

Harry Potter 781

Chapter 781: An Evil Ritual

If the Harbinger of Doom was trying to summon some terrible monster there, then they would stop the ongoing ritual.

Summoning that monster required huge power support. Destroying the ritual of darkness was equivalent to destroying the plot of Raven's claw near Sicily. Thus, they could no longer absorb the power of the Cyclops, nor could they summon any monster to the world.

There was no need for confrontation. As long as they hid in the dark and waited for an opportunity to act, this mission should become a lot less difficult.

"In any case, preventing them from absorbing the power of the Cyclops is the key to everything," concluded Evan.

"Indeed, that's what we need to do first," Sirius nodded and continued, "What are we going to do? There are a lot of Dark wizards patrolling inside. They're probably a lot more prudent than this guy. We may not be able to get through those checkpoints by relying on the Invisibility Cloak alone. If we break through ..."

"Well, I have an idea," said Evan, rummaging through his pocket and taking out a bottle of Potion. "I have the Polyjuice Potion here. You can change into Kagal to attract the attention of those Dark wizards. I'll put on the Invisibility Cloak and follow you into that stone door and look for a chance to insert the scabbard in the eye of the Cyclops."

He was well prepared this time, and carried almost all the potions he had been making.

"Okay, let's do it!" Sirius took the Polyjuice Potion and looked at Evan seriously. "But first, if anything goes wrong, you just Disapparate and go to find Hagrid and Madame Maxime. I'll take care of the aftermath."

"All right!" Evan promised. Every time, Sirius did the same, leaving the most dangerous tasks for himself.

He walked over, plucked a few hairs from Kagal's head, and put them into the brown potion. After the color of the potion became orange, Sirius drank it, and his body changed rapidly, becoming taller and stronger. Soon, he looked just like Kagal, down to the vicious look on his face.

Evan nodded and helped him undress Kagal. Then he put on the Invisibility Cloak.

The two returned back through the tunnel. Sirius did not even look at the house-elves who were digging crystals on the wall, and went straight to the stone gate where the Cyclops was.

He slowed down as much as possible to make himself less suspicious and to enable Evan to keep up.

It could be seen that Kagal's status in Raven's Claw was higher than that of those Dark wizards responsible for patrolling.

They were also wearing the Raven's Claw logo on their chests, but the gemstones in their eyes were ordinary obsidian and had no luster.

According to information received from Kagal, Evan knew that this meant they were only foot-soldiers. They had just joined the Raven's Claw or were ordinary wizards with little strength. Only when they were valued as managers could they be qualified, like Kagal, to replace the raven's eyes with sapphires.

With respect, they watched Sirius who had turned into Kagal. No one came to stop him, and no one dared to ask him what had happened to the two fleeing house-elves. Evan followed Sirius through many checkpoints.

They came to the edge of the huge stone gate, not far ahead was the body of the Cyclops.

Although his soul had dissipated, the huge body immersed in the magma still exuded an amazingly oppressive momentum.

The muscles on his body were high and swollen, and his skin was dark red. It seemed to have crystallized after so much contact with the magma. The translucent surface layer was shining like the surrounding crystals; it was probably very hard to break through...

This layer of skin gave the Cyclops strong physical and magical resistance, and it was almost impossible for external attacks to harm it.

Evan couldn't imagine how Ravenclaw's magic had worked on this monster.

The closer he was to the Cyclops, the smaller he felt, and he could hardly breathe under the great pressure.

This was the magical creature of ancient times, with enough power to dominate almost anything.

In addition to the unparalleled momentum and oppression, what impressed Evan most was the size of this creature! Most of his body was immersed in magma, and the exposed part was just like a big mountain in front of his eyes.

From far away, he could barely see the whole picture and identify which part was the head and which was the body.

Now when he got closer, Evan could only see a part of his body, which was all dark red flesh.

On the rock wall above them were thirteen dark black semi-circular platforms.

The Dark wizards of Raven's Claw were on them performing the ritual. They were all dressed in gorgeous robes, inlaid with silver-white hexagonal patterns, and ruby-colored stripes in the middle. They had the same badge as Kagal on their chests.

Their faces were hidden in hoods, and only shadows could be seen.

The Dark wizards kept reading curses, and a large white mist cloud was rising from the magma. Sweat kept seeping from their skins. As the magic gradually came to light, the complex multifarious dark green magical lines extended along the rock wall to the magma pool below.

Around the pool, Evan could see the dense skeletons; including humans, giants, Merpeople, house-elves, and many other creatures he did not know. These dead creatures were the offerings that were required to start the whole Dark ceremony.

In this secret chamber cut off from the outside world in the depths of the earth's core, there had been terrible evil and crazy crimes.

The hymn continued and the magma in the lava pool was churning frantically...

Evan could feel that the power of the Cyclops was slowly moving up the lines. They were gathered into a pale yellow crystal floating in the air.

This was what the Harbinger of Doom called the Energy Stone, a magical item used to carry the power of the Cyclops. It was made of citrine mined from the outside and was engraved with a complex, mysterious pattern. In the center of the design, there were many esoteric ancient fonts, which were probably crucial to the power absorption.

The power flowing into the stone through the magical lines seemed to be liquefied, and the red liquid accumulated inside the energy stone rested suspended at its center.

At present, the accumulated strength inside only filled about one sixth of the stone.

Not long ago, the Harbinger of Doom had taken away an already filled Energy Stone, and it had been replaced by this new one.

Noticing that Sirius had walked in, a Dark wizard standing on the highest platform asked, puzzled, "Kagal, aren't you supposed to be watching the house-elves working there, what are you doing here?"

"I'm here to check. Just now, two house-elves ran away. I chased after them, and found something unusual in the tunnel above," Sirius raised his head and said loudly, imitating Kagal's tone. "Before the Harbinger of Doom left, he warned me to be careful. There have been many wizards on the island recently, and I suspect someone broke in."

"Somebody broke in?!" The Dark wizards looked at him in astonishment and stopped the ongoing evil ritual.

"Yes, I am here to show you the evidence I found!" said Sirius, raising his wand high.

Under the Invisibility Cloak, Evan also clenched his wand...

Chapter 782: Fire and Thunder

The Dark wizards paused, all staring at Sirius below, waiting for him to show evidence of the intruder.

As the evil ritual gradually stopped, in the magma pool, the horrifying force emanating from the Cyclops's body became stronger, and the engravings on the energy stone were shining.

"Kagal, show the evidence you found..."

“As you wish!” said Sirius, pointing his wand at the nearest Dark wizard and emitting a red light.

The next second, the spell hit the unsuspecting wizard, and his hood fell off his head. It was an old wizard. There was consternation on his face full of wrinkles. Under the strong impact, he staggered back a few steps and fell down.

Shocked, everyone looked at Sirius disguised as Kagal, and didn’t understand what he was doing.

But there was something even more shocking awaiting them, and the Dark wizards saw a thirteen-year-old wizard lift off his cloak and appear beside Kagal out of thin air.

Evan’s expression was calm, and the end of the wand in his hand was shining with a dazzling white light. Even in this land of flames, this light was still so dazzling.

There was a thrilling magic in the light, which was the only force around rivaling the one emitted by the Cyclops’s body!

“Who is this boy?!” The question popped up in the Dark wizards’ minds.

They had just seen him appear out of thin air, but Evan’s figure disappeared again. With a sharp sound, he appeared directly on the highest platform.

Evan waved his wand and the magic in his hand turned into a red light as thick as his arm and flew forward at breakneck speed, shooting down the wizard who had just spoken to Sirius.

Immediately afterwards, his wand quickly aimed at another Dark wizard below and he read a spell. There was another flash of red light, and the wizard flew backward, unconscious.

Sirius also Apparated to Evan’s side; they both occupied a favorable terrain, having a clear view of the Dark wizards on the platforms below and were able to attack at the fastest speed...

“*INTRUDERS, you are intruders!*”

“*GO ON, KILL THEM!*”

Evan and Sirius had eliminated four enemies before the rest of the Dark wizards could react.

They were in a mess, shouting loudly and hurriedly pulling out their wands to fight back.

The lights of the spells were everywhere, and Evan stepped back to avoid a curse that was flying towards him.

Normally, Evan and Sirius could never fight thirteen powerful Dark wizards at the same time. Not to mention, there were more than fifty Dark wizards of Raven’s Claw coming in from outside.

There was a ferocious smile on the Dark wizards’ faces. They wanted the two intruders to pay with their lives for what they had done. They were to be both skinned alive, and their corpses to be chopped into pieces and sacrificed to the omnipotent master.

But all this was doomed to be wishful thinking. The Dark wizards on the stone platforms and the guards who had just heard the shouting and ran in saw a silver scabbard in Evan’s hand. A violent power poured into his body. The horrifying power similar to that of the Cyclops was actually in the air.

Under the astonished gaze of the Dark wizards, Evan waved his hand, and formed a sphere of red magic.

The power of lightning gathered in front of Evan, and one after another, it struck the platforms and the open space around the stone gate, killing the Dark wizards below with amazing speed and accuracy.

The other Dark wizards looked at Evan in disbelief and fell into an unprecedented panic. They had never seen this magic before, and they didn't know how the lightning came out.

On the bright red magma, thunder was raging, and with a huge roar, the red lightning kept falling.

The Dark wizards could not understand what magic it was and could not protect themselves. They were struck by lightning; their bodies were quickly shattered, badly mutilated. Their skin blackened and fell off. They gave out shrill howls and lost their will to fight.

But this was not enough. Evan needed more power to break the confidence of these Dark wizards in one fell swoop.

Immediately, his gaze fell on the hot, bright red magma below. Under the guidance of the wand in his hand, the magma rose into the air and quickly turned upwards, like a giant fire serpent hovering inside the chamber.

It rolled fiercely in the air, fused with the red lightning, and with amazing power, it fell down again, hitting the Dark wizards head-on.

Under Evan's control, the power of the scabbard and the magma deep in the core of the earth merged, and the power of this newly born magic increased dramatically.

Those unfortunate Dark wizards who had been struck by a thunderbolt with the power of magma did not even have time to howl. They were burned to the core and turned to ashes in an instant!

The rest instinctively stepped back, looking in horror at the piles of ash on the ground, which used to be their former companions.

In the fire and thunder, everyone raised their necks to look up at Evan. Even Sirius stopped fighting and stared at him.

The deepest fear from the bottom of the heart spread in their bodies. At this moment, the figure of this young wizard standing on the highest platform suddenly became tall and he turned into a god of death...

For the first time, real chaos erupted among the trained evil Dark wizards of Raven's Claw.

This was not a simple fight, but a massacre, just what they thought they wanted!

They had been looking forward to the end of the world, expecting the ancient god to judge everyone. They were calling that day Judgment Day. The real Judgment Day was still far away, but deep in the core of the earth, Evan was conducting a ruthless judgment on them. This was their end.

There was an unprecedented fear in the Dark Wizards' eyes. They stared at Evan with wide eyes, trying to keep in mind the figure of death.

Then they flinched and backed out as fast as they could.

For a while, they gathered around the huge stone gate and dared not come in. They even held their breath, for fear of being heard by the god of death inside. It was as if a line were drawn around any spot that Evan could kill, and none dared to step over the line... No one wanted to die...

A few minutes later, the rolling magma fell back again, and the lightning gradually dissipated.

On the protruding platform of the rock wall, only the stone platform under the feet of Evan and Sirius remained intact.

The rest of the stone platforms had been smashed by lightning and the Dark wizards above had fallen into the magma pool below and were reduced to ashes.

None of the ones who survived on that day would ever forget this scene.

A thirteen- or fourteen-year-old boy, with his "own strength", overwhelmingly suppressed a dozen powerful Dark wizards. This was incredible. If they hadn't seen it with their own eyes, no one would have believed it. But this was a fact ... This was Evan!!!

Chapter 783: Surging Power

In the weird silence, Evan's eyes fell on the Energy Stone in front of him.

It was floating quietly in midair, and the Dark liquified energy was shaking slightly. Evan could feel the power of the Cyclops inside, which was a powerful force combining the vitality of the Cyclops and the power of the original Thunderbolts.

Although not a lot, it was enough to be alarming. An energy stone that had accumulated these powers was likely to be similar to the Philosopher's Stone.

Of course, it was not as durable as the Philosopher's Stone, and it wouldn't endlessly produce magic. When the power inside was exhausted, the energy stone would become an ordinary round crystal with no value. But as a disposable magical prop, this Energy Stone was too luxurious.

Evan couldn't think of any magic that needed such a powerful force, nor did he know what the Harbinger of Doom was going to summon with it.

According to his own estimation, it was not impossible to summon the evil god to this world using seven energy stones full of power together. Not to mention that there were a large number of magical citrines in the hands of the Harbinger of Doom.

Evan gently waved his wand, and the Energy Stone floating in the air quickly flew towards him and fell into his hands.

There was a warm feeling from the black liquid at the bottom, as though a flame was burning inside the stone.

Evan collected the Energy Stone. Although these powers had been extracted from the Cyclops by Dark wizards of Raven's Claw using an evil Dark magic ritual, they might have other unexpected uses.

For example, to end the scuffle in the giants' tribe, Evan remembered the plan he had been forced to give up before: assisting a giant to become the Gurg, reunifying the giants' tribe and becoming their most loyal and solid ally. Thus, the giants would not submit to Voldemort and join him in the war; they could even help the Order of the Phoenix to fight the Death Eaters.

Although the idea was good, it was very difficult to implement.

The key point of this plan was to find a giant who had a good relationship with Evan and enough strength to convince other giants, not to be easily assassinated, and even defeat the Death Eaters.

This was almost impossible, but with this Energy Stone, things became much simpler.

The giants were descendants of the Cyclops, or a more weakened version, they shared the same source of power.

Evan couldn't help but think that as long as the power in the Energy Stone was poured into a giant, he could instantly create a powerful warrior with the smell of a Cyclops. The physical strength would be greatly enhanced, and even lightning magic could be used.

Hagrid's brother, Grawp, was definitely a good choice.

"Evan, be careful, I feel something wrong!" Sirius suddenly warned, watching the Dark wizards outside the door anxiously. "Those guys outside seem to be planning to use some evil magic, something I don't know."

Evan turned his eyes to the huge stone gate, and saw the Dark wizards turn their heads to catch the house-elves madly.

They brought the elves together, waved their wands, and killed them with Avada Kedavra...

The miserable howls and calls for help of the house-elves came in. At the command of their masters, they all dared not run away.

At this moment, Evan missed Hermione's Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare very much, hoping that her ideas could be implemented.

He didn't want to seek wages, holidays or other rights and interests for the elves, but at the very least, before the cruel and inhuman killing by the so-called masters, they could resist, rather than willingly be slaughtered.

The best defense would be offense, not to turn around and run away.

There were hundreds of house-elves outside. They had strong magical power. If they stood up and resisted, the remaining Dark wizards of Raven's Claw were not opponents to them at all.

But now, Evan saw only one-sided bloody massacre and feeble pleas. At this moment, he deeply realized that the servility in the blood of the house-elves was the sorrow of their race...

The power of slavery was deeply embodied in this subordinate race attached to wizards. Those pure-blood wizards who thought that house-elves were born slaves should really come and have a look at this scene.

While feeling sad for the house-elves, Evan couldn't help being on guard.

As Sirius said, this was disturbing dark magic, and the Dark wizards of Raven's Claw intended to use some kind of secret technique.

The eerie atmosphere filled the air, and Evan couldn't imagine what these crazy guys were going to do.

“Whatever they’re going to prepare, it’s definitely not a good thing. We’d better hurry, Evan, and insert the scabbard into the eye of the Cyclops!” Sirius hurriedly said. “Destroy this body, and then we’ll get out of here.”

Without his urging, Evan had already Apparated to the head of the Cyclops below.

Just now on the platform, he had seen the full picture of the Cyclops. His terrible head, exposed from the magma, was facing up, leaning against the back wall.

It was a nightmare face. A huge mouth full of fangs occupied almost half of the face, like a bloody abyss. The other half of the face was occupied by a large single eye. The eyelids were closed and no pupil could be seen.

At this point, Evan was standing on this huge eye. The eyelids were like a layer of hard rock.

A white energy shield naturally emerged around Evan’s body, constructed entirely by Evan’s magic, which resisted the oppression of the powerful force emanating from the Cyclops’s hot body.

He took a deep breath and clenched the silver scabbard with both hands.

Evan’s eyes fell on the giant eye of the Cyclops below, which was the center of the Cyclops.

The mysterious magical array emerged at Evan’s feet. The silvery white light moved quickly, and the magical lines became more and more complex.

Slytherin’s Locket on Evan’s chest floated quietly, the lid opened, and the Philosopher’s Stone inside gave off a soft golden-red light.

Powerful magic flowed into Evan’s body and followed his hands into the scabbard.

He held the scabbard firmly with both hands, straight down, just like holding a real sword, Gryffindor’s Sword.

Centered on the place Evan was holding, the red light shone out and quickly covered the entire scabbard.

The red light was getting stronger and stronger, and in an instant it turned into crimson, with the scabbard as the main body and became a lightning.

With the help of the Philosopher’s Stone, Evan increased the magic output as a basis to mobilize Gryffindor’s power left on the scabbard.

He felt a sudden surge of energy and power in his hands...

Chapter 784: Fighting Side by Side

The scabbard’s thought completely transformed into a red energy body, like a bolt lightning, and Evan was holding this terrible lightning.

At this moment, he was a powerful god, a destructive god capable of destroying everything.

On the stone platform, Sirius closed the huge stone door in the chamber with his wand, turned around and looked at Evan excitedly, feeling the strong power emerging from him.

This power made him feel scared, even afraid to approach. That belonged to Evan’s field alone!

As Evan's elder and former Defense Against the Dark Arts professor, Sirius almost watched Evan grow up step by step in front of him, and every time when he thought that was the limit of Evan, the child would give him an unexpected surprise.

In two years, Evan had broken through countless limits and grown to this point.

The power in Evan's hands was no longer something Sirius could have imagined, and perhaps only wizards at the level of Dumbledore could understand it.

Until now, Sirius couldn't even imagine where Evan's limit was.

He looked at Evan holding the red lightning in his hand and wanted to engrave this picture deeply in his mind. Although still in the dangerous core of the earth, Sirius was slightly distracted.

He remembered Dumbledore's several special conversations with him about Evan. When he first came to teach at Hogwarts, Dumbledore hoped that he would observe Evan's growing strength in secret and limit his moves when necessary.

It was clear that Dumbledore had doubts about Evan.

Sirius, who was grateful to Evan, did not agree with Dumbledore, but he had to admit that it was necessary.

In particular, Evan and Harry had a good relationship, which made Sirius feel inexplicably worried. He was too clear about what power meant to a talented young wizard. He had also seen too many wizards degenerate as they grew up.

Sirius didn't restrict Evan, but he didn't give him the special care he did to Harry and Ron.

But Evan's growth rate had not slowed down, but was getting faster and faster.

It seemed that even Dumbledore had to understand this reality. Restriction was neither desirable nor possible. Guidance was the right way.

After Evan got the Philosopher's Stone left by Gryffindor, Dumbledore clearly expressed this meaning in his conversation with Sirius. He hoped that Sirius could guide Evan and help the child grow into a decent wizard.

After that, Sirius trained Evan according to Auror's training method to make up for his lack of actual combat skills, taught him the truth of how to behave, and specially chose some enemies and tests for Evan to observe his performance in secret.

Although he didn't do much, Evan's performance did satisfy him and Dumbledore.

After Sirius left Hogwarts to serve as Auror, the task of teaching Evan was undertaken by Dumbledore himself.

Before setting off to find the giants, Dumbledore and Sirius had another special conversation about Evan. This time, Dumbledore changed his goal, hoping that Sirius would take this opportunity to help Evan become a qualified wizard.

Therefore, in many things along the way, he seriously consulted Evan, put himself in a secondary auxiliary position, and acted according to Evan's ideas.

Evan's performance made Sirius believe that this child was already a qualified wizard, and could even join the Order of the Phoenix in the battle against Voldemort. Many adult wizards were not as good as him.

He could understand Dumbledore's hard work, and Evan's behavior was not disappointing either. Until then, looking at Evan holding the red Lightning in his hand, Sirius thought he should let go! Continuing guidance or providing help could only limit the growth of this child. The young eagle was ready for flight. To be a great wizard, he had to rely on himself. The help of others was invisible shackles.

Evan didn't know what Sirius was thinking. At this moment, with the help of the Philosopher's Stone, he unleashed all the power on the scabbard, and even merged with the power of the Cyclops in the surrounding space.

The scabbard in his hand was no longer visible, but it incarnated into a pure energy body.

Just like the lightning seen from the outside, energy invisible to the naked eye was turning into substance and surging out.

Evan felt his arms getting heavier and heavier. That was the weight of energy, which was beyond imagination.

It never occurred to him that such a thing as magic could have weight.

The scabbard rested on the eyelids of the Cyclops, and its mighty strength continued to grow.

At this moment, the fully energetic Evan became a god. The deep core of the earth and even the whole world were under his control. He imagined that he could build the world, take the stars off the sky, and arrange them according to his wishes.

He was invincible and all-powerful.

The next second, Evan saw seventeen-year-old Godric Gryffindor, his shadow appearing beside him like a ghost.

With a familiar smile on the corner of his mouth, he walked to Evan and held the scabbard with him.

The surging energy became more powerful. Evan and Gryffindor stood face to face, crossing the ancient times, and the two met again here.

At this moment, Evan was fighting side by side with the great wizard of a thousand years ago, standing with the Founder of Hogwarts.

The entities dissipated, and together they lifted up the fully energetic scabbard, and the crimson lightning in their hands stabbed fiercely.

It easily broke through the protection of the Cyclops's hard skin and penetrated into his huge eye.

The red light flickered. With the insertion of the scabbard, golden blood gushed out ceaselessly, spraying upward like a fountain. With the blood spattering was a powerful force. The strength of the Cyclops reached its peak at this moment.

Roar!!! !!

The Cyclops under Evan let out a shrill roar from the body's instinct. Although his soul and consciousness had dissipated, severe pain still made his body react instinctively.

He stood up shaking, like a giant beast, and soon fell down again.

For a while, there was a huge wave of earth-shaking, a huge force enveloped Evan. He clung to the scabbard to keep himself from being shaken. The magma below rolled violently, hitting the body of the Cyclops like a stormy sea. The entire space was shaking.

The power of the Cyclops was quickly absorbed by the scabbard of Gryffindor's Sword. Some scattered power still filled the whole space. Huge pressure was born in the core of the earth, the crust changed under severe impact, and the thick magma gushed out.

The sound of the explosion kept ringing in the lava pool, followed by another tremendous noise.

The huge ancient stone gate was knocked open and flew backward. The evil ritual of the Dark wizards of Raven's Claw had been completed.

Chapter 785: Erupting Mount Etna

“Stupid intruders, the power of this Cyclops belongs to us, to Raven's Claw!”

With the snarling roar, Evan and Sirius turned their heads and saw the figure of a Dark wizard outside the stone gate.

More precisely, he could no longer be regarded as a person, but a monster!

There was an ominous purple halo shimmering around his body, a very violent magic, the power of blood and shadow.

His height had increased significantly, far more than ordinary people, and he was about the size of Hagrid. The face and skin were covered with purple patterns, as if bitten by a venomous spider. The original normal body twisted and changed, and it seemed to become somewhat iridescent.

The exquisite robes were torn by bulging muscles, the blood vessels were protruding, and the surface layer was covered with black folds.

Behind him were piles of dead house-elves, their bulging eyes wide open as though unwillingly staring at the monster in front of them, their faces mingled with humble, frightened and resentful expressions. Their souls had been mercilessly drawn out and poured into the monster.

The rest of the Dark wizards murmured and gathered in a circle for an evil ceremony. The expressions on their faces were wild and excited.

They looked at the monster in the circle with excitement, breathing short and fast, excited by their master's miracle.

This was the so-called gift, the ancient god's blessing believed in by Raven's claw, which could turn a member into a terrible semi-demonized creature.

He dedicated half of his flesh and blood to the ancient god, and the extra space was filled by the shadow energy generated by the annihilation of the souls of the house-elves.

As the ritual progressed, his size became larger and larger, and the irritability of his body became more and more obvious.

Evan could feel the horror of the monster and the magic that was skyrocketing in it.

This was the first time he had seen this kind of Dark magic, which was not impossible in theory, but few people would do it.

This crazy guy was simply seeking his own death by using Dark magic to fill the irritability directly into his body.

When the magic returned to peace, that is, when he died, even his soul would completely disappear.

But before that, he was indeed invincible. The magic of flesh and blood made him almost impossible to defeat. Ordinary magic spells could no longer work on him. Only pure crushing on magic and strength could destroy him.

Few wizards had such strong magic, and they were not necessarily willing to pay such a high price and die together with their opponents.

The wisest way to deal with such a monster was to temporarily retreat, rather than confront it directly.

The Dark wizard of Raven's Claw was really crazy, and would rather give up his soul for the ancient god he believed in.

Even the most heartfelt Death Eater of Voldemort would not have done so.

Inside the rock core, flames were flying, and clumps of burning fire elements were floating in mid-air, the scene in front of them was particularly shocking.

"What are you doing?!" Through the huge stone gate, the newborn monster looked at the sight in horror, and then his eyes fell on Evan and the scabbard in his hand that had pierced the Cyclops's eye, and he growled harshly, "No ... stop, this is the power of Raven's Claw!"

Evan ignored him. He knew that the ritual had not yet been completed, and that the terrible monster had no way to come yet.

He had to hurry up and destroy the Cyclops before that.

The next second, Evan increased the magic input, and the scabbard in his hand continued to force down.

The scabbard was almost completely inserted into the Cyclops's eye, immersed deeply downwards, and the golden blood gushed out ceaselessly.

That was an extremely rude way to absorb. Under Evan, the Cyclops once again uttered an unwilling roar, taking the place where the scabbard was inserted as an outlet, and his huge strength and vitality were venting wildly.

“Stop, stupid intruders, I will kill you, and I will give your souls to the master!” Outside the stone door, the monster roared frantically, “Come on, my strength, the master can see ... the master can see.”

He no longer had the patience to wait until the end of the ceremony, swinging his arms and slapping the Dark wizard in front of him.

The purple halo around the monster became more pronounced, and he roared into the door and rushed towards Evan.

He was going to tear up the boy; he was going to let him taste the fury of Raven’s Claw.

Sirius brandished his wand and sent out several spells, hitting him with accuracy, but none of them worked.

Evan gasped, and then raised his wand and pointed at him.

Boom, boom, boom!!!

With the power above the scabbard, he sent out a series of crimson lightning to hit him, burning inside and outside.

The purple magic had become even more irritable, his head was fully energized, and lightning only left layers of waves on him.

“Funny magic, a weak spell, I will show you the power of my master!” He uttered a painful howl, the expression on his face was distorted, and the magic of his whole body was burning like fire, “Ah, I can’t stand it anymore; my soul and flesh all belong to my master!”

His body swelled around again. He seemed to have lost his reason, and pounced on Evan.

At this moment, the last power in the Cyclops quickly burst out.

A blue magical rune flashed out from the scabbard and floated in the air. This was the seal magic left by Ravenclaw.

In a violent shaking, the Cyclops stood up from the lava, and the magma stirred frantically.

This was a confrontation between monsters. Evan clenched his scabbard tightly with both hands. His whole body was hanging on the Cyclops, swinging like a weightless doll, spinning and flying in the chamber deep in the rock core.

The roar of the Cyclops, the howl of the demonized monster and the huge explosion coming from the magma were mixed together. In this narrow space, countless boulders fell, the underground magma was erupting, and the fire was burning.

Evan knew it was almost over. Although he hadn’t absorbed all the power of the Cyclops, it was enough.

The scabbard’s absorption speed and bearing capacity had reached the limit, and it was not allowed to continue.

It was not just the terrible monster of Raven's Claw, but the pressure in the core was building up and the volcano was about to erupt.

That was the power of angry nature, stronger than any magic.

Big rocks were falling, the cave was collapsing, if they didn't leave the place, they would stay here forever.

As the Cyclops shook vigorously, Evan's wand was pointed at his feet.

With a bang, under the reaction of the curse, his body quickly flew backward, pulling out the scabbard by force.

On the highest platform, Sirius also jumped out and caught Evan in the air.

The two Disapparated, leaving only two crazy monsters howling and roaring in the magma.

The next second, they Apparated in the woods. Not far away, Mount Etna was violently erupting, and a column of smoke rose to the sky.

Chapter 786: The Lighthouse

Dark red magma gushed into the rolling black smoke, the loud rumble sounded from all sides, and the burning red rocks were pushed high into the air and fell quickly, leaving thousands of red flaming scratches in the smoke screen.

The gushing magma swallowed up the land, and the black smoke filled the sky, which became turbid.

At this moment, most of Sicily was shrouded in thick smoke and dark clouds. It was like the end of the world.

Although the process was not perfect, Evan had largely completed the commission of Gryffindor's thought.

The Cyclops and the Dark wizards of Raven's Claw would be buried in the cave deep in the core of the earth. No one would be able to come out and no one would be able to find them. Digging a collapsed cave thousands of feet underground was almost impossible.

Evan gasped, looking at the scabbard of Gryffindor's sword in his hand.

It was still stained with the golden blood of the Cyclops, but its power gradually returned to calm, and the strange magic did not continue to flow.

Apart from the occasional sprinkling of terror, it was like a normal scabbard, old and ordinary.

The power of the Cyclops and the seal magic left by Ravenclaw had reached a delicate balance.

Before he could completely suppress the power of the Cyclops, Evan thought it was better not to destroy the balance for the time being.

"Evan, are you okay?" said Sirius, looking at the erupting volcano in the distance.

"I'm fine ... just a little skin injury ... just a simple treatment!" Evan lowered his head and saw his arms and body bleeding in many places.

He took out Dittany and dripped it on them one by one. The wounds coagulated instantly.

Dittany was a potion for traumatic injuries. It was particularly effective in treating moderate wounds.

Evan's wounds and bruises were caused by the Cyclops throwing him around, as well as a large number of rocks falling. The worst thing was that he finally resisted the attack of the monster that the Dark wizard of Raven's Claw turned into. Even with the protection of the shield, Evan was still sore all over and had the feeling that his bones would fall apart.

That horrible, mysterious Dark magic could merge the power of the wizard and the shadow energy to make a monster, which was really terrible...

This was the gift of the evil god, beyond the ordinary sense of evil Dark magic.

Evan was not confident he could defeat that monster if they met again. He'll go back and look through magical books to see if there was any way to counter it.

"The Dark wizards of Raven's Claw can't run away, and they'll all stay there to be buried with the Cyclops," said Sirius, looking back at Evan. He squatted down to help him deal with the wounds. "What are you going to do next?"

The scene of Evan inserting the crimson scabbard like lightning into the eye of the Cyclops was still frozen in his mind.

He had already guessed Evan's answer. If he hadn't hesitated to stop Evan before that, he would have written to Dumbledore about the situation here, the mysterious, powerful Dark wizards of Raven's Claw, and how strong the Harbinger of Doom might be.

After all, he was the last husband of Natalia, the dangerous Dark witch of the same age as Dumbledore.

But now Sirius was going to support Evan, although he knew it was dangerous. Only through facing the danger could the strength of a wizard be improved rapidly.

Looking at the growing Evan in front of him, Sirius couldn't help but think he should add some experience to Harry after returning.

"The matter of the giants is not urgent. Let Hagrid and Madame Maxime gather them first. I have a better idea to get rid of the giants and those Death Eaters once and for all. What needs to be dealt with now is the ancient existence that the Harbinger of Doom is about to summon. We'll both go to the lighthouse by the sea to see what we may find," Evan mused, remembering his vision in Ravenclaw's memory. "They may be looking for a ship. I have some clues about their magical city that sank at the bottom of the sea. I may have to board a ghost ship full of the dead to get there..."

Evan recounted the situation, and after a short repair, he and Sirius Apparated to the seaside again.

In front of them was a majestic old lighthouse towering above a rocky cliff by the sea. It was located in the Northern Cape of Sicily. In front of Evan and Sirius, there was an endless blue sea

with the sky and sea level intertwined. This was the famous Strait of Messina, overlooking the Italian peninsula.

The door of the lighthouse was a heavy iron gate, rusted by the sea breeze.

At the corner of the door, thick wires could be seen exposed outside the blue bricks. This lighthouse was jointly managed by Muggles and wizards.

At night, it would use electricity to emit strong light to navigate the passing ships.

The rumor lights had been treated with special magic. While guiding the way, they could protect the ships from the magical visions on the Strait of Messina, such as Sirens, the Great Whirlpool, and the horrifying ghost ship.

After the Dark wizards of Raven's Claw extinguished the lighthouse, these ancient magical visions reappeared...

Sirius pushed open the iron door, which made a heartbreaking creak.

Similarly, the rusty system staircase spiraled up, and the gaps between the ruined stairs on both sides were hollowed out.

For someone acrophobic like Evan, walking on it was a tough challenge.

With the sound of the waves beating against the rocks, he and Sirius walked into the lighthouse with their wands straight up.

Despite the light footsteps, the collision between the soles and the stairs still gave a terrible echo.

Evan had a feeling that this decaying lighthouse seemed to have been changed into a terrible monster. The two of them were walking into its mouth, and the stairs under them were not so reassuring, as though they were about to collapse.

The only good thing was that they did not meet the Dark wizards of Raven's Claw, and there was no one in the lighthouse.

However, this was not good news. If no clue could be found here, then they couldn't know where the city the Harbinger of Doom was going to was.

Before making sure, Evan couldn't come across the ghost ship in the sea, and board it blindly.

When they got to the top of the lighthouse, the sky began to dim.

This was a place similar to a castle tower, with a square room inside, dark and opaque.

With the light of his wand, Evan touched the power switch, and nothing happened.

Sirius opened the door to the outside, and they could see the stars hanging in the dusk sky, and the volcano still erupting in the distance. The smoke column mixed with volcanic ash continued to rise, and the red magma was flowing down the hillside.

"No one's here, those guys may ..." Sirius suddenly stopped.

Disappearing with the sound was the light at the end of the two wands, shrouded in disturbing darkness.

Chapter 787: The Chart

Darkness gathered from all sides, compressing the light at the end of the wands into two tiny spots of light.

Weird magic flickered, and Evan heard something crawling on the ground and making unpleasant frictions.

The sound of rustling, some kind of monster was crawling near in the dark, getting closer and closer to them ...

“Sirius!” Evan called out, but there was no response.

In this endless darkness, the sound seemed to have lost its effect.

The erupting volcano and the stars in the sky outside the lighthouse had also lost their luster, and the sense of uneasiness and pressure was getting stronger and stronger.

Evan tried to grab Sirius’s arm, but he touched nothing. Sirius had disappeared!

His eyes were blurred. It was foggy around, and he was surrounded by a damp black mist with a fishy smell.

In this darkness, he heard a voice talking to him, not Sirius’s, but a deep man’s voice, hoarse and shrill, which told Evan that he was watching him, and...

Evan focused his attention to understand what it was saying, but there were more and more voices around him, more and more annoying.

They were all shouting Evan’s name. Some emotions in his body seemed to be sucked away by them, leaving only an endless blank and lonely soul in Evan’s body, wandering in this lonely dark lighthouse, waiting for the end.

The memories of the past flashed through Evan’s mind like a slide, from far to near. The things of childhood and the little things when he first went to school at Hogwarts were clearly appearing, and then at the Yule ball not long ago, he danced with the dressed-up Hermione, and then they went on a date in the dark garden...

Without exception, these memories were all black and white, just like yellowing old photos, to make one have a touch of sadness.

In the dark fog, Evan saw a pair of eyes suddenly open, and then another pair, more and more...

They were like some kind of monster with many eyes, all looking at Evan, and saying crazy words.

Evan was familiar with this feeling. He had experienced similar things in the Centaurs’ temple a year ago.

They were terrible creations of the evil god, and they were in this room.

Evan knew what to do. He raised his wand high and shouted, “*Expecto Patronum!*“

The silver-white Patronus burst out from the end of the wand, bringing light to this dark place.

It whirled quickly around the room. Evan looked at his Patronus and felt as though something had changed, not just the appearance of the kitten before, but his attention was quickly diverted and something more amazing appeared in front of him.

The light at the end of his wand came back on, and Evan saw that there was no dark fog around.

Sirius was also standing beside him, confused, with something like a black tentacle on his shoulder. Along the tentacle, there was a shadow lying behind Sirius.

No, it was a monster!

This monster had no substance, and its body was a translucent shadow.

It was a bit like some kind of indescribable slimy monster, with a large bloody basin mouth in front, and two thick tentacles under the mouth.

It was lying on Sirius's back, and a silvery white light that seemed to be a memory was sucked out of him.

Around them, more of these monsters were approaching. They were the eyes that Evan had seen in the darkness.

The silver-white Patronus came, and the white magical barrier spread out.

The monsters' movements became noticeably sluggish, and they slowly backed away, staring at Evan in disgust. They wanted to retreat into the shadow of the lighthouse and hide again.

But under the power of the Patronus, all of them were quickly destroyed, and the shadows disappeared in the air...

The unpleasant sensation in the air, as well as the thick fishy smell disappeared.

"What happened just now?" said Sirius, breathing harder than the cold sea breeze, the expression on his face gradually recovered. "Just now, I seemed to have been back in the dark days of Azkaban. I saw a lot of terrible things ..."

"It's some kind of creation of the evil god, which looks like a shadow monster. It's something I haven't seen before, but like Dementors, they can evoke unpleasant memories and suck something out of the body." Evan described what he had seen. The ancient god and the new evil god that Raven's Claw believed in gradually coincided.

No wonder those Muggles who came in to repair the circuit were going mad in the end. It was these monsters who played tricks behind their backs and sucked their reason away.

"That's crazy!" Sirius mumbled. "Bad memories, bad feelings!"

Because of his past experience, he was vulnerable to Dark monsters like Dementors.

Evan asked Sirius to recover in place, and he went to the electric box in the corner and tried to push the switch.

The next second, the lights were lit, and the extinguished lighthouse resumed its light.

In the bright light, Evan finally saw the whole picture of the room at the top of the lighthouse.

It was full of all kinds of miscellaneous things, most of which were used by Muggles.

Next to the door leading to the outside, there was a table with a large chart marked with a pen.

Sirius had recovered. He noticed the huge chart and walked over to look at it.

“Evan, come and have a look!” He said, with his index finger swiping on the chart. “This is the Strait of Messina, but it seems different from what we’ve seen. I’m not sure there are so many monsters living in this sea area. “

Evan walked up to Sirius and the yellowed chart in front of them was obviously very old. The above were all symbols he couldn’t understand, indicating latitude and longitude, wind direction, ocean current changes, seawater depth, etc., to the point that every reef was recorded in detail.

But as Sirius said, the most amazing thing about the chart was that there were all kinds of monsters. The sirens alone were divided into three kinds. They lived on the islands and reefs near the Strait of Messina. Scylla that Evan knew from the terrifying dogs’ heads on her waist was just one of them.

At the top left of the map, near the Italian Peninsula, was a huge whirlpool, the Whirlpool of Charybdis.

A row of small characters was written next to the large whirlpool with a red pen, describing the ruins below.

The Dark wizards of Raven’s Claw seemed to think that the ruins there were very important, hiding some vital clues. And Rowena Ravenclaw had been there before and left the gift of the goddess of war to the Ravenclaw family there forever.

As for what exactly was in the ruins, they didn’t know, because like the wizards of the Ministry of Magic, they simply couldn’t get in.

Chapter 788: The Fog

Combined with this chart, Evan ran through the clues he had gathered before, and things became very clear.

The Dark wizards of Raven’s Claw had no way to enter the ruins, but an ancient creature in the nearby undersea city was willing to help them. As long as the Harbinger of Doom released it, summoning it with seven energy stones full of the power of the Cyclops, it could help Raven’s Claw to open the seal of the ruins in the great whirlpool.

Immediately, Evan’s eyes fell on a row of dotted lines surrounding the whirlpool, which was the trajectory of the ghost ship.

Ravenclaw and Gryffindor had said that the ship of the dead was the only way to get into the sunken city.

It circled around Sicily in the Mediterranean Sea. The Strait of Messina was a section that it must pass in the course of its voyage.

It could be seen from the marks and information on the chart that it was not so easy to encounter this ghost ship.

It was protected by bizarre magic. Neither Muggles nor wizards could see it under normal circumstances. They could only meet it by chance.

This sea was so large that it was impossible to float aimlessly in search of a ghost ship full of the dead.

The Dark wizards of Raven's Claw seemed to have found a way. Through hundreds of years of observation, they found that every six months, the ghost ship would be attracted by the singing of Scylla and stay for a short time near a rock called The Rock of the Sirens.

Even though they had been dead for thousands of years, the sailors were still confused by the singing of the Sirens, but they would never die again.

With his hands on the chart, Evan quickly measured the distance. The Rock of Sirens was located in the sea area directly opposite the lighthouse.

Grosso, the keeper of the sirens, said that only when the light of the lighthouse was turned off, would the sirens come out to sing and confuse the passing ships.

This was also the main reason why the Raven's Claws had extinguished the lighthouse. They wanted to use the singing of the sirens to attract the ghost ship.

Immediately afterwards, Evan thought that since the Harbinger of Doom left the core of the earth and set out to that city, the ghost ship's stay time might be today!

No wonder there were no Dark wizards of Raven's Claw in the tower anymore. They had reached their goal, waiting for the ghost ship.

As for others, they might have been sent to the depths of the earth's core to verify the unexpected situation there after seeing the eruption of the volcano...

Thinking of this, Evan rushed out to the outside of the lighthouse. By the light of the magma erupting from the volcano in the distance, he saw a huge black rock standing on the sea surface, beside which stood a huge sailing boat with green light.

"We must hurry up, Sirius, and go there. Hurry up, APPARITION!"

A few seconds later, Evan and Sirius Apparated, ready to go directly onto the ghost ship.

But they did not arrive on the sailing boat, and in the middle of the way they fell into the icy water.

Strange magical forces had stopped them, preventing the wizards from approaching the ship this way with Apparition!

Evan floated on the water with both hands, and the cold wind blew his hair relentlessly. He couldn't help shivering.

A thick fog appeared abruptly around him, with strange magical waves, isolating everything.

Unease and anxiety followed, with visibility of less than three feet nearby and a vast expanse of whiteness everywhere.

The fog had a weird characteristic. Evan felt that the magic in his body was limited, and some of it had lost its effect.

“*LumosMaxima!*” He shouted, took out his wand and waved it, but there was no reaction.

Immediately afterwards, he changed another spell, and the end of his wand emitted a green light, amazingly powerful.

“This fog ...” Evan looked in confusion at the green light disappearing in the fog. It was Dark magic.

Just then, Sirius also emerged from the sea and looked around.

“I was just at the lighthouse and I didn’t see such a thick fog,” he said puzzled, then frowned, and felt the fog’s restriction on magic. “There’s something wrong here, our magic seems to have lost its effect.”

“It’s the magic on that ghost ship. This is a very special magical wave that creates a realm belonging to the dead. It prevents Apparition and other positive or neutral spells, but it promotes Dark magic. We...”

Evan paused, and in the fog, a beautiful and charming singing girl’s voice came intermittently, like the sound of nature, but it was mixed with the repressed barking and gasping voice of dogs, making all this weird and dreamy.

This was the voice of Scylla, the siren. Evan had previously heard it in Ravenclaw’s memory.

“Beware of the sirens. They are very close here. I heard there are hundreds nearby,” said Evan, clenching his wand.

At the thought of that terrifying creature with the upper body of an 18-year-old girl and the lower body of a mermaid’s tail fin and fierce dogs’ heads, he had goosebumps. Although they had been raised for many years, these sirens had no problems eating people.

Mr. Grosso had previously told Evan that the Sirens liked young boys of his age the most, and after catching them, they kept them in their lairs.

“What should we do now, just swim to the side of that big ship?” Sirius said.

“It’s best not to do that, it’s too risky. I just tried it. Apparition does not work, and the Invisibility Cloak can’t be used. In the sea water, we can’t be opponents to those sirens,” said Evan.

Immediately, he looked down at the shining owl pendant on his wrist, *Shukrya’s Redemption*.

In this mist, shaman magic worked like Dark magic and could be used.

“The power of this pendant ...” Evan looked at Sirius, his body changing into a ghostly owl. “I’ll go and see the situation first. You go back to the lighthouse and wait for me. I’ll be back in a moment.”

Evan circled over Sirius and flew deeper into the mist.

Because of the ghost ship, this area belonged to the realm of the dead, and the effect of Dark magic had been enhanced.

The power of the shaman on the pendant was a kind of soul magic, and it had been improved accordingly.

Evan felt he was stronger than he'd been in the Owl Fortress.

He passed quickly forward, and soon he saw a large black rock appearing in front of him.

There were many Sirens on the rock. They seemed very happy, laughing and singing beautifully from time to time. The upper parts of these sirens were all like young girls, all undressed.

Opposite them was the huge sailing ship with a faint green light. The pale-skinned crew members were lying on the side of the ship and silently looking at the sirens below. They were like the most terrible corpses. Their bodies were rotten and covered with wisps of seaweed, revealing their white bones.

It was really a weird scene, the Sirens and the undead sailors who were bewildered by them...

Even though their lives had gone, they still could not stop their lust for beauty.

Chapter 789: City of the Dead

This beauty was undoubtedly deadly. Even though there was dense fog, through the afterglow of the setting sun and the light of the lava of the volcano erupting in the distance, Evan could vaguely see the bodies of the sirens hiding under the sea water.

They had three to seven legs and each pair of legs corresponded to a scary furry dog's head.

The most striking thing on the head was the big mouth with three layers of sharp teeth, dense and filled with dark death.

The parts below their waists were usually huddled in empty nests, their heads protruding from the terrible abyss, visiting the rocks for delicious food, or making a beautiful song to draw ships closer.

Because the lighthouse that had long restrained them had been extinguished, they seemed to have become a little unscrupulous, exposing their bodies.

In fact, Sirens were close relatives of Merpeople. There were many kinds of sirens, but they never appeared in the Care of Magical Creatures class. Only the seventh year Defence Against the Dark Arts textbook would cover this dark monster.

Even though Evan was prepared, the scene in front of him still looked shocking.

The sirens were very interested in the ghost ship that appeared suddenly, sending out bursts of delicate gasps, trying their best to lure the above crew down.

No man could resist the sound of their temptations, even the undead.

But Evan had no doubt that if any undead crew dared to disembark, these sirens would definitely tear them apart instantly.

Such a weird and evil scene had been repeated for thousands of years...

In the fog, Evan, as a ghostly owl, hovered over the black rock and the decaying sailboat, but not too close.

Through the fog curtain, his gaze shifted from the Sirens to the morbid-looking undead on the deck.

Then Evan soon saw one of the human wizards, the Harbinger of Doom, in exquisite blue robes that were incompatible with the undead.

The Harbinger of Doom was standing at the top of the deck, his face still hidden in the shadow of the hood.

He wasn't looking at the sirens below, but he turned to the other side, looking at Mount Etna erupting in Sicily.

Whether the Harbinger of Doom knew about what had happened in the depths of the earth's core or not, Evan was not sure, but he went down a little bit.

The undead on board did not approach the Harbinger of Doom, but were busy with their own affairs.

It was as though they thought of this human Dark wizard as one of their kind. It was really strange that Evan didn't feel the wave of magic in him!

This Dark wizard was too weird and there were many extraordinary things about him.

Evan didn't dare to come too close to him, for fear of being discovered. He slowly flew around the ghost ship under the cover of thick fog.

A few minutes later, a huge monster stepped out of the cabin, walked to the Harbinger of Doom and said something to him.

There was a conversation between them, and then the Harbinger of Doom went down the deck and entered the cabin.

When his figure disappeared, Evan dropped slowly and landed quietly on the mast.

After years of immersion in the sea water, the wood under his feet had rotted, and the surface was covered with green plants like seaweed. They were greasy and unpleasant to step on, but under the effect of magic, they still kept their original shape.

He was in a ghostly shape now, and the dead sailors didn't notice the intruder who landed on the mast.

They were still there silently looking at the sirens on the black rock, with emotional expressions on their faces.

That was greed and desire for beauty, and just like normal humans, they were keeping in memory the scene in front of them.

The dark green and blue lights alternated, and Evan focused his attention on the undead below.

He saw the great undead, who had just talked to the Harbinger of Doom, with a certain ragged captain's hat on his head. He was about the height of a giant, his pale skin glowed green and was covered with a lot of unpleasant seaweed and shellfish.

Like the undead sailors around, from time to time, his rotten body showed white bones, and yellow maggots slowly creeping.

The most amazing thing was his face, which was also different from the other undead.

There were many tiny purple tentacles on that face, like an octopus that had shrunk countless times. The tentacles were constantly wiggling...

Evan felt a strong smell of Dark magic on this monster, just like the smell on the monster the Raven's Claw Dark wizard had turned into in the core of the earth. The Harbinger of Doom seemed to have made some modifications to it.

The undead, who appeared to be the captain, roared a few times at the crew leaning on the side of the ship, making a meaningless and frightening sound.

The crew immediately left the ship's side and got busy again. The ghost ship started to move forward.

Evan saw the black rock full of sirens receding rapidly and it was soon obscured by thick fog...

Ten seconds later, the erupting volcano, the lighthouse by the sea, and Sicily all disappeared.

In the haze, Evan saw the undead on the deck driving the ship with unimaginable agility.

At present, the ship was in a strange space, moving at a rather fast speed. It was a bit like using Apparition or a Portkey. Evan could be sure they were not in the real sea.

This was a strange magic, belonging to the realm of the undead. The fog around was getting thicker and thicker. Evan was in a trance and closed his eyes.

When he opened his eyes again, there was only unreal white around him, constantly changing.

The oppressive fog shrouded the world, and even the boat beneath him disappeared, and he was not sure whether it was still sailing.

Time passed quietly. It might be a second or a century.

The huge sailboat rocked suddenly, and Evan heard the sound of the sea waves. There seemed to be something huge coming out of the water.

The shaking was getting more and more violent... the ship was shaking ... the world was trembling.

The next second, huge water pressure hit him head-on, and Evan choked on a mouthful of water. He realized that he was being pulled underwater.

He hurriedly held his breath. In the dim water, he saw a monster that was hundreds of feet long and seemed to be an octopus towing the sailboat ahead.

Countless tentacles with suckers and barbs tightly wound the ship. In the center was a red abyss full of fangs.

That was its mouth. A large amount of seawater was sucked into it, and then quickly sprayed out, forming a strong current.

With this recoil force, the monster took the sailboat to dive rapidly, with astonishing speed.

On the seabed below, an ancient city was standing there quietly.

Chapter 790: The Ancient Existence

This huge city, lying deep on the dark sea floor was more precisely the ruins of a city.

As far as Evan could see, broken walls were everywhere. It seemed that there had been a big explosion in the center of the undersea city, which tore it apart. The once magnificent buildings had collapsed, leaving only stone pillars standing in the depths of the seabed to prove its former glory.

Close to the center of the city was a large pit like an abyss. There was only a piece of scorched earth in the nearby land, and all buildings no longer existed.

That was really terrible. What happened to this magical city? Why did it sink to the bottom of the sea?

Evan didn't have time to take a closer look or to think about it. He quickly slipped off the boat, released his magic and turned back to his own appearance. He took a bunch of Gillyweed from the cloth bag and swallowed it together with the seawater. He didn't even have time to chew it.

He gasped hard, but all he could breathe was the cold water. At that moment, Evan felt like he was going to be drowned like this.

He raised his head and looked up, trying to surface. But above it was an endless darkness. He was now deep in the sea.

Evan exhaled a series of air bubbles, his lungs seemed to be hollowed out, and his body was supported by the sea water. The cold and bitter seawater poured into his body mercilessly and merged with him.

The next second, there was a deep pain on both sides of his neck. Two slits were opened at the bottom of his ears and gills slowly grew out of them.

The sea water came out smoothly of the gills, and Evan could easily breathe the dissolved oxygen.

He gulped into the sea water and came back to life. In front of him, the big octopus squirted back a strong current, curled up and stretched quickly, pulling the sailboat to gallop away, and soon disappeared. The sea water gradually returned to calm...

In the darkness, Evan was alone, and the city below was standing silently.

With the help of Gillyweed, Evan could clearly see everything under the water.

This place was extraordinary and full of strange magic everywhere.

He breathed flat, raised his vigilance, and slowly approached the city. From afar, he saw a lot of restless souls wandering in the ruins of the city below. Like the fog floating around the ghost ship, inexplicable depression came in from all directions, squeezing him.

As Ravenclaw said, this was the realm of the dead, a veritable city of the dead.

Five minutes later, he landed on the bottom of the sea, surrounded by rocks and building ruins with water plants, corals and other shellfish.

In addition to normal natural plants, there were many amazing magical species that Evan had never seen.

The plant next to him, for instance, seemed like a blue crystal pillar. The slender rattan stems were covered with dense cylindrical leaves, floating upside down on the seafloor, rising from among the ruins and slowly floating.

Evan did not approach the plants or the dead, but explored the remote edge of the city.

The mysterious undersea city in front of him made him have too many questions, and the architectural style was also very strange. There were many places that seemed primitive and in line with the level of technological construction of the Dark Ages a thousand years ago but surprising in more details.

He swam quickly towards the central area, and within the ruins of these buildings, Evan saw exquisite and complex runes. They were set in magical purple crystals on walls and floors, with ancient magical words on the edges that he did not understand.

Evan didn't know what these runes were for. The size of the building in front of him was astonishingly large. It seemed that the residents who used to live in the ruins were giants, or other species of the same height as the giants.

Beyond that, what surprised Evan most was the ghosts wandering around the city. They looked similar to today's humans, and many of them were indeed ordinary people, wearing Muggle costumes.

However, there were still many wizard-like guys, some holding wands, others holding long staves.

Although Evan tried to stay as far away as possible, after seeing him, the ghosts rushed up without exception and attacked him.

The ghosts of wizards could even use magic to cast green light with their wands.

Limited by the weird magic within the ruins, Evan could now only use Dark magic to fight back. The effect was amazing, soul-type spells could easily defeat these ghosts, but this kind of fight was meaningless and endless.

In the end, Evan had to use the pendant on his wrist to change back into a ghostly owl, and those guys stopped attacking him.

The big octopus had dragged the sailboat and he didn't know where it had gone. He moved slowly forward alone in the ruins.

The inexplicable sense of depression and loneliness was getting stronger and stronger. He wanted to find valuable clues, and then know the name of the city, and know what had happened here, but the original explosion was completely devastating, and thousands of years had erased everything.

There was nothing left in the city but the uncommunicative ghosts and the ubiquitous ruins.

This was not the way to go on. Evan rose again and looked down at the city below.

Suddenly, a black ripple flashed, and he quickly turned his head to see the Harbinger of Doom appear in the center of the city, standing on the edge of the abyss.

He was alone in that place, and he took out the energy stone full of the Cyclops's power.

“Has the summoning started?” Evan whispered.

He had been there before, near the core of the explosion, and there was nothing but the terrible pit. But in the blink of an eye, with the action of the Harbinger of Doom, a transparent figure emerged from the abyss, getting bigger and bigger...

It was a strange creature that could not be described in words. If it was to be described, it was a monster with stacked layers of expanded water patterns. Its body was full of waves, and it was holding a large disproportionate stone sword.

“Hahaha, huge power is calling me!”

A quaint voice sounded, a powerful force came, and a cyan flash appeared in the ruins on the other side of the city, like a magical barrier, trying to press back the virtual shadow of the monster in the abyss, but it did not last long and soon broke apart.

With the sound of the broken mirror, there was silence again.

“Is this the magic that Ionian Wizards were proud of?! This is ridiculous, the old seal has loosened, and I will escape the cage of time!” The monster ghost waved his arms and roared, “I am back, the abyss will devour you! Welcome the end, stupid on the ground! “

Evan looked at the monster summoned in the distance, thought about it, and swam to the ruins where the blue light had just appeared.