

Harry Potter 801

Chapter 801: Origin and Evolution

In the direction Cronos looked at, Evan looked up and saw the cosmic stars in the crack of the rock wall.

In the changing aurora, a giant meteor whistled by and disappeared instantly...

“Rowena Ravenclaw’s power comes from the universe?” Evan was surprised. “The gift of the goddess of war, Morrigan?!”

“The gods, demons, and other magical creatures with powerful magic in your human eyes are not originally native creatures of the planet,” said Cronos, seeing Evan’s perplexity, “After the Titans fell, they found their way here from the universe through various means...”

“Wait a minute, are you saying that those magical creatures and even wizards are descendants of alien creatures?!” Evan asked hurriedly. “How is that possible? You just said that the Titans’ duty was to bestow life, you have created many beings.”

“I’m glad you know about this. Titans have not been forgotten by the world. Yes, at the beginning of the birth of this planet, we used rocks, magma, sea water, steel and air to create all kinds of creations, such as the Cyclops you’ve seen. These creations were called the First Generation. They had life, but they had no flesh and blood, and could not reproduce later generations.”

“The First Generation beings!” Evan remembered the Cyclops immersed in magma.

“Yes, the First Generation beings possessed immense power. They helped us fight the ancient gods from the void and maintain the balance of the planet,” said Cronos, shifting his gaze back to Evan. “After the fall of the Titans, these creatures, for some reason, gained flesh and blood in the long process of life. They gradually forgot their original mission and gradually evolved. Their descendants became the main source of life on this planet today...”

“Like the giants of Sicily!” said Evan, nodding his head, a little bit understanding what the other meant.

Giants were descendants of the Cyclops, and they had far more brute power than ordinary humans, but their power was far from that of the Cyclops, with flesh and blood that allowed them to have emotions, and at the same time they could be injured and die, unable to use magic, let alone immerse their bodies in magma to restore strength.

“The giants are one of them, as well as the goblins, the Centaurs, and the Merpeople you are familiar with ... and even you humans!”

“Humans, too, evolved from Titans’ creations?” Evan asked.

“Yes, you are the more successful branch of evolution,” Cronos went on. “Don’t be surprised, and don’t doubt. In a broad sense, all humanoids on this planet are actually descendants of Titans’ creations, but their power doesn’t come entirely from us.”

“What do you mean?”

“I just said that in the final battle, the seal left by the Titans was incomplete. We expected that the first generation of creation would have flesh and blood, and gradually evolve. That was what we hoped for, to make this planet become more energetic. But because we worried that too much power would attract the attention of those in the void, we have not left the seeds of magic in the initial order. In our original design, you were supposed to gradually lose the ability to use magic during your evolution, just like how the giants cannot use the thunderous power of their ancestors, or how Centaurs cannot use the power of nature. “

“But wizards can use magic, as well as the powerful warlocks of ancient times, who had even stronger power,” said Evan.

“That was just an accident, an unexpected outcome. The magical power you have now comes not from Titans, but from the mysterious and ancient alien beings in the universe.” Cronos paused and said slowly, “Just like the ancient gods from the void, at the very beginning of the birth of the planet, there were many alien beings that came to the planet for various reasons. Most of them were very weak. They came from meteorites that fell accidentally. And they became the ancestors of various animals and mythical creatures we have today. But there were also powerful ones. Humans called them gods or demons in ancient times...”

Evan nodded. As Cronos said, Titans and evil gods were more primal and had more powers, such as lightning, time, death, nature, and the ability to control dreams. These were magic that wizards, and even ancient warlocks could not wield. The magical power they possessed came from other powerful alien creatures, those known as gods.

“In terms of human history, after the End War, this planet went through a period of darkness and primitiveness. Titans’ creations were evolving into all kinds of creatures, and the outsiders who came for various reasons were also evolving. The planet was becoming more and more lively,” said Cronos. “But as I said

before, not all outsiders were weak and small creatures coming through meteorites. There were some powerful ones among them. You humans call them gods or demons, such as the ancient creatures that destroyed Ionia, and the gods who granted wizards their bloodline powers.”

“So, these are the origins of the gods?” Evan took a deep breath.

“That’s precisely why the last magical civilization was originally dominated by these powerful beings called gods and demons. Their offspring, born from the union with certain Titans’ creations, also began to possess some magical powers and quickly grew stronger, such as humans, house-elves, goblins, Fairies, and so on!” Cronos continued, “Among them, humans were the most exceptional. When the life-givers created the First Generation beings – your ancestors – you already possessed pure magical power, surpassing other creations in intelligence and adaptability. As long as the seeds of magical power were given, humanity would soon develop into the overlord of this planet.”

The Time-Turner, which glowed light blue, floated quietly in Cronos, and its dial marked the passage of time.

“In the middle to late period of the previous magical civilization, the powerful human spellcasters soon began to excavate the relics of the ancient times and slaughter the gods!” said Cronos softly. “They discovered the secret of the Titans and created all kinds of powerful magic to imprison gods and demons in special realms, harnessing their powers.”

And then there was the history that Evan was familiar with. One by one, the powerful gods had fallen, and the era of gods was over...

Evan thought for a while before continuing to ask, “Since those gods and demons are outsiders, why don’t they continue to come to the earth now? After the end of ancient times, the magical power and level of humans have gone backwards.”

“You must have seen that ancient creature in the ruins of Ionia, haven’t you?” Cronos did not answer, “I feel its power is breaking away from the cage of time and coming to this world.”

Chapter 802: The Cataclysm and the Time-Turner

Evan nodded, recalling the ominous silhouette of the terrifying monster descending into the depths of the ocean abyss.

He looked at Cronos, waiting for him to continue explaining. He preferred to delve into these unknown secrets rather than shuttling back and forth in time to save the world, participating in terrible wars, and correcting the mistakes of time.

Grasping more information could not only increase knowledge, but also help to improve his abilities.

Most importantly, there was little danger in doing so.

“As you can see, these powerful external entities that have arrived uninvited are not as simple as imagined,” said Cronos, looking up at the changes in the stars above, and explaining patiently, “They come from a variety of sources and structures and are very complex. Some of them, like the Titans, are guardians generated by the will of other planets, some are evil beings born from planets completely corrupted by ancient gods, and some others are the aggregation of other forces in the universe, even older than this planet and the Titans themselves...”

“Older than the earth!” Evan repeated in a low voice. “Are they monsters from the void?”

“Not exactly. The vastness and complexity of the universe far exceed our imagination, harboring unimaginable phenomena. If one day you have enough power, you can also have a look at other planets where there’s life,” said Cronos.

Evan clicked his tongue inwardly, unable to fathom the level of power required to accomplish such a feat.

“It is not impossible!” Cronos seemed to see what Evan was thinking, and he explained with a smile, “After the final battle, all the Titans who did not perish left this planet and embarked on a new journey, looking for a new planet where life could flourish. In the later stages of the last magical era, increasingly powerful human spellcasters also acquired this ability, and many people left...”

Evan looked at Cronos and suddenly remembered what the evil god had said when he saw him before in the Centaurs’ colony. He told Evan that the powerful ancient warlocks once chose to escape from their homeland to places where evil gods could not find them.

At the time, he had dismissed it as the ravings of a lunatic, but now he thought maybe it was really possible.

The information Evan got from Cronos and the words of the evil god corresponded, and he became more and more certain of the authenticity of the information.

What impressed him most was what the evil god once told him: *‘You have not suffered the pain of the collapse of the worlds, think you have defeated the evil god in the illusion, but do not know that you are entering another more terrible danger. Fear goes with you, never disappears, never ends...’*

Now, upon reflection, the matter might be true, or even more terrible.

“These ancient and powerful external beings are different from Titans. Some of them, out of goodwill or other purposes, are willing to share the powers and spellcasting techniques they possess with humans, which also constitutes the distinction between spellcasters.”

Evan nodded again. It was like the wizards' magic and the shaman power mastered by the African witch doctors which were completely different. If everything was as Cronos said, then the root was here. Humans had inherited different forces from different "gods".

In Europe, wizards used wands to cast spells. Magic was divided into defensive charms, neutral spells and Dark magic, mainly including curses and Transfiguration. Besides, there were Herbology, Potions, Alchemy, Divination, Astrology and other branches.

In Africa, the witch doctors who mastered the shaman's power were completely different from wizards. They were more proficient in curses and natural forces, and could communicate with the ancestors of the clan.

As Evan now knew, using the power of the shaman could even turn the caster into a soul-shaped animal, which was really amazing.

Needless to say about the more mysterious East, the casters there were said to be able to use jades to cast spells.

Evan was very interested in what Cronos said, which was not something that could be learned in books.

"The outsiders who are willing to communicate are only a part, and the rest represent chaos and evil. The entity you saw in the ruins of Ionia is one of them, and its existence heralds pure destruction." Cronos continued, "After the final war, there was a scuffle between these outsiders and the creations of the Titans. The whole process lasted until the end of the last magical era. The uncontrolled and increasingly powerful forces finally attracted the attention of the ancient gods in the void, and the Cataclysm began!"

"The Cataclysm..." Evan murmured.

He remembered the relevant description he'd seen on the tablet found in the Sunken City, which mentioned the codex and the Cataclysm that would annihilate everything.

"Yes, in that Cataclysm, the ancient gods from the void colluded with those chaotic external entities in an attempt to break free and return to this world and completely corrupt the planet," said Cronos. "That was the end of the war. This planet faced the greatest crisis and the most tragic war, and we paid a tremendous price ..."

The price he said was the end of the last magical era, when all the powerful ancient warlocks disappeared.

Evan had been looking for information on this, knowing that some terrible things had indeed happened in the late stages of the ancient era.

"The last magical era was destroyed, and the level of human magic regressed significantly. At this cost, we ended the era of the domination of gods and demons on this planet. Without the guidance of powerful forces, they could not

come here. This is the answer to what you wanted to know. Because of time, I cannot tell you in detail what happened in that Cataclysm,” said Cronos. “But the final result is related to our meeting now. The aliens known as gods and demons, along with the terrifying ancient gods in the void, only went into hibernation and are seeking new opportunities. They have never given up and must be stopped ...”

The topic was back to the main theme again. In order to avoid the world from falling into the wrong timeline seen by Cronos, Evan had to do something. This was his responsibility. He had been involved in this protracted and terrible war.

“Evan, you have to find this Time-Turner and experience the events I have witnessed you accomplish in the future,” said Cronos, the light blue Time-Turner floating slowly in his palm. “I know what you are thinking, but this is not something I’m forcing you to do. It’s a choice you will make voluntarily in the future. You will soon understand...”

“Well, where is it now?” Evan sighed. Although still a little puzzled, he decided to get his hands on the Time-Turner first.

Even though he didn’t want to go back to the past to save the world or anything like that, there might be a chance that he would actually need this Time-Turner.

Chapter 803: A failed Summoning Ceremony

Evan’s attention shifted back to the Time-Turner in front of him, watching the dial above.

A Time-Turner that could travel freely on the timeline without restrictions, this was simply a magical piece of art.

When he got the Time-Turner before, he felt that it was different, but he didn’t really realize its wonderfulness.

His understanding of magic was not profound, and the power of the Time-Turner itself was incomplete. Ravenclaw had mentioned that it had been damaged!

After Evan returned to Hogwarts a thousand years ago, Ravenclaw reclaimed it.

Evan didn’t feel anything unusual at the time, but now in retrospect, the whole situation was far from simple.

The Time-Turner he got was specially left in the school by Ravenclaw. She had long known that a student would use this Time-Turner to travel back to a thousand years ago, returning to Hogwarts and starting a series of events involving the secret treasure.

As for whether she was sure that the person must be Evan, he didn’t really know!

But from the moment Evan acquired the Time-Turner, he’d been involved in this complex event.

“This Time-Turner is part of my core power. I can sense its location,” said Cronos, as the light blue Time-Turner floated in front of Evan. “All existing Time-Turners are kept in one place, underground in London.”

“The Department of Mysteries of the Ministry of Magic?!” Evan thought of the room where this Time-Turner was kept.

“Oh, it seems that you know about that place. Go get this Time-Turner, Evan. I gift it to you!” Cronos continued, “I know you have many questions now, but I cannot answer them all, and some things have to be done by you. Find that Time-Turner and fix it, it will help you solve all the questions in your mind.”

Evan didn't answer. Going to the underground of the Department of Mysteries was not that simple. It was the Top Secret of the Ministry of Magic.

The Department of Mysteries was heavily guarded and protected by a lot of magic, and only personnel with specific identities were allowed in.

Then, Evan thought of Voldemort's goal to get the prophecy ball. He had planned not to let it happen...

But if he wanted to get the Time-Turner, that was his only chance, and he couldn't rashly break into the Ministry of Magic.

He could not wait until Voldemort had control of the Ministry of Magic. He might be able to do it then, but it would be too late. Voldemort would definitely seize all the Time-Turners.

“Evan, use that Time-Turner to go back in time. It will help you. You will follow the footsteps of Rowena Ravenclaw and come to this place to find what you are looking for, and it will be handed over to you by her a thousand years ago.”

“You mean Ravenclaw's secret treasure key?!” Evan looked at Cronos.

He never expected that Ravenclaw hadn't passed this item down but had given it to him a thousand years ago...

Evan and Rowena Ravenclaw had another chance to meet, to communicate and delve deeper into time magic. It truly was a miraculous phenomenon.

“I know some things about that secret treasure. When Ravenclaw came to me for help, she shared with me some of her thoughts. It was indeed a very smart approach, but there is no time to talk about it now,” said Cronos, looking at the hourglass above, “Well, Evan, if you have no other questions, I think ...”

“Wait!” Evan had also noticed that time was running out. Unbeknownst to him, Twenty-four minutes had passed, and the illusions of all the buildings in the cave began to blur once again. He hurriedly asked, “What about the coming monster in the undersea city?”

While other matters weren't as urgent, the trouble being summoned by the Dark wizard of Raven's Claw needed to be solved urgently.

“Speaking of that creature, the wizards of Ionia once used my power to leave an interesting magic in this place, which is still active and can disrupt the ongoing ritual, causing chaos in the timeline there,” said Cronos, pointing to the row of statues. “The tablet you brought had been left by the last high priest of Ionia. It contains a crucial rune formation that can trigger the ancient magic. I will also assist you. After all, it’s not yet time for the final battle... “

“What should I do?” Evan asked .

“Just put that tablet where it was originally.”

In the direction pointed at by Cronos, Evan walked to the obsidian statue of an elder.

On the ground in front of it, there was obviously a missing tablet, exactly the same size as the one in Evan’s hand.

The cyan magical lines encircled the statue and extended all the way to its body, gleaming faintly.

Evan scratched it and put the tablet in.

The next second, a slight noise came from the entire temple, as though something had happened, but there was no obvious change.

“Is that alright?” Evan shouted, but there was no response.

He hurriedly looked back and saw that Cronos was waving to him. His figure was fading, and eventually disappeared with the temple.

In the blink of an eye, the light in the cave became dim again, the magnificent temple turned into ruins again, and the huge hourglass returned to the shrine.

It was all over, but the tablet glowing blue in front of Evan had disappeared.

“Fear, mortals, your suffering brings me pleasure, and I will show you the scariest things in the world.”

Within the ruins of the undersea city, the dreadful whispers were still echoing, and the figure of the ancient monster was getting clearer and clearer.

It was about to come to this world, with the waters of the abyss drowning everything, making the world taste the flavor of fear...

Beside the abyss in the center of the city, the Harbinger of Doom was waving his hands while chanting ancient curses.

The shadow beneath his hood became deeper and deeper, just like the abyss before him, shrouding him in impenetrable darkness.

He felt puzzled by the recent departure of the ghost ship. It seemed that something had happened. None of the dead in the whole city could have left. They would all become part of the ritual, but now the Harbinger of Doom couldn’t care about anything else.

The ritual had reached a critical stage, and the energy stone filled with the Cyclops's power was floating in front of him.

A potent force emanated, converging into intricate purple magical runes.

Under the increasing attraction, the ghosts and the dead hiding in the ruins of the city were gathering here uncontrollably, their faces showing extreme fear, but their bodies out of control. Even if they had been dead for thousands of years, they still had the deepest fear in their hearts...

They were drawn into the magical runes in front of the Harbinger of Doom, transformed into special energy, and became part of the ongoing consciousness of evil.

These forces were infused along a purple beam of light into the body of the coming dreadful being.

"It's about to be a success. Come on, great and ancient existence, will you ..."
The Harbinger of Doom shouted loudly, and suddenly stopped.

He looked up in astonishment, realizing the sudden surge of abnormal magical energy around him.

Chapter 804: The Lost City

What is this power that has arisen? The Harbinger of Doom raised his head in dismay.

The wand in his hand came to a halt, the ongoing summoning ceremony was going out of control, and the magic became chaotic

He felt a sudden flash of strange power, old and powerful, but familiar.

He had felt this power more than once in the ruins of the whirlpool of Charybdis. This was the power of the ancient deity, the power that the Ravens claws had been pursuing, and the gift left to them By Madam Rowena Ravenclaw.

Although he did not understand the nature of this power, the Harbinger of Doom had always believed that it could help him escape death, conquer the world, create a new future, and even summon the Master from the void, so that the real immortal existence could come.

This was what he had always hoped for. After listening to the Masters teachings, he joined Ravens claw and willingly gave up his human identity

Before that, he was just an ordinary pure-blood wizard, all day long thinking about inheriting the family, restoring his ancestors glory and other stupid and meaningless things, but after joining Ravens Claw, he got a new life and had a greater cause.

Apocalypse Day is coming, and the world will be reborn in destruction as I am.

The Master revered by the Harbinger of Doom wanted this power. For this reason, Ravens Claw had been planning nearby for more than five decades.

Finally, they found a glimmer of hope in the darkness, and it would be up to him to accomplish this feat.

Ha ha ha, have we succeeded?! He gave a burst of excited laughter, which came to an abrupt end.

He felt that the situation was a bit off, his summoning ritual was not completed, and the sudden flash of power was not benevolent.

Above him, a blue light flashed over the dark ruins of the undersea city, followed by another.

The light rippled like waves, accompanied by flashes, as the seawater churned violently, and the blue light flickered faster and faster.

BROOM, BROOM, BROOM.

There was an endless stream of tremendous vibrations coming from the depths of the earth

The souls of the undead, who had been slowly being drawn and floating, suddenly accelerated, waving, and speeding up toward the abyss.

This was highly strange, extremely abnormal!

The ongoing Dark ritual was their bane, which would transform them into pure energy. The undead should have evaded it, bit by bit, like prey falling into a spider web, slowly being nibbled away, rather than actively approaching.

Furthermore, the Harbinger realized that they were not approaching willingly, but were being forcefully drawn and gathered rapidly.

Centering on the black abyss in front of him, a huge whirlpool was slowly forming, and the time and space here became chaotic and disorderly.

Slowly, the power he had just sensed appeared in the center of the whirlpool, beside him.

Although still faint, it was really gathering around him.

Bang, Bang, Bang

There was a succession of crisp sounds. The energy stones that gathered the power of the Cyclops suddenly shattered, one after another

This newly born power essentially suppressed the power of the Cyclops. The Harbinger of Doom gasped violently. He felt that his once proud magic had failed him, and the wand in his hand seemed like a ridiculous stick.

NO, what kind of power is this? He cried in horror, waving his wand hard. Tell me, who are you?! WHO ARE YOU?!

But no one answered him, and nervous pressure was building up.

Trembling, the Harbinger of Doom hurriedly raised his head to look at the powerful presence that was descending above him, hoping that it would turn things around.

Yet what he saw mirrored his own panic, or even surpassed it. The powerful creature, lacking a physical body, was mercilessly torn apart by the gradually forming whirlpool. Countless souls of the undead tightly encircled it.

One after another, the souls began to shine, and the blue light was quickly transformed into energy.

The blue radiance was getting clearer and clearer, and the Harbinger of Doom seemed to see a ticking dial on which the hands were spinning rapidly.

The lost time it is the magic of the Ionian wizard again! It made a shrill voice, No, its the power of that accursed Titan. Restrain me again, and you wont I will never go back. No stop, fool. Darkness will finally envelop this world one day!

The Harbinger of Doom gasped for breath as the voice of the mighty being gradually faded, getting weaker and weaker.

This terrible power is time, the magic of time! He suddenly understood!

The next second, he immediately turned around to run away. Although he did not know what had happened, he was not a fool. The summoning ritual he had led had already failed, and it was dangerous to stay here.

But he had just taken two steps and found that his body was floating uncontrollably and was involved into the whirlpool like those undead.

The hood on the Harbingers head unraveled. If Evan were here, he could have seen a shocking visage beneath the white haira pallid face devoid of life, not belonging to the living at all

The Dark wizard Evan had seen in the depths of the rock core had changed completely. He dedicated all to his master and became a creature of shadows.

While the Harbinger of Doom was being drawn into the whirlpool, the huge whirlpool suddenly changed, and the waves rushing around became jagged, and then condensed into a ball, and an open gap illusion slowly emerged from the endless dark abyss below.

In the blink of an eye, everything was devoured, lost in the whirlpool of time, disappearing without a trace.

In the darkness, only the ruins of the city stood quietly there, even more desolate without those undead.

This place was doomed to be forgotten by the world. The history of the magical city of Ionia had been suspended and completely withdrawn from the stage of history.

When Evan returned to the lighthouse, Sirius was waiting there.

Evan didnt know what had happened to the Harbinger of Doom and the monster hed been summoning, but since Cronos had promised, he was not worried.

After meeting with Cronos, this trip to Italy was coming to an end. All that remained was to persuade the giants and deal with the Death Eaters.

In the face of strong power, these troubles were insignificant and easy to solve.

Evan was ready to infuse the power of the Cyclops he had gained into Grawp and help him unify the giants tribe.

As long as the other strong giants were down, he could become the new Gurg and lead the giants tribe. Even if a giant disobeyed him, it would only be resolved through combat, but which giant could beat Grawp with the Cyclopss blood, derived from the compaction of the blood race?

Chapter 805: Dangerous Thoughts and the Funeral

Use the power of the Cyclops to help Grawp increase his strength, make him stronger, and then rule the Giants tribe.

This might sound sloppy, but it was that simple. If it were other species such as humans, Centaurs, and goblins, it might be very complicated. But giants didn't have so many intrigues. They liked to fight and were used to solving everything with their fists.

Whoever had the biggest fist had the final say, and the other giants must obey the strongest.

As long as Grawp succeeded in becoming the Gurg, then they would have a strong ally.

Although the giants were not smart, they possessed formidable strength, and even Voldemort could not ignore their power. At that point, he would become more cautious when he wanted to start a war, carefully considering the strength comparison between the two sides.

That was Evans plan, which was the most effective way to solve the plight of the current alliance with the giants.

Back to the lighthouse, he told Sirius all about the plan after having a selective account of his previous experience.

Evan didn't say everything about the Titan Cronos. Talking about going back to the past to participate in the Final Battle would be too shocking, and even if he did, no one would believe it. It would only worry Sirius needlessly.

He focused on the topic of the giants and discussed the feasibility of his plan with Sirius.

Evan, I said before that I will support you without reservation, but this plan said Sirius, looking a little hesitant. It needs a lot of caution to use the power of the Cyclops to make Grawp stronger. I've never heard of such a method. It's a bit like the Dark wizard of Ravens Claw

The wizards certainly can't do this. The human body structure is different from that of the giants, and the power of the Cyclops is not homogenous and cannot be perfectly integrated. The Dark wizard we saw before, he used some kind of occult technique to transform his body, forcibly absorbing magical energy from the air and the power of the Cyclops, the only result of which was to become a semi-demonized living shadow monster, losing all reason, and even losing his life, said Evan. But giants are different. They are the descendants of the Cyclops, inheriting the power in their bloodline. I'm not going to simply instill all the power into Grawp, but to assist him step by step, little by little

You don't understand what I mean, Evan, what you're talking about does not sound like a righteous spell, Sirius looked at him seriously and raised his voice. Using Dark magic to modify the body is very dangerous. Have you forgotten Voldemort? And Dumbledore told you not so long ago to choose between shortcuts and the right path

Evan did not answer. The magic he was going to use was indeed Dark magic.

Sirius's reminder made him realize that he seemed less and less scrupulous about using Dark magic and became more comfortable with it.

The first time he used Dark magic was to fight against the werewolf for Hermione. At that time, he felt extremely uneasy and believed that he had done something very wrong. But now, Evan could almost use it at will without feeling guilt.

He had to admit that Dark magic was indeed much better than other magic in many cases.

He had always believed that magic itself had no good or evil, and the key was what to do with it. Except for those curses that required great evil thoughts and hatred, there should be no restriction on the use of other forms of Dark magic.

In the eyes of many wizards, this idea was extremely absurd and dangerous, and all Dark magic should be resisted.

Although many wizards had privately mastered several dangerous spells, at least in public they were opposed to Dark magic.

This was the current consensus in the wizarding community, but also a lesson learned from war after war.

With the progress of civilization, the overall level of the entire Wizarding world had been declining, and a large part of it was due to its self-imposed limitations.

Times had changed. The world did not need so many powerful wizards or saviors. Unlimited power was a burden, and even at Hogwarts, professors were not unreserved in imparting magical knowledge.

Dumbledore was trying his best to maintain the tradition of this ancient school, but more and more teaching reforms were still inevitable. Those ancient magic books had been abandoned in unknown corners or locked in the Restricted Section of the library.

The speed of integration between the Wizarding world and the Muggle world was accelerating. Perhaps in a few decades, all wizards would have to rely on the skills and props of Fast Casting or Simple Casting to use magic, and forget the essence of the spells and those complex magical runes.

It was hard to say whether that was a bad thing, but for those wizards who wanted to become strong and pursue the supreme power, they clearly became outcasts and targets that needed to be struck down. This might be the tragedy of the end of the law era.

If he didn't know so many secrets, Evan would also want to throw those esoteric and complicated magic books aside like other young wizards, but he couldn't, at least he couldn't do it now. He couldn't just watch the destruction and be indifferent.

Excessive power is indeed a burden! Evan sighed; his inner thoughts had not changed, even though it was dangerous.

But as Sirius said, helping Grawp enhance his strength did require caution. Evan had previously only considered the gains and losses from an interest perspective, neglecting other aspects, which indeed was a dangerous signal. Perhaps this was the aftermath of growing power.

After seeing so many powerful beings on this trip to Italy, he felt that he was too weak.

Perhaps this was a manifestation of impatience.

I'll be careful, said Evan finally. Let's go back to the island and see Hagrid and Madame Maxime.

When Evan and Sirius returned to the giants' territory, a simple funeral was taking place.

The object of the funeral was Hagrid's mother Fridwulfa. Not long ago, the old giantess's life finally came to an end. She hadn't been attacked, but it was the normal process of life and death.

For giants, tombstones and burials were undoubtedly a luxury.

During his time in the Giants colony, Evan had seen too many giant corpses in the wilderness, and no one seemed to care about them.

Even their relatives, such as their parents, siblings, and other relatives, at best, only covered the dead giants body with leaves.

According to ancient traditions, they would return to nature in this way, while their souls would sink into the volcano and join the spirits of their ancestors

But Hagrid couldnt accept this custom, and he couldnt just abandon his mother. With the help of Madame Maxime, he gave Fridwulfa a human-style burial; the life of the giantess who had once embraced human civilization had come to an end.

Chapter 806: Giants' Awareness and Departure

The atmosphere within the camp was somewhat filled with a faint sadness. Hagrids eyes were bloodshot, clearly indicating that he had cried many times. As soon as he saw Harry and Sirius, his dark little eyes instantly became misty, and tears uncontrollably flowed down, falling into his thick beard.

Next to him, Madame Maxime also appeared somewhat sorrowful, holding a large handkerchief in her hand.

For the death of Fridwulfa, it was probably only Grawp who did not feel sad. He couldnt even understand why Hagrid buried his mother in the earth, and built a raised pile of stones on top of it.

Giants were indifferent to death, and like other creatures still living in primitive clans, they thought it was just a way to return to nature. Giants died every day, and new giants were born.

Only a few giants died naturally like Fridwulfa. Most giants and even giantesses died in their prime, on the battlefield.

From this perspective, Fridwulfa should be considered lucky, although her later life was not very good.

Grawp was not used to staying in a cave. He wanted to go out and play, and was constantly throwing tantrums.

Hagrid had to tie him up, using a rope made of magic to tie one end to his body and the other end to some huge rocks.

When Grawp saw Evan, he wanted to come over, roaring and pulling the rope tight

Dont worry, Evan, he doesnt know his strength. So, I had to tie him like this so messy outside, those Death Eaters and barbaric giants, I was afraid something would happen to him, said Hagrid, letting Evan sit beside him, facing the tombstone of Fridwulfa. How did it go there?

Very well, said Evan, looking at the humble pile of stones in front of him. Your mother

Oh, dont feel sorry for my mother. She was too old, and such a day was inevitable for her. Death is a relief for her. Hagrid choked with sobs as he spoke to Evan, just last night, Grawp and I were by her side

After a moment of silence, Sirius asked Madame Maxime about what happened in the giants territory recently.

She told me that she had done a lot of cruel and terrible things in her life. She repented for it after she got old, but she was also lucky to be able to see me before she left. She had nothing to regret! said Hagrid, wiping his tears. She was very weak, her once strong body was slowly failing, and there were already many signs. Ive been with her. Last night, she reminisced about the past and my father, and as she was speaking, she took her last breath. She left without pain, probably the best ending for her. Otherwise I really wouldnt know what to do. I couldnt take her back to England. There are so many people there who still hate giants and would want to judge her

Evan had seen Fridwulfa before, the old giantess who had reached the end of her life. Although she had done many wrongs, judging or imprisoning her in Azkaban would be too cruel for her now.

Life is unpredictable. Who would have thought that the life of a fierce and famous giantess in the wizarding world would end so blandly?

Next, Hagrid said a lot about his mother.

It was evident that it was a good thing for Hagrid to have spent some time with Fridwulfa before her death.

He had previously been unable to let go of the fact that his mother had abandoned him and his father, but now he had almost come to terms with it.

Evan duly stated his plan, and Hagrid shook his head, rejecting Evans suggestion.

This kid is not suitable to be a Gurg, and he doesnt need that much power, Evan. said Hagrid. Because hes too short, he has little communication with other giants since he was a child. This place isnt suitable for him. Its not his home.

In the current atmosphere, it was indeed difficult for Evan to persuade him, and it was unrealistic to expect Hagrid to consider the overall situation.

Looking at Hagrids resolute expression, Evan sighed, realizing that his plan could not be carried out.

He completely gave up. As Sirius said, this kind of thinking itself was very bad and very dangerous.

Such a powerful force should not be misused, and Evan was not at ease to use it on another giant.

The energy stone that accumulated the power of the Cyclops should be kept. It might be used for other purposes in the future, but it would definitely not be used to modify a giant.

So what are you going to do with him? Evan asked. We cant stay here forever.

Ive been teaching him English recently. He learns quickly and can already speak simple words, said Hagrid cheerfully, turning his head to look at Evan, stirring his huge hands. Speaking of which, Im going to take him back with me. I cant leave him here alone.

Oh, thats a good idea. The Forbidden Forest is large enough to meet his life needs, said Evan.

You agree with me?! Hagrid looked at Evan in surprise. Olympe has been trying to persuade me to give up this idea. I know its crazy, but hes my brother, I cant leave him here alone.

Yeah, so we need to take him back, said Evan, who already knew that Hagrid would say so.

Whatever others said, Hagrid would never give up his friends and relatives, nor would he ever give up Grawp. This was Hagrids character.

Thank you, I thought you would object. I really dont know what to say Hagrids eyes were wet again, and the tears that had just stopped came back.

Hagrid, I can understand that Grawp means a lot to you. Thats why I hoped to help him become the Gurg, but its not bad to let him go to Hogwarts, where you can take care of him, said Evan, looking at Sirius and Madame Maxime as they came along. The question now is, what about the rest of the giants?

We can continue to try to contact them and persuade them.

It doesnt make much sense to do this. What Dumbledore and we can offer is very unattractive to the giants, said Madame Maxime solemnly. The situation is dire. They dont even want to see us now

Yeah, but at least we did what we had to do and delivered Dumbledores message to them. Many giants have heard it. They will remember it. Recalling Dumbledores kindness, they may be willing to help us. Hagrid continued.

Evan couldnt see that the giants could have such a high awareness of Voldemorts evil, so that to support them instead.

Now the giants are a mess, fighting every day, and it will not be over in one and a half. In this case, the Death Eaters cant take away all the giants. This is somewhat good news, Sirius followed. Although its a bit regrettable, theres no point staying here. We should leave!

We do need to leave, but not just like that said Evan, ready to leave a deep impression on the giants before leaving.

Chapter 807: Eye-Catching Magic

The recent contact with the giants in this period had brought Evan to a point; that was, they must be scared.

Giants possessed a nature devoid of intricate schemes and calculations of self-interest. They only admired and submitted to the strongest.

Compromising and communicating blindly was not the best approach with them. The giants had no patience to listen to much talk.

After the initial meeting, Evan let the Gurg Karkus and Golgomath see his power, and they decided to cooperate.

In the same way, the Death Eaters used Voldemorts cursed jewelry to kill Golgomath and his entourage, instilling fear in the remaining giants, and then turned the situation into what they were today, attracting many giants to join Voldemorts ranks.

That being the case, Evan intended to use a magnificent way to leave a deep, lasting impression on them before leaving. To deal with these simple-minded guys, direct and rude methods were often more effective.

Didnt they like the power of magic? Evan would show them what real magic was!

Even if all these giants were eventually to join Voldemorts army, they would never forget the fear of being dominated by him

A new plan was formed in Evans mind. He thought of the energy stone that accumulated the power of the Cyclops. Since he couldnt use it to strengthen Grawp, then, better use this devastating power to do something more meaningful.

A new day began, and the rising sun slowly crept into the cave where the Death Eaters were hiding, bringing a hint of insignificant warmth.

In the center of the cave, there was a green flame, which looked very unpleasant.

The five Death Eaters curled up in their respective positions, alert and keeping enough space from each other.

Those guys should be about to give up. Except for a few old giants who can barely move, the rest of them are unwilling to join our cause, said a pale-faced wizard softly, making an unpleasant laugh. Dumbledore probably didnt anticipate this. Look at the people he sent, two freak monsters and a child. Only Black is relatively strong.

Dont underestimate those two dirty half-giants and the child, Nott, he is a powerful wizard. Have you forgotten what he did on the night of the Dark Lords return? said a cold voice, coming from the shadow in the corner.

It just happened by chance. That damn Mudblood. If I catch him, I will let him know what a real Fiendfyre is! said a fierce wizard at the edge of the cave. I suggest attacking their camp again. I want Black to

Enough, Macnair! If you hadnt rushed up there without following orders last time, you wouldnt have alerted them and let them run away in advance, said the wizard in the corner, his voice cold and piercing. They are on guard now, and another attack will have no effect. Lets focus on those stupid giants. How many giants support us now?

After our efforts during this period, more than forty giants have joined us said Nott slowly.

Not enough, the Dark Lord needs more giants!

I suggest we try to attack some small giant tribes and capture those who are not obedient. Nott continued, with an ugly smile on his face. Macnair, can you teach them who to obey?

Of course! said Macnair cruelly, licking his dry lips. I would be delighted to serve, I will torture them in the most brutal ways to make those disobedient giants feel the will of the Dark Lord and know the horror of magic

BOOM!!! There was a bang, and the whole cave was shaking.

What was that sound? Whats happening outside?

Could it be those dimwits with pent-up energy fighting again? They caused an avalanche not long ago, said Macnair, standing up. Sounds like it came from the mountain lake. Lets go and have a look.

When the Death Eaters arrived at the top of the mountain overlooking the lake, they saw almost all the giants gathered there.

These giants were all raising their heads, looking up at the cliff above the lake in a rare scene. There used to be the lair of the Cyclops and the successive Gurgs. Their expressions were abnormal, their eyes wide open, and they were gasping heavily. Many of them were so scared that they dropped to the ground.

What on earth is wrong with these giants? a sense of puzzlement flashed through the minds of the Death Eaters. They followed suit, and looked up to witness a shocking scene.

At the top of the cliff, a fourteen-year-old wizard stood there, waving his wand, creating bursts of colorful fireworks that streaked across the sky.

Its that Evan Mason! What is that kid doing?! Showing fireworks to the giants?!

Go get him! I want to torture that Mudblood and make him know yelled Macnair.

Shut up, idiot, dont you feel the fierce magic in the air? the magic he is releasing is not that simple.

I dont feel anything except the ridiculous fireworks. This kid is looking for death

Macnair stopped again suddenly, his mouth wide open, and he saw a crimson lightning flash over the top of the cliff.

There was a terrifying thunderous boom, and the whole rock cliff was trembling. This was the sound they had heard before.

He looked at the young wizard in disbelief, the power of lightning, what magic was this?! What power was this?!

Around Evan, a fiery red light akin to molten lava surrounded him, encircling his body.

The energy stone with the power of the Cyclops was placed on the magical runes in front of him, and a tremendous force was pouring out continuously, passing through his fingertips.

He planned to impress the giants before leaving, destroying the cliff with the power of the Cyclops.

He had another purpose for this. The passage in the mountain extended to the depth of the core of the earth. Although it was now a mess there and had become a world of magma and flames, it had to be destroyed to prevent any malicious wizards from finding the Cyclops again.

Evan waved his wand, sending out fireworks into the air to attract the attention of the giants below.

This had nothing to do with the magic he was guiding, but it could produce the most intuitive impression in the hearts of the giants and make them believe it was magic.

When the final destruction came, they would probably see these fireworks as some kind of portent!

Although the reality was different, giants, who did not understand magic, were easily left with the misconception that this was the power of strong magic.

Later, when Voldemort and the Death Eaters would show magic to them, it would not be a great deal compared to Evans magic. At least in power, it wouldnt be so eye-catching.

Chapter 808: Nature Unleashed: Earthquake

What on earth is this Mudblood doing? said Macnair in amazement, looking at Evan on the top of the mountain in disbelief.

He saw Evan holding up his wand, beams of light emerging from its tip, and dazzling fireworks bursting into the sky.

Reason told Macnair that these were merely simple magic beams; even underage wizards could perform them. But what was causing the raging magical energy in the air?!

Besides, what about the red thunderbolts flashing from time to time at the top of the cliff?!

This was not a simple spell. The booming thunderous sounds echoing in his ears couldnt be faked. He had only felt such immense power from Lord Voldemort himself.

Macnair took a step back, recalling Evans actions on the night of Voldemorts resurrection.

Despite expressing disdain in front of his companions just moments ago, he believed that he couldnt accomplish the magic this young boy had used that night.

That night, he had hidden in the bushes and witnessed the complete fierce Fiendfyre and a powerful and formidable Dark magic. He had seen with his own eyes his companion, a powerful wizard, ruthlessly swallowed by the pillars of fire erupting from the ground, vanishing since then without a trace

By analogy, Macnair took a deep breath, finally concluding that this was not magic he could comprehend.

Unless Evan had gone mad, he couldnt simply put fireworks on the top of the mountain in front of so many giants. What was the point of doing so?!

He must be preparing for some Dark magic, to destroy them and these giants.

Macnair gasped, not even having time to think about how ridiculous his thoughts were.

Damn, whatever this Mudblood is doing, we must stop him, go up there and grab him, hurry up! Macnair growled loudly, but his body was backing away, cautiously gripping the wand in his hand.

He made up his mind to Disapparate immediately if there was any trouble.

Since even the dumbest Macnair thought so, the other Death Eaters were not idiots. They had not figured out what was going on and they were afraid of the increasingly powerful strange aura in the air. They did not understand what Evan was doing, and naturally would not rush up.

And so, a strange scene unfolded beside the lake at the bottom of the cliff.

In the eyes of the Death Eaters, Evan was unleashing a powerful magic they could not comprehend. Everyone had their own selfish calculations. None of them had come forward to stop Evan. They all expected others to go up and then face less danger behind them. The scene was so frozen.

But in fact, Evan was really just making fireworks, nothing more than that

It took time to harness the power of the Cyclops, and if a Death Eater were to rush in at this moment, Evans magic would surely fail.

But no one did so, and the sense of uneasiness was getting stronger and stronger. The Death Eaters were yelling there. The courage they had just mustered disappeared without a trace because of what the giants did next. They looked at Evan viciously, with a wavering look and increasingly grim faces.

This was definitely the most humiliating situation. They were actually intimidated by a fourteen-year-old wizard, and they didn't even dare to get close.

If other people were to witness the performance of these notorious Death Eaters, they would surely be too astonished to utter a word.

If Voldemort were here, he would definitely cast Avada Kedavra on these guys without hesitation.

How foolish! Evan looked down at the group below and retracted his wand, no longer continuing with the fireworks.

It was almost done. The power of the Cyclops had been completely unleashed from the Energy Stone, converging into magical runes in front of Evan.

The magic he was about to use was simple, not as complicated as the Death Eaters imagined.

With the help of the magical runes in front of him, Evan was going to stimulate the power of the Cyclops with his own magic, and make it more violent, destroy these runes at the last moment and unleash their power.

He anticipated that the result would be an out-of-control force that would cause an explosion and blow up everything as he had envisioned.

If mastering the scale, such a thing could be done even by a first-year young wizard.

Evan waved his wand and began to instill his own magic into the magical runes in front of him.

As he moved, the gathered giants became extremely horrified. It was incredible. They actually felt magic in the air, maybe for the first time in their lives.

The most direct repression from the veins almost smothered them. All the giants prostrated uncontrollably on the ground one by one and begged for mercy incessantly, just like Karkus and Golgomath had done in the cave before.

The giants surrendered to the power of their ancestor, the Cyclops, without any thought of resistance.

Being completely ignorant of magic, they didn't know it was the power of the Cyclops and mistakenly believed it was Evan's magic.

They raised their heads and looked up; watching the fireworks and the red thunderbolts that flashed from time to time, imprinting the appearance of this human teenager in the depths of their minds; and stories about Evan and their insurmountable fear would circulate among the giant tribes.

However this was not enough. Creatures like the giants were so forgetful and Evan wanted to leave a deep, memorable impression on them.

Centered on him, the power of the Cyclops was converging and condensing, and immense magical energy flowed through his fingertips

A dark red spherical energy cluster suddenly floated up, followed by another.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM

On the outer edges of the energy clusters, there were non-stop beams of thunderbolts, and there was a continuous stream of enormous rumbling sounds, together with rock walls shaking.

The imposing presence of the Cyclops once again flooded the valley, the giants at the bottom of the cliff trembled and shuddered, and they felt fear in the depths of their souls. This was the suppression and submission ingrained in their bloodline. At this moment, they succumbed not only to the Cyclops but also to Evans magic.

When Evans magic was finally completed, the magical patterns in front of him shattered instantly.

Evans figure vanished from the spot, and what happened next was beyond his control. The giants watched in terror as massive and intricate magical runes appeared right above the cliff. Red thunderbolts flashed, and fell faster and faster. Out of control forces were rampaging.

Inside the dark and secret tunnel within the mountain, hidden from the view of both giants and Death Eaters, the magical patterns were shining.

BOOM!!!

Powerful forces gathered and burst out again. In the huge explosion, countless cracks began to appear on the rock wall.

There was a flash of dazzling red light and everyone closed their eyes.

When they opened their eyes, they saw the hard rocks trembling and the rumbling became more and more violent.

Under the terrified gaze of the Death Eaters and the giants, the entire rock wall and the ground were cracking in front of them, and a craggy crack was opened, as though a big mouth was going to swallow everything, and the rocks kept falling. The entire mountain was rapidly collapsing.

The sky was falling apart, the giants were sweating, shouting loudly, waving their hands in vain in the air, and turned to escape.

They glanced back from time to time, looking at what was happening not far away in horror. It seemed that they had realized the true power of magic for the first time!

At this very moment, in the violent collapse, Evans face appeared in front of everyones eyes

Chapter of the Giants

When the Death Eaters and the Sicilian giants were in chaos because of Evans actions, he had already set foot on his way back to England.

Because of Grawp, their return was much slower and exceptionally difficult.

Grawps enormous size prevented him from riding in a carriage, using long-distance Apparition, or even using a Portkey. They had to travel on foot.

Although Grawp was relatively short and stunted among giants, he was still much taller than normal humans. He was approximately twice as tall as Hagrid, making it incredibly challenging to conceal a giant.

They dared not get close to towns and moved forward in the wilderness. When they slept at night, they had to use the Muggle-Repelling Charm near the camp. If they were accidentally seen by Muggles, they had to use the Memory Charm to modify their memories.

Everyone had sympathized with Grawp and understood his importance to Hagrid, but soon that compassion disappeared.

The trouble was not the only issue; the giants temperament and habits were incredibly difficult to accept.

Now, no one except Hagrid wanted to approach Grawp and take care of him.

Grawp was reluctant to leave Sicily and constantly caused disruptions, insisting on returning to the land of giants.

Hagrid had to tie himself to Grawp with a rope. The two of them ate, slept, and drove all together.

As a result, Hagrid had been enduring constant beatings, and he was covered in bruises and scars. Grawp punched him from time to time, and this guy didnt do it lightly, he seemed to have no concept of strength or restraint. It was like he had no understanding of his own size.

For Hagrid, who had taken care of countless dangerous magical creatures, taking care of Grawp proved to be an exceptionally challenging task.

Evan and Sirius couldnt stand idly by and used magic to reprimand Grawp a few times. However, as Evan had anticipated, the giant had no long memory and he simply didnt learn his lesson. Their actions only made things worse.

Hagrid consistently defended him, and they couldnt actually harm Grawp with magic.

Throughout the journey, Grawp continuously caused trouble, created disturbances, damaged the environment, and attacked not only the three of them but also other creatures

Soon, even Madame Maxime lost her last bit of patience.

She had a heated argument with Hagrid. They had developed a mutual attraction, and this journey was supposed to deepen their understanding of each other. However, because of Grawp, everything turned sour, and their potential romance might come to an end.

In this manner, when it took them over a month to reach France, nobody objected when Hagrid suggested that Evan, Sirius, and Madame Maxime should leave first. They separated from Hagrid just like that!

Evan looked back anxiously at Hagrid before stepping into the carriage. He was standing in the wilderness waving vigorously at them. His hair was disheveled, his face was scarred and kept bleeding, and behind him, Grawp was running in the opposite direction

Evan doubted whether he could really bring the giant back. It seemed like an impossible task.

When Evan and Sirius returned to England, the school year was nearing its end and the long summer vacation was about to begin.

They used the Floo Network to return directly to Dumbledores office from Madame Maximes fireplace. Although it was already more than ten oclock at night, Dumbledore seemed to expect them, and he was there waiting for them.

Good evening, Evan Sirius, I have received your letters. Youre slower than I expected. It seems that things did not go as smoothly as imagined, said Dumbledore calmly, tapping gently on the table with his wand, and three steaming cups of coffee appeared. Well, I assume you have a lot to tell me.

Next, the two of them detailed what happened during this trip, including the state of the giants territory, the actions of the Death Eaters, the scabbard of Gryffindors Sword, the Cyclops, the Dark wizards from Ravens Claw, as well as the city on the seafloor, the ruins under the whirlpool of Charybdis, the story of the Titan, Cronos, and so on. They provided a thorough description.

Of course, Evan didnt say everything about what the Titan Cronos told him, and he concealed some details.

Those details were too shocking to be fully said. However, what Evan told Dumbledore was beyond imagination. A lot of information was enough to make even Dumbledore express quite surprise, but he soon accepted them!

Youve done well, better than I thought. Even if I was there, it wouldnt have been better, said Dumbledore gently, intertwining his fingers together. We need to take measures to deal with the giants who may join Lord Voldemorts army. Nicolas has also told me about the Dark wizards of Ravens Claw and the ancient relics. We should be prepared

Is there anything we can do, Professor? Evan asked.

Well, Sirius, I hope you can go on another long trip, to Norway this time, and handle some matters for the Order of the Phoenix said Dumbledore, and his blue eyes turned to Evan, As for you, Evan, there is nothing you need to do for the time being. Since the final exams have just ended, you can leave the school early and go home to have some time with your parents. But I still have to ask one more question. Do you have any plans for the holidays?

I thought about going to Egypt. Professor Nicolas Flamel told me that the Emerald Tablet there was very useful for Alchemy, Evan paused before adding, Id like to invite Hermione to go with me. She said she wanted to go on a trip, and theres no danger this time.

Egypt is a fascinating country, where mysterious ancient magic, wizardry and African witchcraft blend perfectly. There are also ancient historical relics beyond imagination. It can be very helpful for you to know about ancient times, said Dumbledore with a smile. As for Miss Granger, I think she will be very pleased with your invitation

Evan understood what Dumbledore meant. He wanted Harry to stay quietly at his aunts house during the summer vacation, without any disturbances.

After Voldemorts return, the current situation in the wizarding world had become increasingly grave.

Although it was relatively calm on the surface, the power struggles had already begun behind the scenes.

Evans battle with the Death Eaters to woo the giants on Sicily Island was just one of them, and many more events were unfolding.

In this case, Harry was really not suitable for wandering around as he had done in the past, especially considering his connection with Voldemort. Dumbledore must have already sensed something

Chapter

Evan did not clearly know about Dumbledores plans, but it was a must to ensure that Harry could stay with the Dursleys honestly during the summer vacation. Perhaps this was the main reason why he wanted Sirius to go to Norway during the summer vacation

But would things really be that simple?

Norway was one of the main Nordic countries of Europe. It was the traditional sphere of influence of Durmstrang and the area with the most frequent activities of vampires such as Caresius.

It was also very close to Alfheim, the kingdom of the goblins.

Before the establishment of Gringotts, the organization that spread all over the wizarding world in various countries, the goblins mainly lived in Alfheim.

It was said that it was a magical city deep underground in Northern Europe. It was completely built by the goblins alone, where they planted magical plants, used magma to forge weapons, and frantically collected gold and various treasures.

The goblins used gems and precious metals to build the city, and domesticated dragons and trolls to serve as city guards.

Wizards swarmed into the city from all over the world to trade with the goblins, and over time, it became very famous.

Of course, this was a long time ago!

Like the magical cities built by wizards, after the so-called Ragnarok (the Twilight of The Gods) in the Northern European wizarding world, Alfheim was also destroyed, and the goblins lost their kingdom and were reduced to all parts of the world, and became a subordinate race of wizards like the house-elves.

For thousands of years, there had been goblins and wizards trying to find that underground city and obtain the legendary treasures of ancient goblins, but none had succeeded.

The terrible disaster also led to the collapse of the wizarding civilization in Northern Europe, which was devastated and never developed again. The Nordic region had since become the most concentrated place of Dark wizards, vampires, terrible monsters and various absurd legends.

This situation did not improve until eight hundred years ago when Durmstrang was founded. The schools permissive attitude towards Dark magic was also directly related to the unique local magical environment.

Looking at the creation process of the three major Schools of Wizardry in Europe, Hogwarts was originally founded by the Four Founders in order to change the structure of the wizarding world and

better teach young wizards to master magic. Beauxbatons was established to protect the wizards and witches who were persecuted during the Witch Hunt in the Middle Ages.

Durmstrang, on the other hand, was different. It was created to better cooperate with the Nordic Vikings in plundering and colonizing other European regions.

The creation of this school itself carried a factor of war, coupled with the fierce temperament of the Nordic region, the dark and chaotic magical environment, and the influence supported by Germany's rise, making it the cradle of Dark wizards as well.

Historically, many well-known Dark wizards graduated from this school, including the first generation of the Dark Lord Gellert Grindelwald.

Caresius said that their family was based in Northern Europe, intersecting with Durmstrang's sphere of influence.

Sirius's visit to Norway might be related to this matter. Since Voldemort had found a way to gain strong power through the vampire family, Dumbledore had to start investigating the matter and try to get in touch with those vampires.

Evan thought for a while and decided to wait for Sirius to ask him what he was to do in Norway.

He did not have the energy to worry about anything else now, nor could he go to the Nordic region to solve the problems of vampires and evil gods. He still had to go to Egypt this holiday. In addition to the mysterious magic mentioned by Dumbledore, it was also the area where the influence of Gringotts was strongest.

In order to obtain the treasures left by ancient wizards, the greedy goblins had probably turned over the entire Egypt.

To some extent, the power of the goblins in Egypt was stronger than that of the local Ministry of Magic.

They hired a large number of wizards as Curse-Breakers, and Ron's brother Bill was one of them.

In addition, there was Karnak, a large School of Wizardry in Egypt. It was one of the eleven schools of wizardry in the world. It was said that the main building of the school was composed of a huge pyramid and an ancient temple.

In addition to teaching regular magic, it also combined a considerable number of ancient witchcraft from Africa and the magic inherited by ancient warlocks found in various ancient relics. Karnak had been at the leading level in the world in the study of ancient magical scripts and mysticism. If possible, Evan wanted to visit it.

At the end of the conversation, he handed the scabbard to Dumbledore to combine it with Gryffindor's sword.

Although Evan had found it, in a sense, the scabbard and the sword were inseparable, and both belonged to the school's heritage.

After the scabbard absorbed too much power from the Cyclops, the seal that Gryffindor and Ravenclaw had left on it and these forces reached a delicate balance. Evan could not use the scabbard as before, so it was better to hand it over to Dumbledore.

Then, Evan did not return to the Common Room. He just left a message to Hermione, asking Dumbledore to pass it on to her.

The current situation was extraordinary, and caution was necessary as the Ministry of Magic and the Aurors had started taking action against Hogwarts.

The sudden disappearance of Evan, Sirius and Hagrid had also caught their attention, and there was no need to give them a pretext to attack.

Dumbledore allowed Evan to go home early, just because he didn't want others to ask him what he had been out doing during that time.

Officially, he had been invited by Nicolas Flamel, accompanied by Sirius to study Alchemy in Beauxbatons.

As for Hagrid, he had followed Madame Maxime back to deal with some trouble caused by a dangerous magical creature.

The reasons were not that consistent, and they sounded suspicious at first, but there was no problem with the Ministry of Magic. Dumbledore could provide sufficient evidence to support these claims.

You can go to the Order of the Phoenix Headquarters for the night, said Dumbledore, carefully placing the scrutinized scabbard into the cabinet. Evan, when you go home tomorrow, Hogwarts will not have holidays before about a week. You can go then to Miss Granger, and I suggest you go to Egypt by Muggle means.

Where is the Order of the Phoenix Headquarters? Evan nodded and continued to ask, Won't it be

He wanted to say 12 Grimmauld Place, but suddenly he couldn't remember it. It was the effect of the Fidelius Charm.

The Fidelius Charm was an extremely complex charm that could be used to conceal a secret inside an individual's soul.

The secret was hidden in the heart of the selected Secret Keeper, so it would never be discovered unless the Secret Keeper actively revealed it, as long as the Secret Keeper did not disclose it, even if the intruder stuck his nose to the window of their living room, he would never see them.

Another effect of this charm was that, like Evan now, he clearly knew the location of 12 Grimmauld Place, but he could not tell it to others, nor could he associate it with the Order of the Phoenix Headquarters because he was not a Secret Keeper.