

## Harry Potter 511

Chapter 511: Unmarked

“Give us a break, Hermione!” said Ron, swallowing the food in his mouth. “You won’t get them sick leave and wages by starving yourself.”

Hermione didn’t talk, and glared angrily at everyone. Anyway, she refused to eat another bite.

She looked pale and frustrated, and it was definitely because of the slave labor of the house-elves.

Harry looked at Evan in a hurry for help, hoping he could persuade Hermione. Most of the time, he was the only one who could convince her.

However, Evan also did not know what to do. He and Hermione had discussed this topic many times and he knew that he had no chance of persuading her.

Seeing Hermione looking at him like that, he felt that he could not eat any more.

“Well, I won’t eat either!” Evan sighed and said, “You need someone with you.”

“You’re right to do that, Evan. The food was obtained through shameless slave labor. We must resist it...” Seeing that Evan stopped, Hermione nodded with satisfaction and turned to stare at Harry and Ron.

The two of them did not do as Evan, and they could only try not to look at Hermione.

Harry and Ron lowered their heads to demolish the food in front of them, and awkwardness showed clearly on their faces.

The rain was still drumming heavily against the high, dark glass. Another clap of thunder shook the windows, and the stormy ceiling flashed, illuminating the golden plates as the remains of the first course vanished and were replaced, instantly, with deserts.

“You two can’t just sit like this!” said Harry, hesitating to pick up a piece of cake.

“Evan, Hermione, look at this treacle tart!” said Ron, deliberately wafting its smell toward them. “Spotted dick, chocolate gateau, and...”

But Hermione gave him a look so reminiscent of Professor McGonagall that he gave up.

Finally, the puddings too had been demolished, and the last crumbs had faded off the plates, leaving them sparkling clean.

At this time, Dumbledore got to his feet again, ready to speak.

The buzz of chatter filling the Hall ceased almost at once, so that only the howling wind and pounding rain could be heard.

Hermione also turned and glared at Dumbledore, as if he was taking the lead in maltreating the house-elves.

“So!” said Dumbledore, smiling around at them all. “Now that we are all satiated with food and drinks, I must once more ask for your attention, while I give out a few notices!”

“First of all, Mr. Filch, the caretaker, has asked me to tell you that the list of objects forbidden inside the castle has this year been extended to include Screaming Yo-yos, Fanged Frisbees, and Ever-Bashing Boomerangs. The full list comprises some 437 items, I believe, and can be viewed in Mr. Filch’s office, if anybody would like to check it.”

Evan noticed that there were many Fred and George prank products in it.

However, because there was no time, the two of them were only in small-scale test sales, and they couldn’t move on to mass production.

Because of this, most new products had not yet been discovered by Filch.

“And, as ever, I would like to remind you all that the Forbidden Forest on the other side of the venue is out-of-bounds to students, as is the village of Hogsmeade to all below third year.” Dumbledore continued, looking at Evan.

Whether it was the Forbidden Forest or Hogsmeade, Evan was a frequent visitor there.

Last term, Evan, who was still a second year, secretly stayed with Hermione at Hogsmeade on Christmas Day. He unfortunately met the most dangerous werewolf, Fenrir Greyback, and had a fight with him.

Evan had left an indelible mark on him, and this guy must hate him to death now.

Not to mention the Forbidden Forest, he went deep there, late at night, to the Centaurs’ colony, and he fell under Voldemort’s curse...

Because of this, Sirius had to resign and assume most of the responsibility for this matter.

“It is also my painful duty to inform you that the Inter-House Quidditch Cup will not take place this year.” Dumbledore went on, “This is due to an event that will be starting in October, and continuing throughout the school year, taking up much of the teachers’ time and energy ... but I am sure you will all enjoy it immensely. I have great pleasure in announcing that this year at Hogwarts ...”

But at that moment, there was a deafening rumble of thunder and the doors of the Great Hall banged open.

A man stood in the doorway, leaning upon a long staff, shrouded in a black traveling cloak.

Every head in the Great Hall swiveled toward the stranger. A fork of lightning flashed across the ceiling, and everyone gasped.

The lightning illuminated the man’s face, and it was very scary.

It looked as though it had been carved out of weathered wood by someone who had only the vaguest idea of what human faces are supposed to look like, and was none too skilled with a chisel.

Every inch of skin seemed to be scarred. His mouth looked like a diagonal gash, and a large chunk of his nose was missing. But it was the man's eyes that made him so frightening.

One of his eyes was small, dark and beady. The other was large, round as a coin, and a vivid, electric blue.

The blue eye was moving ceaselessly, without blinking, and was rolling up, down, and from side to side, quite independently of the normal eye ... and then it rolled right over, pointing into the back of the man's head, so that all they could see was whiteness.

The young witches and wizards all covered their mouths with their hands and looked at the man who had just broken in with fear.

His impression completely accorded with the image of the most horrible villain in everyone's mind, just like a dangerous Dark wizard.

"Who is he?" Hermione whispered.

"Mad-Eye Moody!" Evan replied, "Alastor Moody, once the best Auror."

"Because he is our Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher this term. This year must be very interesting."

Evan stared intently at the fake Moody passing by them to see the difference between him and the real Mad-Eye.

But this fake obviously had specially studied Moody's style and habits, and no difference could be seen from the outside.

However, Evan was already prepared, and he took out the Marauder's Map that he had borrowed from Harry before.

The Marauder's Map was a magical map made by his father, Sirius, Professor Lupin, and Pettigrew. It could show all the secret passages and people appearing in Hogwarts. This map helped them a lot when they ventured into the castle. Especially last term, it played an unimaginable role in the rescue of Sirius.

Evan spread the Marauder's Map on his lap, blocking the sight of others.

He tapped on the map gently with his wand while no one was watching.

In the next second, Hogwarts Castle, painted in ink, appeared on the top, and there were dense names.

Now, everyone was concentrated in the Great Hall, the names were all superimposed, and it seemed very hard.

Evan squinted and his fingers slowly moved to the teachers' table.

Fake Moody was shaking hands with Dumbledore, and Evan saw the name of Dumbledore, but opposite him...

Evan blinked. He thought he would see the name of Barty Crouch Jr., but he only saw a small black dot.

The name of the guy in front of Dumbledore was not marked!!!

Chapter 512: The Ultimate Honor for a Young Wizard

How could this be?!

Evan blinked and confirmed it again and again.

As long as he looked up, he could see Moody standing opposite Dumbledore, and the two were whispering something.

But on the Marauder's Map, only Dumbledore's name could be seen, and there was only a small black dot on the opposite side of his name.

The Marauder's Map had lost the edge it gave Evan before, and he was experiencing this situation for the first time.

The name of the guy who took Mad-Eye Moody's place could not be marked.

As Voldemort did, whenever someone read his name, their location would be perceived.

The magic used by this guy was to keep his name from being tracked and marked by any magic.

Using this magic on names, only the most evil and powerful Dark wizards would do it.

That required a lot of magic and harsh casting conditions, and Mad-Eye Moody would definitely not use this black magic.

If it was Barty Crouch Jr. who was impersonating him now, then his strength was completely beyond Evan's expectations. He had never thought that Barty would be so strong.

Evan put away the Marauder's Map. This sudden change gave him an ominous hunch. This guy was too bizarre, and felt more dangerous than what Evan could expect.

Evan began to be uncertain whether there would be unpredictable variables in his plan according to the original story.

His mind was in chaos and, for a while, he was very confused.

However, since Barty Jr. was in the school now, he should not act rashly until he gets an opportunity to take Harry out.

He would certainly follow the original plot and start at the last minute of the Goblet of Fire quest.

There was still time, and Evan finally decided to find a chance to test him first.

At that time, depending on the test results, he would decide whether to take action or let nature take its course.

At the teachers' table, Dumbledore did not seem to think that the Mad-Eye before him would be a fake.

They whispered a few words, and then Dumbledore motioned him to take an empty seat on his right.

Moody sat down and shook his head.

He shook his mane of dark grey hair out of his face, pulled a plate of sausages toward him, raised it to what was left of his nose, and sniffed it. He then took a small knife out of his pocket, speared a sausage on the end of it, and began to eat.

His normal eye was fixed upon the sausages, but the blue eye was still darting restlessly around in its socket, taking in the Hall and the students, remaining on Evan for a long time.

“Let me, please let me introduce our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.” said Dumbledore brightly into the silence to the stunned young wizards, “Welcome Professor Moody.”

It was usual for new staff members to be greeted with applause, but none of the staff or students clapped except Dumbledore and Hagrid.

Evan thought for a moment and then applauded, but the sound of their applause echoed dismally into the silence of the Great Hall.

Hearing the applause, Moody looked up, and his normal eye and fake blue eye all fell on Evan.

His incomplete nose moved slightly and Evan didn't know what he was thinking.

After Evan, Dumbledore and Hagrid took a few slaps, they let go of their hands.

No one else spoke. They seemed too transfixed by Moody's bizarre appearance to do more than stare at him.

“Ron, do you remember?” Harry muttered. “This Mad-Eye Moody is the one your dad went to help this morning!”

“It must be him,” said Ron in a low, awed voice. “The best Auror in the Ministry of Magic.”

“What happened to him?” Hermione whispered “What happened to his face?”

“I don't know, but it looks great.” Ron whispered back, watching Moody with fascination.

Moody seemed totally indifferent to everyone's cold reaction.

After staring at Evan for a while, he continued to eat.

Ignoring the jug of pumpkin juice in front of him, he reached again into his traveling cloak, pulled out a hip flask, and took a long draught from it.

As he lifted his arm to drink, his cloak was pulled a few inches from the ground, and one could see, below the table, several inches of carved wooden leg, ending in a clawed foot.

“Well, let's go back to the topic!” Dumbledore cleared his throat and said, smiling at the sea of students before him, all of whom were still gazing transfixed at Mad-Eye

Moody, "we are to have the honor of hosting a very exciting event over the coming months, an event that has not been held for over a century. It is my very great pleasure to inform you that the Triwizard Tournament will be taking place at Hogwarts this year."

"Oh, my God, did I hear that right?"

"You're joking!"

The tension that had filled the Hall ever since Moody's arrival suddenly broke. Nearly everyone laughed, and Dumbledore chuckled appreciatively.

The students born in wizard families all knew more or less about the Triwizard Tournament, and they had this content in the stories they heard since childhood.

For a young wizard in school, this was the ultimate honor.

The Muggle-born students were also asking in a hurry to find out what the Triwizard Tournament was all about, and they were amazed and talked excitedly.

"Well, some of you will not know what this tournament involves, so I hope those who do know will forgive me for giving a short explanation, and allow their attention to wander freely." said Dumbledore smiling, "As we all know, the Triwizard Tournament is a friendly competition between the three largest European schools of wizardry: Hogwarts, Beauxbatons, and Durmstrang. It was a very good display platform and helped young witches and wizards of different nationalities to establish ties. It had become a tradition in the past until, that is, the death toll mounted so high that the tournament was discontinued."

But her anxiety did not seem to be shared by the majority of students in the Hall; many of them were whispering excitedly to one another.

Everyone was far more interested in hearing about the details of the tournament than in worrying about deaths that had happened hundreds of years ago.

"There have been several attempts over time to reinstate the tournament," Dumbledore continued, "none of which has been very successful. However, our own departments of International Magical Cooperation and Magical Games and Sports have decided the time is ripe for another attempt. We have worked hard over the summer to ensure that this time, no champion will find himself or herself in mortal danger.

The heads of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving with their short-listed contenders in October, and the selection of the three champions will take place at Halloween. An impartial judge will decide which students are most worthy to compete for the Triwizard Cup, the glory of their

school, and a thousand Galleons personal prize money. I hope you're aware that it will be a great honor for the champion, his House and his school. "

Chapter 513: Not Allowed to Compete

"I'm going for it!" Fred hissed down the table.

"How can such a thing be without us?" George agreed.

Their faces lit with enthusiasm at the prospect of such glory and riches.

They were not alone, visualizing themselves as the Hogwarts champions. At every House table, people were either gazing raptly at Dumbledore, or else whispering fervently to their neighbors.

But then Dumbledore spoke again, and the Hall quieted once more.

"Eager though I know all of you will be to bring the Triwizard Cup to Hogwarts," he said, "the heads of the participating schools, along with the Ministry of Magic, have agreed to impose an age restriction on contenders this year. Only students who are of age ... that is to say, 17 years or older ... will be allowed to put forward their names for consideration. This..."

Dumbledore raised his voice slightly, for several people had made noises of outrage at these words.

"I hope you understand that this measure is necessary, given that the tournament tasks will still be difficult and dangerous, whatever precautions we take, and it's highly unlikely that students below 6th and 7th year will be able to cope with them. I will personally be ensuring that no underage student hoodwinks our impartial judge into making them Hogwarts champions."

His light blue eyes twinkled as they flickered over Fred's and George's mutinous faces.

Immediately, his eyes turned to Evan, and his gaze seemed to become more profound.

Dumbledore continued, "I therefore beg you not to waste your time submitting yourself if you are under 17."

"The delegations of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving in October and remaining with us for the most part of this year. I know that you will all extend every courtesy to our foreign guests while they are with us, and will give your whole-hearted support to the Hogwarts champion when he or she is selected. And now, it is late, and I know how important it is to you all to be alert and rested as you enter your lessons tomorrow morning. Bedtime! Chop chop!"

Dumbledore sat down again and turned to talk to Mad-Eye Moody.

There was a great scraping and banging as all the students got to their feet and swarmed toward the double doors into the entrance hall.

“They can’t do that!” said George, who had not joined the crowd moving toward the door, but was standing up and glaring at Dumbledore. “We’re seventeen in April, why can’t we have a shot?”

“They’re not stopping me entering.” said Fred stubbornly, also scowling at the top table. “The champions will get to do all sorts of stuff you’d never be allowed to do normally. And a thousand Galleons prize money!”

“Yeah,” said Ron, a faraway look on his face. “Yeah, a thousand Galleons.. .”

“That’s the most unfair thing to Evan. He’s the strongest wizard in the school, and he has proven it.” Hermione also frowned and said, “But now he’s not allowed to compete because of his age...”

“If Evan can’t be a champion, I don’t see anyone in the school who has the qualification.” Harry followed nodding.

“This is really ridiculous!”

“Yes, we have to talk to Dumbledore and ask him to change the rules...” said Fred.

“Come on,” said Evan, “we’ll be the only ones left here if we don’t move.”

In fact, he was not worried at all.

No one could stop him from becoming a champion if he could put his name in the Goblet of Fire.

Evan had several ways to crack Dumbledore’s magic to prevent young wizards under the age of 17 from submitting.

“Evan, why are you not angry at all?!” George said. “Their restrictions on age are completely...”

“Please come here, Mr. Mason, the Headmaster has something to say to you.”

Professor McGonagall said seriously, walking to them, looking at them dissatisfied, “You five hurry back to the Common Room, and not block the door like this.”

Under Professor McGonagall’s Watch, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Fred and George glanced at Evan and headed for the entrance hall.

Evan went back to the teachers’ table alone, where there was only Dumbledore and Mad-Eye Moody.

“I have my own opinion about that...” Moody suddenly stopped, his magical blue fake eye fell on Evan, and he said with a hoarse voice, “Ah, second meeting, Evan Mason. I didn’t expect you to make such a big scene at the Quidditch World Cup. It really surprised me.”

He came over and shook hands with Evan. His hand was as scarred as his face. It was full of scars.

From a closer distance, Mad-Eye Moody looked even more terrible.



Evan had met him in the Ministry of magic before. Besides the two of them, only Sirius and Mr. Weasley were present.

This fake Moody in front of him even knew this. He had really put in some efforts to disguise himself.

“Nice to meet you, Professor!” Evan said softly. “I didn’t expect you to come to Hogwarts to teach.”

“I didn’t think about it before, but I’ll only teach for one year and do Dumbledore a favor.” said Moody, laughing in a hoarse voice, “Yes, only for one year, and then I will resume my peaceful retirement life.”

This was the first time Evan saw him smile. He smiled, and his scarred face looked even more distorted and weird.

“There’s always a shortage of staff in the Defense Against the Dark Arts class. It is not easy to find the right person.” Dumbledore said gently. “If you can, I hope that you can stay. Your valuable experience is exactly what we need.”

“I’ll think about it!” said Moody, waving his rough hand.

“Well, Evan, I am sorry to disturb your rest time, but I have something to tell you.” Dumbledore said calmly, turning his eyes to Evan, “about the Triwizard Tournament...”

“Professor, I hope to be able to compete!” said Evan hurriedly, “and I have confidence...”

“Of course I know that you can definitely break through the age-restriction magic that I have set up. There is no doubt about this.” Dumbledore said seriously. “But Beauxbatons and Durmstrang specially asked us to ban you from competing in the Triwizard Tournament, because your age does not meet the requirements. Of course, looking at what they mean, they seem to be worried that your magic is too strong and no one will be your opponent.”

Evan’s previous performance at the Quidditch World Cup was too conspicuous.

It wasn’t just young wizards, even adult wizards would not have such huge magic and strong magic power.

In this case, it was not surprising that they asked to keep Evan from participating in the tournament.

“Huh, what the weak think!” Moody said disdainfully, “Those guys are afraid...”

“That’s right, but they regard this requirement as one of the conditions for restarting the Triwizard Tournament.” Dumbledore said, watching Evan, “So I am sorry, Evan, I must ask you to assure me that you will not take part in the competition.”

Chapter 514: Abnormal Mad-Eye

In a sudden change, Evan was particularly banned from participating in the Triwizard Tournament by two other wizarding schools.

This was the second accident after the name of the fake Moody couldn't be marked on the Marauder's Map tonight.

It was too sudden, but it seemed reasonable.

Evan's previous appearance at the World Cup was too high-profile. Whether it was his duel with Caresius or the magical transformation of the stadium's main building into a giant, it was beyond the imagination of most wizards.

His reputation had spread throughout the European wizarding world and was still spreading abroad.

Whatever the idea, Evan's power had been recognized by the public, and now some people were even saying that he was Dumbledore's successor.

Especially considering his age, sky was the limit for Evan's future. This was good news for Hogwarts and the British wizarding community, but bad news for other countries and forces.

At present, if Evan became Hogwarts champion to take part in the Triwizard Tournament, Beauxbatons's and Durmstrang's champion would have no chance. They would not be able to defeat Evan no matter what.

The so-called "Triwizard Tournament" would just turn into a stage for Evan to show his strength.

Beauxbatons and Durmstrang did not want this to happen. They mentioned Evan by name to be excluded from the competition. And they gave a good reason. Evan was under 17 and did not satisfy the requirement. In fact, he was only 13 years old now.

This age limit was originally intended to protect the young wizards who lacked strength and to avoid losing their lives in vain.

It was now used to exclude Evan from the competition, and there was nothing wrong with that. Hogwarts and the British Ministry of Magic couldn't refute.

Because this competition was to be held in Hogwarts, Beauxbatons and Durmstrang would hold primary elections for age-eligible students and bring them to Hogwarts. Dumbledore, on the other hand, would be responsible for restricting wizards under the age of 17.

Evan knew what magic he would use and he had a way to crack it.

Dumbledore naturally knew that, so he needed Evan's assurance that he would never enter the competition.

In fact, Evan had no interest in this so-called Triwizard Tournament. But if he didn't take part in the competition, how could he get in with Harry without attracting Voldemort's attention?

No, in the end, he had to get into that maze and touch the trophy with Harry ... or think of a better way to wipe out Voldemort, who would have successfully recovered his strength...

Looking at Dumbledore's bright blue eyes, Evan nodded slowly.

Dumbledore should have guessed Voldemort's plot by now. What plan did he have to deal with it?!

Dumbledore seemed reluctant to continue talking on this topic, maybe because of fake Moody's presence or because he had his own considerations.

When he saw that Evan had agreed, he asked him to go back to bed as soon as possible.

After leaving the Great Hall, Evan walked alone in the dimly lit hallway, thinking about it in his head.

"It's not fair. They can't exclude wizards from competing because of their strength. Those weakly cowards play with these means!" Moody's hoarse voice sounded behind Evan, and he followed him out of the auditorium. "It's always been the case, they ..."

"Professor, the rules must be obeyed!" Evan turned to Moody and said to his slight surprise, "I'm not really seventeen years old, and of course I shouldn't break the rules and play. Dumbledore doesn't want that to happen either."

"Hum, students taught by Dumbledore, you're too idealistic. Those people don't think like this." Moody said dismissively, "I've seen too many Dark wizards, if you have such naive ideas..."

"Beauxbatons and Durmstrang are not Dark wizards!"

"Never judge easily by outward appearance. You don't know the past of those people at all. Stay always alert!" Moody's magical eye turned around. Staring at Evan, with a hint of bewitching in his voice, he said, "Boy, Be honest, do you want to compete or not?!"

Evan looked at Moody, and a strange thought rose in his heart.

This fake Moody was really abnormal. Why would he come over and say this to him?

Looking at him, he seemed to be tempting him to secretly take part in the Triwizard Tournament.

But why would he do this? What good would it do to Voldemort?!

Did fake Moody want to take both him and Harry out of school?!

Or was it that Voldemort hadn't given up on his Philosopher's Stone yet?!

"It doesn't matter whether I want to be in or not. I have already promised the Headmaster and I must abide by it." said Evan softly, "Professor, you're not encouraging me to take part in the competition secretly, are you?"

Moody's figure was completely hidden in the darkness that the torches could not dissipate, and Evan couldn't see the expression on his face.

It took him a long time to say in a husky voice, "Of course not. I just came to test you. Dumbledore spoke highly of you. I now believe that you do not disappoint. A qualified wizard must have his own bottom line."

Evan did not answer, and there was a silence between the two people.

If it were really Mad-Eye Moody who said that, Evan may believe it, but knowing that the man in front of him was fake...!

They walked along the dark hallway again, and Moody's office was on the second floor.

From the fake Moody beside him, Evan felt the looming danger.

"I received a letter from Lupin and Black a few days ago. They introduced the current progress of the Defense Against the Dark Arts course." Moody suddenly said, "Looks like you have learned how to deal with dark magical creatures and mastered a lot of basic knowledge?"

"Yes, Professors Lupin and Sirius gave us a lot."

"Very good, but this is not enough, not enough!" Moody said, limping forward, "I think you need to learn how to deal with black magic, I am going to give you a taste of the spells cast between wizards."

"Black magic?!" Evan turned to look at him.

"You should know that incantations come in many forms, and their magic varies. According to the Ministry of Magic, I should teach you all kinds of spell-breaking, that's all." Moody said, "According to them, you're not in the sixth year yet. The School should not tell you what the illegal black magic spell looks like, because you're still too young and you would not handle it. But in my opinion, the sooner you know what to deal with, the better. How can you protect yourself from something you have never seen before? When a wizard is about to use an illegal spell, they wouldn't tell you what they're about to do; they won't read his spell to you frankly, fairly and politely. He'll just..."

"Professor, do you mean to teach us the unforgivable curses?!"

"Not teach them, just demonstrate to you what real black magic looks like." Moody said, "I'm sure you'll like this course..."

Chapter 515: Who is the Fake Moody?

Yes, it was a good idea to use the Imperius Curse openly and honestly on students. No one could guarantee that fake Moody would not use it to control a student.

This magic permitted the caster to see memories, emotions and thoughts of the victim. It was strictly controlled by the Ministry of Magic and was not allowed to be used.

However, fake Moody would not care about this. That was the best chance for him to get information. By giving the young Wizards a chance to see the dark magic in class, he can use these spells unscrupulously and with impunity.

In addition, there were many evil dark magic spells that could be used, and Evan had learned and worked on many of them. The little wizards were defenseless against this, and he could cast the spells unscrupulously.

The terrible thing was that there was no way to stop him, and no one would raise an objection, because Moody was like this; he would do whatever the fake Moody would do on the surface!

“It’s good for you to see this earlier. You can’t stay in school forever!” Moody continued, with a terrible smile on his face. “Evan, you’re far more powerful than any wizard of your age. It’s time for you to see what real Dark Magic looks like. I am looking forward to seeing your performance... Well, I’ve arrived at my place. I wish you a good night’s sleep.”

Moody dragged the prosthesis and slowly disappeared into the shadow on the innermost side of the second floor.

Looking at his back, Evan felt even stranger, and his clear thoughts suddenly became complicated.

He passed through a door hidden behind the tapestry and walked up a narrower staircase. As he walked, he was thinking about what had happened this evening.

This fake Moody’s behavior tonight was too abnormal. What was his purpose?!

It seemed that not only Harry, but also Evan was one of his goals.

And the name that couldn’t be shown on the Marauder’s Map ... Was that fake Moody still Barty Crouch Jr.?!

If it wasn’t him, would it be...

Evan suddenly thought of Caresius, the dangerous vampire, who was the only one who could help Voldemort. And he was strong enough to use that magic to keep his name from being marked on the Marauder’s Map.

If he had come to Hogwarts as Mad-Eye Moody, then things could become... interesting, to say the least!

He and Voldemort were only allies, and he was not obliged to be loyal to him like the Death Eaters.

Even to some extent, Caresius and Evan had the same goals.

Thinking of this, Evan suppressed the uneasiness in his heart.

He decided to get closer to him according to the original plan to see what the guy was doing.

By the time Evan returned to the Gryffindor Tower, Hermione was standing outside the Common Room waiting for him.

In the dripping rain outside, her slender body rested on the orange curtain at the corner.

She was so immersed in reading that she had not noticed that Evan had come.

Evan didn't disturb her either. He just looked at her and seemed to want to engrave her image in his mind.

"Evan?!" For a long time, Hermione stretched out like a kitten and rubbed her eyes as if to notice Evan standing in front of her. She hurriedly closed the book, stood up and said with a smile, "When did you come back?"

"Just now, why haven't you gone to bed yet?" asked Evan. "Where are the others?"

"They're all in there talking about the Triwizard tournament and trying to muddle through." said Hermione, "I thought you don't know the new password yet, so I stayed here waiting for you. I feared you would be able to get in... "

Hearing Hermione's words of concern, Evan felt extraordinarily warm and happy.

He naturally took the girl's cold hand, and he forgot about all the conspiracies and dangers for that moment.

Hermione did not resist, she let Evan hold her, but her face blushed.

They stood silent for a few seconds, as if to resume from a happy time...

"Evan, what did Dumbledore tell you in the Great Hall?" Hermione asked.

"He asked me to promise not to participate in the Triwizard Tournament." Said Evan, "You know, my age is not up to the requirements, and Beauxbatons and Durmstrang seem to think I'm too strong."

"What?!" said Hermione in amazement. "They mentioned you by name and asked to exclude you from the tournament?!"

"That's it, and I've promised Dumbledore that I wouldn't participate." said Evan.

He couldn't take part in the competition, and he was worried about his future plans.

But if the guy acting as Moody was none other than Caresius, there would be other solutions to this matter, and he wouldn't have to worry much about it. Perhaps things would become even simpler.

Evan felt it might be a good option to talk directly to the vampire to understand his purpose and plan.

If he just wanted to bring Harry's blood to Voldemort, they might be able to cooperate.

Of course, before that, he had to identify him and confirm that he was really the vampire.

"It's very unfair, isn't it?!" said Hermione, dissatisfied. "They can't deprive you of your qualifications just because you're too strong. I know the game is very dangerous; many people have died and I don't want you to participate. But the age limit for the competitors is because younger wizards don't have enough strength to protect themselves in the competition, and you obviously have the ability..."

Hermione's dissatisfaction with Dumbledore and the Ministry of Magic had obviously increased. Her topic naturally shifted to house-elves and she was still bitter about Hogwarts' failure to pay the house-elves.

"I found out that our school and the wizarding world are full of invisible discrimination and oppression. This is extremely unfair. Even, this is what happened to you this evening. It's the same with the house-elves. They are being squeezed as slaves, and we have to do something to stop this from happening..."

It seemed that she intended to write an article for the *Hogwarts Magic*, and wanted to seek Evan's advice.

Evan didn't want to discuss this topic with Hermione because he knew there was no end to it.

He hurried to the entrance to Gryffindor Tower, which was concealed behind a large portrait of a fat lady in a pink silk dress.

"Password?" she said as they approached.

"Balderdash!" said Hermione.

The portrait swung forward to reveal a hole in the wall through which they climbed. A crackling fire warmed the circular common room, which was full of squashy armchairs and tables.

Hermione cast the merrily dancing flames a gloomy look, and Evan distinctly heard her mutter "Slave labor..."

Beside the fireplace, Harry, Ron, Fred, George, Neville, Colin and his brother Dennis were sitting, still talking about the Triwizard Tournament. They were not qualified for the tournament because of their ages.

They were discussing what Dumbledore said about the impartial judge who was going to decide who the champions were, and tried to guess who he would be.

"Whoever he is, he's the one we'll have to fool, and I think a drop or two of the Ageing Potion..." said Fred, clenching his fist and clapping his palm.

"But Dumbledore knows that you are not old enough," said Ron.

"Yeah, but he's not the one who decides who the champion is, is he?" said Fred shrewdly. "Sounds to me like once this judge knows who wants to enter, he'll choose the best from each school and never mind how old they are. Dumbledore's trying to keep us from giving our names."

Chapter 516: Blushing Harry

"Where's the fun without a bit of risk?" said George. "Hey, Ron, what if we find out how to get around Dumbledore? Fancy entering?"

"Of course, it would be cool if I could, wouldn't it?" Ron immediately replied, "But I suppose they might want someone older... I don't know if we've learned enough..."

"I certainly haven't learned enough." said Neville gloomily. "But I expect my grandmother would want me to try, though. She's always going on about how I should be upholding the family honor. This is the best chance. I'll just have to..."

"You two look at Evan. He's one year younger than you, but he's going to come and never say those frustrating words." said Fred.

"It's not the same, Evan knows a lot of spells and magic..." Ron argued, and stopped immediately.

He wanted to say that Evan was so powerful with the help of the Philosopher's Stone, but suddenly remembered that it was an unspeakable secret.

Before Ron could figure out how to go on, they all saw Evan and Hermione entering the Common Room.

"Forget it; I'm not going to compete in the Triwizard Tournament!" said Evan, pulling Hermione over.

They raised their heads, looking at him in surprise, and did not seem to understand what he had just said.

"Evan, you're not going to participate in the Triwizard Tournament?" Harry asked. "I'm not mistaken; you said clearly on the train that you were ready to compete and that you were strong enough to become Hogwarts's champion."

"That's a pity, you are obviously the strongest!" said Colin. He seemed to want to comfort Evan. In his view, the Triwizard Tournament represented the highest honor. Evan missed this opportunity, and now he must be very sad.

But in fact, Evan felt nothing. He had just intended to enter the competition to be with Harry when he would meet Voldemort without arousing his suspicion.

Now there was a simpler way. He did not want to bother to participate in the game, to fight fire dragons and Kelpies.

"It's no pity. I didn't have much interest in the game anyway."

"Yeah, Evan is already a world-class celebrity and the future star of magic!" said Fred, "He doesn't need the fame and the 1,000 gold-Galleons bonus. It really doesn't make any sense for him to be the champion."

"But this is an opportunity for us!" said George. "If Evan were to participate, he would have been Hogwarts champion. We would have no chance!"



“Yes, Evan is the best, the rest are almost the same. We just need to fool Dumbledore now.”

“But I heard that many people died in the Triwizard Tournament.” said Hermione in a worried voice.

“Yeah!” said Fred airily, “but that was many years ago.”

“They died hundreds of years ago. Now, times have changed, and that will certainly not happen again.”

Finally, under the persuasion of Fred and George, everyone besides Evan and Hermione seemed to want to participate in the competition.

Harry and Ron, in particular, decided that if the twins found a way, they would either try it or watch the situation before they acted.

It was not until late that everyone went back to their dormitory to sleep.

By the time Evan and Colin entered the dormitory, the other three were already asleep.

On the wall, there was a poster of this year’s Quidditch World Cup, and Colin cut all the photos that appeared in the newspapers and collected them. He now collected photos of both Evan and Harry.

Many of them were also tacked on the side wall.

“Evan, are you really not going to compete?” asked Colin, starting to get into his pajamas. Looking at him, it seemed that he had not recovered from the shocking news.

Indeed, for the whole night, he had been telling his brother about Evan’s deeds from before, and he predicted that he would definitely participate, and he was proud of it.

He thought that his best friend, Evan, must be Hogwarts champion. But he never expected such an outcome.

“Yes, do you want to take part in the tournament?” Evan nodded.

“Of course I do, but I’m definitely not strong enough!” Colin sighed and said, “I still need to learn a lot of things.”

“You still have time, I will help you!” Evan got into his pajamas and climbed. After Voldemort’s return was confirmed, it was also necessary to put on an agenda to enhance the strength of the young wizards as soon as possible.

Evan was not naïve to think that he could face Voldemort and the whole Death Eaters and Vampires alone.

Since Voldemort had Death Eaters and Dumbledore had the Order of the Phoenix, he also needed to develop the power of his own side.

Although they were not that strong individually, together, they would build a force to be recon with.

The four-poster bed was very warm. Someone, certainly Dobby, had placed warming pans between the sheets.

Dobby was now in charge of everything concerning Evan, but they didn't meet often.

In fact, since the World Cup, Evan had never seen Dobby.

House elves always quietly did everything well and were proud of not being discovered by their masters.

He suddenly thought that Dobby should be called out tomorrow.

If Hermione had been protesting against the hard work of the house-elves and did not eat, then Dobby needed to come out. He had just to tell Hermione that food for both of them was prepared by him alone, and that Evan paid him for that. Although not much, it would no longer be made through the so-called Slave Labor.

Evan lay in the warmth, and it was extremely comfortable, lying there in bed and listening to the storm raging outside.

He chatted with Colin in a low voice and thought for a moment about Moody and Caresius before his consciousness gradually blurred.

At the same time, the topic of the tournament was also being discussed between Harry and Ron in their dormitory.

"I might go in for it, you know," Ron said sleepily through the darkness, "if Fred and George find out how to be in the tournament. .. you never know, do you?"

"I suppose not."

Harry rolled over in bed, a series of dazzling new pictures forming in his mind's eye.. .. He had hoodwinked the impartial judge into believing he was seventeen.. . he had become Hogwarts champion.. . he was standing on the grounds, his arms raised in triumph in front of the whole school, all of whom were applauding and screaming.. . he had just won the Triwizard Tournament. Cho's face stood out particularly clearly in the blurred crowd, her face glowing with admiration...

Thinking of this, Harry obviously blushed and buried his face deeply in the pillow.

#### Chapter 517: Moody's First Lesson

The storm had blown itself out by the following morning, though the ceiling in the Great Hall was still gloomy.

Heavy clouds of pewter gray swirled overhead as Evan and Colin arrived to the Great Hall.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione were examining their new course schedules at breakfast.

Of course, it was mainly Hermione who talked while Harry and Ron were both listening.

A few seats along, Fred, George, and Lee Jordan were discussing magical methods of aging themselves and bluffing their way into the Triwizard Tournament.

In fact, all the young wizards in the Great Hall were discussing this topic.

The senior wizards of the right age are all secretly complacent, and each had a good feeling that he was about to become a champion.

“Good morning, Evan, Colin, I just heard about your schedule from Hermione; it’s really good!” said Harry, greeting Evan and Colin, who sat down. “Your first course is with Mad-Eye Moody. That must be great.”

“Yeah, my course schedule is a little worse!” said Ron, who was running his finger down the Monday column of his schedule. “Look at this morning. Herbology with the Hufflepuffs and Care of Magical Creatures... damn it, we’re still with the Slytherins!”

“Double Divination this afternoon.” Harry groaned, looking down. Divination was his least favorite subject, apart from Potions. Professor Trelawney kept predicting Harry’s death, which he found extremely annoying.

“It’s not until Friday afternoon that we’ll have Defense Against the Dark Arts class, and it’s after having Potions all morning.” Ron went on and read, “That’s really bad. Why can’t we just have this class on Monday like we did in third year?!”

Harry also nodded and agreed with Ron.

If they knew that Moody intended to use black magic such as some of the Unforgivable Curses on students, Evan wondered if they would be so longing to his class.

“Evan, here’s your schedule. I’ve magically marked the lessons and it will remind you of them automatically.” Hermione handed him the schedule, “So you won’t be late when you’re too absorbed by reading in the library..”

“Thank you!” Evan put the schedule in his bag.

Compared with last term, he also had a lot of courses this year.

He took Divination, Care of Magical Creatures, and the Study of Ancient Runes, and Colin chose the same.

“Hermione, I notice you’re eating again!” said Ron, watching Hermione adding jam to her toast.

“I’ve decided there are better ways of making a stand about elf rights,” said Hermione haughtily.

“Yeah.. . and you were hungry,” said Ron, grinning.

Either way, it was a good thing that Hermione took the initiative to eat. Otherwise, Evan would have to ask Dobby to prepare food for both of them separately.

After a while, while they discussed what creatures Hagrid would show them in this year’s Care of Magical Creatures class, Hedwig flew into the Great Hall with a mail. It was a package from Sirius.

He sent Harry a lot of candy for everyone, which made Harry particularly happy.

On the first day of school, the owls brought a lot of things the young wizards had forgotten at home.

Over time, this had become a school tradition, owl mail from home.

For the first time, Harry received a parcel at this time, giving him the warm feeling of having a home.

After breakfast, the students went to their different classes separately.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione were going to the outside greenhouse for Herbology, and Evan and Colin went to the Defense Against the Dark Arts on the second floor.

When they both arrived, they found that the classroom was already full of students.

Everyone was in high spirits and was looking forward to Moody's course. This was a first in recent years.

Ginny had arrived early, and she kept the two of them two chairs right in front of the teacher's desk; they rushed to sit down.

Soon they heard Moody's distinctive clunking footsteps coming down the corridor, and he entered the room, looking as strange and frightening as ever. They could just see his clawed, wooden foot protruding from underneath his robes.

"You can put those away," he growled, stumping over to his desk and sitting down, "those books. You won't need them. I don't need those things in my class. Wands out!"

The young wizards returned the books to their bags, and they were extremely excited.

According to past experience, taking out the wand meant that this course was to be very interesting.

A few seconds later, Moody took out a register, shook his long mane of grizzled gray hair out of his twisted and scarred face, and began to call out names, his normal eye moving steadily down the list while his magical eye swiveled around, fixing upon each student as he or she answered.

"Right then," he said, when the last person had declared themselves present, "I've had a letter from my predecessor, and I know something about your current progress. Although you have accumulated some foundation in dealing with dark creatures, you still lack actual combat experience and have not seen real black magic. This is the most crucial thing."

His magical eye turned quickly, and Moody reworded what he had said to Evan last night.

He told everyone to be prepared and alert.

"So... do any of you know which curses are most heavily punished by wizarding law?"

Evan sighed. Sure enough, this guy was really ready to use Unforgivable Curses in the classroom.

No one in the class answered, and the young wizards seemed to be frightened by Moody's teaching theories.

They looked at each other uneasily, and finally focused on Evan, expecting him to answer the question.

"Mason, you answer!" said Moody. After confirming that no one would answer, he called out Evan's name directly.

"Professor, there are many incantations that the Ministry of Magic forbids wizards to use. At present, there are about ten thousand legal documents still in force. They can be traced back to thousands of years ago, involving tens of thousands of incantations." Ivan answered, "The details are unknown, but once these curses are discovered, they will be severely punished by the Ministry of Magic. I made a simple categorization of these black magic spells, which can be divided into Curses, Horcruxes, Necromancy, Evil Spirit Summoning, family-blood magic, and magic that directly illegally alters the bodies of humans and magical animals. Of course, this is not all, and..."

The classroom was silent, and everyone looked at Evan with surprise, their mouths open wide enough to swallow an egg.

#### Chapter 518: Three Unforgivable Curses

All third-year students seemed to realize that Evan knew so much.

In the past, they only knew that Evan was very strong, but they never had a clear idea about the extent of his knowledge and power.

Young wizards in Hogwarts generally believed that he was just ahead of his peers, but still weaker than the senior students.

It wasn't until the recent World Cup that everyone realized that Evan was strong enough to shake the wizarding world.

In today's class, Evan spoke in one breath of so many types of Dark Magic that none of them had ever heard of before.

The young wizards in the classroom all gasped and looked at Evan in disbelief.

Needless to say, some of them have heard about some types of Dark Magic, a couple, maybe even a dozen, but tens of thousands?

For a moment, everyone had the illusion that Evan was the actual professor of Defense Against the Dark Arts!

It was clear that Moody was also very surprised when he heard Evan gush about it. None of the things that Evan said was the answer he wanted, but there was no mistake in what he said.

He knew that he had to stop him, or he could go on about it for the rest of the session...

At that time, it went without saying that the demonstration of black magic was estimated to make everyone go out dizzy.

Evan even talked about Necromancy, which was beyond everyone's comprehension.

Although for Evan, it was a very basic thing, or not even basic, but just common sense, for the other students, descriptions of these branches of black magic from hundreds of years ago sounded like un-understandable gibberish.

In the end, Moody interrupted Evan because of his outstanding performance, granting 10 points to Gryffindor.

, rather than the cold and remote black magic of centuries ago," said Moody. "So, can anyone tell me what these three unforgivable curses are?"

After a while, Ginny raised her little hand trembling. "There is the Imperius Curse, Professor!" she whispered.

She still had fresh memories of Ron being controlled by Peter Pettigrew last year, and him remaining in the hospital for a long time after that.

The Weasleys had discussed the whole incident and the curse many times, so Ginny could never forget it.

"Yes, Miss Weasley!" said Moody appreciatively. "Your father would know that one. It gave the Ministry a lot of trouble at one time, the Imperius Curse."

Moody got heavily to his mismatched feet, opened his desk drawer, and took out a glass jar. Three large black spiders were scuttling around inside it, looking terrible.

All the students recoiled slightly into their chairs and stared at him intently.

The spider leapt from Moody's hand on a fine thread of silk and began to swing backward and forward as though on a trapeze. It stretched out its legs rigidly, and then did a back flip, breaking the thread and landing on the desk, where it began to cartwheel in circles. Moody jerked his wand, and the spider rose onto two of its hind legs and went into what was unmistakably a tap dance.

Everyone was laughing – everyone except Moody.

"You think it's funny, do you?" he growled. "You'd like it, would you, if I did it to you?"

The laughter died away almost instantly, and everyone looked at Moody in horror.

“Total control,” said Moody quietly as the spider balled itself up and began to roll over and over. “I could make it jump out of the window, drown itself, throw itself down one of your throats...”

“Years back, there were a lot of witches and wizards being controlled by the Imperius Curse,” said Moody, and everyone knew he was talking about the days in which Voldemort had been all-powerful.

“At that time, the Ministry of Magic was really busy. They had to sort out who was being forced to act, and who was acting of their own free will. But this was hard to do. Depending on the magic power of the caster himself, the spell can last for a long time. When people find out, it’s often too late.”

At that time, it was estimated that no one dared to trust the people around them because they could not determine whether or not they were controlled by the Imperius Curse.

It’s quite possible that you would utter a few words against Voldemort to your best friend in the morning. When you get home from work, you will see the Dark Marks drifting over your home and all your family members dead.

What a horror it was!

“The Imperius Curse can be fought, and I’ll be teaching you how, but it takes real strength of character, and not everyone’s got it. Better avoid being hit with it if you can. CONSTANT VIGILANCE!” he barked, and everyone jumped.

Moody picked up the somersaulting spider and threw it back into the jar.

“Anyone else know one? Another illegal curse?”

Next, a Slytherin student stood up and named the remaining two, the Cruciatus Curse and the killing Curse.

Moody explained them to everyone again, practicing them on the spiders.

It was definitely not a pleasant experience to see a swelled spider twitching horribly, rocking from side to side, twitching violently, and breaking one’s leg abruptly.

As for the Killing Curse, needless to say, after Moody’s wand gave out a flash of blinding green light, the spider just jumping alive in front of them died so quietly.

It rolled over and lay onto its back on the table unscathed.

In the open classroom, it felt like an invisible thing was soaring through the air. It was the shadow of death.

It had just arrived here, taking away the life of the spider in front of Professor Moody’s wand.

Several students could not bear it, screamed hard, and everyone looked terrified to the extreme.

In the subtle messy sound of the “Avada Kedavra”, Evan could feel a powerful force.

This power acted directly on the soul and life, and no one could resist it.

Of all the protective magic Evan knew, only a few were able to defend against the Killing Curse, but at a high price.

Among them was the loving sacrifice used by Harry's mother, Lily. She used the loving sacrifice to protect Harry, but the price paid was her own death.

"Not nice," said Moody calmly, sweeping the dead spider off the desk onto the floor. "Not pleasant. And there's no countercurse. There's no blocking it. Only one known person has ever survived it."

Everyone knew that the person he meant was Harry.

"Avada Kedavra is a curse that needs a powerful bit of magic behind it ... you could all get your wands out now and point them at me and say the words, and I doubt I'd get so much as a nosebleed," said Moody his magic eye sweeping everyone's frightened face. "But that doesn't matter. I'm not here to teach you how to do it."

Of course, Evan was definitely not included in these people he was talking about.

Although Evan's soul had not fallen to evil ill thoughts, his strong magic was enough to allow him to use an extraordinarily powerful killing curse, horrifying beyond the general sense. What he would cause would definitely not be a simple nosebleed...

Chapter 519: Jump Three Times in the Same Place!

"Now, if there's no counter-curse, why am I showing you this? Because you've got to know it; you've got to appreciate what the worst is. You don't want to find yourself in a situation where you're facing it. CONSTANT VIGILANCE!" he roared, and the whole class jumped again.

"Now. .. those three curses – Avada Kedavra, Imperius, and CruciatuS – are known as the Unforgivable Curses. The use of any one of them on a fellow human being is enough to earn a life sentence in Azkaban. That's what you're up against, that's what I've got to teach you to fight. You need preparing, you need arming, but most of all, you need to practice constant, never-ceasing vigilance. Get out your quills and write this down ..."

No one spoke; they were busy taking notes on each of the three Unforgivable Curses.

Just as everyone thought that this very touching Defense Against the Dark Arts class was about to end, Moody suddenly said, "Next, I will cast the Imperius Curse directly on you to demonstrate the power of this curse and see if you can resist its effects. This was supposed to be learned later in class, but since Evan Mason, the genius known as the future star of the wizarding world is here, I think we can try it in advance. "

As soon as he said that, there was a roar in the classroom, and all kinds of arguments were surging like a flood.

Everyone looked at Moody and Evan in surprise, with small faces full of excitement.



Did they hear it correctly? Was Mad-Eye Moody actually going to use the Imperius Curse against Evan?

God, this was absolutely insane!

Everyone was excited to death, but also a little scared, looking forward to what would happen next in uneasiness.

As for the Slytherin students, they were no doubt gloating to see Evan suffer. What Moody just did to control the spider was still fresh in their minds.

If Evan went into a tap dance like that in front of everyone, it would be absolutely big news for the whole school.

Everyone was talking. Only Colin, Ginny and other students who had a good relationship with Evan were worried.

They were afraid that Evan would not be able to take it, and it was definitely a bad thing for a minor wizard to fall to such a evil black magic.

Evan was unphased. 'Mad-Eye' had told him in advance last night that he was going to do it.

He just didn't expect that this fake would be so eager to do it this fast.

"Mason, come out!" Moody waved his wand, and the desks were on the sidelines, leaving a large open space in the middle of the classroom.

"Professor, there's no problem if you want to cast the Imperius Curse on me. But I have to remind you that it is a serious violation to use this curse against another human," Said Evan slowly, "You just said that this was enough to earn a life sentence in Azkaban, and that's not a pleasant place. There may be no fresh blood and other food."

There was a moment of silence, the others blinked and stared at Evan. They didn't seem to understand what he meant.

Moody's incomplete nose shook unnaturally, but his face was expressionless.

"Thank you for reminding me, I will pay attention!" said Moody coldly, his magical eye swiveling onto Evan and fixing him with an eerie, unblinking stare. "Dumbledore wants you taught what it feels like. If you'd rather learn the hard way, with someone's casting it on you so they can control you completely, fine by me. You're excused. Off you go and never appear in my class again!"

The atmosphere was tense. The students were looking at both of them, waiting to see if Evan would leave the classroom.

Of course, Evan couldn't be scared away. That would be too embarrassing, and he had confidence in his mastery over Occlumency.

Now that the opponent had made up his mind to cast the Imperius Curse on him, then he had to give it a try and see who would suffer in the end.

Evan stood up and patted his school robes gently.

Under everyone's nervous gazes, he moved forward to the middle of the classroom, into the space that Moody had cleared of desks.

Moody raised his wand and looked at Evan fiercely, as if to swallow him alive.

"Professor, you can start!" said Evan softly.

The next second, Evan felt a floating sensation as every thought and worry in his head was wiped gently away, leaving nothing but vague, untraceable happiness. He stood there feeling immensely relaxed, only dimly aware of everyone watching him.

Different from the usual Imperius Curse, Moody's magic carried a peculiar force. This force was particularly powerful and especially evil.

Driven by it, the power of this Imperius Curse far exceeded the power used by the common Dark Wizards.

Powerful forces were pulling Evan's soul, taking it away from his body, to never back...

But in all its might, it was far from being compared with the power of the evil gods!

Almost at the moment when Moody read the curse, Evan's Occlumency started naturally.

All the external spiritual invasions were all resisted, and the power of magic could not penetrate into Evan's mind.

Within a second of that floating sensation, his consciousness returned, and the scene in front of his eyes grew clearer and brighter. Evan had cracked his opponent's powerful Imperius Curse!

However, fake Moody had no idea that he did. No matter how powerful he was, he probably did not expect Evan to break free from the Imperius Curse so quickly. He thought Evan was under his control. A hint of overwhelming joy clearly flashed across his dreadful face.

Evan did not say anything. He wanted to see what 'Moody' was going to do next.

And then he heard Mad-Eye Moody's voice, echoing in some distant chamber of his clear mind: "Jump up, jump three times in the same place, jump three times..."

This request was too simple, and Evan jumped three times in the same place, according to the professor's orders.

He could hear a sneer in the classroom, and the Slytherin students probably thought he was being controlled by the Imperius Curse to make such a funny and unusual move. They shouted that Moody should control Evan to do something even more excessive.

Moody nodded and agreed, seemingly satisfied with Evan's reaction.

The next second, the voice echoed again in Evan's mind.

This time it was no longer a command, but... Legilimency!

As Evan imagined, this guy could not help but start exploring his memory after controlling him.

Chapter 520: A Terrible Nightmare

In class, Moody watched as Evan stood still, believing that his Imperius Curse had succeeded. He had successfully controlled Evan and could command him to do anything. He didn't even feel resistance.

Everything went extraordinarily smoothly; his heart was filled with ecstasy and he could not even believe it.

He had thought that Evan's would struggle against his invasion; he had thought that he would not succeed without exerting all his strength.

After all, this child was outstanding in all aspects and could not be underestimated.

Moody had intended to make Evan look silly, but now that Evan was completely under control, he suddenly realized that this was a rare opportunity, and he decided to take a look at what secrets were in the child's head.

Although this might expose him, it was a rare opportunity.

The picture in front of the eyes is changing rapidly. The huge body of the evil spirit appears in one, twisted and ugly. It floated in midair, and its mouth was slowly opening, with green mucus inside, full of black fangs, and unending horrors.

Before could understand what he had seen, the boy pulled out his wand at the fastest speed.

Moody staggered, took a step back, fell to the ground, and his wand flew up.

The next second, Evan's mind was filled with strange memories.

It was an endless abyss, surrounded by black stones, stacked in uneven layers, and at the top was an endless darkness.

Soon, when his eyes gradually adapted to the darkness, he realized that there was something there.

It was a huge alien-like monster, like a blend of the world's most terrifying creatures.

It was dark purple, made up of piles of rotten meat. The median part was a humanoid creature, which can't be seen clearly. It could only be dimly identified that the top was densely covered with barnacle-like objects, with irregular goosebumps inducing holes, one after another.

A little further up was its brightly colored orange hair, like the fur on the body of a poisonous spider...

A sturdy, white bone-shaped spine extended downward, centered on a twisted, grotesque torso that extended in all directions.

Evan saw many of the familiar features of magical animals, but it was all specious, as if someone had chopped up the bodies of hundreds of magical animals and then inadvertently put the pieces of meat together.

This definitely made for the worst "work of art" in history, a grotesque monster out of a nightmare that could easily rob sleep away from anyone who saw it.

For example, the one limb extending closest to the middle and upper part was a basilisk-like body that lingered down to no end. It could be seen vaguely that something like the head of an air-dried fire dragon was looming in the dark.

The basilisk's body was no longer covered with beautiful dark green scales, but with purple wrinkled muscle-like textures.

Every few feet, there was a blue or yellow trembling, creeping tumor that seemed like it was about to rupture and open wide at any time.

There seemed to be something hidden within them, something that couldn't wait to rush out.

Evan didn't know what the fake Moody had gone through.

Why does he have the memory of this terrible alien-like creature in his mind? Did such a thing really exist in this world?!

Perhaps this was a new evil spirit, because they all looked so crazy and indescribable.

Just as Evan was immersed in the horror of this creature, powerful magic suddenly spread.

He was very familiar with this magic wave; he had seen it many times. It was the unique power of vampires.

The fake Moody before him was Caresius for sure!

Evan blinked and the image disappeared. He was ejected from Caresius's memories.

Opposite him, Caresius fell to the ground, holding his wand and pointing at him, panting heavily. His body was trembling slightly and his face was pale.

"Good, very good!" his hoarse voice said, both eyes staring at Evan.

The students around them were all stunned, and their little faces were equally pale and full of horror and surprise.

They didn't know what had just happened. They only saw that Evan, who had been "under control", suddenly took out his wand, and then Moody was thrown backwards and his wand was thrown aside.

They didn't understand what was going on. Could it be that Moody's curse failed and he was defeated by Evan?!

Shocked, they were wide-eyed, looking at what was going on in front of them in disbelief.

Whether they believed it or not, that had really happened.

They could even conclude directly that Evan was stronger than Moody. Yes! HE HAD DEFEATED MOODY!

Although Evan was now famous, what happened today was enough to add to his legend!

The triumph of a 13-year-old wizard over the best Auror of the Ministry of Magic should be the hottest topic in Hogwarts, and perhaps in the British Wizarding Community!

Only Evan himself knew that he did not defeat Caresius by strength.

At last, Caresius burst out with great power, giving him a lingering fear. This fellow was only blinded by his Occlumency, thinking he had controlled him with the Imperius Curse. He greedily used Legilimency to explore Evan's memories, revealing flaws. And Evan took the opportunity to counterattack successfully in one fell swoop.

It is so said that greed is the original sin! And what's more, it was he who kept repeating "CONSTANT VIGILANCE".

"Very well, Mr. Mason successfully resisted the Imperius Curse, and completely defeated it!" said Moody, stumbling to his feet, "You can ask him about the experience, so that you don't get easily controlled."

The rest of the time was spent in an eerie atmosphere, the classroom was quiet and no one spoke.

Moody sat on the chair next to the desk, staring at Evan, as if thinking about something.

The other young wizards dared not ask questions. They all looked down and seemed to record the three Unforgivable Curses, but in fact they were passing on small notes, occasionally raising their heads in awe to look at Evan and Moody, and then quickly lowering their heads.

It was not until the bell rang and Moody announced that he would leave the classroom that everyone began to talk again.

"How did he do it?"

"Moody's Imperius Curse had no effect on Evan. He's the strongest, even stronger than Dark wizards."

"Evan should be Hogwarts champion. He's the one who must represent the school in the Triwizard Tournament. I can't think of anyone more qualified than him!"

"But he's under seventeen."

"He must have a way to break through Dumbledore's restrictions."

The discussion continued, and Evan was not listening. He and the equally excited Colin walked out of the classroom.

The news spread out as the students who took part in the class left, and soon, everyone in the castle would know about it.