

Harry Potter 381

Chapter 381: The Legend of Azkaban and Slytherin

Evan wrote to his parents while listening to Mr. Weasley and Sirius talking.

“I still remember Jorkins. She was at Hogwarts when I was, two years above me.”

Sirius recalled, “An idiot, very nosy, but no brains, none at all. It’s not a good combination!”

“She could drive one insane; she had been working with me for a while!” Mr. Weasley said, frowning. “She was not bad, just not too helpful. As you can see in the report, she causes more trouble than she solves.”

“Which department is she in now?” Sirius asked.

“I have been in the Department of International Magical Cooperation for many years, and then I don’t know why, suddenly Barty...”

Mr. Weasley paused and realized that he should not mention the name in front of Evan, and hastily shifted the topic, “She moved to the Department of Magical Games and Sports not long ago. In short, over the years, she has been driven from one department to another, and only Ludo Bagman was willing to have her. Ludo is a good man. He helped me get tickets for the World Cup.”

“Where is she now?” Evan interjected. “I want to see her.”

“What do you have to do with Jorkins?” Sirius frowned, and when he saw Evan’s expression, he immediately understood what it was. He said seriously. “Well, I know you suspect Crouch. That’s all right with your reasoning just now. But now we should concentrate on removing the curse on your wrist. After breaking it, I will help you to investigate him, I promise!”

“You have no chance to see her now!” Mr. Weasley said, “After this biting cactus event, she went abroad on holiday, and she won’t probably come back before a few weeks. Ludo thinks she needs to breathe more fresh air and wake up!”

Evan’s heart thumped, if Bertha Jorkins set out on holiday in the Forests of Albania, then she might have been caught by Voldemort.

This was not good. Now she could be getting tortured by Voldemort.

It was only a matter of time before Voldemort knew that his most devoted follower was still alive and had successfully fled Azkaban.

But without the help of Peter Pettigrew, and without Quirrell to share his body with him, Voldemort should have great difficulty in coming back to save Barty Crouch Jr. He was just a powerless soul who couldn’t do anything.

Just as Evan was pondering, a memo zoomed in through the open door, slowly falling in front of Sirius. He opened it doubtfully.

“Dumbledore has talked to Fudge, and he’s got permission to enter Azkaban!” Sirius said, “He’s waiting for us below.”

Evan speeded up writing the letter to his parents, and also a letter to Professor Lupin, in which he specifically asked him to pay attention to Barty Crouch’s movements.

He handed the letters to Mr. Weasley and, after saying goodbye, returned to the lift.

“How can we get to Azkaban?” Evan asked curiously. “Is it Apparition?”

“Like Hogwarts, that place prohibits Apparition and any other spell that can sneak into it.” Sirius said, “Many spells have been cast on Azkaban to prevent prisoners from escaping and being found by others, but the Ministry of Magic has a Portkey to that place.”

“Where on earth is Azkaban?”

“Nobody knows,” Sirius said. “Although I have been there for more than a decade and managed to escape, I only know that it is on an island in the North Sea.”

He paused for a while and continued. “I was floating in the sea with a piece of wood. I could only recognize the approximate direction and had swam for a long time before returning to land.”

The history of Azkaban, the Wizard Prison, was known to be dating back to half a Millennia.

There were many stories about this famous prison that couldn’t be told for a few days and nights. Because of the many Dark wizards who had been imprisoned, and the large number of Dementors gathered, it had played a very important role in the history of magic and had been repeatedly mentioned.

After the underground ruins incident, Evan searched a lot of historical materials about Slytherin himself a few days ago.

Among them, he found a very interesting record!

Surprisingly, the founder of Azkaban was mentioned to be probably Salazar Slytherin himself.

A thousand years ago, he proposed to the then Presbyterian Church (the predecessor of the Ministry of Magic) to build a prison for the detention of Dark wizards, and then led the prison construction project.

Slytherin personally laid out a lot of magic on Azkaban, and also provided a large amount of Galleons to maintain the daily operation of the prison.

Of course, these were not the main points. What interested Evan was that, according to legend, Slytherin had traveled around the European continent after leaving Hogwarts, but he was likely to spend his later years in that place.

According to the information from the underground relics, Slytherin left with the body and brain of the nightmare God he had cut into pieces. If that prison mentioned in the records was indeed Azkaban, and if he had lived in seclusion there in his later years, would there be a part of the body of the evil god?

(Translator Note: Azkaban was mentioned by the J.K Rowling in Pottermore to have existed since the 15th century, and to be originally home to a little-known sorcerer who called himself Ekrizdis. Here, the author might be skipping Pottermore information all together, basing his work solely on the books, or deeming the words of the author as vague enough for him to introduce a hidden history behind them.)

Evan touched the Locket on his chest. If he had left any traces there, he might find clues to the Key to Slytherin's Secret Treasure.

Even if not, he might be able to improve his magic as he did last time.

Secondly, he was now very interested in the evil spirits. According to the evil god he had seen in the illusion of the Centaurs' colony, it had many companions.

Evan wanted to study these horrifying creatures from the void, looking for ways to deal with them. The evil spirits were summoned and locked away by ancient warlocks, but this guy who had been defeated and studied by Slytherin was the best goal.

It did not come from the void, and was probably created by Herpo the Foul himself. It was not that powerful, and would not make Evan feel powerless!

Evan and Sirius took the lift down and quickly returned to the main hall.

Now, because it was past the rush hour, there were not many people there.

The golden grilles slid open, and Evan saw the golden statues in the fountain from a distance. No one came in and they continued down.

"Department of Mysteries!" said the cool female voice, and left it at that.

"This way, Evan!" Sirius pushed him out of the lift. "This is the most mysterious department of the Ministry of Magic. We have to continue down. I've only been here once before, thirteen years ago, to be judged and sent to Azkaban."

Chapter 382: Department of Mysteries and Departure

In front of them was a simple, deep corridor.

This corridor was quite different from those above. The walls were bare; there were no doors and no windows apart from a plain black one set at the very end of the corridor.

Evan knew that this was the Department of Mysteries.

In fact, he was eager to go in and visit it.

He had heard too many rumors about, but in fact very few were true and credible.

In the market, there was hardly any reliable record of this mysterious department.

Luna had shown him an article in "The Quibbler" before that stated that Fudge was using the Department of Mysteries to develop terrible poisons, which he secretly fed to anybody who disagreed with him.

But this was obviously ridiculous. Evan knew that there was actually a collection of all the prophetic glass orbs, handed down magic items, and various unknown magic items that needed to be researched and preserved, such as magic related to time, soul, and death.

The prototype of the Time-Turner worn by Hermione was kept here. That artifact-like magic item could help the wizard control time.

“The Department of Mysteries is the most mysterious department of the Ministry of Magic. No one knows what they get up to. The identity and tasks of the staff in this department are top secret.” Sirius said, “The wizards who work in the Department of Mysteries are known as Unspeakables!”

Evan nodded and carefully observed the plain black door.

This door should be years old. Like the materials used in the construction of the Temple of the Moon of the Centaurs, it was Obsidian with no trace of magic left on it.

“One of my ancestors used to work here, I read his diary.” Seeing that Evan was very interested, Sirius continued, “According to his records, long ago, the Ministry of Magic had discovered that there were many kinds of inherent magic. Unlike current magic, their forms of existence are difficult to explain, even more difficult, and perhaps impossible to control.”

Not surprisingly, these magic should have been inherited from the studies of ancient warlocks.

They went further on the path of magic and knew more than the current wizards.

However, as time passed, the once brilliant magical civilization finally vanished.

There were many theories about the extinction of ancient warlocks.

Debate had been going on for hundreds of years. The most insane statement that Evan had just heard recently was that the spherical evil god told him that the powerful ancient warlocks collectively fled to a new world because they wanted to avoid the control of evil gods.

“Behind this black door is a circular room lined up with many doors. The Unspeakables explore and experiment the mysterious forces in various rooms.” Sirius said, “If you’re interested, you can apply to work here after graduation. As long as the best students can’t meet the requirements, it’s possible for them not to recruit new students for several years. But with your strength, there must be no problem.”

They walked through the corridor and stood outside the black door for a moment.

“Let’s go, don’t let Dumbledore wait too long!” Sirius seized Evan by the arm and dragged him to the left, where there was an opening leading to a flight of steps.

“The following is the special courtroom of the Wizengamot. The Portkey to Azkaban is reserved there.” Sirius said as he walked, “If you are convicted, you will be sent directly to Azkaban, you don’t have to spend a few days at sea.”

They walked for a long time, reached the bottom of the steps, and ran along yet another corridor, which bore a great resemblance to that which led to Snape's dungeon at Hogwarts, with rough stone walls and torches in brackets. The doors they passed here were heavy wooden ones with iron bolts and keyholes.

"Courtroom 10, here we are!" Sirius dragged Evan and stopped in front of a grimy dark door with an immense iron lock. He sneered, "I was originally to be tried here, but after a long wait, they told me that my crimes did not need to be tried, and they shove me straight into Azkaban."

They pushed the door open and went in. The walls around them were made of dark stone, dimly lit by torches.

Empty benches rose on either side of them, but ahead, Dumbledore was sitting on a bench with his eyes closed and they wondered what he was thinking.

As soon as they entered, Dumbledore sensed it and opened his eyes.

"Here you are!" said Dumbledore calmly. "I am sorry, we have to start from this place, but believe me; the place we're going to be is scarier and much more horrible than this."

He waved to Sirius and Evan to keep up with him.

They walked to the top of the room, around the huge round stone pillars. Behind the black curtain, there was a small hidden door.

Dumbledore knocked it with his wand and the locked door opened automatically.

In the middle of the room was a statue of a Dementor.

It was about to pull the hood off its head, revealing the horrible mouth in the looming, seemingly to give someone a kiss and suck their soul.

"Special privileges are required to enter the room." Dumbledore explained, "Outside is the High Criminal Court of Wizengamot, where almost all the prisoners in Azkaban are tried. They do so precisely because of the statue in front of us. It's the only Portkey to get us to Azkaban quickly."

Dumbledore looked at the Dementor statue carefully for a while, seemingly thinking about something, before turning his light blue eyes to Evan.

"Do you know what a Portkey means?" he asked with a smile.

"I know, I read it in books." Evan hurriedly said.

"Very well, but this statue is different from the ordinary Portkeys!" said Dumbledore. "It won't follow us. In fact, there is the same statue in Azkaban. We just touch them lightly, and we can be sent back and forth."

"But what's the principle of this magic?" Evan asked.

“No one knows, like what you saw in the Department of Mysteries above. There’s still a lot of wonderful magic waiting for us to discover and study.” Dumbledore said, “What we know now is only a small part of it.” He took something out of his arms and handed it to Evan.

“I went to the Centaurs’ colony last night and saw the records related to that evil god. It’s beyond imagination. It’s not any creature I know, nor does it appear in magic books.” Dumbledore said, “Before you came, I thought about it carefully. Now that you’ve been back to the millennium and met the Four Founders of the school, what they left behind is also related to these evil spirits. Then I think it’s better for you to keep it.”

Evan was stunned and took over what Dumbledore had handed him.

Surprisingly, it was the red nameplate left behind in the underground ruins when the huge eyeball monster disappeared, and the image of the terrible nightmare god was painted.

Chapter 383: Azkaban, the Wizarding Prison

Dumbledore didn’t go on talking. He didn’t seem to want to explain to Evan and share his research findings on the bizarre nameplate.

He must have known something, and for some reason gave it to him.

As for what he said, with Evan’s involvement, the key to the treasure left by the Four Founders might have something to do with evil spirits.

This might be only part of the reason, but certainly not all.

Evan did not ask, Dumbledore had always been like this; if he didn’t want to say anything, no inquiry would bear fruit. Anyway, he would not harm him.

But what happened in the end was probably not what he hoped.

Evan sighed and collected the nameplate. He was ready to rely on his own strength to understand what it was and what it was useful for.

“Just touch the Portkey gently, don’t force it!” Sirius signaled to Evan to put his hand on the statue.

It started to be cold and the statue seemed to be alive.

Unknown fear rose deep in Evan’s heart, and he felt uncomfortable.

He nervously looked at the statue in front of him, watching the hood that the Dementor was about to pull back, and the looming mouth inside, in a trance.

He remembered the method of making a Dementor in the book “Secrets of the Darkest Art”. Not surprisingly, this magic was also invented by Herpo the Foul.

Would the Dementors be the creatures of another so-called evil god, just like those weird monsters with holes all over their heads that he had encountered in the Temple of the Centaurs?

Their abilities both acted directly on one's soul.

And the Patronus Charm did harm all of them, which was a bit too much to be a coincidence.

At the thought of this, Evan shivered inexplicably.

“Get ready, I'll count down from three and we'll set off!” Dumbledore said, putting his hand on the robe of the Dementor statue. “Three, two, one!”

He had just finished, and quicker than words could tell, Evan felt that there was a hook behind his belly button and it snapped forward with irresistible momentum.

He left the ground with both feet and flew up.

He could feel Dumbledore and Sirius on both sides; their shoulders collided with him, and then separated again, far apart.

They flew forward like a gust of wind, and could see nothing clearly before their eyes.

Evan's right hand clung to the Dementor statue, as if it had a magnetic force pulling him in, and then...

His feet landed heavily on the ground and he couldn't stand up and fell.

Evan had tried Floo Network and Apparition before, and the travel experiences and feelings were different. They were all very uncomfortable, but none of them used the Portkey so badly.

“You still need to practice to maintain balance.” Sirius picked him up.

In front of Evan, There was a statue of the same Dementor.

However, they were definitely not in the Ministry of Magic now. The walls of the room around them were all rough black rocks.

The dilapidated floor had been decaying and it smelt of corruption.

In front of them was a narrow, small closed door.

This room was like the Shrieking Shack. No one had been there for a long time. It was covered with dust. Walking on the floor made a squeaky noise.

Evan suddenly felt very cold. The cold came from under his feet and kept creeping up.

He huddled, and then realized that the cold was brought about by the large number of Dementors gathering around him. Although he had not seen Dementors yet, all happy, optimistic and positive emotions in his heart dissipated rapidly with the temperature.

The cruel thought of death hovered in his mind, as if he could no longer feel happy, and life was meaningless.

The colors were disappearing from around him, and the world soon turned pale grey, matching Evan's mood, terrible to the extreme.

Although the ground was dirty, he wanted to lie down like this and stay there forever.

By Evan's side, Sirius reacted much more than he did.

He had spent too much time in Azkaban and was less resistant to Dementors than any other wizard. He curled up and squatted on the ground.

Sirius's body was changing, automatically turning into a big black dog.

Animal emotions were hard for Dementors to understand and had more resistance than humans.

Sirius in his Animagus form stood up and seemed to be much better.

However, his legs were still trembling.

"Expecto Patronum!" Dumbledore called softly and waved his wand.

White light came out of his wand, dispelling the cold around him, and the temperature, colors, and senses returned to Evan. He lay on the ground and gasped heavily.

A small Phoenix Patronus was revolving around them. Every time it moved its wings, white silver stardust fell, looking very beautiful.

"Summon your Patronus, but pay attention to controlling your own magic."

Dumbledore said, "Use as little magic as possible; we are not expelling the Dementors, but doing our own defense. It is not very difficult, you can try this technique."

"Expecto Patronum!" Evan pulled out his wand and tried to restrain his magic consumption.

A silver kitten appeared on his chest, much smaller than his usual Patronus, but the light on its body was more condensed.

"In addition to resisting Dementors, the Patronus has many unexpected uses."

Dumbledore smiled and said, "With some little magic spells, they can become messengers or directly condense entities to attack the enemy."

Dumbledore talked to Evan about several new uses of the Patronus Charm, which opened up his mind to all sorts of new possibilities. Combining spells could indeed create new more powerful ones that were very different!

A few minutes later, they went on.

Sirius did not change back. He followed Evan as a big black dog.

Outside the narrow black door of the room was a hollow wooden plank road.

The biting cold wind came in and they were in a separate tower, soaring into the clouds.

They needed to cross the plank road in front them to reach the opposite Azkaban main building.

Like the decaying floor in the room, the planks on the plank road were all broken and swayed, as if they could fall at any time.

Evan carefully followed Dumbledore, narrowing the scope of his Patronus to about half a foot, and there was thick fog around the plank road.

He tried to look as far as he could, but he could see nothing.

They were surrounded by fog, and for a few seconds, Evan felt as if something had passed by him. He was not sure if it was a Dementor.

Although he couldn't use his eyes, he could smell the salty taste of the sea water, and the sound of the waves beating against the rocks.

They were on an isolated island. This was Azkaban, the Wizarding Prison.

Chapter 384: Prisoners of Azkaban

In the fog, the three of them continued to move forward in the dangerous plank road, and with the endless sound of the waves, the road seemed to never end.

This was not just physical, but the same was true in the spiritual world.

Evan felt like he was on a road that was doomed to no end.

Negative emotions such as depression, fear, and despair came with the pressure brought by the mist, creeping in into their souls.

He remembered that he had met horrible monsters with holes in their heads before in the Centaurs' colony, and that the illusions they created could also make people lost in them.

Back then, what awaited him was the monster's mouth full of fangs and by the time he found a way out, he didn't have time to rejoice, for his head was about to become food to the monster, if it wasn't for Okegiga saving him.

Would it be the same now? Would a monster be waiting for them ahead? Perhaps, they weren't going to Azkaban! Perhaps, they were going to their death!

Evan took a deep breath to sober himself up, but the cold fog mixed with the Dementors' smell made him feel very nauseous.

What should he say to dispel the growing panic within him?

"Nothing can be seen here. What does the main Azkaban building look like?" Evan felt as though his voice did not belong to him. It rang from far away.

"It's a huge castle like the main building of Hogwarts!" Dumbledore's voice drifted from the front. "There are theories that Salazar Slytherin built Azkaban, and he imitated Hogwarts Castle."

There was another moment of silence. When Evan wanted to say more, he suddenly heard a woman's voice singing in the mist. He could not tell which direction it came from.

The song was very beautiful, like the sound from heaven. However, it had a hint of sadness hidden within it.

Evan stopped and listened with amazement. He had never heard such a beautiful song before. There was one thought in his mind; he wanted to stand there and keep on listening to it.

He lost track of time; not knowing if he was there for seconds or centuries!

Evan suddenly felt pain in his right leg!

He woke up and saw that the huge black dog that Sirius turned into was tugging at his trousers and dragging him forward.

“What is this song?” Evan murmured.

“They’re Mermaids. They are the only creatures here that don’t fear Dementors.” Dumbledore explained, “In ancient times, the Mermaids used to lie on the reefs of the deep sea, seducing sailors by singing songs and sinking ships on rocks, feeding on the corpses of crew members.”

Evan remembered this horrible magical creature that he had read about in books before.

Ugly-looking sirens make beautiful songs to lure passing ships. Evan used to rely on imagination before, but today he really saw it.

The way to deal with Merpeople is also very simple. Just plug your ears! They have almost no attack power, with their bodies similar to fish.

At the end of the plank road, a Dementor in a black cloak appeared in front of them.

Its body smelt rotten, and its scabby palms slowly extended out.

It sucked hard, but because of the Patronus Charm, it couldn’t absorb anything.

This made the Dementor very dissatisfied. It rushed forward with a cry. Its ragged cloak was dragged behind it like a black fog, making a loud trembling sound.

Almost at the same time, Phoenix, Dumbledore’s Patronus faced forward.

The Dementor retreated, and it seemed to recognize Dumbledore.

Under the gaze of the old wizard’s cold, light blue eyes, Evan clearly felt that the Dementor was the one afraid!

“We’ve got permission from the Ministry of Magic to visit Pettigrew!” Dumbledore said calmly, with no emotion in his voice.

The Dementors slowly receded and eventually disappeared into the endless fog.

“Let’s go, they allowed us in!” said Dumbledore.

They went into the building in front of them. It was dark inside.

Obviously, the Dementors didn’t need torches or anything like that, and they didn’t have any intention of preparing this for prisoners.

The surrounding temperature had dropped a bit. Even with the help of the Patronus charm, Evan couldn’t help but feel cold.

It was like walking into the mouth of a monster choosing people to send to hell.

The faint fluorescence at the end of his wand flickered in the darkness and seemed it could be extinguished at any moment.

There were no guards on the ground floor, and the rooms on both sides of the corridor were all converted into cells.

Through the railings, Evan saw that there were many strange-looking creatures in them, but none of them were human wizards.

In a huge room, there were seven trolls sitting side by side.

They sat on the ground with glassy eyes, staring at the ceiling with their eyes open, without the slightest anger, disregarding Evan and the others passing by.

Only the movement of their chests as they were breathing proved that they were still alive.

“As one of the most evil creatures on earth, Dementors feed on peace, hope and happiness in the air around them!” Dumbledore paused and said slowly, “There are too many Dementors in Azkaban. They are spread all over the island and their numbers are increasing. Prisoners held here alone can’t satisfy them. The Ministry of Magic has to regularly transport other creatures here as food for these monsters.”

Looking at the trolls in front of him, Evan felt sad for their fate.

When too close to Dementors, any good feelings, any happy memories are sucked away by them.

They have gathered here for a long time, like parasites, to feed on the happiness of other creatures in the building and to live on them.

They sucked their lives little by little, and the ultimate fate of these inmates was to become walking corpses, soul-free and evil, with only fear following them like a shadow.

Moving on, all creatures imprisoned in the surrounding rooms were like this.

The first, second and ground floors were similar and filled with a large number of non-human magical creatures.

None of them was angry. There was only despair and thirst for death.

Evan felt that if he was confined here for only one day, he would be driven mad, let alone 10 years!

On the third floor, human wizards began to appear in cells on both sides of the corridor.

Like the monsters downstairs, some of them looked helplessly at the only narrow window on the wall, the only light in the darkness.

From time to time Dementors flew by in groups in the fog outside.

The rest of the people were lying on rusty iron beds to force themselves to sleep, as if they could escape everything in front of them if they fell asleep.

But every now and then there was a scream. It was easy to imagine that they would only have nightmares awaiting them.

Chapter 385: Death Eaters

Evan seemed to hear a voice, a long-lost voice quietly ringing in his mind.

“Fear is the only thing on this island!”

He shook his head and hurried to keep up with Dumbledore and Sirius.

It was not a good omen to hear that evil god’s voice suddenly in this place.

“This guy in there is Rabastan Lestrangle!” Sirius said after turning back from his Animagus form. “Together with Barty Crouch Jr., he was sentenced to life imprisonment for using the Cruciatus Curse on the Longbottom couple. I didn’t expect him to be still alive. He doesn’t look so strong, does he?”

Rabastan Lestrangle, a haggard, pale man, turned his head to look at them, with no emotion in his eyes.

“All the prisoners are like this. He is still okay. He actually keeps his consciousness. It is really surprising. In my impression, he is just a coward!” Sirius said disdainfully, “But, he’s done a lot of bad things, a lot of crimes...”

Evan stared at Lestrangle for a moment, and the voice that had just disappeared from his mind reappeared.

“The ancient Azkaban is full of countless cruel and horrible crimes, far beyond your imagination.”

In front of him, Sirius stopped at another room.

“Let’s see who this is, Antonin Dolohov!” Sirius’s voice was marked with hatred. “He’s the most loyal Death Eater. He went to Voldemort to learn more profound and cruel magic. He’s cruel and enjoys torturing Muggles!”

Inside the room, Evan saw a hefty man with big arms lying in bed.

He had dark brown hair and a long, pale, twisted face. Long-term malnutrition did not erase the cruelty and fierceness of his face.

“He was the first Death Eater to follow Voldemort. According to the news we got later, he personally tortured and killed countless Muggles and Voldemort’s opponents.” Sirius said in a heavy tone, “Ron’s mother, Molly Weasley’s two brothers, Fabian and Gideon Prewett, died under his hands.”

Evan moved forward and wanted to see what Dolohov looked like.

He also knew that this guy murdered Lupin in the final battle of the original story.

Antonin Dolohov did not move, nor did he look at the three people standing at the door of his room.

He was still asleep, dreaming some unknown dream, and his face showed a cruel smile from time to time.

But he immediately screamed, and the dream turned into a nightmare in an instant.

“You can’t escape the fear brought by the Dementors. Sleeping can only make things worse, because you will see countless illusions in the dream, facing fear itself.”

Evan heard Sirius’s explanation, but the voice in his mind had another way of saying it.

“Sleeping will give you peace; madness and despair wander outside your sleep.”

In the silence of darkness, only the footsteps of the three of them echoed.

They climbed up another floor, and Sirius stopped again in front of an empty cell near the stairs, with a painful expression on his face.

“I’ve been in this room for thirteen years.” Sirius pointed to the slightly larger gap between the two railings and said, “Fudge gave me a newspaper on his last regular visit to Azkaban, from which I learned that Peter Pettigrew was still alive. I was very thin at the time, like a piece of paper, and I went straight down here.”

The black railings were stained with blood. The Ministry of Magic and the Dementors would never imagine someone escaping in this way.

“The most terrible thing about Azkaban is the despair brought about by the Dementors themselves. The vast majority of people can’t hold on for a few days, and their spirit is broken. The only thought is death!” Sirius said, “I thought about death, too. If it hadn’t been for my conviction that I was innocent, I would have collapsed out of terror, like everyone else.”

Evan nodded, and the deep voice once again quietly sounded in his mind.

“Crime and disaster will not end with death, and the deceased will not rest forever.”

He looked around, and there was nobody else around him except Dumbledore and Sirius. He did not know who was talking, or maybe was it the darkness itself.

In a cell not far ahead, there was a female prisoner.

“She is my dear cousin, Bellatrix Lestrange!” Sirius simply commented, “A madwoman biting people!”

Bellatrix seemed to have heard Sirius’s words, and she suddenly flew to the iron railings, making a wild laugh that sounded chilling.

Evan had seen her photo in the old house of the Black family. Bellatrix had shining dark hair and bright eyes, but more than a decade of Azkaban’s imprisonment left her with a haggard face and crazy eyes.

“Like my dear mother and the rest of the Black family, she is the most loyal advocate of pure lineage.” Sirius looked at Bellatrix and said, “Prejudice against Muggle and Mixed Wizards. That’s the way it was when I was in school.”

“SIRIUS!” Bellatrix didn’t completely lose her senses like everyone else, at least she could speak, she screamed aloud, “TRAITOR TO THE BLACKS, YOU’VE TARNISHED GLORY!”

Her voice was hoarse and harsh, and it sounded uncomfortable.

“Shut up, didn’t ask you to teach me what to do!” Sirius cried out. “I am outside, and you’re inside. That already speaks for itself.”

“I’LL GO OUT. I’LL KILL YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS, I SWEAR!” Bellatrix licked her lips and laughed wildly in a sharp voice.

She was clearly talking to Sirius, but her eyes were looking up and down at Evan.

This made Evan feel very uncomfortable. He seemed to have been remembered by her, which like that voice, did not bode well.

“Let’s go, I lost my mind to argue with this madwoman.” Sirius said with annoyance, “We haven’t seen each other for a long time, but she is as annoying as ever, just like my dead mother.”

Sirius pulled Evan forward, and Bellatrix was still laughing wildly behind.

Perhaps because of her interruption, the strange voice that repeatedly appeared in Evan’s mind did not appear this time, which made him a little relieved.

Maybe it just disappeared, and everything was his illusion.

“She’s closer to Voldemort than any other Death Eater. She’s got more magic from him than others. That may be why she’s still rational, but she’s a madwoman. It doesn’t make any difference with her whether she’s rational or not.” Sirius walked along and said, “Think about it, if parents and relatives are all such a group, who can stand it?”

Chapter 386: Peter and the Throat of the Abyss

Bellatrix’s laughter echoed in the grim and terrible Azkaban.

“Of all the Death Eaters ever put on trial, Bellatrix is the only one who refused to plead guilty; she kept swearing that her master will come back.” Dumbledore said. He frowned and looked at Bellatrix for a moment, nobody knowing what he was thinking.

“As I knew her, Bellatrix is a creature of ruthlessness and cruelty, and had no love to anything.” Sirius said, “She’s just a replica of my mother, always rambling about family glory and pure blood.”

Sirius did not look at Bellatrix anymore, and seemed determined to ignore her.

“Of course, that was in her school days,” he continued. “She became a Death Eater shortly after graduation, and it’s really surprising that she could still defend Voldemort so heartily, even in the High Court of Wizengamot.”

There were signs that Bellatrix had ambiguous feelings for Voldemort.

Evan thought maliciously that there might be some kind of secret relationship between them.

Voldemort and his favorite female Death Eater.... the idea was as awkward as it was intriguing...

As they moved on, Sirius introduced to him some notorious Death Eaters and other Dark wizards. That weird voice never appeared again.

Dumbledore did not find any anomalies, so it seemed to be just his own imagination.

Evan breathed a sigh of relief and walked on for about twenty minutes. He couldn't help asking, "Where is Peter Pettigrew?"

"In a special place, it is called the Throat of the Abyss, the core of Azkaban." Dumbledore explained, "Not all prisoners are eligible to be detained there. The Ministry of Magic probably thinks that Peter Pettigrew is the most vicious prisoner, so he's put in a special custody."

Hearing his words, Sirius made a disdainful laugh. "He doesn't deserve it!" he exclaimed.

"He certainly doesn't deserve it. He's not that strong. He's not as strong as Bellatrix." Dumbledore said calmly, "But there's nothing wrong with keeping him in special custody, at least to prevent him from turning into a rat and running away."

They crossed the cell at the highest floor and began to descend down the narrow staircase on the other side.

The revolving stone staircase stretched downward, seemingly to the deepest part of the earth, straight down to hell.

The floor was now made out of primitive rocks instead of bricks, and the temperature was getting lower and lower.

Evan could hear the sound of the sea, and the cave seemed to extend deep into it.

He could not remember how long he had been walking, and the fog was beginning to fill the surroundings again.

This fog was brought about by countless Dementors, hidden in checkpoints and narrow rock crevices along the way.

Dementors floated there quietly, and he didn't know what they were waiting for.

"The throat of the abyss, I've never been there before!" Sirius said, he looked as surprised as Evan. "I only know that Dementors are all from this place, and that's where they came from."

Evan looked around and his unspoken sense of uneasiness grew stronger and stronger.

His consciousness began to blur, and the scene in front of him was undergoing earth-shattering changes.

But when he looked again, he found that nothing had happened, and that everything was his illusion.

In the haze, Evan followed Dumbledore and Sirius to a deep hole in the earth with a glowing green light. The number on it was 7.

This was the cell 7, where Peter Pettigrew was being held.

He seemed to have lost a lot of weight, like a balloon that suddenly deflated, pale and trembling, curled up on an iron bed.

Peter's small black eyes were dull, and there was no evidence that he was alive.

He lay there, unaware of anything around him.

As the light of Dumbledore's Patronus shone on Peter Pettigrew giving him back consciousness from the influence of the Dementors, his first reaction was to cry.

He cried like an ugly big child, and then realized what was going on.

He tried his best to stand for Dumbledore, Sirius and Evan. He knelt on the ground, and words of remorse were uttered by his mouth. Just like before, he was asking everyone for forgiveness, and hoping they could take him away from here.

Evan knew that he was not really sincere. He was just afraid of the Dementors and Azkaban. Pettigrew feared that he would continue to be left alone and become a soulless monster.

Evan saw Sirius kick Peter Pettigrew away roughly. He rolled aside like a ball, and then he began to climb over back to him, kissing his robe and pleading bitterly.

If he could hear what he was saying, Evan might have pity on him.

But the scene he was seeing now was completely different from reality. As Pettigrew begged, the green cave in front of him was collapsing.

Evan found that something on him was shining, and he reached out and took the thing out. It was the red nameplate Dumbledore had just returned to him!

It seemed to be awakened somehow; the monster on the nameplate seemed to have suddenly come to life.

He just heard strange words ringing in his mind and the changes happening in front of him were all the reasons for this nameplate. Evan felt his soul was coming out of his body.

It was as if the nameplate was a Portkey, opening the path before his soul to drift fast forward, and be taken to unknown realms.

It was as if he was in a dream, where light was spinning, to be swallowed up by the sea. With the light, the entire world seemed to be spinning.

Many Dementors and other hideous demons emerged from the depths of the earth. They all looked at Evan. The twisted, noisy old demons laughed, along with the little green-haired devils with bat wings .

Even the Dementors had all become excited.

"Dementors are particularly sensitive to changes in the soul, and they become very excited whenever someone dies."

Evan remembered what Sirius had told him before. They were so excited. Was he going to die?!

He pulled out his wand to use the Patronus Charm.

But before he could read the spell, he found that everything around him had disappeared. The surroundings were calm, and he stood in place gasping violently.

Drawn by the nameplate, his soul has reached its destination.

It was still Peter Pettigrew's cell, but there was nobody else but Evan.

Dumbledore, Sirius, Peter Pettigrew and the Dementors seemed to have never existed before.

At the location where the original iron bed was, a deep pit suddenly appeared.

It was a path going down. Although no one told Evan where it was heading, he suddenly understood that from now on it was the real Throat of the Abyss!

Chapter 387: Dead Evil God

Evan looked around and felt as if his body was weightless.

Gravity seemed to have lost its effect. He could touch the top of the rock wall with a slight jump.

Then, Evan realized that he was in soul state.

His soul had left his previous realm, got separated from the real world, and came alone here under the influence of the strange nameplate.

He didn't know what the real world was like or where it was. Maybe it was the same as what he had experienced the other night, perhaps it was another magical illusion.

A magical illusion left by Slytherin. Might it be another test?!

After all, in some theories, Azkaban was initially built by Salazar himself, and was his retirement place in his later years. There must be something unusual here.

Would he have hidden a certain part of the evil spirit's body here, and that's why the nameplate reacted?

If so, would it be the brain or the body?

Evan followed this line of thought for a while, but he didn't feel things were quite right.

If the evil spirit created by Herpo the Foul was really here, then it wouldn't be as quiet as it was now, and the whispers that he just heard were completely different from the previous ones.

Even if they were words of an evil god, it was certainly not the same one.

Evan looked at the huge pit in front of him, dark and invisible, and an idea suddenly immersed in his mind.

That was what Dumbledore called the Throat of the Abyss, the real underground abyss.

There was a voice calling for Evan. He hesitated whether he should go in.

A long time had passed, and Dumbledore had not yet arrived. That said, his current situation was extremely bad, and he might not even have a way out.

There was no other exit in this room except for the deep pit in front of him.

It was not the way to keep waiting. If this was really the illusion left by Slytherin, then doing nothing could get him trapped here forever.

Evan decided to follow his instincts instead of fantasizing.

He went to the dark pit and put in his shining wand.

It was dark below, and the pit seemed to be too deep for him to see anything.

The next second, Evan jumped right in. No matter what, he was now in a soul state. Besides evil Dark magic, nothing physical would hurt him no matter what happened.

He went straight down, falling down in the endless dark abyss.

Despite his best efforts, the light on his wand did not play any role. Darkness came from all sides, and Evan could not see anything.

Despair and fear crept in hand in hand, and gloominess of the mood was getting stronger.

Evan kept falling, and started feeling he wasn't going to land. But soon he felt difference. Instead of air, he was surrounded by a strange cold substance that completely wrapped him up.

Evan was stunned for a moment before he realized that it was water.

He was now in the icy waters of the North Sea. After jumping into the deep pit, he had reached the bottom of Azkaban's island.

Because he was in a soul state, Evan didn't have to worry about oxygen and breathing.

He relaxed completely and looked around in the light of his wand.

Unknown fish swam by him, turned around him for a while, and disappeared into the cold water.

It did not take him too long before he found that he could move freely.

He was not going down, and the strange shining nameplate in his arm gradually calmed down, which meant that he had reached his destination.

Although what was happening in front of Evan was totally beyond his scope of knowledge, there seemed to be something around him that attracted him and he could feel it.

He tried not to think, not to explain these unreasonable things with magic or science. He only knew that if he found what the nameplate needed to show him, he could leave here and go back to the real world.

He kept swimming in the dark sea, and then, he seemed to have encountered something.

He raised his wand, and in front of him was a gray creature's body, round and long, no matter which direction he looked, he could not see the end.

This creature seems to have died a long time ago; its body was motionless, and its surface was not shiny, showing a dark gray that was about to decay and deteriorate.

"What is this?" Evan said strangely. "It looks like a giant rubber tube."

As he walked along the "tube", the more he looked, the more frightened he became.

A few minutes later, seeing more of these tubes, Evan finally realized what it was. These tubes were probably the tentacles of some kind of creature.

He couldn't tell why, almost in an instant, he thought of the "evil god of the forest" and its tentacles.

In front of him was a body of an evil god! He tried to rush out immediately, but stopped; he was feeling no threat!

The deathly silence, the whispers and calls that had just been chattering disappeared, as if they had never existed.

This creature, whether it was evil or not, was now dead!

Evan did not know what kind of power could have killed this evil spirit from the void, as powerful and horrible as it was.

He approached again, ready to take a closer look.

But no, the size of this guy in front of him was tremendous.

Evan thought for a moment, and gently pointed his wand at the tentacles in front of him.

He read a spell, and a little fluorescence emerged from the end of his wand and floated above the body of the evil god.

More and more fluorescence spread out, and gradually covered the body of the entire evil spirit.

Now, Evan could finally see this guy. He was really shocked by the sight in front of him. Ahead was a huge octopus-shaped monster.

Its body was quietly tilted in front of Evan, as majestic and frightening as nothing else he had ever seen.

This Octopus-shaped evil was more than a thousand feet long. Its head was immersed deep in the sea. It seemed to be connected to the underground abyss. Numerous tentacles emerged from its head and grabbed the whole island of Azkaban upwards.

The edges of the tentacles had begun to assimilate into the rock and became one.

In the middle, that is, where Evan fell, countless black egg-shaped things emerged from the mouth of the octopus to spray, slowly upward.

These eggs floated very slowly, but they were moving.

Evan looked closely and immediately recognized what it was. These were not eggs at all. They were all Dementors... the evil god was making Dementors!

Chapter 388: Here Is France!

Evan didn't know what to think. This crimson nameplate was absolutely mad. It wanted him to go thousands of feet deep into the sea to find a dead evil spirit.

He was not going to do it; he didn't want to die.

Who knew if there were any other monsters in the depths of the sea besides this dead evil god? That's besides to mention the sense of terror and oppression from the endless abyss! Just looking at the endless stream of Dementors in front of him, Evan despised the idea of going any closer

In particular, he had not yet studied and understood what this nameplate was. It was strange that there was no danger in the weird object left by the evil god created by Herpo the Foul.

If he, for example, helped it absorb the essence of the dead evil god, and thus facilitated the resurrection of the evil spirit on the nameplate, the situation would be terrible!

As time went by, Evan's soul wandered alone in the depths of the ocean.

When he was bored with the huge octopus in front of him, the crimson nameplate shone again, and he once again had another strange experience like when he met Pettigrew!

But this time, his soul was rapidly returning to his body!

He could finally leave here and return to the real world.

The scene in front of him passed swiftly, and Evan, pulled by the nameplate, revolved around the huge octopus in the dark sea, and then approached its head.

In the deepest part was a gap in the rock, and Evan could hardly see what seemed to be a sunken city behind.

Before he could see clearly, everything became distorted.

When he woke up, Evan found himself not in the gloomy, dark Azkaban; he was now lying in a luxurious, classical French-style room, the mattress underneath was soft and comfortable, and the room was decorated with noble and elegant aristocratic style.

There was a light aroma in the air, which smelled like strawberry.

A string of aeolian wind bells hung by the window and jingled with the breeze.

In the afternoon, the golden sunlight shone through the beautifully decorated windows, radiating the afterheat.

The colorful magic hanging lamp was spinning.

Everything at present was full of warmth and dreams.

"Where am I, and what's this place?" Evan sat up and said incredulously, "Am I dreaming?"

Everything in front of him was so different from Azkaban's dark style that Evan had an unreal feeling of entering a dream.

"Here is France!" Sirius's voice rang behind him.

He came in from the outside living room and said with delight, "Thank God, you finally woke up!"

"How long have I been in a coma?" Evan asked.

"Almost three days, Dumbledore said that you have strange magic marks on you, but nothing problematic. He didn't think it was necessary to wake you up by force." Sirius explained, "When the magic on your body would dissipate, you'd naturally wake up, he said."

Sirius pulled a chair and sat next to Evan.

"What exactly happened? What did you see?" he hurriedly asked.

“The corpse of a terrible monster is in the sea below Azkaban.” Evan sighed and said, “No doubt. It’s an evil god like I told you before.”

“That thing again?” Sirius frowned, “How could it possibly be in Azkaban, hidden in the depths of the sea?”

“Not the two I saw before, this one is a new evil spirit.” Evan said weakly. “But this is no longer important. It’s dead now. There is only a corpse left there that keeps producing Dementors.”

Sirius was shocked to hear that Dementors were born in this way.

Evan waved indifferently. Whoever would look at that fellow and the newly born Dementors for such a long while would feel as numb as he did.

“Well, now you should tell me, why did we come to France?” Evan asked. “And, where’s Dumbledore?”

“Three days ago, after you fainted, we talked to Peter Pettigrew and asked him all about Voldemort’s Curse.” Sirius sighed and continued, “He told us everything, but Dumbledore thought that the information he had was meaningless. Voldemort did not seem to trust him, but was deceiving him, and did not tell him the real way to break the Curse.”

He looked extremely discontented and shook his fist hard in the air.

“That idiot Peter used to be like that. He worshiped great power, but he didn’t have the slightest grip on discerning truth from lies. He was easily fooled by Voldemort, and got nothing.” Sirius said angrily. “James actually died because of his whistle-blowing. It was never really worth it. I never thought there would be such a foolish creature!”

“Since we can’t know what this Curse is.” Evan looked again at the circular snake bracelet on his right wrist, “Then there’s only one way to restore the Philosopher’s Stone intact. We should be investigating that.”

“Yes, Dumbledore has a clue. He’s going to confirm it!” Sirius looked at Evan. “Before that, he thought it necessary to let his friend take a look at this Philosopher’s Stone, so we came to France first, looking for...”

“The alchemist Nicolas Flamel!” Evan knew all about him, “He is the last master of alchemy, the wizard who has been recognized as the longest living wizard in the wizarding world, the maker of the Elixir of life using the Philosopher’s Stone, and Dumbledore’s partner in alchemy.”

Sirius was stunned when he heard Evan say so many information in one breath, and a smile appeared on his lips, “I knew nothing could be concealed from you.”

“Did we find him then?” Evan asked in a hurry.

“EUREKA! Dumbledore brought us here.” Sirius said, “We didn’t have to work so hard to come to France. Nicolas Flamel and his wife Perenelle Flamel retired in England, but after destroying the Philosopher’s Stone two years ago, they decided to spend the rest of their lives in their native country France.”

“So, we’re in Nicolas’s house right now?” Evan looked around. The decoration style of this room was too luxurious.

They didn’t seem to be in the famous alchemist’s house right now. It was like an old aristocratic family or a pure-blood wizard’s manor.

“Nicolas Flamel has been living in his alma mater since he returned to France. By the way, he is a professor of potions and alchemy at the school!” Sirius paused and continued, “This is Beauxbatons Academy of Magic.”

Chapter 389: Beauxbatons Academy of Magic

“Beauxbatons Academy of Magic?!” Evan blinked. This was really amazing news.

He read about the school in many magic books, but never thought he would have a chance to come here.

Like Hogwarts, the sites of such famous wizarding schools are hidden.

In order to ensure the safety of students and prevent secrets from being stolen, ministries of magic and wizards in various countries have imposed unimaginable protective spells in every school.

That means it’s hard to find a wizarding school without knowing the exact address.

Even if the Muggles accidentally stood outside, all they could see was a pile of ruins.

There would be signs hanging at the entrance; DANGER, NO ENTRY, UNSAFE and so on.

Of course, these protective spells are equally applicable to uninvited wizards.

Evan only knew that Beauxbatons Academy of Magic was located in the south of France. Just like Hogwarts, it is one of the three major wizarding schools in Europe. It is famous for its long history and elegant and comfortable teaching environment. But he didn’t know exactly where it was.

“Dumbledore brought us here for help, and the Headmistress Olympe Maxime warmly welcomed us.” Sirius smiled and said, “She is a very special witch, very strong, and when you see her, you will understand what I mean.”

Indeed, like Hagrid, Mrs. Maxime was a female half-giant.

This sounded really interesting, but Evan’s mind was not on it at all.

He thought of Fleur, and Gabrielle Delacour, who had been writing to him.

They were students of Beauxbatons. Letters from Gabrielle had almost filled a large tin box, and Evan had never met her before.

In his impression, she should be a cute little girl with blond hair and blue eyes, a sweet smile, a quarter-Veela French young witch and a strong French style.

Unlike Hogwarts, Beauxbatons Academy of Magic requires young wizards to enter school from the age of nine. The school is not divided into four Houses, and there are only the years. Gabrielle should be at school now.

At the end of the semester, there should be no school holiday.

Anyway, Evan wanted to see the girl who had been writing to him. Besides, he wanted to see by himself the magic preserved in Beauxbatons Academy of Magic about which he had read relevant records in many books of magic.

“Dumbledore said you might probably wake up today. I am going to inform him about this. He should be with Nicolas Flamel.”

Sirius stood up from the chair, smiled at Evan and said, “You can go out and walk around, but don’t go too far. To welcome us, there will be a banquet in Beauxbatons this evening!”

“Oh I see!” Evan promised, ready to go out for a visit.

He followed Sirius out of the room, just for his eyes to be shine at the sight of the luxurious decor of the room extending all the way to the school corridor.

Unlike the black, rough stone walls of Hogwarts Castle, the corridor in front of Evan was all white marble with gold and blue decorative patterns. Soft carpets were laid on the floor, and gorgeous brilliant crystal lights were hanging in mid-air.

The walls were painted with huge colored murals, and the characters inside were walking around.

On both sides of the corridor were elegant statues, vases and other decorations, each of which was a priceless antique or a unique piece of art.

“To tell the truth, I was surprised when I first saw it!” Sirius was not surprised by Evan’s reaction. He said, “These rich Frenchmen!”

At the end of the corridor, Evan separated from Sirius. He looked at the murals on the walls and came out of the building along another empty corridor.

The warm wind of June blew in front of Evan, and there was a large garden in front of him.

It was not as magnificent as Hogwarts’s huge castle. Beauxbatons looked like an amazing manor.

A French-style building was situated in it, and everything in front of him had a different flavor.

It should be situated on the top of a big mountain. Evan could see the vast lawns and mountains around the school.

There was no cloud in the sky, which was like a pure sapphire.

Evan walked two steps forward. Outside the flower garden was a Quidditch field. The flag fluttering around it was the school’s coat of arms of Beauxbatons. There were two golden wands crossed over one another, each shooting three stars.

In French, Beauxbatons means “beautiful wands”.

The sparkling river passed through the edge of the Quidditch site, like a silver ribbon, and across the river was a dense virgin forest.

With red eyes and golden manes, the Abraxans, 'winged-horses' were lying leisurely by the river. They were all very rare magical horses.

Evan's current location was just the boys' dormitory. In the middle of the distance was a great palace-like building, which was the main body of the school.

In front of the palace, there was a magnificent golden fountain resembling that of the hall of the Ministry of Magic.

The above figure was Nicolas Flamel, which was there to thank him for his donation to Beauxbatons at a young age. A large part of the land and buildings were Flamel's donations.

Of course, these things happened more than 600 years ago.

What interested Evan was that the fountain apparently used a lot of alchemy-related knowledge. Although he didn't quite understand it, he could clearly feel that the ordinary spring water passing through the statue of Nicolas Flamel had a subtle magic.

These magic powers were amazing and seemed to have healing and beautifying properties.

Evan couldn't help but go over to study it carefully, but he quickly found that the situation was a bit wrong.

He didn't know when they came out, but there were more and more Beauxbatons' students around him.

Their school uniform robes were all pale blue, made of fine silk, in contrast to the mostly black school uniform on Evan.

He could hear the voices of the people around him.

"Who is this boy?"

"Hogwarts!"

"The boy who came with Dumbledore and Sirius Black."

"He's so handsome. I heard that he is that Evan Mason!"

"NO???"

"He looks a little weak, not as strong as the rumors!"

Of course, these discussions were all in French, and Evan couldn't understand a word.

He felt like he was a treasured animal in the zoo. What made him feel more stressed was that most of them were girls.

They pointed at Evan, and from time to time they burst into laughter.

Chapter 390: Gabrielle and the Black Cat

Although in Hogwarts, he was often the focus of attention and discussion, this was the first time Evan experienced such a situation, being surrounded by such a group of girls.

From time to time, they burst into laughter and spoke French that he could not understand.

There were several bold girls who looked at Evan warmly, their looks conveying obvious messages. Evan, on the other hand, was rather shy.

If he wanted, he could have a nice cozy conversation with one of them at anytime.

That sounded good, especially because these girls were all stunningly beautiful...

Evan shook his head in a hurry and cleared out his mind. Now was not the time to think about such things.

All in all, this situation was really not suitable for staying to study magic. He had to walk back along the way he came.

Behind him, more and more people were crowding up.

Many of them came to see Evan after being informed by their peers.

Evan had a headache. These French girls were too enthusiastic.

After a quick turn around a corner, he quickly murmured. His body began to shrink rapidly, turning into a black cat that leaped out gently.

He watched with amusement the students who suddenly lost their target and were at a loss. He shook his tail and got out of the crowd, ready to continue his tour around the campus.

Evan planned to go to the library and have a look at the books here.

“Where did the boy from Hogwarts go?”

“I don’t know, he’s just turned this corner. There is no place to hide around here. He can’t walk that fast either.”

“I heard that he is very strong. He defeated the Basilisk, many Dementors, and the most evil Dark wizard to clean up Sirius Black’s name...”

“We all know what you’re talking about. He’s almost the most frequently mentioned wizard in newspapers. Every few weeks, we can see reports about him!”

“Well I mean... would he go invisible?”

“This is impossible. That spell is not allowed in schools. But perhaps Hogwarts has some special unknown magic. That school is very strong.”

As the discussion continued, Evan carefully crossed the crowd.

He decided to go back and study French hard. Otherwise he really wouldn’t understand what these people were saying.

They should be talking about him, and he just didn’t know whether what they were saying good or bad.

Just as he was about to get out, his body suddenly jerked stiffly.

On the outermost side of the crowd, Evan found himself being picked up from behind.

He turned and saw a particularly beautiful girl, a few years younger than him, wearing a pale blue wizard's robe.

She looked at him with her blue eyes, and waist-length of pure, silvery blonde hair.

"This black cat is so cute!" "The girl smiled, her long eyelashes twinkled up and down, as beautiful and lovely as an angel.

Without introduction, Evan recognized that this girl was Gabrielle Delacour.

She looked very much like a Veela, which was a very rare lineage.

In Beauxbatons, it was estimated that only she and her sister, Fleur, were like this; and they were very easy to identify.

Evan struggled for a moment, trying to break free. Although he said that he wanted to see Gabrielle, but meeting her in this way was really too bad!

"Hey, stop being naughty!" Gabrielle ignored Evan's struggle, and held him tightly in her arms.

There was a soft moment in front of him, and Evan dared not really exert himself.

He could only let her embrace him and follow the crowd around him.

"Come on, Gabrielle!"

A few minutes later, a girl next to her said with disappointment, "I don't know where that Evan Mason went. He's not here anymore!"

"But I haven't seen him yet!"

"There's a welcome banquet tonight. You'll see him sooner or later." The girl took Gabrielle. "Besides, wasn't your sister assigned by the headmistress to show that fellow around the campus? You can follow them. Remember to take me with you then."

They walked to the school while chatting, and the topic naturally shifted from Evan to the black cat that Gabrielle was holding.

"I've never seen this cat on the campus!" The girl with short brown hair said, "Black cats are rare. In legend, they have strong magic. It's maybe a pet for senior students."

"In that case, I can go and ask my sister to help!" Gabrielle said, holding Evan in front of her and staring into his eyes.

Evan was immersed in the beauty of the girl and felt his heart pounding.

His mind became blank, and he only felt an extreme joy.

Everything in the world didn't matter as long as he could keep looking at her.

This feeling was only for a moment, and immediately, Evan sobered up.

He knew that this was because of her being a Veela, which was magical in itself and had the power to make a woman irresistible.

Evan let out a low meow and turned his head away from Gabrielle.

He wanted to say that she didn't have to take the trouble to find the owner, and just put him down.

But Gabrielle turned Evan back in her arms. In fact, at that moment, she also felt her heart beat faster.

The black cat in her arms seemed to have real magic. Its eyes could reach the deepest part of the human heart. Gabrielle had never felt that way before.

"You go back to the Common Room first. I'll get my sister's help. See you at dinner!" Gabrielle waved and ran in the other direction with Evan in her arms.

Evan didn't know what she wanted to do, but he was thinking about how to get out of this situation.

He meowed twice again. It seemed that he couldn't leave this girl without using tough means. If he couldn't do it, he could just turn right back to his human form.

That was embarrassing, but it was better than being seen by others.

Gabrielle ran for a while and stopped. She lifted Evan again and said with uncertainty. "Why do you keep meowing, are you hungry?"

Evan couldn't understand what she was asking, and another meow was his answer.

Then he saw the girl nodding a little, as if she understood something.

She took Evan downstairs and ran to an empty classroom.

"Found it!" Gabrielle felt something behind her desk.

She took out a bottle of milk and swayed at Evan. "My sister gave it to me at breakfast, I forgot to drink it!"

Evan watched in silence as she poured milk into a box and pushed it in front of him.

Seeing that Evan didn't seem to want to drink, Gabrielle thought for a moment, and forced his head down.

Being caught off guard, the splashed Evan was covered with milk!

Gabrielle laughed, released Evan, and drank the remaining half bottle of milk.

Her mouth was stained with milky white stains, and she picked up Evan, who was cleaning his face, and his arms huddled closer and closer.

Looking at her, it seemed that because Evan the black cat was too cute, she couldn't help but reach over and kiss him.