the Harbinger of Doom.

“The master is our *Lord*. I have had the honor of receiving his teachings. He is the supreme omnipotent god. When the Judgment Day comes, he will come to this world and purify it and restore the chaotic order. At that time, only true devotees would survive ...” Kagal shouted.

After mentioning the so-called master, he kept breathing heavily and looked more and more excited.

Evan asked him some more questions about this master, and finally came to the conclusion that this master was an indescribable monster, just like an evil god. Compared to overflowing emotions of fear and devotion, Kagal's words were actually of minimal value in explaining what this being was about.

“What a fool!” Sirius said dismissively, looking at Kagal who kept mumbling.

Kagal said a lot about Raven's Claw and the ancient god he believed in. Most of it was about his own feelings, and most of what he said only showed how much of a lunatic he truly was.

He even thought that his torturing other lives was an act of piety, hoping to get the favor of his master. That's why he tortured the house-elves frantically, making their life worse than death.

“I am not afraid of death!” There was a flash of madness on Kagal's face. “The Harbinger of Doom once said that the master clearly told him that all the devout who died in the great cause will be reborn in the new world, and we will be reshaped by the master to obtain true power beyond flesh and blood, beyond form, beyond life and death, beyond our mortal bodies... “

Evan frowned at the guy. Such a thing would be frightening indeed.

The senior members of Raven's Claw seemed to know about some sort of Dark magic, which could strip their beings of flesh and blood through secret Dark rituals, fill their souls with pure dark power, and transform a wizard into a unique undying pure magical creature.

If some members had already obtained this "gift", this magical creature would be very powerful. Fortunately, that didn't seem to be the case.

"Enough. Stop talking about the master. Tell me where the Harbinger of Doom is going to take the crystals and the power he has extracted from the Cyclops. Where is the city and what is he going to summon?" Sirius said impatiently.

"There is a magical city on the seafloor near the island. There is an ancient existence inside. I only know that it is a powerful magical creature left over from ancient times. The Harbinger of Doom got in touch with it. We intend to summon it with the power we have gained from this cave, make the world more chaotic, and use its power to get to the relics in the city."

Sure enough, this ancient existence, if not an evil god, would not be something pleasant.

The powerful magical creature left from ancient times was in the city of the dead that had sunk to the bottom of the sea...

Kagal didn't know the exact location of the city, but he told Evan and Sirius that the Harbinger of Doom had ordered people to occupy the lighthouse by the sea. He seemed to be observing something that should be related to the Lost City.

There was also the great whirlpool of Charybdis, where Rowena Ravenclaw had been.

The Raven's Claws had claimed to be the orthodox descendants of Rowena Ravenclaw. They followed Ravenclaw's footsteps and came to this sea area, trying to find something in the ruins deep in the whirlpool, but they had never succeeded and were cut off by the powerful sealing force.

With Kagal's account, a general outline was formed in Evan's mind.

First, the ancient creature in the Lost City of the sea contacted the Dark wizards of Raven's Claw and told them that it was willing to help them enter the relics in the great whirlpool, but only if it was summoned back to this world.

Summoning it required a huge amount of power, and the Dark wizards without the Philosopher's Stone had to rely on the dead Cyclops.

Evan and Sirius asked some more questions carefully. After feeling that they could no longer get any valuable information, they knocked Kagal out, bound him and threw him behind the rocks with the two house-elves.

"What are we going to do?" said Sirius anxiously, looking at Evan. "We only came to seal the Cyclops. Now the situation is a mess. We're not even keeping up with Death Eaters, and now, a group of even crazier Dark wizards has emerged!"

“Well, we’ll find a way to take them all down, together!” said Evan slowly, also feeling that the current situation was a little bit out of control.

The Dark witch Natalia, as a witch of the same generation as Dumbledore and Grindelwald, was very powerful, probably at the level of Caresius and Snape. To some extent, she was even more dangerous. As for her husband, the wizard known as the Harbinger of Doom, his strength could also be beyond imagination.

It would be too hard to fight them with the power of Evan and Sirius, not to mention the mysterious Raven’s Claw had many unexplored secrets, as well as the ancient unknown existence that was to be summoned from the undersea city.

But Evan and Sirius both knew that they had to rise to the challenge and stop the Raven’s Claw plot in Sicily.

Now, they were no longer merely following the will of Gryffindor’s thoughts. The conversation with Kagal gave them new conviction.

After all, these Dark wizards were going to join Voldemort and attack Hogwarts. They were their enemy.

On top of that, the purpose of Evan’s visit to Sicily this time was to look for clues that Madam Ravenclaw had left in the whirlpool, complete her test, and get Ravenclaw’s secret treasure key. Raven’s Claws were aiming at the same target, so now, it was a race!

There was a huge gap in power, and there was no way to fight them head on, but Evan and Sirius just needed to sabotage their ongoing ritual...

The two of them discussed for a while and decided to stop the Dark wizards from absorbing the power of the Cyclops, and then go to the beach to take a look at the lighthouse. Perhaps it was there that they could know the location of the city the Harbinger of Doom was going to.