

Harry Potter 671

Chapter 671: Evan VS Barty Crouch Jr.

Evan waved his wand lightly, and several trees around him came to life.

They stretched ugly branches, writhing and turning into tree-men to block in front of Hermione, Ron, and Crouch.

“Come out, I know you’re here!” Evan shouted. His voice echoed through the woods and spread out into the distance.

Evan laid his wand across his chest and walked two steps forward, seemingly defenseless, without any body protection.

He was looking for the place where Barty Crouch Jr. could be hiding, ready to lure him out.

Barty Crouch Jr. was also looking for a chance to get rid of Evan.

“The people in the castle will arrive soon. You don’t have much time left!” said Evan, looking around.

His spirit was highly concentrated and Barty Crouch Jr. was unlikely to continue to drag on.

The next second, the battle began!

Evan swooped forward to avoid a Killing Curse coming from the side of the slant without any warning.

He quickly waved his wand, and the magic barrier with silver water waves rose abruptly from the thin air, colliding with the dark green light, creating bright sparks, accompanied by a strange sound of water flow.

In the interval between his opponent’s attacks, Evan waved his wand at where the curse came from.

A dark blue light came out of the tip of his wand and blasted to hit a big tree in the distance. The trunk of the tree was quickly eroded and withered to a degree visible to the naked eye...

Evan heard heavy footsteps. Barty Crouch had dodged his curse.

In the light of the surrounding fire, he saw a figure clumsily rushing into the distant trees.

Evan did not give him a chance to breathe. His wand was raised high, and a rising pillar of fire burst out of the trees, five feet high, with a blazing temperature. Barty Crouch Jr. could definitely not escape if he hid in there.

He had to give up hiding, and Evan saw Barty Crouch Jr. in the flames.

In order not to be seen, he had used the potion to change back from the image of Moody. A pale yellow mess, but also a pale, paper-like face with a crazy, perverted smile...

His body was burned by flames and there was no scream of pain, but a little excitement on his face.

This guy was really a madman!

Immediately, the pillar of fire turned into a fountain, and the splashes of water fell on the ground and turned into poisonous insects.

They made a clicking sound, crowded together, and rushed to Evan.

The circular ring of flame, centered on Evan, spread outwards. Burned by the fire, the insects screamed in pain and distortion, and then disappeared into wisps of black smoke.

At the same time, the wind blew, and the light and fire that Evan had placed around him went out quickly, and the darkness came back.

The two people were panting and did not continue to fight, quietly standing in situ.

The confrontation just now had allowed Evan and Barty Crouch Jr. to know each other's general strength.

None of them could beat the other in a short time and they continued the standoff, which was undoubtedly in Evan's favor.

Barty Crouch Jr. understood that, too. He didn't expect it to be so hard to deal with Evan; and he became a little anxious.

Immediately, his gaze fell to Ron, Hermione, and Crouch, who were protected by the tree men...

As the battle continued, Barty crouch, Jr., dodged Evan's attack and aimed at Ron and Hermione.

A green curse collided with the tree men, and the wood chips flew, making a horrible sound. Soon, they became a mass of powder.

Instead of continuing to attack him, Evan had to stay in front of Ron, Hermione and Mr. Crouch to defend them.

There was no need to beat Barty Crouch Jr., and he had just to keep going...

Just then, Mr. Crouch suddenly stood up, as though stimulated by the fighting between the two sides.

He returned to normal and pointed horrified at Barty Crouch Jr., not far away. His eyes were wide open and his body was shaking.

"My *dear* father!" said Barty Crouch Jr. quietly, licking his lips.

In the dim light, the cruel and eccentric smile on his face became more obvious, and he looked at Mr. Crouch with great interest.

"Help me ... help me!" Mr. Crouch was trembling. He pounced on Evan, grabbed his robes, and shouted, "I have to see Dumbledore ... my son ... the Dark Lord..."

"Damn!" Evan struggled and a shield came out. "I'm helping you right now. Lie down there."

Mr. Crouch was totally out of his mind and scared of his son. He was clinging tightly to Evan.

Bang! A flash of red light hit Mr. Crouch. Evan had to blow him away if he didn't want to die here...

Mr. Crouch let go of Evan and flew backwards, hitting a tree trunk heavily, his head bleeding.

"The Dark Lord has become stronger. He has gained strong evil power!" He struggled to get to his feet, waving his arms and he ran screaming into the woods. "It's all my fault ... my fault ... I have to tell Dumbledore ... he can't let the Dark Lord succeed..."

He soon disappeared into the dense woods, and Barty Crouch Jr. hurriedly chased him up.

Evan hesitated for a moment, looking at Ron and Hermione, lying on the ground, and did not follow.

Mr. Crouch was finished. Barty Crouch Jr. wouldn't let him go.

Evan couldn't save him if he caught up now. Instead, he might put Ron and Hermione, who were here, in danger.

Although he hated himself for thinking about this, it was in the interests of both sides to let Barty Jr. finish off Mr. Crouch.

He had to let the plan proceed according to the original script, and the identity of Barty Crouch Jr. could not be exposed.

Evan was more concerned about what Barty Crouch meant by his last words!

Voldemort had gained more strong evil power. What progress had he made on the evil god?!

And why did Mr. Crouch suddenly run to Hogwarts? Crouch Jr. apparently got the news and was waiting for him here.

Immediately, Evan thought of Caresius, or the result of the vampire's fight against Voldemort.

It was to say, at this juncture, he really added a lot of trouble to both sides!

Evan checked Hermione and Ron, they had only fainted, and Barty Crouch Jr. hadn't killed them.

"*Rennervate!*" Evan whispered, pointing his wand at Hermione.

Hermione opened her eyes, her face was blank and she felt she was lying on someone's knee.

Then she saw Evan and struggled to sit up.

Chapter 672: Angry Hagrid

Evan quickly put his hand on her shoulder and told her to lie still.

"What happened?" Hermione asked softly. "After Harry left, I felt something was wrong, as though someone was hiding in the dark and peeping at us. I just cast a red spark of warning and I was knocked down..."

"You did a good job, Hermione!" Evan recapitulated what happened just now.

He did not say that the person who fought with him was Barty Crouch Jr., but that he did not know him.

“Who’s that man, why does he want to kill Mr. Crouch?” said Hermione, turning to the direction in which Mr. Crouch disappeared. “Evan, what should we do now? We have to go and save him...”

Just then, there was a sound of footsteps. Dumbledore and Harry had come.

The two of them ran in a hurry, a narrow beam of light traveling from black trunk to black trunk.

“What happened, Evan?” Dumbledore asked calmly. “Where’s Crouch?!”

“He ran away, either wandering in the woods, or else...” Evan said again what had happened.

Dumbledore listened to Evan’s account, staring thoughtfully at the dark woods, understanding what Evan meant.

“Professor, shall we go to him or go back and ask for help?” Harry asked.

“No,” said Dumbledore quickly. “Stay here, Harry, all of you.”

He raised his wand into the air and pointed it in the direction of Hagrid’s cabin. Something silvery darted out of it and streaked away through the trees like a ghostly bird.

Then, Dumbledore bent over and awakened Ron.

Ron woke up and put a hand up to his head.

“It hurts!” he shouted. “He attacked me! The old madman attacked me!

Hermione suddenly fainted, I was about to go over and see what happened, the old madman attacked me from behind!”

“Not Mr. Crouch, someone else!” Harry explained to him.

In a short while, the sound of thunderous footfalls reached them, and Hagrid came panting into sight with Fang at his heels. He was carrying his crossbow.

“Professor Dumbledore!” he said, his eyes widening. “Oh, you four, what happened here?”

He looked around uncomfortably, watching the traces left by Evan and Barty Crouch Jr. after the battle.

“Hagrid, kindly alert Professor Moody...”

“No need, Dumbledore,” said a wheezy growl. “I’m here.”

Moody was limping toward them, leaning on his staff, his wand lit.

He had changed his clothes and there was no sign of any battle with Evan on him. Behind him floated a stretcher on which Krum was lying unconscious.

“I would’ve been here quicker, if it wasn’t for this damn leg!” said Moody furiously, pointing at his fake leg.

“Professor, what happened to Krum?” said Ron in surprise, looking at Krum behind Moody.

“Stunned ... as though he'd been attacked by someone.” said Moody with a rough voice, his magical eye rolling.

Evan remembered he had been burned by the magical fire, but now he looked as though nothing had happened, it was really...

“Krum is badly hurt; I think someone wanted to kill the child. Fortunately, I was patrolling in the woods, and here he is! “

Hearing Moody's words, Harry, Ron, and Hermione turned their heads to look at Evan.

“Well, I did attack him, but he didn't faint and didn't get hurt when I left.” Evan sighed and said what happened between him and Krum and the last Shield Charm he used.

He did not expect that Krum would meet Barty Crouch Jr., this guy was really unfortunate!

“Professor, it was not Evan who did it. It was the man who was after Mr. Crouch,” said Harry in a hurry. “He must have met Krum in the woods and attacked him.”

“Yeah!” said Hermione anxiously. “I can prove Evan...”

“Quiet, Miss Granger!” Moody shouted. “You just mentioned Crouch?!”

“Yes, he disappeared into the woods, we must find him!” said Dumbledore, examining Krum. “Hagrid, I need you to fetch Professor Karkaroff, he must be informed about this.”

“Oh yeah ... right away, Professor!” Hagrid looked anxiously at Evan and the other three. Then he turned and disappeared into the dark trees, Fang trotting after him.

Moody also learned the story from Harry and Ron. He raised his wand.

“Damn, I was here just now, but I didn't see them. I'm going to find Crouch!” he said, limping off into the forest.

The others did not speak, and Dumbledore calmly looked at Moody's back and did not stop him.

No doubt, he was going to deal with Mr. Crouch's body now.

“Professor, is Krum okay?” Hermione asked anxiously.

“No problem, but he'll have to rest for a while!” said Dumbledore.

After a while, they heard the unmistakable sounds of Hagrid and Fang returning. Karkaroff was hurrying along behind them. He was wearing his sleek silver furs, and he looked pale and agitated.

“What is this?” He cried when he saw Krum on the ground. “What’s going on?!”

“Igor, he has been attacked,” said Dumbledore. “This...”

He hadn’t finished yet, and Karkaroff had drawn himself up, clutching his furs around him, looking livid.

“Enough, treachery, all treachery!” he bellowed, pointing at Dumbledore. “I see. It is a plot! You and your Ministry of Magic have lured me here under false pretenses, Dumbledore. This is not an equal competition! First, you sneak Weasley into the tournament, though he is underage! Now, you want to put *my* champion out of action! I smell double-dealing and corruption in this whole affair, and you, Dumbledore, you, with your talk of closer international wizarding links, of rebuilding old ties, of forgetting old differences ... here’s what I think of *you!*”

Karkaroff spat onto the ground at Dumbledore’s feet. In one swift movement, Hagrid seized the front of Karkaroff’s furs, lifted him into the air, and slammed him against a nearby tree.

“*Apologize...*” Hagrid snarled as Karkaroff gasped for breath, Hagrid’s massive fist at his throat, his feet dangling in midair.

“Hagrid, *no!*” Dumbledore shouted, his eyes flashing sharply.

Hagrid removed the hand pinning Karkaroff to the tree, and Karkaroff slid all the way down the trunk and slumped in a huddle at its roots; a few twigs and leaves showered down upon his head, and he looked very embarrassed.

Chapter 673: The Dream

Breathing heavily, Hagrid gave Karkaroff a glowering look.

Hagrid’s magic was weak and he was not a qualified wizard, but because of his half-giant blood, his actual combat effectiveness was very strong. Not to mention, he had the ability to tame magical creatures.

Karkaroff was not Hagrid’s opponent at all. Under his glare, he dared not say a word.

He was such a soft-stricken personality, Evan had long known it, but the actual situation was worse than expected.

Evan didn’t know how this kind of person had been made Headmaster of Durmstrang, but Karkaroff was very cunning!

“Igor, we are going to send Mr. Krum to the school hospital now, he will recover,” said Dumbledore. “Hagrid, kindly escort Harry, Evan, Ron and Hermione back up to the castle!”

“Maybe I’d better stay here, Headmaster...” Hagrid said.

“You will take them back to school!” Dumbledore repeated firmly. “Take them right up to Gryffindor Tower. And Evan, Harry ... I want you to stay there. Anything you might want to do can wait until tomorrow morning.”

“Got it!” Evan replied. It was true that Barty Crouch Jr. couldn’t be given another chance.

Especially after so many things had happened, he might take the chance and take Harry at any moment.

“I’ll leave Fang with you, Headmaster,” Hagrid said, staring menacingly at Karkaroff, who was still sprawled at the foot of the tree, tangled in furs and tree roots. He did not look at Hagrid, apparently waiting for them to go first.

“Stay, Fang! Come on, you four.”

They marched in silence past the Beauxbatons carriage and up toward the castle.

“He’s so bold,” Hagrid growled as they strode past the lake. “How dare he accuse Dumbledore? Like Dumbledore would do anything like that. Like Dumbledore wanted Ron in the tournament in the first place!”

“Did you say that the man attacked Krum?” Harry said, asking a lot of questions in a row. “Who is he and why is he after Mr. Crouch? And, why did Mr. Crouch become like that?”

“Mr. Crouch mentioned the Dark Lord, and this thing must be related to him,” said Hermione. “I don’t know if there’s anything wrong with Mr. Crouch, I hope he can...”

“That’s enough, listen to me!” Hagrid shouted angrily. Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione were all surprised and looked up at him. “Don’t talk about it anymore. The four of you were supposed to have tea with me tonight instead of going into the woods to fight the evil Dark wizard. Especially you, Evan, how can you go to the depths of the Forbidden Forest with that Krum? He’s from Durmstrang. He could have killed you here. Imagine letting him lure you off on your own ... “

“Krum is no opponent to me,” said Evan. “And why would he kill me?”

“Don’t ask me why, they’ve always been like this,” said Hagrid grimly, stomping up the stairs, “In short, the less you lot have to do with these foreigners, the happier you’ll be. You can’t trust any of them.”

They looked at one another and Hagrid was apparently still angry about Madame Maxime.

“You should stay away from the sisters. Don’t wander in front of the carriage. Who knows what will come out of it?” said Hagrid, and he looked quite

frightening for a moment. "Trying to get back in me good books, trying to get me to tell her what's coming in the next task. Ha! You can't trust any of them!"

It seemed that Hagrid did follow Evan's advice and went to talk to Madame Maxime again, but as a result...

Hagrid was in such a bad mood, and he kept taking them to the Gryffindor's Common Room.

They all felt relieved, at last, when they said good-bye to him in front of the Fat Lady.

"Evan, who do you think is the man who fought you?" said Hermione, looking for an empty corner.

"I don't know. It's not someone I know!" Evan paused and went on, "you must not wander alone these days. Someone's got into Hogwarts. It's not safe in school. What we should do now is to help Ron pass the second task."

He did not expect any further accidents, and hoped that everything would go smoothly.

"Don't worry about me. With the help of Gillyweed, I'll definitely have no problem," said Ron.

"Damn!" said Harry bitterly, shaking his fist. "If Snape hadn't held me up, we might have got there in time. 'The headmaster is busy, Potter ... what's this rubbish, Potter?' Why couldn't he have just got out of the way?"

When he went to Dumbledore, he had been stopped by Snape for a long time.

Eventually, when they arrived, the battle between Evan and Barty crouch Jr. was over.

"Maybe he didn't want you to get there!" said Ron quickly. "Maybe... hang on... how fast do you reckon he could have gotten down to the forest? Do you reckon he could have beaten you and Dumbledore there? Would it be him who fought Evan?"

"Not unless he can turn himself into a bat or something," said Harry.

"It's not impossible," Ron muttered.

"Well, go back to bed now," said Evan. There was no point in continuing to speculate. "If there is anything, you can ask Hagrid tomorrow morning. Remember, be vigilant, and don't act alone!"

That night, Evan did not sleep well, and what Mr. Crouch said when he left kept echoing in his ears.

Evan dreamed of the terrible evil god, which merged with Voldemort...

The only one who slept worse than Evan was Harry. His scar was hurting all the time. And the worst was that he was dreaming again!

That was a very realistic, but terrible dream.

Harry dreamed he was riding on the back of an eagle owl, soaring through the dark night sky toward an old, ivy-covered house set high on a hillside.

Lower and lower they flew, the wind blowing pleasantly in Harry's face, until they reached a dark and broken window in the upper story of the house and entered. Now they were flying along a gloomy passageway, to a room at the very end ... through the door they went, into a dark room whose windows were boarded up...

Harry had left the owl's back ... he was watching, now, as it fluttered across the room, into a chair with its back to him. There were two dark shapes on the floor beside the chair.

One was a terrible tree root statue, the one Harry had seen in the summer before.

It was a mixture of the ugliest things Harry had ever seen in his life, twisted all over, with a faint red glow from time to time.

Chapter 674: The Vision of Evil

Harry remembered Evan saying that the monster on this twisted and terrible sculpture was a terrible evil god.

It was a terrifying creature, from the void, that did not exist in the real world, whose purpose was to destroy all life.

He looked at the statue, which was strange. The last time he saw it, it didn't react, but now it was shining red.

The flashing red light was like a flame of sin, and Harry's heart beat every time it flashed.

He had a bad feeling. He felt the most evil breath in the world from the statue...

Harry watched it, of course, it was the man who was watching it.

For a long time, his gaze finally turned to another black chair in front of the chair, where there was a man with a cold face.

"Caresius, I need an explanation!" A cold, harsh voice came from the chair.

"I already told you, my men let him escape because of a mistake!" said Caresius slowly, in an equally cold voice, "I'm sorry, Dark Lord, but he's dead. I hope to not screw up your plan."

"Not this time. My servant took care of him to avoid making things worse," the cold voice said, icy. "But I should probably remind you that I can't tolerate making mistakes again. You should know the basis of our cooperation. Now, even without your help..."

"Of course, I hope you can remember this, too," said Caresius, seemingly undeterred by the threat. "In your current state, you can't do anything without my support and help!"

"Really ?!" said the cold voice. "Do you think so?!"

In the middle of the room, the red light of the statue was more frequent, as though something was going to break through the cocoon.

The sharp tip of a wand appeared at the side of the chair, pointing at Caresius.

In the corner, a large snake was slithering slowly, approaching Caresius from behind.

Harry wanted to warn him, but the scar on his forehead was sorely burning, and he could feel the man's anger...

Strange power surged in his body, followed by piercing pain, as though every nerve were on fire.

The flashing red light on the statue faded away, and the terrible power disappeared. Instead, irrepressible weakness encroached on every cell in his body. Harry could feel it clearly, because he took his wand back.

"Have you been able to use its power?" said Caresius softly, in a tone of undisguised surprise.

"Not yet, but soon," said the cold voice. "It will be mine sooner or later. I am the most powerful in the world."

"Obviously, as you grow stronger, the more evil you become," said Caresius. "The power of that thing is beyond your imagination. You have no idea what you're doing. You're playing with fire. "

"That's what a weak man would say!"

"Its power is cursed and should not exist in this world."

"Enough, Caresius, don't try to challenge my patience anymore!" The cold voice snapped, changing to a glib tone. "We have the same purpose. I also want to see what my great ancestors left me. By the way, I can help you solve that ridiculous problem, if you don't foolishly seek your own way! "

"As long as you remember your promise, my people and I won't meddle in your affairs."

"Very good," said the cold voice, hissing, "Nagini, you're out of luck. I will not be feeding him to you... but never mind ... there is still Harry Potter ..."

The snake also hissed, and Harry could not help but swallow when he saw its tongue fluttering.

The next second, he opened his eyes, squinting, and found that he was still lying on a comfortable, soft four-poster bed.

Harry covered his face with his hands. His scar was still burning so badly that his eyes were watering. The pain had been real, not a dream. It had been as vivid as the one that had awoken him on Privet Drive!

Harry even felt that he had entered the illusion and become that man...

“Damn dream!” He murmured and got out of bed.

In the dim light, Harry fumbled for his glasses and looked at the time. It was only five o’clock in the morning.

On the four-poster bed next to him, Ron was still asleep, snoring slightly, and his clothes were still on the ground.

On the other side, Neville, Dean Thomas, and Seamus Finnigan had no movement at all and were immersed in their dreams.

Harry felt like there was nothing more ridiculous than that. He had just gone through what was probably the vilest thing in the world, while his roommates were sleeping peacefully in bed.

He rubbed his scar and was not sleepy at all.

Voldemort’s power was increasing, he gained power that even the vampire was afraid of, and was about to be killed by him...

Harry felt like he had to do something and tell someone about it, otherwise he would go crazy. He thought of Evan, but the latter should be sleeping now.

Harry shook his head. Sirius had told him what to do if his scar hurt him again, and he was going to follow his advice. He was now going to Dumbledore’s office.

He got up from the bed as fast as he could and put on his coat.

Harry stepped out of the bedroom, thinking about what he had seen in the dream. It was as real as the dream of Privet Drive. He ran over the details in his mind, trying to make sure he could remember them...

He had heard Voldemort blaming Caresius for his fatal mistake, but the vampire was obviously intentional, because those who guarded that man had worked for him, and he felt a strange rage, not because of this man’s death, but because his authority was challenged, and his long-elaborated plan would be destroyed.

Fortunately, the owl had brought good news. The blunder had been repaired, somebody was dead...

Immediately afterwards, the topic shifted to the power that Voldemort was recovering. He was using the statue of the evil god to do evil things, gaining power that should not exist in this world. And then they compromised and reached a consensus again.

And the consensus was that Harry was going to be fed to the snake...

Harry stepped out of the bedroom in contemplation, surprised to see Evan sitting on the sofa in the Common Room, as though waiting for him.

“Harry, you’re going to see Dumbledore?” Evan asked softly, “Just in time, I’m going there too!”

Chapter 675: Expected Reaction

Evan wasn’t specifically here to wait for Harry, although he guessed that Harry’s scar might hurt.

Voldemort's Horcrux resided in that scar. Whenever Voldemort felt strong negative emotions, his connection with Harry would strengthen.

Harry would enter Voldemort's body and feel the world from his perspective.

In fact, the Horcrux was really amazing, but also very weird.

This connection was not good for Harry and the Dark Lord, but they were bound together by fate.

Evan got up so early. He was going to talk to Dumbledore about Crouch, their plans and the use of the Elder Wand to repair Ravenclaw's Diadem. Some words were not suitable to be delayed, and it was not good to go to the headmaster when there were many people in the daytime.

By this time, Dumbledore should have ended his search of the Forbidden Forest and returned to the castle.

Although he already knew the outline of the matter and that the search would not bear fruit, Mr. Crouch was personally there after all.

Hogwarts had to take a corresponding stance, and presumably it wouldn't be long before Fudge would come.

They both walked in the empty corridor, and along the way, Harry told Evan about his vivid dream last night.

Evan was very surprised to hear that Voldemort had begun to try to use the power of the evil god. Things were really going in the worst direction. No wonder Voldemort had to restore his power as soon as possible. Fortunately, he finally failed. What was he still missing now?!

And then there was Caresius, whose differences and mistrust with Voldemort had become apparent, just barely maintaining a fragile balance.

After Voldemort regained his strength, who knows what the vampires were going to do?!

The process of finding the secret treasure keys and deciphering *The Book of Abraham* also needed to be accelerated. After all, this was the only way Evan currently had to deal with the evil god, and he was going to take a trip to Egypt this summer.

He remembered that Nicolas Flamel had said that the Emerald Tablet there was very helpful for mastering Alchemy.

Evan and Harry, meditating, came to the stone gargoyle at the entrance to Dumbledore's office.

"Evan, do you know the password?" Harry looked at the gargoyle, remembering that he didn't know the password.

"I don't know, but we can try it. It should be a kind of candy!" said Evan. "Sherbet lemon?!"

The gargoyle was motionless and unresponsive!

“Okay,” said Harry, staring at it, “Pear Drop. Er ... Licorice Wand. Fizzing Whizbee. Drooble’s Best Blowing Gum. Bertie Bott’s Every Flavor Beans ... oh no, Evan, Professor Dumbledore doesn’t like them!”

Evan also said a few sweets in a row, but they were all wrong.

“Please, can’t you just open?” said Harry angrily. “We really need to see him. It’s urgent!”

The gargoyle remained immovable. Harry kicked it, achieving nothing but an excruciating pain in his big toe.

“Hold on, Harry!” Evan suddenly thought, “It should be Cockroach Cluster. Dumbledore likes this candy.”

“Cockroach Cluster, are you kidding me!” said Harry in surprise. “Does anyone eat that stuff?!”

Before he had finished speaking, the gargoyle sprang to life and jumped aside.

“It seems that our headmaster’s taste is indeed unique!” said Evan, pulling the dumbfounded Harry into the room.

They hurried through the gap in the walls and stepped onto the foot of a spiral stone staircase, which moved slowly upward as the doors closed behind them, taking them up to a polished oak door with a brass door knocker.

Someone was talking in the office. As soon as Evan and Harry stepped off the moving staircase, they heard voices coming from inside.

“Dumbledore, this is terrible. The Ministry of Magic is very busy right now. Everyone is waiting to see us ridicule!” It was the voice of the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, “We’ve just solved Bertha’s incident in the Albanian forest, and there is no sign of those damn vampires. And now there’s another incident with Barty Crouch. I can hardly believe it.”

“Perhaps these things are linked!” said Dumbledore calmly.

“Impossible ... absolutely impossible!” Fudge retorted immediately. “How can Barty Crouch get in touch with the vampires? This is nonsense.”

“What do you think happened to Barty Crouch, Minister?” said Moody’s growling voice.

“Oh, I see two possibilities, Alastor,” said Fudge. “Either Crouch has finally cracked... more than likely, I’m sure you’ll agree, given his personal history. He was crazy and confused, thinking that the man was after him, and he came to Hogwarts from home. He lost his mind and did not know where to go...”

“If that’s the case, he’s gone too fast, Cornelius,” said Dumbledore calmly. “We searched all night and there was no trace of him. And you’ve just listened to my account. It was true that someone was after him. It was a high-powered Dark wizard. That man and Evan had a fight in the woods. “

“Evan Mason ... that child has been causing trouble all the time, and he’s always been able to run into strange things!” Fudge’s voice was somewhat awkward. “I’ve never seen a wizard who can cause more trouble than him. Well ... I admit he’s strong, but I think he may have made it up this time. After all, no one but him saw the so-called Dark wizard who came after old Barty.”

At this point, Evan probably understood! Fudge did want Barty Crouch to disappear so that no one could compete with him for power. But he didn’t want him to disappear like this, to be murdered or something, and he and the Ministry would be in big trouble.

Indeed, the sudden murder of a highly respected Ministry of Magic official at Hogwarts would be the most sensational headline of the year. It would be enough to make people talk for a whole year. The conspiracy theories and terrible facts that would follow would be beyond Fudge’s ability to bear.

All his strength was to deny all the facts and control things and public opinion to a small extent.

“Cornelius, the battle marks at the scene cannot be faked!” Dumbledore warned.

“Oh, maybe, maybe. Well, I’ll reserve judgment until after I’ve seen the place where he was found,” said Fudge quickly. “But you say it was just past the Beauxbatons carriage? Dumbledore, you know what that woman *is*? “

“I consider her to be a very able headmistress... and an excellent dancer,” said Dumbledore quietly.

Chapter 676: The Pensieve

“Dumbledore, come on!” said Fudge angrily. “Don’t you think you might be prejudiced in her favor because of Hagrid? They don’t all turn out harmless ... if, indeed, you can call Hagrid harmless, with that monster fixation he’s got ...”

“I no more suspect of Madame Maxime than Hagrid,” said Dumbledore, just as calmly. “I think it possible that it is you who are prejudiced, Cornelius.”

“Prejudiced?!” said Fudge in disapproval, “countless histories of the past tell us ...”

“Can we wrap up this discussion?!” growled Moody suddenly.

“Yes, yes, let’s go down to the grounds, then,” said Fudge impatiently, waving his hand.

“No, it’s not that,” said Moody, “it’s just that Mason and Potter want a word with you, Dumbledore. They’re just outside the door.”

The next second, the door of the office opened.

Evan and Harry walked inside and saw Cornelius Fudge standing beside Dumbledore's desk. He was wearing his usual pinstriped cloak and holding his lime-green bowler hat.

On the wall, all previous headmasters and headmistresses of Hogwarts were asleep, their chests rising and falling gently.

But in fact they were eavesdropping, and Evan saw the old man closest to him suddenly open his eyes and then close them immediately.

It was Phineas, Sirius's great-grandfather, and the least popular headmaster in Hogwarts history.

"Evan, Harry, long time no see!" said Fudge jovially, moving forward. "How are you?"

He was very kind now, and he was not at all embarrassed by what he said about Evan just now.

"Come on, kids, we were just talking about Mr. Crouch's appearance on the grounds last night," said Fudge. "Evan, you were there, weren't you? I heard you had a fight with someone. Who do you think it was? "

Evan looked around the room, and saw Dumbledore looking at him with a smile.

Half a step behind Fudge, Moody's eyes were also fixed on him, with a serious expression on his face.

One of his hands was hidden under his robes, and Evan was sure he was holding his wand tightly.

If he said anything against him, Barty Crouch Jr. would immediately fight back and run away.

It was obviously unwise to fight Dumbledore, but it was still possible to hijack the Minister of Magic.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Minister. It was too dark in the forest at that time. I couldn't see the man clearly," said Evan. "He should not be a person from the school. He might have followed Mr. Crouch and left with him. It was not Madame Maxime, I'm sure. It's not easy for her to hide so well, is it?"

"Yeah, you're right!" Fudge seemed a little embarrassed and troubled.

That said, Crouch was indeed hunted down, which was really bad news.

"We're about to go for a short walk on the grounds to make a judgment ..." said Fudge.

"No problem!" Dumbledore said calmly. "Evan and Harry, you can wait for me here. Our examination of the grounds will not take long. By the way, Sirius will be here in a while; you can help me receive him."

After Dumbledore had spoken, the three trooped out in silence past Evan and Harry and closed the door. After a minute or so, Evan and Harry heard the clunks of Moody's wooden leg growing fainter in the corridor below.

"Hope they can find something!" said Harry, looking around. "Why is Sirius coming here?"

"In order to investigate this matter, look for the lost Crouch and protect Fudge while at it!" Evan replied, "But I dare say, Harry, he is worried about you. In addition to such a big thing in school, he must be worried to death. "

In particular, Sirius also knew the truth of the matter from Evan, adding to his worries.

If Dumbledore hadn't stopped him, he would have rushed to Hogwarts long ago, and he could just take this opportunity...

They sat for a while. Evan studied the interesting alchemy instruments on Dumbledore's desk. He didn't know the usefulness of these things before, but now he could feel their beauty and operation principle.

Dumbledore was also a master of Alchemy. He was not only a friend of Nicolas Flamel, but also a partner.

The twelve uses of Dragon Blood were quite remarkable.

One of them was a myth that long-term use of dragon blood and bathing with dragon blood would enhance cell vitality enough to turn one immortal.

So, were Caresius and Elaine immortal?!!

Then, Evan thought of Dumbledore again. Now that he had achieved this, what kind of existence he was now.

It should be very easy to achieve immortality with Dumbledore's strength.

While Evan was studying those alchemy instruments, Harry stood up and walked around.

"Hello Fawkes," he said.

Fawkes, Professor Dumbledore's phoenix, was standing on his golden perch beside the door. The size of a swan, with magnificent scarlet-and-gold plumage, he swished his long tail and blinked benignly at Harry.

Harry circled around Dumbledore's office. For several minutes, he watched the old headmasters and headmistresses snoozing in their frames, thinking about what he had just heard, and running his fingers over his scar. It had stopped hurting now.

Sirius was coming soon, with Evan beside him, in Dumbledore's office, and knowing he would shortly be telling him about the dream, Harry felt much calmer, and his nervous mood gradually relaxed.

He looked up at the walls behind the desk. The patched and ragged Sorting Hat was standing on a shelf. A glass case next to it held a magnificent silver sword with large rubies set into the hilt.

This was the sword that Harry had pulled out of the Sorting Hat in his second year and used it to kill the basilisk.

It had once belonged to Godric Gryffindor, founder of the Gryffindor House. In the last term, Harry had also tried to win the challenge Gryffindor had left in the Centaurs' colony, but he failed. Fortunately, Evan passed the challenge.

Harry was gazing at the sword when he noticed a patch of silvery light on the glass case.

He looked around for the source of the light and saw a sliver of silver-white shining brightly from within a black cabinet behind him, whose door had not been closed properly.

Harry hesitated, walked over and opened the cabinet door. Inside was a shallow, large stone basin.

“What is this?” Harry wondered.

“This is a Pensieve, a very top-notch alchemy product!” Evan’s voice suddenly sounded, “Harry, you’ve really found an amazing thing.”

Chapter 677: The Memory in the Pensieve

“What’s a Pensieve?” said Harry curiously.

He saw a shallow stone basin in the cabinet at the front, with odd around the edge: runes and symbols that he did not recognize. The silvery light was coming from the basin’s contents. It was not clear whether the substance was liquid or gas.

It was hard to describe. It was a bright, whitish silver, and it was moving ceaselessly; the surface of it became ruffled like water beneath wind, and then, like clouds, separated and swirled smoothly. It looked like light made liquid ... or like wind made solid...

Harry had the idea to touch it to find out what it felt like, but nearly four years’ experience of the magical world told him that sticking his hand into a bowl full of some unknown substance was a very stupid thing to do.

He therefore turned his head to look at Evan, who must know exactly what this thing was for.

“To put it simply, a Pensieve is an alchemy product used to preserve the thoughts and memories of the mind.” Noticing Harry’s gaze, Evan explained. “As long as we put memory in it, we can use it to re-reflect that memory. In the way of experience, the person who appears in the memory does not exist... “

As he explained to Harry, he gently stroked the Pensieve and studied the huge stone basin in front of him.

Evan was more curious about how it was made than how it was used.

After studying it for a while, he had to give up. It was too complicated. This Pensieve was far from being as simple as it seemed to be.

Unless Dumbledore allowed Evan to chop this thing up, there was nothing to be seen from the outside.

“This Pensieve can actually preserve and reproduce memories!” Harry sighed after listening to Evan’s explanation, “It’s incredible!”

“It’s amazing!” Evan nodded.

“What are the letters on it for?” Harry continued to ask, coming closer.

“If you take the Ancient Runes class, you will know that these are Runics, a type of ancient scriptures, used in alchemy. As for the complex symbols around the Runes, they are magic characters that can gather and conduct Magic. I’ve never seen this arrangement before. “

Harry nodded, as though he understood, but he couldn’t help asking again, “Evan, what are these strange silver things?”

“It’s memories!” said Evan, using his wand to point at the silver object in the Pensieve.

His wand entered, and the silvery stuff inside the basin began to swirl very fast, becoming transparent, looking like glass.

This was put in by Dumbledore. He must have used it before and had no time to take away the memory.

“Memory!” Harry froze and continued, “but ...”

“Come on, let’s go in and take a look and you’ll understand,” said Evan, holding Harry’s right hand directly.

“What?!” Harry was surprised.

The next second, he was dragged into the stone basin by Evan, his head down into it.

The sight was changing rapidly, and Dumbledore’s office gave an almighty lurch.

Harry realized that his head didn’t hit the bottom of the basin as he expected, but entered a strange world. He was falling through something icy-cold and black; it was like being sucked into a dark whirlpool...

Then he saw clearly that it was a dimly lit room. Harry thought it might even be underground, because there were no windows around, merely torches in brackets such as the ones that illuminated the walls of Hogwarts, and he saw that rows and rows of witches and wizards were seated around every wall on what seemed to be benches rising in levels. An empty chair stood in the very center of the room.

There was something about the chair that gave Harry an ominous feeling. Chains encircled the arms of it, as though its occupants were usually tied to it.

At this moment, he and Evan were sitting on a bench at the end of the room inside the basin, a bench raised high above the others.

He looked up at the high stone ceiling, expecting to see the circular skylight, but there was nothing there but dark, solid stone.

The surrounding scene made Harry feel it more like a dungeon than a room. There was a bleak and forbidding air about the place; there were no pictures on the walls, no decorations at all; just these tiered rows of benches, rising in levels all around the room, all positioned so that they had a clear view of that chair with the chains on its arms.

What was going on, and how did they suddenly come to this place?!!

Harry was puzzled, but fortunately Evan was still by his side, otherwise he didn't know what to do.

“Evan, what's this place?!” Harry whispered, his voice sounding strange.

“As I've just said, the Pensieve is a prop to relive memory, and we are now in it ... inside a memory.” said Evan, sitting next to Harry and looking around with interest.

That was the Ministry of Magic's special courtroom, where the Wizengamot was used to trial the sinful Dark wizards.

In a small room at the back, there was the only Portkey to Azkaban Wizarding Prison.

He had been here before, but the courtroom was limited at that time, and it was far less shocking than now.

In this room, around Evan and Harry, there were at least 200 witches and wizards.

They looked solemn, dressed in ancient exquisite robes mainly in dark colors, giving people an invisible pressure.

“So we're in a memory now, whose memory is this?” Harry continued to ask softly, his breathing tense and rapid. He looked around, and then he couldn't help uttering a loud cry of surprise that reverberated around the silent room.

The person sitting next to him was Albus Dumbledore.

“Obviously, this is Dumbledore's memory,” said Evan. “We are in his memory at the moment. Do you remember my previous explanation about the Pensieve? Here, we are just bystanders. We won't be noticed by the people involved, and there is no way to change anything. This is just a memory, belonging to Dumbledore. “

Harry nodded, and although he was mentally prepared for it, it was still too incredible. But it was true, because none of the wizards seemed to have heard Harry's loud voice.

They looked solemn, staring nervously into the far corner of the room, where there was a door.

Dumbledore did the same. He didn't move or speak, and ignored Evan and Harry.

Harry hesitated, and then raised his right hand and waved it energetically in front of Dumbledore's face.

Dumbledore didn't blink or turn his head to look at Harry. He didn't move at all.

As Evan said, this was just a memory, not a real world.

Chapter 678: Karkaroff's Trial

Soon after Evan and Harry entered, they heard footsteps.

The door in the corner of the dungeon opened, and three people entered. More precisely, it was one man, flanked by two Dementors.

The cold and bitter feeling brought by the Dementors was so real that one could not help forget that it was only in memory.

The unpleasant thoughts echoed in Evan's mind, and he saw Harry also pale, looking at the Dementors in horror.

In fact, under the influence of Dementors, everyone around them seemed a little timid.

The two dementors... tall, hooded creatures, whose faces were concealed, were gliding slowly toward the chair in the center of the room, each grasping one of the man's arms with their dead and rotten-looking hands. The man between them looked as though he was about to faint!

They placed the man in the chained chair and glided back out of the room. The door swung shut behind them.

The chains on the arms of the chair glowed suddenly gold and snaked their way up the man's arms, binding him there.

The man looked up in panic, and Evan saw that it was Karkaroff.

Unlike Dumbledore, who was silver-haired, Karkaroff looked much younger, and his hair and goatee were black. He was not dressed in sleek furs, but in thin and ragged robes, and was constantly shaking.

"Is this the scene of Karkaroff's trial?!" Evan stared at the young Karkaroff in the chair with interest.

For this guy, he was more interested in how he had betrayed many Death Eaters to gain freedom.

"Igor Karkaroff!" Mr. Crouch, who was sitting in the middle of the room, stood up. His hair was also black, his face was much less lined, and he looked fit and alert.

That time should be the most beautiful era of Crouch. Voldemort failed to escape, and his tough attitude towards the Dark wizards helped him win hearts and minds in the war that had just ended. Everything was developing in a good direction, and the position of Minister of Magic was waving to him...

Who would have thought that everything would change just a few months later?

“Karkaroff, you have been brought from Azkaban to present evidence to the Ministry of Magic.” said Crouch solemnly, waving his hand. “You have given us to understand that you have important information for us.”

Karkaroff straightened himself as best as he could, tightly bound to the chair.

“I have, sir,” he said, and although his voice was very scared, Evan could still hear the familiar unctuous note in it. “I wish to be of use to the Ministry. I wish to help. I know that the Ministry is trying to round up the last of the Dark Lord’s supporters. I am eager to assist in any way I can...”

Dumbledore did not respond to this statement, and was expressionless. Mad-Eye Moody sitting next to him narrowed his eyes tightly in intense dislike.

Of course, his appearance was different from now.

At that time, he did not have his magical eye, but two normal ones, and there were not so many scars on his face.

“Well, Crouch is going to let him out,” Moody whispered to Dumbledore. “He’s done a deal with him. It took me six months to track him down, and Crouch is going to let him go if he’s got enough new names. Let’s hear his information, I say, and throw him straight back to the Dementors. “

Dumbledore made a small noise of dissent through his long, crooked nose.

“Ah, I was forgetting ... you don’t like the Dementors, do you, Albus?” said Moody with a sardonic smile.

“No,” said Dumbledore calmly, “I’m afraid I don’t. I have long felt the Ministry is wrong to ally itself with such creatures. Sooner or later, we’ll suffer losses, letting them guard the Dark wizards. Besides, it is inhumane, even if ...”

“Filth like this deserves the most ...” said Moody disgustedly. “It is said that this guy’s family is very powerful in northern Europe, and seems to be colluding with local vampires, Dark wizards and pure Dark creatures!”

“About those Vampires, have you noticed any actions recently?” Dumbledore asked softly.

“No, they have been completely silent recently since that man disappeared, and there was no hindrance in my capture of Karkaroff! This is very wrong. I don’t know if you have any sources in that area, but according to my observation...” Moody suddenly lowered his voice and whispered something close to Dumbledore’s ear.

Evan came closer to hear what he was saying. But Moody quickly finished, and Dumbledore’s expression remained unchanged; he just nodded.

The trial continued, and Crouch started asking questions.

“You say you have names for us, Karkaroff,” said Mr. Crouch. “Let us hear them, please.”

“Okay, but you must understand,” said Karkaroff hurriedly, “that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named operated always in the greatest secrecy. He preferred that we... I mean to say, his supporters... and I regret now, very deeply, that I ever counted myself among them...”

“Less nonsense,” sneered Moody, raising his voice.

“We never knew the names of every one of our fellows. He alone knew exactly who we all were ...”

“Which was a wise move, wasn’t it, as it prevented someone like you, Karkaroff, from turning all of them in,” muttered Moody.

“Yet you say you have *some* names for us?” said Mr. Crouch in a cold voice.

“I... I do,” said Karkaroff breathlessly. “Please note that they were all important supporters. People I saw with my own eyes doing his bidding. I give this information as a sign that I fully and totally renounce him, and am filled with remorse so deep I can barely... “

“These names are?!” said Mr. Crouch sharply.

Karkaroff drew a deep breath and made up his mind.

“There was Antonin Dolohov. I saw him torture countless Muggles and those who did not support the Dark Lord.”

“And you helped him do it...” murmured Moody.

“We have already apprehended Dolohov,” said Crouch. “He was caught shortly after yourself.”

“Indeed?!” said Karkaroff, his eyes widening. “I... I am delighted to hear it!”

But he didn’t look happy. This news had come as a real blow to him. One of his names was worthless, and he had less chips.

“Any others?” Crouch asked coldly.

“Ah, yes, and Rosier,” said Karkaroff hurriedly. “Evan Rosier.”

“Rosier is dead,” said Crouch. “He was caught shortly after you were too. Preferred to fight rather than come quietly and was killed in the struggle.”

“And he took away a bit of me with him,” whispered Moody.

Evan and Harry turned to look at him, and he was indicating the large chunk out of his nose to Dumbledore.

Chapter 679: Heavyweight Trial

“No ... no more than Rosier deserved!” said Karkaroff, a real tone of panic in his voice now.

It became apparent that he was starting to worry that none of his information would be of any use to the Ministry.

Karkaroff's eyes darted toward the door in the corner, behind which the Dementors undoubtedly still stood, waiting.

Then, he uttered a few more names, still rejected by Crouch one by one.

The trial was more like a bargaining process. Karkaroff was really cunning, but Crouch was obviously one step ahead.

“Any more?” Crouch asked with a straight face.

“Wait a minute! There was also Travers!” said Karkaroff nervously. “He helped murder the McKinnons! Ah ... and Mulciber ... he specialized in the Imperius Curse, forced many people to do horrific things! Rookwood, who was a spy, and passed He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named useful information from inside the Ministry itself! “

When he said Rookwood's name, there was a murmur among all the watching crowd.

“Rookwood?” said Mr. Crouch, nodding to a witch sitting in front of him, who began scribbling upon her piece of parchment. “Augustus Rookwood of the Department of Mysteries?!”

“The very same,” said Karkaroff eagerly. “I believe he used a network of well-placed wizards, both inside the Ministry and out, to collect information. Rookwood's position is very important and he has access to the Department of Mysteries...”

“Well, what you said about Travers and Mulciber is what we already know,” said Crouch. “Karkaroff, if that is all, you will be returned to Azkaban while we decide ...”

“Don't!” cried Karkaroff, looking quite desperate. “Wait, I have more!”

Harry could see him sweating in the torchlight, his white skin contrasting strongly with the black of his hair and beard.

“Snape!” He shouted, “Severus Snape!”

“Snape has been cleared by this council,” said Crouch disdainfully. “He has been vouched for by Albus Dumbledore.”

“No!” shouted Karkaroff, straining at the chains that bound him to the chair. “I assure you, Severus Snape is a Death Eater. He is a complete Death Eater!”

Dumbledore had gotten to his feet, and many people looked at him.

“I have given evidence already on this matter,” he said calmly. “Severus Snape was indeed a Death Eater. However, he rejoined our side before Lord Voldemort’s downfall and turned spy for us, at a great personal risk. He is now no more a Death Eater than I am.”

“No!” said Karkaroff reluctantly. “He didn’t ...”

In that sense, Snape’s status as a double agent was indeed very successful.

Both Dumbledore and Voldemort thought he was their own man, and even those Death Eaters believed him until Voldemort returned.

Even Evan had to admire this. No one except Snape could do it.

“Very well, Karkaroff!” Crouch said coldly. “You have been of assistance. I shall review your case. You will return to Azkaban in the meantime ...”

“Snape is ...” Before Harry had time to comment, Crouch’s voice faded.

The dungeon was dissolving as though it were made of smoke; everything was fading. Evan and Harry could only see their own bodies ... everything else was swirling darkness...

And then, the dungeon returned!

They were sitting in a different seat, still on the highest bench, but now to the left side of Mr. Crouch.

The atmosphere seemed quite different from what it was just now: very relaxed, even cheerful. The witches and wizards all around the walls were talking to one another, as though they were at some sort of sporting event.

Evan noticed a witch halfway up the rows of benches opposite. She was wearing magenta robes, and was sucking the end of an acid-green quill. It was unmistakably, a younger Rita Skeeter.

His eyes glanced at several people, and Dumbledore was sitting beside him again, Moody had disappeared.

Mr. Crouch looked more tired, somehow fiercer and gaunter...

The door in the corner opened, and Ludo Bagman walked into the room.

This was not a Ludo Bagman gone to seed, but a Ludo Bagman who was clearly at the height of his Quidditch-playing fitness. His nose wasn’t broken now; he was tall and lean and muscular.

Bagman looked nervous as he sat in the chained chair, but it did not bind him; and Bagman, perhaps taking heart from this, glanced around at the watching crowd, waved at a couple of them, and managed a small smile.

“Ludo Bagman, you have been brought here in front of the Council of Magical Law to answer charges relating to the activities of the Death Eaters,” said Mr. Crouch. “We have heard the evidence against you, and are about to reach our

verdict. Do you have anything to add to your testimony before we pronounce judgment? “

“Only one sentence!” Ludo Bagman smiled awkwardly, “Well ... I know I’ve been a bit of an idiot...”

One or two wizards and witches in the surrounding seats smiled indulgently and nodded.

Mr. Crouch, however, remained unmoved. He was staring down at Ludo Bagman with an expression of the utmost severity and dislike.

“Bagman was a *Death Eater*?” Harry whispered, surprised.

“No, as he himself said, he was an idiot!” Evan replied.

“Ludovic Bagman, you were caught passing information to Lord Voldemort’s supporters,” Said Mr. Crouch. “For this, I suggest a term of imprisonment in Azkaban lasting no less than ...”

But there was an angry outcry from the surrounding benches. Several of the witches and wizards around the walls stood up, shaking their heads, and even their fists, at Mr. Crouch.

“But I’ve told you, Barty; I had no idea!” Bagman called earnestly, his round blue eyes widening. “None at all! Old Rookwood was a friend of my dad’s! It never crossed my mind he was in with You-Know-Who. I thought I was collecting information for our side! And Rookwood kept talking about getting me a job in the Ministry later on ... once my Quidditch days are over, you know ... I mean, I can’t keep getting hit by Bludgers for the rest of my life, can I? “

There were murmurs and titters from the crowd.

“It will be put to the vote,” said Mr. Crouch coldly. “The jury will please raise their hands ... those in favor of imprisonment...”

No one raised their hands. Many of the witches and wizards around the walls began to clap. One of the witches on the jury stood up.

“What’s going on?!” Crouch roared.

“We would just like to congratulate Mr. Bagman on his splendid performance for England in the Quidditch match against Turkey last Saturday,” the witch said breathlessly, “This is our honor!”

Mr. Crouch looked furious. The dungeon was ringing with applause now. Bagman got to his feet and bowed, beaming.

“Despicable!” Mr. Crouch spat at Dumbledore, sitting down as Bagman walked out of the dungeon. “Rookwood get him a job indeed ... the day Ludo Bagman joins us will be a sad day indeed for the Ministry...”

Then the dungeon dissolved again.

When it had returned, Evan, Harry and Dumbledore were still sitting beside Mr. Crouch.

But the atmosphere was very different. There was total silence, broken only by the dry sobs of a frail, wispy-looking witch in the seat next to Mr. Crouch. She was clutching a handkerchief to her mouth with trembling hands.

Evan suddenly came to his senses. He knew that this was the trial of Bartemius Crouch, Jr.; and the critical moment had come!

He also remembered that Sirius and Barty Crouch Jr. had been sentenced on the same day.

Of course, Sirius was put in Azkaban without trial.

However, he must be here now!

Chapter 680: Cold-Blooded Crouch

On the jury table, Crouch looked gaunter and grayer than ever before. A nerve was twitching in his temple.

“On behalf of the Wizengamot High Court, I adjudge Sirius Black to be permanently imprisoned in Azkaban Wizarding Prison for various crimes,” said Crouch solemnly. “Does anyone have any objection?”

There was quiet, only Mr. Crouch’s voice echoed through the silent dungeon. Dumbledore seemed to want to say something, but at the end said nothing.

The Ministry of Magic did not judge Sirius, which was unfair and not in accordance with the procedures.

However, Sirius was in a really bad state at that time. After he thought he had killed Peter Pettigrew, he went into a state of insanity. He wanted to atone for Harry’s parents and voluntarily admitted many unwarranted crimes.

Evan was thinking that if he went to the holding cell now, he might see Sirius.

“Next ...” Crouch looked around, as though there were suddenly a lot of dragons. “Bring them in!”

The door in the corner opened again, and six Dementors walked in, flanking a group of four people.

Unlike the previous silence, many people in the crowd turned to look up at Mr. Crouch, and a few of them whispered to one another.

The Dementors placed each of the four people in the four chairs with chained arms that now stood on the dungeon floor. There was a thickset man who stared blankly up at Crouch; a thinner and more nervous-looking man, whose eyes were darting around the crowd; a woman with thick, shining dark hair and heavily hooded eyes, who was sitting in the chained chair as though it were a throne.

She was Bellatrix in her youth, she looked beautiful, but from time to time she revealed a hint of madness.

She looked at the wizards on the jury table with no fear at all. The slight smile on the corner of her mouth clearly revealed ridicule and contempt.

And then there was a boy of seventeen or eighteen, who, unlike the other three, looked completely petrified. He was shivering, his straw-colored hair all over his face, his freckled skin milk-white. It was Barty Crouch Jr.

He looked like a student who had just graduated from Hogwarts. If he had not known that he was the most cunning and purest Death Eater, Evan would have thought that he was a teenager like his brother next door, and unfortunately he was involved in the trial.

Evan looked at Barty Crouch Jr. hoping to see something, but there was nothing.

No wonder he could get Voldemort's trust. This acting skill and shrewdness alone were not available to ordinary people.

He probably thought his father would be lenient to him, as long as he acted as innocently as possible. But Barty Jr. was about to be disappointed, and Evan noticed that Mr. Crouch did not even look at him.

Crouch was now expected to hate his son. At the end of the war, when he was about to become Minister of Magic, this situation suddenly appeared. He estimated he should get rid of the relationship with Barty Jr. as soon as possible.

In this respect, Crouch's cold blood and cruelty were beyond imagination.

It had to be said that this family was really terrible...

This was the typical Slytherin, the typical family of pure blood wizards, who could give up everything for power.

But they plotted behind the scenes, such as secretly saving their son from Azkaban.

After seeing Barty Jr., the wispy little witch beside Crouch began to rock backward and forward in her seat, whimpering into her handkerchief. She looked very sad and grieved, writing all expressions on her face.

Crouch stood up and looked down upon the four in front of him, and there was pure hatred in his face.

"You have been brought here before the Council of Magical Law and the Wizengamot High Court, so that we may pass judgment on you," he said clearly, but his body couldn't help shaking, "for a crime so heinous ..."

"Father," said the boy with the straw-colored hair. "Father... please..."

"... that we have rarely heard the like of it within this court," said Crouch, speaking more loudly, drowning out his son's voice. "We have heard the evidence against you. The four of you stand accused of capturing an Auror... Frank Longbottom... and subjecting him to the Cruciatus Curse, believing him to

have knowledge of the present whereabouts of your exiled master, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named ...”

“Father, I didn’t!” shrieked the boy in chains below. “I didn’t, I swear it, Father, I’m innocent, I just happened to be there, don’t send me back to the Dementors...”

“You are further accused,” bellowed Mr. Crouch, coldly, “of using the Cruciatus Curse on Frank Longbottom’s wife, when he would not give you information. You planned to restore He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named to power, and to resume the lives of violence you presumably led while he was strong. I now ask the jury...”

“Mother!” screamed the boy below, and the wispy little witch beside Crouch began to sob, rocking backward and forward. “Mother, stop him, Mother, I didn’t do it, it wasn’t me!”

His mother sobbed even more. She kept wiping her tears with the handkerchief, but she didn’t speak.

“I now ask the jury,” shouted Mr. Crouch, “to raise their hands if they believe, as I do, that these crimes deserve a life sentence in Azkaban!”

In unison, the witches and wizards along the right-hand side of the dungeon raised their hands. The crowd around the walls began to clap as it had for Bagman, their faces full of savage triumph.

Barty Crouch Jr. gave out screams, echoing in the courtroom.

“No! Mother, no! I didn’t do it, I didn’t do it, I didn’t know! Don’t send me there, don’t let him!”

The Dementors were gliding back into the room, and the boy’s three companions rose quietly from their seats.

Bellatrix looked up at Crouch and called, “The Dark Lord will rise again. Throw us into Azkaban; we will wait! He will rise again and will come for us, he will reward us especially! We alone were faithful! We alone tried to find him! “

But Barty Crouch Jr. was trying to fight off the Dementors, even though their cold, draining power had started to affect him.

The crowd was jeering, some of them on their feet.

“I’m your son!” he screamed up at Crouch, “YOUR SON!”

“You are no son of mine!” bellowed Mr. Crouch, his eyes bulging suddenly, his face ferocious.

For the first time, he focused on Barty Crouch Jr. and shouted, “I have no son!”

The wispy witch beside him gave a great gasp and slumped in her seat. She had fainted. Crouch appeared to not have noticed.

“Take them away!” He roared at the Dementors, spit flying from his mouth. “Take them away, and may they rot in there!”

“Father! Father, I wasn’t involved! No! No! Father, please!” Barty Jr. struggled.

But it didn’t work. He was mercilessly dragged down by the Dementors.

Evan stood up, dragged Harry and ran. He wanted to see the scene before they were sent to Azkaban.

No doubt, Sirius was also there.