

## Harry Potter 661

### Chapter 661: The Room of Requirement

Evan talked about part of his conversation with Caresius, the suspicious figure he had seen in the corridor with Hermione last night, his doubts about the identity of Professor Moody, recent events in the wizarding world, the fear that Voldemort was recovering strength, and the ongoing plot at Hogwarts.

Although there was a lot of explosive news, Evan did not see any surprise on Dumbledore's face. As he had expected, he had already known about this matter and was ready for it.

Dumbledore generally agreed and supported Evan's countermeasures and promised to cooperate...

As for a few loopholes in the whole discussion, Dumbledore did not ask any question whenever that seemed logical.

Anyway, every time Evan raised his head, he could see the headmaster's kind, encouraging smile, which seemed to encourage him to say more.

This feeling was really terrible! What Dumbledore had in mind ... Evan did not know.

He tried not to look at him in his eyes all the time, because that was the key to Legilimency.

All in all, after a unified understanding and deciding on specific practices, Evan left the headmaster's office.

He did not rush to the Great Hall downstairs for lunch, but walked straight along the corridor on the seventh floor and went to the wall of the Room of Requirement.

It was a blank wall with no portraits and decorations, opposite the tapestry depicting the attempt of Barnabas the Barmy to teach trolls ballet.

The Room of Requirement, also known as the Come and Go Room, could only be entered when a person had real need of it.

It was sometimes absent, but when it appeared, it was always equipped for the seeker's needs.

To get into this room, you needed to concentrate hard on what you needed; going back and forth three times in front of that bit of wall, and the room would appear.

The Chamber of Secrets where Evan configured the potions was inside. Over the past year, he had been very skilled at how to enter the Room of Requirement.

After confirming that there was no one around, he walked back and forth three times in front of the blank wall. Evan thought in his mind that he needed a place to hide things. When he ran for the third time, the door appeared!

Evan pushed the door and went in. Inside was a room the size of a large cathedral, whose high windows were sending shafts of light down upon what looked like a city with towering walls, built of objects hidden by generations of Hogwarts inhabitants for centuries.

There were alleyways and roads bordered by teetering piles of broken and damaged furniture, stowed away, perhaps, to hide the evidence of mishandled magic, or else hidden by castle-proud house-elves.

There were thousands and thousands of books, no doubt banned or graffitied or stolen.

There were winged catapults and Fanged Frisbees, some still with enough life in them to hover halfheartedly over the mountains of other forbidden items; there were chipped bottles of congealed potions, hats, jewels, cloaks; there were what looked like dragon eggshells, corked bottles whose contents still shimmered evilly, several rusting swords, and a heavy, bloodstained axe.

Evan was here for the first time, shocked by what he saw.

This room had hidden the secrets of nearly a thousand years. There were countless illegal items hidden by Hogwarts students, hundreds of criminal results of illegal experiments, and countless secrets and useless sundries.

For Dark wizards and treasure hunters, this room was a paradise, a promised land.

But the whole process needed time ... too much time. Even if Evan had a rough idea about it, it was difficult to find Ravenclaw's Diadem.

"Accio Diadem!" He gave it a try and raised his wand. No use ... nothing happened.

This room was protected by mysterious magic, protecting the things hidden here.

As for the essence and operation principle of the Room of Requirement, Evan had always been curious, who left this magical room?!

It could prepare the corresponding room and various props according to the person who needed it. The room was obviously not in Hogwarts Castle before, and it could not be identified by the map, but only existed in the user's mind.

But these ideas could be embodied in the real world through the concrete manifestation of the Room of Requirement.

This room involved extremely high space magic and wishing magic, and Evan had not yet understood how it worked.

He even speculated that the Room of Requirement was connected to Hogwarts castle through the door, but in fact the noumenon existed in the void, that is, the space through which evil spirits existed and Apparated. Now just push the surrounding walls to enter the void world.

Of course, this was only Evan's guess. Who knows what was outside the wall and whether it was suitable for human survival.

Space magic was a very profound and complex branch of magic, which had always been at the forefront of magic research.

Evan's eyes skimmed through the piles of sundries and he walked into an alley between all this treasure.

After a few steps, he saw an embalmed troll, fifteen feet tall. It was packed in a huge glass bottle full of green potions like preservatives. Evan clicked his mouth. Whoever did this was certainly someone of insane impulses.

He could imagine a crazy wizard who lived hundreds of years ago practicing anatomy with the corpse of a troll...

Next to the troll was a small pile of dusty books. Evan picked up the top one and looked at it.

It was the Code of Chivalry which recorded the code of conduct of knights in the late Middle Ages, as well as several practical combat techniques.

It seemed that a student from a family of knights had brought the book to Hogwarts.

He put down the book and picked up another one with a black cover.

It was also a book on martial arts, explaining spear throwing techniques with great detail.

Evan put the book down, and felt something was wrong. He took out his wand and gently clicked on the book.

*“Revelio!”*

His voice just fell and the black ink on the book gradually disappeared and turned into red handwriting with terrible patterns.

This was a hidden black magic book; the black magic recorded above was called *HellHowl*.

This dark magic could actually produce a terrible howl in a person's mind, making him feel more fear than ever before.

The spell itself could be categorized as a mixture of soul and demonic magic, which Evan had seen before in the library.

However, the records on the book in his hand were not exactly the same as those in the library. Key details were different. Evan could be sure that he would not get the expected effect if he used this magic in the battle according to the incantation and wand waving method in the book.

If not performed correctly, it would be a counter curse, which would hurt the caster's own soul.

It was really terrible. Whoever left this book here was not kind at all...

Chapter 662: The Third Horcrux

Although there might be a problem with the curse itself, the idea in the book was unique, and Evan suddenly became interested.

He read the book as fast as he could, and checked all the remaining books.

In addition to the *HellHowl* magic, he also found a Dark magic book titled *Apocalypse*. It was a curse Evan had never seen before. It was a very deep Dark magic, belonging to the devil system.

He just sat on the dusty floor and read the book, immersing himself in it, flipping through the pages...

By the time Evan had simply studied the magic of the *Apocalypse*, it was already 1 p.m.

He woke up with a start and realized that it was already very late, so he put the two Dark magic books away.

There were tens of thousands of magic books hidden like this in this room.

Of course, not all of them were useful books and needed to be screened one by one by Evan. The process was very tedious and boring.

However, he was not impatient. Instead, he felt that it was very interesting to do so and was prepared to come here more often in his spare time.

Evan continued to move forward and came to a large cabinet.

The cabinet was brownish black, with a classic style, and seemed to have had acid thrown at its blistered surface.

Evan hesitated a moment and opened the cupboard's creaking doors. He found a cage inside.

The thing in the cage had long since died. Its skeleton had five legs. He did not want to imagine what kind of creature it was.

This room was full of dark secrets, all hidden by students of the past.

Although Hogwarts appeared to be relatively calm and forbid students to study black magic, in secret, no students actually abided by this school rule. Their research scope and depth in the forbidden magic field were beyond imagination.

Especially in the era of hundreds of years, the wizarding world and the whole world were not as peaceful as they were today, and wars were frequent.

In that case, powerful black magic and dangerous taboos were very popular with wizards.

Evan watched as he walked, going deeper and deeper in a maze of junk and forbidden articles.

He knew exactly what he was looking for. It was a chipped bust of an ugly old warlock with a dusty old wig and a tarnished tiara on the statue's head. The bland head crown was Ravenclaw's Diadem, the Diadem of wisdom!

Voldemort used magic to change the look of the Diadem, making it lose its original brilliance.

Although the specific target was determined, the whole room was too large, and there were too many things inside.

Evan didn't have Harry's luck. He had been wandering around for a long time without finding it.

As he passed by some junk, he saw a lot of broomsticks on the top. He rode on one and flew in the air, stopping at the highest point, overlooking the whole room from top to bottom.

In the tall garbage pile, he saw bottles, hats, boxes, chairs, books, weapons, brooms, clubs...

The next second, Evan saw the bust standing on a messy curved cabinet. On top of it was the old, faded diadem.

Evan's heart pounded, and he couldn't help getting excited.

He controlled the broom, swooped down, and made a beautiful turn, holding Ravenclaw's Diadem in his hand.

Evan landed, the rusty diadem in his hand, looking like an ordinary iron ring, without any mystery.

But on the inside, he could see Rowena Ravenclaw's famous quote: '*Wit beyond measure is man's greatest treasure!*'

Bingo! That was Ravenclaw's Diadem!

The moment he held the diadem in his hand, Evan felt the familiar fluctuation of power invading his spirit.

That was the power of Voldemort. Unlike Tom Riddle's Diary and Slytherin's Locket, Voldemort's power was very strong when making Ravenclaw's Diadem into a Horcrux. That was his third Horcrux.

At that time, he had already returned from his journey, completed the transformation of his body, and gained powerful Dark force.

He was no longer as handsome as he was when he was a student. By the time he acquired this much strength, he had already become a monster.

Like the Dark Lord seen by later generations, he totally completed the transformation from Tom Riddle to Voldemort.

His dead pale face looked like wax, twisted strangely, and his white eyes seemed to be filled with blood forever...

In that period, he had publicly used the title of Voldemort, gathered the Death Eaters, summoned Dark wizards and pure blood wizard families to form an alliance, prepared to launch the Wizarding War, and carried out his brutal rule and pure blood theory with the lives and blood of countless innocent people.

Shortly after he made the Diadem into a Horcrux, he came to Hogwarts again.

Voldemort once again applied to Dumbledore for the position of Professor of Defence Against the Dark Arts, which was an obsession of his, and while at it, he wanted to take the opportunity to steal Gryffindor's Sword and hid Ravenclaw's Diadem.

Not surprisingly, Dumbledore rejected his request again.

Voldemort therefore held a grudge and cursed the position of Professor of Defence Against the Dark Arts, so that all professors in the discipline would not be able to work for more than a year for various unfortunate reasons.

The power of this curse was so strong that Evan suspected that Voldemort had used the lives and souls of dozens of innocents as sacrifices.

Even Dumbledore had no way to break this curse, and he could only find new Defence Against the Dark Arts Professors year after year.

Up until now, all wizards who knew the reason were not willing to accept this position easily.

When Evan landed to the ground, Voldemort's voice began to appear in his ear, bewitching him to put the Diadem on his head.

Along with the terrible voice, a burst of spiritual power began to invade Evan's consciousness and enter his soul.

Evan ignored the voice, found a table, and skillfully took out the fang of the Basilisk. He was now familiar with how to deal with Horcruxes and had enough experience

Evan pointed the fang in his hand to the center of the Diadem and stabbed it hard...

All of a sudden, a shrill cry of pain rang in Evan's ears.

At first it was only vaguely audible, extremely weak and extremely distant, but with Evan's action, the scream became stronger and stronger.

The next second, a bloody, black and sticky thing was seeping out of the Diadem.

Suddenly, Evan felt the Diadem vibrate violently and then split into two halves with a bang.

Ravenclaw's Diadem was, this way, broken...

Chapter 663: Irreparable

"Broken ... broken?!"

Ravenclaw's Diadem, the legendary magic item, was broken into two pieces!

Evan blinked and couldn't believe it.

He stared in a daze at the rusty diadem. There was no magic on it.

As the diadem broke, Voldemort's Horcrux living in it also dissipated and disappeared completely.

Now, this diadem was just an ordinary iron headband, as common as anything. If he didn't know it was Ravenclaw's Diadem, Evan wouldn't even look at it.

He picked up one of the halves and watched it carefully.

Was the texture of this thing too fragile, or was the venomous Basilisk's fang too powerful?!

It was important to know that when the Dark Lord made the Horcruxes, he cast very powerful curses on them to protect them from damage.

It was useless to tear up a Horcrux, smash it or grind it into powder to destroy it. Under the influence of magic, it would be restored as ever.

Therefore, something extremely destructive needed to be used, so that it could no longer be repaired with magic. The Basilisk's fang was one of them, because the venom of the Basilisk had only one antidote, and that was the tears of the Phoenix.

Evan had intended to use the venom to destroy the things living in the Diadem. He didn't expect that the decayed Diadem would be broken when stabbed with the sharp fang, just like an ordinary object without any magic.

He didn't know what Voldemort had done to Ravenclaw's Diadem, or was it just like this?!

Evan put the Diadem back on the table and waved his wand, "*Reparo!*"

There was a flash of red light, but there was no reaction. His magic had no way to repair the broken Diadem.

“Interesting!” Evan picked up the Diadem again and put it in his hand.

There was only one possibility for this to happen, that was his magical power was not strong enough.

What Evan needed to fix was far beyond his ability, that’s why the spell had failed.

In other words, Ravenclaw’s Diadem was not as simple as it seemed, and there were magical powers that Evan did not understand.

He knew that Voldemort had modified the Diadem to make it look ordinary. That was not what the Diadem originally looked like.

To restore it, Evan needed the help of stronger magical powers, such as the Philosopher’s Stone or the Elder Wand!

The power of the Philosopher’s Stone could not be used casually. It needed to be guided by a magical array.

In his recent research on the magical array of the stars above the Centaurs’ Temple and the magical array called *Silence* carved in the Silent Temple, Evan had made a lot of progress and gradually found out the correct way to use the Philosopher’s Stone.

But after all, he was just getting started, and he still needed time to carry out follow-up research. There was no way to use the Philosopher’s Stone in the short term.

There was only the Elder Wand left. It seemed that he had to go to Dumbledore.

Evan took the two pieces of the Diadem for further study. But if he couldn’t, he would go and find Dumbledore.

Anyway, there was enough time before the Merpeople’s next party.

Evan came out of the Room of Requirement, and changed it to a Chamber of Secrets equipped for potions. He went in again to check it out and put the potions and ingredients Caresius had given him.

All of these things had been stolen from Snape’s private store cupboard, and there were many precious herbs that were not suitable for carrying on him.

Then, Evan summoned Dobby and asked him to bring some food. He was starving now. After all, he had not eaten anything all day.

When Evan returned to the Common Room, Harry, Ron, and Hermione were still discussing how to breathe underwater.

There were a lot of books on the table in front of them, including *Madcap Magic for Wacky Warlocks*, *A Guide to Medieval Sorcery*, *An Anthology of Eighteenth Century Charms*, *Dreadful Denizens of the Deep and Powers You Never Knew You Had* and *What to Do with them Now You’ve Wised Up*, etc.

Hermione was trying to find a way to survive underwater, and Harry and Ron were discussing.

They were studying the possibility of deliberately infuriating Professor Moody and getting him to use Transfiguration on Ron.

“Evan, you’re back. Where have you been with Professor Moody all day?!”

At the sight of Evan climbing into the Common Room, the eyes of the three of them shined.

“Evan, do you have a way to breathe underwater?” Ron asked hastily, looking expectantly at him.

“Underwater breathing?!” Evan came over and sat next to Hermione. “It’s a good idea to use the Bubble-Head Charm.”

“Hermione said that the magic needs six years to learn,” said Harry. “Is there any other way?”

The three of them told Evan the secret of the Golden Egg as quickly as possible, even though he already knew it.

“You have to help me, Evan,” said Ron sighing. “Otherwise I’ll drown in the water!”

“Yeah, we can’t do anything about it,” said Harry. “We can only count on you!”

“Well, if the Bubble-Head Charm can’t work, you’ll have to use Gillyweed,” said Evan, seizing this opportunity to take out Gillyweed and hand it to Ron. “Just in time, I have this herb here. You can eat it before the task; it can help you breathe underwater for an hour, enough to complete the task!”

“Are you sure this thing works?!” Ron hesitantly stared at what looked like grayish-green rat tails.

“Gillyweed?” Hermione stared at it, too and suddenly something came to her mind. “I wonder where I’ve seen it ... yeah ... in *Magical Mediterranean Water-Plants and Their Properties*. I borrowed it from the library as a supplement to the Potions class.”

“Is this plant reliable?”

“Of course it works. When you eat it, it will give you gills and webbing between your fingers and toes, allowing you to swim with ease and breathe underwater. It’s one of the most amazing plants.” Hermione looked up at Evan. “I should have thought of it, but it’s very, very rare. Evan, where did you get Gillyweed?”

“Well, it’s my personal collection. You know, I have been cooking potions. I asked Professor Lupin to help me collect all kinds of rare ingredients ... it happened to be among them,” Evan explained.



“So, you always carry it with you?!”

“Yeah!” Evan nodded. “My cloth bag extended by the Undetectable Extension Charm can hold many things.”

Looking at Hermione’s expression, it was obvious that she was suspicious. This girl was always very sharp with this kind of thing.

She and Evan looked at one another for a while, but she did not continue to ask.

As for Harry and Ron, they were still there studying Gillyweed, and there was nothing wrong with it.

They hoped they could successfully pass the second task, and Evan also hoped that he could get through Voldemort...

#### Chapter 664: The New Mad-Eye Moody

Evan soon knew what the difference between the fake Moody Caresius and the fake Moody Barty Crouch Jr. was.

He continued the teaching style of Caresius, allowing students to experience Dark magic as much as possible, but his methods became crueler.

He began to use various Dark magic attacks on students in the classroom, asking them to try their best to resist and dodge.

This made Moody get higher praise among the students, and everyone was amazed at his courses.

But every time he confronted Barty Crouch Jr., Evan wondered if he would kill him, because he was seriously attacking him with well aimed attacks, not as practice-oriented as he did to other students.

Evan ignored all Bartemius Crouch, Jr.’s provocations and did not fight him, but simply dodged.

Outside the class, he was as far away as possible from him, not willing to contact this madman.

At the end of the week, Barty Crouch Jr., fake Moody, praised Harry’s performance. He thought that Harry had the potential to become an Auror, and this evaluation delighted Harry for a long time.

In contrast, Crouch Jr. unreservedly expressed his dislike for a group of Slytherin students, such as Malfoy.

Now, as soon as he heard Moody’s name, Malfoy’s face turned pale and his reaction was very unnatural.

Compared with his dislike of Malfoy, Barty Crouch Jr.’s hatred of Snape, Karkaroff and other former Death Eaters was pure.

It was not the hatred feigned by Caresius, but deep hatred.

Caresius might have had a dispute with Karkaroff and Durmstrang over the interests of the Nordic region, but it was not fatal.

Barty Crouch Jr. showed true hatred and could not wait to kill all these traitors. This morbid hatred was even above his hatred of Dumbledore, Evan and other enemies of Voldemort.

After he made sure there might be something wrong with Moody after the loss of Gillyweed, Snape tested him again.

Bartemius Crouch, Jr.'s response was very simple and crude, very direct, but really effective. He dragged Snape to Dumbledore's office to make a noise, and rudely searched Snape's office again.

It was not known what Dumbledore said to Snape, but his face was gloomy and horrible these days, and no one dared to approach him.

The day after the search of Snape's office, Barty Crouch Jr. talked to Karkaroff alone.

In the face of Barty Crouch Jr.'s oppression and strength, Karkaroff's performance was extremely unbearable.

He began to contact Snape frequently, but Snape kept avoiding him, which made Karkaroff panic even more.

At dinner on Friday night, Harry, Ron, and Hermione told Evan that they had seen Karkaroff in the morning Potions class when he broke into the classroom. Karkaroff interrupted Snape's lecture just to have a word with him.

"Not long after the Potions class began, he broke in," said Harry, recalling the scene at the time. "He hovered behind Snape's desk for the rest of the double period. He seemed intent on preventing Snape from slipping away at the end of class."

"Did Karkaroff show great urgency?" Evan asked, tapping the table gently with his fingers.

"Yeah, you didn't see what Karkaroff was like," said Hermione. "He kept twisting his finger around his goatee, and he looked agitated. It was strange. What made him so worried? He and Snape..."

"Snape and Karkaroff are very familiar with each other, but they don't want others to know about it," said Ron.

"Evan, you should have seen that look on Snape's face when Karkaroff broke into Potions class!" Harry said quickly. "I made an excuse to stay and see what Karkaroff wanted to say to Snape. He said that Snape had been avoiding him. Karkaroff was very worried. He showed Snape something on his forearm, but I did not see what it was..."

"Oh!" Evan knew it must be Karkaroff's Dark Mark, considering that Snape also frequently seized his forearm that night. He was beginning to worry, which was not a good sign.

The frequent pain caused by the Dark Mark meant that Voldemort had been doing something lately, and it was really getting urgent.

At the same time, his power was growing fast to strengthen the connection with the Death Eaters.

Although Voldemort had not yet got Harry's blood to complete the evil magic, his power was still increasing rapidly. He certainly got a new source of power. Unicorn's blood and potions certainly didn't have such a strong effect.

Would the new and powerful source of power be the power he got from the evil god? Or was it that he had reached an agreement with the evil god?

Thinking of this, Evan began to worry about Caresius's situation. What would he do after he went back?! Was it a tit-for-tat fight with Voldemort, or a new settlement?!

All in all, the new Barty Crouch Jr. had made Hogwarts a mess.

The recent bad news had also made Evan nervous. Voldemort and the evil god were not opponents to be underestimated.

After dinner, he was ready to go to the library to look through the data and study Ravenclaw's Diadem that he had just got.

Hermione went with him, and Harry and Ron were still talking about the morning.

The two of them, of course, did not have any results. Ron finally suggested that Harry write to Sirius about this.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, the letter from Sirius was brought back by Hedwig.

He told Harry not to use Owl Mail to talk about these things because it was not safe. He asked Harry and Ron to wait for him in front of the fireplace in the Common Room at midnight, and he would meet them at Hogwarts via the Floo network.

When Evan and Hermione came back, they saw Harry and Ron standing in front of the fire.

They thought that if there were so many people in a moment, they would throw a Dungbomb to make sure the meeting would not be shown up.

Fortunately, after a busy week of classes, everyone was very tired and went to bed early.

By the time it was close to zero, there were only the four of them in the Common Room.

Because he had just met Sirius last week, Evan did not expect any useful news from him. Voldemort was too cunning to get spotted by the Aurors of the Ministry of Magic.

In contrast, Evan was looking forward to a breakthrough from Caresius's side.

They were whispering, and now the room was in semidarkness; the flames in the fireplace were the only source of light.

Just after midnight, Harry jumped out of his chair.

He saw Sirius's head sitting right in the fire with a smile on his face.

Chapter 665: A Conversation With Sirius

The four of them gathered and crouched down by the hearth.

"Good evening, Evan, Harry, Ron, Hermione," said Sirius with a smile. "You look good."

“We’re fine!” Harry hurriedly asked, “Sirius, where are you?”

“12 Grimmauld Place, in the old house of the Black family!” Sirius replied. “It’s safe here. We don’t have to worry about being discovered or our conversation being overheard. All right, never mind me ... say all you have guys.”

Harry and Ron spoke about Karkaroff’s abnormal performance in the morning. Hermione hesitated, and spoke about what happened in the castle last weekend night, with Evan adding a few words about Moody, who had broken into Snape’s office.

“Oh, Moody secretly went to Snape’s office at night?” Sirius came to interest.

That was true, but it was purely because Caresius wanted to get Gillyweed and dig a trap for Barty Crouch Jr. Now that Sirius was here, Evan intended to take this opportunity to give him some information. Then, ask about the Ministry of Magic’s tracking of Death Eaters, vampires’ exploration of the remains of ancient warlocks, and the situation of Barty Crouch to see if there were any new developments with Aurors.

Because Barty crouch Jr. was very dangerous, Evan didn’t tell Harry, Ron and Hermione about his fake identity and the truth about Moody.

They didn’t know about Occlumency and had never experienced such a thing.

He had talked to Dumbledore and agreed that it should be kept secret from others for the time being. Harry and Ron, in particular, would be unable to control themselves if they knew the truth.

Once discovered by Batty Crouch Jr., the consequences would be unimaginable.

It was OK to share appropriate information with Sirius, which would help him understand the current situation and make better use of Auror’s identity to carry out his work, and he would finally need his help to face Voldemort, provided that he wouldn’t run to Hogwarts because he was too worried.

“You don’t know Moody!” said Sirius, “I wouldn’t put it past Mad-Eye to have searched every single teacher’s office when he got to Hogwarts. I’m not sure he trusts anyone at all, and after the things he has seen, it’s not surprising. I’ll say this for Moody, though, he never killed if he could help it. He always brought people in alive where possible. He was tough, but he never descended to the level of the Death Eaters.”

“So, Snape might really have done something wrong,” Harry continued. “That’s why Moody...”

“It’s hard to say!” Sirius said slowly. “I’ve not finished, because what happened to you is really abnormal. From what I know about Mad-Eye Moody, if he were to search Snape’s office again, he would certainly not be so sneaky.”

“Yes, he publicly searched Snape’s office the day before yesterday ... in front of everyone ... we were all watching. Snape’s face was terrible,” said Harry. “But I

think Moody must be looking for something. He probably knew Snape was doing something shady.”

“Harry, we should trust Snape. Dumbledore believes in him!” Hermione couldn’t help but say.

“Oh give it a rest, Hermione,” said Ron impatiently. “I know Dumbledore is brilliant and everything, but that doesn’t mean a really clever Dark wizard couldn’t fool him.”

“Why did Snape save Harry’s life in the first year? Why didn’t he just let him die?” Hermione asked.

“I don’t know, maybe he thought Dumbledore would kick him out.”

“I think you’ve both got a point,” said Sirius, looking thoughtfully at Ron and Hermione. “To be honest, ever since I found out Snape was teaching here, I’ve wondered why Dumbledore hired him. Snape has always been fascinated by the Dark Arts, he was famous for it at school. Slimy, oily, greasy-haired kid, he was. He knew more curses when he arrived at school than half the kids in seventh year, and he was part of a gang of Slytherins who nearly all turned out to be Death Eaters.”

In the flame, Sirius began to report their names one by one.

“Rosier and Wilkes ... they were both killed by Aurors the year before Voldemort fell. The Lestranges ... they’re a married couple ... they’re in Azkaban. Avery ... from what I’ve heard he wormed his way out of trouble by saying he’d been acting under the Imperius Curse ... he’s still at large, and...” He named many Death Eaters imprisoned in Azkaban, and finally concluded, “But as far as I know, Snape was never even accused of being a Death Eater ... not that that means much. Plenty of them were never caught. And Snape is certainly clever and cunning enough to keep himself out of trouble.”

“And Karkaroff!” Harry reminded Sirius. “You said he was also a Death Eater.”

“Yeah, he is also a Death Eater!” Sirius nodded and said, a bit confused. “But I’ve no idea what he showed Snape on his forearm. It’s really strange, but if Karkaroff is genuinely worried, and he’s going to Snape for answers...”

He stared at them four with a serious look, then made a grimace of frustration.

“Hermione is right, Dumbledore trusts Snape, and I know Dumbledore trusts where a lot of other people wouldn’t, but I just can’t see him letting Snape teach at Hogwarts if he had ever worked for Voldemort.”

There was a silence. Sirius stared at them for a while, and his eyes finally fell on Evan.

“Evan, have you found anything?” he asked softly, noting that Evan had not spoken.

“Karkaroff and Snape used to be Death Eaters after all. They’ve had common experiences in the past. It is not strange that they have any communication, especially under the current circumstances.” Evan paused and made a look at Sirius. “What is the situation in the Ministry of Magic? I heard that Mr. Barty Crouch is sick?!”

“Yeah, Fudge has been alerted about this, and the Ministry of Magic knows it up and down.” Sirius nodded knowingly. “Crouch suddenly became ill and could not work. It’s very strange ... very abnormal, in fact. There have been no signs of his illness. Moreover, he did not go to the hospital, but he kept himself at home. At least that’s what we’ve seen from the outside. Only Percy would get his instructions...”

Chapter 666: Fragile Balance

“I asked Percy, and he told me that Mr. Crouch worked too hard and was recovering at home. He would regularly send owls to give him instructions. Percy showed me the letters. They were indeed Crouch’s handwriting. But that doesn’t mean anything. He hasn’t seen Crouch himself! I’d say Percy loves Crouch ... He’d love to get assigned more work from him.”

“Yeah, Percy is not the only one in the Department who is happy that Crouch is suddenly ill and can’t come to work. As far as I know, Fudge may also think it’s a good thing, because in this way, he doesn’t have to ask Crouch for advice on everything.”

After the disappearance of Crouch, the long-standing fragile balance of power within the Ministry of Magic was finally broken.

Fudge took complete control of the Ministry of Magic. There was no need to worry about Mr. Crouch’s opinion, and no one would oppose him.

It was hard to say that this was a good thing. Evan guessed that Fudge should then try to weaken Dumbledore’s influence.

He hoped his power would expand infinitely, so that to resist all the people and facts against him.

At this juncture, Fudge’s stupid performance of competing for power was exactly what Voldemort wanted to see.

Before the enemy attacked, there would be internal chaos. What could be worse?

They talked for a while, and Sirius told them that he was busy working on the deaths in the Albanian forests recently, and he would soon go to Albania, where the Ministries of Magic of European countries and the International Confederation of Wizards had sent People to investigate.

Needless to say, the end result had nothing to do with Voldemort and was attributed to vampires.

Then, Evan asked about the hunt for the vampires, but the Ministry of Magic still had no progress. Even the vampires who had appeared in ancient ruins some time ago were now nowhere to be found. Either they had found what they wanted, or they got into more hidden ruins, which was not a good thing anyway.

Especially knowing from Caresius that not all the vampires followed his orders, Evan had been worried about these guys.

Vampires who served Voldemort completely were far more dangerous than Death Eaters in the general sense.

“Well, now it’s one o’clock in the middle of the night, you four should go back to bed,” the flames were licking his ears. “If you find anything odd, you can inform me at any time. By the way, I remember there is a two-way mirror in my house. I’ll go back and look for it. It’s more convenient to connect with it.”

Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione stepped forward to say goodbye to him. Harry seemed to still have a lot to say.

“Hold it, Harry! If your scar hurts again, or if you encounter any situation you four can’t handle, go to Dumbledore immediately. He is the only person in the castle you can fully trust. He’ll help you.”

It could be seen that Sirius had also doubts about Moody. After all, his performance that night was too abnormal.

“I know,” said Harry, looking at Sirius again for a while.

Then they went back to their bedrooms to sleep. But about ten minutes later, Evan came back.

He saw Sirius smiling and waiting for him in the fire...

The next conversation became much more meaningful, and Evan told Sirius a lot of valuable information.

Not surprisingly, Sirius almost came out of the fireplace after knowing these things.

In the end, Evan had to tell him about his and Dumbledore’s plan to make him calm down.

Sirius and Evan agreed that they would watch the scene in the second task and stop Voldemort’s conspiracy.

Although Sirius knew about the Horcrux, Evan did not say that Harry was also a Horcrux. If he knew this, Sirius would definitely not control himself...

At the moment, the situation was very good. Evan had found all the help, waiting for the start of the second task.

For some time to come, the school was quiet, without Rita Skeeter’s gossip reports, and fake Moody, Barty Crouch Jr., gradually getting calmer.

As time approached, everyone was looking forward to the second task just like Evan.

The only interesting thing was that Hagrid had replaced a new magical creature. He had told everyone last lesson that they had finished with unicorns.

Now, he was standing outside his cabin waiting for the students with, at his feet, a fresh supply of open crates they had never seen before.

“Please, don’t be skrewts!” said Colin, as his heart sank.

“I feel skrewts are pretty cute,” said Gabrielle, not agreeing with Colin.

She thought that Hagrid’s course was really interesting. This girl was probably the only one of all who had this kind of reaction.

Unfortunately, Hagrid had not yet recovered from Madame Maxime injury.

He was now almost not close to the carriage of Beauxbatons, nor did he appear with Madame Maxime.

Harry even told Evan that he had recently seen Hagrid digging in front of his cabin. It was then that Madame Maxime emerged from the Beauxbatons carriage and walked over to Hagrid. She appeared to be trying to engage him in conversation. Hagrid leaned upon his spade, but did not seem keen to prolong their talk, because Madame Maxime returned to the carriage shortly afterward

This incident hurt Hagrid so deeply that he didn’t have any good attitude towards all students from Beauxbatons.

But in the face of a lovely little girl like Gabrielle, who was like an angel, no one would be really cold and angry.

Hagrid did not intend to take care of Gabrielle, but soon offered to introduce the new magical creatures in the crates.

They were fluffy black creatures with long snouts. Their front paws were curiously flat, like spades, and they were blinking up at the class, looking politely puzzled at all the attention.

“These are Nifflers,” said Hagrid. “You find them down mines mostly. They like sparkly stuff.”

Evan had seen this magical creature in the illustrations before, but he didn’t expect it to be so cute in real life.

The girls all gathered around with interest, just like when they saw the unicorn.

If it was not one of the Nifflers that suddenly leapt up and attempted to bite a girl’s watch off her wrist, the atmosphere would have been perfectly harmonious.

Chapter 667: The Nifflers

“Look, they’re very useful little treasure detectors,” said Hagrid happily, seemingly satisfied with the performance of this Niffler.

In his opinion, a cute magical creature should open its mouth and expose its fangs to bite others.



The fiercer its momentum was, the sharper its teeth and claws were, the more it was recognized by Hagrid.

As for animals that were cute in appearance and gentle in character, they had never been the focus of Hagrid's attention.

"Do these Nifflers bite?" said Colin worried. "Should we stay a little further?"

"Don't be silly, they're only interested in sparkly things of value." Evan replied and followed forward.

"Okay, I thought we'd have some fun with them today. See over there?" Hagrid pointed at the large patch of freshly turned earth and regrouped the crowd. "I've buried some gold coins there. I've got a prize for whoever picks the Niffler that digs up most. Just take off all your valuables, and choose a Niffler, and get ready to set them loose."

Evan went over and picked a Niffler. It put its long snout in Evan's ear and sniffed enthusiastically. This little thing was really quite cuddly. It was actually very easy to control a Niffler to find gold coins.

As soon as Evan stood still, the Niffler he had chosen dived in and out of the patch of earth as though it were water. In a short while, it scurried back to Evan and spit gold coins into his hand, and licked his hand as though taking credit.

The Niffler was both cute and really practical, especially in the search for treasures. Even Evan could not help but want to have one.

As for the others, they had been around Hagrid to ask this question.

This was easily the most fun they had ever had in Care of Magical Creatures, and everyone was very happy with the Nifflers.

"Your families wouldn't agree to have a Niffler at home," said Hagrid grinning. "Nifflers can't stay idle. They wreck houses, looking for valuable things. Well, you hurry to find gold. I've buried a hundred coins."

Evan didn't keep up. He stayed to chat with Hagrid, hoping to make him cheer up as soon as possible.

"Don't worry, Evan, I've got it all," said Hagrid, glancing at Beauxbatons carriage, a bit sad. "That woman is not worthy of my grief. She doesn't even dare to admit her identity."

"Madame Maxime just has too many concerns. She's Beauxbatons Headmistress after all, and needs to take other people's opinions into consideration ..." Evan thought for a moment and went on, "if you can, you should try to talk to her and give her a chance."

“That’s what Harry and Hermione told me this morning. You’re good kids!” Hagrid said, grinning hard, but his eyes were wet again. “I’m glad to be friends with you guys. As for ... By the way, if you don’t have class on Friday afternoon, you can come to my cabin with Harry and the others. I’ve prepared a new pie. You’ll like it.”

“Well, I’ll come!” Evan doubted he would like Hagrid’s pie. But looking at Hagrid’s appearance now, it was really not suitable to continue to irritate him.

“Evan, aren’t you going to look for gold coins? There’s a reward,” Hagrid continued. “Ron got the most in the morning class. The Niffler he picked dug up nearly half of the gold coins.”

“Yeah, he’s always been very good at such things. I’d like better talk with you for a while,” said Evan.

He knew it was leprechaun gold, and it would vanish after a few hours.

Even if it was not, Evan was not interested in gold digging with the others. He did not care about Gold Galleons.

Evan looked at the Niffler and put a small leprechaun gold coin in his hand. This gold coin was no different from the real Gold Galleons, even its weight was exactly the same, and could only be distinguished from the magic reaction on it.

It had to be said that this magic was really amazing, and the leprechauns had this ability!

Evan thought of Ron’s gloomy face and upset appearance when he was eating at noon, and he kept muttering about gold coins from time to time. He also pointed at a potato and said something like ‘I hate being poor.’

Harry and Hermione did not say a word at that time, and Evan was a little puzzled. Now he knew what had happened.

Ron must have known from Hagrid, in the morning’s Care of Magical Creatures class that the leprechaun gold would disappear. He thought of the leprechaun coins he had picked up and given to Harry at the Quidditch World Cup for the Omnioculars he had received from him.

Harry had told him that the Omnioculars were his present for Christmas. But on Christmas Day, Harry gave Ron a Chudley Cannons hat, which was very expensive.

Because he had no money, Ron gave him a bag of Dungbombs. Of course, there was no way to compare it with the Chudley Cannons hat, but at least it was interesting.

At the very least, Harry didn’t care at all. He didn’t even notice the disappearance of Ron’s gold coins. Or he noticed it, but he didn’t care at all. There was no need to calculate so clearly between friends.

But after a few years of contact, Evan knew that Ron was very concerned about this kind of thing. Unlike Fred and George, who were struggling to make money and be positive, Ron was always negative in this regard.

He placed too much emphasis on money, power and strength. This was not a good thing, and it had always worried Evan.

As long as there were these weaknesses, it was easy to be lured and bewitched by Voldemort. But so far, Ron had been able to wake up at a critical moment, which showed that his nature was not bad.

Immediately, Evan thought of Peter Pettigrew. He was not a bad person in nature, and all the people he met and contacted were very decent. However, his subsequent life experience eventually went further and further on the wrong path...

In Sirius incident last year, Ron had proved that he was different from Peter Pettigrew.

But there was another point that could not be ignored. He had not yet faced Voldemort...

Linking Ron to Pettigrew, Evan suddenly felt that it was not a good sign.

He shook his head in a hurry, but Peter's appearance became clearer in front of his eyes.

Evan couldn't help but think that Peter Pettigrew was still in Azkaban. Without his help, who would Voldemort choose to contribute part of his body to finish the magic this time?!

What's more, was it a wrong choice to let Voldemort recover his strength?!

Evan watched Durmstrang ship rise and fall in the lake with the wind. He knew he was too nervous right now.

In the face of Voldemort, who was about to return ... in the face of the most dangerous Dark wizard in history, no one would care at all.

Not to mention, Voldemort was now associated with the terrible evil god...

Chapter 668: Krum and Trouble

In this strange calm, time went on.

After dinner on Friday night, Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione left the castle to visit Hagrid.

Hagrid had planned to invite them to have dinner at his place, but the four agreed that it would be best not to take risks easily to try Hagrid's pies, so they changed the agreement to go to him for tea and dessert after dinner.

Since his identity as a half-giant had been revealed, Hagrid no longer went to the Great Hall to eat with the others. Because there were always students who pointed at him impolitely, which made him feel uncomfortable.

More importantly, Madame Maxime sometimes went there, and Hagrid did not want to meet her, let alone sit with her for dinner.

Although his relationship with Madame Maxime fell into a freezing point, Hagrid took care of Beauxbatons Abraxans. He was keeping the horses well provided with their preferred drink of single-malt whiskey, and the fumes wafting from the trough in the corner of their paddock was enough to make the students who came close to it light-headed.

“I hope Hagrid won’t want us to eat the pie he made!” said Harry. “I saw him get a piece of purple meat a few days ago.”

“Purple meat? What animal is it?”

“I don’t know, but I want to ask Hagrid about the Niffler. Maybe we can use it to find treasures,” said Ron excitedly. “I know that many people in the past buried their treasures underground. We ... Blimey, what’s Professor Moody doing by the lake?”

Following his gaze, Evan saw Moody standing next to the lake near the Forbidden Forest, as though observing something.

Not surprisingly, he should be investigating the situation in the lake. His magical eye could see through the water.

The next week was the start of the second task, and Barty Crouch Jr. must be planning his plot.

“Maybe a walk...” said Hermione uncertainly.

“What a weirdo, he goes for a walk without even having dinner!”

The four looked for a moment at Moody, who was standing by the lake, and continued to head for Hagrid’s cabin.

They just took a few steps and stopped again. This time it was the gloomy Krum who called them to a halt.

Krum came out of the castle and seemed to have something to say to them.

“Evan Mason, could I haff a vord?” Krum said briefly, with a serious look.

“Okay, no problem!” Evan looked at him strangely, slightly surprised.

Seeing Krum’s face, Hermione secretly pulled Evan, but eventually did not say anything.

From Hermione’s gaze, Evan could see her concern and worry.

He suddenly remembered what Hermione had told him some time ago. He knew that what Krum was going to say was probably related to Hermione.

He patted Hermione on the shoulder to reassure her. Now that he was Hermione’s boyfriend, it was up to him to solve the problem and make Krum stop pestering her. Otherwise, she wouldn’t dare go to the library alone to read at night.

Although Evan was not worried that Hermione and Krum would spark off, the trouble really needed to be solved as soon as possible.

He followed Krum to the direction of the Forbidden Forest, passing by Hagrid’s cabin and the illuminated Beauxbatons carriage.

Krum did not want to be overheard, and distanced himself from Harry, Ron, and Hermione behind him.

“Strange, what does Krum have to say to Evan?” Harry looked at the backs of the two people until they disappeared from sight, completely covered by the bushes, and slowly said, “Krum looks a little unhappy...”

“He invited me to visit him over the summer holidays the other day!” said Hermione. “I am not sure if it’s related to this matter.”

“What?” Ron looked at Hermione in surprise.

“At the library on Wednesday night, he invited me, and to be honest, I was very surprised. He suddenly said those words to me...” Hermione’s face turned slightly red, she paused, and quickly added, “but I refused on the spot!”

“Hermione, Krum invited you to be his guest?!” Ron said in surprise. “And you refused?!”

“Yeah, what should I do else?” Hermione frowned at Ron.

“If it were me, I would not refuse Krum’s invitation. Think about it. It’s a dream for many people to visit Krum’s house for the summer holidays. He’s a famous international Quidditch player,” said Ron simply. “You should accept, Hermione, and ask him, while you’re at it, if you can take friends with you, so that you can take us there.”

“I just think of him as an ordinary friend, nothing more. Besides, Evan would like that I would have more contact with him. However, he seems to blame Evan for my refusal...”

“Krum is definitely angry!” Ron interrupted Hermione. “Just being a guest... you came to my house last year!”

“That’s not the same, Ron!” said Harry, grasping the crux of the matter, “Hermione should indeed reject Krum, she’s Evan’s girlfriend. How can she visit someone else’s house during the summer vacation?”

Ron still looked puzzled, and Harry thought for a moment, probably thinking about what to say to make Ron understand.

“Ron, Krum is Evan’s... rival; he also *likes* Hermione!”

Hearing Harry’s words so bluntly, Hermione blushed as if she were on fire and could almost feel the heat coming out of her.

Ron also understood what Krum meant by inviting Hermione to visit him. He didn’t continue to comment.

Indeed, Hermione was now Evan’s girlfriend.

Ron suddenly remembered the scene when they came back to announce the event that night after the Yule Ball.

Perhaps because he was too familiar with it, he had been ignoring this fact.

Krum obviously liked Hermione and did not just invite her to play chess.

Ron looked strangely at Hermione, whose face was flushed, as though he had just met her.

At the same time, Harry's thoughts were equally complex, and Krum's actions suddenly touched his heartstrings.

He couldn't help but think, if Cho Chang was his girlfriend, what would he do if he encountered such a thing?!

Unfortunately, Cho's boyfriend now was Cedric Diggory. They've already confirmed their relationship, haven't they?!

Harry was not Krum, and he would not go to Cedric...

Just as he was about to say something, there was an abnormal movement in the bushes behind Hermione.

Harry had some experience with things hidden in the forest. He instinctively grabbed Hermione by the arm and pulled her over...

Chapter 669: Mr. Crouch is Mad

"Harry, what is it?"

Harry put his finger against his lips, staring at the place where he had seen movement.

He slipped his hand inside, reaching for his wand. He was sure there was someone there!

Someone was following them, who was it?!

There was a weird silence in the woods, with only the sound of the night wind.

"God, look at that!" Ron snapped, pointing to the opposite side.

Harry and Hermione hurriedly looked back and saw a man suddenly stagger out from behind a tall oak.

The atmosphere was tense, and Harry, Ron, and Hermione did not recognize him at first...

Then they realized it was Mr. Crouch.

He looked as though he had been wandering for days. The knees of his robes were ripped and bloody, his face scratched; he was unshaven and gray with exhaustion. His neat hair and mustache were both in need of a wash and a trim.

He looked strange, but strangest was his behavior. Mr. Crouch seemed to be talking to someone that he alone could see. He kept muttering and gesticulating.

As soon as Harry saw him, he remembered an old tramp he had seen when he went shopping with the Dursleys.

That man too had been conversing wildly with thin air. Aunt Petunia had seized Dudley's hand and pulled him across the road to avoid him. Uncle Vernon had then treated the family to a long rant about what he would like to do with beggars and vagrants.

"God, it's Mr. Crouch, what's going on?" Hermione panicked.

"He seems to be out of his mind!" Ron looked at him in horror.

"Be careful!" Harry shouted, pointing his wand at Mr. Crouch.

He had no time to think about why the voice he had just heard was in the opposite direction of Crouch, but felt the danger inexplicably.

He hesitated for a moment, and then walked slowly toward Mr. Crouch, who did not look at him, but continued to talk to a nearby tree.

"... and when you've done that, Weatherby, send an owl to Dumbledore confirming the number of Durmstrang students who will be attending the tournament, Karkaroff has just sent a word there will be twelve..."

"Mr. Crouch?!" said Harry.

"... and then send another owl to Madame Maxime, because she might want to up the number of students she's bringing, now Karkaroff's made it a round dozen ... do that, Weatherby, will you? Will you? Will..."

Mr. Crouch's eyes were bulging. He stood staring at the tree, muttering soundlessly at it. Then he staggered sideways and fell to his knees.

"Mr. Crouch?" Harry said loudly. "Are you all right?"

Crouch's eyes were rolling in his head, and he looked at the three of them with horrible eyes.

"Guys, we'd better hurry to get someone!" said Ron, looking at Crouch in horror.

"Dumbledore!" gasped Mr. Crouch. He reached out and seized a handful of Harry's robes, dragging him closer, though his eyes were staring over Harry's head. "I need to see Dumb ... Dumbledore..."

"Okay," said Harry, "if you get up, Mr. Crouch, we can go up to the..."

"I've done a stupid thing..." Crouch breathed. He looked utterly mad. His eyes were rolling and bulging, and a trickle of spittle was sliding down his chin. "Must tell Dumbledore... must tell him!"

Mr. Crouch's eyes rolled forward onto Harry.

"You ... who are you?" he said with a vigilance in his tone, "Where did I see you?"

“I am a student at Hogwarts School,” said Harry, looking around at Hermione and Ron.

“Mr. Crouch, this is Harry Potter, and I am...” Hermione came over to hold Crouch.

“Harry Potter!” said Crouch softly. “You are the child. Here is Hogwarts. You are Dumbledore’s. Go and warn him...”

Crouch was pulling him closer, and Harry tried to loosen Crouch’s grip on his robes, but it was too powerful.

“Warn Dumbledore... tell him...”

“I’ll get Dumbledore if you let go of me,” said Harry. “Just let go, Mr. Crouch, and I’ll get him!”

“Thank you, Weatherby, and when you have done that, I would like a cup of tea. My wife and son will be arriving shortly; we are attending a concert tonight with Mr. and Mrs. Fudge.”

Crouch suddenly let go of Harry and Hermione and began to talk to a tree again.

He seemed to have forgotten them all at once and entered a strange state of madness.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked at one another uneasily, and there was only a heavy breathing in the woods.

“Yes, my son has recently gained 12 O.W.L.s, most satisfactory, yes, thank you, yes, very proud indeed. Now, if you can bring me that memo from the Andorran Minister of Magic, I think I will have time to draft a response...”

“He is mad!” said Ron, staring down at Crouch, who was still gabbling to the tree, apparently convinced it was Percy.

“Yeah!” Harry quickly made up his mind, “Just stay with him, I’ll go back to get Dumbledore!”

Harry started to get up and leave, but his movement seemed to trigger another abrupt change in Mr. Crouch, who seized him hard around the knees and pulled Harry back to the ground.

“Don’t leave me, Harry Potter!” He whispered, his eyes bulging again. “I escaped... their guards suddenly relaxed... I took the opportunity to escape, I must warn... must tell... see Dumbledore... my fault... my fault... all my fault... my son... my fault... tell Dumbledore... Harry Potter... the Dark Lord is stronger! Hurry up, Harry Potter...”

“The Dark Lord?!” Harry froze for a moment. “If you let go of me, I’ll get Dumbledore, Mr. Crouch!”



With the help of Ron and Hermione, he tried his best to pull himself free of Mr. Crouch.

“Just keep him here,” said Harry quickly. “I’ll be back with Dumbledore.”

“You’d better hurry!” Ron shouted. “We can’t hold on for long.”

Ron looked uneasily at Crouch, who went again into a state of madness.

Harry sprinted away from the forest and up through the dark grounds.

The sky had completely darkened and there was no one on the field.

Professor Moody, who was standing by the lake, was no longer there. Harry did not think about it and he ran to the castle with all his strength.

#### Chapter 670: The Approaching Battle

Ron and Hermione stood beside Mr. Crouch and the woods became darker.

They had to take out their wands and two faint beams flickered in the dark.

“How could Mr. Crouch suddenly go so mad?” said Hermione nervously. “This is really abnormal. Percy clearly said that he was very sick, recuperating at home and unable to work. He looks now as though he had been subjected to some cruel torture.”

“Maybe Percy did it!” Ron joked, his voice trembling. “He might think that if he killed Mr. Crouch, he would be made head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation.”

Hermione gave him a hard look. “This is very serious because he just mentioned the Dark Lord!”

There was a silence, perhaps because of the name, and the cold wind became more biting.

Even Mr. Crouch stopped and the darkness in the woods grew deeper.

“We should call Evan over. He and Krum are not far away!” Hermione said suddenly.

“You don’t want to go, do you?” said Ron hesitantly, looking around cautiously. “Don’t leave me here alone!”

“I have a bad hunch. When I was in the first year, I had detention with Harry in the Forbidden Forest. Hagrid told us ...” said Hermione, suddenly raising her wand very fast. “If anyone gets in trouble in the woods, send up red sparks!”

Her voice just fell and a bright beam of light rose from the end of her wand and slowly rose to the sky.

With a plop, Hermione just sent the spark and fell down...

“Hermione, don’t ... don’t joke with me!” Ron shuddered, hearing something behind him.

He hurriedly turned around and saw...

.....

Evan followed Krum to a quiet stretch of ground a short way from the Beauxbatons horses' paddock.

Even though Evan thought there was not much to talk about with him, something still needed to be made clear.

Krum stopped in the shade of the trees and turned to face Evan.

He glared at Evan who realized that he was really tall.

"I want to know," said Krum, with a calm face. "Vot there is between you and Hermy-own-ninny?"

"I think you should have noticed by now, she's my girlfriend," said Evan softly, "And, her name is *Hermione*, not Hermy-own-ninny!"

Krum's face flushed at Evan's words.

"I will make Hermy-own-ninny like me," he said stiffly, his face becoming gloomier.

"Obviously, you're free to try. But I hope you'd better stay away from Hermione and leave her alone," said Evan quietly, looking at Krum. "What you did in the library made her have no way to read quietly, and it was very rude."

Seeing Krum's angry look, Evan suddenly felt uninterested. Talking about this topic with Krum was actually not meaningful at all. In fact, it was really boring. It was better to go to Hagrid to listen to the recent situation of the Blast-Ended Skrewts.

Not surprisingly, Krum became angrier when he heard Evan.

He kept saying that Evan had no right to stop him or stop Hermione from visiting him at his house.

"In the Quidditch World Cup, I fell in love with Hermy-own-ninny the first time I saw her," said Krum, waving his arms vigorously, trying to make Evan understand, "She is the girl I was destined to wait for. If you don't give up, I will fight with you. In Durmstrang, only the strongest have the right to choose."

"This habit is not good, you'd better get rid of it!" said Evan, "At Hogwarts, we stress freedom, not brute force! That's all I have to say. I think you know Hermione won't like *you*. Otherwise you wouldn't have come to me. I won't give in to such a thing. Hermione is my girl..."

Just then, a red spark suddenly rose not far away, very eye-catching.

Evan looked up. It was the edge of the Forbidden Forest. He remembered that Harry, Ron and Hermione were waiting for them.

Was there anything wrong? Evan suddenly had a bad feeling.

Immediately, the picture of Moody standing alone by the lake appeared in front of him.

Damn, Batty Crouch Jr. He didn't do it, did he?!

Bold as it might be, it was possible. He would not be found by Dumbledore as long as he kept the Portkey nearby.

Voldemort couldn't wait any longer. Taking advantage of this opportunity to take Harry away, he didn't have to wait for the task.

“Damn!” Thinking of this, Evan rushed to the edge of the Forbidden Forest.

“Stop, Evan Mason,” Krum shouted. “I haf not finished yet!”

Evan didn't take care of him at all, and there was no time to waste here with this guy.

Watching Evan's back, Krum looked sad. He had just seen the red spark in the sky and knew that something had happened.

But today's conversation ended fruitlessly, and he didn't get the result he wanted. If he let Evan leave like this ...

He'd rather fight Evan than let it end like that. Krum knew that Hermione would be sick of him if Evan went back to talk about it.

He hesitated, took out his wand and pointed it at Evan, and wanted to keep him here...

The red light flashed and quickly dissipated.

His magic had failed. Before Krum could figure out what was going on, he saw a red magic light thick as an arm flying towards him.

With a bang, he flew backwards and fell heavily into the bushes.

Evan passed through the trees and quickly ran to the edge of the Forbidden Forest. Because it was very close, he arrived soon.

The end of his wand glowed with light, illuminating the open space and dispelling the darkness around him.

Evan saw Ron and Hermione lying on the ground in the Forest, and Harry was not there...

Was he late? His heart sank hard. Then he noticed Mr. Crouch beside Ron.

“It's all my fault ... my fault!” Crouch murmured.

He was curling up on the edge of a big oak, and his meticulous face was distorted, as though he was very afraid...

Barty Crouch was here, not dead!

Evan had a little idea of what was going on. He came at the right time.

He swung his wand down and relaxed his stiff body.

Barty Crouch Jr. must be nearby. If he wanted a battle, then he would have it!

