

## Harry Potter 711

### Chapter 711: Barty Crouch's Story

“I was looking through the window and watching them dispose of her body. I didn't expect ...” said Sirius sadly.

There was no doubt that Barty Crouch's mother was very great. She was willing to give anything for her son.

It was hard for Evan to imagine how a crazy Death Eater like Barty Jr. appeared in such a decent family. How did his character degenerate and distort to this point step by step?

Voldemort's temptation was, in this respect, mainly due to Mr. Barty Crouch's erroneous educational ideas.

“What did your father do with you, when he had got you home?” Dumbledore asked quietly.

“He staged my mother's death and held a quiet, private funeral. The grave was empty. The house-elf Winky nursed me back to health. My father wanted to conceal me and control me. He had to use a number of spells to subdue me. When I had recovered my strength, I thought only of finding my master... of returning to his service.”

“How did your father subdue you?” Dumbledore asked.

“The Imperius Curse,” Crouch said. “I was under my father's control. I was forced to wear an Invisibility Cloak day and night. I was always with the house-elf. She was my keeper and caretaker. She pitied me. She persuaded my father to give me occasional treats as rewards for my good behavior.”

“Master Barty, Master Barty,” sobbed Winky through her hands. “You isn't ought to tell them, we is getting in trouble!”

“Did anybody ever discover that you were still alive?” Dumbledore asked softly, “apart from your father and the house-elf?”

“Yes,” Crouch's eyelids flickered again, “A witch in my father's office, Bertha Jorkins. She came to the house with papers for my father's signature. He was not at home. Winky showed her inside and returned to the kitchen to take care of me. But Bertha Jorkins heard Winky talking to me. She came to investigate. She heard enough to guess who was hiding under the Invisibility Cloak. When my father returned home, she confronted him. He put a very powerful Memory Charm on her to make her forget what she had found out. The charm was too powerful. My father said it damaged her memory permanently.”

“Why is she coming to nose into my master’s private business?” sobbed Winky.  
“Why isn’t she leaving us be?”

“Tell me about the Quidditch World Cup,” said Dumbledore, “that sudden Death Mark!”

“Later, Winky convinced my father,” said Crouch, still in the same monotonous voice. “She spent months persuading him. I had not left the house for years. I had loved Quidditch. Let him go, she said. He will be in his Invisibility Cloak. He can watch. Let him smell fresh air for once. She said my mother would have wanted it. She told my father that my mother had died to give me freedom. She had not saved me for a life imprisonment. He agreed in the end.”

“It was carefully planned. My father led me and Winky up to the Top Box early in the day. Winky was to say that she was saving a seat for my father. I was to sit there, invisible. When everyone had left the box, we would emerge. Winky would appear to be alone. Nobody would ever know.”

“But Winky didn’t know that I was growing stronger. I was starting to fight my father’s Imperius Curse. There were times when I was almost myself again. There were brief periods when I seemed outside his control. It happened, there, in the Top Box. It was like waking from a deep sleep. I found myself out in public, in the middle of the match, and I saw, in front of me, a wand sticking out of a boy’s pocket. I had not been allowed a wand since before Azkaban. I stole it. Winky didn’t know. Winky is frightened of heights. She had her face hidden, buried in her hands.”

“Master Barty, you bad boy!” whispered Winky, tears trickling between her fingers.

“You took the wand,” said Dumbledore, “what did you do with it?”

“I was going to use that wand to get rid of my father’s control completely,” said Barty Jr. “But the vampires suddenly attacked, and everyone fled the box. Winky took me with her. In the battle between the boy, Evan Mason, and the vampires’ leader, I felt my master’s breath from the vampire, but I couldn’t find him. I cast the Dark Mark into the sky with the stolen wand. I had to let the master know I was there, too.”

Obviously, that Dark Mark had the opposite effect, Voldemort and the vampires immediately retreated and ran away! He did not want the news of his return to be known to the outside world until he recovered his strength. Voldemort didn’t want to be associated to that attack, but Barty Crouch Jr. ruined everything...

“After the Dark Mark was cast, Ministry wizards arrived. They shot Stunning Spells everywhere. One of the spells came into the ruins where Winky and I stood. The bond connecting us was broken. We were both Stunned.”

“When Winky was discovered, my father knew I must be nearby. He dismissed Winky. She didn’t look after me. She had let me acquire a wand. She had almost let me escape.” Barty Crouch Jr. continued. “He put me back under the Imperius Curse and took me home. I was under control again ...”

Hearing that, Winky let out a wail of despair.

“Now it was just Father and I, alone in the house. And then ...” Crouch’s head rolled on his neck, and an insane grin spread across his face. “My master came for me!”

“He and the vampires found me. My master had found out that I was still alive. He had captured Bertha Jorkins in Albania. He had tortured her. She told him a great deal. She told him about the Triwizard Tournament. She told him the old Auror, Moody, was going to teach at Hogwarts. He tortured her until he broke through the Memory Charm my father had placed upon her. She told him I had escaped from Azkaban. She told him my father kept me imprisoned to prevent me from seeking my master. And so my master knew that I was still his faithful servant... perhaps the most faithful of all. My master conceived a plan, based upon the information Bertha had given him. He needed me. He arrived at our house near midnight. My father answered the door.”

The smile spread wider over Crouch’s face, as though recalling the sweetest memory of his life. Winky’s petrified brown eyes were visible through her fingers. She seemed too appalled to speak.

“Before Father could realize anything, he had been placed under the Imperius Curse by my master. Now he was the one imprisoned, controlled! I was released. I awoke. I was myself again, alive as I hadn’t been in years. I used the Polyjuice Potion to become my father’s double, and attacked Moody with the vampires’ leader, who took Moody’s place at Hogwarts.”

Chapter 712: The End of the Event

The next thing everyone knew was that Barty Crouch Jr. pretended to be his father and put Ron’s name into the Goblet of Fire, while Caresius as Moody attracted everyone’s attention and helped Ron through the tournament in Hogwarts.

Later, he sensed that something was wrong, and perhaps the betrayer Durand, who had given his people to Voldemort, hurried back and cheated Barty Crouch Jr.

“Your father escaped later!” Dumbledore asked. “What happened?”

“Yes, my master told me that the vampires were unreliable. They had their own ideas. In order to complete the master’s plan, I personally went to Hogwarts and

exchanged the identity with the vampire leader Caresius, who deliberately let my father go when he went back!” said Barty Crouch Jr. “He was lying to my master, he thought it would work, but he didn’t know the master’s real plan. After my father escaped, my master guessed that he was heading for Hogwarts. My father was going to tell Dumbledore everything and confess. He was going to admit that he had smuggled me from Azkaban.

My master informed me that my father had escaped and told me to stop him at all costs. I just waited and watched by the forbidden forest for a long time. I knew he would definitely come from there.

For a week I waited for my father to arrive at Hogwarts. Finally, one night, I met him there. I was going to see if I had the opportunity to take Harry Potter directly. My master was in a hurry, and I had to hurry up. I hid the Portkey under the lake, and so I could leave as soon as I caught him...

Usually in the castle, Dumbledore looked after the boy very tightly, and I didn’t have a chance to do it at all. There was also Evan Mason, and I could feel that child was beginning to doubt me!” Barty Crouch continued in a flat tone. “The child is very smart and strong. I have never seen such a young wizard. He is a big trouble. I almost lost to him in the forest that night. Fortunately, my father ran into the forest at a critical moment, and I ran after him...”

“What have you done to him?”

“I killed my father!” Barty Crouch Jr. suddenly had a weird, cruel smile.

“Nooooo!!!” wailed Winky, “Master Barty, what is you saying?”

“You killed your father...” Dumbledore said, in the same soft voice. “What did you do with the body?”

“I carried it into the forest and covered it with the Invisibility Cloak. And by the way I used the Imperius Curse to control Viktor Krum. I told Dumbledore I would go to the Forbidden Forest to look for my father, but when he was gone, I Transfigured my father’s body. He became a bone. Then wearing the Invisibility Cloak, I buried it in front of Hagrid’s cabin.”

There was a moment of silence, except for Winky’s continued sobs.

Crouch Jr. took Voldemort as an object of worship. Voldemort killed his father, so he also killed his father without mercy, which probably made him feel like Voldemort.

Next, he talked about controlling Krum to attack Ron under the lake and taking Harry away.

Finally, Dumbledore stood up. He stared down at Barty Crouch for a moment with disgust on his face.

“Things are clear!” said Dumbledore calmly, turning to look at Evan and Harry. “I will say it again; the two of you have shown bravery beyond anything I could have expected of you today. The courage you showed when fighting Voldemort

and the Death Eaters is equal to those wizards who died fighting Voldemort at the height of his powers... and you have now given us all that we have a right to expect. Well, after so many unfortunate things, I think you should go to the school hospital, take some Sleeping Potion, and have a good sleep... Sirius, would you like to stay with them?"

Sirius nodded and stood up.

"Professor, I have something else to tell you about the vampires..." said Evan to Dumbledore.

Caresius and his people would be the next focus, which would help to figure out what Voldemort knew.

Evan was going to discuss that with Dumbledore. Cedric hadn't returned yet. What Caresius would do to him was also very worrying.

"All right!" Dumbledore hesitated. "Evan, you can wait for me here for a while. Sirius and I will take Harry and Moody to the school hospital first. Then we will go to my office to talk alone about the vampires. Severus, would you please stay here and keep watch over Barty Crouch Jr.?"

Snape nodded, looking gloomily at Barty Crouch on the chair.

Dumbledore, Sirius, and Harry left, with the real Moody and the sobbing Winky, and only Evan and Snape remained in the room.

There was a weird silence, neither of them continued to speak.

Snape didn't look very good; the Dark Mark on his arm kept hurting.

Dumbledore would surely return him to Voldemort as an undercover, and Evan wasn't sure what Snape would do.

Anyway, Voldemort seemed determined to kill him...

Evan felt the need to warn Snape to be careful.

"After Voldemort's resurrection, he immediately summoned the Death Eaters!"

Evan suddenly said, paying attention to the change in Snape's expression.

"Compared with the best gathering thirteen years ago, this time there were many people absent. They were either dead or imprisoned in Azkaban."

"Quiet, Mr. Know-It-All!" Snape said. "I'm not interested in hearing that story again."

Evan didn't seem to hear Snape's words and continued, "Besides, three others didn't go. The first one was Barty Crouch Jr., who couldn't get out of Hogwarts after sending me and Harry away. The other one should be Karkaroff..."

“He fled, shortly after the resurrection of the Dark Lord!” Snape turned to look at Evan, staring at him coldly.

“Unsurprisingly, he couldn’t stay in Hogwarts when he felt the Dark Mark burn upon his arm!” said Evan simply. “He betrayed too many people that year to wish to meet them. Voldemort seemed to have expected that. At this point, he must have a way to find him. As for the last person...”

“Mason, just be quiet for a while! I know the Dark Lord better than you do. I know what he’s thinking!” Snape said, no longer as calm as before, he left Barty Crouch Jr., and walked over to Evan, “I don’t need you to remind me, I know what to do...”

Just then, the door of the office suddenly opened.

A Dementor floated in and rushed towards Barty Crouch Jr. tied to the chair!

Chapter 713: Divergence

As soon as the Dementor entered the office, it rushed at Bart Crouch Jr., as though it had been prepared...

It pulled back its hood, exposing a highly rotten face, and the surface was covered with a layer of grayish, scabby skin, and no eyes or nose could be seen on its face, except for a gaping large hole where the mouth should be!

Evan and Snape opened their eyes wide and saw the Dementor point that mouth at Barty Crouch Jr.

Before they could stop it, something was obviously sucked away from Barty crouch. It was his soul! The Dementor had given Barty Crouch a fatal kiss and sucked his soul out.

Evan felt a chill in his stomach. It was the first time he saw a scene of a Dementor kissing someone, not to mention the discomfort caused by the Dementor itself, or the terrible picture in front of him. He suddenly felt cold; and fear was spreading.

Within a second, Bart Crouch’s soul had left his body and he was worse than dead.

He sat there with his head down, alive, but without any sound, a corpse with vital signs.

Evan suddenly understood why everyone said that Dementors were the most evil creatures in the world. It kissed Barty Crouch Jr. and sucked his soul out, which was eviler than the three Unforgivable Curses. Those killed by the Killing Curse, their souls could go to another world or choose to be ghosts. But Barty Crouch’s soul remained in the Dementor’s body and had become its food.

After it swallowed up the soul, it became noticeably stronger, turned to look at Evan and Snape, and inhaled hard...

It was greeted by a Patronus. Snape pointed his wand at the Dementor, angry...

A powerful silver-white object emerged from his wand, disintegrating the Dementor that had just swallowed up Barty Crouch’s soul.

It uttered a silent mourning, unwillingly opened its hands and disappeared into the air.

After annihilating the Dementor, Snape's Patronus continued to rush out of the door, as though to report to Dumbledore.

In fact, that was so bizarre, everything seemed to be planned.

Shortly after Dumbledore left, Barty Crouch Jr.'s soul was mysteriously sucked out, and then the Dementor that devoured his soul was wiped out by Snape and disappeared from the world as though it had never existed.

Seeing Fudge following in, Evan couldn't help but suspect that the Minister was with Voldemort. How else could the matter be explained? It was a coincidence!

They needed Barty Crouch Jr. to give testimony that Voldemort had resurrected, but now he could do nothing. He was alive, but without soul!

As for the testimonies of Evan and Harry, the two were only minor children and no one would believe them.

At the very least, Fudge would certainly not believe what they said.

"Minister, Dumbledore said Dementors were not allowed to enter the castle," Snape said angrily.

"I know, but I heard that the Death Eater planned the incident!" Fudge explained anxiously, looking at Barty Crouch on the chair, and then he suddenly became tough. "As Minister of Magic, it is my decision whether I wish to bring protection with me when interviewing a possibly dangerous..."

"You can keep these words till you explain to Dumbledore," said Snape, disdaining to argue with him.

Snape's attitude annoyed Fudge, and Evan had never seen him look so angry.

"I'll talk to Dumbledore, but I don't see any good explanation for this." Fudge said aggressively. "The man on the chair, according to various claims, he deserves it, he seems to have caused several deaths! This even includes his father, Barty Crouch, a senior official at the Ministry of Magic!"

"Yes, Cornelius, he killed a lot of people, but he cannot now give testimony."

Dumbledore, who got the news, walked in quickly, followed by Sirius, Professor McGonagall, Professor Flitwick, Hagrid, Madame Maxime and the Aurors brought by Fudge. They were all looking at Barty Crouch Jr., whose soul had been sucked away, and their faces were full of shock.

Dumbledore was staring hard at Fudge, as though seeing him plainly for the first time.

"Cornelius, he cannot now give evidence about why he killed those people."

"Albus, what do you mean? It is obvious why he killed them," Fudge glanced quickly over the people looking for support, but there was no response. He

blustered, “He was a raving lunatic! He seems to have thought he was doing it all on You-Know-Who’s instructions!”

“Lord Voldemort was giving him instructions, Cornelius,” Dumbledore said. “Voldemort designed a plan to make a comeback. Just half an hour ago, the plan succeeded and Voldemort has been restored to his body.”

Fudge was shocked. He looked as though someone had just swung a heavy weight into his face. Dazed and blinking, he stared back at Dumbledore as if he couldn’t quite believe what he had just heard. A few seconds later, he began to sputter, still goggling at Dumbledore.

“You-Know-Who returned? Preposterous! Come now, Dumbledore, this is not funny ...”

“We just heard Barty Crouch confess. Under the influence of Veritaserum, he told us how he was smuggled out of Azkaban, and how he planned a plot to help Voldemort to return.”

“See here, Dumbledore,” Fudge gasped, and everyone was astonished to see a slight smile dawning on his face, “You... you can’t seriously believe that. You-Know-Who ... back? Come now, come now ... certainly, Crouch may have *believed* himself to be acting upon You-Know-Who’s orders ... but to take the word of a lunatic like that, Dumbledore...”

“Evan and Harry witnessed this process, and they were transported straight to Voldemort by the Portkey prepared by Barty Crouch. They witnessed Voldemort’s rebirth,” said Dumbledore. “You might as well go to my office; I’ll explain everything to you, including what we should do next!”

“You are prepared to take the two boy’s word on this, are you, Dumbledore?” Fudge’s curious smile lingered. He glanced at Evan, and then quickly looked back at Dumbledore.

Chapter 714: Dumbledore's Measures

“Certainly, I believe them,” said Dumbledore. His eyes were blazing now. “I heard Crouch’s confession, and I heard Evan and Harry’s account of what happened afterwards. The vampires that the Ministry of magic has been tracking are also involved in it. The stories of the three of them make sense and explain everything after last year’s incident in the Albanian forest.”

“Vampires are also involved? I see, Dumbledore... I see... you are prepared to believe that Lord Voldemort has returned, on the word of a lunatic murderer, and two boys! “Fudge said softly, “The two boys have been in trouble for the past few years in order to attract attention. We had to follow up to clean up the mess for them...”



“Evan and Harry don’t need you to clean up the mess for them!” Sirius suddenly growled angrily at Fudge. “The two of them witnessed the whole process of Voldemort’s resurrection and risked their lives to escape back, you...”

“Shut up, black!” Fudge also yelled at him, his smile fading. “You are supposed now to be capturing vampires in the forests of Albania on behalf of the Ministry of Magic, not in Hogwarts.”

“That’s the point. They are here, so I came back. Voldemort ordered those vampires to help him resurrect!” Sirius said angrily. “Look at the facts, Fudge, Voldemort *is* back. Don’t let your cowardice...”

“Enough, Black, Enough!” Fudge interrupted Sirius. “For the sake of Dumbledore and your deceased father, I have tolerated you again and again, just like those two boys. Now you have gone too far and you’re talking nonsense about Voldemort’s return. You’re fired. You are no longer an Auror, now go back, pack up your things and get out of the Ministry of Magic.”

Sirius seemed to want to pounce on him, let fudge know the facts with his fist, and Hagrid, who was standing by, quickly stopped him.

Fudge glared at Sirius fiercely and took a deep breath to calm himself down before turning to keep watching Dumbledore.

“I think that lunatic must have done something to Evan and Harry, which made them hallucinate, and they should be sent to the hospital for treatment.” Fudge said, blushing, “Dumbledore, tell me... you are not going to believe that nonsense, are you?”

“Listen to me, Cornelius,” said Dumbledore, taking a step toward Fudge, radiating an indefinable sense of power. “Evan and Harry are as sane as you or I. Voldemort is indeed back!”

“NO!” Fudge said angrily, taking half a step back and keeping a distance from Dumbledore. “For heaven’s sake, Dumbledore... I knew these two boys would cause big trouble. They have been doing strange things to attract people’s attention and win honor for themselves. This is the case every year. This time too, this is all a lie they made up, and you believe them... you are willing to believe what two children under 15 said.”

“You fool!” cried Professor McGonagall, looking at fudge discontentedly. “Mr. Crouch’s death, Viktor Krum’s Imperius Curse, Ron Weasley was attacked in the task, Mason and Potter were taken away by the Portkey, these things were not the random work of a lunatic, and still Cedric Diggory has not been found yet.”

“I see no evidence to the contrary!” shouted Fudge, his face purpling, and anger burning in his chest. “It seems to me that you are all determined to start a panic that will destabilize everything we have painstakingly worked for these last thirteen years!”

There was a moment of silence, and everyone looked at Fudge with disbelief. They couldn’t believe he would say so.

In the general impression, Fudge was a kindly figure, a little blustering, a little pompous, but essentially good-natured.

Unexpectedly, now a short, angry wizard stood before them, refusing, point-blank, to accept the prospect of disruption in his comfortable and ordered world, and refusing to believe that Voldemort could have risen.

“Voldemort has returned,” Dumbledore said again, looking at him coldly, “It’s not really catastrophic. If you accept that fact straightaway and take the necessary measures, we may still be able to save the situation and minimize the losses. The first and most essential step is to remove Azkaban from the control of the Dementors...”

“Preposterous!” shouted Fudge again. “Remove the Dementors? I’d be kicked out of office for suggesting it! Half of us only feel safe in our beds at night because we know the Dementors are standing guard at Azkaban!”

“The rest of us sleep less soundly in our beds, Cornelius, knowing that you have put Lord Voldemort’s most dangerous supporters in the care of creatures who will join him the instant he asks them!” said Dumbledore. “They will not remain loyal to you! Voldemort can offer them much more scope for their powers and their pleasures than you can! With the Dementors behind him, and his old supporters returned to him, you will be hard-pressed to stop him regaining the sort of power he had thirteen years ago!”

Fudge was opening and closing his mouth as though no words could express his outrage.

“The second step you must take, we must unite with the vampires,” said Dumbledore. “They are very important. Cancel the arrest warrant against them, and don’t let them fall completely to Voldemort.”

“Oh my God, do you know what you’re talking about?” Fudge said incredulously. “Those vampires are the purest Dark creatures. Do you know how much they have done in the past year? They have planned many terrorist attacks... you want me to forgive them?”

“You have to recognize that those things are actually all Voldemort’s conspiracy, we should not waste precious power on vampires. They can fight for it.”

Dumbledore went on to say, “The third measure must also be taken at once. Send envoys to the giants.”

“Envoys to the giants?” Fudge shrieked. “What madness is this?”

“Extend them the hand of friendship, now, before it is too late,” said Dumbledore, “or Voldemort will persuade them, as he did before, that he alone among wizards will give them their rights and their freedom!”

“You... you... you cannot be serious!” Fudge was breathless, shaking his head and retreating further from Dumbledore, “First Dementors, then vampires, now giants... if the magical community got wind I was going to do this, my career would be over, they wouldn’t agree, Dumbledore!”

Chapter 715: Emergency Measures

“I know it’s hard, Cornelius, but we have to do it!” Dumbledore said.

“No, no, I won’t do it!” Fudge shook his head vigorously. “The Dark Lord didn’t come back at all. It’s all a lie you made up. You united to deceive me. Vampires and giants, these low bloodlines ...”

“Cornelius, you are too obsessed with your office, which has caused you to lose your due judgment,” said Dumbledore, his voice rising now, the aura of power around him palpable, his eyes blazing once more.

“You place too much importance, and you always have done, on the so-called purity of blood. You fail to recognize that it matters not what someone is born, but what they grow to be! Your Dementor has just destroyed the last remaining member of a pure-blood family as old as any... and see what that man chose to make of his life! I tell you now... take the steps I have suggested, and you will be remembered, in office or out, as one of the bravest and greatest Ministers of Magic we have ever known. Fail to act ... and history will remember you as the man who stepped aside and allowed Voldemort a second chance to destroy the world we have tried to rebuild!”

“Insane,” whispered Fudge, looking at Dumbledore in panic, and still backing away. “Madness...”

“If your determination to shut your eyes will carry you as far as this, Cornelius,” said Dumbledore, “we have reached a parting of the ways. You must act as you see fit. And I... and Hogwarts shall act as I see fit.”

Dumbledore’s voice carried no hint of a threat; it sounded like a mere statement. But Fudge bristled as though Dumbledore was advancing upon him with a wand.

“Now, see here, Dumbledore,” he said, waving a threatening finger. “I finally understand what you mean, you and your Hogwarts... I’ve given you free rein, always. I’ve had a lot of respect for you. I might not have agreed with some of your decisions, but I’ve kept quiet. There aren’t many who’d have let you hire werewolves, or keep Hagrid, or decide what to teach your students without reference to the Ministry. But if you’re going to work against me...”

“The only one against whom I intend to work,” said Dumbledore, “is Lord Voldemort. If you are against him, then we remain, Cornelius, on the same side.”

It seemed Fudge could think of no answer to this. He rocked backward and forward on his small feet for a moment and spun his bowler hat in his hands. He had no idea at all, and seemed to expect Dumbledore to change his mind.

Finally, he said, with a hint of a plea in his voice, “He can’t be back, Dumbledore, he just can’t be...”

Dumbledore hadn’t spoken yet, and Snape, who was standing next to Evan, strode forward. As he walked, he pulled up the left sleeve of his robes. He stuck out his forearm and showed it to Fudge, who recoiled in horror.

“There,” said Snape harshly. “There. The Dark Mark. It is not as clear as it was an hour ago, when it burned black, but you can still see it. Every Death Eater had the sign burned into him by the Dark Lord. It was a means of distinguishing one another, and his means of summoning us to him. When he touched the Mark of any Death Eater, we were to Disapparate, and Apparate, instantly, at his side. This mark has been growing clearer all year. Karkaroff’s too. Why do you think Karkaroff fled after Barty Crouch Jr. was caught? We both felt The Mark burn. We both knew he had returned. Karkaroff fears the Dark Lord’s vengeance. He betrayed too many of his fellow Death Eaters to be sure of a welcome back into the fold.”

Fudge stepped back from Snape as well. He was shaking his head. He did not seem to have taken in a word Snape had said. He stared, apparently repelled by the ugly mark on Snape’s arm.

Then he looked up at Dumbledore and whispered, “I don’t know what you and your staff are playing at, Dumbledore, but I have heard enough. I have no more to add. Please contact me when you calm down and understand what is going on, Dumbledore! Then, I need to discuss with you the running of this school. Now, I must return to the Ministry.”

He pushed Snape in front of him, striding past Dumbledore, out of the room, the Aurors hurriedly followed him.

The door was closed heavily, and in silence, Dumbledore turned to look at the others.

“Fudge’s attitude was as I expected, but this undoubtedly makes things worse and changes the whole situation!” said Dumbledore. “There is some work to be done immediately. Sirius... I hope you will return to the Ministry at once...”

“I’ve just been fired. I’ve had enough of that job!” Sirius mumbled.

“I need to send a message to Arthur. All those that we can persuade of the truth must be notified immediately, and he is well placed to contact those at the Ministry who are not as shortsighted as Cornelius.” Dumbledore said. “When you go back to the Auror office to pack your things, you can find an opportunity to talk to other Aurors.”

“All right, but I hope you can give me something more exciting to do!” Sirius said.

“This is very important. After telling Arthur to contact all the people in the Ministry who are willing to help us, I need you to alert Remus Lupin, Arabella Figg, Mundungus Fletcher... the old crowd...” Dumbledore paused and continued, “That done, you can return to Hogwarts. I hope you can help Evan get in touch with the vampires and try to convince them. Although I don’t have much hope for this, at least we have to know what secret Voldemort has obtained about the powerful force he is trying to master!”

Evan nodded, and he also wanted to know what secrets the Slytherins had kept for generations; and know about the big problem that Caresius had been hoping Voldemort would help them solve.

“Professor, I have no contact with those vampires?” Evan suddenly realized he didn’t know where Caresius was.

The vampires had many enemies, and if their whereabouts could be found so easily, they would have been exterminated long ago!

Chapter 716: The End of the Goblet of Fire

Before that, Evan planned to tell Dumbledore about it.

For a long time, he had been passively in touch with those vampires, waiting for either Caresius or Elaine to come to him.

Evan didn’t know where they were, and the owls probably wouldn’t work.

The place where the vampire hid was protected by magic and would not be easily found by outside wizards or animals.

As for their base camp, Evan speculated that it should be somewhere in northern Europe. Because Caresius once said that he had had a dispute of interests with Karkaroff and Durmstrang and had suffered losses, which indicated that their lair must be within Durmstrang’s sphere of influence.

But it was a big area, and the whereabouts of the vampires had been hidden in the dark...

“All we can do now is wait; Evan. I believe they will take the initiative to contact us. We are the only ones who can help them!” said Dumbledore, “but there are certain things we must do.”

After Sirius left, his eyes turned to Hagrid and Madame Maxime.

“Hagrid, I want to talk to you about contacting the giants!” said Dumbledore. “Madame Maxime... would you like to come to my office.”

“No problem!” Hagrid said hastily, looking expectantly at Madame Maxime.

“Dumbledore, if You-Know-Who does return, Beauxbatons and I will be your most loyal allies!” Madame Maxime said solemnly, “but before that, I must figure out everything.”

“I will explain everything to you!” said Dumbledore, and looked back at Snape. “Well, Severus, you know what I must ask you to do. If you don’t mind... if you’re ready...”

“I am,” said Snape.

He looked slightly paler than usual, and his cold, black eyes glittered strangely.

“Then good luck,” said Dumbledore, with a trace of apprehension on his face.

Evan saw Snape left without a word, and seemed ready to die.

.....

After so many things had happened, the Triwizard Tournament would naturally not continue, and no one was in the mood to continue or watch the tournament.

On the champions’ side, Cedric was missing and it was unknown where the vampires had taken him.

Dumbledore had contacted his parents to explain the whole incident in detail.

Although Evan was sure that Caresius would not kill him, there was a high possibility he would make him become a vampire.

Thinking about it, the result might be even worse. The wizarding world was biased against Dark creatures like vampires.

If Cedric really turned into a vampire, that meant he could not return to Hogwarts, and people would not accept him. Looking at their attitude towards Hagrid and Lupin, it was obvious they would refute even more the vampires who were considered eviler than the half-giants and werewolves.

Krum had been hit by Barty Crouch Jr.’s Imperius Curse and was being treated. It would take a long time for him to recover.

During this period, he certainly could not take part in the tournament. The Imperius Curse had done a lot of damage to his soul, and Madam Pomfrey suggested he should be transferred to St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries for treatment.

Krum didn't know what he had done under the lake. After recovering, he apologized to Evan, Harry, Ron, Fleur, and Gabrielle directly.

Everyone forgave him. Ron seemed to be particularly touched, and he told Krum a lot about the Imperius Curse.

He'd been attacked by Krum at the bottom of the lake, and then dragged by Grindylows into the weeds where he had been bitten severely, and his body was full of scars. He was now bandaged like a mummy, but his mood was still stable. However, it was also certain he could not continue to compete.

In Ron's own words, he was fortunate that those things had happened while he was unconscious.

Otherwise, watching himself bitten by Grindylows, he would have gone crazy.

Fleur was the only champion intact. She followed Evan's advice and did not approach that water area. But she was alone, and she couldn't continue the tournament.

The Ministry of Magic's opinion was to end the Triwizard Tournament as soon as possible. Fudge had completely broken with Dumbledore and Hogwarts. He was now estimated to be studying with his close friends how to deal with Dumbledore.

There were originally five judges. Mr. Crouch was dead, and his bones were later dug out from the front of Hagrid's cabin. The Transfiguration used by Barty Crouch Jr. was very powerful, and they only found a pile of decayed bones. Due to the magic and the loss of bones, there was no way to restore his bones to their original appearance.

As for Karkaroff, he had disappeared leaving no trace. No one knew where he had gone, leaving only a group of confused Durmstrang students.

The only judge who opposed the cancellation of the tournament was Ludo Bagman, who had made a bet with the goblins, and put everything on Ron, hoping to make a comeback by this. Naturally he did not want the tournament to end like this. But no one listened to him at all.

After negotiating with many parties, Dumbledore personally cast magic to cancel the contract between the Goblet of Fire and the champions, but he said that he welcomed the students from Durmstrang and Beauxbatons to stay in Hogwarts until the end of the term.

Although the news of Voldemort's return was not announced, the castle was inexplicably tense after that day.

Evan had the illusion that it was back to the days when the Basilisk was raging in the castle two years ago.

Panic and mistrust spread on campus, all kinds of rumors spread fast, and there were hundreds of versions of what happened after Evan, Harry and Cedric were taken away by the Portkey, each of which sounded to be true.

Evan, Harry and Ron remained in the school hospital, and although they were all right, Madam Pomfrey did not allow them to be discharged.

During this time, only a few people, including Hermione, Colin, and the Weasleys, were allowed to visit them.

According to Hermione, Dumbledore said a few words to the whole school during breakfast the next morning.

He just asked everyone not to disturb Evan and Harry, and no one was allowed to ask them questions or pester them about what happened after they had been taken away by the Portkey that day.

Dumbledore did not intend to keep it secret, and he was ready to publish the truth of everything at the right time.

That was not allowed by Fudge and the Ministry of Magic, but he had to do it.

#### Chapter 717: The Giants of Sicily

As the rumors spread quickly inside the castle, Evan and his friends were discussing what was happening outside Hogwarts.

Voldemort did not disclose the news of his resurrection. He disappeared like Karkaroff, hiding in the shadows.

Evan knew that he was probably scared by his wand and felt that he was not strong enough.

In any case, Voldemort did not make any big moves, which was what Evan and Dumbledore wanted.

Everyone was not ready. Voldemort needed time. They also needed time. The real confrontation had not begun.

But the most direct consequence of this was that Fudge was more convinced that Dumbledore was talking nonsense.

“Fudge has gone too far, he dares to question Dumbledore!” Hagrid said unhappily when he came to visit Evan, Harry and Ron, “If it weren’t for Dumbledore’s support, he would not have been Minister.”

“We all know what kind of person Fudge is!” Ron said; the bandages had been removed from his body. “My mother has always said that over these years, stupid Fudge and those stupid policies he made. He’s always been like this. He’s very stubborn and prejudiced. Look at my dad; he’s been treated unfairly in the Ministry.”

“Most unbelievable is that he summoned a Dementor from Azkaban to Hogwarts,” said Harry. “What was he thinking? Barty Crouch Jr. was subdued, and he thought he might hurt him.”

Indeed, the matter of the Dementor was so bizarre that it was hard to believe.



Evan later learned that after frequent vampire attacks and Mr. Crouch's incident, Fudge ordered Azkaban's Dementors to stand by at any time for the Aurors to take them to Hogsmeade through the already prepared Portkey.

It took less than half an hour for the Dementor, who sucked the soul of Barty Crouch Jr., from Azkaban to Hogwarts.

From the consistent performance of the Ministry of Magic, this efficiency was simply unthinkable.

The Hogwarts defense system had a big loophole with the Portkeys. Anyone could make a Portkey to Hogwarts with the cooperation of someone from the Ministry of magic, even Caresius. Dumbledore had probably realized that.

He would probably improve this point as soon as possible, withdrawing the magical authority to make Portkeys from the Ministry of Magic.

"Yeah, I know Fudge is stupid, but I thought he would be more cautious about You-Know-Who." Hagrid waved his hand impatiently. "So many facts were in front of him, but he was blind!"

"He just ignored those facts, and Fudge knows very well that people didn't want to see Voldemort return," said Evan, then he sat up from bed. "He wants to maintain the status quo and continue to be Minister of Magic, not war. If Voldemort returns, the wizarding world will inevitably panic, which will not be conducive to his rule. Many people, like him, do not believe in us and do not want to believe the fact that Voldemort is resurrected. "

"I knew long ago that You-Know-Who would return!" Hagrid said. "I've known it for years. I knew he was out there, biding his time. It had to happen. Now it has, and we'll just have to get on with it."

"You're right!" Evan nodded. "The first thing we need to do now is to admit the reality."

"Yeah, we'll have to fight. We might be able to stop You-Know-Who before he gets a good hold and dominates the world. That's Dumbledore's plan, anyway. He's a great man, Dumbledore. As long as we've got him, I'm not too worried," Hagrid continued. "It's no good sitting worrying about it. What's coming will come, and we'll meet it when it does."

Concerning Voldemort's resurrection, Hagrid showed extraordinary wisdom, much better than most people.

Evan understood why Dumbledore was willing to believe in Hagrid without reservation.

Although he was careless, always making things worse, and had no resistance in the face of dangerous magical creatures, he was never confused about what really mattered.

“Forget fudge, Hagrid, and tell us about you and Madame Maxime!” said Harry. “Evan said Dumbledore asked you and Madame Maxime to come to his office, what did he want you to do?”

“Oh, he’s got a little job for me and Olympe.”

“Who’s Olympe?” Evan, Harry, and Ron all stared at him in surprise.

“Madame Maxime, of course!” Hagrid said, seeming a little embarrassed, and hurried to hand out the doughy cookies he brought with him. “He wanted to get in touch with the giants and asked us to give them a message. Olympe will be coming with me. I persuaded her that we will work together and set out to find the hidden giants.”

“Where are those giants?” Evan asked.

“They’re near Sicily, where giants were born and where they last lived.” Hagrid said, “Don’t ask me any more specific things, I won’t say anything, you know, I need to keep it secret.”

Sicily is in Italy. It is the largest and most populated island in the Mediterranean, and it is very prosperous.

It was hard to imagine that the giants were hiding in such a place.

But in Muggle’s mythology, Sicily was indeed famous for producing giants.

It was said that even this name came from a giant in Greek mythology.

The island was very famous in both the Muggle and the wizarding worlds, and there was a very famous Scylla living in the Strait of Messina between Sicily and Italy. It was a distant relative of the Merpeople and was extremely dangerous.

Evan had seen this information in the library while studying Mermish, the Merpeople language.

Like the Merpeople, Scyllas also used Mermish to communicate.

Their upper body was the image of a very beautiful human female, but their voice was like a dog barking.

Because they had dog heads on their waists, the number varied, and they gradually increased according to their strength, and there could be up to six.

Each dog had a long neck, three rows of sharp teeth, and two arms hanging around its waist.

In the past, such Scyllas used songs to confuse and eat lost sailors. However, after the Italian Ministry of Magic and the International Confederation of Wizards delimited an area to manage special sea monsters, the frequency of such tragedies had been greatly reduced!

Besides, when it came to Sicily and Scyllas, one had to mention Charybdis near them, the great whirlpool monster of mythology.

In the real world, there was indeed a horror vortex there, which would appear from time to time, engulfing passing ships.

## Chapter 718: New Vampire

Muggles thought that was a natural phenomenon, but it was actually not the case at all. The big whirlpool was made by magic.

Like the Stonehenge Temple and the sunken ruins in the swamp, there were ruins left by ancient warlocks, in the deepest part of the whirlpool.

From the leaked magic, wizards had speculated about the internal situation of the ruins, and concluded that there was an unimaginable danger inside.

Of course, no one knew what the interior of the whirlpool looked like.

None of the people who had gone in could come out alive, not even their bodies could be found.

In addition to giants, Scyllas, and ancient ruins, the sea between Sicily and Sardinia and Corsica had always been the focus of attention, because it was thought to be considered the home of the famous sunken city of Atlantis.

Atlantis was the most mysterious and controversial lost ancient city in history!

Whether it was really Atlantis or not remained to be verified, but there was indeed an ancient city that sank to the bottom of the sea.

At this moment, Evan, who was sitting on the hospital bed, had no clear idea that in the near future, he would have to enter the ancient city deep in the seabed and encounter great trouble beyond imagination.

Harry and Ron were still trying to get more information from Hagrid.

Hagrid was unexpectedly reserved this time, and didn't reveal anything, but soon he couldn't resist and had to find an excuse to say goodbye and leave.

He told everyone that he had an appointment with Madame Maxime for afternoon tea. The two of them had developed very fast recently, and the bad news of Voldemort's resurrection might lead to a good thing.

A week or so had passed before Evan, Harry, and Ron were allowed to leave the hospital and returned to the Gryffindor Tower.

During this period, many things had changed again.

First of all, Cedric had returned, but he did not show up. Instead, his parents came to handle the drop-out formalities for him.

Speculation had become reality, Cedric had become a vampire!

The Diggorys stayed in Dumbledore's office for a long time before they left. It was said they were going to send Cedric to the United States.

His status was not suitable to appear before the Ministry of Magic and the public, and he could only start over where nobody knew about the matter.

The Diggorys had a relative in Forks, a small town in the United States. They were willing to accept Cedric and agreed to let him live with them.

Of course, the main reason they were willing to accept Cedric was that they were Muggles and didn't know anything about the wizarding world.

Cedric would be placed in Forks's local Muggle High School. His age was just right for that.

It was hoped he could slowly accept his new identity. The wizarding world in the United States was different from that in Europe. The Magical Congress of the United States of America and the general public had a more tolerant attitude towards Dark creatures. Vampires, werewolves and other creatures lived much better there.

As for Caresius, there was still not much news from him.

According to the information disclosed by Cedric, he and his people were about to return to the Nordic region to do something.

Despite all the unpleasant things that had happened, they did not fall out with Voldemort.

Caresius was still expecting Voldemort to successfully restore his power to help them solve that trouble. Vampires were also of special use to Voldemort, so both sides conveniently returned to peace in this weird atmosphere.

In this case, naturally he would not take the initiative to contact Evan.

The day after the news of Cedric's return was confirmed, Evan and his friends walked into the Great Hall and found that it was exceptionally unusual. The usual decorations on the walls were missing, showing great solemnity, and the House tables were also unusually full.

The real Mad-Eye Moody was now sitting next to Dumbledore, his wooden leg and his magical eye were back in place. He was extremely twitchy, jumping every time someone spoke to him.

Poor man, Evan knew he couldn't blame him. Moody's fear of attack was bound to have been increased by his ten-month imprisonment in his own trunk.

Professor Karkaroff's chair on his left was empty. No one knew where he was now, and whether Voldemort had caught up with him.

At Slytherin's long table, most of Durmstrang students were expressionless and didn't seem to care about what had happened to the headmaster of their school.

Evan saw Malfoy whispering to a strong Durmstrang student, and he immediately became alert. Malfoy must have known the news of Voldemort's return and might even be impatient to prepare to join the Death Eaters. He was so close to him now. Was he ready to do something?!!

At the staff table, Madame Maxime was still there, and she was sitting next to Hagrid. They were talking quietly together.

Further along the table, sitting next to Professor McGonagall, was Snape.

When Evan and Harry came in, his eyes lingered on both of them for a moment. His expression was difficult to read. He looked as sour and unpleasant as ever.

Being able to come back alive meant that he had regained Voldemort's trust. It was unknown what price Dumbledore had paid to convince Voldemort that Snape was still his own man.

As a spy against Voldemort, Snape was not in an easy situation. He had to risk his life and fight Voldemort and the Death Eaters with great wisdom, pretending that he had never really taken Dumbledore's side, but had been lurking like Voldemort himself, biding his time.

Now, the Great Hall was full of pent up whispers, and people were talking about many recent events.

A lot of people were pointing at Evan and Harry, but when they looked back at them, they all hurriedly avoided their eyes.

Dumbledore did not allow anyone to ask Evan and Harry. The oppressive atmosphere in the school was almost at its limit!

Everyone wanted to figure out what had happened, rather than continue to suffer like that. Especially yesterday, the scene when Mr. Diggory and his wife arrived at the school was seen, and the students all speculated that Cedric was dead. Otherwise, how could they have no news about him for so long?

Cedric was very popular at school, and many people were upset about it.

Especially Hufflepuff students, the atmosphere at their table was extremely depressing, and their faces were the saddest and palest in the entire Great Hall.

When Professor Dumbledore stood up at the staff table, the Great Hall suddenly became quiet.

"You should all have heard about what happened recently. I have a lot to say to you all!" said Dumbledore. "First of all, about Cedric Diggory, his parents just completed the suspension procedure for him."

Chapter 719: Unity

"Yes, he did not die, but became a vampire!" Dumbledore said, throwing heavy information.

There was a burst of discussion, and everyone looked at Dumbledore in shock, unable to believe what he said.

How could Cedric be a vampire!

They were all perplexed, but more shocking news was yet to come.

"Cedric is a person who exemplifies many of the qualities that distinguish Hufflepuff House. He is a good and loyal friend, a hard worker. He values fair play and is a champion worthy of respect!" Dumbledore continued, "But we can't help asking, why did such a good boy become a vampire? Why did he have to leave his country, leave his family and friends he knows, leave his hometown and start his life in a new place with a new identity?"

Yeah, why?!!

Everyone looked up at Dumbledore, waiting for him to continue.

“Because he was the victim of this unfortunate incident!” Dumbledore paused, staring down at the students. “This incident was made by Voldemort. He has returned. He’s back in this country with the help of a vampire!”

A panicked whisper swept the Great Hall, and everyone stared at Dumbledore in horror and disbelief.

This time the argument and muttering lasted for a long time, and then gradually fell to silence.

“The Ministry of Magic does not wish me to tell you this,” Dumbledore continued. “It is possible that some of your parents will be horrified that I have done so... either because they will not believe that Lord Voldemort has returned, or because they think I should not tell you so, young as you are. It is my belief, however, that the truth is generally preferable to lies. If we continue to hide the truth of the matter, no one will stand up and fight against Voldemort. There will be no tomorrow in the wizarding world!”

Stunned and frightened, every face in the Hall was turned toward Dumbledore now.

There was another murmur. Not everyone could accept Dumbledore’s claim that he would fight Voldemort, and most people at the Slytherin long table, including students from Durmstrang did not agree.

“At this point, I have to mention two more people, Evan Mason and Harry Potter!”

Many people turned their heads to Evan and Harry, and quickly turned back to face Dumbledore.

“Evan and Harry managed to escape Voldemort’s clutches!” said Dumbledore. “The two of them set an example for others. They showed, in every respect, the sort of bravery that few wizards have ever shown in facing Lord Voldemort, and for this, I honor them.”

He turned gravely to Evan and Harry, and many people did like him, and everyone paid tribute to Evan and Harry.

Hearing that the two of them were able to fight Voldemort, most of the students were shocked and admired their courage.

“Although you are still students, although you cannot really go to the battlefield, I hope you can understand that we must unite in the face of unprecedented evil.” Dumbledore continued, “the Triwizard Tournament, that has been recently forced to end, may not be successful, but its original aim was to further and promote magical understanding. In the light of what has happened... of Lord Voldemort’s return... such ties are more important than ever before.”

Dumbledore looked from Madame Maxime and Hagrid, to Fleur Delacour and her fellow Beauxbatons students, to the Durmstrangs at the Slytherin table.

Krum was not among them, and he was being treated at St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries.

Under Dumbledore's gaze, the rest of the Durmstrangs looked wary, almost frightened. They seemed to think that Dumbledore would say something harsh, especially the student who had just talked to Malfoy. He seemed furtive.

"Every guest in this Hall," said Dumbledore, and his eyes lingered upon the Durmstrang students, "will be welcomed back here at any time, should they wish to come. I say to you all, once again... in the light of Lord Voldemort's return, we are only as strong as we are united, as weak as we are divided. Lord Voldemort's gift for spreading discord and enmity is very great. We can fight it only by showing an equally strong bond of friendship and trust. Differences of habit and language are nothing at all if our aims are identical and our hearts are open."

"It is my belief... and never have I so hoped that I am mistaken... that we are all facing dark and difficult times. Some of you in this Hall have already suffered directly at the hands of Lord Voldemort. Many of your families have been torn asunder." Dumbledore said slowly, "We can only succeed in the end if we are united. Remember today; remember the unfortunate things that happened recently, when you have to choose between what is right and what is easy in the future, I hope you can make the right choice."

The semester continued, with still four months to go before the holidays, but everyone clearly felt unusual.

Unsurprisingly, Dumbledore's speech caused great sensation, spreading rapidly around Hogwarts.

The next day, Hogwarts had a rain of owls, with thousands of letters from parents.

They were shocked by Dumbledore's announcement of Voldemort's return and thought it was incredible.

Not surprisingly, many people were reluctant to believe what Dumbledore said, thinking he was crazy!

The Ministry of Magic and the *Daily Prophet* did not say anything about it, and there was no evidence that Voldemort had actually returned.

They, like Fudge, thought it was Dumbledore's imagination, and accused him of making the matter public to the students.

Some parents even threatened to take their children out of Hogwarts.

Only a few were willing to trust Dumbledore. They were mostly members of the Order of the Phoenix, such as Neville's grandmother.

The article about Voldemort's return had been sorted out with Hermione's help. After Dumbledore's approval, he was going to publish it in *Hogwarts News*, and he didn't know how many would buy it.

But Evan didn't care about it now. There were more important things waiting for him to do!

Counting time, it was time to meet the Merpeople's ritual.

Evan wanted to take Ravenclaw's Diadem to the Raven, first improve his strength and get the key to Ravenclaw's secret treasure.

Chapter 720: A New Journey

Evan returned to the bottom of the lake again, and it was as quiet as ever.

Neither the just-concluded battle nor Voldemort's imminent return had affected the Merpeople's life.

They gathered from the nearby waters, as usual, to their ancient ritual here.

Although they were members of the wizarding world, the Merpeople had their own unique closed community.

No matter how contentious the human world was, it could not affect them, as it had been for a thousand years, and Voldemort would not be interested in the territory of the Merpeople.

They had been living here for generations, without any dispute, no matter who was in the castle!

However, after seeing Evan coming, many Mermen still went up to ask about the castle.

Even if they lived under the lake, they had heard Voldemort's name and knew the terrible things he had done in the past.

Evan talked to the Mermen for a while, and after the gap in the statue's tail opened, he went in.

Along the path he had passed before, he soon came to the extraordinary large stone gate.

The dark blue Raven stood quietly above the stone gate, with two ruby eyes sparkling in the light of the wand.

It had become the same as before, without any breath, and seemed to be dead.

But after the last experience, Evan wouldn't think so, that thing was not simple.

From the perspective of alchemy, that Raven was up there with the greatest creations ever, having life!

No matter whether it was Rowena Ravenclaw who had made it or not, or how she did it, there was an indisputable achievement in front of him he had to admire: life was given to a dead being, and it was rendered immortal!

Alchemy was born in ancient Egypt. Egypt at that time belonged to the ancient magic civilization era of ancient warlocks.

In Evan's view, although the magical pharaohs, priests, and ancient warlocks created a lot of magic beyond imagination, the thing they really wanted to do was to conquer death.



They studied from the perspective of alchemy and necromancy respectively, and achieved astonishing results.

For example, the Philosopher's Stone, and then the Horcrux were a small part of their research results.

Evan looked at the Raven carefully, studied it for a while, then walked over and knocked gently on the door.

The eagle's beak opened immediately, saying in a cold, gloomy voice, "In accordance with the master's wishes, my door is only open to the smartest people. Stranger, I will ask you questions and test whether your wisdom can meet the conditions. If you answer correctly, I will let you in; if you answer incorrectly, you will die!"

As soon as the sound fell, Evan was surrounded by powerful magical power, and the Raven on the gate flew up.

It hovered over Evan's head, its blood red eyes fixed on him.

"Ask!" Evan said, confident to answer its question.

As with the Ravenclaw Common Room door, there was a different riddle with every knock.

Some were simple and some were difficult. That was the magic that Madam Rowena Ravenclaw had personally arranged.

After the last time, Evan asked Luna to lead him to practice in the Ravenclaw common room and accumulated experience.

"Which came first, the phoenix, or the flame?"

It turned out to be that question, and Evan immediately answered, "That is a cycle with no beginning and no end!"

The phoenix was born in the fire and dissipated in the flame. It was difficult for this magical creature to really die.

However, nature was fair. While giving Phoenixes strong vitality, it also greatly limited their number.

Indeed, of all wands, the number of cores made with Phoenix tail feathers was relatively small, because the number of Phoenixes was far less than that of other magical creatures such as fire dragons and unicorns. Besides Dumbledore's Fawkes, Evan had never seen any other Phoenix.

"Correct answer, stranger! The wisest of minds deserve a reward! "The stone door opened slowly.

The powerful force that controlled Evan disappeared instantly, as though it had never existed.

He walked in, took out Ravenclaw's Diadem, ignored those magical books protected by magic, hurriedly came to the innermost side of the room, and came in front of Madame Ravenclaw's beautiful, but somewhat daunting, huge statue.

The Raven landed lightly on top of her head, crooked its head, its blood-red eyes fixed on Evan. They fell on the diadem in Evan's hand, emitting a strange red light.

“Wit beyond measure is man's greatest treasure!” It gave out a hoarse, mournful cry to Evan, “Stranger, you have passed the first test. Place Madame Ravenclaw's Diadem where it should be, and I will show you the hidden secret!”

Evan took out his wand and guided the diadem on his left hand, controlling it to float up slowly.

With a click and a crisp sound, the diadem fell on the statue's head exactly and perfectly fit together.

With a slight tremor, the Raven watched Evan, and he seemed to have touched a mechanism.

Evan blinked, and for a moment, it seemed as though nothing had happened.

What was going on, what was Ravenclaw's secret?

Immediately afterwards, he noticed that the scene around him had changed, and he was no longer in the closed chamber.

Evan appeared on a large ship that was constantly shaking, surrounded by the endless azure ocean, and he could even smell the odor of the sea.

Then he saw Rowena Ravenclaw, standing on the deck in front of him, smiling at him.

It was soul magic again!!!

Ravenclaw, like Gryffindor, had preserved a part of her soul in some way.

However, there seemed to be some difference. Madam Ravenclaw did not speak to Evan, and it was not a powerful illusion.

Gryffindor's soul had been preserved by the power of the Philosopher's Stone and stars.

In Ravenclaw's Chamber of Secrets, besides the eerie Raven, Evan didn't sense any powerful source of magical power.

Without magical support, her soul would not stay, let alone have the power to create illusions.

But no matter how powerful her magic was, she couldn't do it!

Evan looked around and focused carefully. The area was a bit similar to the memory seen in the Pensieve and Tom Riddle's diary. A special method was used to save a past image for later visitors to watch. He was reliving Rowena Ravenclaw's memory.

In front of him, Ravenclaw was dressed in sky-blue wizard robes, seventeen or eighteen years old. She looked so beautiful that he couldn't even look straight at her.

Those blue eyes especially, pure and flawless; they seemed to be able to reach the human heart directly.