

Harry Potter 651

Chapter 651: Snape's Legilimency

What on earth was this guy doing, staying up in the middle of the night and running around in the castle?!

What surprised Evan even more was that he had just seen Caresius, not as Moody, but under his real identity.

Although he was still wearing Moody's clothes, the Polyjuice Potion was no longer effective. What happened?!

Caresius seemed to be on the run, and when he thought of it, Evan was immediately alert.

"Who was that man just now?" said Hermione suspiciously, "He looks a bit familiar, but I don't think he's from school."

She bowed her head thinking. She must have seen that man somewhere, but she couldn't remember for the moment.

The staircase was so dim and the man was so fast that Hermione didn't see him clearly.

"We'll talk about it later, let's get out of here!" said Evan quickly, pulling Hermione to the stairs.

Since Caresius was running away, there must be someone after him. If so, Evan and Hermione, who happened to be in the entrance hall at this time, would be out of place.

"Evan Mason, Hermione Granger ... what are you two doing?!" There was a terrible roar behind them.

Evan and Hermione had just run a few steps and saw Snape running out of the dungeon with a gloomy face.

He was holding his wand in his hand and wearing a long gray nightshirt, staring at them both.

"Professor Snape"

"Professor ... we were taking a walk!" said Evan, holding Hermione's little hand firmly and motioning her not to talk.

"Walk?!" Snape came over and said with anger, "It's a bad habit to stay so late and take walks round the castle. If I were Head of your House, I would expel you both and get you out of Hogwarts forever!"

He looked at Evan and Hermione in disgust, looking terrible and in a tense mood.

Under Snape's glare, Hermione couldn't help but step back and hide behind Evan.

"Have you seen anyone just now?" He suddenly asked, His cold black eyes fixed on Evan's eyes like a drill.

Instantly, Evan felt his soul sucked in.

Damn, it was Legilimency. Snape was using magic directly.

Evan took a step to the right in front of Hermione and operated Occlumency to close his own mind.

“We didn’t see anything, Professor. It was just the two of us in the hall,” he said slowly.

“Is it?!” Snape squinted and moved closer to Evan. “Do you know what just happened?”

“I don’t know!” said Evan.

He tried not to look into Snape’s eyes, and could feel that he had increased magic.

With such a powerful force, what did Snape want to do; turn him into an idiot?!

In fact, Snape was surprised to find nothing.

There was nothing in the empty boy’s head in front of him. He was too familiar with this feeling. Every time he faced Dumbledore and Voldemort, their minds felt like this, this was Occlumency!

To Snape’s surprise, Evan was able to use Occlumency so skillfully!

But it was not enough. Evan had just got the hang of it, and he could not completely close his mind yet.

Snape could feel a gap in Evan’s brain and, as long as he increased his strength, he had a chance to get the secrets he wanted to know.

“Tonight, someone broke into my office!” said Snape coldly.

“That’s unfortunate!” Evan replied softly, and the pressure was getting bigger and bigger.

“Don’t play dumb on me, Mason, you must know something! I don’t care how much magic knowledge you have, how many times it appears in the newspaper. In my eyes, you’re just a disgusting little boy. Maybe you think you can ignore all the rules and regulations, but you have to pay for it,” said Snape impatiently looking at Evan. “Just now, someone broke into my office and you’re not in your bed.”

“It’s just a coincidence!” said Evan, holding Hermione’s small hand tightly.

“Anything important missing in your office? Then you’d better be careful; the wizarding world has not been so peaceful recently ... the Quidditch World Cup attacks ... the reappearance of the Dark Mark and the Death Eaters ... Do you think it’s Voldemort?”

“Shut up, Mason!” Snape turned pale and said in disgust. “Don’t say that name in front of me.”

When the magic was removed, Snape's right hand unconsciously covered his left forearm. That was where the Dark Mark was.

Evan breathed a sigh of relief. He knew his plan had worked!

"Very good, very good!" said Snape sullenly. "You may not know that potion ingredients have gone missing from my private store cupboard ... students attempting illicit mixtures, no doubt ... so I sealed my office with a very powerful spell ... more powerful than you may think. The magic has just been touched, and when I wanted to catch up to the intruder, I saw you two Mason and Granger. Do you know what this means?"

"I don't know!" Evan continued to shake his head and motioned for Hermione not to worry. "We haven't seen anyone here. Professor, you think someone broke into your office and touched your magic. It may be just an illusion!"

Even as he said this, Evan had been cursing Caresius in his heart.

Potion ingredients... couldn't he have his men look for them?!

It was not like there was no one outside to help him. Why did he have to steal in Snape's private store cupboard?

Although there were indeed a lot of precious potions that were valuable to Evan, this risk was too great.

"You don't know?!" Snape hissed. "I see, maybe you two slipped into my office."

There was a nasty silence. Snape looked at Evan and Hermione badly.

Hermione did not look at him. She did not know why Evan was deceiving Snape. They had just clearly seen a figure. This way, Snape would target them as suspects. Facing Snape's wrath, this was not a joke.

In spite of all the doubts, it was obvious that there was something strange going on tonight. Hermione rationally did not comment, ready to go back and ask Evan.

Evan saw Snape's eyes glittering, and he put a hand into his black robes.

For a time, Evan thought that Snape was going to take out his wand and use what spells on him and Hermione.

If so, he didn't mind playing another match with Snape to check his recent progress.

Chapter 653: Moody's Performance

Harry and Ron stared nervously at Moody for fear that he might run into them when he came down.

But that did not happen. His magical eye rolled quickly in its socket and wiped Ron's side.

Harry had a feeling that Moody's eye could see through the Invisibility Cloak.

His normal blue eye crossed the crowd and eventually fell on Evan, at the foot of the stairs, looking at him in the eye.

“Pajama party, is it?!” Caresius growled, purely in Moody’s tone.

“Professor Snape and I heard noises, Professor,” said Filch at once, taking a step forward, “Peeves the Poltergeist, throwing things around as usual ... and then Professor Snape discovered that someone had broken into his off ...”

“Shut up!” Snape hissed to Filch.

“Did I hear that correctly, Snape?!” Moody asked slowly. “Someone broke into your office?”

“It is unimportant,” said Snape coldly, not wanting to talk about it.

“On the contrary,” growled Moody, “it is very important. Who’d want to break into your office?”

“Anyone attempting illicit mixtures. Potion ingredients have gone missing from my private store cupboard!” said Snape, a vein flickering horribly on his greasy temple. “I caught Mason and Granger outside!”

“You mean, Evan and Hermione came to your office looking for potion ingredients?!” Moody continued to ask.

“We didn’t,” said Hermione hastily. “Professor, we just happened to pass by.”

“Shut up, Granger!” said Snape. “About the detention of both of you...”

“We really didn’t break into your office, Professor!” Evan interrupted, “in fact, we didn’t see the intruder you were talking about. According to you, he was hurt by your protective magic and shouldn’t have gotten far, but there’s no one here but us. None of us can get into your office. I think it’s your delusion. You’ve had a nightmare or something. By the way, if someone really broke into your office, you should tell us what’s missing?”

Hearing his words, Snape glanced suspiciously across their faces, as though thinking of something.

“That’s right!” Moody didn’t give him time to react, “Snape, not hiding anything else in your office, are you?”

Instantly, the edge of Snape’s sallow face turned a nasty brick color, the vein in his temple pulsing more rapidly.

“You know I’m hiding nothing, Moody!” He seemed to have reached the limit of patience, saying in a soft and dangerous voice, “Haven’t you searched my office pretty thoroughly yourself?”

Moody's face twisted into a smile. "Auror's privilege, Snape, Dumbledore told me to keep an eye..."

"Dumbledore happens to trust me," said Snape through clenched teeth. "I refuse to believe that he gave you orders to search my office!"

"Of course Dumbledore trusts you," growled Moody. "He's a trusting man, isn't he? He believes in second chances. But me ... I say there are spots that don't come, Snape. Spots that never come off, do you know what I mean?"

"I don't understand what you're talking about!" said Snape slowly, suddenly thinking of something, and his face became even uglier. "It was you?!"

"Yes, it was me!" Moody nodded, looking at Snape defiantly.

"Hum!" Snape snorted, confirming that Moody had just broken into his office.

The next second, he seized his left forearm convulsively with his right hand, as though something on it had hurt him. Just like when Evan mentioned Voldemort, the Dark Mark on his forearm hurt.

Evan's eyebrows bounced. Could Caresius affect the Dark Mark?! Or was it just Snape's psychological effect?!

He'd been touching his Dark Mark, which did not bode well.

When he saw him, Moody laughed. "Go back to bed, Snape."

"You don't have the authority to send me anywhere!" Snape hissed, letting go of his arm as though angry with himself. "I have as much right to prowl this school after dark as you do!"

"Prowl away," said Moody, but his voice was full of menace. "I look forward to meeting you in a dark corridor some time, then catch you and send you to where you should go..."

"Very good, I look forward to that day, to see if you have that ability!" said Snape viciously, turning and walking down the stairs, his face was gloomy and terrible, "Mason, Granger, you two come with me!" "

"I have something to say to them, Snape," said Moody gruffly. "Then I'll take them to Professor McGonagall and let her handle the matter."

"Enough!" Snape roared, "They were wandering around the castle in violation of the rules and regulations, and it was related to the theft of my office. I want to take them to the headmaster."

"That's good!" Moody roared, louder than Snape. "I'll go, too. I'll be happy to tell the headmaster how quickly your mind jumped to Evan Mason and Hermione Granger, and how you accused them they broke into your office, while you knew

it was not them. Dumbledore is very interested to know who's got it in for his students, and I am also very interested in what unknown things you're hiding in your office..."

He limped a few steps towards Snape, and the torchlight flickered across his mangled face, so that the scars, and the chunk missing from his nose, looked deeper, darker and ghastly than ever.

Snape and Moody looked at one another. For a moment, nobody moved or said anything.

For a moment, Evan thought Snape would pull out his wand and fight Moody. However, Snape slowly lowered his hands.

"I think I will go back to bed," he said suddenly.

"Best idea you've had all night," said Moody. "Now, Filch, can you give me that Golden Egg?"

"No!" said Filch, clutching the egg as though it were his firstborn son. "Professor Moody, this is evidence of Peeves' treachery!"

"It's the property of the champion he stole it from," said Moody. "Hand it over, now."

Regardless of this matter, and not even looking at Evan and Hermione, Snape swept downstairs without another word. Because of his anger, his body was shaking, and what happened tonight was definitely a disgrace to him.

With Evan's understanding of him, he would never give up.

Chapter 652: Potent Veritaserum

Evan slipped his right hand and naturally placed it on the wand at his waist.

Then, he saw that Snape had drawn out a small crystal bottle of a completely clear potion.

"Since you know nothing about what happened tonight, do you know what this is?" Snape said, his eyes glittering dangerously again.

"Veritaserum!" said Evan casually.

Of course he knew this stuff. He had seen the formula and finished product of this potion more than once.

"It seems you're not as ignorant as I thought. Yes, it is Veritaserum ... a Truth Potion so powerful that three drops would have you spilling your innermost secrets for the entire class to hear!" said Snape.

"Professor, it is illegal to use this potion!" Hermione couldn't help but say.

She couldn't believe Snape had gone so far and threatened them with Veritaserum.

"You're right, Granger, the use of this potion is controlled by very strict Ministry guidelines. But unless you watch your steps, you might just find that my hand might just... slip" he shook the crystal bottle slightly, "right over your evening

pumpkin juice, for example. And then we'll find out whether you've been in my office, or if you know some secret."

Evan didn't answer, and his eyes fell on the small bottle of Veritaserum in Snape's hand. He had too many secrets, if Snape did really slip him a few drops, the consequences would be...

In fact, when she heard Snape's words, Hermione didn't feel well either.

Everyone had something in his heart that he didn't want others to know. Veritaserum was really a terrible potion.

Unlike Legilimency or the Imperius Curse, there was no way to resist the effect of Veritaserum. It was colorless, tasteless, and it was difficult to take any precautions against it. Even powerful wizards such as Dumbledore would be affected by this potion.

"You can't do this!" said Evan softly.

"Scared, aren't you?!" Snape showed a sneer on his face. He said softly, "Let me think about what kind of punishment you two should be given, wandering around the castle in the middle of the night and lying to me. One hundred points from Gryffindor, and then you'll be in detention until the end of the term ... every week..."

Before he had finished speaking, there was sudden banging and wailing upstairs.

Snape ran up as fast as he could, and Evan and Hermione looked at one another and followed.

Then they saw Filch and his cat, as well as the Golden Egg, on the staircase leading to the second floor.

Almost instantly, Evan guessed that was Ron's Golden Egg, and he and Harry must be nearby.

Although he didn't know what they were doing with the egg at night, only Harry's Invisibility Cloak could make them invisible.

This was really bad enough. If they couldn't get it right, there would be two more people in detention.

"What's going on?" Snape asked.

"It's Peeves, Professor," Filch whispered malevolently. "He threw this egg down the stairs."

Snape climbed up the stairs quickly and stopped beside Filch.

Harry and Ron looked at him nervously, and then at Evan and Hermione at the foot of the stairs, whose clothes were messy and covered with mud. What were they just doing outside the castle?

"Peeves?" said Snape softly, staring at the egg in Filch's hands. "That's interesting!"

"Professor, why are they here!" Filch said, pointing to Evan and Hermione.

Mrs. Norris ran to Evan's side and rubbed him affectionately.

Speaking of which, this cat was really ugly!

In fact, because of Mrs. Norris, Filch's relationship with Evan was not so bad.

Sometimes, when Evan came out to wander around the castle at midnight, Filch would let him go, but that was all. It was impossible and useless to ask him to plead with Snape for Evan.

"Someone broke into my office. I chased them out and saw them both!" said Snape softly.

"Would it be Peeves?!" said Filch with delight. "This egg was in your office, Professor?"

"Of course not," Snape snapped. "I heard banging and wailing..."

"It was Peeves who stole the golden egg and threw it down the stairs," said Filch, rubbing his hands. "If this egg was in your office, then he would..."

"I said it couldn't be him, Filch!" Snape snapped again. "I seal my office with a spell none but a wizard could break. There's also strong defensive magic, and the intruder should be hurt!"

Snape glanced at Evan and Hermione, then up the stairs again, straight through Harry and Ron, and then down into the corridor below.

"It wasn't the two of them who broke into my office, nor was it Peeves," said Snape. "He must not be far away, I want you to come and help me search for the intruder, Filch."

"What, Professor?!" Filch said in surprise. He looked yearningly up the stairs, right through Harry and Ron. Harry could see that he was very reluctant to forgo the chance of cornering Peeves.

"Close the gates and search the entire castle!" Snape said coldly.

At the foot of the stairs, Evan was speechless. Snape knew that he and Hermione had not done it.

However, he still took the opportunity to use Legilimency on him, and also threatened him with Veritaserum. He was really a dangerous guy.

"The thing is, Professor!" said Filch plaintively. "I think I still have something else to do. The headmaster will have to listen to me this time. Peeves has been stealing from a student, it might be my chance to get him thrown out of the castle once and for all..."

"Filch, I don't give a damn about that wretched poltergeist; it's my office that's..."

Clunk. Clunk. Clunk!!!

Snape stopped talking abruptly, and everyone looked down at the foot of the stairs.

Through the narrow gap between their heads, Evan saw that Caresius was limping and he had changed back to Moody's image. He was wearing his old traveling cloak over his nightshirt and leaning on his staff as usual.

This guy was the one who caused everything tonight, and it's just then that he appeared, late.

If he didn't break into Snape's office and stupidly touched the defensive magic, Evan and Hermione would have returned to their bedrooms to sleep now, instead of standing here waiting for Snape to announce a tight punishment.

If he could, Evan really wanted to go over and give Caresius a good beating.

Chapter 654: Speculation and Doubts

"Hand the egg over!" said Moody harshly, repeating it again.

Filch hesitated, handed Moody the Golden Egg, and made a chirruping noise to Mrs. Norris, who stared blankly at Harry and Ron for a few more seconds before turning and following her master.

"Come on, my sweet!" Filch muttered. "We don't need that golden egg ... we'll see Dumbledore early in the morning and tell him what Peeves was up to."

A door slammed, and now there were only Moody, Evan and Hermione looking at one another.

"Close shave, wasn't it?!" He stepped laboriously down the stairs and sat down on one of the steps.

Evan also breathed a sigh of relief and glanced at Caresius.

Fortunately, Snape was a bit afraid of Moody, otherwise it would have been a terrible night.

Watching Snape's terrible face when he left, he must have hated Moody to death.

"Well, you two can come out!" Caresius turned and said.

"Who are you talking to, professor?" Hermione asked, surprised to see Harry and Ron appear in the middle of the stairs.

"Thank you, Professor!" said Harry weakly.

With the help of Ron, he freed his leg from the trick step and climbed onto the upper steps.

That step instantly returned to normal, as if it had never changed.

"Harry, Ron, why are you two here?" Hermione asked.

"We were trying to figure out a clue to the Golden Egg!" Ron whispered. "And you. Why are you and Evan so late?"

"We, too, had serious things to do," said Hermione naturally. "So, do you know the secret of the Golden Egg?!"

"Of course..." Ron glanced at Moody and didn't go on.

“All right, boy!” said Caresius suddenly, his magical eye turning wildly. “I’m not interested in your little secret. Walking outside in the middle of the night won’t give you any inspiration. Take your egg and go back to bed. Beware, don’t lose it again!”

“Professor, I want to talk to you alone!” Evan whispered, wanting to know what was going on with Caresius.

“Of course ... you come to my office tomorrow morning. Now, go back to bed!” Caresius replied.

Evan nodded and noticed that Caresius’s expression was a bit unnatural. Sure enough, Snape’s magic hurt him. He was completely tough, and now he could no longer hold on.

“Professor, about our detention, Evan and me?” Hermione asked with concern.

“There’s no detention, you don’t want me to punish the four of you?!” asked Caresius, revealing a terrible smile.

“Of course not!” said Hermione hastily.

“All right then, good night, everyone!” He stood up, stepped laboriously up the stairs and disappeared from sight.

“He’s a good man, though he looks terrible, isn’t he?!”

A few minutes later, they were walking along the familiar path towards the Gryffindor Tower.

“Professor Moody is really good.” Evan mused, recalling what had happened tonight, and he always felt something was wrong. “Many things happened tonight ... so strange ... what was he looking for in Snape’s office?”

“It could be something contraband related to Dark magic, remember?!” Harry followed the analysis, with a hint of excitement. “Snape just said that Professor Moody had searched his office. Moody must have thought there was something in it.”

“You mean Snape has hidden contraband in his office,” said Ron. “Moody is not only paying attention to Karkaroff here, but also monitoring Snape?”

“That’s it, so Professor Moody broke into Snape’s office tonight, looking for contraband,” said Harry. “Moody said that Dumbledore kept Snape here to give him a second chance, after what he had done before...”

That really made sense. Moody might have done it, indeed, if he were not Caresius in fact.

“Maybe Moody thinks Snape put my name in the Goblet of Fire,” said Ron, his eyes wide open.

“Oh, Ron, it can’t be Snape!” Hermione shook her head suspiciously. “He’s had countless chances to kill you in the past few years ... remember the last time we thought Snape was trying to kill Harry, but he was trying to save him in fact.”

There was a moment of silence, and it was true that Snape didn’t have to bother that much if he wanted to do it.

Besides, although he might hate Ron, there was no reason to kill him.

If he wanted to kill someone on the scene, compared to Ron, Harry should be his first target.

In fact, Snape’s attitude towards Harry was very strange. He did save Harry’s life before, but at the same time he hated him, just like he hated his father when they had been in the school together.

Snape liked to deduct points from Harry’s score and would never miss any chance to punish him. He even proposed to expel him from school.

“I really appreciate Moody’s help, but I don’t care what he says. He’s so paranoid.” Hermione continued, “Dumbledore is not stupid. Take Professor Hagrid and Professor Lupin for example. Many people refuse to hire them, even though Snape is a bit bad...”

“Well, let’s think of something else!” Ron shook his head and gave up trying to figure out why Moody was searching Snape’s office. “You know Caresius Slytherin and Barty Crouch? I saw them on the Marauder’s Map tonight.”

“What?!” Evan looked up and stared at Ron in surprise. “You saw Caresius and Barty Crouch?!”

“Yeah, I was holding the map. Their names appeared on it for a while, and then vanished. I was the only one who saw it,” said Ron, telling them what he saw on the map tonight.

Evan listened to him and pondered. The name of Caresius was enchanted and was not supposed to be marked on the map.

Evan had already verified, but since Ron saw his name on the map, it meant that the magic left by Snape played a role. That powerful spell was probably a mixed spell.

It cracked all the disguise of Caresius and seriously injured him, so he was forced to run away as he was.

If he had been able to maintain Moody’s look, he could stay in Snape’s office and provoke him as he did just now.

This bit was understandable, But Barty Crouch showed up in Caresius’s office ... what was going on?!

Chapter 655: Wounded Vampire

The map showed Barty Crouch, and Ron thought it was Mr. Crouch Sr.

But Evan knew that, no doubt, it should be Bartemius Crouch, Jr., the craziest Death Eater.

The school's Floo Network was not yet under control. With the cooperation of a teacher, Barty Crouch Jr. could go in and out of Hogwarts at will. It was easy and impossible to prevent. It was really easier than imagined.

He didn't have to risk sneaking into the castle, hanging out in front of Dumbledore and risking being discovered.

As long as there was Caresius's help, he could easily control everything.

But Caresius told Evan not long ago that he had no contact with Barty Crouch Jr. The vampire repeatedly said that he had no idea what Barty Jr. was planning and did not know anything about it, as though he had come to Hogwarts for a leisurely holiday.

Now it seemed that was not the case at all. He might have been in constant contact with Barty Crouch Jr.

If Ron hadn't suddenly seen the name on the Marauder's Map, Evan would still have been kept in the dark.

The more he thought about it, the more he had a creepy feeling. He didn't even listen to the comments of Harry, Ron and Hermione.

Evil and deceit were the nature of vampires, and their existence was taboo in itself.

Evan remembered the magic that the vampires could take advantage of the chaos and laxity of the game to sneak into Hogwarts and launch an attack to capture Harry, as happened at the Quidditch World Cup, after which they retreated unscathed into the Forbidden Forest to escape.

As for making Ron a champion, it was just a complete cover up to let everyone focus on him.

The only problem with the plan was that Dumbledore was here, but they had Barty Crouch Sr. under control.

Given Crouch's position in the Ministry of Magic, it was very simple to find some excuse to remove Dumbledore from the school.

This was really crazy, but it was very possible.

Whether it was Voldemort, Barty Crouch Jr. or the vampires, they were all a bunch of lunatics.

Evan thought about it for a while, lost in various fancies and conjectures, before he forced himself to calm down.

He knew it was possible, but there was the problem with the contractual magic he and Caresius had concluded.

From a magical point of view, Caresius couldn't deceive him before breaking the contract. Moreover, he seemed to have no reason to do so. Vampires, though evil, were not fools.

If they did it, they were going to tie everything up to Voldemort and would never get away.

Evan remembered the nightmare in Caresius's memory that he had accidentally seen in class. His family had a life-and-death problem, guarding more important secrets, and had no reason to fall back to Voldemort completely.

In the end, Evan decided to have a talk with Caresius tomorrow and then make a decision.

At this time, the four of them had returned to the Common Room, which was empty, and only the fire was still burning quietly.

“Ron, if what you said is true, then the figure that Evan and I saw from behind was that vampire,” said Hermione. “How did he get into the castle? And why did he sneak into Snape’s office in the middle of the night?”

“Who knows, maybe they’ve got some kind of relation,” said Ron.

“And Crouch, why would he pretend to be ill?” Hermione ignored Ron and said simply, “it’s a bit odd that he can’t come to the Yule Ball, but can sneak here in the middle of the night and appear in Professor Moody’s office.”

“It’s really suspicious!” said Harry, with a headache and an eye on Evan. “Evan, what do you think is going on?”

“Anything is possible. You’d better be careful these days!” said Evan absently.

Looking at the expressions of Harry, Ron, and Hermione, they were obviously not satisfied with Evan’s answer.

“Well, maybe Ron was wrong,” said Hermione. “Barty Crouch in the fireplace ... he may have used the Floo powder to leave, but the vampire named Caresius ... why did his name vanish in a flash?”

“Don’t look at me like this ... I don’t know.”

“Do you think we should tell Professor Moody about this?” Harry asked.

“No, how can we explain the Marauder’s Map?” Ron said quickly, “come on, Harry, Hermione is right. Maybe I was wrong. You know ... because of the second task, I’ve been under a lot of pressure recently.”

“Speaking of the Triwizard Tournament, you should tell us what clues you got from the golden egg?” said Hermione.

“Tomorrow, Hermione!” Ron waved his hand weakly. “I just want to have a good sleep now.”

The next morning, Evan got up early from the bed and went to Professor Moody’s office.

The corridor in the morning was very quiet. There was no one there, and even the murals on the walls were still asleep.

Evan came to the extra quiet second floor and knocked at the door gently.

“Come in!” Caresius’s voice was heard, followed by the sound of the door lock being opened.

Evan pushed the door and went in. He saw Caresius slowly putting down his wand. He was waiting for him.

He was sitting on the chair facing the door. It looked as though he hadn't slept all night.

Entering this familiar office, Evan felt cold at first. It was much colder than in the castle.

His eyes immediately fell on the open window, and the cold wind was pouring in, making a loud sound.

Couldn't this guy, Caresius, feel the temperature, or did he want to freeze to death?!

Evan just stepped forward, ready to close the window and suddenly stopped.

Although the smell was very light, he still smelled a faint scent of blood in the air.

He frowned, took a few steps forward and saw a large cup on the office table in front of Caresius.

There was only some blood left in the bottom of the cup. Evan sniffed it hard. It should be dragon blood.

The guy seemed to be badly hurt and needed an immediate replenishment of blood to recover.

Caresius looked pale and feeble. "Sorry to let you see me in this state," he said.

"Snape's magic?!" Evan asked softly.

"I was really Caresius at that time. The magic design was very clever and powerful. It was hidden behind the door of the storage room. Almost at the moment I opened the door, all the protection on me was broken away. Then the magic attack came again."

It could be imagined how powerful the magic that could make the name of Caresius instantly visible.

From Snape's tone, he was also very confident in the magic of his own arrangement, and his tone was very proud.

Chapter 656: Bad News

Evan had dealt with both of them and had a general understanding of the strength of each of them.

In Evan's view, on the actual combat ability, Caresius was better than Snape.

However, this was not absolute. The two of them had their own advantages in mastering spells and magic theories. The gap was not that big.

Especially in magic traps, there were many uncertain factors.

In the face of Snape's elaborate magic, it was not impossible for Caresius to get accidentally hurt.

If Snape had been more ruthless and left a few curses there, Caresius would have been a dead man by now!

"What on earth is going on?" Evan asked. "Why did you go to his office?"

“To find this thing.” Caresius whispered, pulling something out of his arm and throwing it at Evan.

It was Gillyweed!

It looked like a bundle of slimy, grey-green rat tails, wriggling in Evan’s hand.

In fact, Gillyweed is a special plant in the Mediterranean Sea. It is precious and rare, and it is a very unpopular potion ingredient. It’s hard to be found in shops of Potions and herbs, and only Potions Masters would have this plant in their store cupboards.

Evan had been looking for it for a long time without any results. At Hogwarts, only Snape had Gillyweed.

“You went to Snape’s office last night to steal it?”

“Yes, this is Ron’s only way to get through the second task, isn’t it?! Snape probably guessed that I was going there, so he made some preparations. What a terrible guy!” Caresius sighed and glanced at Evan. “Don’t look at me like this ... yeah, there’s a simpler way, but I don’t have time!”

Snape had been alarmed by several successive thefts from his private store cupboard.

However, the dangerous magic traps he set there were obviously not intended to deal with students.

Snape had reckoned that the man who put Ron’s name into the Goblet of Fire would steal Gillyweed from his private store cupboard, and was ready to catch him.

Many people thought that Ron’s name was put into the Goblet of Fire in order to kill him during the tournament.

But Snape certainly didn’t think so. He should have suspected someone had infiltrated into Hogwarts and was planning a conspiracy.

It was a very important step to make Ron a champion. It was impossible to be just to kill him.

In that case, the person hiding in the dark would definitely help Ron get through the difficulties and successfully complete the tournament.

The second task was in the lake, and only Gillyweed could give Ron the ability to breathe underwater at ease.

As for other spells, Ron couldn’t master them in a short time, and Snape was well aware of this.

In the original plot, Harry got Gillyweed with Dobby’s help, and Barty Crouch Jr. did not show up.

The magic system of house-elves was different from that of wizards. Dobby could move into the store cupboard without triggering Snape’s magic.

Barty Crouch Jr. was hiding in the dark, and it was clever to use others to do such a dangerous thing. In this way, he didn’t have to worry about being exposed.

Compared with him, Caresius’s action last night was too reckless. It was not a wise choice to expose himself to Snape.

Going back to check, Snape would know what was missing, as well as he would naturally know that there was something wrong with Moody.

In other words, the current identity of Caresius might be discovered at any time.

Following this line of thought, Caresius's action was really stupid!

“Don't worry, I destroyed Snape's store cupboard before I left, took a lot of things, and left a little cover up there.” said Caresius, looking at Evan's eyes, as though guessing what he was thinking. “If he wants to know what's missing and determine my real purpose, it will take him a long time ... enough time for me ... by the way, these potions ingredients are useless for me ... they're all yours!”

He threw another cloth bag bulging with herbs to Evan. Caresius had literally robbed Snape's storage. Evan looked down and found that there were a lot of precious ingredients inside.

For example, the feather of the Jobberknoll was a necessary ingredient in Truth serums and Memory Potions. Such a feather could be sold to 500 Gold Galleons on the market, but it was still priceless. A few people would sell it, and the rarity of the Jobberknoll greatly limited the production of these two potions.

Evan also did not collect it and was reluctant to spend a lot of money to buy this precious ingredient.

Maybe such a thing would be only in Snape's private store cupboard, and nowhere else!

As long as the feather of the Jobberknoll was available, Evan could try to brew Truth serums and Memory Potions.

He casually put the bag away, raised his head and continued to look at Caresius, feeling that this guy was a bit freaky.

Normally, it would be foolish to break into Snape's office, but it seemed that Caresius did not care.

“You just said that you had no time. What do you mean? What are you going to do?” Evan continued, “I hope you can explain it well.”

“Don't worry, I'll tell you everything!” Caresius smiled. “You may not know that Barty Crouch Jr. was here last night!”

He saw that Evan didn't react, and the smile on his lips became more and more obvious.

“It looks like you already know it!” he whispered, looking at Evan with great interest. “You're here to ask me about it, aren't you?”

“What was Barty Crouch Jr. doing here?!” said Evan rudely. “What does this have to do with your visit to Snape's office?”

In fact, he was a little surprised by the frankness of Caresius, and did not expect that it would be so smooth.

“Bad news,” said Caresius, holding the cup in front of him. “Barty Crouch came here last night to tell me that the Dark Lord couldn’t wait. He wants us to bring Harry to him as soon as possible. He needs to restore his strength as soon as possible. Under his urging, the original plan has been canceled. Barty Crouch Jr. had to take the initiative to contact me. He’s going to do it in the second task, which will take place soon!”

“He’ll act in the second task?!” asked Evan, frowning. “What is he going to do?”

“In a word, he proposed a rather bold plan, but I didn’t intend to cooperate with him...” said Caresius slowly, “I refused his request. I can’t risk my people’s lives, so he can only act alone. If I’m right, he should be ready to use a Portkey.”

Chapter 657: Unexpected Expansion

“A Portkey?!”

“This news is absolutely true. As for Barty Crouch’s specific measures, he did not say, and I did not ask.” Caresius continued, “I never get the answer when I ask anyway. I just need to do what I’m supposed to do.”

Hogwarts Castle was protected from intrusion by various kinds of magic. Wizards could not Apparate here.

Therefore, the Portkey was the only way to get Harry out of the school in full view.

Evan didn’t know what the original plan of Barty Crouch Jr. was, what he was going to do, making Ron a champion. Since the plan had changed, all this had become unimportant.

What was now certain was that he was ready to take action in the second task and use a Portkey to take Harry out of Hogwarts.

Was he planning to involve Harry directly into the task?! Or would he attack Harry by surprise while everyone was watching the game?!

The second task was to let the champions go to the lake to find the closest people to them. The closest person to Ron should be Harry.

Doing it in the depths of the lake could really be unobtrusive.

Considering that Voldemort didn’t want the news of him regaining strength and coming back to spread quickly in the whole wizarding world, it was necessary to keep proper concealment.

Working under the lake could also make Dumbledore less responsive.

Some time ago, Barty Crouch Jr. took advantage of the accident in the first task and proposed that the Ministry of Magic send people to arrange the venue and Hogwarts was not allowed to interfere. So, he seemed to have all planned for a long time.

Taking advantage of the opportunity of setting up the venue, he hid the Portkey under the water and was trying to take Harry away.

There was no problem in the whole process, but Evan still had one more question to clear up. That was, why Voldemort suddenly became so anxious that Bartemius Crouch, Jr. had to change his plan. Even with the risk of exposure, he came to Hogwarts via the Floo Network to inform Caresius about the matter.

He had been hiding in the forests of Albania for so many years, and now he couldn't even wait for a short time.

“Why is Voldemort in such a hurry?” Evan asked. “What happened?”

“Bad news follows each other. The specific situation is unknown. The Dark Lord will not tell me his plan. So, this is mere speculation, do you want to hear it?” said Caresius, gulping down the remaining dragon blood in the cup.

He looked up at Evan and licked the blood on the corner of his mouth, which looked extraordinarily strange.

Although he was still Moody, at that moment, Evan felt that his blue eyes flashed a red light.

Just this scene was enough to classify vampires as monsters, more evil than Dark wizards.

Just imagine if the cup was not filled with dragon blood, but human blood...

The blood of a powerful wizard was far more attractive to vampires than dragon blood.

“Tell me!” Evan and Caresius looked at one another.

“It's just my own idea. I think the problem should be the statue brought back from the ruins of the Centaurs.”

“The statue of the evil god?!” said Evan in amazement, raising a bad feeling.

“Oh, do you call that monster an evil god?!” Caresius looked at Evan and said slowly, “It's a terrible creature left behind in ancient times. In a sense, it can indeed be called god, because its power is far beyond that of humans.”

“What did Voldemort do with the statue?!” said Evan. “He isn't going to summon up the evil god, is he?!”

“I don't know!” Caresius shook his head. “It is only a possibility to summon the monster on the statue, but I think he should not do it because he does not have enough power to control the monster. Summoning it would be just self-destruction.”

Indeed, Voldemort was not one of those fallen Centaurs. He would not foolishly believe in evil spirits and call them out.

In doing so, there was no benefit to Voldemort himself.

The evil gods needed massive amounts of flesh and blood and destruction, and they were enemies of all mankind.

Voldemort needed to rule the wizarding world and even the whole world, and let others submit to him, rather than completely destroy them.

“He should have communicated with the evil god on the statue through some secret technique, reached some agreement or knew something, so he became so anxious,” said Caresius, “Speaking of which, it’s also my fault. When I brought the statue back, I checked it. At that time, there was no power on it. It was just an ordinary wooden statue. I didn’t expect that...”

In the ruins of the fallen Centaurs, Evan had entered the spiritual world created by the evil god.

At the last moment, *The Book of Abraham* brought the horrible evil god to the seal of the power of the real world, cutting off the connection between the statue and the evil god in the void. The statue had become a common woodcarving.

But as the only thing for the evil god to communicate with the real world, there might be some secrets left on it, which Voldemort discovered.

Similarly, the evil god who had faced successive failures also needed Voldemort’s help to come to the world.

Mutual use should be needed, and finally it would depend on whose means were better.

Evan had previously speculated that Voldemort would join forces with the evil god to become stronger. Now it seemed that things were indeed going in the worst direction. He thought of Professor Trelawney’s prediction last year that Voldemort, who had returned, would gain unimaginable power...

Could it be the power of the evil god?!

It would really exceed the imagination of the world, directly turning Voldemort from the most dangerous Dark wizard in history into a monster.

Voldemort, who had made the Horcruxes, was enough to make Evan and Dumbledore do their best to destroy them.

If he added the power of the evil god, Evan could only pin his hopes on the secret treasure left by the Four Founders.

“Some time ago, he asked my people to look for information left by ancient magicians in relics around the world,” Caresius continued. “They brought him back a lot of ancient tablets full of ancient magic inscriptions. He may have learned something from them. I’m worried...”

“What did your people bring back to Voldemort, don’t you know?!”

“In fact, I really don’t know!” Caresius smiled bitterly, his pale face showed a trace of fatigue. “My ethnic group is not monolithic. How to say ... in the face of that guy’s attitude, and in dealing with the fight with other vampire clans, there

are many people who think that my approach is a bit too conservative, and they don't quite agree with it. This time, they took the initiative to contact the Dark Lord..."

Chapter 658: Caresius's Speculation

Evan understood what Caresius meant, and there were contradictions and fights within vampires.

Although he was a nominal leader, he couldn't control the thoughts of all his people, coupled with Voldemort's compulsion...

In this way, the vampire clan was likely to be so divided, one side completely falling to Voldemort.

No wonder Voldemort let Caresius sneak into Hogwarts, presumably to shelve him for a period of time and take advantage of the other vampires.

It was true, as Caresius said, that bad news came one after another.

The vampires were very strong, not inferior to the Death Eaters' elite, and Voldemort, who got their allegiance, was stronger and more difficult to deal with.

"What are you going to do if they really join Voldemort?" asked Evan.

"To be completely loyal to the Dark Lord, they just made another choice and tried to solve the problem from another angle. Although I don't approve of it, I can't blame them and have no right to stop them," said Caresius Shaking his head. "Evan, you still don't understand what our family is facing. Remember that guy you saw in my memory before?"

"Of course!" Evan nodded, frowning and remembering the monster.

In the first lesson of Defence Against the Dark Arts, he used *Protego* to bounce back Caresius's Legilimency, and saw a hidden memory in the depths of his mind. The old picture reappeared in Evan's mind.

It was an endless abyss, surrounded by black stones.

The black rocks were unevenly stacked, and at the highest point there was an endless darkness.

In the infinite darkness, a huge alien monster was hidden, like a mixture of the world's most terrifying creatures.

It was dark purple, made up of piles of rotten meat.

In the middle was a humanoid creature that could not be clearly seen. It could only be vaguely identified that there were many things like barnacles on it.

It showed characteristics of the familiar miraculous animals including dragons, basilisks, Manticores and so on. But these amazing animals were all specious. It was like someone was mixing the bodies of hundreds of amazing animals and chopping them. Then they casually put the pieces of meat together.

This kind of horror was like a nightmare monster. Once looking at it, it would be unforgettable for the whole life.

Evan had speculated that this might be a kind of evil god.

He also remembered that Caresius said that the monster was the fate he and his family had to face ... a fate they had no way to escape.

“As you can see, that creature and the evil god on the statue are the same species!” said Caresius slowly. “But they are not the same. They’re fundamentally different ... if I’m not wrong; it might be what the Dark Lord wants to be.”

“*WHAT?!*” Evan was surprised. Voldemort wanted to become that monster. Why did Caresius say that?!

Evan paused and thought about it from another angle. That was to say, the terrible monster in the memory of Caresius was what a human had become.

It was not a pure evil god born from the chaotic void, but a product created by a wizard.

How could it be?!

This fact was too creepy. Humans could become evil gods!

However, it was not impossible. From the depths of the school, the relics of Slytherin knew that Herpo the Foul had once been transformed into an evil god with evil Dark magic. Finally, it had been divided into three different parts by Salazar Slytherin: the eyes, the brain and the body. The eyes had been destroyed, and the brain and the body were still missing.

So, could the monster in the memory of Caresius be the body of Herpo the Foul?!

In other words, combining the clues in the words of Caresius, Evan thought of a more dreadful possibility...

“You’re very smart, Evan, but too weak, some things are not suitable for telling you,” said Caresius, without explaining the questions in Evan’s mind, “you just need to know what kind of enemies you might face if Voldemort succeeds. In the face of such a terrible monster, are you confident that you can defeat it?!”

Evan shook his head. He was afraid that no one could defeat the evil god, nor could wizards as strong as ancient warlocks. All they could do was to seal the evil god in the void at the cost of self-destruction.

“If that’s really the goal of Voldemort, we can stop him,” said Evan.

“You still don’t understand. There are things you can’t stop ... unless you can kill the Dark Lord now!” Caresius continued, shaking his head and closing his eyes. “But this is Impossible. In this case, my people and I need his help. As things stand, only he can help us out of that terrible fate. Some people say it’s a curse left by Salazar Slytherin, but others think it’s a blessing...”

There was a moment of silence. Evan did not continue to ask, although he did not understand. It was clear that Caresius was not going to tell him all the secrets

Through this conversation, Evan learned a lot, but at the same time that had also raised more questions.

“Choose, Evan!” Caresius opened his eyes and said firmly, “Tell me, what are you going to do after you knew this? Do you want Voldemort to recover his strength according to the original plan, or stop him? Your answer will determine whether we will continue to cooperate...”

To stop Voldemort would be just to prevent his return this time, and procrastination could not solve the problem fundamentally.

As long as the Horcruxes still existed, he would not die.

Evan could not destroy all the Horcruxes now, and Harry had nothing to do with the fragment in his head.

Besides, Voldemort could continue to split his soul and make more Horcruxes if he wished. He was already mad enough.

Voldemort, who already knew some of the secrets of the evil god, would become even more terrible when he returned again.

At that time, Evan wouldn't have any defenses and all his advantages would be lost.

But if Voldemort was not stopped and was allowed to return successfully, he would definitely use the evil god to do something.

From the words of Caresius, he might turn himself into an evil god and gain the ultimate power.

In the face of that fearful monster, Evan believed that no one could beat it!

Chapter 659: The Upcoming Barty Crouch Jr.

There was no doubt that this was a dilemma... flinching or facing the difficulties.

Evan thought it over carefully and decided to continue with the original plan.

The plan to stop Voldemort from returning this time would not solve any substantive problems. The difficulties that should be faced would become even harder. Evan did not like this feeling he had, and Caresius's words were also obvious. If he chose to stop it, they would no longer be allies.

The cooperation with the vampire was of great benefit to Evan. He did not want to fall out with him for the time being.

Moreover, in the face of the vampire and Bartemius Crouch, Jr. teaming up, he was not sure he could prevent them from taking Harry out of school.

Even if Evan and Dumbledore finally stopped them, the future would be harder to control.

In this case, it was better to follow the original plan. After all, the current progress was still under Evan's control.

As for the future of doing so, Voldemort would team up with the evil god and even turn himself into an evil god and gain great power...

It was only a possibility, not the absolute one.

Evan still had enough time to find the secret treasure left by the Four Founders and become stronger.

Since he had chosen to follow the original plan, what Evan needed to do now, in the face of Voldemort that was about to return, was to weaken his strength as much as possible.

For example, he had to get rid of Barty Crouch Jr., the dangerous Death Eater.

“Caresius, I choose to follow the original plan and let Voldemort regain strength with Harry’s blood.” Evan gave his answer.

He saw Caresius nodding with satisfaction before the momentum of his body dissipated again.

“I was not mistaken about you. You made a wise choice!” Caresius nodded.

“Running away won’t solve anything. Evan... you’re good... you’re the best young wizard I’ve ever seen. Can I ask you again, are you going to be a vampire? Just agree and I can give you a lot of things ... power you’ll never get as a human being.”

“Not interested... I’ll never be a vampire!” Evan directly refused.

This was not the first time Caresius had invited him. In this matter, this guy had never given up.

“What a pity!” Caresius licked his lips. “In fact, I didn’t come to Hogwarts for nothing this time. I have a lot of good seedlings that I might be able to absorb into the race.”

“I can remind you...”

“Rest assured, I know what you want. I won’t force anyone to become a vampire.” Caresius’s mouth showed a smile once more. “But if they agree, you have no right to stop their choice, do you?!”

“Hum!” Evan ignored him.

“This is a Portkey that has not been filed with the Ministry of Magic. I made it myself. Take it just in case!” Caresius handed over a black bat-shaped pendant. “I’ve set it up. It will send you back to this room.”

Evan took the pendant and put it in his arm. Since he chose to follow the original plan, he was ready to see Voldemort with Harry. This thing could save his life in the face of Voldemort back to his power.

“If there’s nothing else, I’ll excuse myself!”

“Wait, I have something to tell you about my own arrangements. If you just chose to stop it, I wouldn’t tell you these words!” Caresius continued.

“What are you going to do?”

“Do I have any other choices?!” said Caresius. “At this moment, I can only leave Hogwarts.”

“Oh!” Evan turned and looked at him, reminding, “Don’t forget who you are.”

He understood the reason why Caresius wanted to leave. If he didn’t leave, the vampire race would soon be divided by Voldemort.

Perhaps, Caresius, who had been at Hogwarts, would eventually be completely isolated.

Regardless of his ultimate purpose, this was a good thing.

Evan speculated that he would probably reach some compromise with Voldemort and stabilize his companions.

As for the effect, it was unknown!

“My current status was the focus of my discussions with Bartemius Crouch, Jr. last night!” Caresius looked at Evan. “After I leave, he will replace me at Hogwarts as Moody...”

“What, Barty Crouch Jr. is coming?!” said Evan in amazement. Things had returned to their previous track.

“Yeah, after all, the plan has changed, and it’s getting harder for him to get Harry out of school,” said Caresius with a smile. “The identity of Mad-Eye Moody is very useful. It can make it easier for him to enter into the task without arousing suspicion.”

To this sentence, Evan expressed doubts.

As it should have been, the experience of Mad-Eye Moody and his status as a professor of Defense Against the Dark Arts were a natural protection.

But since Caresius went to Snape’s office last night and made so much noise, the situation was completely different.

Now, it would be really strange if Dumbledore and Snape didn’t doubt Moody.

In this way, Caresius was not well-intentioned either, and it was no wonder that he was in such a hurry to make a trip to Snape’s office last night.

Even if Barty Crouch Jr. finally succeeded in bringing Harry to Voldemort with the Portkey, it would not end well for him.

At first, Evan felt it was a bit weird. He thought that even if the plan had changed, there was no need for Caresius to expose himself.

Now it seemed that he was doing this entirely to dig a hole for Barty Crouch Jr., so that he would never come back.

It was really insidious. He must be very careful when dealing with this vampire!

“You know what to do, don’t you?” Caresius asked softly.

“I know!” said Evan, waving and leaving the office under the smiling gaze of Caresius.

It was time to talk to Dumbledore, report the matter and listen to his opinion.

Evan went to the headmaster’s office and began to operate Occlumency while walking, trying to empty his brain.

.....

At the same time, Harry, Ron, and Hermione also got up early and gathered in the corner of the Common Room.

The only topic they discussed was how to help Ron survive underwater for an hour on the twenty-fourth of February.

“You can use the Summoning Charm again,” said Harry. “You know Aqua-Lungs, the dive equipment for Muggles. It will help you breathe underwater. You can get a set from the nearest Muggle town.”

“This idea sounds good!” said Ron delightfully.

Chapter 660: Magic in Books

“Impossible, Ron! First, you can’t learn how to operate an Aqua-Lung within the set limit of an hour. It’s quite complicated and you have to go through professional training to use it!” Hermione said, categorically squashing the suggestion, “Second you are sure to be disqualified for breaking the International Code of Wizarding Secrecy ... it’s a daydream to hope that no Muggles will spot an Aqua-Lung zooming across the countryside to Hogwarts.”

“What should I do then?” Ron asked ruefully.

“Of course, the ideal solution would be for you to Transfigure yourself into a submarine or something,” Hermione said. “I’ve seen Evan go under the water, and I’ve also checked books on this subject. If only we’d done human Transfiguration already! But I don’t think we start that until sixth year, and it can go badly wrong if you don’t know what you’re doing...”

“Yeah, I don’t fancy walking around with a periscope sticking out of my head.”

“The Bubble-Head Charm is also a good choice, but this is also a sixth year course. Let’s find out. Maybe there’s another way ... no ... not really ... let’s wait till Evan is back and ask him.” Hermione said.

In fact, she also wanted to find a way to venture with Evan under the water instead of staying on the shore. This made Hermione feel useless. She could only wait behind Evan and worry, and she did not like this feeling.

In this way, the three of them came to the library and buried themselves once more among the dusty volumes, looking for any spell that might enable a human to survive without oxygen, but with no successful results.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione spent a whole day in the library and still found nothing.

They even sought help from the librarian, Madam Pince, and did not receive any valuable answers.

“I don’t reckon it can be done,” said Ron’s voice flatly from the other side of the table. “I’ve already flipped through fifty books. There’s nothing. *Nothing*. Closest was that thing to dry up puddles and ponds, that Drought Charm, but that was nowhere near powerful enough to drain the lake.”

Harry was also sighing, and he had massive piles of books in front of him, so that he could not see Ron and Hermione.

He and Ron read as fast as they could, quickly browsing the contents of the books.

Harry’s heart gave a huge leap every time he saw the word “water” on a page, but more often than not it was merely “Take two pints of water, half a pound of shredded mandrake leaves, and a newt...”

With a snap, he closed his *Saucy Tricks for Tricky Sorts* hard.

“You should have learned to be an Animagus like Evan and Sirius,” said Harry.

He thought that Evan’s research note on the deformation of Animagus in his bag might help Ron.

“Yeah, I could have turned myself into a goldfish any time I wanted!” said Ron excitedly.

“Or a frog,” yawned Harry.

“Stop dreaming. It takes years of continuous learning to become an Animagus.” Hermione said in a serious voice, “even if we help Ron master the necessary knowledge for deformation, there is no way to solve the magic problem. Besides, no one can guarantee that he will become a frog or a goldfish. The transformation process is random ... Evan became a black cat.”

“Hermione, we were joking,” said Harry wearily.

“While you have this time, you should look through a few more books.”

“I think we should give up!” said Harry, resting on the table. “We’ll wait for Evan to come back and ask him directly, he’s already able to breathe underwater!”

“His approach doesn’t necessarily apply to Ron. I asked Evan before. We all have no ability to use the spells he said. Our magical power is not enough...” Hermione muttered, reading carefully *Olde and Forgotten Bewitchments and Charmes* at hand. The print was so tiny and dense that she had to pore over it with her nose about an inch from the page.

“Magical power again?!” Ron repeated with an eccentric look, thoughtfully

“Magical power is at the foundation of all magic, and nature is the key. Unfortunately, apart from natural growth, it is difficult to improve it,” said Hermione. “Don’t be discouraged, Ron! But I think there must be a way, they’d never have set a task that was undoable.”

In this way, more than two hours passed.

The number of magic books piled up around the three of them continued to increase, and now even Hermione gradually became a little impatient.

She seemed to be taking the library’s lack of useful information on the subject as a personal insult; it had never failed her before.

“It can’t work!” said Ron in despair, putting down his thick magic book. “I’m sick of this place. I don’t want to come back here for the rest of my life. What on earth is Evan doing? Why hasn’t he come back yet?”

“He has something to say to Professor Moody,” said Hermione, closing the magic book at hand.

“But when we had lunch and dinner, we didn’t see them in Professor Moody’s office, and there was no one in there,” said Harry. “That’s strange. Where can they go?”

At this moment, Caresius had left Hogwarts.

When he returned, it was already Barty Crouch Jr., pretending to be Moody.

As for Evan, he, like the three of them, was reading a book of magic that he had found by chance in the Room of Requirement. To be precise, it was a manuscript.

It was written more than six centuries ago, containing many very interesting ideas.

The whole book was about a powerful Dark magic called *Apocalypse*, which Evan had never seen before.

This magic was a bit like an upgraded version of the Corrosion Curse, which would produce a large pool of toxic black water at the enemy’s feet.

The whole casting process was silent until it was too late for the people trapped in it, because the black water not only contained virulent poison, reducing the mobility of people trapped in it, but also exploded and burned under the control of the caster, forming a huge impact force.

Although the last pages of the book were torn off, the magical knowledge recorded above still fascinated Evan.

Back seven hours ago, Evan had come out of Professor Moody's office.

Then he went to Dumbledore to have a cordial communication with the headmaster.

Not considering the contest between the two sides in the process of Legilimency and Occlumency, the entire communication process was still harmonious.