

Harry Potter 701

Chapter 701: The Death Eaters

What made Evan curious was what Voldemort had with the vampire.

It was unusual that Caresius didn't show up after he disappeared with Cedric. Would it be related to that?

The attitude of the vampires was important, and the Slytherin family hid many secrets that had been passed down for centuries. Clues of the evil god, Salazar Slytherin's wand, the secret treasure key he left, etc...

Caresius and Voldemort had an agreement. Now that he had risen again, it was time to fulfill the agreement!

However, Voldemort didn't look like he was going to keep his promise.

Now Voldemort continued to move forward, stopping in front of a man.

"Lucius, my slippery friend," he whispered, "I am told that you have not renounced the old days, though to the world you present a respectable face. You are still ready to take the lead in a spot of Muggle-torture, I believe? "

"Yes, my dear master ..." Lucius Malfoy's voice came quickly from beneath the hood.

"In this respect, your exploits were fun. Yet you never tried to find me, Lucius. Might not your energies have been better directed toward finding and aiding your master?" Voldemort asked softly.

"Master, I was constantly on the alert" Lucius replied swiftly. "Had there been any sign of you, any whisper of your whereabouts, I would have been at your side immediately, nothing could have prevented me..."

"No, you didn't! At the Quidditch World Cup last summer, you ran from my Mark, when a faithful Death Eater sent it into the sky!" said Voldemort lazily, "I know what was going on. In that box, you probably didn't expect that I was watching you in the dark and looking forward to your performance. You really disappointed me!"

Lucius stopped talking abruptly, his body shaking uncontrollably.

Evan knew that the Malfoys were going to be unlucky, and Voldemort would not let them go.

Of course, he wouldn't kill Lucius Malfoy immediately. Sometimes it was crueler to cut meat with a blunt knife, step by step, watching the other go to despair, watching with satisfaction and feeling the joy of destruction.

"Lucius, I expect more faithful service in the future ..."

“Of course, my Lord, of course!” said Lucius immediately, “Please rest assured... you are merciful, thank you...”

Voldemort took two steps forward, and stopped, staring at the space, large enough for two people, that separated Malfoy and the next man.

“The Lestranges should stand here!” said Voldemort quietly. “But they are entombed in Azkaban. They were faithful. They went to Azkaban rather than renounce me. When Azkaban is broken open, the Lestranges will be honored beyond their dreams.”

“The Dementors will join us. They are our natural allies. We will recall the banished vampires, werewolves, and giants. I shall have all my devoted servants returned to me, and an army of Dark creatures whom all fear...” his voice gradually increased. “Then, I will get stronger power, more powerful than the world can imagine, and that power will soon belong to me. I will lead you to conquer the whole world and practice our ideas!”

It was really a vulgar dream to conquer death first and then the world.

Evan couldn't see any use of conquering the world, ruling and torturing many people. But Voldemort said that he would get even stronger power, which made him worry, it might be the power of the evil god!

If so, Voldemort who gained this power would not conquer the world, but destroy it.

He walked on. He passed some of the Death Eaters in silence, but he paused before others.

“Macnair... I heard you are destroying dangerous beasts for the Ministry of Magic? You shall have better victims than that soon, Macnair. Lord Voldemort will provide. ...”

“Thank you, Master... thank you,” murmured Macnair.

“Ah!” Voldemort moved to the two largest hooded figures. “Crabbe... you will do better this time, will you not, Crabbe? And you, Goyle?”

“Yes, Master!”

“We will, Master!”

They were the fathers of Slytherin students Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle, and they bowed clumsily, muttering dully.

They were very traditional pure-blood wizard families, whose IQs had been lowered out of inbreeding.

When Voldemort first collapsed, the two families relied on the Malfoys to get away with it. But it was undeniable that they seemed to have exceptional talent in torturing Muggles.

“What about you, Nott?” said Voldemort quietly as he walked past a stooped figure in Mr. Goyle’s shadow.

The Nott family was another traditional and ancient pure blood wizard family, Slytherins from generation to generation, and strong supporters of Pure-blood supremacy.

The son of that stooped man was Theodor Nott, a tall and thin Slytherin boy. He and Harry were in the same year, but he had been outside the small gang organized by Draco Malfoy.

Evan had an impression of that boy. He was very clever and at the same time a little arrogant. He often liked to do his things by himself. It was a rare Slytherin who did not actively find trouble for Gryffindor students. Nott was said to be very talented in potions.

“My Lord, I prostrate myself before you, I am your most faithful...” said Nott hastily.

“Enough!” said Voldemort, obviously not convinced. “Prove yourself with practical actions in the future.”

He walked quickly to the largest gap of all, and he stood surveying it with his blank, red eyes, as though he could see people standing there.

“And here we have seven missing Death Eaters... three dead in my service. One, too cowardly to return... he will pay. One, who I believe has left me forever... he will be killed of course. One more, who caused my failure that year... he’s now locked in Azkaban. I had expected him to perform better, but he cowardly hid for 13 years... I don’t need useless servants... waiting for him will be death... as for the last one, he remains my most faithful servant, and he has already reentered my service.”

The Death Eaters stirred, and their eyes darted sideways at one another through their masks.

“He is at Hogwarts, that faithful servant, and it was through his efforts that our young friend arrived here ...”

The eyes of the circle flashed in Harry’s direction, looking at Evan next to him by the way.

Their eyes were very unfriendly, like those of the big snake not far from Evan, as though they were about to swallow them.

“Yes,” said Voldemort, a grin curling his lipless mouth. “The famous Harry Potter and his classmate have kindly joined us for my rebirthing party. One might go so far as to call them my guests of honor.”

Chapter 702: Voldemort's Story

There was silence, and then Lucius Malfoy stepped forward, his trembling voice spoke from under his mask.

“Master, all-powerful Master, we crave to know... we beg you to tell us... how you have achieved this... this miracle... how you managed to return to us...” he said respectfully, glancing at the vampire named Durand beside him.

Voldemort had just mentioned the vampire’s help, and all Death Eaters were curious about it.

What role did the vampires play in it, and what was their agreement with Voldemort?!!

In addition, who was the Death Eater who had been lurking in Hogwarts to help Voldemort successfully resurrect? They all wanted to know.

Not surprisingly, he would be the most trusted and relied on by Voldemort, the one they needed to bow to.

Past experience told them that it was not realistic to please Voldemort directly, and there was hope for those who got his attention.

Like Lucius Malfoy, Death Eaters had their own calculations.

“It’s a long story, Lucius!” said Voldemort with a cruel smile. “And it begins; and... ends, with my young friend here.”

He walked lazily over to stand next to Harry, so that the eyes of the whole circle were upon the two of them. The snake continued to circle, and it was as though it wanted to eat Evan first.

Looking closely, Evan could now see clearly what Voldemort was like.

His skin was paler than a skeleton, but not smooth, very rough, like a snake covered with albino scales, especially on his hairless head, whose skin was dark, red, with disgusting complex lines.

The most striking and frightening thing about the flat snake face was the eyes.

Voldemort’s eyes flashed with blood-red light, making Evan suddenly think of the raven’s eyes he’d seen inside the Merperson statue not long ago.

There were no emotions in those empty eyes, only bloodthirsty, crazy and cruel.

His pupils were two slits, like a cat’s, and it was uncomfortable to look at them. And his flat nose was just two thin slits, as though there were no nostrils...

Evan was a little confused. Did Voldemort become like that because of his transformation with those Dark magic? Or was it the aftermath of the resurrection? Or both?

“You know, of course, that they have called this boy my downfall?” Voldemort said softly, his red eyes upon Harry, whose scar began to burn so fiercely that he almost screamed in agony. “You all know that on the night I lost my powers and my body, I tried to kill him. His mother died in the attempt to save him... and unwittingly provided him with a protection I admit I had not foreseen... I could not touch the boy.”

Voldemort touched Harry’s skin with the cold tip of one of his long white fingers, and Harry thought his head would burst with the pain.

Voldemort laughed softly in his ear, then took the finger away and continued to speak to the Death Eaters.

“I miscalculated, my friends, I admit it. My curse was deflected by the woman’s foolish sacrifice, and it rebounded upon myself.” Voldemort smacked his lips and closed his eyes, “Aaah... pain beyond pain; nothing could have prepared me for it. I was ripped from my body; I was less than spirit, less than the meanest ghost...”

“Yes, I was still alive, but what I was, even I do not know ...” Voldemort opened his terrible eyes again, “I, who have gone further than anybody along the path that leads to immortality. You know my goal... to conquer death. And now, I was tested, and it appeared that one or more of my experiments had worked... for I had not been killed, though the curse should have done it. Nevertheless, I was as powerless as the weakest creature alive, and without the means to help myself... for I had no body, and every spell that might have helped me required the use of a wand...”

“I remember only the days and nights I was sleepless, forcing myself, endlessly, second by second, to exist. I settled in a faraway place, in a forest, waiting for my faithful Death Eaters to find me...” said Voldemort, looking around. “I used to believe that surely one of them would come and perform the magic I could not, to restore me to a body... but I waited in vain... for thirteen years...”

The shiver ran once more around the circle of listening Death Eaters. Voldemort let the silence spiral horribly before continuing.

“Only one power remained to me. I could possess the bodies of others. But I dared not go where other humans were plentiful, for I knew that the Aurors were still abroad and searching for me. They knew I was in that forest, and Dumbledore had not given up on his intention to eliminate me completely,” said Voldemort slowly. “I sometimes inhabited animals, snakes, of course, being my preference... but I was little better off inside them than as pure spirit, for their bodies were ill adapted to perform magic... and my possession of them shortened their lives; none of them lasted long...”

“Then, four years ago, there seemed to be hope for my return. A wizard, young, foolish and gullible, wandered across my path in the forest I had made my home. Oh, he seemed the very chance I had been dreaming of... for he was a teacher at Dumbledore’s school...” said Voldemort.

Both Evan and Harry knew that he was referring to Quirrell, Harry’s first year professor of the Defence Against the Dark Arts.

“He was easy to bend to my will... he brought me back to this country, and after a while, I took possession of his body, to supervise him closely as he carried out my orders. But my plan failed. I did not manage to steal the Sorcerer’s Stone. I was not to be assured immortal life. I was thwarted... thwarted, once again, by Harry Potter...”

Silence once more; nothing was stirring, even the leaves were still. The Death Eaters were quite motionless, the glittering eyes in their masks fixed upon Voldemort, and upon Harry.

“That servant died when I left his body, and I was left as weak as ever I had been,” Voldemort continued. “I returned to my hiding place far away, and I will not pretend to you that I didn’t then fear that I might never regain my powers. ... Yes, that was perhaps my darkest hour ... I could not hope that I would be sent another wizard to possess ... and I had given up hope, now, that any of my Death Eaters cared what had become of me. ...”

One or two of the masked wizards in the circle moved uncomfortably, but Voldemort took no notice.

“And then, not even a year ago, when I had almost abandoned hope, it happened at last...” Voldemort paused before continuing, “I encountered new allies... a group of vampires with the same great ancestor as me!”

Chapter 703: A Terrible Secret

“They found me and wanted my help, and I needed their help to regain my powers. It was a matter of mutual benefit,” said Voldemort softly. “I agreed to their request, and we made a covenant by magic. They provided someone I possessed, and a lot of unicorn blood, plus a potion made from my dear Nagini’s venom, which made me a little stronger. “

The man Voldemort said he possessed was the vampire killed by Evan in the ruins of the fallen Centaurs.

Unicorn blood and the venom of Nagini... that was how he regained his strength.

Evan glanced at the big snake and wondered if he could take this opportunity to get rid of it. This snake was one of Voldemort’s Horcruxes. It was the closest Horcrux to him, and it was usually hard to find a chance to do it.

If he could make it seem like a part of a fight, he won’t cause doubts...

“After getting help from vampires, my first thought was to use today’s magic to resurrect, but in the long lurking, I knew from animals that there was a Centaurs’ relic deep in Albania’s dense forest, which they all dared not approach. There was an ancient and powerful evil force inside, which could help me return quickly and even become stronger... “

“We designed a plan to use greed to attract those fools closer, to dedicate their flesh and blood to that ancient creature, to wake it up from its slumber. It was about to succeed... but Dumbledore once again stopped me, along with Sirius Black and a student named Evan Mason. Together, they sabotaged my plan... and I had to flee in a hurry with part of that ancient creature. I didn't even care about my newly acquired body... I even gave up the Sorcerer's Stone at hand and its strong power beyond imagination! “

There was a strong hatred in Voldemort's voice, and more and more Death Eaters felt uneasy. They didn't know what the sudden emergence of the new Sorcerer's Stone, the ancient evil creature, and the unimaginable power meant, but that did not prevent them from feeling Voldemort's wrath.

“My resurrection is not easy, is it?!” Voldemort said, looking around at the Death Eaters. “In this way, I had only one choice. When collecting flesh and blood to summon that ancient evil creature, the vampires brought me Bertha Jorkins, a witch from the Ministry of Magic. I learned a lot from this Bertha Jorkins... yes, with a little persuasion, she became a veritable mine of information.”

“She told me that the Triwizard Tournament would be played at Hogwarts this year. She also told me that she knew of a faithful Death Eater who would be only too willing to help me, if I could only contact him. She told me many things ... but the means I used to break the Memory Charm upon her were powerful, and when I had extracted all useful information from her, her mind and body were both damaged beyond repair. She had now served her purpose. I could not possess her. I disposed of her.”

A terrible smile appeared on Voldemort's face, his red eyes blank and pitiless.

“I re-selected a vampire to possess, that is, Durand standing in front of you, a guy abandoned by his people. He was scared by the fate of the unlucky man I possessed before. He was unsure I could help him, not sacrifice him casually and give him what he wanted, provided that he must be loyal to me and submit completely! “

The terrible smile on Voldemort's face became more obvious, and it was particularly serious: “Now look at how destiny takes care of Voldemort. This guy stole a lot of valuable documents from his family to me. These are from the research data recorded by my great ancestor Salazar Slytherin a thousand years ago. I don't deny that he might not know the value of these things, but I recognized them. It was a wonderful gift I never dreamed of. I found the right way to use that ancient biological power. What my great ancestor did, that great power will eventually belong to me... to the great Lord Voldemort, and I will go further on the road of immortality!”

Evan looked at Voldemort in surprise, listening to him talking about these secrets, and the more he listened, the more he felt something was wrong.

He was not in a hurry to go now. He wanted to find out what Voldemort had got from the vampire Slytherin family, Salazar Slytherin's research notes, the right way to use the power of the evil god...

Besides, on the road to conquering death, what method would be more effective than making Horcruxes?!!

Caresius hadn't told him this important information, maybe he didn't know it.

Voldemort mentioned that the documents and research materials were stolen by the vampire named Durand.

Caresius was probably still expecting Voldemort's help, but he did not expect more trouble. He thought his people might betray him, but the actual situation was worse than expected.

Fortunately, Voldemort's soul had been split up again and again, which kept his IQ down, and he was arrogant enough to speak out in public about such things.

Otherwise, Evan and his friends would have been kept in the dark until the end, very passive.

"I left from Durand. I needed a strong servant like him. Although he was a lame wizard and an unqualified vampire, he was able to carry out my instructions and help hold me to a weak body. I could do everything I needed to do in this body, to study the notes left by my ancestor and that ancient creature."

"As the research deepened, I gradually found a way," said Voldemort, his red eyes upon Nagini, the snake who continued to circle, "I tried to control its power, but failed! Then, I understood... I must set my sights lower... I would settle for my old body back again, and my old strength, before chasing immortality! "

"I knew that to achieve this, I would need three powerful ingredients to make up the potion that revived me today. This is an old piece of Dark magic. One of them was already at hand, wasn't it, Durand? Flesh given by a servant..."

"My father's bone, those vampires had already helped me get it back. Those idiots originally intended to bring me back to life in the forests of Albania!" Voldemort paused. "The last ingredient, the blood of a foe, they would have had me use the blood of any wizard, any wizard who had hated me... as so many of them still do. I rejected them, and I knew the one I must use, if I was to rise again, more powerful than I had been when I had fallen. I wanted Harry Potter's blood. I wanted the blood of the one who had stripped me of power thirteen years ago... for the lingering protection his mother once gave him would then reside in my veins too!

Chapter 704: I'm Evan!

It was that stupid idea to resurrect using Harry's blood that had killed Voldemort.

Evan was thinking about what he had just heard, combined with what he already knew.

A thousand years ago, Salazar Slytherin dissected the body of the evil god he had found from Herpo the Foul, dividing the terrible monster into three parts: the eyeballs, the brain and the body, and studying them separately.

From the current situation, the three separate parts had their own consciousness and abilities, and had not died.

Slytherin might have learned how to use the power of evil gods from this vicious research process, and passed it down to his vampire descendants, leaving them to keep these secrets for generations.

But these secrets were now known to Voldemort, and he was ready to try to use the power of the evil god.

This was really a terrible thing, and Evan felt it necessary to find out what Voldemort had mastered.

“I needed the blood of Harry Potter, but how to get at him? For he has been better protected than I think even *he* knows, protected in ways devised by Dumbledore long ago, when it fell to him to arrange the boy’s future. Dumbledore invoked an ancient magic, to ensure the boy’s protection as long as he is in his relations’ care. Not even I can touch him there!” Voldemort continued, hissing. “Then, of course, there was the Quidditch World Cup... I thought his protection might be weaker there, leaving his family and Dumbledore. I carefully planned a riot with the vampires, but everything was ruined by the boy named Evan Mason, who interfered with my plan again! “

Evan could hear the hatred in Voldemort’s words. He must have a dedicated spot in the hell that Voldemort was planning to create on earth.

“After the World Cup, the boy would return to Hogwarts, where he is under the crooked nose of that Muggle-loving fool from morning until night, and the abominable Evan Mason is beside him. So how could I take him?” Voldemort said. “I can’t believe those vampires. They are not reliable. I know well that they may betray me. Using Bertha Jorkins’s information, I rescued my one faithful Death Eater. This time we have to do it ourselves. “

“I have designed a plan for my servant to become a senior official in the Ministry of Magic responsible for the upcoming Triwizard Tournament at Hogwarts, and he put the name of Harry Potter’s friend into the Goblet of Fire .In fact, we originally planned to choose Evan Mason and let him accidentally die in the game,” said Voldemort slowly,” Of course, we failed again, but it doesn’t matter, we could use that Ministry of Magic Official to amend the regulations of the competition. But I can’t wait, I feel that powerful force calling for me, I had to hurry. In the second task, my most faithful servant used the Portkey to bring Harry Potter here, beyond the reach of Dumbledore’s help and protection, and into my waiting arms. And here he is... the boy you all believed had been my downfall. “

Voldemort moved slowly forward, turned to face Harry, and raised his wand.

The next second, the ropes tied to Evan and Harry were loosened, and those glowing red eyes stared at them through the mist.

“Now, I want there to be no mistake in anybody’s mind. Harry Potter escaped me by a lucky chance. And I am now going to prove my power by killing him, here and now, in front of you all, when there is no Dumbledore to protect him, no Evan Mason to help him, and no mother to die for him. I will give him his chance. He will be allowed to fight, and you will be left in no doubt which of us is the stronger!”

Evan and Harry stood up and looked around. The Death Eaters were laughing at them in a low voice. They closed ranks, forming a tighter circle around Evan, Harry and Voldemort, so that the gaps where the missing Death Eaters should have stood were filled. The snake glided through the grass to a place not far from where Evan stood.

Harry gasped desperately. He thought about running for a moment, but his legs were shaking.

And then there was Gabrielle by his side. He couldn’t leave her alone. They couldn’t run past Voldemort and a group of Death Eaters.

Durand, the vampire, walked out of the circle to get Harry’s wand and thrust it roughly into his hand without looking at them. Then the vampire resumed his place in the circle of watching Death Eaters.

Evan also held the wand in his hand. He expected to have a few minutes left.

If possible, he hoped that Voldemort could speak more slowly, explain everything clearly, and give them time.

But no, it was impossible to leave safely, and it could only be a fight.

Seeing Evan dare to point his wand at Voldemort, the laughter from the Death Eaters around was even louder!

They all thought that Evan was a fragile eight- or nine-year-old girl.

“Interesting girl, you want to take the initiative to fight with me... fight the great Lord Voldemort!” said Voldemort softly, his red eyes shining. “Because of your foolish courage, I can give you a chance to challenge me, but you come one by one, we have to obey the rules of the duel... I kill Harry first, and then you. Just a little longer, Nagini, they are both yours in the end.”

The snake moved closer to Evan, hissing.

“Gabrielle, when the battle begins, I want you to run away.” Harry gasped.

He wasn’t sure what to do with Voldemort, but he had to do his best to protect Gabrielle, at least before he died.

Besides the Disarming Spell, “Expelliarmus”, Harry’s head was blank, and he couldn’t think of any other spells.

But what use would it be to deprive Voldemort of his wand?

He was surrounded by Death Eaters, and Harry had never learned anything that could possibly fit him for this.

He knew he was facing the thing against which Moody had always warned... the un-blockable Avada Kedavra curse.

‘If only Evan was here, he would have a solution. He knows so much magic!’

Harry had to admit that Voldemort was right. His mother was not here to die for him this time. ... He was quite unprotected.

“You rush out and run to the stone, it’s a Portkey, maybe it can take you.”

“It’s me, Harry! I’m Evan, not Gabrielle!” said Evan quickly, reaching Harry’s ears, holding his trembling right hand. “Listen, you’ll use the Disarming Spell on Voldemort and fight one-on-one!”

“What?!” Harry looked at Evan in surprise and couldn’t believe his eyes.

He hadn’t realized how Gabrielle suddenly became Evan.

His prayers worked. It was a miracle!

Chapter 705: Evan and Harry vs. Voldemort

What on earth was going on? At the most critical moment, Gabrielle suddenly became Evan.

Although he still looked like Gabrielle, with a delicate doll-like appearance, lovely temperament, and long silver hair like a waterfall, Harry believed that Gabrielle in front of him was Evan almost instantly.

In fact, he felt that it was more amazing than seeing Voldemort’s resurrection. What happened today was really weird!

“Evan, you ...” Harry whispered.

“Listen to me, Harry!” Evan stopped him, and moved forward a little closer, making sure that no one else could hear them. “I’ll explain the details when we get back. You’ll use the Disarming Spell to fight Voldemort in a moment... don’t be afraid, don’t dodge... nothing will happen to you. It’s up to me to deal with the snake and the other Death Eaters. After you defeat Voldemort, you’ll come back to me, and I’ll take you away. Don’t worry about Cedric, he’ll be fine.”

“I... I can defeat Voldemort?” Harry murmured, avoiding Voldemort’s terrible gaze.

“Believe in yourself, you have absolutely no problem!” Evan replied.

Indeed, the core of Harry and Voldemort's wands were from the same tail feather of the same Phoenix, which was Dumbledore's phoenix, Fawkes.

Their wands were brothers and they didn't function properly when facing one another.

Not to mention, because of the magical protection in the blood, Voldemort could not kill Harry at all now.

Evan was ready to let Voldemort realize that, make him defeat Harry as his primary goal after the resurrection, let him have doubts to find the hidden truth, instead of focusing on the power of the evil god, which could buy them time.

That was a good opportunity for Harry to fight against Voldemort and make him suspicious.

If anything went wrong, he was to use what Dumbledore had given him as an early warning.

Evan believed that with his current strength, it was perfectly possible to hold out for a while under Voldemort's hands and wait for Dumbledore to come.

"Don't stay there, Harry, we need to hurry up!" said Voldemort, bending a little, but keeping his snakelike face upturned to Harry. "Let's bow to each other, come, the niceties of the duel must be observed. Dumbledore would like you to show manners before you die. Bow to death, Harry!"

The Death Eaters were laughing again, and Voldemort's lipless mouth was smiling.

"I won't give in; I won't let you play with me!" Harry said firmly. He didn't bow, and after listening to Evan's words, he felt inexplicably calmer.

He was determined to fight Voldemort. Although he would definitely lose, he was not going to let Voldemort play with him before killing him... he was not going to let him succeed...

"Play with you... really interesting!" Voldemort raised his wand. "I said, *bow!*"

Harry felt his spine curve as though a huge, invisible hand were bending him ruthlessly forward. The Death Eaters laughed harder than ever, watching the 'funny' scene.

Evan was silently calculating the distance, waiting for the fight between Harry and Voldemort to begin.

"Very good," said Voldemort softly, and as he raised his wand the pressure bearing down upon Harry lifted too. "And now you face me, like a man... straight-backed and proud, the way your father died..."

"And now, we duel."

Voldemort raised his wand, and before Harry could do anything to defend himself, before he could even move, he saw a green cursing light flying towards himself, but immediately, the rocks on the ground rose quickly, blocking the magic .

Boom!!!

The debris were flying ... Evan had started!

“Right now!” He shouted to Harry.

Hearing Evan’s shout, Harry gripped his wand tightly in his sweaty right hand and held it in front of him.

He dodged and rushed out, exhausting all his strength, facing Voldemort. At that moment, he had only one thought in his mind, and it was beyond fear or reason.

He was going to fight Voldemort... he was going to defeat Voldemort, and even if he was waiting for his death, he was not going to kneel at Voldemort’s feet... he was not going to kiss Voldemort’s robes humbly like those Death Eaters.

Even if he was going to die, Harry would die upright like his father, and he was going to die trying to defend himself!

In fact, Voldemort was a little surprised at the sudden change, and looked in astonishment at the stone wall that was standing in front of Harry.

He had intended to torture Harry with the Cruciatus Curse, playing with his body and making him feel humiliation and pain. And then let him experience the taste of death and prove to his servants that he was the most powerful wizard.

But what was going on with that sudden rising stone wall? Wasn’t it a magic such a young witch shouldn’t master?!!

He clearly saw that it was a spell cast by the silver-haired girl. What was going on with the child?!!

In his extremely shocked eyes, Voldemort saw that the eight- or nine-year-old silver-haired girl’s body was changing rapidly, growing taller and taller, and her long silver hair had also become short black hair, becoming a thin Thirteen-year-old boy.

It was Evan Mason. Voldemort would never forget his abominable appearance.

Just like that summer a year ago, the boy who suddenly appeared foiled his carefully prepared plan, stopped the advent of the evil god, and the Sorcerer’s Stone Voldemort was about to acquire had disappeared.

“Damn, you’re all going to die!” Voldemort shouted loudly, and his anger rose.

He had never been so fooled. He suddenly realized that he was being played by this boy again. He was just proud of his resurrection here, but he didn’t find out the disguise close at hand. He wanted to kill Harry and kill Evan who had repeatedly foiled his plans.

The next second, he saw Harry rushing clumsily towards him.

“*Expelliarmus!*” Harry shouted.

Almost at the same time, Voldemort responded, “*AvadaKedavra!*”

A jet of green light issued from Voldemort’s wand just as a jet of red light blasted from Harry’s!

Instantly, the two lights met in midair...

Harry's wand was suddenly vibrating as though an electric charge was surging through it. His hand seized up around it. He couldn't have released it even if he had wanted to!

A narrow beam of light connected the two wands, neither red nor green, but bright, deep gold.

Harry, following the beam with his astonished gaze, saw that Voldemort's long white fingers too were gripping a wand that was shaking and vibrating.

At the same time, Evan also had completed his magic...

Chapter 706: Evan's Dark Magic and the Phoenix Song

Dark magic, Fiendfyre!!!

The ancient and mysterious curse was read by Evan, and his wand drew a complex track in midair.

Without any warning, a red pillar of fire rose from the ground.

That was like a signal, followed by another, more and more...

Cylindrical pillars of fire rose into the sky, they gradually grew thicker and larger, exuding hot temperatures, and a rolling heat wave came head-on.

When Evan's magic was completed, that desolate space became a world of fire almost instantly.

The raging flames devoured everything, and surrounded mercilessly the Death Eaters who had not figured out what was going on.

They felt the fear brought by Fiendfyre from hell, shouted in the flames, and called desperately.

These sounds were of no use; they would only make this inferno even more desperate.

With Evan as the center, everything in the space was burning, and the grass and trees were turning into steam.

Several Death Eaters attempted to attack Evan, but their spells were also devoured by the fire.

A Death Eater rushed towards Evan in the gap of the flames. Evan waved his wand, and instantly, that Death Eater was ruthlessly devoured by the fire wave. He struggled in the flames, curling into a great ball of fire, before his ashes were quickly blowing with the wind as he disappeared from the world!

Evan didn't seem to see this terrible sight. His wand was raised vigorously, calm and steady, like the conductor of a large concert. Under his guidance, the flames were animated and all pillars of fire quickly merged together.

It seemed determined to burn all the beings on the scene and to dominate the world with the will of fire.

The heat wave began to mutate, forming a gigantic pack of fiery beasts: Flaming serpents, chimaeras, dragons, Basilisks, and Manticores. Under Evan's control, they roared and tumbled from the sky to the ground, and rose again...

They attacked the stunned Death Eaters and let them experience what a real hell was.

Unlike last time, with Evan's current magic level, he could now control Fiendfyre.

Although the fire would burn more and more, and even if he would not be able to control it in the end, he and Harry would have left by then. How to deal with the aftermath was something Voldemort needed to consider. His wand was waving hard, so that the Death Eaters had no time to breathe, when a powerful magic appeared in his mind!

The demonic Dark magic, “Doomsday Inferno”!!!

That was the powerful black magic Evan had found in the Room of Requirement. He had just finished his research and study recently.

The wand in his hand didn’t stop. When he pronounced the last syllable of the spell, green circles began to appear on the ground. These circles formed by magic power quickly expanded outwards, and there were bubbles in them, which were obviously highly poisonous.

The Death Eaters around the circle scrambled to dodge, greatly reducing their speed and making them more panic-stricken.

Even more terrible, when Fiendfyre and the poisonous liquid collided, a blast of explosive sound was issued under the magic shock, forming a huge and terrible impact.

The blood-colored haze was swirling, filled with endless gloom in terror and despair.

Evan nodded, and it seemed that the Fiendfyre spell could be used in conjunction with the magic of Doomsday Inferno. The effect was amazing.

In this terrible scene, he began to look for Nagini, ready to take this opportunity to eliminate that big snake.

The two powerful dark spells consumed a lot of Evan’s magical power, but the effect was also very obvious.

Under the influence of these two Dark magic, the Death Eaters who’d been caught off guard had already been defeated and completely lost their fighting spirit.

At that moment, those powerful Dark wizards had no intention to attack Evan... they just wanted to flee and save their lives.

Evan had turned into a demon in their eyes. Although that boy who had just changed from a little girl looked very funny and ridiculous in girls’ clothes, no one dared to despise him anymore. Many even thought of surrender.

The Death Eaters fled their heads in their arms, and cunning ones like Lucius Malfoy, Disappeared directly, leaving the dangerous place.

Others cried out to Voldemort for help. They believed Voldemort was stronger.

In fact, Voldemort might be able to easily solve Evan’s magic, but he didn’t care about it now.

When his Killing Curse collided with Harry’s Disarming Spell, something unexpected happened.

The beam of light connecting the two wands became bright, deep gold, and the wand in his hand was shaking, rejecting his will.

Totally caught off guard, Harry felt his feet lift from the ground. He and Voldemort were both being raised into the air, their wands still connected by that thread of shimmering golden light. They were spinning in midair, watching everything happening below.

They saw Evan cast two powerful Dark curses. Without protection, the Death Eaters suffered heavy losses. Some died; some were Disapparating, and more fled in confusion in the flames and the green poison liquid on the ground.

“A bunch of rubbish!”

Voldemort wanted to order his Death Eaters to calm down and organize a counterattack, instead of foolishly crawling around like a hot pot ant, defeated by a thirteen-year-old young wizard, but before he could shout out, the golden thread connecting him with Harry splintered!

But the two wands remained connected, and a thousand more beams arced high over Harry and Voldemort, crisscrossing all around them, until they were enclosed in a golden, dome-shaped web, a cage of light.

The arcs of light intertwined around them, and finally formed a domed gold net, a cage made of light, beyond which the cries were strangely muffled, and only Harry and Voldemort were in the cage.

Harry saw Voldemort’s red eyes wide with astonishment at what was happening in front of him, fighting to break the thread of light still connecting his wand with Harry’s.

Harry held onto his wand more tightly, with both hands, and the golden thread remained unbroken.

And then an unearthly and beautiful sound filled the air. It was coming from every thread of the light-spun web vibrating around Harry and Voldemort.

It was a sound Harry recognized, though he had heard it only once before in his life: phoenix song, the voice of Fawkes!

It was the sound he connected with Dumbledore, and it was almost as though a friend were speaking in his ear...

‘Don’t break the connection!’

‘I know!’ Harry told the voice, **‘I know I mustn’t...’** But no sooner had he thought it, than the thing became much harder to do.

His wand began to vibrate more powerfully than ever... and the beam between him and Voldemort changed too... it was as though large beads of light were sliding up and down the thread connecting the wands.

Harry felt his wand give a shudder under his hand as the light beads began to slide slowly and steadily his way!

The direction of the beam’s movement was now toward him, from Voldemort, and he felt his wand shudder angrily...

Chapter 707: *Priori Incantatem*

As the closest bead of light moved nearer to Harry's wand tip, the wood beneath his fingers grew so hot he feared it would burst into flame. The closer that bead moved, the harder Harry's wand vibrated.

He was sure his wand would not survive contact with it; it felt as though it was about to shatter under his fingers.

No, he couldn't let the bead come... he couldn't fail!

Harry concentrated every particle of his mind upon forcing the bead back toward Voldemort, his ears full of phoenix song, his eyes furious and fixed, and his anger spurting... and slowly, very slowly, the beads quivered to a halt, and then, just as slowly, they began to move the other way ... and it was Voldemort's wand that was vibrating extra-hard now... Voldemort who looked astonished, and almost fearful.

He didn't know what was going on. He got a long-lost body and resurrected to regain strength. No one should be opponent to him except Dumbledore, but now he was deadlocked with the boy, and even in a disadvantage, his wand was not obeying him.

The power he was so proud of became a joke. Voldemort didn't know what had happened.

Outside the web of light, another thirteen-year-old boy had suppressed his Death Eaters and made them flee with their heads in their arms.

Voldemort felt unprecedented humiliation and panic, and then he saw Evan walking towards Nagini.

Evan's eyes were on Nagini. He wanted to kill this gleaming serpent, a process unimaginably easy.

Nagini was surrounded by Fiendfyre, but instead of dodging and evading like the Death Eaters, she opened her mouth and pounced on Evan.

Evan waved his wand vigorously, the silver light flashed, and the head of the serpent rushing towards him was cut off the next second!

The snake head spun high into the sky, falling into the flames not far away, and instantly turned into a mass of ashes.

Evan paused for a moment and immediately realized what was going on. Nagini was not a Horcrux yet.

Voldemort had not put his soul fragment into Nagini's body; it was just an ordinary big snake. She was still flesh and blood, and there was no need to use other weapons, as long as the powerful magic could kill it.

"No!" Voldemort shouted angrily, but no one could hear him.

He glared at Evan, and then immediately turned his head to look at one of the beads of light that was only a few inches from the tip of his wand.

He no longer cared for Evan, his beloved snake, and the fleeing Death Eaters. He focused on Harry and the wands facing each other, and couldn't let the beam of light come to him. He was feeling the terrible power from above.

“GOOOOOOO!” Harry roared, looking intently at the light on the wand. He didn’t understand why he was doing it, didn’t know what it might achieve... but he now concentrated as he had never done in his life on forcing that bead of light right back into Voldemort’s wand... and slowly... very slowly... it moved along the golden thread... it trembled for a moment... and then it connected.

Voldemort’s wand began to emit echoing screams of pain!

Voldemort’s red eyes widened with shock, and a dense, smoky hand flew out of the tip of the wand and vanished. It was the ghost of the hand he had made for the vampire Durand.

More shouts of pain ... and then something larger began to blossom from Voldemort’s wand tip, a great, grayish something that looked as though it were made of the solidest, densest smoke. First came out a head, then a chest and arms ... it was the shadow of a woman.

It was the ghost of Bertha Jorkins, she stared, her eyes wide open at the fight in front of her.

“Hold on, don’t give up!” she said to Harry, her voice distant and echoing.

Harry was terribly surprised, but he instinctively clenched his wand firmly, keeping the golden light going.

He looked at Voldemort whose wide red eyes were still shocked. He had no more expected this than Harry had.

Bertha Jorkins stood on the edge of the gold web, glaring grimly at Voldemort.

Immediately afterwards, there were more screams of pain from the wand, and something else emerged from its tip.

It was the dense shadow of a second head, quickly followed by arms and torso.

It was a wizard Harry had never seen before. He was killed by Voldemort in the ruins of the fallen Centaurs. He pushed himself out of the end of the wand just as Bertha Jorkins had done, and his ghost, or his shadow, or whatever it was, stared fiercely at Voldemort.

That man was an outlaw during his lifetime, and looking at him, he seemed eager to pounce on Voldemort.

“Hold on, boy, he killed me... fight him and avenge me!”

Immediately afterwards, a man appeared, the ghost of an innocent man killed by Voldemort.

As they paced around the inner walls of the golden web, circling the duelers, they whispered words of encouragement to Harry and hissed words Harry couldn’t hear to Voldemort, but they were undoubtedly vicious words. Under the stimulus of these words, Voldemort looked even crazier!

And now, another head was emerging from the tip of Voldemort’s wand!

Harry knew when he saw it who it would be... he knew, as though he had expected it from the moment Bertha Jorkins appeared from the wand... he knew, because the woman was the one he had thought of more than any other in his life.

The smoky shadow of a young woman with long hair fell to the ground as Bertha had done, straightened up, and looked at him.

And Harry, his arms shaking madly now, looked back into the ghostly face of his mother.

“Harry, your father’s here, too ...” she said quietly. “He wants to see you... it will be all right... hold on.”

And he came... first his head, then his body... tall and untidy-haired like Harry, the smoky, shadowy form of James Potter blossomed from the end of Voldemort’s wand, fell to the ground, and straightened like his wife.

James Potter walked close to Harry, looking down at him, and he spoke in the same distant, echoing voice as the others, but quietly, so that Voldemort, his face now livid with fear as his victims prowled around him, could not hear!

“Dad...” Harry opened his mouth and tears came out uncontrollably. Although still in the duel, inexplicable sadness rose inside Harry.

He stared at his parents, who looked like they were when they were young, and remained as they were before they died.

“Harry... I’m proud of you!” James Potter said.

“Harry...” the shadow of his mother was looking at him.

“When the connection is broken, we will linger for only moments ... but we will give you time ... you get to the Portkey with the boy outside, it will return you to Hogwarts ... do you understand Harry?” James Potter continued.

“I understand!” Harry gasped, fighting now to keep a hold on his wand, which was slipping and sliding beneath his fingers.

Chapter 708: Returning to Hogwarts

Outside the web of light, Evan was doing the finishing touches.

The few Death Eaters who did not flee in haste had reacted. They gradually calmed down and began to fight back.

They attacked Evan through Fiendfyre, and the spells were swishing over, most of them missed!

Even so, Evan still felt the pressure gradually increasing. He backed away while defending, hoping Harry could be faster.

All that had to be done was done, he killed Nagini, and Voldemort was scared enough by his wand...

All that needed to be done now was to leave here and return to Hogwarts. It was not good to stay any longer.

A magic reaction had already appeared on the Portkey in Evan’s hand; as long as Harry came over, the two of them could leave at any time.

“Harry, hurry up!” He turned and shouted, hoping that Harry could hear.

Harry didn't hear Evan's shout because of the isolation of the web of light, but his father's ghost clearly heard it.

"Very good, come on, Harry, with that boy," said James, "be ready to run... do it now!"

"Well!" Harry didn't think he could have held on for another moment anyway. He pulled his wand upward with an almighty wrench, and the golden thread broke; the cage of light vanished, the phoenix song died... but the shadowy figures of Voldemort's victims did not disappear. They were closing in upon Voldemort, shielding Harry from his gaze...

Harry turned around and ran with all his strength towards Evan in the distance.

"You losers, *stun them both!*" Voldemort snapped, "*Kill them!*"

The ghosts were surrounding him, and he had no way to get rid of them.

But that did not prevent him from using magic... Voldemort waved his wand hard.

All the flames in the open space disappeared instantly, only the strong smell of scorching and wailing sound echoed.

After Fiendfyre disappeared, all the Death Eaters hurriedly approached, not giving Evan the chance to cast powerful magic. Jets of red and green light flew in the air and ran towards Harry.

He now had no time to aim at all, and could only attack casually, casting the simplest spells on the Death Eaters following him.

"*Impedimenta! Stupefy!*"

From a muffled yell, Evan knew he had stopped at least one of them, but there was no time to stop and look. There were wand blasts behind him.

"Get down, Harry, get down!" Evan leapt forward vigorously, rushed at Harry, and pressed him to the ground.

They escaped the intensive spells attack and rolled on the ground...

"Stand aside, I will kill them, they're mine!" shrieked Voldemort, breaking free from the ghosts.

The ghosts gradually dissipated and vanished into the air, and Harry saw his parents watching him...

Next to them were Voldemort's terrible red eyes, his mouth curled into a smile, and he raised his wand high.

The next second, Harry got his eyes blurred and felt the jerk behind his navel. Voldemort and the Death Eaters disappeared, and he and Evan were swept away in a whirl of wind and color, and they left the place.

Both of them returned to Hogwarts! Not in the lake, but in an office.

The scene in front of Harry's eyes gradually became clear, and he saw a large mirror on the wall, with blurred shadows shaking in it.

That was Moody's Foe-Glass, they had returned to Professor Moody's office!

"Evan, what on earth is going on?" Harry asked, seeing Evan lying panting next to him.

He was still wearing ragged Gabrielle's robes, only a few strands of cloth hanging on them...

Evan was holding a bat-like object tightly in his left hand; the Portkey Caresius had given him.

"Why did you become Gabrielle? and Voldemort..." Harry stopped abruptly, and said quickly with excitement, "Voldemort has recovered his body. We must tell Dumbledore about it!"

"He'll be here soon, and you'll tell him then," said Evan, without any strength, leaning on Harry weakly.

Fighting a dozen Death Eaters wasn't an easy task. If it weren't for the factor of surprise, he wouldn't have had a chance.

Two high-level Dark magic and many other spells in succession had exhausted his magic and physical strength. In particular, the spirit that had been tightened to the limit was now suddenly relaxed, leaving only endless drowsiness and fatigue in his body.

There was silence around them, and they were lying on the floor of the office. Evan intermittently told Harry the reason for what had just happened.

He started with Mr. Barty Crouch and his son Barty Crouch Jr., and talked about the plot they planned to put Ron's name into the Goblet of Fire ... he also talked about Caresius, the vampire disguised as Moody to enter Hogwarts...

And then they learned from Caresius about Voldemort's plan, and knew that he was going to do it in the second task, and had prepared accordingly.

Harry listened, very surprised, and from time to time interrupted and asked a few questions.

As to why Voldemort used Harry's blood and why they didn't stop him from returning, Evan didn't tell Harry the truth. It was not the right time. He just said that he assumed the form of Gabrielle to protect Harry.

As for some of the loopholes, Harry didn't notice. In fact, he was already speechless in surprise.

"I can't believe it!" said Harry. "No wonder Ron said earlier that he saw the name of the vampire on the Marauder's Map that night. So, the vampire was helping us and Cedric was taken away by him and I don't know what happened. By the way, that Batty Crouch Jr. ... he ..."

Just then, there was a sound of footsteps in the corridor, and the door of Professor Moody's office was opened!

A group of people came in, headed by Dumbledore, and his face was as calm as ever. But there was no benign smile, and there was no twinkle in the eyes behind the spectacles. There was cold fury in every line of the ancient face; a sense of power radiated from Dumbledore to make one feel strange and scared.

Behind him were Sirius and Snape. Snape was still the same; not panicking by Voldemort's return at all, just gloomier.

Sirius was much more agitated, and he seemed to have experienced a fierce battle, forcing a man to come in.

The man was pale-skinned, slightly freckled, with a mop of fair hair. It was Barty Crouch Jr.

Evan had seen him before in the Pensieve, and he was exactly the same when he was taken away from the court by the Dementors.

But now, he was lined around the eyes and looked much older...

During the period when Evan and Harry were taken away by the Portkey, Sirius had caught the guy.

Chapter 709: Brothers Wands

They walked into the office. Sirius sped forward, and looked with concern at Evan and Harry lying on the ground.

"Thank goodness, you're still alive!" He said loudly, excited. "I've been blaming myself for not going with you, there were a lot of terrible thoughts in my head ... what happened after you were taken away?"

Sirius's arm was bleeding. It was an injury left from fighting Barty Crouch Jr.

But he didn't care. He didn't even bandage it. He came and pulled up Evan and Harry, who were lying on the floor.

"I'm fine, Sirius! But Voldemort is back and he got his body back!" Seeing Dumbledore and Sirius, Harry said hurriedly, "He made some kind of potion with his father's bone, his servant's flesh and my blood..."

Before Harry had finished speaking, he heard Barty Crouch Jr., who was tied up, burst into a wild laugh.

"The Dark Lord is back. You are all going to die. I succeeded. I brought Harry Potter to him. I will be honored beyond all other Death Eaters. I will be his dearest, his closest supporter... closer than a son..."

"Shut up!" Sirius growled, punching Barty Crouch Jr. He fell to the ground, the blood on his nose and mouth kept flowing, but he was still laughing wildly. That guy was mad!

Snape looked at Barty Crouch Jr. in disgust, and waved his wand hard, and the Death Eater couldn't make a sound.

“I, Harry, and Cedric were taken by the Portkey, and Voldemort was resurrected with Harry’s blood!” said Evan briefly, looking into Dumbledore’s eyes. “Then he called the Death Eaters and we had a fight.”

“You had a fight?!” said Snape skeptical, “with the Dark Lord and his Death Eaters?”

“To be precise, Harry was dueling with Voldemort. I was responsible for solving the remaining Death Eaters and the great snake called Nagini, but it was just an ordinary snake, not what I expected,” said Evan, knowing that Dumbledore could understand.

He had thought Nagini would be a Horcrux, but she wasn’t. Voldemort hadn’t yet made her into a Horcrux.

That was not good news, which meant that Voldemort had probably made a Horcrux unknown to Evan.

After the vampires and the evil god, new changes had taken place, making it more difficult to eliminate Voldemort.

“I had a duel with Voldemort, but I just used the Disarming Charm!” Harry explained, noting that everyone was looking at him in disbelief. “My wand was connected to his, and there was a lot of gold light ... and...”

He explained the detailed process of the duel, something that Evan didn’t know.

The images created when his wand was connected with Voldemort’s and the things that emerged from Voldemort’s wand in the cage of gold light were flooding into his mind like a tide. Harry could see Bertha Jorkins, the two wizards, his mother and his father emerging from the wand...

When he finished speaking, there was a silence in the office.

Hearing about Lily’s ghost, even Snape was a little distracted.

“James and Lily ... the wands connected?” said Sirius, looking at Dumbledore. “Why?”

“Priori Incantatem,” Dumbledore muttered.

He pulled out his wand, and Barty Crouch Jr., struggling on the ground, suddenly fell silent, as though he were asleep. His body floated slowly and steadily landed on an empty chair.

Dumbledore turned around, his eyes gazing into Harry’s, and an invisible understanding shot between them.

Then he looked at Evan, who was sitting beside him, with a very pleased expression.

“Priori Incantatem?” Sirius demanded swiftly. “Could you get the Reverse Spell effect?”

“Exactly!” said Dumbledore softly. “Harry’s wand and Voldemort’s wand share cores. Each of them contains a feather from the tail of the same phoenix. It’s Fawkes, in fact!”

“My wand’s feather came from Fawkes?” Harry said, amazed.

“Yes,” said Dumbledore. “Mr. Ollivander wrote to tell me you had bought the second wand, the moment you left his shop four years ago.”

“So what happens when a wand meets its brother?” said Sirius.

“Obviously, they will not work properly against each other,” Dumbledore explained patiently, “If, however, the owners of the wands force the wands to do battle... a very rare effect will take place. One of the wands will force the other to regurgitate spells it has performed, in reverse. The most recent first, then the previous ones... Harry saw Voldemort’s victims...”

“My parents talked to me then... did they come back to life?” Harry asked quickly, “like ghosts!”

“I don’t think so. No spell can reawaken the dead,” said Dumbledore heavily. “All that would have happened is a kind of reverse echo. I believe Harry saw only shadows of the living James and Lily... an echo which retained James and Lily’s appearances and characters, as victims of Voldemort’s wand.”

There was another moment of silence. Sirius’s grip on Evan and Harry’s shoulders was tight, his body was shaking slightly.

Snape’s face was also extremely gloomy, and he had been looking at the broken mirror on the wall, immersed in thought.

Evan was looking at Barty Crouch Jr., who was sitting opposite, and wondering what magic Dumbledore had just used. The guy was obviously not in a coma, but he wasn’t aware at all, and sat there in a daze.

“The last murders the wand performed,” Dumbledore continued. “They flash in reverse order. More would have appeared, of course, had Harry maintained the connection. These echoes, these shadows... what did they do? ”

Harry described how the figures that had emerged from the wand had prowled the edges of the golden web, how Voldemort had seemed to fear them, and how the shadows of his father and mother told him what to do, and how he and Evan returned to Hogwarts with the Portkey.

When Harry finished speaking, Dumbledore, Sirius, and Snape turned their eyes to Evan.

“I don’t have much to say. When Harry was holding Voldemort back, I tried to save my life by using the magic I had prepared in advance... I did not confront

the Death Eaters directly..." Evan paused and added, "I Killed the snake before coming back!"

Dumbledore knew exactly what was going on. Evan didn't have to spread his use of Dark magic everywhere.

Besides, these were not things to make a fuss about. After Voldemort came to his senses, Evan's magic was cracked almost instantly.

Chapter 710: Follow-up Events

There was a brief silence in the office, and everyone was immersed in sadness.

Only then did they notice that Harry's arm was still bleeding, and Sirius hurried to help him deal with the wound under the robes.

At the same time, Evan also found robes to wear and took off Gabrielle's torn robes.

"I don't understand why Voldemort must use Harry's blood?" Sirius asked, looking at Harry's wound.

"He said that using my blood was more effective than using other people's blood, which would make him stronger," said Harry, stretching out his arm to let Sirius bandage it. "He said he wanted to get the protective power my mother had left in my body. He was right. When he touched me again, he would not be hurt. After resurrection, he touched my face ..."

In a short moment, Harry seemed to see a glimmer of joy in Dumbledore's eyes. But he soon thought he'd been mistaken because Dumbledore immediately looked as old and tired as before.

"Voldemort overcame that unusual obstacle!" said Dumbledore, turning his eyes to Barty Crouch Jr. on the chair. "He is back. It is an indisputable fact. The question now is what we should do. Although we already know most of the facts, there are some details that need to be clarified. Severus, please fetch me the strongest Truth Potion you possess, and then go down to the kitchens and bring up the house-elf called Winky."

Snape nodded, and immediately turned away.

"By the way, what happened after we left school?" Evan asked. "Krum seemed to be under the Imperius Curse, is he all right?"

"He's fine... he's being treated at the hospital now! After the three of you were taken away by the Portkey, the Merpeople rushed up to report, and I was right next to the lunatic!" said Sirius, pointing at Barty Crouch. "I intended to catch him as planned, and we fought. Fudge was frightened and followed him to the school hospital. Then we took him back to the castle, and he changed his way back here. Dumbledore said that the two of you were here..."

Sirius recounted what happened after they left. He was fighting with Barty Crouch Jr. at that time, and a lot of Mermen came out to warn them. The sudden change shocked everyone present and made them confused.

Until now, the outside of the castle was in a mess. The professors were trying to keep order and let the students go back to their respective Common Rooms.

Fortunately, with the exception of Cedric, who was still missing, there were no casualties, which was a blessing in misfortune.

The only serious injury was probably Ron's, who'd been severely tortured by Krum with the Cruciatus Curse. Then, he fell into the weeds full of Grindylows. They probably regarded him as food and took a few bites...

Fortunately, Moaning Myrtle was there. She went to inform others, and a nearby Merman saved him.

"Barty Crouch Jr. pretended to be Moody. Where's the real Moody?" Harry asked.

"No doubt, he should be here in this room. They needed to keep him alive, close by to take a part of him at any time to make the Polyjuice Potion," said Dumbledore, pulling out a set of keys from inside Barty Crouch Jr.'s robes.

He walked over to the trunk with seven locks in the corner, holding the keys. He fitted the first key in the lock, and opened it. It contained a mass of spell-books.

He closed the trunk, placed a second key in the second lock, and opened the trunk again. The spell-books had vanished; this time it contained an assortment of broken Sneako-scopes, some parchment and quills, and what looked like a silvery Invisibility Cloak.

"It's the seventh, Professor!" Evan cautioned, knowing what he was going to do.

Dumbledore placed the seventh key in the lock, threw open the lid, and Harry and Sirius let out a cry of amazement at the same time.

Under the trunk, there was a kind of pit, like an underground room, and lying on the floor some ten feet below, apparently fast asleep, thin and starved in appearance, was the real Mad-Eye Moody.

His wooden leg was gone, the socket that should have held the magical eye looked empty beneath its lid, and chunks of his grizzled hair were missing.

Dumbledore climbed into the trunk, lowered himself, and fell lightly onto the floor beside the sleeping Moody. He bent over him.

"Stunned ... controlled by the Imperius Curse ... very weak," he said. "But fortunately, he seems in no immediate danger. Madam Pomfrey will need to see him, and he will gradually get better."

Dumbledore and Sirius lifted Moody up and laid him on the sofa next to the fire.

Just then, there were hurried footsteps outside in the corridor. Snape had returned with Winky at his heels.

Winky peered around Snape's legs, and she saw Barty Crouch Jr., tied to a chair. Her mouth opened wide and she let out a piercing shriek.

"Master Barty, Master Barty, what is you doing here?" She screamed and rushed over. "You is killed him! You is killed him! You is killed Master's son!"

"We only subdued him, Winky," said Dumbledore. "Step aside, please. Severus, you have the potion?"

Snape handed Dumbledore a small glass bottle of clear liquid, a potent Veritaserum he had made.

Dumbledore forced Barty Crouch's mouth open and poured three drops of potion inside it.

Winky remained on her knees, trembling; her hands over her face and looked at them in horror.

A few seconds later, Barty Crouch Jr. opened his eyes. His face was slack, his gaze unfocused. Dumbledore knelt before him, so that their faces were level.

"Can you hear me?" Dumbledore asked calmly.

"I can hear you," he muttered, his eyelids flickering.

"Very good, Veritaserum is working. We'd better start with simple questions!" said Dumbledore softly. "I would like you to tell us how you came to be here. How did you escape from Azkaban?"

Crouch Jr. took a deep, shuddering breath, and then began to speak in a flat, expressionless voice.

"My mother saved me. She knew she was dying. She persuaded my father to rescue me as a last favor to her. He loved her as he had never loved me. He agreed. They came to visit me. They gave me a draft of Polyjuice Potion containing one of my mother's hairs. She took a draft of Polyjuice Potion containing one of my hairs. We took on each other's appearance."

Winky was shaking her head, trembling.

"Say no more, Master Barty; say no more, you is getting your father into trouble!"

But Crouch took another deep breath and continued in the same flat voice.

"The Dementors are blind, they can't see. They sensed one healthy, one dying person entering Azkaban. They sensed one healthy, one dying person leaving it. My father smuggled me out, disguised as my mother, in case any prisoners were watching through their doors. My mother died a short while afterward in Azkaban. She was careful to drink Polyjuice Potion until the end. She was buried under my name and bearing my appearance. Everyone believed her to be me."