

Harry Potter 491

Chapter 491: Harry's Wand

"Elf!" Scrimgeour asked sternly. "Do you know who I am? I am Head of the Auror Office of the Ministry of Magic!"

Winky began to rock backward and forward on the ground. Her breath was interrupted by strong sobs from time to time!

When she heard that Scrimgeour was an Auror, she almost fainted again.

"A short while ago, the Dark Mark was conjured here." Scrimgeour asked sharply, pointing with his wand firmly at Winky, "A moment later, you were discovered, right beneath the Mark! You need to give us an explanation!"

"I, I, I is not doing it, sir!" said Winky gasping for breath, "I is not knowing how, sir!"

"When you were found, you had a wand in your hand!" Scrimgeour said impatiently, taking the wand from a wizard and brandishing it in front of her. "Tell me, where did you get it?"

Harry standing in the crowd suddenly said with amazement, "That's mine, sir!"

Everyone turned quickly and looked at the bewildered Harry.

"What did you say?!" Scrimgeour's face was full of shock and suspicion. "Is this your wand?!"

"That's my wand!" said Harry, swallowing, "I dropped it!"

"Hum, you dropped it? Is this a confession?" Scrimgeour groaned heavily and looked fiercely as if he were going to swallow Harry raw. "After conjuring the Mark, you just threw the wand aside?!"

"Sirius Black!" Scrimgeour said with a hint of exclamation. "This kid is Harry Potter?!"

His sharp eyes quickly swept Sirius and Evan, and then fell on Harry.

"We all saw him riding a broom in the sky just now, trying to save Evan and Hermione, who were fighting the Dark Wizard!" Sirius said angrily, "This was what you, Aurors should have done, but tonight it all depended on a few children. And now, you dare claim that Harry has conjured the Dark Mark?!"

He also pulled out his wand and pitted it against Scrimgeour.

"Take it easy, Black!" Fudge hurriedly said. "Harry certainly can't conjure that Mark. We all know that. Rufus is just asking Harry when he dropped his wand."

“Shortly after the chaos began, I think it was in the box.”

When Harry talked about the box, Scrimgeour’s face was even more unnatural. It was now in ruins. Evan’s powerful magic was still fresh in his memory, and everything tonight was extraordinary.

There were so many people waiting outside for the outcome, and they must make a quick decision.

Scrimgeour looked again at Winky curled up at his feet, and his eyes became colder. “Elf, you found this wand there, didn’t you?” You picked it up and thought you could have some fun with it, didn’t you?”

“I is not doing magic with it, sir!” squealed Winky, tears streaming down the sides of her squashed and bulbous nose, “I is, I is, I ... I is just picking it up, sir! I is not making the Dark Mark, sir, please believe me, I is not knowing how!”

“You can’t use this magic? Easy to say,” Scrimgeour said with a hint of solemnity in his voice. “Since this wand is in your hand, it must have something to do with you. There is a simple way of discovering the last spell a wand performed, elf, did you know that?”

Winky trembled and shook her head frantically, her ears flapping.

Scrimgeour ignored her and seemed to have made up his mind to catch the murderer hiding behind the scenes.

He looked up at Crouch, who said nothing, raised his own wand and placed it tip to tip with Harry’s.

The crowd gasped, horrified, as a gigantic serpent-tongued skull erupted from the point where the two wands met, but it was a mere shadow of the green skull high above them, it looked as though it were made of thick gray smoke: the ghost of a spell.

“What about that?” He showed a savage smile of triumph, as he looked down upon Winky.

Winky was still shaking convulsively, looking very pitiful.

“I is not doing it!” she squealed, her eyes rolling in terror. “I is not, I is not, I I is not knowing how! I is a good elf, I isn’t using wands, I isn’t knowing how!”

“Enough, you’ve been caught red-handed, with the guilty wand in your hand!” Scrimgeour shouted. “Only a few wizards know how to do that spell... Tell us, where did you learn it?”

Winky screeched gasps, like a broken bellows.

“Scrimgeour, perhaps you’re suggesting...” Mr. Crouch spoke, cold anger in every syllable, “that I routinely teach my servants to conjure the Dark Mark?”

Scrimgeour stared at him with a very repressed silence and a strange light in his eyes.

Hundreds of Ministry of Magic officials did not speak. Barty Crouch had a high status and majesty in the Ministry.

In particular, his past experience had scared all wizards.

Fudge, who was supposed to be in charge, seemed frightened and panicked. He looked at Crouch for a moment and then turned to Scrimgeour.

“Everything is possible, we need to investigate!” Scrimgeour did not flinch, and his tone was equally cold.

Looking at him, it seemed certain that Crouch had planned the attack this evening. And in the end, he made his house-elf conjure the Dark Mark!

“I hope you remember the many proofs I have given, over my long career, that I despise and detest the Dark Arts and those who practice them!” Mr. Crouch shouted, his eyes bulging.

“Obviously, but this doesn’t explain why your house-elf has this black magic.”

“She might have picked it up by chance anywhere!” Fudge said uneasily. “Okay, elf, tell me, where exactly did you find Harry’s wand?”

Winky was twisting the hem of her tea towel so violently that it was fraying beneath her fingers.

“I, I is finding it there, sir...” she whispered. “There, in the ruins, I is terrified, all the buildings were collapsing, the stones kept falling.”

“Well, let me see, this matter is already very clear!” Fudge whispered. “The Dark wizard who fought Evan must have picked up Harry’s wand in the box and finally conjured the Dark Mark.”

“Minister, I just saw someone Disapparate!” The wizard who first found Winky said in a hurry, “The figure suddenly disappeared from my sight and vanished at once...”

Chapter 492: Clothes to The Elf

“Apparition is not allowed in this place!” Scrimgeour said.

“I know, but he did suddenly disappear from my sight...”

“Rufus, so that’s it!” Fudge said, seemingly relieved. “Whoever conjured the Mark could have Disapparated or moved away by other methods right after they’ve done it, leaving Harry’s wand behind. A clever thing to do, not using their own wand, which could have betrayed them. And Winky here had the misfortune to come across the wand moments later and pick it up.”

Scrimgeour remained silent for a while, as if considering the possibility of what Fudge had said.

“Elf, did you see anyone at that time?” he asked in a cold tone.

Winky began to tremble worse than ever. Her giant eyes flickered from Scrimgeour, to Fudge again, and finally onto her own master, Mr. Crouch. Then she gulped and said, “I is seeing no one, sir... no one...”

“You are lying!” Scrimgeour did not believe, “I have a way to let you say everything you know.”

“Scrimgeour!” Crouch said curtly. “I am fully aware that, according to the general procedure, you would want to take Winky to the Auror office for questioning. I ask you, however, to allow me to deal with her first.”

Scrimgeour did not answer, and Crouch seemed to see it as a tacit acquiescence. He walked quickly to Winky’s side.

“M-m-master...” Winky stammered, looking up at Mr. Crouch, her eyes brimming with tears. “M-m-master, please, please, don’t...”

Mr. Crouch stared at her, his face somehow sharpened, each line upon it more deeply etched. There was no pity in his gaze.

“No, no!” shrieked Winky, prostrating herself at Mr. Crouch’s feet. “No, master! Not clothes, not clothes! Please!”

The only way to turn a house-elf free was to present it with proper garments.

However, this did not only mean the house-elf’s liberation; it also meant their destruction!

It was really pitiful to see the way Winky clutched at her tea towel as she sobbed at Mr. Crouch’s feet.

“You can’t do this; she was scared!” Hermione suddenly said indignantly, glaring at Mr. Crouch. “Your elf is scared of heights. She couldn’t stay in the box all the time, waiting to die! It is understandable that she appeared here. She was just running for her life and happened to have found Harry’s wand. You can’t blame her!”

Evan could feel that, because of anger, Hermione’s little hand holding him was shaking slightly.

By this time, everyone knew that Winky could not be the one who conjured the Dark Mark, but Crouch didn’t care; he just needed a scapegoat.

Evan looked into the dark ruins and wondered where Winky hid Barty Crouch Jr.!

The wizard said just now that he saw a figure suddenly Disapparating right before his eyes. It must be Barty Crouch Jr.

He couldn't have Disapparated, so he must be hiding under the invisibility cloak.

Evan could no longer feel the existence of Barty Crouch Jr., who seemed to be protected by a magic force. And because of the battle just now, Evan was very weak.

In his current state, it was impossible for him to detect the specific location of Barty Crouch Jr., and magic had lost its effect.

However, he had no intention of revealing the matter.

This was related to his next plan. As for the fate of Barty Crouch, Evan could only wish him luck! Voldemort, who had suffered successive failures, would definitely break into his home in person.

Although he didn't care about Crouch, this incident also warned Evan.

With a very strong power above ordinary wizards, these lunatics could do anything.

Whether it was Voldemort or the vampire, these evil Dark wizards had no regard for human life, and tonight's scene might happen at any time later.

Mr. Crouch did not seem to hear Hermione's words. He took a step backward, freeing himself from contact with the elf, whom he was surveying as though she were something filthy and rotten that was contaminating his over-shined shoes.

"I have no use for a house-elf who disobeys me," he said coldly, looking over at Hermione, "I have no use for a servant who forgets what is due to her master's reputation."

Winky was crying so hard that her sobs echoed around the ruins, and there was a very embarrassing silence.

Mr. Crouch wanted to get rid of her, but Winky clasped tightly to his leg.

"If you can, please give Harry's wand back to him!" Sirius frowned and said, "These children have gone through too much tonight. They have to go back to rest. We have no energy or obligation to stay here and watch this farce go on."

Scrimgeour hesitated, but then came over and handed Harry his wand, and his eyes fell on Evan.

"You are Evan Mason?!" he asked. "I hope to talk to you!"

Evan originally wanted to agree, but Sirius stepped up directly in front of him.

"I don't think Evan has anything to say to you. Everyone saw what happened this evening!" He said rudely. "In my opinion, Evan saved everyone. He's a hero!"

"That's true, but this child has such powerful magic, which is obviously not normal!" Scrimgeour said stiffly.

"You have to know that some people are born to be geniuses!" Sirius replied softly.

"Don't use your low standards to measure other people. What's more, no matter how powerful Evan is, this matter has nothing to do with the Aurors."

Scrimgeour was embarrassed and stood still, staring at Sirius.

“Let’s go, kids!” Mr. Weasley whispered and quietly pulled Sirius.

Everyone knew that Scrimgeour was a resolute person. He worked as an Auror and devoted most of his life to dealing with Dark Wizards.

The professional habits he had developed over a long period of time kept him from letting go of any person or matter he had doubts about.

Although not as powerful as Crouch, it was best not to mess with him.

Evan’s performance tonight was so eye-catching that he needed to keep a low profile now.

What happened this evening, especially the appearance of the Dark Mark, was obviously out of place, or not to get involved with.

Everyone turned and left; only Hermione seemed to be reluctant to move, and her eyes were still upon the sobbing elf.

“Hermione!” Mr. Weasley said, more urgently.

A few seconds later, Hermione turned and followed Evan and everyone to leave the ruins and walk outside the stadium.

Chapter 493: Wanted Vampires

When they were separated from the Ministry of Magic’s crowd, Evan immediately said, “That guy named Scrimgeour seems very dangerous, doesn’t he?”

He could feel that most of the wizards were shocked after he showed great magic.

Only Rufus Scrimgeour wanted to explore the source of his magic. Barty Crouch probably wanted to do the same, but now he was too busy with Winky and his son’s affair to focus on Evan.

These two guys seemed to be exceptionally sharp, so he had to be careful when he would come into contact with them later.

“Scrimgeour has always been like that. He is a veteran Auror!” Sirius said, “After Alastor Moody retired, he was the only remaining one of the old Aurors. He has a lot of prestige in the Ministry of Magic.”

“What about other old Aurors?” Harry asked.

“They quit, died or went insane. Being an Auror is a very dangerous profession, very few people can stick to it till the end!” Sirius replied, “Only the best Aurors can protect themselves while dealing with Dark wizards. You know, there are many times when danger does not necessarily come from the enemy. Aurors like Scrimgeour are very rare.”

“The Aurors are always suspicious, as if presuming that everyone is a Dark wizard!” Mr. Weasley agreed.

“Whoever works in that position for a long time will become like that. They have seen too many intrigues.” Sirius paused for a while and continued, “It’s not a bad thing to know who can be trusted and who can’t.”

It seemed that he thought of the death of Peter Pettigrew and Harry’s parents again and blamed himself for his past naivety.

“Yes, but everyone is still afraid of anything to do with Aurors.” Mr. Weasley followed and said, “Let me say, Scrimgeour chose Crouch as his opponent this time, but it was a big mistake. Crouch is not the kind of person who would be easily frightened.”

“Look at his attitude towards that house-elf. He can give up anything that would affect his reputation at any time.” Sirius said dismissively, “Barty Crouch is much more cunning and dangerous than Scrimgeour!”

“But Winky didn’t make any mistakes!” Hermione said immediately. “What’s going to happen to her?”

“They have no evidence, and they will finally release her!” Sirius said, “But she will definitely be expelled by Barty Crouch. I hope that the thrill will not kill her.”

“That’s unfair. Mr. Crouch can’t treat her like that!” said Hermione angrily. “He knows that she didn’t do it and he’s still going to sack her! He didn’t care how frightened she had been, or how upset she was ... he doesn’t treat her like a human being at all!”

“Well, she is not human.” Ron interjected.

Hearing this sentence, Hermione immediately turned to attack him.

“That doesn’t mean she hasn’t got feelings, Ron. It’s disgusting that they do that, and you should ...”

“Well, Hermione, I agree with you, but now is not the time to discuss elf rights!” Mr. Weasley said quickly. “You’d better go back to the tent. Sirius and I will take care of the rest.”

A few minutes later, they encountered obstacles as they walked out of the stadium.

Although the Ministry of Magic officials were trying to evacuate the flow of people, there were still many witches and wizards gathered there who refused to disperse.

They were frightened-looking. When they saw someone coming out from the inside, they surged forward.

Evan hid behind Sirius and did not want to be recognized. But this worry was superfluous, and these wizards did not recognize Evan.

They were just protesting and asking the Ministry of Magic to give a statement.

What happened this evening was an extremely serious evil. Many witches and wizards gathered to ask the Ministry of Magic to announce the truth of the incident and arrest and punish the murderer as soon as possible.

Besides, they also wanted to know who had conjured the Dark Mark!

“What’s going on in there?”

“Who conjured the Mark?”

“Is he back?”

“Of course it’s not Him!” Mr. Weasley couldn’t help but say, “We don’t know who it was; the Dark wizard has run away! All right, please step aside, please; I want to go to bed!”

They crossed the crowd and returned to the campsite, which was quiet and terrible.

Every tent was dark and the pleasant atmosphere of the day was missing.

Everyone hid in their tents and did not dare to make any noise. Outside, officials from the Ministry of Magic were patrolling everywhere.

“Dad, what’s going on?” Charlie got out of the tent.

Because of the Aurors’ blockade, he and Bill and Percy had not entered the core area.

“Nothing, we will investigate!” said Mr. Weasley, “Well, children! You all go in, I have to go and have a look. With what happened, there must be a shortage of staff in the Ministry. People are needed everywhere to maintain order. I must help.”

After asking Sirius to take care of everyone, he turned around and went back into the darkness.

Everyone sat around the small kitchen table, looking in shock and in poor condition.

Bill was holding a bed sheet to his arm, which was bleeding profusely.

Charlie had a large rip in his shirt, and Percy was sporting a bloody nose.

These were all the marks left by their fighting with Dark wizards and vampires who took advantage of the fire.

Evan found that Sirius was also badly injured, and his body was covered with blood, but fortunately, his injuries were all superficial.

From his cloth bag, he hurriedly took out some white potion, which he had arranged himself.

This potion had a good healing effect on fall injuries and was suitable for use at this time.

“Thank you!” said Sirius, “This is exactly what I need.”

He took it and sprinkled it on the wounds on his arms, and it quickly healed.

“Who are the Dark wizards who attacked tonight?” Charlie asked. “Are they You-Know-Who’s men?”

“They are vampires. Sirius and I had contact with them in the forests of Albania!” said Evan. “They are all very evil Dark wizards, real outlaws, and to some extent, even more terrible than the Death Eaters. The existence of vampires is a taboo in itself, which makes them live on the edge of the world.”

Except for Sirius, Harry, Ron, and Hermione, the rest of the people looked at Evan with surprise. No one thought that the Dark wizards who attacked this evening would be vampires, which was simply unbelievable.

“No wonder the magic they use is very strange. I just had a fight with a masked guy!” Bill said, “Some of their magic is somewhat similar to that of ancient Egyptian wizards. We have found similar records in several sacrificial tombs. All that ancient magic is based on blood.”

Despite the rush to cope and the heavy losses, the Ministry of Magic could still manage to catch a few vampires.

After a night of interrogation, it was rational that before tomorrow, Caresius and his people would become wanted.

In the wizarding world, some things are not as simple as if you clench your teeth and insist that you don’t say anything; a powerful wizard can get anything he wants to know from a person’s soul if he wishes...

Chapter 494: Unlucky Evan

“What’s going to happen to the vampires caught by the Ministry?” Ginny asked.

She was particularly pale and had not yet recovered from the thrill she had received this evening.

“After the interrogation, they’ll probably be put in Azkaban.” Sirius said, “Dementors will keep a firm eye on them, but if they can’t drink fresh blood all the time, those vampires won’t last long.”

The power of vampires comes from blood; and the stronger the magic in the blood they feed on is, the more helpful it is to them.

That’s why with Caresius and Elaine, who had been feeding on the powerful magic dragon blood, their strength had been improving rapidly.

But what’s more important, vampires also need blood as food to sustain their lives.

It was hard to imagine that in that hellhole of Azkaban, the Dementors would specially prepare fresh blood for them as food.

There was a moment of silence and no one wanted to continue talking about this topic. The thought of a vampire biting a person’s neck and sucking his blood made goosebumps prickle across everyone’s body, but the thought of starving them to death was equally as repulsive.

“Evan, what magic did you use?” Ron asked suddenly. “I saw you and Hermione fall, and I was scared. I didn’t expect you to make the stone giant at the last moment. This was incredible, that magic...”

Hearing Ron’s words, everyone looked at Evan with interest and wanted to know the secret of his magic.

In fact, they had never seen such a powerful magic before. It was completely beyond imagination.

“Nothing, just simple Transfiguration!” Evan simply said, “If they could find a way to provide with enough magic, anyone can do it!”

It was not appropriate for too many people to know about the Philosopher’s Stone.

It was not that Evan did not trust the Weasleys, but the Philosopher’s Stone was, after all, too important and involved too many secrets, which had to be kept concealed.

As for the Ministry of Magic, he believed that Dumbledore and Sirius would help him deal with them.

“Provide enough magic?!” Ron repeated, doubtfully saying, “Doesn’t that just mean that they need to find a...”

“Well, Ron, there is nothing to discuss about that!” Hermione said suddenly, winking at Ron. “If you listen carefully in class and work hard to finish the homework assigned by the professors, sooner or later you will use this magic like Evan.”

For a few seconds, Ron looked at her in surprise.

How could such a powerful magic be cast by listening attentively in class and studying hard to finish the homework?

In Ron’s view, the Philosopher’s Stone was the key, and only with its help could this magic be used.

Evan had just said that it required powerful magic, and the Philosopher’s Stone should provide that.

He relied on the help of the Philosopher’s Stone to fight the vampire, cast powerful spells, and make the entire wizarding world remember his name.

Of course, Evan is really strong and devoted a lot of effort to magic, Ron admitted this. But in his opinion, the Philosopher’s Stone was the most important.

He had seen the power of the Philosopher’s Stone, and with it, anyone can release powerful magic like Evan.

As for talent, hard work and skills, they were far less effective than the Philosopher’s Stone.

This was all going through Ron’s mind, without reaction until Harry couldn’t help kicking him under the table.

He realized that this matter was really not suitable for discussion here, but he had also guessed the answer now.

“Evan was really good. What happened with the Dark Mark?” This time it was Percy’s turn to ask, “Who conjured it? What did you find in the ruins? I saw Mr. Crouch passing!”

This was not the first time that Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione had seen the Dark Mark. The last time they saw it in the Temple of the Moon in the Centaurs’ colony, where Evan had been cursed by Voldemort.

Everyone knew what it meant and the fear it brought.

Now, only Fred, George and Ginny were still perplexed, and Sirius explained to them in a low voice.

Harry and Ron told Charlie, Bill and Percy exactly what they had just seen in the ruins.

“Well, Mr. Crouch is quite right to get rid of an elf like that!” Hearing of Crouch’s last practice, Percy said in agreement, “She actually picked up an unidentified wand, and smeared the name of her master, embarrassing him in front of the whole Ministry. How would that look, if she’d be brought up in front of the Department for the Regulation and Control, I am a little...”

“She didn’t do anything. She was just in the wrong place at the wrong time!” Hermione snapped at Percy, who looked very taken aback, looking at Hermione in surprise, not sure what he had just said wrong.

Hermione had always got on fairly well with Percy, better, indeed, than any of the others.

“Hermione, a wizard in Mr. Crouch’s position can’t afford a house-elf who’s going to run amok with a wand!” said Percy pompously, recovering himself.

“She didn’t run amok!” shouted Hermione. “She just picked up the wand off the ground!”

Both of them were red-faced and seemed to have the intention of continuing to quarrel.

“Well, we shouldn’t talk about this topic!” Sirius immediately interrupted everyone. “You must go to bed, especially Evan, he needs a rest. Anything else can be said tomorrow morning.”

Harry and the others seemed to want to continue discussing for a while why the vampires had conjured the Dark Mark.

In any case, it didn’t help their attack, but it did bring more panic.

“Go upstairs and go to bed. It’s very late now. We’ll get a few more hours of sleep and then try and get an early Portkey out of here.” Sirius said to Evan, Harry and Hermione, “I talked to Arthur, and the three of you will return to the Burrow until the beginning of school. During this period, you will not go anywhere.”

A few minutes later, Evan dragged his tired body back to his room.

After completely relaxing, he felt exhausted and fell heavily on the bed. But not long after, a subtle knock on the door surprised him, and Hermione came to his room.

She seemed frightened by what happened tonight, and her little face was full of worries.

It's been an eventful night for her, especially in the end, when she made up her mind to slide down from Krum's broom.

At that time, she was completely determined to die with Evan.

She already had that awareness and made a decision. This matter could not only be explained by courage and friendship, but also by other strong feelings.

Unknowingly, Evan and Hermione had the closest relationship...

As the main building collapsed, Evan did not know what Hermione was thinking.

He only remembered that she hugged him tightly, as if she would never let go.

After this life or death experience, the relationship between the two was to definitely change in nature; as if a thin veil between them was pushed to the side.

Now, Evan had the opportunity to make his confession to Hermione, and for the two to take a step forward with their relationship.

He was always unlucky in this respect and was interrupted at critical moments.

But now the atmosphere in the room seemed propitious!

Chapter 495: Take Them Off

Hermione seemed to whisper something outside the door, but Evan, whose thoughts went wild, did not hear her clearly.

After confirming that it was Hermione who was knocking at the door, he hurried over and opened it.

Inside the room, the orange candlelight glowed faintly, and the lighting was very soothing.

Although this was not exactly the most romantic spot, and normally not ideal for him to make his big confession, what had just happened at the stadium created enough of a bond between the two to make this time more fitting than ever.

Both of them are very excited, filled with the joy brought by survival, and the desire to further their relationship.

Evan even felt that Hermione would agree to whatever he would ask for at the moment. As for the biggest obstacle of age, he had to just ignore it!

He let her into his room, ready to summon up his courage to speak up his mind.

"Hermione, I..."

"I know, Evan!" Hermione said suddenly. "Lie in bed and I'll help you..."

Looking at her, she seemed very determined and dared not look at Evan at all.

"Lie in bed?!" Evan blinked and asked in a daze, "What for?!"

Why would he lie in bed?! What was she going to do for him?!

“Take off your clothes; it will be more convenient...” Hermione whispered.

Looking at her shy face, Evan felt his heart pounding, beating violently, and his face turned reddish.

This was going extremely fast! He didn't expect Hermione to be so direct and skip all bases...

But wasn't this a little too fast? To lie in bed... and to undress?! Was he the only one to be getting undressed, or was Hermione to join him? He wondered...

Evan was entangled, not knowing what to do. He had no experience about this, at all.

Imagine that the girl you like sneaking into your room alone in the middle of the night, and without hesitating, asking you to get undressed and lie in bed. What kind of happiness would that bring?!

All in all, Hermione's request managed to take the ever prepared Evan off-guard...

There was a voice inside him, telling him to do as Hermione said.

Nevertheless, he couldn't just take off his clothes and lie down without asking for clarification!

Besides, he was not sure yet. How was Hermione going to help him exactly?!

“Hurry up; we'll go to bed as soon as we're done!” Hermione urged, “Sirius has just said that you need to rest now, and that the heavy use of magic has put a great burden on your body that you must rest for it to gradually recover.”

There was nothing wrong with that. Sirius did say that.

But listening to all what she said and linking it together made Evan feel weird. Was this Hermione he knew?!

“Hermione, what on earth are we going to do?” Evan finally couldn't help but ask, “Are...”

“Just when I went upstairs, I thought, I'll come and help you with your potion!”

Hermione looked at him strangely. “When the stadium box collapsed, I saw that your back was cut by rubble; it was bleeding. You have to deal with it as soon as possible. If you get infected, you'll be in trouble!”

“Oh...” Evan sighed with relief.

His back was indeed scratched by the fallen debris, but the injury was not very serious, so Evan did not mind.

Now when Hermione mentioned it, the thought of preventing infection sounded logical. Since Hermione was willing to treat his wounds, he would naturally not refuse.

Evan took off his shirt as fast as he could and lay on the bed.

“The Wigenweld Potion is in that cloth bag, take it out yourself if you may!” he said to Hermione, pointing to the pocket on the table.

Hermione opened Evan's bag and rummaged inside.

"You've already made so many potions!" said Hermione in surprise.

"Hey, what's this?"

Hearing Hermione's voice, Evan just thought that in the afternoon, he had stuffed Elaine's underwear in there!

His whole body shivered. If Hermione found out...

At that time, how could Evan explain to her how he got a girl's underwear?! There was simply no way at all to explain it!

Evan got up as fast as he could and rushed over to Hermione, who was rummaging through the cloth bag looking for the Wiggenweld Potion.

"Hermione, let me do it. There are too many potions in there, and you won't be able to find the one we need for a while!" Evan said.

The only good thing for him now was that the cloth bag had been extended by the Undetectable Extension Charm and didn't give people an intuitive idea of what was inside. They had to take them out one by one to confirm.

Hermione hadn't found the underwear yet. What had just amazed her was just a bottle of a rare potion.

Evan made up his mind to get rid of that underwear as soon as Hermione would leave.

Hermione did not argue with Evan. In fact she was trying to calm down, especially that the way Evan looked now, so close to her, made her feel a little embarrassed.

Feeling Evan's breath, Hermione's heart beat violently.

Looking at the boy's bare upper body should be nothing noteworthy. But when she thought of helping him with potion, her face immediately turned red!

Before she came here, she probably thought like Evan did, but she finally made up her mind...

For a while, holding Evan's potion in her hand, Hermione stared at his back.

There were many small wounds on it, most of which had solidified, but several were still oozing blood.

As the two were falling, Evan used his body to protect Hermione, so that she would not be hurt.

Hermione scattered the Wiggenweld Potion on the larger wound, and the scar began healing quickly.

This potion was really effective. Madam Pomfrey had been using it to deal with various injuries of the young wizards.

As for the more minor wounds, it was inconvenient to sprinkle the Wiggeweld Potion on them.

Hermione thought for a moment, then poured the Wiggeweld Potion on the palm of her hand and applied it on Evan's back.

She blushed, and then focused on the task at hand and tried not to think about the mess.

Hermione did it very carefully and spread it evenly.

Feeling her soft hands, and the palm of her hand gently rubbing his back, Evan's heart itched badly.

This was not an evening to skip... He had to confess!

He lay there and began to think again.

In fact, Hermione's every touch gave him a strange feeling, and as if she was electrifying him, the feeling of crispness and numbness spread throughout his body.

Evan enjoyed the atmosphere, but there was an impulse in the depths of his heart...

Neither of them spoke, and in the room, there was only the faint sound of the candle burning.

The temperature seemed to be rising, and Evan's impulse was getting stronger and stronger.

When Hermione's little hand touched his waist, Evan felt that he could no longer help it.

He gritted his teeth, made up his mind, and rotated directly, turning Hermione around, pressing under him...

Chapter 496: Taking the Initiative

Hermione muffled her own gasp. Being absorbed in applying the potion, she did not anticipate what Evan did!

All she felt was Evan turning over and hugging her, spinning, and she was pressed down under him...

Hermione stared anxiously at Evan above with her eyes wide open, but could not make a sound at all.

For a moment, she felt that she had no strength at all, and was simply powerless in his arms... It was like Evan became a mighty man, more powerful than any, and his slightest pressure felt like an unstoppable force.

Hermione raised her little hands and symbolically pushed away Evan, and then quickly let them fall back down.

Instantly, her little face was red with shame, and her heart thumped violently. Just as she thought it couldn't beat any faster, she realized that Evan had no shirt on!

Although Evan's upper body was not exactly buff, his habit of training regularly had his muscles well toned and balanced, and very pleasing to the eyes of the young girl.

The candlelight was beating around them, and the intensity of the situation changed the atmosphere of the entire room.

The night in August was very stuffy, not to mention there was no ventilation in the tent.

The heat of the sun collected during the day seemed to burst out at this time, and the temperature inside this room in particular was getting higher and higher. The eyes of the two mingled with each other, and so did the sweat on their bodies...

Neither of them spoke, for everything was self-evident, and strange feelings took over their bodies.

To tell the truth, Hermione was somewhat looking forward to Evan's next move, even though she was now shy, nervous, and scared to death.

Evan on the other hand never thought that he would be so bold and pull off such a stunt! Although he had envisioned this scene countless times, he never thought it would be so direct...

He felt the girl under his body trembling slightly, with a rare charm on her ruddy little face.

Smelling the sweet scent, Hermione was now so attractive to him.

She had an invisible aura that attracted Evan, and he couldn't help but slowly press down his body bringing his whole weight on Hermione...

"Hermione, I like you!" he whispered softly.

Hermione didn't seem to hear it; she didn't respond... Or perhaps she'd heard clearly, but didn't know what to say!

Her body moved a little, but because she was too close to Evan, she quickly stopped.

Only her long eyelashes quivered slightly on her beautiful and dynamic eyes, like a kitten, curled up under Evan, with no room for resistance.

Looking at Hermione like this, Evan's brain stopped working, and all his mixed thoughts turned into a blank.

His mind stopped working, and all that moved him was the most primitive of his instincts.

The distance between them was so close that even their breathing stopped.

Like last time, Evan was ready to kiss Hermione. She now had closed her eyes tightly, and her cute and seductive look made him want to take a bite.

The distance between them was getting closer and closer...

The next second, Evan felt something...

In this tense atmosphere that's both smothering and sweet, he kissed the girl's cool, clear lips.

"Soft and sweet taste!" That was Hermione's only feeling.

Only a second passed, but for both of them, it was a century

Just like last Christmas in Diagon Alley, there was only a slight contact between their lips.

Evan could feel Hermione's nervousness. She gritted her teeth and did not loosen them. But this time, she had no place to dodge and escape.

She had been firmly pressed under Evan, and trembling would only bring her closer to him...

Evan had decided to go further and break through her defense. He slightly opened his lips, and began to move his tongue forward...

“Cough, cough!” A cough came from the side!

Evan and Hermione raised their heads subconsciously with their jaws dropped, and saw that Sirius was at the door.

He had a self-evident smirk in the corners of his mouth, as if he had understood everything.

They both looked at each other, and felt each other’s breath and warmth...

The next second, Evan and Hermione quickly separated as quickly as they could, all embarrassed to see Sirius.

The mood was quickly overwhelmed by embarrassment; at least that was what Evan felt.

He felt really cursed or something, with such interruptions occurring every time he took the initiative...

He didn’t think Sirius would come in at such a critical time. Now, he was so embarrassed, he would dig in a hole and hide if he could.

As for Hermione, who was extremely shy, it went without saying that her face was so red it looked like it’s about to bleed...

She didn’t dare look at Sirius, and much less at Evan. She could only look down at the foot of the bed...

“Sorry to disturb you both!” Sirius said with a smile, winking at Evan, “But I think you should close the door before you do this kind of thing in the future. It would be safer.”

“Thank you for reminding me!” Evan stared at Sirius and explained, “I’ve been injured in the battle, and Hermione just came over to give me the potion.”

“Of course she did, but I think you should take some rest now. It’s already past three in the morning!” he replied softly. “But the potion is also very important. You’d better hurry up and finish quickly!”

Evan didn’t know what he could say else to Sirius

He blamed himself for being so excited when he saw Hermione that he forgot to close the door.

“Well, I’m going to see Harry now; you two can continue!” Sirius nodded.

He took hold of the handle and was ready to help Evan close the door, but Hermione dared not stay here. She glanced at Evan and fled the room blushed.

Now, Evan was left alone in the room, unable to fall back into his bed, staring at the candlelight on the table in a daze.

Next door to Evan, Harry got back to his bunk with his head buzzing.

He knew he ought to feel exhausted. It was now three in the morning, but he felt wide-awake... wide-awake, and worried

A few days ago, he had awoken with his scar burning. Tonight, Voldemort's mark had appeared again in the sky, and he also had the help of powerful and evil vampires.

He had taken away the statue of the evil god, which was an extremely dangerous black magic item.

Harry turned around and tried to think about what all of this meant?

Although he could rely on Sirius and Evan's help, Harry wanted to do something with his own abilities.

Especially in the fight against Voldemort, he felt that he had an inescapable responsibility.

With mixed thoughts in his mind, Harry felt that there was something crucial for him to grasp.

If only he could return to that dream, the dream where Voldemort appeared, Harry had a feeling that perhaps he could know what that thing was.

That was really a terrible idea, and Harry couldn't go back to that dream right now.

He sighed, and at this moment, he felt Sirius gently pushing open his door.

He hurriedly closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

After Sirius left, Harry opened his eyes again and lay on his back in bed, looking at the ceiling aimlessly.

Tonight was destined to be a sleepless night!

Chapter 497: Sirius Becoming an Auror

Eventually Mr. Weasley woke everyone up, and Evan felt that he had only started to sleep when that happened.

Mr. Weasley was on duty all night last night, which made him look tired, but he was in a good state of mind.

He told everyone that no one had died except for the injuries, and that the Ministry of Magic had properly taken care of the wounded.

With the chaos of last night, having things end up like this was almost miraculous.

Everyone helped Kreacher pack up tent and left the campsite as quickly as possible.

They decided to use the Portkey to return to the Burrow, and only Percy wanted to report directly to the Ministry of Magic.

In his words, last night was a particularly difficult day.

Such a vicious and important event had taken place in the wizarding world; he had to stick to his post and wait for Mr. Crouch's orders at any time. Of course, Fred and George said that this could only be about those cauldrons leaking.

Eventually, Mr. Weasley persuaded Percy to go home to see his mother first before going to work in the Ministry of Magic. So many things had happened the previous night, and Mrs. Weasley must be very nervous now.

In this way, the group walked through the early morning mist in the silent campsite.

Just one night, it was a lot of desolate that not even a single figure could be seen.

The tents had been packed up, leaving only a mess on the ground.

Wizards who could use Apparition fled overnight last night, and the rest went to get Portkeys early.

No one wanted to stay here for another minute after the attack and the appearance of the Dark Mark.

Evan thought it would be embarrassing to meet Hermione in the morning after what he had done the previous night.

But in fact, there was no difference, and things went naturally between the two.

Looking at them from the surface, nothing unusual could be perceived. They were the same as before, having great understanding

However, that all changed whenever they were left to themselves!

Hermione was furious! She was angry with Evan's sudden "attack" on her last night. She was shy and embarrassed. She kindly offered to help him apply the potion and heal his wounds. It didn't occur to her that it would end up like that!

On top of that, they were seen by Sirius!

Whenever she thought of herself under Evan, his body pressing on her own, her face turned red!

It was all Evan's fault. But despite this, Hermione acted normally.

She gave Evan the feeling that she was Hermione he was familiar with, not the shy kitten who was in his arms last night.

While breathing a sigh of relief for seeing her like this, Evan was also feeling great regret.

Last night, he missed such a good opportunity and did not go all the way, and now everything was back to where it was!

He liked her? Is that all he wanted to say! He shouldn't even think about it next time, and should immediately only poor his heart. Now, he could only look for opportunities in the future.

What he did not know was that, although she tried to keep a calm appearance, her heart was at sixes and sevens. If he was to even allude to what happened last night, she would get all furious on him.

As for Sirius, the witness, he had Disapparated and left earlier.

Before leaving, he told Evan, Harry, and Hermione to stay in the Burrow and not go anywhere.

After Hermione left last night, Sirius talked to Evan about his intention to accept Fudge's proposal to become an Auror.

Sirius was affected by the vampires' attacks and the reappearance of the Dark Mark; he felt it was his duty to do something against Voldemort.

He had to avenge Harry's parents, and Voldemort had killed them fourteen years ago.

Evan was very supportive of Sirius's decision to become an Auror.

Sirius was a restless, unstoppable man. If he was not worried about Harry, he might have already rushed to the front line against the Dark wizards.

He did not fear danger, but enjoyed the pleasure it brought and got great satisfaction from it.

Being an Auror was the most suitable career for Sirius and his best destination.

From last night's conversation, it could also be seen that he admired Rufus Scrimgeour, Alastor Moody and Aurors' style of doing things.

He wanted to be an Auror himself, which was one of his earliest dreams.

Sirius becoming an Auror could also be of great help to Evan and help the him and his friends get a lot of information about the Ministry of Magic.

After Voldemort regains his strength, the Ministry's position would be crucial.

Although Evan had no hope in Fudge, it was worth pulling more people into their camp.

No matter from which aspect, Sirius becoming an Auror would bring a lot of benefits.

Evan had previously intended to ask him to help Professor Lupin, but running newspapers and shops was clearly not for him.

"I can't believe it. Sirius is actually going to be an Auror!" Harry was still talking about it.

When Sirius announced the news this morning, everyone was shocked.

"Sirius has his own considerations," said Evan. "All we can do is support his choice."

"I know, but his decision to be an Auror is too sudden ... But that really suits him, doesn't it?!" said Hermione.

"Yeah, and it's cool!" Ron replied, "I also want to be an Auror, to catch those Dark wizards and vampires. It's the coolest job in the world."

"How can I become an Auror?" Harry continued.

"Well, children!" Mr. Weasley said, "When you pass the Ordinary Wizarding Level, Hogwarts will plan your career and have professional professors to guide you. The conditions for becoming an Auror are very high. You have to study hard and get as many certificates as you can."

The next topic was transferred to the Ordinary Wizarding Level.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione were going to be in the fifth year soon to take this important exam.

Evan and Ginny also needed to be prepared. Fred and George gave them a lot of advice. But most of them seemed useless, for the two weren't doing any good themselves....

As they approached the spot where the Portkeys lay, he heard many people clamoring eagerly.

Almost all the witches and wizards gathered around Basil, the keeper of the Portkeys, all clamoring to get away from the campsite as quickly as possible.

Mr. Weasley had a quick discussion with Basil, and they joined the queue.

They were finally able to take an old rubber tire back to Stoatshead Hill before the sun had really risen.

It is a hillside near the Burrow, behind the village of Ottery St. Catchpole.

A few minutes later, they arrived at their destination, and they walked back through Ottery St. Catchpole and up the damp lane toward the Burrow in the dawn light, talking very little because they were so exhausted, and thinking longingly of their breakfast.

Just like Evan and Hermione, no one seemed to have slept well.

The thick dark shadows on Harry's eyes clearly told everyone that he did not sleep at all last night.

As they rounded the corner, and the Burrow came into view, a cry echoed along the lane....

Chapter 498: Rita Skeeter's Rumors

"Arthur! I've been so worried, so worried..."

Below, there was also a twinkling black-and-white photograph of the Dark Mark hanging in the sky.

Evan's stone giant stood directly below the Dark Mark, echoing the giant snake in the skull's mouth.

Not far behind them were the huge the images ruins of the stadium, telling the tragic and terror in silence.

"You're all right!" Mrs. Weasley muttered distractedly, releasing Mr. Weasley and staring around at them all with red eyes, "Charlie, Bill, Percy, Ron, Ginny, Evan, Harry, Hermione, you are all alive! Oh, boys..."

To everybody's surprise, she seized Fred and George and pulled them both into such a tight hug that their heads banged together.

"Ouch! Mum... you're strangling us!"

"I shouted at you before you left!" Mrs. Weasley said, starting to sob, her face full of tears. "It's all I've been thinking about! What if You-Know-Who had got you, and the last thing I ever said to you was that you didn't get enough O.W.L.s? Oh Fred ... George ..."

“Come on, now, Molly, we’re all perfectly okay,” said Mr. Weasley soothingly, prying her off the twins and leading her back toward the house.

“Ron!” he added in an undertone, “pick up that newspaper. I want to see what it says...”

Following Mr. Weasley, Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione gathered to read the newspaper...

Unexpectedly for them, in addition to the photo on the front page, there were descriptions and photos of the battle between Evan and Caresius.

In a photo, he was controlling the huge fire dragon raging in the box, and it looked so cool!

The box was filled with horrible flames, and the fire dragon inside kept fiercely roaring towards the people outside the photo.

“This is a good photo...” Hermione said softly.

“Evan, look at what they say about you!” Harry said, pointing to a series of guided headlines, “The young wizard who saved 100,000 people! The successor to the greatest wizard in the world! The future star of hope in the wizarding world! The young wizard who defeated You-Know-Who! The Order of Merlin will break the tradition and award a student a medal First-Class...”

Indeed, behind the front page, “The Daily Prophet” introduced the attack and the Dark Mark’s appearance in two pages, as well as the ins and outs of the incident.

Then, it was all about Caresius and the vampires, using a photo of Evan and Caresius dueling. The Ministry of Magic had obviously chosen it carefully.

It seemed that the paper had found the right target, but had not yet looked into the results of the investigation with the captured vampires...

Apart from that, all subsequent news content was about Evan.

They even put a photo of Evan fighting the Basilisk in the Common Room.

That was the photo taken by Colin. Evan was much younger back then, but that showed his charm and courage even more.

It was hard to imagine that, besides Evan, any other young wizard would dare to confront the Basilisk head-on. Even adult wizards would not have the guts.

“These people are crazy!” Ron sighed, looking at the whole pages full of photos of Evan.

“Evan is a celebrity now, even more famous than Harry!” Fred leaned over and said.

They went through the newspaper over and over, excitedly checking out the articles on it.

Besides Evan's story, there was nothing else in the issue!

Because everyone wanted to see content related to Evan, he was now the wizard having the most attention in the world.

Apart from last night's vampire attack, the Dark Mark, and Evan, no one cared about any other news.

The news about the previously popular Quidditch World Cup were squeezed into a corner, not even getting a single photo.

That was the case now. No matter how good or bad one could perceive this, the fact remained: the newspapers related to Evan were all sold out on the spot.

Because it was a newspaper created by Evan, with an exclusive interview with him, that was enough.

.....

A few minutes later, they took the newspaper in and they were all crammed into the tiny kitchen.

Hermione and Ginny made Mrs. Weasley a cup of very strong tea, into which she insisted on pouring a shot of Ogden's Old Firewhiskey.

Then, Ron handed his father the newspaper.

Mr. Weasley scanned the front page, frowning tightly, while Percy looked over his shoulder.

“That woman’s got it in for the Ministry of Magic!” said Percy furiously. “She said that the Ministry of Magic was wasting all its energy and time quibbling about cauldron thickness, accusing us of being fastidious, rather than stamping out vampires and Dark wizards ... can cauldrons”

“Do us a favor, Percy!” said Bill, yawning, “and shut up.”

“Where?” spluttered Mrs. Weasley, choking on her tea and whiskey. “I only saw reports on Evan. If I’d seen that, I would have known you were alive!”

“Oh my God,” said Mr. Weasley in exasperation, handing the newspaper to Percy. “Nobody was hurt. What was I supposed to say? Everyone was just frightened, and the Ministry has already taken care of everything! That woman really dared to say that hundreds of corpses were removed from the ruins! Well, there certainly are rumors now that she’s printed that.”

Chapter 499: Harry’s Dreams and Speculations

“No!” Mr. Weasley heaved a deep sigh and stood up straight, “Molly, I am going to the office. This matter needs to be clarified. I have to go. It’s me who made things worse.”

“But last night you were...”

“I’ll come with you, father,” said Percy, interrupting. “Mr. Crouch will need all hands on deck. And I can give him my cauldron report in person.”

Looking at their backs, Mrs. Weasley looked most upset.

“Arthur has always been like this, working hard and putting his work first. He’s supposed to be on holiday and this matter hasn’t got anything to do with their office. Even if he does not go, they can handle it.” Said Mrs. Weasley said, “And Percy...”

The others did not know how to comfort Mrs. Weasley. She was particularly concerned with the safety of her family and feared they would have an accident.

But that was the character of Mr. Weasley and Percy. They needed to go to the Ministry of Magic now.

The Ministry must be busy, and there was a shortage of staff. Sirius was also there.

“All right, you guys, do you need anything to eat?” Mrs. Weasley turned around and asked, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand.

Everyone hurriedly shook their heads and said they had already had breakfast.

“Then go upstairs and have some rest. I’ll call you at lunchtime.”

They all dragged their feet and went upstairs to lie down for a while.

Indeed, they were all exhausted. They didn’t sleep well the previous night; everyone was just too worried for that. Especially Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione, all of whom had insomnia last night.

It was not until noon that everyone woke up again.

Taking advantage of the free time before lunch, Harry called Evan, Ron, and Hermione alone to the attic room upstairs. He had something to say.

“I have to tell you about this,” said Harry. “This morning, my scar hurt again!”

Evan’s, Ron’s and Hermione’s reactions were almost exactly as Harry had imagined them back in his bedroom on Privet Drive.

Hermione gasped and started making suggestions at once, mentioning a number of reference books, and everybody from Dumbledore to Sirius, Professor McGonagall, and Madam Pomfrey, the Hogwarts nurse.

Ron simply looked dumbstruck and didn’t know what to do.

Evan, on the contrary, was very confident and seemed to have expected that this would happen. He looked particularly reassuring.

In fact, Evan did guess that Harry’s scar should have hurt recently. Harry hadn’t made much progress in practicing Occlumency, and this couldn’t help much.

Since he couldn’t prevent the invasion of his spirit from the outside, it meant that under the influence of the Horcrux in the scar, the brains and souls of Harry and Voldemort could be interconnected, which was the reason why Harry had a lot of Voldemort specific traits, such as speaking Parseltongue.

As Voldemort’s recent strength had gradually recovered, this connection had become stronger and stronger.

When Voldemort’s mood fluctuated drastically, Harry was able to enter Voldemort’s mind directly.

The failure of last night should have definitely made him very angry.

After all this fuss, not only did Harry not get caught, but even Bartemius Crouch, Jr. could not be rescued.

In the end, all he did was expose his existence, him and his allies.

In particular, the last appearance of the Dark Mark associated this incident with Voldemort who had been missing for a long time.

He had not yet fully recovered his strength, and this was extremely disadvantageous to him.

For him, last night's action was a failure; rather foolish. How could he not be angry? Because of this, Harry could once again enter his mind.

This was a very dangerous act, and once Voldemort discovered this, he would definitely use it to his advantage.

But he didn't have to worry too much, because this connection was also very harmful to Voldemort.

In Dumbledore's words, an evil soul like Voldemort's could not tolerate the entry of such a pure soul as Harry.

"Harry, what did you see last night?" Evan asked.

"He was angry and thundering!" Harry replied. "He has never been so angry, I could feel it."

"But, he was not there last night, was he?!" Ron said quickly, panicking. "I mean, You-Know-Who, we didn't see him yesterday, there were only those vampires."

"It's hard to say. Maybe he hid in the ruins and conjured his sign!" Hermione said suddenly. "Remember, in the first year, Harry's scars also hurt the same way. He was at Hogwarts, so..."

"This is impossible. When I was on Privet Drive, my scar hurt like this." Harry shook his head quickly and said confusedly, "I know that he was definitely not on Privet Drive. What's going on here?" Harry shook his head and gently stroked the scar on his forehead with his right hand.

"I still remember that dream. He was with the vampire who fought with Evan last night. In front of them, there was an ugly root, which should be what Evan called the statue of the evil god." Harry continued, "I can't remember all of it now, but they're plotting to kill ... someone!"

He had teetered for a moment on the verge of saying "me," but couldn't bring himself to make Hermione look any more horrified than she already did.

"Well, it was only a dream," said Ron bracingly, "Just a nightmare."

"Yeah, but was it, though?" said Harry, turning to Evan. "It's weird, isn't it?! My scar hurts, and soon after, the vampire in the dream is on the march, and Voldemort's sign is also up in the sky again."

"I said before, this is not a mere dream, it is a kind of Legilimency." Evan said, being careful with his words as much as possible, "it's probably because of Voldemort's

reaction to the spell that was used over 14 years ago, which is very rare. But as long as you keep practicing Occlumency, you can cut off this mental invasion.”

He couldn't tell the truth, telling Harry everything directly. It needed to be kept secret.

Only at the last and most critical moment could Harry know that he was destined to be killed by Voldemort.

Evan knew that Harry didn't want to hear anything about his connection with Voldemort, so he deliberately chose the term “Legilimency”, although this sounded more like a trick that the Evil Gods would pull off.

“Oh, Harry, you aren't going to pay attention to anything that old fraud says?” Hermione said, “None of her prophecies has been fulfilled, and no one has ever been marked by Voldemort.”

Chapter 500: Leisure Time Before School

“Evan was enchanted by You-Know-Who when he got the philosopher's stone!” Ron hesitated for a moment before he continued. “But that was just a curse, not a mark, wasn't it?”

He looked at Evan with suspicion and hurriedly removed his gaze.

“That's for sure. There's nothing to doubt about that.” Hermione glared at him, as if particularly angry. “How many times have I told you that what the old fraud said was not accurate at all, and that the three of you are wasting your time staying in Divination class.”

She had a deep prejudice against Professor Trelawney and thought she was a complete liar.

Driven by this thought, she had left the classroom directly and gave up Divination class last term.

This was something that had never happened in Hogwarts in recent years. At that time, it caused a lot of talk in the school. Many young wizards thought she was too daring.

Hermione was very dissatisfied with Evan's elective Divination class this year. She had talked to him many times about this matter, hoping to persuade him to transfer to Arithmancy.

But whether it was Divination or Arithmancy, Evan was actually not interested, and did not want to study it in depth.

The main reason he chose to take Divination class was to get closer to Professor Trelawney, for she could utter out new prophecies at any time.

Evan knew that Professor Trelawney had the ability to make true prophecies, and he was in urgent need of her help in the matter of evil gods.

Looking at the arguments between Hermione and Ron, Harry did not speak.

He had the terrible idea that he was the one mentioned in the prophecy; the one chosen by Voldemort, and that the scar on his forehead was the proof.

That also explained why he had been able to enter Voldemort's mind recently and see those horrible scenes.

However, Harry did not say these words, not even to Evan.

"Well, stop thinking about these things!" said Ron. "Let's go down for lunch and then have a Quidditch match in the orchard. Evan, Bill, Charlie, Fred and George will all play."

"Ron!" said Hermione. "Harry doesn't want to play Quidditch now!"

"Who knows? He might want to try out the Wronski Feint!" said Ron, "the one that Krum used."

After Krum and other Quidditch players rescued everyone from the box, Ron became an admirer of Krum.

Although he did not speak to him at that time, it did not affect Ron's worship of the Seeker.

"I think we'd better go through the books and look for records related to cursed scars..." Hermione didn't give up.

"Well, I want to play Quidditch," said Harry suddenly. "Hang on, I'll get my Firebolt."

"I have no objection either. I can be a goalkeeper, and it should be very helpful to overcome my acrophobia." Evan followed.

Like Harry, he didn't want to keep on talking about the scar.

There was no point in continuing the discussion except to make Harry more confused and uneasy.

Neither Mr. Weasley nor Percy was at home much over the following week. Both left the house each morning before the rest of the family got up, and returned well after dinner every night.

As for Sirius, he hadn't even appeared.

He sent a few letters to Evan and Harry, giving them a brief account of himself and the current situation, so that they would not have to worry.

The first thing he did after becoming an Auror was to track down the traces of vampires everywhere.

It was bad enough just to think about it, but Sirius enjoyed it!

As could be seen from his letters, although they had not yet found the whereabouts of Caresius and Voldemort, they had grasped a lot of clues.

These days, the Aurors of the Ministry of Magic almost turned over the entirety of Britain.

In addition to Sirius's letters, Evan also received many strange letters.

On the second day of his stay, hundreds of owls crowded into the Burrow and letters nearly filled the place.

These were from witches and wizards who had heard of Evan's deeds, from all over the world.

Some of them were his admirers, others wanted to know the truth of the incident.

There were also some wizards who sought to explore the secrets of Evan's great power.

Eventually, Evan was so bored that he handed over all the letters to Dobby, the house-elf.

Since then, no strange owl had ever appeared.

Lupin came to visit the Burrow several times and bought a lot of gifts for everyone.

He was also very busy now, there were so many things waiting for him to do.

Although he had hired other people, and Evan and Hermione could help, Lupin still took the initiative to take up most of the work.

For example, the recent interview and follow-up report on Evan was almost completed by him alone, working day and night.

Another glaring point was that, although Evan gave him a good salary, he did not buy a new outfit.

He still wore his own patched, washed, whitish shabby clothes, but his mental state and temperament were much better.

As a werewolf, Lupin had been wandering for more than a decade since he graduated from Hogwarts, living in the shadow of the edge of society.

Before, he could not imagine getting such a stable and respectable job, so he cherished it all the more.

Any words of thanks would seem too artificial, and would not say more than the effort he was making.

Anyway, Evan was very reassured to hand over Hogwarts Magic and the store to Lupin.

In his opinion, Lupin, like Percy, was too tired and devoted almost all his time to his job.

He was in urgent need to have a girlfriend and to form a happy family. It was the most urgent thing for him to do.

In the next few days of rare leisure time, in addition to studying ancient magic scripts and finishing the summer homework he learned from Ginny, Evan played wizard chess and Quidditch and other games with Harry and Ron, or helped Mrs. Weasley with housework and worked on new prank products with Fred and George.

He even came up with some new ideas, so that they would not be limited to prank products, but broaden their horizons.

Besides, Evan also talked with Bill several times. From the latter's description, he was more determined to take time to go to Egypt.

There was the place where everything had started, and Evan had a feeling that he might get the secrets of the evil gods from there.

In this way, the happy times always passed quickly, and in the blink of an eye, it was the last day before the start of school.

The only thing that Evan was dissatisfied with was that his relationship with Hermione had not made any substantial progress during this period.

Although they were together almost all day, Hermione hurriedly changed the subject or dodged whenever Evan wanted to say something or tried to take the initiative to do something.

The events of that night were so fresh in her memory that she did not give Evan a chance at all.

In particular, Hermione was a little scared. If Evan was to make a move again, she felt she had no way out.