

## Harry Potter 461

Chapter 461: Evan's Trouble

Behind Wood, they also saw Mr. Diggory and his son, who were about to visit the Quidditch field in advance.

Cedric Diggory was an extremely handsome boy of around seventeen. He was Captain and Seeker of the Hufflepuff House Quidditch team at Hogwarts.

One could try to paint it as lightly as possible, but this meant that he was the enemy of the Gryffindor Quidditch team.

Especially considering that they defeated the Gryffindor team in the first Quidditch match of the previous year, which made him somewhat unwelcomed by everyone.

Fred and George did not even say hello, they had not forgiven him until now.

Cedric's father, Amos Diggory, was a ruddy-faced wizard with a scrubby brown beard. He worked for the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures of the Ministry of Magic and was familiar with Mr. Weasley.

It could be seen that he was extremely proud of his son.

Amos very rudely stared at Harry and Sirius for a long time, especially the scar on Harry's forehead.

"Cedric has talked about you, of course," said Amos Diggory. "He told us all about playing against you last year. I said to him, I said... When you get old, that'll be something to tell your grandchildren. That's amazing. You beat Harry Potter!"

Defeating Harry Potter, this was indeed a provocative discourse.

Sirius looked at him unfriendly, and Fred and George were both scowling again.

Only Cedric stood there and looked slightly embarrassed.

"Harry fell off his broom, Dad!" he whispered. "I told you, it was an accident..."

"Yeah, but you didn't fall off, did you?" roared Amos genially, slapping his son on his back. "Always modest, always the gentleman, being able to understand that compassion of the weak is rare virtue, but the best man won, I'm sure Harry would say the same. One falls off his broom, one stays on; you don't need to be genius to tell which one is the better flier!"

This sentence was really very batty, and almost everyone's look became ugly.

"Well, I need some water!" Mr. Weasley hastened to take out a large dusty kettle.

Children, can you go back, please? You can take this opportunity to stroll around the camp. Don't worry about time."

At Mr. Weasley's insistence, they set off quickly, and everyone seemed unhappy.

“Unbelievable! That guy actually said that he defeated Harry! If it wasn’t for the Dementors...” Ron complained.

“Dad is always like this, he is too nice!” Fred shook the kettle vigorously.

“If it were me, I would just rush and beat that Amos and give him a lesson!” George said.

The rest did not comment, but did not object to what George had said, even Hermione.

Of course, she looked a bit abnormal today and was no longer as eager to express her views as before.

Since what happened the previous night, she had been trying to avoid Evan all morning and had not spoken to him.

Whenever their eyes occasionally met, she turned red and quickly looked away.

She was just embarrassed; she was just an innocent young girl...

This was the main reason for her abnormality. She was not angry because Evan climbed into her bed. Perhaps, she even felt somewhat good about it!

Even though Evan was as clueless as she was, he knew it was time to take advantage of his unexpected victor. However, he had no chance at all!

From the morning till now, the two were never alone, not even for a second. They couldn’t say anything in front of so many people.

All in all, they both had always maintained this eccentric relationship.

They crossed the camp and came to the water pump, where a small line had been formed.

Fred and George saw Lee Jordan. He was their friend at school and often got into trouble together.

The three of them gathered and muttered for a while, and then left the team ahead with a smirk and the others didn’t know what they were doing.

“What are they going to do?” Ron said suspiciously, looking at the back of the three of them.

“I don’t know!” Harry shook his head and picked up the kettle that Fred had left.

They lined up, and in front of them, two men were having a heated argument. One of them was a very old wizard who was wearing a long flowery nightgown. The other was clearly a Ministry wizard; he was holding out a pair of pinstriped trousers and almost crying with exasperation.

“Just put them on, Archie, there’s a good chap. You can’t walk around like that. The Muggle at the gate is already getting suspicious...”

“I bought this in a Muggle shop,” said the old wizard stubbornly. “Muggles wear them.”

“Muggle women wear them, Archie, not the men. They wear these.” Said the Ministry wizard, and he brandished the pinstriped trousers.

“I’m not putting them on!” Archie said in indignation. “I want a healthy breeze around my privates, thanks.”

Hearing their conversation, everyone couldn’t help laughing.

Especially Hermione, she was overcome with such a strong fit with giggles at this point that she had to duck out of the queue and only returned when Archie had collected his water and moved away.

A few minutes later, walking more slowly because of the weight of the water, they made their way back through the campsite.

This kettle was very big and very heavy when filled with water.

Without magic, they had great difficulty in carrying it.

Hermione and Ginny couldn’t hold the kettle, and Evan, Harry, and Ron took turns holding it for a while.

Along the way, they saw many Hogwarts students.

Among them, the most impressive one was Cho Chang, who just came over.

Cho was a very pretty girl who played Seeker on the Ravenclaw team.

She waved and smiled at everyone and Harry slopped quite a lot of water down his front as he hurriedly waved back.

“Hello, Hello, I just met Cedric and he said you’re pumping water here!” Cho said happily, her face was red and full of concern and excitement, “Evan, how are you? Since you left school early at the end of last term...”

She specifically asked about the situation of Evan, obviously very concerned.

Evan and Cho had a good relationship. Since they had met for the first time, they became very friendly overtime.

Cho seemed to have a crush on Evan, but well, most of the girls in school had a crush on Evan.

“Thank you, I am fine. There’s nothing wrong!” Evan replied with a smile. “You have been in the summer...”

Before he continued, he saw Hermione appear behind him.

After seeing Cho, Hermione, who had been hiding for a day, chose to approach her, and her face was full of vigilance.

Evan smelled a trace of tension, and the situation seemed to be a bit wrong.

Fortunately, the expected bloodshed did not occur.

After seeing Hermione’s appearance, Cho quickly separated from them, and her small face was still red.

Looking at Cho's back, Evan was a little relieved, but did not realize that the real trouble awaiting him was behind his back...

Chapter 462: "Old Enemies" from France

"Evan, Cho seems to care about you..." Hermione said suspiciously.

She remembered her conversation with Ginny last night, and Ginny said that there were many girls in the school who were secretly in love with Evan.

Among them was Cho Chang from Ravenclaw. She had long felt that there was something wrong with them.

Perhaps, she should follow Ginny's advice and speed things up with Evan...

Hermione thought about it, her face was reddish, and what happened last night appeared in her mind.

Her body approached Evan in front of her, like a curious kitten.

Although Hermione looked lovely now, Evan dared not be careless. He knew that his answer must satisfy her; otherwise she could change from a kitten to a fierce lioness at any time.

But how to answer Hermione's question?!

She was right. Cho really cared about him. She came here just now and even talked to him alone.

Evan couldn't say yes, nor could he say no. The more he would explain, the darker the situation would be.

If possible, he hoped to find time again and talk to Hermione alone, just like last night...

Just then, a large group of teenagers who had never been seen before came up and diverted everyone's attention.

"Look, who are they?" Harry asked. "They are certainly not from Hogwarts. Maybe they are students from another wizarding school that Sirius talked about. Do you know where they come from?"

"Beauxbatons!" Hermione whispered.

"How do you know?" Harry looked at her in surprise.

"All of their robes have Beauxbatons's school badge on them. I saw it in 'An Appraisal of Magical Education in Europe!'" Hermione said, "It's like that, two crossed wands emitting three stars each."

"They are indeed students from Beauxbatons!" Evan followed.

He seemed to have an impression on one of the guys, who had been taught a terrible lesson by him after he had provoked him more than two months ago.

He hoped that the last experience in Beauxbatons's Great Hall had given them enough lessons.

However, Evan's expectations fell through. After seeing him, the students of Beauxbatons immediately surrounded him.

They still remembered the incident. Evan fought against all of Beauxbatons's students alone and still managed to leave safely after the big fight. This was a great shame to Beauxbatons.

That night, many people wanted to teach Evan a good lesson, but in the end no one could find him.

Now they met Evan here, they naturally would not let go.

"What the hell is going on with these guys? They seem very agitated!" Ron said uneasily, "What are they talking about?"

"Something wrong, we'd better be careful!" Harry followed.

The students of Beauxbatons surrounded Evan and his friends, shouting something aggressively in French.

Evan knew it must have been a demand of apology or cursing him or something.

He saw that many of them had pulled out their wands and the battle was imminent.

With Evan's current strength, he was naturally not afraid of these guys. If needed, he could just get them all knocked out in seconds.

It was basic; he would just have to use a relatively weak area affecting magic. That was the best way to deal with many weaker foes.

This method was simple and direct, and much better than using a single target spell and attacking them one at a time.

But Evan didn't pull out his wand. He knew that the camp was full of officials from the Ministry of Magic.

They were patrolling around to maintain order, nervous and terrible, afraid of any accident being discovered by Muggles.

As expected, before the two sides could do anything, a wizard from the Ministry of Magic appeared beside them.

"Kids, I hope that you are not preparing to fight. Young wizards are not allowed to use magic outside school!" he said breathlessly. "In such a great weather, you should do something more meaningful instead of gathering here."

The young wizards of Beauxbatons looked at each other and left reluctantly!

The way they looked before they left seemed to tell Evan that it was far from over. Nevertheless, he did not care at all.

In the face of absolute power, no matter how many people would be against him, they would not be able to escape the fate of being crushed.

When Evan was cursed and could not use a lot of magic, he dared to fight the entire Beauxbatons students. Now that he had regained his strength and acquired a Philosopher's Stone, fighting them could no longer be described as an act of courage.

The brief contact made Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny's impressions on Beauxbatons deteriorate significantly.

Ron was even more direct, "What Barbarians, those French!"

This kind of descriptions obviously could not be generalized, and even Ron had to admit that Beauxbatons girls were still good; especially Fleur, as well as her sister Gabrielle, along with the other enthusiastic girls.

On their way back, Evan told the story of his previous brawl with Beauxbatons, which amazed everyone.

They all admired Evan's courage and strength, but thinking about it, it actually felt completely normal.

In their impression, there was nothing Evan couldn't do!

When they returned to the tent, Mr. Weasley and Sirius had already got the fire lit outside the tent.

The house elf Kreacher kept throwing firewood inside, complaining that Mr. Weasley would not let him use the stove in the tent.

It took more than an hour for them to cook eggs and sausages for lunch.

Only then did Fred and George return, and Bill, Charlie and Percy arrived from the Burrow.

Everyone was eating eggs and sausages in front of the campfire, and the atmosphere was pleasant and relaxing.

They were halfway through their plates when Mr. Weasley suddenly jumped to his feet, waving and grinning at a man who was striding toward them.

"Look, the man of the moment, Ludo!" he shouted.

Everyone's attention was focused on the wizard who had just appeared.

This wizard was the most noticeable person they had ever seen so far, even including old Archie in his flowered nightdress.

He was very energetic and vigorous, wearing long Quidditch robes in thick horizontal stripes of bright yellow and black. An enormous picture of a wasp was splashed across his chest.

He had the look of a powerfully built man gone slightly to seed; the robes were stretched tightly across a large belly, which became very fat.

His nose was squashed, but his round blue eyes, short blond hair, and rosy complexion made him look like a very overgrown schoolboy.

"Ahoy there!" Bagman called happily. He was walking as though he had springs attached to the balls of his feet and was plainly in a state of wild excitement.

Chapter 463: An Unwinnable Bet

"Arthur, old man!" He came to the campfire. "What a day, eh? What a day! Could we have asked for more perfect weather? A cloudless night coming... and hardly a hiccup in the arrangements... Not much for me to do!"

Behind him, a group of haggard-looking Ministry wizards rushed past, pointing at the distant evidence of some sort of a magical fire that was sending violet sparks twenty feet into the air.

For his prediction, everyone expressed doubts that it would rain if it was not good tonight.

Behind Mr. Weasley, Percy hurried forward with his hand outstretched.

“This is my son Percy. He’s just started at the Ministry!” Mr. Weasley said with a smile. “Sitting there is Sirius Black, then Fred, George, Bill, Charlie, Ron, and my daughter Ginny. You’ve seen them before, and here are Evan Mason, Hermione Granger and Harry Potter.”

He introduced everyone to Bagman, and when he saw Sirius, Bagman was obviously surprised.

The expression on his face was complex and looked more like fear.

Sirius said that Bagman had been trialed for providing confidential information to the Death Eater, Rookwood. They had a brief contact at the time of the trial.

It seemed that he remembered his past experience and was terrified of Sirius.

When he heard Harry’s name, Bagman looked a little surprised.

“Okay, okay, do you want to make a bet on the match?” Bagman said eagerly, jingling what seemed to be a large amount of gold in the pockets of his yellow-and-black robes.

It seemed that this was the main purpose of his coming here.

“I’ve already got Roddy Pontner betting me Bulgaria will score first... I offered him nice odds, considering Ireland’s front three are the strongest I’ve seen in years... and little Agatha Timms has put up half shares in her eel farm on a week-long match.”

“I’ll bet a Galleon on Ireland to win, okay?” Mr. Weasley said hesitantly.

“A Galleon?!” Bagman was somewhat disappointed, but recovered himself. “Very well, is there anyone else who wants to gamble?”

He looked forward to Sirius, but Sirius ignored him completely.

Bagman touched his nose embarrassingly, and didn’t dare to say more. His eyes shifted to the others.

“They’re a bit young to be gambling,” Mr. Weasley said quickly.

“We’ll bet forty-six galleons, thirty-two Sickles, eight Knuts,” said Fred as he and George quickly pooled all their money, “that Ireland would be winning... but Viktor Krum gets the Snitch.”

All the money Evan had given them and the sales of products in the store were confiscated by Mrs. Weasley, nearly 200 Gold Galleons.

Mrs. Weasley said that she would give them back to him and that Evan was not allowed to give money to Fred and George.

But this did not bother them. When their business was at its peak, they had asked Lee Jordan to help them sell a lot of joke products.

Most of Hogwarts's owl orders were made in this way.

The two of them just went out to collect their money. When they came back, they secretly told Evan about it.

Fred and George now intended to use the money as a re-starting fund to make a comeback. He did not expect that they would take out all of them here and take part in a gamble that was impossible to win.

Evan did not think that Fred and George would guess wrong, but he doubted Ludo Bagman's character.

"Boys!" said Mr. Weasley under his breath, "I don't want you betting. Your mother..."

"Don't be a spoilsport, Arthur!" boomed Ludo Bagman, rattling his pockets excitedly. "They're old enough to know what they want! You think Ireland will win, but Krum will get the Golden Snitch? Not a chance, boys, not a chance. I'll give excellent odds on that one."

Ludo Bagman quickly whipped out a notebook and quill and began jotting down the twins' names.

Mr. Weasley looked on helplessly, unable to stop what was happening.

"George, calm down, you can't win!" Evan gently pulled George's robe.

"Do not worry, we have our own measures!" George said indifferently.

"We both seriously analyzed all the previous games of Viktor Krum," Fred said.

"I mean, even if you win, this guy may not give you the money!" Evan raised his voice and said rudely.

Obviously, Bagman also heard what he said, and his face became embarrassed, but fleeting.

"Boys, Boys, you can go out and inquire about my credibility. Old Bagman has always been willing to gamble and lose!" Bagman said loudly, "I can use my status as Head of the Department of Magical Games and Sports as a guarantee. But I have to say that the chances of both of you winning are too slim!"

Now that this had been said, Evan didn't say any more.

Let Fred and George learn a lesson. They would know how bad it would be to gamble when they don't have enough money.

He hoped they could remember this later, and that they would never gamble.

After handing the slip of parchment to Fred, Bagman turned to Mr. Weasley. "Arthur, can you do me a favor? I have been looking for Barty Crouch. My Bulgarian opposite number is making



difficulties, and I can't understand a word he's saying. Barty will be able to sort it out. He speaks about a hundred and fifty languages."

"Mr. Crouch can speak two hundred languages!" Percy said excitedly, "including Mermish, Gobbledegook, and Troll."

Obviously, everyone thought that Percy was bragging.

George pointed and snored like a Troll, causing everyone to laugh.

Percy was the only one who expressed dissatisfaction, but did not answer George.

When Bagman sat down in front of the campfire and prepared to drink a cup of tea, the topic was shifted to Bertha Jorkins.

This witch had been missing for a few months, but no one cared about it.

In particular, given the current state of the Albanian forest, she was likely to encounter misfortune.

As Dumbledore brought Evan and Sirius back, what happened in the ruins of the Centaurs had also spread.

At Dumbledore's initiative, the International Confederation of Wizards would set up a special team to investigate the matter in Albania, but the effectiveness of this team was questionable to the least.

The place was originally a no-branch zone, with mixed forces, and the wizards killed by the vampires were all Dark wizards.

All the corpses became flesh and blood absorbed by the evil spirit and indescribable creatures, and now all of them had disappeared.

The final number of casualties was difficult to determine, and no one had seen it. No one would admit that Voldemort and the evil spirits had appeared there.

#### Chapter 464: A Sudden Storm

While they were discussing this matter, a wizard suddenly Apparated at their fireside. It was Barty Crouch.

He could not have made more of a contrast with Ludo Bagman, sprawled on the grass in his old wasp robes.

As Evan had seen before, Crouch had thoroughly complied with the rule about Muggle dressing.

He was stiff and upright, dressed in a spotless suit and a tie. His narrow toothbrush mustache looked as though he trimmed it using a slide rule. His shoes were very highly polished.

The arrival of Crouch made the relaxed and pleasant atmosphere serious and tense.

He came to Ludo Bagman because the Bulgarians asked for another 12 seats to the Top Box.

"Oh, that's what they wanted!" Bagman suddenly realized, "I thought the guy was asking to borrow a pair of tweezers from me. His English accent was too strong to understand what he was saying. "

He waved disapprovingly, ignoring Bulgaria's request for more seats.

“Mr. Crouch!” Suddenly seeing Crouch, Percy was so excited that he was breathless. He sank into a kind of half-bow that made him look like a hunchback. “Would you like a cup of tea?”

“Oh,” said Mr. Crouch, looking over at Percy in mild surprise. “Yes, thank you, Weatherby.”

Upon hearing this, Fred and George laughed so much that they choked into their own cups.

Percy, very pink around the ears, busied himself with the kettle.

Crouch’s gaze briefly stayed on Sirius and then quickly turned to Mr. Weasley.

He discussed with Mr. Weasley about a foreign wizard who wanted to import flying carpets into Great Britain.

Flying carpets are very popular in countries near the Mediterranean, where few people use flying brooms.

This type of flying tool is defined as a family vehicle, and can take up to twenty people at a time depending on the size.

Of course, this does not work in the UK, because the carpet is defined as a Muggle Artifact by the Registry of Proscribed Charmable Objects.

Even if it was allowed to be sold, it was estimated that only a few people would buy it. British wizards should still prefer their broomsticks.

After that, Crouch talked to them about some work matters before urging Bagman to leave with him.

It was in line with his style. All he thought about was work, rigorous to the extreme, and he didn’t even drink his tea.

The only funny thing was that although Percy regarded Crouch as an idol, and often talked about his name and practice, Crouch did not even remember Percy’s name and kept calling him Weatherby.

This gave Fred and George a chance to laugh at him, and also stated that Percy was not important in Crouch’s mind.

Bagman wanted to stay and talk to them about Hogwarts’s upcoming Triwizard Tournament.

But Crouch didn’t let him say anything, which aroused everyone’s curiosity. What event was Hogwarts going to hold?!

Seeing Crouch, Evan wondered if he was hiding his son, Barty Crouch Jr., in his tent right now.

This evening would then be a good opportunity to seize him.

After lunch, Mr. Weasley and Sirius told everyone to go back to rest.

Because tonight’s Quidditch final was likely to last for a long time, it was necessary to keep enough energy.

Everyone got into the tent one after another, ready to take a nap.

Silence suddenly took over the campsite, as everyone noticed clouds gathering quickly in the sky.

Ludo Bagman seemed to bring misfortune with his words, and the gloomy sky began to rain.

With the roar of thunder, the rain was getting heavier and heavier.

Listening to the sound of raindrops falling on the ground outside the tent, Evan twirled on the bed and couldn't sleep.

He didn't want to watch the Quidditch match in the pouring rain, which would be really terrible.

But he didn't worry too much. Summer thunderstorms always came inadvertently and left quickly, and this sudden heavy rain should stop by the beginning of the final in the next evening.

Sirius's tent was very large. Everyone could come in and it could also ensure that everyone had a small room.

Mr. Weasley, Sirius, Bill and Charlie lived on its ground floor. Fred and George occupied the larger room on the first floor. The remaining three rooms were for Percy, Evan, Harry and Ron.

As for the second floor, it was Hermione's and Ginny's. Even then, there was a storage room left.

Because there were no windows to bring in air, the tent was extremely hot, Evan got up and took off his coat.

He didn't feel sleepy listening to the sound of the rain.

He was thinking about his plans, Voldemort, Barty Crouch Jr., and the vampires.

After a long time, he shook his head hard, trying to calm himself down.

Since he couldn't sleep, Evan decided to study the ancient magic script some more and to crack the first part of 'The Book of Abraham' as soon as possible.

Improving his strength now was the safest way to deal with whatever future had to bring.

As soon as he got up, he heard a knock at the door.

"Master Evan!" Kreacher's dull voice sounded.

"What's the matter?" Evan wondered why the house elf Kreacher would knock at the door.

Although the relationship between them had improved, in general, Kreacher never took the initiative to talk to Evan.

The dogmas that had been formed for a long time made him very reluctant to contact Muggle-born wizards.

"There is a lady looking for you, Old Kreacher brought her over!" Kreacher said in a long voice.

Evan was stunned, there was a girl looking for him. Who would it be?!

He first thought of Hermione, but Hermione didn't need to disturb Kreacher to find him.

Would it be Cho Chang? The girl's beautiful little red face appeared in Evan's mind.

The conversation between them in the morning was not finished, and Evan also felt that Cho had a crush on him.

But it seemed that Cho would not come directly to his door. It was really bold, not like something Cho would do!

Since it was not Cho, it might be Fleur or Gabrielle.

In the morning, Evan was discovered by students from Beauxbatons, who knew that his tent was here.

A few days ago, Evan had received a letter from Gabrielle, and he knew that they should also come to see the World Cup.

He remembered the girl with an angel's face. If she knew he was here, she would probably come.

The last time they met in Beauxbatons, the contact between them was too hasty.

Gabrielle only thought that she had looked at Evan from afar in the Great Hall, and didn't even say a word.

In her letter, she had been talking about this matter, and said that when they would meet next time, she must make up for this regret.

Of course, Gabrielle probably never dreamed that Evan had been actually in her arms for most of the day.

If Gabrielle came, her sister Fleur would surely follow.

At the thought of this, Evan felt a little headache.

Unlike the cute and clever Gabrielle, Fleur was too arrogant and difficult to get along with.

There was nothing this girl couldn't do. If she came over, he was not sure what would happen again.

Evan quickly put on his T-shirt and went over to open the door. The girl standing outside was...

Chapter 465: Seeing Elaine Again

In the narrow, quiet corridor, a weak girl stood behind Kreacher.

She was very slim and thin, about the same height as Ginny, wearing a light blue dress.

The dress was very thin, drenched by the sudden rain outside, and tightly sticking to her body.

The girl's face was hidden under a pink straw hat, and the brim was pressed down so low that he couldn't see her face clearly.

Evan could only see her long, pale blond hair, slightly pointy on the edges.

Raindrops trickled down her hair and the ground was already wet.

She didn't seem to have expected a rainstorm. Because of the cold, her body kept shivering and she looked very pitiful.

Evan was puzzled for a while. The girl gave him a familiar feeling, but he was certain that she was neither Cho nor Gabrielle.

When he saw the straw hat on her head, he suddenly remembered!

Last Christmas, he and Hermione went to Diagon Alley to celebrate, and the shops on the street were holding celebrations.

With the magic fireworks, a large number of Christmas gifts fell out.

Hermione took a fancy to a lovely pink straw hat. They ran in Diagon Alley for a long time before they followed the straw hat down into the alley where a huge Christmas tree lay.

After a brief kiss, Hermione fled in a panic. Elaine picked up the straw hat and took it away.

Evan's eyes widened, and the person who was drenched in water was Elaine Slytherin!

The next second, Elaine lifted the edge of the straw hat upward slightly, and Evan saw her clearly.

Elaine's delicate facial matched how he remembered her very well, like those of a lovely porcelain doll.

Her skin was very white and bloodless, but she was not as repugnant as other vampires.

Most noticeable were Elaine's wine red eyes. The red was very pure, very thorough.

It seemed to have a kind of magic inherent in it. Once you looked at it, you would be deeply immersed in it.

"Evan, I..." Elaine said.

The voice was very special, crisp with a little hoarseness.

"Wait, wait! Come in!" Evan pulled her in, looked at both ends of the quiet corridor, then bowed his head to Kreacher and said, "Remember, don't tell anyone about this!"

Given the sensitive identity of vampires, the news of Elaine's arrival must be kept secret.

"Yes, Master Evan, Old Kreacher will keep it secret!" Kreacher bowed deeply and disappeared.

Evan closed the door and looked at Elaine in front of him, only to realize that he might have just put himself in great trouble.

Since their last separation in Diagon Alley, Evan thought that they might never meet again.

Who could have imagined that she would come to his door now?

Evan still remembered that she kept thinking about biting him and sucking his blood.

Of course, in return, Elaine would give Evan a first embrace. She would suck and consume his blood and magic, return some blood into him, and make him a vampire. The blood of the two would be blended together.

For vampires, the first embrace can cause great damage, and only when their relationship with its subject is intimate to a certain extent could it be carried out.

In particular, for Elaine, it would have been the first embrace, perhaps even the first time she would bite a person. With this in mind, Evan should be honored to be bitten, but he would not be happy anyway.

But when she found Evan, the girl seemed very happy, with a lovely smile on her face.

“Elaine, why are you here?!” Evan said, taking a deep breath.

“I said I’d come back to find you, but my uncle was very strict and I didn’t find a chance to escape!” Elaine smiled and said, “I heard my uncle mentioning that he saw you a few days ago; he spoke highly of you.”

Her uncle was Caresius Slytherin, the very powerful leader of the group of vampires helping Voldemort.

In the Centaurs’ ruins, in order to help Voldemort get the half of the Philosopher’s Stone, they teamed up to set up a bait, luring hundreds of greedy Dark wizards and adventurers with gold, killing them with magic, and then using their flesh and blood to crack the magic left behind by the evil god and the fallen Centaurs.

At the last minute, Caresius could even confront Dumbledore head-on and leave with Voldemort and the statue of the evil god.

From this point of view, he was indeed a horrifying fellow.

Like Voldemort, he was very pure evil, powerful, not to mention that his existence itself was taboo to most wizards.

But there seemed to be something off with these vampires. They were not really helping Voldemort.

A few days ago, at the last minute, Caresius even helped Evan get the Philosopher’s Stone instead of giving it to Voldemort.

This was really worth pondering, but Evan had to admit that he really owed the guy a big favor.

He also did not expect that Caresius would actually think of him so highly.

“My uncle finally agrees with me. He thinks that you may be the one who appeared in the prophecy and will help us out of our predicament!” Elaine said. “But he thinks you’re still weak, and no opponent to those monsters. He still isn’t sure also, for it could be that guy too. He needs to think carefully.”

“That guy?!” Evan was stunned for a moment, then hurriedly asked, “Voldemort?!”

“Yes, that’s the name! They brought him back from the forests of Albania. It is said that he has the same ancestors as us. Everyone is ready to help him regain his strength.” Elaine lowered her voice and looked extraordinarily white. “To tell you the truth, I don’t like him; he is too creepy! Everyone talks about him with extra care. They don’t even dare to call him by his name directly.”

Elaine looked slightly terrified as she seemingly remembered something.

It seemed that even for vampires, Voldemort was a terrible, evil existence and had to be treated with caution.

“Elaine, where are your uncle and Voldemort now?” Evan asked.

Harry’s dream showed that they were together, plotting something.

“In this camp!” Elaine said, “They seem to be planning for something, but my uncle won’t let me in on it. He just asked me to come and watch the Quidditch World Finals. At noon, I heard other people say they saw you here, so I came.”

Evan looked at Elaine in consternation, with no mind to listen to what she had said next.

He did not expect that Voldemort and the vampires would actually be in the camp, hidden in the crowd watching the World Cup.

They were definitely preparing for another one of their conspiracies, which was definitely not good.

The horror in the ruins of the fallen Centaurs was still fresh in his mind. Evan did not expect to meet Voldemort again so soon.

It was mentioned that there were more than 100,000 wizards who came to watch the World Cup this time. Most of them were weak elderly, women and children, and they had no power to fight.

Evan hoped that Voldemort would not act too rashly, or else...

#### Chapter 466: Impatient Voldemort

Because of nervousness, Evan’s heart was beating so hard that he had to try to calm himself down and analyze the matter carefully.

For a long time, vampires had been lurking in the dark, trying not to appear in the mainstream of the wizarding world.

Like the werewolves, they were at the edge of wizarding society, but vampires were even harder to spot.

There had been no news of vampires appearing in the wizarding world for such a long time, that most wizards even thought they went extinct.

Remaining low-key enough to not attract the world’s attention, this was their way of survival, for they knew that otherwise, they would end up being eliminated. This was especially true considering that they still had big troubles waiting to be solved; they would not voluntarily expose themselves.

Hiding in a dark place had many more advantages for them compared to being open to the world.

Therefore, their appearance in such a venue was definitely at Voldemort’s request.

Voldemort wanted to regain his strength. His most urgent hope now was to catch Harry and use him to complete that magic.

Evan was not sure if he would try to do it now, but the possibility was not to be omitted.

Judging from what happened at the centaur ruins, with the help of vampires, and with his growing strength, Voldemort could do anything, no matter how mad.

Splitting his soul again and again to make Horcruxes had made him gradually lose his mind and he no longer used common sense.

Evan was horrified to think that Voldemort and the vampires could break in at any time.

Dumbledore was not here, he could only rely on himself and Sirius.

As for the Ministry of Magic officials who appeared everywhere in the camp, they were simply not reliable for what was going to happen.

Of course, Voldemort's goal this time might not be Harry.

He hadn't regained his strength yet. Like vampires, he also needed to hide himself in the dark.

With Voldemort's character, even if he came back, the first thing he needed to understand was the complete content of that prophecy thirteen years ago, and why he had failed. Only in this way could he find a way to solve the problem and not repeat the same mistake.

More specifically, he also needed to gain more strength and be able to override Dumbledore.

Only in this way could he be sure to be foolproof, achieve true immortality, completely spread his own ideas of terror and evil throughout the wizarding world, and then rule the world.

In the books, Voldemort chose Dumbledore's Elder Wand, hoping to become a master of death by acquiring the Deathly Hallows.

He even found the imprisoned Gellert Grindelwald and interrogated him.

The power of the Deathly Hallows was indeed very strong, but now Voldemort had one more choice, and that was the evil god.

Voldemort might get even more powerful if he made proper use of the statue of the evil god he had taken away.

Just like Herpo the Foul transformed himself into an evil god, eternal life was only a beginning.

With such paths before him, Voldemort might not directly expose himself to catch Harry. The risk was too high.

Dumbledore's arrangement and Harry's mother's protective magic on him did not allow him to do so.

He needed to hide himself, like lurking serpent, and jump out at the most appropriate opportunity.

Voldemort was just mad now, but not stupid. He was even more cunning than most people.

In that case, his goal this time was likely to be Barty Crouch Jr.; it was much less risky than going straight for Harry!

From the information at hand, Voldemort must have known that his most heartfelt servant had escaped from Azkaban.

He was ready to save the Barty Crouch Jr., and then let Crouch bring Harry to him instead of coming out directly. He was going to do it with the vampires at this Quidditch World Cup.

Evan nodded. This analysis seemed correct.

But there was a problem. It was too risky to act directly here, and there were many uncertainties.

In the plot that Evan knew, Voldemort and Peter Pettigrew broke into Barty Crouch's house.

It was obviously a lot more covert, and he didn't have to worry about being discovered.

Moreover, Evan did not know how Voldemort learned that Crouch brought Barty Crouch Jr. out of his house. This matter should be top secret, unless...



“I don’t know what they are going to do, but I heard other people say that they broke into the home of a senior official of the Ministry of Magic in London a few days ago according to my uncle’s orders!” Elaine continued, “They seemed to be looking for something, or someone, but they didn’t get anything, and finally came here in a hurry. Perhaps, that might be connected to this?”

That was right! The now impatient Voldemort had already acted. But because of the work inside the Department, Barty Crouch had to come here a few days ago to prepare for the World Cup.

He probably brought Barty Crouch Jr. with him, so Voldemort and the vampires just followed them here.

The two successive setbacks in the acquisition of the Philosopher’s Stone at the ruins of the Centaurs and the rescue of Barty Crouch Jr. surely made Voldemort frustrated. He should be at the limit of his patience, ready to start here.

Evan nodded again; this should be Voldemort and the vampires’ plan.

He just didn’t know what they were going to do. Only by knowing more details could he make accurate judgments in a timely manner.

Evan was going to continue to ask Elaine; maybe he would get more clues that he had neglected.

“Elaine, you know them.”

Before he finished, Evan stopped suddenly and looked at the girl opposite.

Against the soft candlelight, Elaine was really beautiful, like a porcelain doll.

Her wine-red eyes were full of charm, and with a light blue dress on her body, she had an aura of beauty that was even more powerful.

She had an indescribable temperament and was very attractive.

In fact, Evan had never seen such a girl. Beyond her being a vampire, her mere looks were very... thrilling.

Elaine was completely drenched by the rain when coming here. Because of the cold, her tiny body trembled slightly, but it only made a strange feeling rise from the bottom of Evan’s heart.

She was a lost deer, lonely waiting for help.

After being soaked in the rain, Elaine’s dress was tightly attached to her body, perfectly outlining her figure.

Even though Evan didn’t mean to, his eyes were naturally drawn to her and stopped there.

Probably because he was too close, Evan noticed that the light blue dress that Elaine was wearing was a little thin. Soaked in rain, it even became slightly see-through.

With the distance between the two, Evan could vaguely see Elaine’s under garments beneath her dress. It was white, suspended, and simply... lovely.

Chapter 467: Dress, Undergarments and Socks

From their style, Elaine was still very conservative, going for a cute style.

It wasn't that much in harmony with her image of unrestrained violence, when she was about to bite his neck at any moment. Perhaps it was this contrast that made it so intriguing.

Evan blinked and this absurd idea came naturally to his mind.

All things considered, Elaine wasn't really doing a great job being an "EVIL" vampire. She didn't even bite a single person, although she almost fainted in the street because she was too hungry.

When she finally made up her mind to bite Evan, while it would have fed her slightly, it was really just to give him back her precious First Embrace

She had always believed that the main reason Evan refused to accept her First Embrace was that, like her, he was afraid of pain.

Anyway, Evan could only admit that Elaine was a good girl.

He shook his head hard and tried not to think about these strange things, focusing on solving the current situation.

Wearing such a light fabric dress was perfectly normal in summertime, with all the heat and sweat. But if they happened to get wet, things could get somewhat embarrassing...

Well, if no one was close enough to stare rudely at the girl wearing the dress, there would be no problem.

However, poor Evan had little space in this tiny room. With his bed, a desk and a tiny closet filling it, Evan couldn't help but be close, too close to Elaine.

The bed was facing the door, and another one leading to the bathroom was opposite to the wardrobe.

Evan was stuck in this space, and Elaine was less than two feet away from him. If he stepped back any further, he would fall in his bed!

The two looked at each other up close, and he started to feel more and more nervous.

Elaine was immersed in the great joy of seeing Evan again, and did not notice anything wrong. She talked excitedly about her experience during the period when they didn't see each other, among other interesting things.

Evan, on the other hand, was stuck thinking about her reaction if she noticed what went through his mind. Perhaps... she wouldn't mind?

However Evan felt that he could not go on like this. Although he only saw her white underwear dimly and there was nothing unusual, he started to feel more and more trapped.

He tried to point his eyes away, but he didn't know where to put them.

He even wanted to say something about this, but he was not sure what to say. This was too embarrassing.

The rain outside was still rattling down. It was the first time that rain felt like so much trouble to Evan. After all, it's not on all rainy days that you have a vampire in your room.

For some reason, he couldn't get his mind away from Elaine's dress. He remembered that Hermione also had a sky-blue dress, which she bought in France last summer.

After the summer vacation that year, they met again in Diagon Alley.

Hermione, who had just returned from a holiday in France, was wearing that long dress and a light yellow dome straw hat on her head. Her skin was tanned to a healthy wheat color, elegant and somewhat glowing, looking full of sunshine vitality.

That was a moment that would never be forgotten; one glued to Evan's memories. However, he never saw Hermione wear that dress again.

She seemed to prefer handsome jeans or witches' robes over such cute dresses.

Evan once again tried to take his mind off such a silly matter, only to find himself wondering; what if... rain poured on that day as well?

"Evan, we must hurry up!" Elaine seemed determined and suddenly said, "I have to go back before the Quidditch final starts, so my uncle can't find me here. We don't have much time, so..."

"Hold on! What are you going to do?" Evan asked subconsciously.

Why her words did not sound right? What did she mean by 'hurry up'?

"The First Embrace of course, I went back and asked others. They didn't feel any pain!" Elaine quickly replied, "I checked a lot of information to make sure there's no problem. Just lie down and let me take a bite."

Looking at her two pointy canines, Evan was drawn back from his fantasy to reality.

Only then did he realize that Elaine, whom he had not seen for more than half a year, had not changed at all.

Even the topic was exactly the same as last time, and she was ready to bite him.

Nonchalant, only Elaine would casually say such shocking words.

"Hurry up, Evan! I don't like that Voldemort guy," Elaine urged. "I think you're the one mentioned in the prophecy that can help us, and my uncle is beginning to recognize it, and he will definitely choose you if you get stronger."

After getting the First Embrace to become a vampire, his magic would increase to a certain extent.

Coupled with the use of blood-specific magic, it would really improve the strength in a short period of time. But in the long run, the way to gain this power was not secure.

Because it was too dependent on the blood and the magic it contained, the shortcomings were also obvious.

After the last time he had seen Elaine, Evan specifically studied books on vampires, so he knew a lot.

In his view, vampires were special wizards with obvious advantages and disadvantages.

Considering the wizarding world's perception of vampires and their obvious weaknesses, Evan would never choose the Embrace.

“I told you last time, I’m not going to be a vampire!” Evan said in a firm tone, “Believe me, my strength will grow at its own pace and one day I will be on par with Voldemort, and even exceed him!”

Elaine looked at Evan carefully and seemed to be feeling something. “Your magic has really improved a lot. I can feel it, just like...”

Her words were not finished, and she suddenly sneezed.

Because she was still soaked in rain water, she had been shivering since she came in. Now, it started taking a toll on her.

On her pale face, Evan couldn’t see a trace of blood.

With the rapid evaporation of rainwater and further heat being taken away, the feeling of cold would become more obvious.

That was not good. With Elaine’s soft body, it was easy to catch a cold, and her clothes must be dried.

Fortunately, this only required a little spell, and Elaine would surely do it.

“Stop it. You’ll catch a cold if you go on like this. I’ll get you some hot cocoa, coffee or something!” Evan said, “You dry your clothes and wait for me in the room. Don’t run out.”

When Elaine nodded, Evan turned and left the room.

He sighed heavily and quickly went downstairs to find Kreacher.

At this time, the tent was quiet and everyone was sleeping in preparation for staying up late at night to watch the World Cup.

Only Evan was awake. He walked lightly to the kitchen and returned to the room with the hot drink Kreacher had given him.

Fortunately, he was not noticed and there was no need to explain anything.

Closing the door, Evan panted, and his heart, which he had been carrying, finally relaxed.

But, in the blink of an eye, what did he see? Elaine was bathing in the bathroom inside his room.

There was nothing wrong with that. After being drenched, it was really necessary to take a shower. But what about the clothes that were left outside the door?!

#### Chapter 468: Another Knock on the Door

The drizzle brought a touch of coolness to the hot summer weather.

Tonight’s Quidditch World Cup finals shouldn’t be affected by this, but at this time, Evan’s room was witnessing something else entirely.

Time had passed very slowly and seemed to have frozen right then.

Vapor slowly rose from the cup in Evan’s hand and filled the room with the sweet aroma of chocolate.

Perhaps because of the steam, Evan felt that the temperature inside the room was rising rapidly.

Soon, it became very sultry, like the greenhouse at noon, making him feel smothered in his clothes.

Evan stood with the hot drink in his place, staring at the small pile of clothes Elaine had left outside the bathroom door.

The sound of the water inside mixed with the sound of the rain outside the tent, becoming indistinguishable.

As mixed as the sound were Evan's thoughts, which were all stirred together. He couldn't understand them, nor could he stop them.

He blinked to make sure he wasn't dreaming, for this turn of events was really unexpected.

Who could have thought that Elaine would actually take a bath in his room?!

Who would have thought that she would actually leave all her wet clothes outside?!

It's true that Elaine was really attractive, regardless of her vampire status and her wicked desire of biting him at anytime.

Of all the girls Evan met, none was more beautiful than her.

For no reason, his mind naturally went to Elaine in the bathroom at this time.

Petite body, smooth snow-like skin, porcelain doll-like face, wine red eyes full of charm, and...

No, he couldn't think of it anymore!

Evan had a headache. This girl was really troublesome. She had no common sense at all!

He didn't know what to say or what to do.

Fortunately, everyone was sleeping now, and there were only them in the room. If someone else came over, it would be too embarrassing.

If he and Elaine were to be discovered in this room, it would be an inexplicable situation.

Evan looked back. Fortunately, he had locked the door, and no one could come in.

He just breathed a sigh of relief, and immediately thought: "What am I doing?!"

Why did he look back at the lock as if something was really going to happen?

He just went out to get her a drink. Who would have thought that would happen? Everything was not what Evan wanted to happen. He was forced to accept it helplessly.

Still, would anyone believe that?!

Maybe it was not a good idea to get a vampire in his room on a rainy day.

All in all, Evan now only hoped that Elaine would leave immediately after taking a bath and not be seen by anyone.

In particular, he must not let Hermione see the current situation in his room.

He stood there for a long time before he decided to pretend he hadn't seen the pile of clothes at the door.

“Elaine, are you taking a shower inside?” Evan asked in a voice that was as plain as possible, putting the cup on the table.

“Yes, I came in when I saw the bathroom!” Elaine said. “When my clothes got wet in the rain, they became very sticky.”

“Oh, then I’ll put the drink on the table, and you will come out to drink after washing.” Evan glanced again at the pile of clothes at the door.

The dialogue was mundane, and none of it was what Evan really wanted to say. He actually wanted to ask her why she had put her clothes there.

Her clothes were all outside the door. How could she get out after the bath?!

Thinking of this, Evan felt that he should leave quickly and give her room and time.

Just then, Elaine’s voice came from the bathroom. “Oh, my clothes!”

The girl seemed to have just noticed that she left her clothes outside the door.

There was an embarrassing silence, and there was no sound in the bathroom for a long time.

Elaine must be shy, lacking common sense. She also knew this kind of situation was not quite right.

“Elaine, I’ll go out,” Evan answered before she continued.

He heard someone moving around inside the corridor. Harry seemed to be out of the room side going to do something.

Maybe he was hungry and wanted to find something to eat in the kitchen downstairs. Or perhaps, he couldn’t sleep and wanted to find someone to chat with; which would truly be the worst case scenario.

If they all came out of their rooms, then how could Elaine be sent out without being seen?

Evan was considering the use of Apparition. Although he didn’t have permission, he knew the principle of this magic.

After a few minutes of suffering, Harry dragged his heavy footsteps back to his room.

Evan sighed with relief. Fortunately, it was not discovered.

“Evan, could you bring me the clothes outside?” Elaine seemed to have finally gathered the courage to suddenly say, “Trough the crack of the door!”

“Oh, I see!” Evan responded.

Her proposition came at its time. Now that Harry was awake, he could hear them at any moment. In case he saw anything...

Although he had done nothing, Evan felt guilty as if he was a thief.

Perhaps the right thing to do was to shove these clothes through the crack of the door and give them to Elaine.

Moreover, he was taking her clothes at her own request.

Evan held his breath and walked to the small pile of clothes soaked by rain on the ground.

There were not many clothes, a light blue dress, a pair of white socks, and underwear hidden underneath.

He hadn't noticed before that there were pink ornaments sewn on them and some frills and designs.

They were all Muggle clothes, like what most young Muggle girls of her age would opt for at the time.

Evan stared at the clothes for a while, and his first feeling was that Elaine was so slim. How did she wear these exquisite clothes?!

Evan shook his head. Now was not the time to think about these things.

He took a deep breath and reached directly for the wet clothes.

They were very light, and even the light blue dress didn't seem to have much weight.

The cloth was also very soft, and he didn't know what material it was.

Evan's head was blank; there was no time to think about anything else.

He felt that his face was a little red, so he rushed to shove these clothes through the crack in the door to Elaine.

But why didn't Elaine open the door? He couldn't just barge in like that.

Inside, Elaine was equally troubled.

But before their struggle was allowed to carry on, there was another knock at the door of Evan's room.

"Who is it?" Evan hurriedly asked, nervous to the extreme, was it Hermione?!

"It's me, Master Evan!" Kreacher's voice came in. "There's a lady looking for you. I've brought her up."

There was another girl coming... What was going on?!

Chapter 469: Pure Evan

After Kreacher finished speaking in his monotonous, stiff voice, there was a stifling silence in the room.

Evan held Elaine's clothes and stared at the door.

Another person came to find him. When? How? Why?!

He did not expect that so many people would come to visit him today. In the rain, they came in one after the other; all girls!

If it were another occasion or another time, Evan would certainly welcome them.

But in the current situation, no matter who was outside, the situation in the room was not suitable for her to come in, especially not with all of Elaine's clothes in his hands!

In all fairness, Evan just wanted to return these clothes to Elaine. But if he was seen, no matter how hard he tried to explain, no one would believe that things were just that simple.

A boy and a girl, alone in a cozy chamber in a tent; the petite and lovely Elaine didn't wear anything, and her clothes were all in Evan's hands... If it was just an accident, would anyone be ready to believe it?!

No matter how Evan would try to put it, this was a crime scene!

Evan glanced at the clothes in his hand and quickly looked away as if he saw himself being hanged by them!

He would rather face an evil god that had succeeded to come to the world or Voldemort after regaining strength over dealing with these things.

The dress, the pair of cotton socks and underwear, which did not weigh much, were now as heavy as lead.

In particular, the thought that these were all Elaine's clothes...

These clothes, including Elaine's dress, underwear, and socks, were all wet...

Evan gulped. If only Elaine would quickly open up the door to pick up the clothes, he would have no more reason to hold on to them.

He was now nervous, and Elaine hiding in the bathroom was even more nervous than him.

She was very uncomfortable just because her clothes were sticking after being wet, and she wanted to take a shower when she saw the bathroom.

The confused Elaine forgot that Evan was here too. She took all her clothes off and put them at the bathroom door.

It was too late to think of it later. She hesitated for a long time before she summoned up her courage, and decided to ask for them through the crack of the door.

After asking Evan for that, Elaine was already in awe of her own courage, never expecting herself to be so bold.

Now that she heard that someone was about to come in, she dared not speak, let alone open the door.

Elaine curled up tightly with her legs in her arms like a cute kitten. She hid herself in the tub, bubbling noisily.

It was hard to believe that this shy little girl was actually a vampire.

Outside, Evan wanted to explain to Elaine, ask her to open the door and take her clothes.

But this was not something that could be explained clearly in a few words. Kreacher and the visitor were still standing outside the door.

The sound insulation in the tent wasn't very good. Evan could say nothing.

"Knock Knock Knock." With so much time passing, Kreacher knocked at the door again.



“Master Evan, this young lady wants to see you!” Kreacher said, puzzled.

“I, I know!” Evan replied.

It was impossible to go on like this. It wouldn't work if he didn't make any noise and pretend he was not here. Kreacher knew he was inside.

It seemed that he could only say that he had something to do, let Kreacher and the visitor leave, and deal the trouble in the room first.

“Who is it? I am taking a shower. I can't just...”

“Evan, I am Gabrielle Delacour!” The voice of a girl passed over. “That's fine. If you're in the shower, I'll wait for you here for a while.”

“It's Gabriel. Why is that girl here?!”

Evan remembered the cute girl who looked like a Veela, with her angelic face and the sweet smile on her lips.

Gabrielle and Elaine were complete opposites in many ways, although both were equally innocent.

Because of her vampire lineage, Elaine had an indescribable wicked temperament. Those wine-red deep pupils could easily get people imperceptibly immersed in them. That, along with her pale skin and subtle powerful magic, made her beauty feel rather risky.

Compared with her, Gabrielle was more like a girl next door. Affable, no matter what happened, she would show a bright smile that could even melt ice and snow.

The Veela in her on the other hand had its own temptation that could pull in anyone. She would not have that temptation willingly, but it did exist and was very lethal.

Evan couldn't help recalling that he was at Beauxbatons Campus two months ago, Gabrielle holding him, the girl's cold hands, lovely smiles and sweet scent.

Evan wasn't sure if it was Gabrielle or the smell of milk, but it was all mixed up and imprinted in his mind.

Of course, it didn't matter whether it was milk or anything else. Now it was not the time to think about who was the more beautiful.

With Gabrielle's own genetics making her so attractive, Evan felt this wasn't really his fault either... he had no idea how things had turned out like this.

Evan was a pure and good boy. Whether for Gabrielle or Elaine, he had no evil thoughts.

If it were Hermione, he could consider...

Thinking of Hermione, Evan became sober.

Looking at the clothes in his hand, he knew it was a misunderstanding that could not be explained.

He just wished this was just a dream that could come to an end.

It was certainly not an option to leave Gabrielle standing outside the door and wait for him. That would alarm the others and they would rush over to be with her.

Everyone would stick at Evan's door. How would he explain Elaine's presence in the room?

Evan just told Gabrielle that he was taking a bath, but there with a girl in the room, how could he bathe?!

If that was the case, it was obviously to make this misunderstanding more difficult to explain. And in case Hermione was alarmed, that would really...

Evan immediately made a decision and had to let Gabrielle in. Then quickly, he had to get rid of the two girls before the others woke up.

Considering that Harry had just woken up, Evan knew he had to hurry. If Gabrielle stayed in the corridor for one more second, the risk would be even greater.

As for Elaine, he had to leave her hiding in the bathroom.

There were also these clothes in his hands. Evan looked around and stuffed them directly under the bedding on his bed. He panted hard and adjusted the shape of the bedding several times to make it look more natural.

Then he tried to adjust his breath and walked over to open the door.

Outside the door, Gabrielle, wearing a Beauxbatons uniform, stood uncomfortably behind Kreacher.

When she saw Evan coming out, she had a glimmer of joy in her eyes.

Chapter 470: Where to Hide?

"Evan, I just heard some people say that you live here, so I thought," Gabrielle said with delight.

"Come in and tell me what you want to say!" Evan dragged Gabrielle in.

He leaned out and looked at both sides of the quiet corridor, then looked down at the house-elf Kreacher.

"Kreacher..." Evan said with a bitter smile.

"Don't worry, Master Evan, Old Kreacher is a good house-elf and will never reveal his master's secrets." Kreacher said in a rigid voice, looking at Evan with his muddy eyes.

"Very well, don't tell anyone about this!" Evan nodded, a little embarrassed.

If Kreacher asked, he really didn't know how to explain it to this house elf.

The house-elf bowed to him and disappeared from the spot with a thud, and Evan took a deep breath, locked the door and looked back at Gabrielle, who was a little embarrassed.

She blushed slightly and she hadn't expected Evan to drag her directly into his room. 'Why did he lock the door? Isn't that a bit too strange?!'

Gabrielle looked around at the decorations in the room and wondered if she should sit down. The atmosphere was a little awkward.

In fact, Evan was even more nervous than her, for fear of being discovered.

He, the prodigy, was alone in a room with Elaine the vampire, naked, which was enough to make the front page of The Daily Prophet.

“Gabrielle, why are you here?” Evan asked absently. His mind was still with the one in the bathroom.

He also didn’t know how Elaine was doing in there. He hoped she wouldn’t make any noise.

“I heard from others that you live here, and I wanted to come and say hello!” Gabrielle blushed and said, “Last time you came to Beauxbatons, you didn’t talk to me. I only heard about you from my sister.”

Gabrielle seemed to have some regrets, but in Beauxbatons, Evan actually spent most of the time with her.

However, he was in the form of Animagus, which Gabrielle did not know. She thought that it was an ordinary black cat.

“Last time something unexpected happened, I was going to meet you.” Evan said embarrassingly, remembering the past.

“It was all the fault of those guys, and I didn’t expect them to be so unfriendly. Later, after you left, Madame Olympe Maxime specifically talked about this, and she punished all the senior students involved.” Gabrielle explained.

“Oh!” Evan nodded. He heard Sirius say this.

No matter who was right or wrong, Beauxbatons was responsible for the unpleasant things that happened during Evan’s visit as a guest.

Madame Maxime had to make a gesture to give Dumbledore, Evan and Hogwarts a satisfactory reaction.

However, Evan never took this matter to heart, and he did not suffer any loss anyway.

After Gabrielle finished, there was a moment of silence in the room.

What Evan was thinking about now was how to get Gabrielle out of here as soon as possible, rather than continuing the conversation.

“By the way, Evan, have you received my letters?” Gabrielle asked nervously.

“Yes, I have. I’ve been busy before, so I had no time to reply.” Evan nodded.

During the time he and Sirius were in Beauxbatons and the Albanian forest, Gabrielle’s letters were all received by the house elf Dobby for him.

It was only when he came back a few days ago that he saw the letters, over twenty of them.

“That’s good. When I did not receive answers, I thought I hadn’t received them or something happened.” Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief.

She and Evan glanced at each other, and the two hurriedly moved away. The space was full of strange atmosphere.

Gabrielle seemed to find it strange to talk while standing like this all the time.

The next second, she hesitated and walked to the bed, ready to sit down and make herself a bit more comfortable.

“Hold on, Gabrielle, don’t sit there!” Evan hurriedly said, his heart pounding. He rushed as fast as he could to stop her.

If she sat by the bed, she could easily feel and find out what he was hiding in the bedding.

Elaine had all her clothes inside, all of them! Evan really didn’t know how to explain it.

Maybe Obliviate was his best option.

“Evan?!” Gabrielle looked at him in surprise, not knowing what was going on.

“I, I am used to sitting on the bed, you sit on the chair!” said Evan stiffly.

He had no regard for anything else. He sat directly on the quilt and could feel the bulging of Elaine’s clothes below. Thinking of the girl’s dress, socks and underwear under him, Evan dared say that his face was definitely red.

It was really bad luck today. What was this all about?!

Gabrielle seemed to have a lot to say to him, but Evan had no thoughts at all.

Thinking that Hermione might come down at any moment, he was now like an ant on a hot pot, anxiously desperate.

In the room, the awkward silence lasted longer and the atmosphere became more and more weird.

Gabrielle hesitated and slowly sat on the chair, looking curiously at Evan.

She had an illusion that something was wrong with Evan, as if he were hiding something.

Or perhaps, was he just nervous? He probably never expected her.

“Evan, did you just say you were taking a bath?” She looked around and turned her eyes to the bathroom.

“I just put the water in and was about to wash!” Evan said stiffly, shifting the topic, “Gabrielle, why are you here by yourself? Where’s your sister Fleur?”

“She’s in the tent. I just wanted to come and say hello to you.”

Evan actually wanted to say that since she had seen him, she had to go, but Gabrielle did not seem to have this meaning.

“Your tent is very good; mine is not that big.” She whispered, “There is a even bathroom in your room.”

She stood up and seemed to want to look inside.

Evan's heart was already in his throat. If Gabrielle entered the bathroom, she...

He secretly decided that if he ever went out camping again, he had to find a humble tent rather than this kind of high-end one.

"Gabrielle, what would you like to drink?" Evan hurriedly said, blocking Gabrielle's way.

"Anything will do. Don't bother to prepare, if you have milk."

"I'll get it for you, no, let's go together!" Evan could not help but say, directly holding Gabrielle's little hand.

Suddenly held by Evan, Gabrielle looked at him shyly, her face red, like a ripe apple.

With Evan's bold move, her heart was pounding and banging, and she couldn't help thinking...

What she thought about was the least of his concerns. First he took Gabrielle out to let Elaine come out and put on her clothes.

As for what if someone else found out, then he would find a way to explain it.

But just as he took Gabrielle's little hand, there was a knock outside the door, and someone else came.

Evan felt that he was going crazy. What was going on today?!

This time, where should he hide Gabrielle?!