

## Harry Potter 471

Chapter 471: Physical and mental fatigue

Within ten minutes, two young girls had been crammed into the small room, one of whom had not yet been dressed.

Evan didn't want to say anything, feeling exhausted.

He had never felt so tired and both physically and mentally exhausted as he was now.

He would rather challenge a raging dragon than face two troublesome girls.

The knock on the door pulled him back to reality, and Evan dared not imagine Hermione standing outside the door.

What he needed to consider now was, where to hide Gabrielle?!

The bathroom was definitely not good. As for the bed, there was no need to mention it. There was only a small wardrobe left in the room.

With Gabrielle's body being so small, it should not be a problem hiding her there.

The question was how to explain to her why he wanted her to go in and hide?!

Since Gabrielle came in, Evan's actions had been very, very abnormal and aroused her suspicion.

If he told her that because of an accident the visitor that had come before her was hiding in the bathroom, and in order not to be discovered by others, she had also to find a place to hide, that should be the end of their friendship...

Evan would not even be surprised if he were locked in Azkaban the following day.

"Evan, is someone outside?" Gabrielle whispered. Her face was red and strange.

After her hand was held by Evan, why did he stop in his tracks?! Also, why did he suddenly hold her hand tighter when someone knocked at the door outside?!

Because they were too close now, she could feel Evan's breath.

Gabrielle's heart was beating hard and many ideas came up to her mind.

She felt her palms sweating and wanted to pull her hands out, but Evan held them tightly.

Gabrielle couldn't help but think of her sister's usual reminder of her, and her private discussions with her friends, and her face was getting redder.

There was no doubt that she was fond of Evan, but wasn't this too fast?!

She was not sure if she should shout out loud if Evan suddenly made any unexpected move towards her.

The girl's slender, slippery little hands were very comfortable to hold, but Evan didn't have the heart to feel it.

Knock Knock Knock. There was another knock at the door!

"Yes, who is it?" Evan said. In the end, he did not shove Gabrielle into the wardrobe.

"It's me, Master Evan!" Kreacher's stiff voice came in.

Hearing that it was Kreacher outside, not Hermione, Evan breathed a sigh of relief.

He hurried over to open the door and saw old Kreacher standing respectfully outside with a tray.

There were three drinks and some beautiful cakes on it.

"Master Evan, Old Kreacher has prepared drinks and cakes for you. Do you need anything else?!" Kreacher whispered. "Dinner is chicken, ham and boiled potatoes, but Kreacher doesn't know the two ladies..."

"They won't eat here!" Evan whispered, "Give me the plate and don't come again if I don't call you."

He glanced at Kreacher, re-locked the door, and returned to the room with the drinks.

"This is a drink prepared for us by the house elf. Just hot milk!" he said to Gabrielle, whose face was red.

"Oh!" Gabrielle said, and then wondered, "Why are there three cups?"

"That's because. .." Evan said slowly. "When I drink milk, I am used to drinking two cups. "

In the room, the two drank slowly, each with his own thoughts, and no one spoke .

Elaine, soaked in the water, listened nervously to the noise outside, only to feel the water getting colder and colder.

She tried to stand up and walk towards the door, trying to hear the sound outside .

Within the room, the strange atmosphere continued .

"Evan, I, I. .." said Gabrielle hesitantly, shaking her warm milk cup.

Her elder sister's words were ringing in her ears again. 'If you meet a good boy you like, you must take the initiative. .. '

"I. .." Gabrielle blushed and her voice became lower and lower.

She was going to take the initiative as her sister said, but in fact she was terribly nervous.

Just when Gabrielle was about to say everything at all costs, a thud came from the bathroom.

Elaine accidentally fell down, and it was terribly painful, but she did not dare to shout.

She covered her mouth with her little hand, and her eyes got filled with tears, as if she had been bullied miserably. . .

Outside, Gabrielle stopped and looked at the bathroom with amazement.

Evan stood up straight and he was just freaking out. He didn't know what Elaine was doing inside. Couldn't she just lie down in the water?!

At this rate, he would be frightened to death sooner or later!

"Maybe, maybe something fell!" Evan smiled bitterly.

It didn't matter whether Gabrielle believed it or not nor how clumsy the excuse was.

He had no intention to continue this matter. He really couldn't. He had to pull Gabrielle out directly.

He turned around and stared at Gabrielle dumbfounded.

Because she was too nervous, Gabrielle spilled milk on her body in the loud noise just now .

The white viscous liquid, down her slim body. ..

"No, sorry, I'll sort it out!" Gabrielle said, hurrying to the bathroom.

"Don't go, I have a way!" Evan yelled out loudly in a hurry.

He was already going crazy, wanting to cry without tears. If Gabrielle really entered the bathroom, it would be all over .

Evan pulled out his wand as fast as he could. He should have done so long ago .

Whatever secrecy laws and regulations prohibited underage wizards from using magic outside school were now completely irrelevant .

He only wanted to solve this problems, get the two girls out, then lay in bed and have a good sleep.

Evan lit his wand and a red light whirled out around Gabrielle.

The milk stains on her clothes quickly disappeared and were quickly cleaned up.

"Evan?!" Gabrielle looked at him in surprise.

"Gabrielle, you have to go back, or your sister will worry!" Evan said hastily, interrupting her. "This semester, Hogwarts will host the Triwizard Tournament. If there's anything we'll talk then. Let's go out now!"

He added stress to the last sentence to remind Elaine in the bathroom.

Then, regardless of Gabrielle's consent or disagreement, he took her outside.

In Evan's hand, the wand lit white fluorescence, the magic continued, and a faint mist surrounded them.

No matter how loud their voices were, actually no sound was coming, and no one would be alarmed.

Outside the tent, thunderstorm had stopped, and Evan and Gabrielle separated.

The girl's face blushed and she seemed to say something to him.

Evan, who was extremely nervous, only nodded and did not hear the details clearly.

Anyway, whatever it was, he had only one thought: to send her away as soon as possible!

At the sight of Evan nodding, Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief, a fresh smile reappeared on her face, and she suddenly became very happy .

She came over and gave Evan a gentle hug, said goodbye, and turned away .

Evan kept smiling and waving until Gabrielle disappeared before rushing back to his room as fast as he could .

Chapter 472: Happiness and Departure

When Ivan returned to the room, Elaine had just gotten dressed and her little face was red.

Her body was wet and not yet dry....

They were both gasping for breath and looking at each other. The atmosphere in the room was ambiguous, both graceful and suffocating.

The smell of steam and milk mingled, and the room was filled with a sweet odor.

Under such circumstances, it seemed that anything could happen, as long as one of them was impulsive.

In fact, Ivan was very impulsive now, and couldn't take care of anything.

He made up his mind to do something to Elaine who was not properly dressed....

Ivan pointed his wand at her, and her wet clothes dried immediately.

Just like Gabrielle, after many ups and downs, he sent the vampire away.

Elaine had not forgotten about turning Ivan into a vampire, but so much had happened....

Her face was as red as a red apple, and she didn't have the courage or the nerve to stay here.

He told Ivan that he would find time to return to him.

Ivan, on the other hand, hoped not to see this girl.... ever again!

Elaine was sent away in a daze, and Ivan returned to the empty room and felt exhausted like never before.

Of course, the Quidditch World Cup, camp or whatever, was not right for him.

The only good thing was that Elaine and Gabrielle's visit was undiscovered.

This matter was known only to him and Kreacher, and the house elf was to keep it a secret.

Ivan fell heavily on the bed. He had no energy to think about what would happen in the night.

Now he just wanted to sleep.

The next second, he immediately got out of bed as quickly as possible.

Ivan felt something under his feet and had a bad feeling.

He lifted the quilt, and there were small, white, wet girl's panties.... In her haste, Elaine forgot to put them back on.

Ivan didn't have time to think about her current embarrassment. She left that thing behind, what should she do with them?!

Ivan looked at the underwear as if it were the most dangerous thing in the world.

His previous judgment was not wrong. Slytherin was the most troublesome of them all!

Whether it was Salazar, Voldemort, Elaine, or other vampires, they were all very troublesome.

After being stunned for a long time, Ivan sighed heavily.

He carefully picked it up and stuffed it into his bag.

He couldn't put the underwear around. He had to keep it and return it to Elaine later.

However, at the thought of having a girl's underwear on him, Ivan fell helplessly.

He dreamed of Elaine, Gabrielle and Hermione....

In the evening, the sleeping Ivan was awakened by Hermione.

"Get up, the game is about to start, we're ready to go!" said Hermione with a smile.

Ivan opened his eyes and blurredly looked at Hermione's familiar smile, feeling an unprecedented kindness.

He rubbed his eyes and got out of bed, feeling that it was a particularly long day.

Or was he still in the dream?!

"Ivan, do you look tired?" Hermione said with concern, then thought of something, "Don't think about such things, today is the World Cup, a day to relax. You're under a lot of pressure. Don't worry about evil gods, Voldemort and vampires. No matter what the future looks like, we'll face it together!"

Hermione's concern was very touching, but the future he said they would face together did not include the girl's underwear!

If it was possible, Ivan now wanted to hold Hermione tightly, and make time stand still.

He hesitated for a moment. He moved quickly forward and took the initiative to hug Hermione.

Hermione suddenly froze, and did not expect Ivan to do this.

In fact, Ivan was also stunned and didn't expect her to be so bold. For a moment, his body acted faster than his brain.

"Ivan, what are you doing?" Hermione quickly shoved Ivan a little angrily, gritting her teeth.

Ivan blinked and woke up immediately, wondering how to explain.

Looking at Hermione's face, he knew things were going wrong!

The atmosphere became more and more tense. Neither of them spoke, and only looked at each other.

A few seconds later, Hermione suddenly leaned over and hugged Ivan gently, without any warning.

Then she blushed and pulled her body away from his as fast as she could, just as Ivan could feel her warmth.

"This won't happen again!" She said in a whisper....

A few minutes later, when Ivan and Hermione came downstairs, everyone was waiting in the small dining room downstairs.

They were discussing the Quidditch World Cup and no one noticed anything unusual.

Everyone finished their dinner excitedly and headed for the World Cup venue.

At that point, even the summer air of the camp seemed to shiver with excitement.

With the coming of night, the last vestiges of light disappeared: the Ministry of Magic seemed to have given in to the inevitable and stopped fighting the signs of magic that now burst everywhere brazenly.

Now, it was filled with a festive atmosphere. Vendors appeared every few yards, carrying trays and pushing carts full of extraordinary goods.

Among them were luminous rosettes, green for Ireland, red for Bulgaria. Carrying them, they shouted the names of the players every few seconds.

There were pointy green hats adorned with dancing shamrocks, Bulgarian scarves adorned with lions that actually roared, flags of both countries that played their national anthems as they waved, and little models of Firebolts that actually flew.

There were also collectible figurines of famous players walking around in the palm of his hand, preening.

"I've been saving my pocket money all summer for this," Ron said.

The group strolled leisurely through the vendors, and Ron frantically shopped for souvenirs.

While he bought a dancing clover hat and a large rosette, he also bought a small figurine of Viktor Krum, the Bulgarian Seeker.

The miniature Krum walked back and forth on Ron's hand, frowning at the green rosette above him.

Ivan wasn't interested in such contraptions. He and Hermione were at the tail end of the group.

Though the two said nothing, Ivan felt a deep sense of happiness, like never before.

"Wow, look at this!" said Harry, running over to a cart piled high with what looked like brass binoculars, except they were covered with all sorts of strange knobs and dials.

"Take a look, these are omniocular," the salesman said enthusiastically. "You can repeat the action...slow it all down...and they show you a play-by-play breakdown if you need it. Offer; ten galleons each. "

#### Chapter 473: Quidditch World Cup

"Oh my God, with the Omnioculars we can clearly see the situation inside the stadium. Wish I hadn't bought this now," said Ron, gesturing at his dancing shamrock hat and gazing longingly at the Omnioculars.

"Give me four pairs," said Harry firmly to the wizard.

"Don't, Harry! Don't bother," said Ron, going red.

He had always been touchy to this kind of thing and didn't want to spend Harry's money.

Although he knew that Harry had inherited a small fortune from his parents and was much richer than he was, it really hurt his self-esteem.

Whenever Evan or Harry did this, it made him feel bad, very embarrassed.

Especially when he just heard the price that the saleswizard said, the pair of Omnioculars would cost ten Gold Galleons!

“Take it! You won’t be getting anything for Christmas!” Harry said to him with a smile, thrusting Omnioculars into Ron’s hand, “For about ten years, mind!”

“Fair enough!” Ron grinned and secretly breathed a sigh of relief. Since it was a Christmas present, he could take the Omnioculars with ease of mind.

When Harry walked to the back of the team with Omnioculars ready to give them to Evan and Hermione, the two of them were studying a competition note.

Hermione thought it was necessary to buy it to help them quickly understand what was going to happen.

“Thank you, Harry!” Hermione took the Omnioculars. “I see it says here that there is a mascot performance before the competition starts.”

“That’s right, we can see better with Omnioculars.”

“No need to use Omnioculars, I know a magic that can make everyone see very clearly!” Evan said, “It’s very convenient, it’s more convenient than using them, and the horizon is more open.”

“That sounds interesting. Please teach me, Evan!” Harry said quickly.

“Hold on, you can’t do this. Underage wizards are not allowed to use magic outside school. It’s forbidden.” Hermione raised her head and looked at Evan suspiciously. “You certainly won’t use it, will you?!”

“Yes!” Evan replied quickly.

He turned his head and saw that Harry was secretly making a face to him: Don’t mess with Hermione when it comes to obeying the rules.

After years of contact, everyone had become completely accustomed to it.

More than half an hour later, after each of them had bought a lot of souvenirs, they set off again for the Quidditch field.

Mr. Weasley was in the lead carrying an Irish flag.

Sirius gave everyone a green rosette, as they all supported the Irish team.

He, in fact, seemed to be the most enthusiastic member of the team.

Sirius, Fred and George excitedly discussed some topics and laughed from time to time.

The effects of the past 13 years of imprisonment in Azkaban were gradually being shaken off him.

In recent days, it had been harder and harder to see the old dull and melancholic look on his face.

Time seemed to have reversed on him, and affection and happiness were creeping magically into his heart.

With the recovery of physical condition, Sirius gradually returned to the handsome and popular look of his youth.

Evan, who knew about the past, knew that Sirius was very popular when he was young.

In school, many girls liked him secretly, just like Evan now.

Although the future was full of ups and downs, this moment he watched Harry and Sirius and everyone's cheerful figure, as well as the beautiful smile on Hermione's face, Evan felt an unprecedented peace of mind.

No matter what the difficulties he had, he was confident that he could overcome them.

He had changed the future, and it would continue to change and make up for all the regrets.

In the distance, a deep, booming gong sounded somewhere beyond the woods.

Thousands of green and red lanterns blazed into life in the trees, lighting a path to the field.

Hurrying into the wood, following the lantern-lit trail, they could hear the sounds of thousands of people moving around them.

Evan heard shouts, laughter, and snatches of singing.

The atmosphere of feverish excitement was highly infectious, and soon, each of them couldn't help grinning.

They walked through the woods for twenty minutes, talking and joking loudly, until at last they emerged on the other side.

Then, they found themselves in the shadow of a gigantic stadium.

Even looking at it from a distance, only a fraction of the immense gold walls surrounding the field could be seen.

Judging from the size of the area, it was no problem to install ten large stands inside.

This was too spectacular. The Ministry of Magic, which had always paid attention to secrecy, had really made an unexpected grand scene.

"A hundred thousand seats," Mr. Weasley proudly explained to everyone, "The Ministry of Magic hired 500 staff members to work on it for a whole year, day and night, before the final construction was completed."

This was absolutely a near miraculous feat indeed.

Although there was no machinery, wizards could do many things that Muggles were doomed to fail to do if they wished.

The only regret was that such scenes were too few in the wizarding world.

"Look, there are Muggle Repelling Charms on every inch of it. During this year, every time Muggles have got anywhere near here, they've suddenly remembered urgent appointments, and had to dash away again. May God bless them." said Mr. Weasley.

He and Sirius led the way toward the nearest entrance, which was already surrounded by a swarm of shouting witches and wizards.



“Prime seats!” said the Ministry witch at the entrance when she checked their tickets. “Top Box! Straight upstairs, Arthur, and as high as you can go. It’s the best place”

The stairs into the stadium were carpeted in rich purple.

They clambered upward with the rest of the crowd, which slowly filtered away through doors into the stands on both sides.

Evan looked down all the way and felt that his eyes were running short.

There were so many wizards here, too many people were shouting, laughing, and writhing wildly.

He did not see Elaine and Gabrielle, and did not know where the two girls were.

Evan followed Harry up the stairs and climbed to the top of the magnificent building.

Ten minutes later, he found himself in a small box.

This was the highest stand in the stadium, facing the golden goal posts.

Inside the box, there were about twenty purple-and-gilt chairs divided into two rows.

They sat in the front row and looked down upon a scene the likes of which they could never have imagined.

A hundred thousand witches and wizards were taking their places in the seats, which rose in levels around the long oval field.

Everything here was suffused with a mysterious golden light, which seemed to come from the stadium itself.

The field looked smooth as velvet from their lofty position.

At either end of the field stood three goal hoops, fifty feet high.

Evan had never seen such a goal before. It was particularly awe-inspiring!”

Chapter 474: Winky, the House-elf

On the right side of the stand, almost at everyone’s eye level, was a gigantic blackboard. Gold writing kept dashing across it as though an invisible giant’s hand were scrawling upon the blackboard and then wiping it off again.

It was flashing advertisements for the audience.

‘The Bluebottle: A Broom for All the Family! Safe, reliable, and with a Built-in Anti-Burglar Buzzer!’

‘Mrs. Skower’s All-Purpose Magical Mess Remover: No Pain; No Stain!’

Gladrags Wizardwear – London, Paris, Hogsmeade...

“Look, it’s the logo of Hogwarts!” Harry suddenly shouted.

After the Gladrags Wizardwear advertisement, four animals appeared on the huge blackboard: the golden lion with red background, the copper eagle with blue background, the black badger with yellow background and the silver snake with green background.

They moved from all sides to the center and eventually converged to form a complete shield.

The shield was branded on the piece of paper, and the letters below the “Hogwarts Magic” flashed.

It was like a ribbon around the shield.

“God, what did I just see? Was it actually an advertisement for the Hogwarts Magic?!”

Everyone turned around to look at Evan, and their excited little faces were full of disbelief.

They didn’t expect to see an advertisement of Hogwarts Magic on the spot of the World Cup matches at this level.

This was completely world-class and beyond everyone’s imagination.

The publicity was very effective, and in just a few seconds, all the Wizards present who never heard of the newspaper learned about it.

This meant that Hogwarts Magic would no longer be limited to Hogwarts and the British wizarding world. The newspaper has gone global just like that!

Others who knew the newspaper creation process and the speed of its rise would definitely exclaim that this was a business miracle.

“Evan, how did you think about advertising in the World Cup?!” Fred said.

“This idea is absolutely fantastic!” George followed.

“The picture just now is the most exciting and shocking thing I’ve ever seen!” Harry also said excitedly.

“Promoting in the World Cup, how many Gold Galleons did it cost?” asked Ron.

“You should ask Hermione about these things. She and Professor Lupin agreed on this publicity.” Evan smiled and said, “I just wrote to Professor Dumbledore for advice, and he allowed us to use Hogwarts’s logo.”

All eyes moved to Hermione, who looked shy but very proud.

A few months ago, the Ministry of Magic began looking for advertising sponsors for the World Cup finals.

Evan, Hermione, and Professor Lupin all considered that was an excellent promotional opportunity, especially during the period of rapid expansion of the newspaper.

This was conducive to their brand building and public awareness.

Despite its high cost, this publicity was to achieve unprecedented success.

After the appearance of the Hogwarts school logo, the entire stadium immediately set off a wave of carnival storms and entered the sea of joy.

All Hogwarts students and graduates shouted excitedly, as if they were at home, until the ad disappeared. Wizards from other countries were discussing and asking about Hogwarts, the ancient School of Wizardry and Witchcraft, and Evan’s newspaper.

A few minutes later, they tore their eyes away from the sign.

So far, there were still no other people in the box but them. They were the first to arrive, except for a tiny creature sitting in the second from last seat at the end of the row behind them.

The creature, whose legs were so short they stuck out in front of it on the chair, was wearing a tea towel draped like a toga, and it had its face hidden in its hands.

This was a house-elf.

“How could there be a house-elf here?” Ron said curiously.

Evan’s gaze also shifted to the back of the box, and he noticed it when he first came in.

Not surprisingly, Batty Crouch Jr. sat next to the house-elf.

He was controlled by magic, and if Evan walked over to take away his invisibility cloak, he could catch him.

But according to the current situation, this did not have any benefit for him, nor did it meet the plans of Evan and Dumbledore.

Seizing Bartemius Crouch Jr. ahead of time would have little effect besides destroying his father, Barty Crouch.

With the help of vampires, Voldemort’s resurrection was almost inevitable.

Even without the help of Barty Crouch Jr., they would plan new plots, which would be even more troublesome.

Instead, it was better to let the events develop in the direction that Evan was familiar with, so that they could be easily controlled.

Voldemort must be allowed to use Harry’s blood to resurrect, which was the only known way to defeat him completely.

Under such consideration, Evan did not move easily, but just looked at the house-elf and the empty seat beside her.

Just as everyone turned their attention to Winky, the tiny creature looked up.

It stretched its fingers, revealing a pair of enormous brown eyes and a nose the exact size and shape of a large tomato.

“I’m sorry, Winky just heard someone say Mr. Evan Mason’s name.” squeaked the elf. Its voice was a teeny, quivering squeak of a voice.

Her eyes wandered over them, and eventually fell on Evan with accuracy.

“Yes, you must be Mr. Evan Mason. Winky knows you and has seen your photos in the newspaper!”

squeaked the elf. She was shielding her face with her hands, as though blinded by light, even though the Top Box was not brightly lit.

Seeing Evan nodded, she screamed excitedly.

“First, sir, my name is Winky!” She said excitedly, looking awestruck. “Dobby talks of you all the time. He talked about your name all day long. He gave him a job. , gave him a new life.”

“Do you know Dobby?” Harry said in surprise.

Hearing the question, Winky’s eyes moved to Harry.

Her dark brown eyes widened to the size of side plates as they rested upon Harry’s scar. “God, you must be Harry Potter!”

Everyone looked at the house-elf with interest, but it was unexpected that she knew everyone.

“Winky heard Dobby say you and Mr. Mason freed Dobby, you also defeated that man!” Winky lowered her hands slightly, “Mr. Harry is as great as Mr. Mason, but meaning no disrespect, I is not sure you did Dobby a favor.”

“Why?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Freedom is going to Dobby’s head, thinking about pleasure, sir, this is an unrealistic idea!” Winky said, she lowered her hands again. “It’s a shame for a house-elf. He even wants to get paid. Fortunately, Mr.

Mason took him in. Otherwise, Winky really doesn’t know what he would have become. Winky once told him that if he went racketing around like this, he would soon be arrested by the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, like some common goblin.”

Chapter 475: Evan’s tracking magic

Winky’s perspective was that of the vast majority of house-elves, and those like Dobby were a minority.

Long-term oppression had led them to form this erroneous and abnormal concept.

The most terrible thing about the house-elves being slaves of wizards was that they are okay with that themselves.

Evan knew this, but the others didn’t.

When he heard Winky’s words, Harry asked blankly. “What’s wrong with this, shouldn’t he be paid?”

Winky looked quite horrified at the idea and closed her fingers slightly so that her face was half-hidden again. “House-elves are not paid, sir!” she said in a muffled squeak. “It’s the worst, worst idea. It is bad. It is a shame for us.”

Hearing her words, Hermione raised her eyebrows. Evan knew it meant she was uncomfortable with what Winky was saying, and wanted something to be said.

Indeed, she turned her eyes to Evan the next second, with an inquiring look on her little face.

“I paid Dobby, and he had holidays!” Evan whispered, “Four Gold-Galleons a month and a day off.”

“That’s all!” Hermione frowned more tightly. “I never knew you were exploiting Dobby and being so cheap with him!”

Evan wanted to give Dobby more Gold-Galleons and holidays, but the house-elf did not accept them at all.

In fact, every time he asked him to do less or told him a few words of care, it would make him cry with his thighs in his arms.

Over time, Evan surrendered and stopped asking him. For house elves, more work represented more happiness!

But Hermione obviously didn’t think so. From her expression, she seemed to think that Evan was squeezing cheap labor.

She knew Dobby’s job. He was Evan’s full-time servant, available 24 hours a day.

With such a heavy workload, he could only get one Gold-Galleon a week. What was the difference between slaves and him?

Meanwhile, Harry’s conversation with Winky continued.

“There is nothing wrong with getting paid. Dobby should also have some fun,” said Harry.

“House-elves is not supposed to have fun, Harry Potter!” said Winky firmly from behind her hands, looking angry, directly calling Harry’s full name. “House-elves does what they is told. I is not liking heights at all, but my master sends me to the Top Box and I comes, Harry Potter!” She glanced toward the edge of the box and gulped.

“Why has he sent you up here, if he knows you don’t like heights?” Harry frowned discontentedly.

“Master, master wants me to save him a seat, Harry Potter. He is very busy,” said Winky, tilting her head toward the empty space beside her. “Winky is wishing she is back in master’s tent, Harry Potter, but Winky does what she is told. Unlike Dobby, Winky is a very good house-elf.”

She gave the edge of the box another frightened look and hid her eyes completely again.

There was a silence and everyone looked at each other. Only Hermione was frowning angrily.

“These house-elves are very strange, aren’t they?” Ron muttered.

“She might be even weirder than Dobby!” Harry agreed.

“They just think too naively, but in essence they are not bad.” Evan said, glancing anxiously at Hermione, “house-elves have their own way of life and customs, and we should not all high and mighty trying to interpret their views as we please, or even try to intervene.”

He didn't know if Hermione had listened, and hoped she wouldn't come up with anything like saving house-elves and changing their world.

But Evan turned to think, if Hermione didn't do that, she wouldn't be Hermione!

This was one of Hermione's characteristics, and it was also part of her charm. Some things were meant to be and couldn't be changed anyway.

Evan thought for a moment. Instead of worrying about Hermione, he had to do something within his grasp.

He quietly pulled out his wand and pointed it at the empty seat beside Winky, and the subtle magic fell silently there.

It was the tracking magic that allowed Evan to take control of his current position within a certain range.

Voldemort and the vampires could save Barty Crouch Jr., but they couldn't make a big fight. The crazy things that occurred at the fallen Centaurs' ruins couldn't happen here at the World Cup venue.

Suddenly, Evan remembered: every time he saw the evil god coming, in the end, because of the lack of flesh and blood, it could not keep up the expansion speed of its huge body, which eventually led to its collapse and the appearance of cracks.

The expansion of the evil god seemed to be endless. What would it look like if there were 100,000 people to supply it with flesh and blood?! Probably the entirety of England would be covered by it, and it might extend to the outside of the atmosphere.

Such a monster would be horrifying!

Soon, everyone's attention shifted from Winky to the Quidditch field.

Ron pulled out his Omniculars and started testing them, staring down into the crowd on the other side of the stadium.

"Wild!" he said, twiddling the replay knob on the side. "I can make that old bloke down here pick his nose again ... and again ... and again ..."

"Hermione just said that a display from the Team Mascots will precede the match. I wonder what that would be?" asked Harry curiously.

"Oh, that's always worth watching." Mr. Weasley said, "You'll be impressed by its ending."

"This is the tradition of the World Cup. National teams bring creatures from their native land to put on a bit of a show." Sirius said to Harry, "They are all very rare things. One year, they brought more than 30 phoenixes."

Dumbledore had a phoenix "Fawkes", a magical animal with golden feathers and strong magic power. The phoenix is very rare, with its origins in Egypt, India and China, and the phoenixes in different places have slight differences.

But on the whole, they are all very ornamental. It was hard to imagine what more than 30 phoenixes would look like flying around the field.

The box filled gradually around them over the next half hour.

Mr. Weasley kept shaking hands with people who were obviously very important wizards.

Sirius mostly responded with a sneer. He sat in the corner and whispered to Evan about the wizards' past. In front of them, Percy jumped to his feet so often that he looked as though he were trying to sit on a porcupine covered with thorns.

When Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic himself, arrived, Percy bowed so low that his glasses fell off and shattered.

Highly embarrassed, he hurriedly repaired the lens with his wand, and thereafter remained in his seat.

When Cornelius Fudge greeted Harry like an old friend, Percy threw jealous looks at Harry.

Then, Fudge saw Sirius and Evan sitting in the corner and approached them with a smile.

Chapter 476: Simple Criteria for Selecting Friends

"Sirius Black, how have you been lately?" Fudge greeted Sirius with a smile.

He put on a familiar look, but in fact they had only met a few times, and none of them left any pleasant memories.

"Not bad. It's better outside than in Azkaban." Sirius said coldly.

As a post-war tragedy hero, Sirius was now famous among ordinary people in the wizarding world.

It was in Fudge's interest to woo Sirius to the Ministry of Magic to become an Auror.

Needless to say, the Black family, as the oldest family of pure-blood wizards, had a strong network and wealth.

"I'll think about it!" said Sirius.

After receiving a satisfactory response, Fudge's eyes turned to Evan: "Dear Evan, I am glad to see you here. I just saw the advertisement of your newspaper. It's great!"

He shook Evan's hand kindly in a fatherly fashion and asked him how he was.

It was only a few minutes later that Fudge returned to his place.

"He and your father were friends?" Evan asked, sitting down.

“It’s just a matter of money. Pure blood wizards like my parents are friends with almost all senior officials of the Ministry of Magic. They are used to donating large sums of Galleons to these politicians to help them pass laws that are in their favor.” Sirius said contemptuously, “One of my ancestors even tried to force the Ministry of Magic to pass a bill to legalize the hunting and killing of Muggles by wizards; that was the most absurd request!”

This was indeed absurd, but it was in line with the interests and traditions of the pure blood wizard families.

Old pure-blood families like the Blacks always try to hide behind the scenes, using wealth and family background as weapons, and skillfully manipulating people in front of the stage to safeguard their interests, and threaten other wizards to obey their orders.

This model had been running very well over the past few centuries.

It was not until Voldemort’s appearance that these pure blood wizard families discovered that they had screwed up.

In the early days of Voldemort’s rise, he was supported by many pure blood wizard families.

Among them were Sirius’s parents, they were proud of their son becoming a Death Eater. They agreed with Voldemort’s philosophy that the status of pure blood wizards was supreme.

But when Voldemort gradually revealed his nature and murdered people everywhere, these pure-blood wizard families began to fear him.

The relationship between the two sides changed from allies to master and servant, and the pure-blood wizard families became a tool for Voldemort’s expansion.

No one dared to oppose him, nor did anyone dare to quit halfway. Death Eaters were not an organization one could join and quit at any time.

The only end to going against the Dark Lord’s will was death.

There is no end to this road except destruction. That’s why, after Voldemort’s failure, many old pure-blood wizard families breathed a sigh of relief.

Although after the war, their power and control over the wizarding world were not as strong as before, this was much better than following Voldemort madly to their death.

Just then, another representative of the pure blood wizard families, the Malfoys, entered the box.

Lucius Malfoy, like the past, looked at everyone in the box squinting with a high and mighty attitude. His cold gray-blue eyes lingered on Evan and Sirius for a while. Then, he moved away quickly.

There was a sneer on his pale pointed face, which made him look very arrogant.

Behind him were Draco Malfoy and his mother Narcissa Malfoy.

“Ah, Fudge!” said Lucius, holding out his hand as he reached the Minister of Magic. “Hello, I don’t think you’ve met my wife, Narcissa? Or our son, Draco?”



“How do you do, how do you do?” said Fudge, smiling and bowing to Mrs. Malfoy. “Please allow me to introduce you to Mr. Oblansk, Mr. Obalonsk. He’s the Bulgarian Minister of Magic, and he can’t understand a word I’m saying anyway, so never mind. And let’s see who else... You know Sirius Black?”

“Of course!” Lucius turned to Sirius again with malicious eyes and said in a pretentious voice, “I was surprised that he was released.”

“Oh, Black is innocent, and we’ve proven it!” Fudge did not understand what he was talking about. “It was all done by that evil Peter Pettigrew. Who would have thought he was the culprit?!”

“That’s right!” Lucius whispered, “But I think that some people are dangerous, even if they don’t...”

“MALFOY, IF YOU WANT A FIGHT, I’LL TAKE YOU ON ANY TIME!” Shouted Sirius.

His voice was so loud that everyone in the box turned to his side.

“Lucius didn’t mean that, Sirius, I think you misunderstood, don’t mind!” Fudge said nervously, “Lucius has just given a very generous contribution to St. Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. He’s here as my guest of honor!”

It was Gold-Galleons again. Evan suddenly understood what Sirius had previously said.

It seemed that it was really simple to become a friend of Fudge, as long as you had a large amount of gold.

If he was to transform the Philosopher’s Stone to have the function of turning stone into gold, controlling the Ministry of magic wouldn’t be difficult.

Under Fudge’s gaze, Lucius Malfoy did not dare say anything out of line. He looked sarcastically at Sirius and everyone in that row of seats.

The feeling was like being stared at by a poisonous snake.

Then he continued down the line to his seats.

Draco Malfoy followed his father and shot Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione one contemptuous look.

One after another, people approached the box, and when it was full, Ludo Bagman rushed in.

“Everyone ready?” he said, his round face gleaming like a great, excited Edam.

“Minister... ready to go?”

“Ready when you are, Ludo.” said Fudge comfortably.

His voice echoed over them, booming into every corner of the stands.

Chapter 477: The Temptation of the Veela

“Ladies and gentlemen, good evening! Welcome to the final of the four hundred and twenty-second Quidditch World Cup!”

Just as Ludo Bagman finished, the audience burst into cheers and applause.

Thousands of flags waved at the same time, adding their discordant national anthems to the racket. The scene was very lively.

“All right, all right, and now without further ado, allow me to introduce... the Bulgarian National team Mascots!”

The right-hand side of the stands, which was a solid block of scarlet, roared its approval.

“I wonder what they’ve brought,” said Mr. Weasley, leaning forward in his seat. “Aaah! Veela!” He suddenly whipped off his glasses and polished them hurriedly on his robes.

“What are Vee...?”

No one answered Harry, for a hundred Veela were now gliding out onto the field as everyone looked at them intently.

Veela were women, the most beautiful women anyone had ever seen.

Their skin shone moon-bright, and their white-gold hair fanned out behind them without wind.

Each Veela had an aura of seduction about her, stirring everyone’s hearts.

Evan could not find the exact words to describe them, but felt that every second passing with him witnessing their beauty wouldn’t have any better use.

These glamorous perfect beauties were like an enhanced version of Fleur, with pairs of clear and bright big eyes, soft and full red lips, and charming and exquisite small noses between their pure and fair cheeks that were even more heart dazzling with the cute dimples on them.

Each of them had a slender and graceful figure, soft jade arm like snow lotus root, graceful round slender smooth legs, and smooth delicate and athletic hips. They were really graceful.

Looking at these charming Veela, all the men in the crowd wanted to step into the pitch.

With the sound of cheerful music, Evan gradually shed off all the thoughts that were plaguing his mind, just staring ahead.

The Veela started to dance, and his mind went completely and blissfully blank and felt extreme joy.

All that mattered in the world was to keep watching the Veela, because if they stopped dancing, terrible things would happen...

This was a kind of magic directly acting on the spirit, and a natural characteristic of the Veela.

It might be because he had been invaded too many times by the spirit of evil gods, or because he was too familiar with Gabrielle and had developed immunity, or because he had seen Elaine's lovely face, or because he liked Hermione to the extreme... In short, Evan immediately woke up from his daze.

Occlumency, which he had practiced hard, naturally played a role, shielding his mind against all external spiritual invasions.

Beside him, Sirius looked at everyone with a smirk ready to watch the show.

He was obviously very surprised at Evan's sudden soberness.

Hermione and Ginny sat there, somewhat discontented; Veela's magic had no effect on girls.

After these Veela appeared, the boys beside them suddenly seemed to be different people.

Hermione turned her head and watched Evan closely, seeing that he was already awake before moving her eyes to Harry and Ron.

Evan's loss in the Veela's beauty was too short lived, and thanks to his quick reaction, Hermione did not catch it, but Harry and Ron are not so lucky.

The two seemed to be floating among the clouds by then.

As the Veela danced faster and faster, wild, half-formed thoughts started wandering through their dazed minds.

Although Evan had been recently teaching Harry Occlumency, it obviously did not play any role.

Harry felt dizzy and wanted to do something very impressive right now.

Jumping from the box into the stadium seemed a good idea... but would it be good enough?

"Harry, what on earth are you doing?!" Hermione finally couldn't help saying.

The music stopped, and Harry blinked. He was standing up, and one of his legs was resting on the wall of the box.

Next to him, Ron was frozen in an attitude that looked as though he were about to dive from a springboard.

Below, angry yells were filling the stadium. The crowd didn't want the Veela to go.

Harry just stared at the Veela, while Ron was shredding the shamrocks on his hat.

Mr. Weasley, smiling slightly, leaned over to Ron and tugged the hat out of his hands.

"Well, Ron, once Ireland have had their say," Mr. Weasley said, "You'll be wanting that."

"Huh?!" said Ron, staring at the Veela, who had now lined up along one side of the field.

"Oh, what's wrong with you two?" Hermione made a loud tutting noise.

She reached up and pulled Harry back into his seat, very dissatisfied with his reaction.

“I don’t know, I only feel a blank inside my head!” Harry gasped.

“That’s because you and Ron are too weak. Evan had nothing.” Hermione said, “These girls are not mere humans, they are a kind of magical beings, don’t be confused by their appearance. ”

“But they are really beautiful!” Ron said, “They’re the most beautiful girls I’ve ever seen. I want to be with them forever!”

“If you want to marry a Veela, it is not impossible. Many people have done it,” said Evan. “Veela are highly intelligent creatures. They can marry human wizards and have children. Only female offspring will inherit Veela’s lineage.”

Evan thought of Fleur and Gabrielle. Their grandmother was a Veela.

“That sounds good!” Ron nodded blankly.

Looking at him, it is obvious that he is considering the possibility of marrying Veela.

Although if they were not humans, they were so beautiful and weren’t out of the question.

It’s known that Veela originated in a country near Bulgaria. They are a kind of deformable fairies.

Usually, the wizards think that they live in forests, lakes, mountains and clouds. They can become swans, horses, eagles, snakes or wolves, but they have the most attractive human form.

When they become humans, they turn into beautiful young women who dance in the veil of the midsummer nights.

Men would get obsessed with them and forget everything about the world, even to eat, drink and sleep.

If any unfortunate soul was to join a Veela for a dance, he would have to dance until he dies of exhaustion.

However, they are generally very friendly to human beings, treating diseases and predictions for them.

If a Veela meets a satisfying human male, she could marry him and live happily together.

But Veela have a temper, and they would not tolerate being cheated on. Those who fail to be loyal would be punished severely.

Despite this, there are still many wizards who wish to marry a Veela...

Chapter 478: The Game Begins

“The Veela’s performance was really good, and the Bulgarian National Team really brought great Mascots!!” roared Ludo Bagman’s voice, “But now, kindly put your wands in the air and welcome The Irish National Team Mascots!”

What seemed to be a great green-and-gold comet came zooming into the stadium.

It did one lap around the stadium, and then split into two smaller comets, each hurtling toward the goal posts.

A rainbow arched suddenly across the field, connecting the two balls of light.

The crowd oooohed and aaaaahed, as if watching fireworks.

At this time, the rainbow faded and the balls of light reunited and merged to form a huge, shimmering shamrock, which rose up into the sky and began to soar over the stands.

Something like golden rain seemed to be falling from it...

“Amazing!” yelled Ron, bending over and picking it up as if he were crazy.

The shamrock soared over them, and heavy gold coins rained from it, bouncing off their heads and seats.

Evan didn't look at the gold coins. He knew they were all fake.

Even if they were real, he did not care.

For Evan, who mastered advanced Alchemy, gold was the most useless of things.

He looked up and carefully observed the shamrock in the sky, realizing that it was actually composed of thousands of tiny little bearded men in red vests, each carrying a minute lamp of gold or green.

“Irish leprechauns!” Sirius whispered.

They were very representative native creatures of Ireland, appearing in many fairy tales.

The history of the leprechaun can be traced back to a long time ago, when this magical animal lived in the ancient ruins scattered in the countryside.

Generally speaking, there are shamrocks around them that represent luck.

Some say that this is because leprechaun's magic works. They make simple clothes out of shamrock leaves.

Among all the magical creatures known to date, the leprechauns are the ones to most enjoy attracting Muggle attention to themselves.

Therefore, they are heavily integrated into Muggle children's stories.

They are very clever and speak the human language. More intelligent than the fairy and less malicious than the imp, the pixie, or the Doxy, the leprechaun is nevertheless mischievous.

Leprechauns produce a realistic gold-like substance that vanishes after a few hours, just because they have great amusement when they look at the amazed expressions of wizards or Muggles.

In the stadium, there was a tumultuous applause of the crowd, many of whom were still fighting and rummaging around under their chairs to retrieve the gold.

It's unbelievable that so many greedy fools naively believed that the gold coins were real.

“There you go!” Ron yelled happily, stuffing a fistful of gold coins into Harry's hands, “For the omnioculars! Now you've got to buy me a Christmas present, ha ha!”

A few minutes later, the great shamrock dissolved, the leprechauns drifted down onto the field on the opposite side from the Veela, and settled themselves cross-legged to watch the match.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, kindly welcome the Bulgarian National Quidditch team! I will introduce to you, first of all, Dimitrov!” Ludo said loudly.

A scarlet-clad figure on a broomstick shot out onto the field from an entrance far below. He moved so fast it was blurred, winning the enthusiastic applause of the Bulgarian supporters.

With every Quidditch player entering the stadium, there were cheers from the Bulgarian supporters. But when Ludo announced Viktor Krum, the entire venue was thunderous.

Whether it was a Bulgarian National Team player or not, most people were admirers of Krum.

This reminded Evan of Lockhart. In his opinion, both of them were too flashy, and only because of their false fame and rhetoric could they deceive girls.

“Look, that’s him, that’s him!” yelled Ron, following Krum with his Omnioculars.

Hearing his shouts, the others quickly focused their Omnioculars on him.

Long before the Veela came in, Evan secretly used magic. He did not need to use Omnioculars, and he could now see clearly.

Viktor Krum was thin, dark, and sallow-skinned, with a large curved nose and thick black eyebrows. He looked like an overgrown bird of prey. It was hard to believe he was only eighteen. (T/N: Yes, I know this is different from the movies, but this is how he was described in the books.)

He gave the impression that he was very strong, as if he often exercised outside and experienced the wind and the sun.

Compared to Evan, who was a thin, scroll-like guy, the two people were not in the same style at all.

“And now, please greet the Irish National Quidditch Team!” yelled Ludo Bagman.  
“Presenting... Connolly! Ryan! Troy! Mullet! Moran! Quigley! Aaaaaand... Lynch!”

Seven green blurs swept onto the field. They all rode “Firebolts.”

Upon their backs, their names were embroidered in silver.

“And here, all the way from Egypt, our referee, acclaimed Chairwizard of the International Association of Quidditch, Hassan Mostafa!”

A small and skinny wizard, wearing robes of pure gold to match the stadium, strode out onto the field. He was completely bald, but with a mustache to rival Uncle Vernon’s.

A silver whistle was protruding under the mustache, and he was carrying a large wooden crate under one arm, his broomstick under the other. He mounted his broomstick and kicked the crate open. Four balls suddenly burst into the air: the scarlet Quaffle, the two black Bludgers, and the miniscule, winged Golden Snitch.

With a sharp blast on his whistle, Mostafa shot into the air after the balls, and the match officially began!

This was indeed a world-class competition. The Quidditch players of both sides were of high standard and had great ornamental value.

They used enough difficult moves to make Evan, a layman, enjoy the game.

For the first time, he knew that Quidditch could be played like that.

Not to mention Harry, Ron and other Quidditch enthusiasts, who were completely immersed in the game.

The leprechauns watching the game on the sidelines rose into the air again, forming a huge sparkling shamrock again.

On the other side of the stadium, the Veela looked at them somberly.

#### Chapter 479: A Chaotic Game

As the game continued, the Irish National Team quickly scored two more goals, and it was only ten minutes after the start of the game.

In the stands, there was a thunderous tide of roars and applause from the green-clad supporters.

Hermione and Ginny jumped up and down excitedly, waving their arms with everyone.

The game was becoming more intense, and more brutal.

The Bulgarian Team changed their tactics. Volkov and Vulchanov, the Bulgarian Beaters, were whacking the Bludgers as fiercely as possible at the Irish Chasers, and were starting to prevent them from using some of their best moves.

They fought harder, the surprise offensive tactic worked, and soon they scored Bulgaria's first goal.

"Fingers in your ears!" bellowed Mr. Weasley when he saw the Veela starting to dance in celebration.

Below in the field, the Veela began to dance a very fast dance.

These dances seemed to have magic. Their shouts went off sharply on the field, then came a louder cry.

Before the Veela danced, Harry closed up his eyes.

This time in the box, Ron was the only one who was charmed, and Mr. Weasley quickly stopped him. Otherwise, Ron was likely to jump off the stands.

"Look, Krum seems to have found the Golden Snitch!" Harry suddenly shouted.

Everyone hurriedly watched the two players, Krum and Lynch!

They quickly plummeted through the center of the Chasers, so fast that it looked as though they had just jumped from airplanes without parachutes.

The two men went straight down and seemed determined to either catch the Snitch or hit the ground directly.

“Oh, my God, they’re going to crash!” screamed Hermione.

She was half right. At the very last second, Viktor Krum pulled out of the dive and spiraled off. Lynch, however, hit the ground with a dull thud that could be heard throughout the stadium.

“Oh, no!” A huge groan rose from the Irish seats.

“Fool!” moaned Mr. Weasley. “Krum was feinting!”

“Time-out!” yelled Mr. Bagman’s voice.

Trained mediwizards hurried onto the field to examine Aidan Lynch.

“Don’t worry, he’ll be okay, he only got ploughed!” Charlie comforted Ginny, who was hanging over the side of the box, looking horror-struck.

Hermione didn’t look too good either; she curled up in her seat like a kitten.

Evan gently patted her on the shoulder and whispered a few words of comfort.

“Of course, that’s exactly what Krum wanted to achieve...” Sirius analyzed, “Wronski Defensive Feint is a very difficult move used to elude dangerous Seekers. Only a few Seekers can do it so well.”

Harry and Ron replayed the scene with Omnioculars, sending out bursts of wonder from time to time.

After treatment, Lynch finally got to his feet and returned to the game.

His revival seemed to give Ireland new hope.

The Chasers quickly organized the offensive and soon led the Bulgarian Team by a hundred and twenty.

The Leprechauns, like a swarm of glittering hornets, rose into the air, darted together and quickly formed the words “HA! HA! HA!” to provoke the Bulgarians.

Not to be outdone, the Veela on the other side of the field leapt to their feet, tossed their hair angrily, and started to dance again.

Harry, Ron, and the Weasley boys all stuffed their fingers into their ears. They didn’t want to fall to Veela and miss the game.

Only Evan did not do that; the Veela’s dance did not work on him, and they were not against the audience in the stands this time.

On the field, referee Hassan Mustafa suddenly landed right in front of the dancing Veela, and was acting very oddly indeed. He was flexing his muscles and smoothing his mustache excitedly.

“Oh, we can’t have that! Somebody slap the referee!” Ludo Bagman said.

But listening to his tone, he sounded highly amused as well.



A mediwizard came tearing across the field; his fingers stuffed into his own ears, and kicked Mostafa hard in the calf.

Mostafa seemed to come to himself. He looked particularly embarrassed and shouted at the Veela, who stopped dancing and were looking mutinous.

Driven by the extreme taunts and the widening gap between the two sides, the competition became more and more fierce and uncivilized.

The physical conflicts between the players on both sides were gradually increasing, without any respect or rules.

In the end, Evan found that the game was heading towards a chaotic trend with the Mascots of both sides leading the charge.

Whether it was Veela or Leprechauns, they were magical creatures with strong magic.

In the fierce confrontation, their magic began to spread around, affecting the audience in the stands.

The Leprechauns had risen into the air again, forming a giant hand, which was making a very rude sign at the Veela across the field.

At this, the Veela lost control. Instead of dancing, they launched themselves across the field and began throwing what seemed to be handfuls of fire at the Leprechauns.

The entire playing field became a sea of flames, and the lawn below was burning.

Now, the Veela looked no longer so beautiful.

On the contrary, their faces were elongating into sharp, cruel-beaked bird heads, and long, scaly wings were bursting from their shoulders...

This was another look of Veela and it was also their real form.

"And that, boys..." yelled Mr. Weasley over the tumult of the crowd below, "...is why you should never go for looks alone!"

Ministry wizards were flooding onto the field to separate the Veela and the Leprechauns, and put out the fire, but with little success.

The Leprechauns had a golden glow. Anyone hit by these lights would enter a short period of dizziness, and even coma.

At this moment, the ongoing competition above was as chaotic as the fierce battle below.

The Beaters on both sides showed no mercy and swung as hard as they could, disregarding whether the bats in their hands hit the ball or the person.

The other burly players, riding broomsticks, rampaged through the sky.

They tried to take advantage of their physical strength to knock the other players down.

Still, the Irish team clearly dominated, and they quickly scored a few more goals.

But the cheers of the Irish supporters were barely heard over the shrieks of the Veela, the blasts now issuing from the Ministry members' wands, and the furious roars of the Bulgarians.

This was the most chaotic game that Evan had ever seen, and there was no technique or spectacle at all.

For a moment, the players on both sides were like the despicable Slytherin Quidditch Team.

In order to win, they did not pay attention to tactics and rules at all.

The referee Mostafa yelled angrily and wanted to stop both sides, but he was distracted by a Veela.

She had thrown a handful of fire at him and set his broom tail alight. He had no energy to continue to maintain order.

Under these circumstances, Krum's nose seemed to have been suddenly broken, and there was blood everywhere.

In the audience, fans of the Irish team and the Bulgarian team also started to fight. The two sides collided violently.

Chapter 480: Another Big Scene

As if it were planned, the turmoil in the stadium centered on one point and things became more and more chaotic.

After endless mutual teasing, the fans of both sides finally lost their patience, and just rushed at each-other!

They climbed over the simple railings and rushed to each other's stands. Or, more directly, just took out their wands and cast spells at a distance.

With more and more people joining, the conflict in the stands quickly turned into a large-scale duel and scuffle.

Wizards took out their wands, waved them angrily, and used various evil spells on the ones opposing them.

Seeing this situation, the Ministry of Magic officials no longer cared about the Veela and the Leprechauns, and rushed straight to the stands.

"There seems to be something wrong down there?!" said Evan with some doubts.

The riot seemed to have come too suddenly and spread a little too far.

"Don't worry, we'll deal with this problem!" Mr. Weasley frowned. "We are going to help the department maintain order. Charlie, Bill, Percy, you three come with me, Sirius..."

"I'll take a look as well. I'll be right back. Remember, you guys stay here and don't go anywhere until I get back!" Sirius said, "Evan, keep an eye on Harry!"

He then followed Mr. Weasley and other Ministry officials out of the box and went down to reinforce the ones who were ahead.

Looking at their backs, Evan had an ominous hunch deep in his heart.

It seemed that something was about to happen. He rubbed his eyes, hoping it was just an illusion.

Everyone was shocked to see the scuffle that was gradually expanding in the stands below, only Harry and Ron were not aware of it.

Their minds were still in the heat of the game and they noticed nothing else.

“What on earth is going on?!” Ron removed the Omnioculars from his eyes and shouted. “Don’t you see it? Krum is injured, time-out, he can’t play like that!”

“The match?!” Ludo Bagman said in surprise.

He seemed to have just recovered his mind and turned his eyes back to the air, remembering that there was still a game.

“Oh, yes!” Bagman said loudly. “Krum is bleeding, broken nose it seems! But he seems to have seen the Golden Snitch!”

“Lynch has also seen it!” Harry shouted.

In the air, the two darted in almost at the same time, but Krum was a little farther away.

On the stands, some Irish supporters rose in another great wave of green, screaming their Seeker on.

Krum was on his tail. How could he see where he was going? Harry wondered; there were flecks of blood flying through the air behind him.

However, he was drawing level with Lynch as the pair of them hurtled toward the ground again...

“They’re going to crash!” Hermione shrieked and turned her eyes back to the match.

“No!” roared Ron.

“Lynch is!” yelled Harry.

He was right. For the second time, Lynch hit the ground with tremendous force and was immediately stamped by a horde of angry Veela.

“He’s got it! Krum’s got it, it’s all over!” shouted Harry.

Krum, his red robe shining with blood from his nose, was rising gently into the air, his fist held high, a glint of gold in his hand.

The scoreboard was flashing BULGARIA: 160, IRELAND: 170 across the crowd, who didn’t seem to have realized what had happened. Then, slowly, as though a great jumbo jet were revving up, the rumbling from the Ireland supporters grew louder and louder and erupted into screams of delight.

“IRELAND WINS!” Bagman shouted, seemingly taken aback by the sudden end of the match. “KRUM GETS THE SNITCH, BUT IRELAND WINS... good lord, I don’t think any of us were expecting that!”

“What did he catch the Snitch for?” Ron bellowed, even as he jumped up and down, applauding with his hands over his head. “He ended it when Ireland was a hundred and sixty points ahead. What a fool!”

“He knew they were never going to catch up!” Harry shouted back over all the noise, also applauding loudly. “The Irish Chasers were too good. Krum wanted to end it on his terms, that’s all...”

“He was very brave, wasn’t he?” Hermione whispered to Evan.

Evan did not answer her. He had no time to pay attention to the match and Krum!

Right below, in the stands, the chaotic battle was continuing, spreading more and more widely.

Although the Ministry of Magic officials were all concentrated there, it was in vain. The battle was unstoppable and was gradually escalating and spreading.

Various colors of magic rays flew through the air, and the roars, the scream and the magic explosions mingled to break through the clouds so powerfully, they scattered them!

The scene was absolutely shocking and everyone was dumbfounded.

Especially when looking down from the top, the reason was clear: There were 100,000 wizards here! This was definitely the battle of the largest scale in the history of magic!

“God, what are they doing?!” Bagman said with amazement. “The game is over, Ireland has won!”

Evan watched with surprise as the situation gradually got out of control, and suddenly woke up. He could sniff the stench of conspiracy.

He remembered what Elaine had said to him when she came to the tent. Voldemort and the vampires were ready to act tonight.

He thought it over carefully, and it was likely that Caresius had purposely asked Elaine to come and give him a tip.

But Elaine did not make it clear, and he did not know what plot Voldemort was planning.

Evan originally thought that it would happen in the camp after the match like in the books, a Death-Eater parade. They would cause confusion, and then go to Crouch’s tent to rescue Barty Jr.

It never occurred to him that Voldemort would start directly in the middle of the match and make such a big mess.

This guy was definitely a complete madman, worthy of his title as the most evil, and always going in with a bang!

Evan quickly rushed to the edge of the stands and carefully observed the situation below.

“These people are all mad! They should be celebrating, but they are all fighting!” Ludo Bagman widened his eyes and looked at the melee below, completely frightened!

“Where’s Barty Crouch?!” Fudge murmured. “Who can tell me what is going on down here?!”

The initially small-scale battle had spread throughout the stands.

Evan saw a lot of people wearing dark red hoods and masks on their faces, casting spells everywhere.

They were creating chaos and the crowd was getting more and more panicky.