

Harry Potter 481

Chapter 481: The Big Mess!

No one knew where Barty Crouch was, or what was going on below.

According to schedule, it should be the time for the award ceremony and celebration.

Under a dazzling white light, the Top Box was magically illuminated.

Two panting wizards even carried a vast golden cup into the box, which was the Quidditch Cup.

But at this moment, there was silence in the small box.

No one was concerned about the Quidditch Cup, and everyone was listening to the deafening shouts below.

Unlike the previous voices refueling the feud, these cries were becoming more and more tragic now, turning into howls of pain and cries for help.

The faces of several high-ranking respected wizards went pale, as they had never encountered such a situation.

Below, when attacked suddenly, the first reaction of most wizards was to pull out their wands and fight back.

But they couldn't find where the enemy was. There were so many people below, and 100,000 spectators were crowded into such a small place. This was turning into a disaster, and spells sent out in panic were only hurting more innocent people.

Ministry of Magic officials tried to keep order in vain and no one listened to them.

In front of so many people, they were now like a boat in the sea, pushed and shoved by the crowd helplessly.

The wizards with dark red hoods were laughing loudly and wreaking havoc with powerful magic.

The battle rapidly grew and spread. The magical power from the shooting became stronger and stronger. On the field, the Leprechauns and the Veela all stopped and watched in horror.

It was just quarreling between fans moments ago, and it now completely heated up and turned into a war.

Red, blue and white magic beams were constantly flashing, and they were also mixed with dark green magic light.

Evan could be sure that he saw the Killing Curse and the Cruciatus Curse among them!

But this was not all, and there were bursts of explosions from time to time in the stands.

Most wizards with little fighting power were howling in despair. They were running around like flies.

Children were crying, and people's shouts of nervousness and anxiety and cries of pain reverberated through the field.

Minutes after the match, it turned from a place of joy to a living hell, and horrible scenes were taking place.

The crowd tried to rush out of the stadium and tried their best to escape.

This area was protected by magic. They could not use magic such as Apparition. Only by escaping could there be hope.

Hundreds of wizards with dark red hoods and cold breath were among the crowd, using black magic.

They were creating chaos, and delaying everyone's escape.

A number of other wizards also began to take advantage of the conflict to rob those near them, and the scene became a complete mess.

Among them, a small group of people were particularly obvious.

They also wore masks and hoods, and they quickly gathered upstream from the stands to the main corridor.

Evan could see clearly from the top, and these Dark wizards seemed ready to come together and rush up.

Their goal was here, the topmost box!

These guys were definitely vampires, and Evan even recognized their leader Caresius.

His magic power was extraordinarily strong, and there was hardly anything to stop him.

They definitely wanted to rush to rescue Barty Crouch Jr. and they should even be targeting Harry.

It was all a mess. Evan didn't expect Voldemort to act so madly with the help of the vampires.

He managed to make such a big battle, totally ignoring the lives of everyone.

When everyone was the most relaxed and defense was the weakest, he chose to act, in the simplest and most violent way!

Everything was too sudden, and when it would be over, the messy Ministry of Magic might not find a clue at all.

Then again, would Voldemort, who would have recovered his strength and returned, fear the Ministry of Magic?!

"What should we do now?" Hermione said in panic.

"Take out your wand!" Evan gasped and pulled out his wand.

Sirius and Mr. Weasley were missing, and they had to prepare themselves for battle.

Everyone took out their wands, and only Harry was still looking for it.

He dug in the pockets of his jacket for his wand, but it had disappeared. The only thing he could find was his Omnioculars.

"I lost my wand!" Harry shouted, "How could that be? I saw it just now?!"

“You’re kidding!” Ron and Hermione hurried to help Harry find his wand. Everyone was nervous.

Evan knew where his wand was, and he looked at where the house elf Winky was.

After entering this box, Harry was just there talking to Winky.

However, there was no one there, and Winky and Barty Crouch Jr. had disappeared.

Inside the box, someone shouted and fled, and the door was opened.

Barty Crouch Jr. must have taken the opportunity to leave with Harry’s wand; or Apparating with Winky. The magic of a house elf was different from that of a wizard.

Wizards are forbidden to use Apparition in the competition venue, but house elves could.

Evan closed his eyes and sensed that Barty Crouch Jr. was still nearby. He was following the fleeing crowd downward, very fast.

Evan didn’t have the energy to pay attention to this guy anymore, and the other people in the box were also in a mess.

The target of the Dark wizards with red hoods below was the box, and everyone became like ants on a hot pot.

They had no intention of sticking to it at all, but planned to flee in a hurry before the others came up.

Fudge, Ludo, Malfoy’s family and the Bulgarian Minister of Magic quickly left under the escort of several Aurors. Before they left, they asked Evan and the others to follow them and be ready to flee with them.

Evan hesitated and did not move. Harry, Ron, Hermione, Fred and George did not even blink.

Caresius was not a fool. Their goal was Harry.

It was simply the same as to die to go down with such a large group of people.

Evan didn’t think Fudge and the Ministry of Magic’s Aurors would be of much use in the face of dangerous vampires, but it was obviously impossible to stay here. Without the help of the ministry officials and aurors, Evan and the others shouldn’t stand a chance

Although Evan had intended to rely on the advantage brought by being in high ground, that advantage was equalized with them left alone. Staying here was tantamount to waiting for death.

“Evan, what should we do?” Hermione asked again.

“We’re all listening to you!” Harry said directly. “We’ll do as you say!”

Ron, Fred, and George looked at all the Ministry of Magic who had left and nodded hesitantly. Evan’s past experience and performance made everyone choose to believe in him.

At this time, he was the backbone of the place.

Chapter 482: Fly Higher

“What’s the matter with those children? Why aren’t they following?” said Fudge, frowning.

In the crowd, he looked back at Evan, who had stayed where he was.

“They may be scared, or arrogant enough to think that they can handle the current situation!” Lucius replied in a cold tone. “Minister, let’s just leave now; it’s too dangerous here!”

“That’s what you Britons call security measures?!” A heavy voice said, “What an eye-opener! There has been no such thing for many years since that man collapsed and disappeared...”

Fudge suddenly stopped and looked at the Bulgarian Ministry of Magic, who was beside him, and said with amazement, “Do you speak English?”

The Bulgarian disdainfully nodded and sped forward to flee for his life.

“You can speak English, and you’ve been letting me mime everything all day!” Fudge said, outraged.

“That was very funny!” said the Bulgarian minister, shrugging.

“Damn it, these guys are playing us all like idiots...”

“Come on, Minister!” Lucius whispered. “Those thugs down there may rush up at any time.”

“But...”

“The safety of you and these distinguished guests is now the most important thing. Black and others will come over and take the kids away!”

By this time, they had arrived at the main staircase of the aisle.

The sound of explosions, screams and fights was very close to them, and Caresius was moving very fast.

Despite all the efforts of the Ministry of Magic’s Aurors, there was no way to top them under such circumstances.

Fudge nodded palely and joined the others into the panicked crowd.

At this point, there was nobody left in the box but Evan and his friends.

Everyone was staring at Evan, waiting for him to make up his mind.

“Evan, are you ready for a big fight?!” Fred said excitedly.

“A duel with a real Dark Wizard, that’s what I’ve been dreaming of!” George followed.

“You are mad. More than a dozen masked men are rushing up. We have no chance at all!” Ron said in panic. “I don’t understand why we didn’t go with the minister! The ones around him are all professional Aurors ...”

“It’s full of Dark wizards down there, and it’s not safe to run out like this!” said Evan quickly.

He didn’t explain too much. Anyway, Harry couldn’t just go out like that. He was Caresius’s goal, and the latter wouldn’t just let them go with Fudge.

“Is it safe to stay here?!”

“I have a better idea. If it succeeds, it can help us escape.” Evan waved his wand and the small door inside the box slammed shut tightly. As he moved, all the seats flew to the door and blocked it completely.

“What idea?” Ron asked in confusion.

Feeling the danger was getting closer and closer, everyone was very nervous.

Evan blocked the exit, which meant they had no way out.

They were now like soft-shelled turtles in an urn, and when the Dark wizards would come up, they would have to fight to death.

“We can ride on broomsticks, it’s the safest way out!” said Evan. “Those Dark wizards can’t fly to the sky.”

“But there is no broomstick here!” Harry looked around in surprise.

Under the bright lights above, everything in the small box could be seen clearly. There was nothing here, nothing besides the golden Quidditch Cup.

“We need a little help. I hope they will come!” Evan said, pointing his wand at the sky.

At the end of his wand there were several rays of light, like fireworks rushing into the sky, attracting everyone’s attention...

There was a sudden stop in the disturbance in the stadium, and everyone looked up at the box.

In the next second, what he said sounded like thunder and echoed through the stadium.

“Come here, we need help!” Evan said loudly, looking at the Quidditch players hovering overhead.

They hadn’t yet figured out what was going on below, just flying in the air in a daze.

Hearing the shouts, both the Irish and Bulgarian Quidditch players hesitated. They kept spinning in the sky and no one came.

In the box, everyone's heart went up to their throats as they understood Evan's plan.

It was indeed a wonderful idea to leave with the Quidditch players' broomsticks. But, what if the guys above didn't come down to rescue them?!

At this time, in the lower part of the stadium, Sirius was fighting with two vampires.

As soon as they met, he knew where these guys were coming from and that Voldemort was behind all of this

He couldn't tell if Voldemort's target was the Philosopher's Stone on Evan, or Harry, but he wanted to go back anyway. However, his two opponents were clinging to him tightly, so that he couldn't get away.

"Damn!" Sirius roared, and his wand released a few spells.

He watched helplessly as Caresius led the other vampires closer to the box.

Near the exit of the stadium, a group of Beauxbatons students were fleeing in a hurry.

Two of the girls stopped abruptly and looked up.

"This is Evan's voice, I can hear it!" Gabrielle said with delight, "He's in that small box!"

"Evan Mason?!" Fleur looked up and could vaguely see the figure of the boy.

He was not in a good place; the target of those rioting Dark wizards was obviously the small box, and they were about to reach it!

Was Evan their target?!

"Sister, Evan is asking for help, we must go and help him!" Gabrielle said anxiously, "Where is Madam Maxime?"

"There is no need for us to help. Those people have already gone down!" Fleur comforted her and said, nervously looking at the top box.

In fact, besides her, there were many people looking up as well. Everyone understood that that place was at the core of tonight's events.

The box was full of high-ranking wizards. Maybe these crazy Dark wizards wanted to kidnap them and threaten the Ministry of Magic to do something.

In the sky, Krum hesitated when he heard Evan and the others calling for help.

But he almost immediately made up his mind, made a gesture to his team members and quickly flew to the box.

Under his leadership, the Bulgarian team and some of the Irish team players were also quickly approaching.

"God, they are coming!" Hermione shouted in surprise.

“Look, it’s Krum. He’s flying towards us!” Ron followed.

A few seconds later, the approaching group of players reached the box. Everyone hurried to thank them and looked at the Quidditch players with wonder.

Evan felt that as they were coming in, Caresius also picked up speed. Now, he was right at the entrance to the box!

Chapter 483: Evan VS Caresius

“We are saved!” Harry said with delight.

“I can’t believe it, it’s Krum. He really came down to save us!” Ron yelled excitedly.

In the box, everyone was immersed in the shock and joy brought by the arrival of Krum and other Quidditch athletes.

Looking at how happy Harry and Ron were to see Krum, one wouldn’t guess they were in such a crisis.

Krum was gloomier than what they saw on his portrait. He looked very confused and his face was covered with blood.

The two dark circles around his eyes were very striking, and the Golden Snitch was still in his hand.

He landed heavily on the ground and his movements did not seem so coordinated.

His legs were a bit splayed and his shoulders were clearly bent forward.

“What the hell is going on, why...?!” Krum asked.

Before he had finished, he was abruptly interrupted by Evan. “Get on the broomsticks and get out of here. Hurry up!”

Evan motioned everyone to hurry up. Now was not the time to chat.

He could feel that Caresius was already close to the box, and he could sense his mighty and dangerous magic.

The Quidditch players who had just landed had not figured out the situation, but under the urging of Evan, they made room for Harry, Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Fred and George to climb onto their broomsticks.

Everyone was about to take action, but Evan’s face changed greatly.

“Damn, it’s too late!” He gasped and raised his wand.

Under the surprised eyes of everyone, Evan quickly turned around and a white shield emerged from the tip of his wand.

The next second, there was a loud bang and the whole box was shaking.

In the violent explosion, the chairs stuck at the door by Evan, together with the door, turned into shards that went everywhere, like blindly shot bullets.

Evan’s shield was ablaze with waves, like those made by stones falling into a calm lake. All shards were blocked and they landed on the ground.

The smoke dissipate gradually and the figure of Caresius appeared in front of everyone.

As before, he was wearing a black cloak, on which there was not even a trace of dust.

With a simple white mask on his face, he walked in gracefully, like an aristocrat invited to a masquerade party.

“Good evening, everyone!” Caresius whispered, bowing slightly with etiquette.

His eyes wandered through everyone’s faces, remained on Evan for a few seconds, and then quickly moved away.

Finally, they landed on Harry, and the vampire nodded with satisfaction.

Harry stepped back and covered his forehead. He felt his scar aching.

“I am sorry to disrupt your party. Please believe me; I feel the same discomfort being here tonight!” Caresius said slowly. “So, let me end our trouble quickly, I think the Stunning Spell is a good choice.”

“You guys hurry out. No matter what happens, don’t turn around!” Evan shouted.

The light at the end of his wand grew stronger and stronger, and powerful spells were ready to be released from both sides.

As soon as Caresius would move, Evan would not hesitate.

“Interesting, you seem to think that you can stop me?!” Caresius looked at Evan with interest, as if he had found a new toy.

“The only way for both of us to know that I could, is for me to try!” Evan gasped.

Under the pressure of his opponent’s powerful magic, his spirit was highly on guard.

Next second, without any warning, a dark blue light shot out of Evan’s wand. It was going down, down to the wreckage of the chairs on the ground.

The debris twisted and deformed rapidly, turning into dozens of shimmering daggers that flew toward Caresius.

Caresius did not move. He stood in the place and looked at Evan with interest.

When everyone thought that Evan’s magic was successful, his figure disappeared in a strange way.

Like a small black hole, Caresius was swallowed up with the surrounding light, leaving only a black shadow.

Evan’s blue spell passed through the place where Caresius was standing and landed on the ground.

In the creaking sound, the thick ground and the underlying tiles were quickly corroded. Soon, there was a hole through which one could see the next floor underneath.

The power of this magic made everyone gasp!

“Not bad, your magic is progressing fast!” said Caresius.

His figure appeared out of thin air behind Evan, as if he had already been there.

“But the skills still need to be improved. This is not how to use magic.”

Evan gasped and turned quickly.

Obviously, Apparition was not allowed here. He didn’t know how the vampire did it!

But the vampires obviously had a lot of strange magic, which was not the same as that of ordinary wizards.

He saw Caresius sweeping across with his wand. There was a metallic clatter. Eerie red chains suddenly emerged from the floor, entangling Harry, who was in a hurry to climb up to a broomstick.

Several of them were shouting loudly, but the red chains were getting tighter and tighter.

This was a vampire-specific bound spell, one that had once been used by Elaine on Evan.

He knew that the more he struggled, the tighter he would be tied by the chain.

With a few of them wrapping him, Harry certainly couldn’t break free. Things didn’t seem to be going well.

Evan quickly waved his wand, and all the wreckage in the box, including the trophy, floated.

They lined up in a row, like meteors, quickly rushing to Caresius.

“As I said just now, your tricks are useless against me!” said Caresius, frowning.

Once again, his shadow disappeared from his spot, avoiding Evan’s attack. What he was using was unique; something that Evan had never seen before.

But the latter seemed to have anticipated that. He gasped and he rushed over as fast as he could and came to the stands next to his friends.

In front of him, Caresius’s figure slowly appeared from the air.

Hardly had he wanted to speak when he suddenly stopped.

He looked down and was surprised to find that the floor beneath his feet had turned into a quagmire.

Evan’s tactics worked; Caresius was sinking fast and his movements slowed down.

Whoop, whoop, whoop...

A huge circle of golden fireballs appeared in the air above the head of Caresius, bringing scorching heat to the small box.

Supported by all of Evan’s magic, these fireballs could melt even steel! If they were to even graze Caresius, they would harm him greatly!

“How about this way?” Evan asked, gasping, before he waved his wand down rapidly!

Chapter 484: World Class Duel

With Evan’s motion, the fireballs hit Caresius unstoppably.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The huge fireballs kept coming into contact with the ground, and the entire stadium was violently shaking under the violent impact.

It was like an earthquake. Everyone's bodies were shaking, and they were barely keeping themselves standing.

Just when everyone thought it was over, the next second, a heat wave hit them head-on, and they all started sweating instantly, feeling dizzy and getting suffocated.

It was as if they were in the crater of a volcano, not far from the bubbling magmatic lake.

The volcano was erupting and the temperature was getting higher and higher!

All they could see was a strong white light flashing in front of them, and they couldn't see anything clearly.

They closed their eyes subconsciously, in a trance, feeling as if the world had become unreal.

Evan raised his wand high and stood alone in the forefront.

Under the effect of his own powerful magic, his thin body was shocked very violently. He felt his arms and legs getting distant, as if he was about to be shredded.

Evan quickly cast a spell, and a looming magic shield emerged out of thin air, protecting him and everyone behind him.

The next second, the tip of the wand he held high emitted a golden flame, one that went forward unstopped, as if it was going to advance forever!

Evan increased his magic output. He never expected to eliminate Caresius with only a quagmire and a few fireballs. He could feel that only the first one of those fireballs had hit the vampire.

The instant the fireball touched him; Caresius broke away from his magic control and disappeared.

Evan didn't know where he had moved in the blink of an eye, so he could only expand his attack range.

The flames revolved around him in the box and the whole world was dyed orange.

In this world of flames, the body of a fiery beast was gradually taking shape. It was the fire dragon, the most terrifying magical animal!

Its tail lashed loudly on the ground, fanning its wings and blowing fiery flames around it. It raged, rolled, and swallowed everything it could touch in the small box.

Everything was burning, and even the walls began to melt.

Dark rocks and steel are turning red, making alarming clicks. They were collapsing and melting, turning into crystal crumbs and falling like liquid.

Nothing could be spared, besides those under the protection of Evan's shield.

The magic of this shield was the only thing around that could fend off this Fiendfyre.

Behind Evan, everyone looked at him in awe, and at the horrible scene of despair outside the shield.

No one thought that Evan actually had such powerful magic, and no one thought that he had enough magical power to make normal flames so terrifying.

This was not just a matter of quantity, but a qualitative change.

Ordinary flames had now become fierce fires from hell.

In their view, Caresius must be toast. No one could survive in these flames..

Evan made such a noise that the wizards all over the stadium were watching this amazing battle.

All eyes were focused on this, and the chaotic situation below gradually ceased. Everyone seemed to be frightened by Evan's magic!

After Caresius entered the box, the vampires who had been creating chaos stopped using magic and hid themselves.

Their mission to cover for Caresius had been completed and they were now retreating.

This was actually very simple. They had just to take off their masks and their cloaks and mix into the crowd fleeing the stadium.

As for the remaining wizards who using the chaos to start stealing those around them, they were quickly subdued.

The Aurors of the Ministry of Magic regained control of the situation, and now everyone was watching Evan and his magic in the box; everyone was waiting for the outcome of this battle.

Under the spotlight, everything that happened there was very clear.

If today's Quidditch final was world-class, so was the duel between Evan and Caresius.

The level of this duel was absolutely top-notch, and it was to be surely the highest ranked recorded duel in the past few years.

In fact, ever since Dumbledore and Grindelwald's epic battle, the wizarding world had not seen such gladiatorial battles.

In particular, Evan's last Fiendfyre was enough to brand the hearts of the 100, 000 audience below.

"God, that young man is definitely a monster!" Someone exclaimed, "What kind of magic is this?!"

"Is it a Fiendfyre?"

"I don't know, but it's so powerful. I've never seen such powerful fire magic."

"What's the name of that guy?!" someone asked.

If they had a Hogwarts student next to them, they would know that his name was Evan Mason!

Even Evan's age had challenged people's tense and fragile nerves.

No one could believe that he was only 13 years old this year, which was impossible!

As for Evan's previous deeds, they spread all over the stadium almost in an instant.

Although there were as many as 100,000 people here, the news spread at an extraordinary speed, even faster than the panic spread just now!

Everyone could recognize that another genius, another monster, had risen.

This was the first time this had happened in recent decades since Voldemort.

Evan did not expect that this battle would bring him countless admirers, and that his name would spread throughout the world. In fact, he did not hear any of those below.

He controlled his magic output, and a slight hunch rose in his heart.

He can feel that his magic was rapidly disappearing, as if swallowed up by something.

“Enough!”

The next second, a deep voice suddenly sounded.

This seemed to be a signal, and a black hole-like vortex appeared where Caresius had disappeared.

The golden red flames were quickly swallowed, and even the mighty dragon did not escape.

Evan’s magic didn’t work against Caresius, who began to fight back.

A few seconds later, all the flames disappeared, leaving only ash and wreckage behind as proof of their existence.

The figure of Caresius reappeared, looking unusually bothered.

The black cloak that had been wearing was burned, and he threw it aside.

He seemed to be really angry, and he didn’t mind showing his face.

His initially handsome and evil face was covered in black smoke, and his deep red eyes were locked tightly on Evan.

“Very interesting magic, you have great potential and are qualified to be my opponent!” Caresius said seriously. “Okay, we’d better not waste time. You know, that man is watching us below!”

Chapter 485: I’m not Leaving!

“It’s amazing how quickly you started to work for him?!” Evan said rudely.

In his impression, although the vampires were helping Voldemort, they still had their own bottom line.

It was like the last time in the Centaurs’ relics. They did not completely obey Voldemort’s orders.

“I don’t think I need to say that this is a mere exchange of interests among allies!” Caresius answered.

“Exchange of interests?!” Evan shook his head. “I see you are looking for a dead end, showing up here in front of wizards from all over the world. This is not in line with your principles. You and your people are going to be wanted by tomorrow.”

“In order to achieve more valuable goals, there is a price that must be paid. My people and I are already living on the edge of the wizarding world.” Caresius pointed his wand at Evan, with an expression of unprecedented seriousness on his face. “If so, let them be wanted. We have nothing to lose!”

“But...” Evan wanted to mention Elaine.

But the vampire shouted rudely, “Salute, Evan, don’t waste time, you know dueling etiquette!”

This was the first time Evan saw Caresius’s face looking like that.

At this moment, Evan was no longer a junior like Elaine in his eyes, but a worthy opponent.

For the plight of their race, there was the one mentioned in the old prophecy.

Caresius had been speculating that even if the road ahead was rough, there was no room for failure, and he would never allow it.

Whether for his own sake or for his people, who had always believed in him, he had to succeed.

Caresius chose Voldemort, but did not give up on Evan either.

He saw Evan as a backup, acquiescing Elaine and Evan to a good relationship and giving them maximum care.

Just like what happened in the ruins of the fallen Centaurs last time, when Caresius gave the Philosopher’s Stone to Evan.

Voldemort was already strong enough, and Caresius didn’t think he needed more power. He just needed to restore his strength.

This was in the interest of Caresius and his people, and he hoped that Evan could quickly grow stronger.

But when Evan stood in front of him, he didn’t mind giving him a hard lesson so that this young wizard would know how wide the gap between the two sides was.

The Aurors of the Ministry of Magic would not be able to come up for a while, and Caresius had enough time.

He was going to take Harry Potter away and let Voldemort complete that magic and regain his strength.

As for the other team dealing with Barty Crouch Jr., they must have already been successful.

He had just to eliminate Evan and take Harry Potter trussed up, to Voldemort.

Caresius saluted Evan; only a respectable opponent was worthy of such courtesy.

The next second, a red triangle of light flew towards Evan.

Evan dodged to the right and continued to run fast.

His body moved quickly, and the wand in his hand emitted several red lights.

Caresius did not use teleportation. He chose to confront Evan head-on.

From the tip of his wand, sparks flew, taking all Evan’s magic and fighting back.

In just a few seconds, the two sides had several magical exchanges, and the match was extremely technical.

Caresius's spells were endless, all of which were blood magic that Evan was unfamiliar with, which made him feel a bit overwhelmed and stressed.

In fact, besides these varied spells, the technical aspect had always been Evan's weak point. He had great theory and strength, but did not have enough chances to try putting them into practice to hone his dueling techniques

Theory could be quickly obtained from books, and powerful magic was also obtained from Slytherin's Locket and the Philosopher's Stone.

Evan's strength had risen too fast, but his skills and experience had not kept pace with it.

Under the unreserved attack of Caresius, he soon felt unprecedented pressure.

After fending off yet another spell, Evan felt in his heart that it was terrible, and realized that this was not going to work!

Going on like this, he was afraid that it would not be long before he would be defeated by Caresius.

However, Evan now had the Philosopher's Stone! He couldn't just give up on his advantage to compete with his opponent where he was weaker.

In the blink of an eye, he thought of a bold plan.

Evan aimed his wand at the huge stones falling from the roof, and they quickly twisted into five trolls.

The trolls roared, waved their giant clubs, and rushed at Caresius with their teeth and claws open.

Caresius frowned, and in his opinion, these monsters were meaningless. He just flicked his wand and they turned into black smoke.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Evan took the Philosopher's Stone from the Locket on his chest and held it in his hand.

The red fluorescence of the Philosopher's Stone flashed, the powerful magic hovered around Evan's body, and all his magic was instantly fully replenished.

"The Philosopher's Stone!" Caresius said in surprise. "You've restored that broken Philosopher's Stone?!"

"Yes!" Evan nodded.

His mouth did not stop reciting spells, and light blue fire emerged from the end of Evan's wand.

Unlike before, these flames had no temperature at all, and they swiftly approached and revolved around Caresius.

A deep red light flashed, and blue flames roared around.

Evan hurriedly waved his wand, and with a powerful Magical Power Support, they quickly shrunk in size!

The flames deformed quickly, changing into chains that trapped Caresius.

No matter how he resisted, Evan gritted his teeth and insisted on sending magic. He did not let Caresius break this bondage.

He could feel that the magic of his body was being consumed quickly, and that the power of the Philosopher's stone was rapidly being added.

These forces were different from the magic that Evan was not so familiar with, causing a certain degree of damage to his body.

It was extremely unfavorable to continue to persist.

It was like hurting the enemy by 1,000 and hurting himself by 800. It was hard to say whether he could really beat Caresius.

Evan had his own plans. He did not expect these chains of pure magic to trap Caresius. However, it was enough for him to gain time!

Without pausing, he used all the binding spells that he knew so far on Caresius.

If his power was not enough, he could get it from the Philosopher's Stone.

That was his advantage, the only thing where he was stronger than Caresius.

Soon, the colorful light of countless spells surrounded Caresius.

And Evan, who had also gone to great extremes, was so tired that he barely could keep his eyes opened.

Because of the circuit of magic between him and the stone, he felt as if his body was collapsing.

But now was not the time to fall, Evan tried his best to turn around, and the wand in his hand was pushing hard.

Click, click, click, the chains tied to Harry, Ron, Hermione and the Quidditch players broke instantly.

"Go, get on your brooms!" Evan shouted. "I can't hold on for long."

Hearing his shouts, everyone climbed onto the broomsticks as fast as they could, and no one dared to stop.

Only Hermione hesitated, looked at the motionless Evan, and slipped off Krum's broom.

"What are you doing?" Krum said with a frown.

He stretched out his hand and grabbed Hermione. He couldn't understand why the girl was going down.

Didn't she hear the boy say that the mighty Dark wizard was about to break free?

"Let go!" Hermione shouted, in a firm voice, "I want to stay with Evan!"

In the battle just now, her voice turned hoarse for Evan, and she sounded devastated. Her eyes were red, and her tears flowed out uncontrollably.

Hermione clenched her wand in her hand and wiped her eyes. Her little face was full of resolve.

She didn't know where her courage came from, but it was the only thought in her mind at the moment.

She was going to stay with Evan, even if she was to die by his side!

Chapter 486: It's Over...

"Let go!" Hermione shouted again to Krum.

Looking at the girl's tearful eyes, he could still see a spark of resolve lurking within it.

Krum paused and unconsciously released his hand.

He felt as if the softest part of his heart had been touched, and an unprecedented feeling filled his whole body.

Hermione at this moment left him extremely moved; he knew, right then and there, that this was the girl he had been looking for.

Krum immediately came to his senses, tightened his hand gripping Hermione's arm, and made up his mind to take her away anyway.

He had seen the strength of the Dark wizard, and it was completely suicidal to stay here.

But no use!

The moment at which he loosened his grip was all that took Hermione to rush to Evan's side, crying with her hands around him.

She hugged him so hard and cried so sadly.

At this moment, Evan was using the power of the Philosopher's Stone to confront Caresius.

He felt exhausted and suffered from the magic of the Philosopher's Stone.

Caresius was also close to his limit, but he was quickly cracking Evan's magic, and was going to break free very soon.

Although there was still great magic in the Philosopher's Stone, Evan's body absorption speed had gradually failed to keep up.

"Hermione, you have to go ..." Evan said with his last strength.

He tried to push Hermione away, but he didn't.

"No, Evan!" Hermione cried and said, "I want to stay with you, even if I die, I won't leave."

Her tone was full of stubbornness and determination, not at all the same as Hermione in peacetime.

Evan had no strength while looking at Hermione's crying face, but he felt unprecedented happiness in his heart.

He knew Hermione would never leave anyway, so he didn't say anything.

Evan raised his hand and gently wiped Hermione's face, drying her tears.

"Don't cry!" He said softly, trying to show a smile.

Hermione sobbed and nodded vigorously.

In mid-air, Harry and Krum flew up quickly on broomsticks.

“Evan, Hermione, hop on!” Harry shouted.

He and Krum reached out at the same time and wanted to pick them up.

But almost at the same time, powerful magic shocks erupted from the magic-bound Caresius.

Just as the essence of the pale red magic wave centered on him, it spread quickly outward.

Countless red and black magic particles whirled rapidly around Caresius, gradually forming a tornado.

Under the powerful impact, Harry and Krum flew out uncontrollably.

The next second, Caresius let out a roar.

He waved his wand vigorously, and the swirling magic storm soared up to the sky.

His appearance had changed, his pale face was totally bloodless, and his wizard’s robes were in a bad state.

Caresius did not have the calmness of the aristocrat he had before; he looked more beastly, showing the full strength of the strongest vampire.

With the movement of the wand in his hand, the blue magic chain of fire that was tightly wrapped around Caresius was rapidly breaking apart.

Caresius broke free from all shackles and defeated Evan’s magic.

With a strong oppressive momentum, his wine-red eyes fell on Evan.

“You lost!” he said indifferently, seeing that Evan had no strength to continue fighting.

Although Hermione beside Evan was pointing at him with her wand, Caresius did not even look at her.

He looked up and glanced at Harry, who was flying in midair, and frowned slightly.

He couldn’t tell if he could take him down with Evan and Hermione in his way.

In fact, he didn’t like what he was doing, nor did he like how it felt.

But this was indeed the simplest and most effective method at present, and Caresius had no time or strength to delay it.

The annoying Aurors of the Ministry of Magic were rushing up and they would be here soon.

The battle just now, especially the last magic, consumed too much of his magic, and Caresius could no longer challenge the Aurors.

Staying here was extremely unfavorable to him, and he secretly made up his mind.

Looking at Caresius staring at him and Harry, Evan knew what he was thinking.

Voldemort wanted to resurrect with Harry’s blood. And this could be the key to defeating him.

However, all events must be under Evan's control.

He was not ready to let Caresius just take Harry.

In particular, it would be even more unforgivable to use himself and Hermione to threaten Harry to submit.

Evan would never allow it. Hermione is under threat! This was where he drew the line; the line that could not be crossed!

He had not lost yet. Today, he was going to defeat this powerful vampire completely!

"Hermione, are you ready?" Evan asked softly, making up his mind.

Looking at Evan, Hermione nodded hard.

Although she did not know what Evan was going to do, she had no choice but to believe in him. She believed in Evan just like she believed in herself.

Evan smiled and held Hermione's little hand tightly, while his other hand held the Philosopher's Stone and his wand.

He tapped the ground gently with his wand, and the next second, the ground of the whole box began to crumble.

The ground broke apart and even the rocks below began to crack, crumble and fall rapidly.

The cracks spread instantaneously to the main building of the stadium, with the spot that Evan stuck being at the center

As if made out of eggshells, all the walls fell off one by one and collapsed to the ground.

"You are mad!" Caresius looked at Evan incredulously and couldn't believe he actually did it.

The surprise Evan gave him tonight was enough to rattle him.

At that moment, Caresius believed that Evan was the one mentioned in his clan's prophecy.

He knew that he had failed and lost to Evan; he could not catch Harry Potter today.

Caresius hesitated, reaching out to grab Evan and Hermione, to get them both out of here.

But countless stones fell making a gap between the two sides, and Caresius had no chance to do so.

He sighed as he watched Evan and Hermione disappearing into the ruins.

In the next second, the black figure of Caresius vanished from the place and disappeared.

Boom, boom, boom, countless boulders tumbled, thundering!

Below the stadium, the Aurors of the Ministry of Magic were evacuating the crowd and leaving quickly.

Everyone was so scared that they looked pale and couldn't believe what was happening in front of them. They were all scared, and it never occurred to them that this would be the outcome, or that the battle between Evan and Caresius would be so fierce.

Submerged by these large fallen stones and ruins, Evan and Hermione could not possibly survive. Today was destined to be one of the bitterest days in the history of magic; a new rising genius had fallen...

Chapter 487: Evan the Monster

Boulders and steel were falling, and the crowd below was noisy as everyone fled in horror.

With the main building box as the center, cracks spread on the main building of the stadium, along with panic.

The wizards were horrified to find that this huge and magnificent building, which took more than 500 wizards of the Ministry of Magic a whole year to build, was rapidly falling apart. As they fled, they were chased out by the sound of crumbling stones.

It was incredible, especially that every inch in this place was covered with several protection spells.

But what did everyone see? A thirteen-year-old boy tapped on the building with his wand, and it was over?!

The wizards felt that they must have lost their minds to see such a thing, but the facts were clearly in front of them.

The magic contained in Evan's final spell was too horrible. It was a force powerful enough to destroy the world.

In the panic, officials from the Ministry of Magic and Aurors raised their wands to stabilize the rest of the stadium.

However, no one dared to approach the collapsing main building.

If they were to be lightly inadvertently caught by the huge stones that accelerated down, they would be dead or injured!

Harry, Ron, Krum, Fred, George and other Quidditch players were flying in the air around the rapidly collapsing building in the hope of rescuing Evan and Hermione, but there was no way for them to get close.

They shouted the names of Evan and Hermione, looking forward to the slightest miracle in despair.

In the stands, Sirius, who had just defeated the two vampires stalling him, also raised his head and looked in dismay at the main building that was collapsing not far away.

There was a blank space in his head, and it never occurred to him that this would happen.

Sirius stood still and looked at all this incredulously. The next second, he rushed to the main building as fast as he could.

He had no regard for being hit by falling rubble or for his own safety. He only wanted to save Evan and Hermione.

Sirius was afraid, and he remembered the dark night fourteen years ago.

That was how he had rushed to James and Lily's cabin, and his mind was filled with images of the unthinkable.

He had thought that he would never have this feeling of despair again, and never did he imagine that it would come up again.

If he could, he would give his life as tribute, just to spare that of the children. 'He was a man who should have died long ago. He was not qualified to live in this world;' he thought.

A lingering shadow shrouded the sky, and thick clouds obscured the moonlight.

After a brief period of panic and shock, sorrow gradually became the main theme.

This evening's Quidditch World Cup final was destined to go down in the history of magic as one of the greatest events ever, and Evan's name was to be remembered forever.

No one would forget the duel just now, and no one would forget the mighty magic used by both sides.

This was beyond the capabilities of ordinary wizards, and a true duel of great wizards.

Evan earned the respect of more than 100,000 wizards in one fight, by virtue of his outstanding performance.

It was unknown who had started it, and Evan's name was whispered.

Soon, everyone in the entire stadium began to say his name lightly.

In the thick dust, his wand kept shining red upward, knocking the falling stones away.

His body had been scratched and bruised by gravel, and he started to bleed.

Despite this, Sirius shouted loudly; he had not given up on hope.

The box was in a very high position and time was running out. Evan and Hermione had not yet fallen down.

He must find them both, even if they were just corpses...

But besides the wreckage, Sirius saw nothing.

Just as light in his heart was fading as he fell into despair, he suddenly saw a golden red light flashing high up in the air.

The golden red light cluster was like a star in the night sky; dim and silent but exceptionally clear.

Almost instantly, Sirius recognized that it was the radiance of the Philosopher's Stone.

Because of the tension, his heart almost stopped beating, and his eyes widened unbelievably looking at the glittering golden light.

Evan and Hermione were there; they were not dead yet!

Under the protection of the Philosopher's Stone, Evan had cast a sturdy circular magic shield to protect him and Hermione.

The scorching magic was raging in his body. He gritted his teeth and held Hermione in his arms.

The two were close to each other, and Evan could feel her breath and warmth in his arms

He had never been so close to Hermione, and under the warmth of her body, Evan even felt that they were going to melt together.

Hermione also tried her best to hug Evan. She didn't dare open her eyes. Her tiny body was trembling constantly...

There was only one thought in her heart. If this was death, then she would die with Evan.

However, it was not over yet, and Evan's story was not over!

With everything he's ever done, this was not Evan's limit.

His battle with Voldemort and the evil gods had just begun, and a more exciting world was awaiting him.

He could not betray Hermione's trust in him; he vowed to protect her in his arms, no matter what.

In the next second, with the support of firm confidence and perseverance, the powerful magic re-converged in Evan's body centered on the Philosopher's Stone.

Evan raised his wand high in his hand and read his last spell.

The dim light of the Philosopher's Stone became vivid and extremely dazzling in the blink of an eye.

The golden light turned white, like the midday sun. It was so bright; one couldn't just look straight at it.

Everyone in the stadium noticed it, and they looked up in surprise.

Time seemed to freeze for a moment, and all the debris of the collapsed main building were quietly still in the air.

Then, they quickly gathered upwards around the light cluster.

In the stadium, everyone could feel the shocking powerful magic.

A giant made up of massive amounts of steel and stones was rapidly forming, and Evan was holding Hermione in the hands of the giant.

Looking at this miraculous giant, the wizards all gasped.

There was only one thought in their minds. How could that be possible? Was this still magic?!

Looking at this giant formed by a combination of powerful magic and debris, everyone felt that they were going crazy.

This was indeed Transfiguration, the simplest Transfiguration, but no wizard would dare to use it in this way.

No one was crazy enough to deform the main building of the stadium, which could hold 100,000 people.

This kind of move might not even be possible for Dumbledore, the world's greatest wizard. That could only be seen in the dusty magic books in the library, describing the magic of ancient warlocks.

Under the influence of magic, the collapsed building was re-formed and became a standing giant. It protected Evan with its huge palm, and the fallen debris of the stones became part of its body.

Chapter 488: Power and Shock

The sound of the scattered building wreckage and rock collisions continually echoed across the sky. More than 100,000 wizards looked up and were deeply shocked. They couldn't imagine the sudden appearance of the giant, and Evan and Hermione sitting on it.

Shock!!!

Extreme shock!!!

Besides this, there were no other words that could describe the scene at hand. They simply couldn't believe that this was actually the power of a young wizard.

Turning the falling debris of a building into a stone giant required only simple Transfiguration.

In the first lesson, all wizards had learned it, for it was the basis of many other advanced techniques.

But no one could use it like Evan. It was totally unthinkable.

The enormous magic involved had gone beyond what ordinary people could understand. No one could do this except Evan, who owned the Philosopher's Stone.

Although the image of the giant was not realistic, and there were no exquisite and complex decorations on its body. He was just made out of simple stones piled up.

This level of deformation would never get high marks in the classroom.

But through this crude style, everyone could feel the power that moved it.

This extremely powerful force made people bow down; almost worshiping what was the most direct manifestation of Evan's willpower.

At this moment, Evan was no longer just a 13-year-old wizard.

In many people's minds, he was already a powerful wizard who could stand shoulder to shoulder with Dumbledore and Voldemort.

Under the shock brought by witnessing this purest form of power, no one dared to violate his will.

"God, what do I see?!" An old wizard muttered incredulously.

His legs were shaking, and the next second he was actually lying on the ground, muttering something in his mouth.

Wizards like him were not in the minority. In front of powerful forces, submission was the wisest choice for many.

'Is this still a human?!' That was the question in everyone's mind.

"What's the name of that young wizard?" Another man asked.

"Evan Mason, he is from Hogwarts!"

Evan did not expect that he would make the front page of all national magic newspapers tomorrow morning.

The Quidditch World Cup final, which was supposed to take all headlines, was squeezed into an inconspicuous corner.

No one cared which team won the match, and no one cared who caught the Golden Snitch.

A great deal of space was devoted to the epic battle between Evan and Caresius, as well as the powerful magic he displayed.

The existence of the Philosopher's Stone was top secret, and the analysis of this matter by the major media was very varied.

Whatever it was, all the possible theories and legends had been rummaged out.

As for the rest of the pages, it was about Evan's life story, his various performances in Hogwarts and so on.

All in all, Evan was in the limelight.

Because of his performance tonight, the wizarding world that had been calm for a long time was boiling.

Overnight, Evan became a celebrity known to all wizards, like Dumbledore, Sirius and Harry.

All the major media wanted to interview him, and the Owl letters were almost filling up his place.

With the news reports, Evan had many admirers, from all over the world.

More than 100,000 wizards left the site, spreading his name all over the world.

Evan was recognized by the wizarding world as the most promising wizard and the star of hope for the future of the wizarding world.

The Ministry of Magic's award permission was delivered at the fastest speed.

The Order of Merlin, First Class also awarded Evan, and the Dark Force Defence League invited him to become a full member.

This was far from being the end of it, and the influence of the incident would continue to ferment.

Because of Evan's performance, the most direct manifestation was the surge in enrollment at Hogwarts the following year.

Many foreign parents sent their children to Hogwarts, hoping they could study with Evan.

.....

Of course, this was all to follow later!

At this very moment, Evan, who would usher in countless glories, was facing an unprecedented crisis.

He hugged Hermione tightly, or more accurately, he was lying on her.

Evan supported her body, so that she didn't fall .

They both clung to each other tightly, and drops of sweat, big like beans, kept popping up from Evan's forehead.

He was enduring severe pain, and perhaps, fainting directly would be the greatest mercy to him.

Losing consciousness meant not having to endure the pain of magic running through his body, to the point that it would almost burst.

Evan's body, while as thin as normal, was stretched out in its capacity to take magic like a balloon blown to the extreme.

Once a balloon would exceed its expansion capability, it would explode with a bang, and then shattered to pieces!

Evan now felt this way, and massive amounts of magic poured into his body from the Philosopher's Stone without stopping.

These magic powers were beyond his capacity, and he felt that he could explode at any moment.

Worst of all, the magic in the Philosopher's Stone was different from the magic normally produced in the human body.

It was more violent. Its flow through the body felt... hot, like magma deep in the earth's core.

While enduring the pain of being squeezed and exploded, he was also subject to the burning and destruction of the fiery magic.

It was true Evan couldn't stand it anymore, but the intense pain had kept him awake all the time.

It was the most horrible feeling to watch himself perish.

He didn't know what to do. Magic was out of control, and there was nothing he could do.

At this moment, Evan could not even focus. He couldn't think at all.

It's to be known that the Philosopher's Stone was originally developed by ancient warlocks to provide alchemy props for magic when casting powerful magic.

It contained magic, powerful beyond imagination!

No one had ever used his body directly to absorb the power of the Philosopher's Stone like Evan. No wizard could hold the magic contained in a Philosopher's Stone purely by virtue of his power.

Even the most powerful ancient warlocks were unlikely to do that.

This pure fragmentation was self-destructive, and there was no difference between it and suicide.

After the first brief hindrance, as Evan increased his absorption, magic from the Philosopher's Stone continued to flow into his body.

This process would not stop until he was completely blown up.

Evan was thinking about it now. He could feel the magic coming in from the Philosopher's Stone faster and faster, and far more than the consumption of the magic he is using.

He wanted to stop, but it didn't work at all.

Evan's body was shaking in pain, and Hermione hugged him at a loss.

She could feel the pain that Evan was experiencing, but did not know what to do.

She could only hug Evan tightly, in her own way, and kept praying for the boy in her arms.

Maybe it was her prayer that worked. Just when Evan thought that everything was about to end, the magic that was raging inside suddenly found an outlet to vent, from which the accumulated power poured out...

Chapter 489: The Dark Mark

Slytherin's Locket, which had been hanging on Evan's chest, kept flashing a dim golden light.

Just like the last time in the underground ruins of Aragog's Lair, the magic overflowing from Evan's body was constantly being absorbed by the Locket.

Dark golden streamers flowed over the old and complicated lines of the Locket, and the emeralds, which formed the capital letter S, were lit in turn at the center.

Now, the Slytherin house symbol looked like a curved snake, very lifelike.

After the excess magic was extracted out of his body, Evan gradually regained consciousness and could feel the magical power pouring in from the Philosopher's Stone stopping gradually.

The magic riot within his body was over, although he could still feel excruciating pain all over.

As long as he slowly practiced, Evan could recover, and his strength could even go further.

He bowed his head and looked incredulously at the Locket on his chest, shocked by its magic.

After the last time, Evan knew that the Locket was not a mere accessory. It had powerful mysterious magic, but it was hidden so deep that even Voldemort had not noticed it.

He just thought it was a personal belonging of his ancestor, Salazar Slytherin, with special commemorative significance.

Therefore, he made this Locket into a Horcrux.

But that was not the case. All the items left by Slytherin seemed to be of special significance.

Deep in the underground ruins, Evan saw it on the last mural.

The four corners were the Locket, the ring, the wand, and the huge scepter surrounded by two green giant pythons.

Evan speculated that, like the Philosopher's Stone on the front page of the first part, they were the key to defeating the evil spirits.

As one of the four items along with the scepter, the Locket was certainly not simple.

Evan had used it to defeat the eyeball monster and absorbed the magic of thousands of years of plankton deep underground.

He still remembered the scene at that time, and the feeling was like a brand-new magic gate opening in front of his eyes.

This time, the Locket saved Evan's life at a crucial moment.

Like last time, the magic above it suddenly launched, absorbing the magic of the Philosopher's Stone pouring into Evan's body.

Evan didn't know what was going on, and didn't figure out how the magic worked on the Locket.

He had been studying for a long time and had no clue.

He originally thought that the complicated lines on the Locket would be the same as the slate, and that only a Parselmouth could recognize them.

But after Harry had seen it, he was sure it wasn't.

After learning about ancient magic characters, Evan felt that these strange lines were like some kind of magic words, very, very old magic words.

Although he didn't know what the magic on the Locket was, and what its specific use was, there was no doubt that this Locket had become one of Evan's most precious magic items.

He could feel that the large amount of magic absorbed in it began to flow back slowly as before.

The power of the Philosopher's Stone once again became calm and pure, repairing the damage inside Evan's body.

Although most of the magic would eventually dissipate, a small part remained, becoming part of Evan's own strength.

This evening's incident was over, and Caresius and Voldemort's conspiracy had failed once again.

Evan breathed a sigh of relief and felt unusually tired. Now he just wanted to fall down and sleep deeply.

But before that, he still had to comfort Hermione, who was frightened in his arms.

After this incident, Evan clearly felt that his relationship with Hermione had taken a step forward.

They had both experienced this life or death situation, and had an unimaginable interaction founded in their unreserved trust in each other.

Evan gently patted the head of the trembling Hermione.

Just when he thought that everything was over, the accident happened again.

This evening's incident was not over. Fear... was not over!

Seemingly just to wreck the wizards' fragile nerves, something vast, green, and glittering erupted from the ruins of the building, and flew up into the sky.

The next second, a colossal skull appeared beside Evan and Hermione.

It consisted of what looked like emerald stars, with a serpent protruding from its mouth like a tongue.

Under Evan's gaze, the skull rose higher and higher, blazing in a haze of greenish smoke, etched against the black sky like a new constellation.

Like some grisly neon sign, it illuminated most of the sky.

Evan, Hermione, the stone giant standing quietly under them, and the ruins reflected with the skull in the night sky, as if they were intended to be part of the scene.

Because this horrible skull represented the power of destruction and the deepest fear of the wizards, in the stadium, the crowds that had been calmed down burst into screams again.

They screamed loudly, and once again rushed out of the stadium, fleeing as the panic returned.

This time, it was even more obvious than the turmoil caused by the vampires.

“God, this is the Dark Mark!” said Hermione, holding Evan’s arm tightly, “Voldemort’s sign!”

Voldemort certainly could not appear here. Evan knew what that was all about.

Almost at the same time that the Dark Mark was issued, he felt that Barty Crouch Jr. was in the ruins!

Needless to say, Voldemort and the vampires failed in their plan to rescue him in Crouch’s tent.

No one would have thought that Barty Crouch Sr. would let a house elf take his son to the Quidditch match.

Considering the character of Barty Crouch Sr. and the fugitive status of Barty Crouch Jr., this was incredible.

When the vampires were about to attack the box, Barty Crouch Jr. was led away by the house-elf Winky, but did not escape too far.

Winky’s order was to stay in the box, she could not leave too far, and she could not use Apparition.

Long-term imprisonment had made Bartemius Crouch Jr.’s body extremely weak and he had not yet recovered.

However, he still managed to steal Harry’s wand in the box.

This mad man was not thinking about running away with this wand at all.

After seeing Evan in the limelight, he used it directly to proclaim his master’s strength and provoke Evan. He wanted everyone to realize who was the most powerful and terrible wizard in the world.

And his goal was achieved. Bartemius Crouch Jr. succeeded in causing panic and reminding everyone of Voldemort’s terror.

All the Ministry of Magic officials and the Aurors quickly approached the ruins, and the red light of the stunning spell flashed everywhere.

Evan clearly saw that Barty Crouch Sr., who had not been seen this evening, was at the forefront.

The Ministry of Magic had lost face tonight, and they urgently needed to show themselves.

Evan didn’t know how Crouch would feel when he would see that the enemy he was going to face was his own son.

Chapter 490: Rufus Scrimgeour

A series of dazzling red lights flashed over the ruins.

The figures flickered, and hundreds of burning red lights shot from the wizards' wands, interlacing with each other. They hit the debris of the ruins and were bounced back into the darkness.

"I saw it, he Disapparated!" a wizard shouted.

"Don't be silly, Apparition is not allowed in this area..."

But thinking of the sudden disappearance of Caresius, this sentence was particularly unconvincing this evening.

"The man suddenly disappeared from my sight, if it was not Apparition..." The voice broke out and then said in surprise, "There's a man on the ground, unconscious, oh God, what's this?!"

"What did you find?!" Mr. Crouch said in a cold, unemotional voice. His face tightened and his sharp eyes fell on the darkness.

A few seconds later, under the watchful eyes of everyone a wizard came out with a tiny, limp figure. There was a tea towel around her neck. It was Winky, the house-elf!

Mr. Crouch watched as his house-elf was deposited under his feet, motionless and silent.

The other officials of the Ministry of Magic were all staring at Mr. Crouch, and the atmosphere in the air was weird.

For a few seconds, Crouch remained transfixed, as if frozen, his eyes blazing in his white face as he stared down at Winky.

Then he appeared to come to life again.

"This, this is impossible, impossible!" He said, "No way!"

He moved quickly around the wizard in front of him and strode off toward the place where Winky had been found.

"No point, Mr. Crouch!" the wizard who found Winky called after him, "There's no one else there."

But Mr. Crouch did not seem willing to take his word for it, and he walked up and down in there. He carefully searched through the dark ruins, and there was a constant sound of rubble rolling and falling.

When Evan and Hermione came down, he did not come out of the ruins.

"Evan, Hermione, are you both okay?"

Evan saw Sirius and Mr. Weasley running towards them and looking very scared.

In the sky, Harry, Ron, Ginny, Krum, Fred, George and other Quidditch players all slowly landed beside them.

People gathered to ask about Evan and Hermione, and wept with joy.

Everyone was shocked by Evan's power, and did not expect this 13-year-old to be so strong.

Those familiar with it knew that Evan had used the power of the Philosopher's Stone; that mighty power was beyond the imagination of the modern wizarding world.

Soon, Fudge came along under the protection of a group of Aurors.

He didn't seem to have recovered from the huge shock, and asked Evan who he was fighting with.

"That's enough, these two children need rest!" Sirius said impatiently, "Evan just had a fight with a Dark wizard who suddenly broke in. This should have been the responsibility of the Ministry of Magic. If you want to know the truth, you can ask those Dark wizards who have been caught, and you can know who they are and where they come from!"

"You're right, Black!" Fudge nodded awkwardly. "We do..."

Just then, the officials of the Ministry of Magic at the edge of the ruins gave another cry of alarm, and everyone hurried over.

The Aurors seemed to be discussing whether the house-elf had cast the Dark Mark and the final focus was on the wand.

To use this magic, one must have a wand, and Winky did have one in her hand.

The scene was a mess, and when everyone squeezed through, the expressionless Crouch came out of the ruins. His face was still ghostly white, and his hands and toothbrush mustache were both twitching.

"Barty, where have you been tonight?" Fudge hurriedly asked. He looked even more flustered than he did. "I can't believe this happened tonight, an attack of Dark wizards, and now even the Dark Mark has come out!"

"I've been very busy!" said Mr. Crouch, still talking in the same jerky fashion, barely moving his lips. "During the match, someone sneaked into my tent. They seemed to be looking for something!"

"To me, those guys are absolutely crazy. What will people say tomorrow?" Fudge complained, "Don't even think about it. They'll certainly think it's all the fault of the Ministry of Magic, but who can... God, what happened to this house-elf?"

He seemed to have just seen Winky, the house-elf lying on the ground.

A man from the crowd quickly walked to Fudge and whispered a few words.

The wizard looked like an old lion with gray streaks in his mane of tawny hair and bushy eyebrows.

Behind a pair of wire-rimmed spectacles had keen eyes, staring at Crouch with a bad eye.

He had a certain rangy, loping grace even though he walked with a slight limp.

He immediately gave an impression of shrewdness and toughness.

He was Rufus Scrimgeour, Head of the Auror Office of the Ministry of Magic, and was currently the strongest Auror.

“Rufus, you mean...” Fudge’s gaze fell on the wand in Winky’s hand.

Then, he seemed to have suddenly discovered some great truth and looked up at Crouch incredulously.

“So, Crouch’s house-elf cast the Dark Mark with this wand!” Fudge said slowly with a hint of horror in his voice, “You-Know-Who’s sign, how could she use this magic?!”

Crouch did not speak, and his eyes fell on the wand in Winky’s hand.

He didn’t seem to hear Fudge’s words, nor did he understand what he meant.

“It can’t be her...” someone whispered.

“But.....”

“I think we should listen to how this house-elf defends herself and then judge!” Scrimgeour continued. “If you have no objection, Mr. Crouch...”

Winky stirred feebly. Her great brown eyes opened and she blinked hard in a bemused sort of way.

Under the silent gaze of the wizards, she sat up trembling.

Then, slowly and trembling, she raised her eyes and looked at the crowd.

Then, more slowly, she turned her eyes to the night sky above.

It could be clearly seen that the floating skull was reflected twice in enormous, glassy eyes.

She gave a gasp, looked at the people in the open space with bewildered eyes, and suddenly burst into terrified sobs.