

Harry Potter 681

Chapter 681: Sirius and Snuffles

Evan and Harry followed and took two steps forward. They saw the four Death Eaters being dragged by the Dementors and disappearing into the distance.

There was darkness behind the iron gate, and the two of them could not move forward. Dumbledore's memory did not extend there.

"I found you, here you are!" Sirius's voice suddenly sounded behind them, "Good morning, Evan! Good morning, Harry!"

"Sirius!"

Evan looked back and saw Sirius standing there, staring at him and Harry with a smile.

"Ah, that's what happened at the trial!" At that moment, they watched Barty Jr. being dragged away by the Dementors. "Poor Barty Crouch Jr., I think he must have been heartbroken at that time! He probably thought his father would let him go, but he didn't, and his status had speeded up the trial of this case ..."

"You were there, too?" asked Evan.

"Yeah, I was just behind this door, waiting for the trial!" said Sirius disdainfully, "Nothing of that happened. They probably thought I was too dangerous, so Crouch went on directly to announce the judgment. But that made no difference. At the time, no one could help me. "

"What was going on in the back, can we see it?" said Evan expectantly. "How did you get sent to Azkaban?"

"Well, when the four of them were dragged back to the detention room, we'd been taken together by the Dementors to the damn place." Sirius simply said, seemingly unwilling to talk more, he came over and put his hands under Evan's and Harry's elbows, "Come, there's nothing nice behind!"

The two of them slowly rose into the air, the dungeon dissolved; and in the blink of an eye there was only darkness.

Then, they felt as though they had done a slow-motion somersault, suddenly landing flat on their feet, and the surrounding light was dazzling.

Evan had returned to Dumbledore's sunlit office, and the Pensieve was shimmering in the cabinet in front of him.

There was no one else in the office but the three of them. Dumbledore, Moody and Fudge had not yet returned.

"Sirius, why are you here?" Harry asked hurriedly.

“How could I be indifferent to such a big incident at Hogwarts? I’m here with Rufus Scrimgeour and Kingsley Shacklebolt. After hearing about your experience last night, Fudge thinks he needs a little protection! The two of them followed to the Forbidden Forest, and I came to see you.”

“Is there anything in the Forbidden Forest? Have you found Mr. Crouch?” Harry demanded.

“Nothing. Crouch disappeared without a trace. To me, Fudge didn’t quite believe what Dumbledore said. but those signs of struggle can’t be fake, and I’m sure what you’re saying is true. So, the actual situation is very bad, Hogwarts mixed with some very dangerous people.”

“Do you think...”

“Harry, this is not the time to discuss this. You must understand that under the current circumstances, you should not leave the castle at night. This is very dangerous!” Sirius interrupted him, saying sternly. “Whoever is hiding in the dark, it is clear that they wanted to stop Crouch from seeing Dumbledore, and you were probably feet away from them in the dark. You could have been killed.”

“But...”

“I want you to swear that, before the end of the Triwizard Tournament, you are not going to go walking with anyone outside the castle, or even leave Gryffindor Tower after class hours!”

When he heard him, Harry was a little angry. How could he stay in the bedroom for so long?

He also wanted to find out the man who attacked Crouch, and the plot hidden in all of that. And coming to think of it, Sirius himself had done so many ridiculous things at school, but now he was coming to tell them to behave and stay in the Common Room.

That was ridiculous, but before Harry said anything, he heard it.

“Given the current situation, I am coming to Hogwarts to protect you!”

“What, you’re coming to Hogwarts?!” Harry froze!

“Sirius, you should know ...” said Evan in surprise.

“Don’t worry, I’m sneaking in secretly, and no one will know,” said Sirius indifferently, motioning to both of them to be at ease. “According to the schedule, after leaving Hogwarts, I will immediately leave for Albania to deal with the vampires. That’s what I said in the Department. Everyone thinks I’m gone, but in fact I’m staying at Hogwarts.”

“You’ll be spotted!” Evan warned him.

Barty Crouch Jr. didn't want Sirius to cause the entire plan to fail.

He only needed to be there in the second task starting next week, so there was no need to sneak into Hogwarts.

“No, no one but you knows that I'm an Animagus, let alone my Animagus form. Even if it was seen, others would only think it is a stray dog. My stay at Hogwarts will help the rest of the operation, investigate that person and protect you at the same time. By the way, I need another name, and if you guys are talking about me, just call me Snuffles, okay? “

He seemed to be in high spirits. Sirius had always been this way when it came to taking risks.

It was a real headache, he just told Harry to be honest, but he did it the other way around.

Next, they'd been talking about it.

After another five minutes or so, a large group of people came in and they were arguing.

It was mainly Moody and Rufus Scrimgeour who were arguing, and they had different opinions about Crouch's whereabouts after leaving.

Scrimgeour thought that Crouch might not have left the Forbidden Forest, but Moody insisted that he had left!

Unlike the quarreling Aurors, Fudge had a completely different attitude.

He seemed reluctant to connect Crouch's disappearance with Voldemort. He seemed more willing to believe that Madame Maxime had attacked Crouch, especially that the incident had happened close to Beauxbatons carriage, and she was half-giantess...

In short, Fudge finally decided not to publicize the matter for the time being, and announced to the outside that Crouch was on vacation because of illness.

The Aurors would investigate the matter secretly, while Fudge replaced Crouch as the judge of the Triwizard Tournament.

Fudge left with a stiff face, and he had hope that Crouch would suddenly appear safe and sound.

Ideally, he would be crazy because of the long-term stress caused by work, rather than death or disappearance.

Evan saw Sirius wave at him and Harry and leave with Fudge.

In the eyes of others, he would be out to Albania, but in fact he would return directly to Hogwarts after a turn.

Chapter 682: Dumbledore's Remorse

Now, only Dumbledore, Evan, and Harry were in the office.

Harry looked somewhat restrained, Dumbledore was tired, and it didn't seem easy to deal with Fudge.

Evan was well aware that although Dumbledore could ignore the Ministry's opinion, he would not do so unless he had to.

Since doing so would undoubtedly make everything worse, he would get as much support as possible from Fudge and the Ministry of Magic.

But that was really hard. Fudge was becoming more and more difficult to satisfy and less prone to compromise...

He always seemed to consider his own position and power first, and then others.

“You wanted to tell me something?” said Dumbledore, turning to look at Evan and Harry. “But I suggest that before that, you get something to eat, I think you came over without having breakfast!”

He waved his wand, and milk and sandwiches appeared on the table.

Dumbledore sat down in a chair behind the table and motioned to Evan and Harry to sit opposite him.

As they ate, his gaze shifted to the unclosed cabinet door, and he seemed to have guessed what had happened.

“Professor,” Harry explained hurriedly, swallowing the food in his mouth. “The cabinet door was open when we came in ...”

“So we accidentally saw the Pensieve inside,” Evan added, “and your memory!”

“I quite understand. I was using it when Mr. Fudge arrived and put it away rather hastily. Undoubtedly I did not fasten the cabinet door properly. Naturally, it would have attracted your attention,” said Dumbledore calmly, peering at them over the top of his half-moon spectacles. “Curiosity is not a sin, but I have to say that we should exercise caution with our curiosity... especially you, Evan, you might not want to approach things you do not understand so often... yes, indeed...”

“I see!” Evan nodded. But what was Dumbledore referring to?!!

Was it the dangerous Dark magic, the demon in the basement, or the terrible evil god?!!

“Good!” Dumbledore smiled again.

He went over and opened the cabinet door, brought the Pensieve and placed it on the desk in front of them.

The contents of the basin had returned to their original, silvery-white state, swirling and rippling beneath their gaze.

“I think you should know ... this is a Pensieve!” said Dumbledore, sitting down again. “I sometimes find that I simply have too many thoughts and memories crammed into my mind, and I need to use it to help me sort it out. One pours the excess thoughts into the basin and examines them at one’s leisure. It becomes easier to spot patterns and links, you understand, when they are in this form.”

With Evan and Harry watching, he placed the tip of his wand into his silvery hair, near his temple.

When he took the wand away, there seemed to be some glistening strand clinging to it, which was of the same strange silvery-white substance that filled the basin.

Dumbledore added this fresh thought to the basin, placed his long hands on either side of the Pensieve and swirled it, rather as a gold prospector would pan for fragments of gold.

Gradually, Snape's face appeared on the surface of the bowl. Snape opened his mouth and spoke to the ceiling, his voice echoing slightly.

"It's coming back... Karkaroff's too... stronger and clearer than ever ..."

"He did come back... a connection I could have made without assistance," Dumbledore sighed. "Too obvious, I thought he would keep a low profile."

Frowning slightly, Dumbledore prodded the thoughts within the basin with the tip of his wand.

Instantly, a figure rose out of it, a boy of thirteen or fourteen years old, with pale skin and freckles.

He was a younger Barty Crouch Jr., with his feet still in the basin.

When he spoke, his voice echoed as Snape's had done, as though it were coming from the depths of the stone basin.

"Yes, professor, I have to gain all twelve Ordinary Wizarding Level certificates. My father asked me to do it. So I want to apply for a Time-Turner..." his face was full of pride and his tone reminded Evan of Malfoy.

"This is Mr. Crouch's son?!" said Harry, looking up at the boy.

"Yes," said Dumbledore, prodding the thoughts in the basin again, Barty Jr. sank back into them, and they became silvery and opaque once more, "That was Barty Crouch Jr. as I remember him at school ... a very intelligent child, and very polite. Believe me, there were not many students who could work out new spells at this age, and Barty Sr. had high expectations for him. "

"He developed his own spell at the age of fourteen?" Evan asked.

"A very interesting little magic!" said Dumbledore. "His grades were perfect in all courses. He was the best graduate of Hogwarts since Tom Riddle. I thought he was going to work in the Ministry of Magic, and he would inherit his father's career..."

"Professor, I just saw the memories of that trial, and he was not the same as the other three Death Eaters!" Harry hesitated, "He might have just happened to be there by accident ..."

"Nothing happens by chance, Harry!" Dumbledore closed his eyes and said in a tone of remorse, "I didn't know until later, probably not long after this conversation, he joined Voldemort's team, became the youngest Death Eater, and soon got attention. I should have noticed and stopped this from happening!"

The silvery light from the Pensieve illuminated Dumbledore's face, and he looked very old.

Evan seemed to have just realized that the greatest wizard in the world looked really as an old man at the moment.

"I sometimes think that there is a big problem with our educational philosophy," said Dumbledore slowly. "Only teaching students magic, not teaching humanity, has led to the creation of so many Dark wizards. Especially for Slytherin students, they are all excellent, but it also means that they are more tempted and must be carefully guided ..."

Dumbledore was different from other professors. He was very concerned about what students were thinking, and he always did. Especially for those talented wizards, he hoped to lead them to the right path. He thought this was his responsibility.

His purpose was great, although his methods and results were not all so perfect.

Voldemort was the most obvious example. He grew up almost under Dumbledore's gaze, just to become the most evil Dark Lord.

In the field of magic, the more you knew, the more ambitious you would be; the stronger you became, the more temptations you would get.

Sometimes, what seemed to be the right approach could be counterproductive.

Chapter 683: A Theory

There was a quiet moment in the office, the silvery memories swirling slowly in the Pensieve.

"Have you had enough? Do you need another sandwich?" After a while, Dumbledore opened his eyes and said gently, "Well, it's time to talk about the two of you. Harry, what do you have to tell me?"

"Yes, Professor!" Harry said quickly, hesitating, "I had a dream last night. I dreamed of Voldemort. He was with the vampire named Caresius, and the statue of an evil god. "

He spoke of the terrible dream and thought he would get some response, but Dumbledore just looked at him. There was no particular surprise or astonishment, as though everything were to be expected.

"In the end, my scar hurt; it hurt so badly that it woke me up!" Harry said, "That's all!"

"Oh," said Dumbledore quietly. "I see. Now, has your scar hurt at any other time this year, excepting the time it woke you up over the summer?"

"No, I ... how do you know that it woke me up over the summer?" Harry asked in surprise, glancing at Evan.

"Sirius told me. I'm also in contact with him!" said Dumbledore briefly, staring at Harry.

“Professor, do you know why my scar’s hurting?” Harry asked anxiously.

Dumbledore looked very intently at Harry for a moment, and then slowly said, “I have a theory at present, just a theory, I’m not entirely sure ... It is my belief that your scar hurts both when Lord Voldemort is near you, and when he is feeling a particularly strong surge of hatred. Your scar hurts because you and he are connected by the curse that failed.”

“This scar connects me to Voldemort?!” Harry was startled.

“You should know ... that is no ordinary scar!” said Dumbledore.

He was not sure that there was Voldemort’s Horcrux in Harry’s scar yet, but it was already his main hypothesis!

Otherwise, he would not agree with Evan’s plan, but just directly catch Barty Crouch Jr.

After so many things happened, especially after Caresius made an exposed turn to Snape’s office, it was difficult to know whether Moody had any problems, so he agreed to let Sirius sneak into Hogwarts.

Now, the key question was how to tell Harry, or let him accept, the fact that he must be killed by Voldemort.

“Professor ... do you think that dream was true?” Harry continued.

“It is possible,” said Dumbledore. “I would say... probable. Harry... did you see Voldemort?”

“No,” said Harry slowly. “Just the back of his chair. But... there wouldn’t have been anything to see, would there? I mean, he doesn’t have a body, has he? But... but then how could he have held the wand? “

“How indeed?” muttered Dumbledore. “How indeed...”

No one spoke for a while. Dumbledore was gazing ahead, as though thinking. Then he suddenly woke up.

“Harry, do you have anything else?” he said softly.

“Well, Professor!” Harry hesitated for another moment before finally saying, “Do you think he’s getting stronger?”

“Voldemort?” Dumbledore looked at Harry and sighed softly, “Everything that has happened recently shows that his strength is increasing, but not enough ... Harry, you have to understand that there are too many forces in this world. If he makes up his mind, there is nothing we can do to stop it. We can only respond appropriately in time.”

Harry nodded as if he understood, but from the look on his face, it was clear that Dumbledore’s words were vague to him.

Evan was still speculating, was the force Dumbledore talked about that of the evil god? Or was it a more evil force?

This magic world was really not as simple as imagined.

There was another silence, and then Harry began asking questions about the trial he had just seen. He asked about Bellatrix, Karkaroff, Barty Crouch Jr., Ludo Bagman, Neville's parents, and about Snape!

Dumbledore answered them patiently one by one. He told Harry everything he knew, except the question why he believed that Snape really no longer supported Voldemort.

Evan was listening and was certain that Dumbledore hadn't concealed anything, despite the fact that many things were very cruel.

As for Snape's problem, Dumbledore said it was a matter between the two of them.

More than half an hour later, Harry felt he had no reason to stay.

He glanced at Evan hesitantly and didn't get up, and wanted to hear what Evan had to say to Dumbledore.

"Harry, Evan and I are going to talk for a while. I'd like you to meet Sirius first," said Dumbledore calmly. "He should have come through Hogsmeade's secret passage. You can place him at Hagrid's."

"Okay, I'll go now." Harry stood up and walked to the door, looking back at Dumbledore and Evan.

Evan was staring at the Pensieve, as though to take the opportunity again.

Dumbledore was standing over the Pensieve, his face lit from beneath by its silvery spots of light, looking older than ever.

There was a long silence after Harry left, and neither Evan nor Dumbledore spoke.

Dumbledore looked at Evan over the Pensieve. It was his characteristic, piercing look.

It was a bad feeling. Evan felt that Dumbledore was able to see through him completely. He had to use Occlumency.

The pressure was mounting, and he didn't come here to compete with Dumbledore's magic.

"Let Sirius come to Hogwarts. So, you agree to the plan?" Evan had to ask.

"As I just said, there are too many forces in this world ... too many forces we don't understand," said Dumbledore. "Voldemort can get a lot of help as long as there are enough evil hearts. What do you think Voldemort is going to do with the statue of the evil god glowing red Harry saw in his dream? "

"I don't know!" Evan shook his head. He really didn't know what Voldemort was going to do with the evil god statue. That was a completely unknown field, and everything could only be speculated.

He didn't even know how Voldemort made the statue of the evil god glow. Wasn't that thing already sealed?!!

Dumbledore began walking up and down behind his desk. Every now and then, he placed his wand tip to his temple, removed another shining silver thought, and added it to the Pensieve. The thoughts inside began to swirl so fast that Evan couldn't make out anything clearly: it was merely a blur of silvery-white.

Did Dumbledore remember something about the evil god?

Chapter 684: Memory Extraction

Dumbledore did not explain, and there was no picture of memory in the Pensieve as before.

The silvery-white memory was spinning fast, forming a whirlpool.

A few minutes later, he suddenly said, "May I see the memory of the evil god you saw in the illusion before?!"

Evan hesitated for a moment and then said, "No problem!"

After learning how to extract memories from Dumbledore, he extracted that memory.

It was really a wonderful experience, almost an out of body experience.

The white thought surged on the tip of Evan's wand, and at the moment when the memory gushed out of his body, he had an inexplicable and strange feeling that he reached the deepest part of his soul, and even his whole body could not help trembling.

The strange sensation flashed away, but after the memory was extracted, Evan was obviously different.

He could remember everything he'd done with Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Sirius when they went to the Centaurs' colony that night, but his experience in the Gryffindor illusion showed a blank space, as if it had vanished into thin air.

It was not simple forgetting, because he was sure that there was such a thing, and also knew a general idea. But he couldn't remember it anyway, and there was no way to tell anyone else, only he could know.

This magic was really amazing, out of what Evan had expected. He thought the extracted memory would just be a backup, but in fact it was not that simple.

He could cut his own memory at will, which was a very profound and very cool skill.

It had to be used with the Pensieve to show its effect. Evan had never seen it in any book before.

It suddenly occurred to him that he might be able to extract and preserve memories that he didn't want others to know.

In this way, he would not have to worry that those secrets would be revealed by anyone else, especially Dumbledore.

Besides the Pensieve, other containers should also be able to store memories.

To be on the safe side, Evan was going to go back and double his knowledge of Alchemy to see if there were any relevant records.

He added his memory to the seething mass within the Pensieve, and Dumbledore watched it silently.

Evan also watched his experience with him, and they didn't come out again until the whole face of the terrible evil god was revealed.

"I have seen some things in the past and heard things about evil creatures like evil gods," said Dumbledore slowly. "In some sects with the doctrine of primitive mysticism, the worship of the ancient gods has been preserved until now. They hope to destroy the world and return these ancient evil gods to their former dominance."

"Like the Raven's Claw?" Evan asked, remembering the organization.

"You know of this old organization? Raven's Claw is indeed one of them!" said Dumbledore. "They think Rowena Ravenclaw left residual information at Hogwarts about a god called the Raven and wanted to completely destroy the school in search of that information. Crazy belief, isn't it? But they believed in it and it has been popular for a while."

"Indeed," said Evan. "From the information we have so far, it's not completely impossible."

"This is the most terrible place. Those ancient evil gods really exist ... they're just forgotten by us!" Dumbledore stared at Evan and said calmly, "Voldemort is doing something very dangerous, but he's not aware of it, or doesn't care at all ... yes, I know him well ... he doesn't care ..."

For a long time, Dumbledore sighed again, looking older and tired.

"What shall we do?" Evan asked, wondering what Dumbledore was going to do.

"With regard to the evil god, there might be some way to deal with it, but I am not sure yet," said Dumbledore. "And it is not an urgent issue. Voldemort will not rashly summon the evil god. He is not one of those Centaurs. But you're right, Evan, it is very unwise to stop Voldemort's return this time and let him continue to lurk. It's not good for us."

"So you agree with my plan?!" asked Evan again. He was dissatisfied with Dumbledore's way of not saying everything until the last minute.

There was a lot of information, and he didn't seem to plan to tell Evan.

Sure enough, Dumbledore still did not give a clear answer, but continued to ask, “You should already understand the principle and production method of Horcruxes. I know you have taken many Dark magic books from the Black family.”

Evan nodded, without denying. Since Dumbledore just said it, it was of no use trying to argue.

“That’s why you come to those inferences.” Dumbledore nodded thoughtfully and continued, “How many Horcruxes do you think Voldemort has made?”

“I don’t know ...” Evan paused, and then added, “maybe seven!”

“Yes, seven is indeed a magical number, and I think so too,” said Dumbledore. “But we need to be more precise, we must be sure ...”

“Although I don’t know how many Horcruxes he made, I destroyed another one not too long ago!” said Evan.

He took out the broken Ravenclaw’s Diadem directly and placed it in front of Dumbledore.

In front of the diadem, Evan finally saw a trace of surprise in Dumbledore’s face, although it soon disappeared.

“I have destroyed this Horcrux, but I need the diadem complete again. It’s a very important magic item,” said Evan. “So, I want to restore it to its integrity with your wand. You know ... I’m not that powerful.”

“Ravenclaw’s Diadem, this is the third one!” Dumbledore looked at Evan very seriously. “To be honest, it is really amazing. Evan, you are really good... exceeding what I expected of you, again and again, really...”

He did not even ask where Evan had found the diadem and how he deduced that it was a Horcrux.

It was probably Dumbledore’s advantage that Evan didn’t need to explain. He allowed others to have their own secrets, although he would try to explore those secrets. But at least he had limits, unlike Voldemort.

While not as cruel as Voldemort, Dumbledore would still gain sovereignty over people in this manner. In the end they would instead try to gain his trust and self identify as one of his own.

In a way, the bond he made with his “followers” was a lot less prone to break than the bonds made by Voldemort.

Chapter 685: Starting the Plan

“Reparo!” Dumbledore gently tapped the diadem on the desk with the Elder Wand.

Ravenclaw’s Diadem made a continuous, slight rattle that reverberated in the office.

It was like the sound of the wind chimes swinging, and the diadem, broken in two, quivered slightly on the desk.

Then, it floated up, spun up quickly in mid-air, faster and faster...

By the time it fell, the fracture had been reconnected, and the two split parts merged into one.

The diadem fell gently into Dumbledore's hand, and it was like when Evan first saw it.

Looking at the diadem in Dumbledore's hand, Evan knew that he had succeeded. That was the power of the Elder Wand in the hand of such a great wielder, which was beyond imagination.

From the moment it had been made, it had been kept in the hands of the strongest, serving only the best wizards.

The Elder Wand had unlimited magical power. It could even successfully mend Ravenclaw's Diadem, which was also a legendary magical item.

In Dumbledore's hands, the crisp sound of the crown continued for a long time before gradually stopping.

The diadem still had an ordinary appearance, a simple ring with rusty spots, so low-key and unobtrusive.

“Wit beyond measure is man's greatest treasure!”

Dumbledore carefully looked at the diadem in his hand and said with interest, “This is a magical item of extraordinary value. It used to belong to the ancient Ravenclaw family. Yes... this is not its original appearance. I can feel the magic in it... it blocks the power of the diadem itself. “

“Is it Voldemort's power?” Evan remembered that Voldemort had used magic to transform the diadem.

“I'm afraid not,” said Dumbledore, examining the quote on the diadem. “Tom seems to have a passion for collecting Hogwarts Founders' belongings, but the magic and Horcrux he left on it have all disappeared. This is another kind of special magic.”

“Special magic?”

“Very strange force... but powerful!” Dumbledore closed his eyes and sensed it, adding, “It's a special seal!”

Evan couldn't feel anything. There was still a gap between him and Dumbledore in this respect.

Ravenclaw's Diadem was said to increase wisdom and make its wearer smarter.

Helena once stole the diadem from her mother, but ended up with nothing.

Did that mean that the sealing magic that made the diadem lose its function and original appearance was already on the diadem before it was stolen?

“Professor, what can we do to restore it to its original state?” Evan asked.

“This requires your ingenuity,” said Dumbledore with a smile, handing the diadem to Evan. “They say in legends that only the brightest people are qualified

to find it and have it. It is yours now, and I hope you can unravel Ravenclaw's secret! "

He didn't seem to be going to help Evan solve this problem, but instead turned the topic back to Voldemort.

"Evan ... about the plan you said last time. To be honest, I don't quite agree!" Dumbledore looked at Evan over the Pensieve and said, "Because it is too dangerous, we cannot easily make a decision ... but you're right ... not taking risks really won't solve the current problem."

He looked at Evan very seriously, his pale blue eyes shining.

Evan had had a long talk with Dumbledore after Caresius left.

He told Dumbledore the information Caresius told him, the plot of Voldemort and related plans, hoping to use the arrangement of Barty Crouch Jr. to give Harry to Voldemort in accordance with the original plot development and use his blood to help Voldemort return.

This plan was bold and straightforward. If Harry was not known to be a Horcrux, anyone who would hear this plan would think that Evan was mad, a death eater helping Voldemort; but that was the only way to completely finish Voldemort.

Only by letting Voldemort use Harry's blood could their connection become stronger.

Harry's mother's Love Charm would act on both of them at the same time, protecting Harry.

As long as Voldemort was the one trying to kill him, Harry would not die, which would mean that what should be a successful attempt to kill him would end up destroying Voldemort's Horcrux stored in his body.

Because of the connection between their souls, the whole process had to be done by Voldemort himself.

What Dumbledore needed to consider was to get Voldemort do it willingly, to kill himself...

Voldemort didn't know that yet. He was only blindly pursuing great power, hoping to get rid of death.

But when he would become the strongest, it was also when he would be closest to death!

It was precisely after confirming Dumbledore's thoughts that Evan dared to speak out about all these things.

Voldemort was eager to return, leaving little time for Dumbledore.

Further delay would only make Voldemort, with the power of the evil god, stronger and more difficult to deal with.

In the original book, Dumbledore finally chose to take the risk. Because this was the only way to go, he had to do it.

Despite his preparation, Harry managed to escape from Voldemort's hands, but it was full of risk and uncertainty.

Many things had changed since Evan's arrival, and the dangers had become greater.

From a safety perspective, Evan hoped that he and Sirius would accompany Harry.

Dumbledore had doubts about this. In the face of Voldemort, who regained all his power, even Evan and Sirius together would be no opponents of him.

He didn't give a final reply, and it was only at this moment that he finally made up his mind.

"I can agree with the thought process behind your plan," said Dumbledore gravely, staring at Evan. "But you have to assure me that no matter what happens, you must give priority to your safety, you and Harry. Don't take risks..."

"I promise!" said Evan. Of course, safety was of paramount importance. If they lost their lives, everything else they've already done would become meaningless.

He was not Dumbledore. Just harming Voldemort might require his life, and defeating him was nothing but a dream.

Next, he and Dumbledore discussed some details.

Now that Barty Crouch Jr. was ready to start in the second task, the most likely place was under the water.

Dumbledore gave a brief account of the competition. The champions would go to the bottom of the lake to find the persons closest to them.

Evan could dive into the water and wait, or more directly, become the closest person to a champion.

Needless to say, Ron's closest friend was Harry.

Evan intended to visit Fleur and ask her for help. It could be predicted that the whole game would be very dangerous. He wished Hermione and Gabrielle would not be part of it.

Chapter 686: Fleur's Most Important Person

Fleur was the only choice for Evan, and she was the first person that came to mind after Dumbledore's suggestion.

Of all the four champions, Ron's most important person must be Harry. There was no doubt about that. That was a crucial part of the plan.

As things stood, Krum wouldn't help Evan. He didn't even want to talk to him.

As for Cedric, he would help, but only if the truth was told, otherwise it would be difficult to convince him.

The only thing Evan couldn't do right now was to tell the truth.

He had a strange feeling at the thought of helping Voldemort return, although they had good reasons.

Not surprisingly, that would be the beginning of the Wizarding War and many people might die...

Voldemort was not a wizard who would be defeated casually, and even Dumbledore was not quite sure he could pull it off.

The process of Harry's defeat of Voldemort in the original book was not very referential and meaningful at all.

In fact, after Dumbledore's death, Voldemort had won, and no one except him could kill himself.

If he didn't care about Harry or just was content with imprisoning him, he could transform the wizarding world as he wanted.

With all his heart, he was determined to make a difference with Harry either by victory or defeat. He wanted to kill Harry to prove that he was the best wizard. But that did not really make sense. He had long been recognized as the strongest wizard in the wizarding world!

The many divisions of his soul made him emotionally unstable and unable to calm down and think.

His power was gradually increasing, but the eviler his existence itself became, the less dangerous it was.

Voldemort did not even take time to think, so he hurried to fight Harry with a wand that was not his own.

The end was clear, failure was an inevitable outcome.

All of that could be attributed to Dumbledore's ingenious layout, but it was undeniable that luck was also important.

After changing so many things, Evan couldn't pin everything on illusory luck.

Although Dumbledore would change his plan to adapt, Evan wanted to do everything he could to make things more secure.

After leaving Dumbledore's office, he walked over to Beauxbatons carriage.

Evan was ready to go. Although Fleur had a good relationship with him, that girl was notoriously difficult to deal with.

The last time she was alone, Evan had told her the content of the first task. In return, Fleur kissed Evan directly on the forehead.

Evan came to Beauxbatons carriage and the door was open, with students coming in and out from time to time.

Through this period of contact, many of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang students had made friends in Hogwarts, and they would also visit the carriage or Durmstrang ship when they were free.

Because of frequent visits, Beauxbatons students were familiar with Evan.

Considering what had happened at the end of the last term, Evan was now a celebrity in Beauxbatons, and almost everyone knew him.

Although their attitude was not very friendly, the hostility was not as strong as at first.

It was not like a few months ago, when Evan was near the carriage, a bunch of people popped out to fight him. Of course, if they didn't do it now, it might be because they knew they couldn't beat him.

Evan didn't go in, but asked a girl from Beauxbatons to call Fleur out.

Previous contacts let him know that it was best not to stay in a closed space with Fleur alone...

About five minutes later, Fleur walked out sleepily, as if she had just woken up.

She wore a loose set of casual clothes, with waterfall-like silver long strewn over her shoulders, unorganized.

Still, she looked stunningly beautiful.

"Good morning!" said Evan cheerfully.

"Oh, good morning, what are you looking for me for?!" Fleur looked at Evan. "If you want to find my sister, she went to the castle early in the morning. She said she wanted to help your champion to learn Stupefy. He is unconscious. Doesn't he even master the Stunning Spell?"

In preparation for the next task, Harry and Hermione had recently helped Ron to practice various combat spells, such as Stupefy, Expelliarmus, Protego, etc. Evan, Colin, Ginny and Gabrielle sometimes helped.

Ron had never used such spells before, so those who practiced with him had to make some sacrifices.

At Evan's insistence, Harry would also practice. Although the magic of both Harry and Ron was not strong, it was not a good thing to be knocked down by the Stunning Spell many times in a short time. There were more people to practice with them, and they could share the damage.

"I'm not looking for Gabrielle," said Evan, pulling Fleur to an empty corner. "I have something to tell you."

Seeing Evan's appearance, Fleur was slightly surprised, then immediately seemed to think of something, and she looked at him, grinning.

"Is it about the task?" said Fleur with interest. "Did you get any information again?"

"It's really about the task!" Evan nodded and asked, "You should already know the secret of the Golden Egg?"

"It's very simple, just put it in the water and you can know the clues!" said Fleur proudly, "It's the mermaid's song; it seems that we are asked to find something in the lake. It is said that it is the Champions' most beloved treasure. ..."

"Not objects, but people, the most important people of the champions, this is the second task's content," said Evan. "Professors will bring your most important

people to the Merpeople village under the lake, asking you to rescue them within an hour.”

“What?!” Fleur looked at him in surprise. “That’s too dangerous. How can they breathe underwater?!”

Her most important person was undoubtedly Gabrielle. Thinking of Gabrielle going into the depths of the cold dark lake...

Fleur’s face was very pale, and she couldn’t help but think of the mermaid’s song:

We’ve taken what you’ll sorely miss,
An hour long you’ll have to look,
And recover what we took,
But past an hour — the prospect’s black,
Too late, it’s gone, it won’t come back.

She had gone to see the lake. It was deeper than she had expected, and the terrain was also very complex.

An hour was too short; she was not sure. If she couldn’t find Gabrielle, then...

“Listen,” said Evan directly, “I hope you can choose me as your most important person then.”

“You want to be my most important person?!” Fleur woke up with a start, looking up and down at Evan.

Chapter 687: Gabrielle’s Substitute

Asking a girl to be her most important person was really too direct and could easily be misunderstood.

Since arriving at Hogwarts, Fleur had received many declarations from boys in various ways.

But this time it was so straightforward... something she saw for the first time.

If it weren’t for the wrong environment, or if Fleur didn’t know Evan better, she might have thought he was like other boys...

“To be honest, your proposal is very touching,” said Fleur, skeptical. “But why do you do this?”

“I’m also worried about Gabrielle, you know ...” said Evan vaguely, looking into Fleur’s eyes, “Trust me, the actual danger of the second task is absolutely beyond your imagination. Any accident under the lake is possible. You don’t want Gabrielle to take risks, do you? “

Fleur hesitated. She really didn’t want Gabrielle to take risks.

“If it’s really that dangerous, and you go to the lake instead of Gabrielle...”

“Relax!” said Evan. “You know my strength. No matter what mishap, I can face it.”

After a moment of silence, Fleur finally made up her mind.

“Thank you, Evan!” She then raised her voice, “but if we do so, will anyone believe it? Everyone knows my most important person is Gabrielle. How do you want to replace her?”

Indeed, Barty Crouch Jr. was not a fool. If Evan was so suddenly involved in the second task, that would be really suspicious.

“After all, this is a fact, there is no good reason!” said Fleur, shaking her head and suddenly thought of something, “Or do you intend to be my boyfriend? This is the only way... will Hermione Agree?”

Evan knew from Gabrielle that Fleur had just broken up with Roger Davies not long ago and was now single. Or, more precisely, it was over before it had even begun. After the Yule Ball, Fleur lost interest in Davies.

Evan would become Fleur’s boyfriend and announce the news to the public. This method was indeed feasible.

People who were passionately in love would naturally have their other half as their most important person.

Evan would also have a legitimate reason to participate in the task without causing too much doubt.

Even if Barty Crouch Jr. was skeptical, it would be hard to object.

When discussing the details with Dumbledore, the latter also raised this point.

But suddenly falling in love with Fleur was still too abrupt and strange. Evan had a better way.

Caresius and Barty Crouch Jr. impersonating Moody gave him some inspiration. If he used the Polyjuice Potion, he could perfectly replace Gabrielle to enter the task without causing any doubt.

To do so, he had to get Fleur and Gabrielle’s cooperation.

The Polyjuice Potion was effective for only one hour. Evan had to calculate the time and replace Gabrielle before the start of the second task. If they did not cooperate, it would be impossible to achieve that.

As for the real Gabrielle, she could either hide or make herself Evan. Evan was more inclined to the second option, which could confuse Barty Crouch Jr., and he was going to ask Hermione to take care of her.

In fact, he had originally intended to swap identities with Ron.

But thinking about it carefully, it was too risky, regardless of whether Ron would agree or not. The status of the champion was too sensitive, and the contract with the goblet was not to be broken.

Also, according to the information obtained from Dumbledore, Barty Crouch Jr. would be present throughout the entire second task. If he noticed anything amiss, it could jeopardize the entire plan, which would be disastrous!

They also didn't know how Barty Crouch Jr. was going to take Harry away and where he would hide the Portkey.

Therefore, there absolutely could not be any interference from the four champions.

What's more, Barty Crouch Jr. was only a secondary target.

His use value would be exhausted once he brought Harry to Voldemort, and the key point of the whole plan was that Voldemort should doubt nothing.

He had to use Harry's blood willingly, and kill Harry by himself as an important target after his resurrection. Only in this way could he sink deeper step by step until death. Otherwise, all the efforts made by Evan and his friends to implement this staging would be vain and meaningless!

That was the main reason why Dumbledore couldn't show up for the time being. If Evan suddenly changed from Ron to himself again after Voldemort's resurrection, it would be strange not to make Voldemort suspicious, unless he was out of his mind!

Coming to think of it, there was no reason why Evan suddenly became a champion and went to the place where he was resurrected.

There was no such concern in becoming Gabrielle, Evan just happened to want to help, and did not want Gabrielle to take risks. Then he happened to follow Harry to witness Voldemort's return.

Even if Voldemort thought it back and investigated, there would be nothing wrong. Everything would make sense.

It was obvious to all that Evan had a good relationship with Fleur and Gabrielle, and many people could prove it.

It was a coincidence and Voldemort's plot was successful. Evan and Dumbledore wanted him to understand it that way.

As for the real plan, no one but the two of them knew it.

Snape and Sirius might know a little bit, they were responsible for subduing Barty Crouch Jr.

Evan was also going to tell Hermione a little bit and get her ready to cooperate.

As for Fleur and Gabrielle, Evan offered to replace Gabrielle, and gave a plausible reason.

Harry and Ron knew nothing about the next action, and they both acted naturally as they were.

"In short, you just have to agree... leave the rest to me!" Evan said his plan.

"The Polyjuice Potion?" Fleur looked at Evan in surprise. "You want to replace Gabrielle this way and become my most important person?"

"That's right," said Evan. "Trust me, no one will find out, and Gabrielle won't have to venture into the lake."

With the Polyjuice Potion, one could assume the physical appearance of any other person at will, without being discovered. But becoming a girl was really a unique experience.

Twenty minutes later, Evan finally persuaded Fleur to dispel her concerns and let her agree to support his plan.

Fleur cared so much about Gabrielle, and she had no reason to refute Evan's suggestion.

It was really dangerous to get into the lake, and she was not quite sure about the second task itself.

There were not only the Merpeople in the lake, but also the giant squid, Kelpies and Grindylows.

The Defence Against the Dark Arts and combat had never been Fleur's strong side.

She dared not even think about it, in case she did not find Gabrielle within the allotted time...

Chapter 688: Identity Exchange

After leaving Fleur, Evan didn't return to the castle, but went to the nearby cabin of Hagrid.

Harry and Sirius were there, and Sirius had turned into a big black dog again.

During the period before the start of the task, he would lodge with Hagrid in his Animagus form.

It didn't matter if he was seen by students accidentally. They could cover it up saying that Hagrid had found a new pet again.

After knowing that he was a half-giant, everybody was used to Hagrid!

He had a special liking for fierce-looking, dangerous animals with fangs and sharp teeth, and he could always find some rare special species to bring back for breeding.

It would actually be abnormal if Hagrid didn't find new, dangerous animals from time to time!

Compared with the three-headed dog, the Acromantulas, and the Blast-Ended Skrewts, a big black dog was not worth fussing about.

No one would know that he was an Animagus, and that he was actually Sirius Black.

Evan had no problem with that, as long as Sirius didn't cause any trouble.

Time passed quickly, and as February entered, the atmosphere in the castle became tense and exciting again.

Everyone was looking forward to the second task, which would start on the last Saturday, and discussing its content.

Evan was ready, and Harry, Ron, and Hermione had made great strides compared to before.

Recently, the four of them had been looking around for any empty classroom, and practiced a lot of spells.

Professor McGonagall always bumped into them practicing all over the school, so she allowed them to use the Transfiguration classroom at lunchtime.

Evan was practicing the magic he had mastered, and had selected several practical Dark magic to learn.

As for the knowledge of alchemy, ancient runes, and evil gods, he decided to put all of that aside for the time being, and wait until this event was over.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione were learning the common Defence Against the Dark Arts. Among the three, Hermione was the fastest learner.

Whether it was Reducto, Protego, Impedimenta, or other magic spells, Hermione was always the first to master them after practicing a few times, but her disadvantage was that she could not flexibly use various types of spells to fight.

That was Harry's strength. Although his learning was a bit slower, Harry was flexible and he was the best to use all kinds of magic spells comprehensively.

Not to mention, he was very talented in combat and could use the most appropriate magic to solve problems at the most suitable time.

Of the three, Ron was the slowest learner and had no perseverance, and wanted to give up again and again.

If it hadn't been for Hermione's strict supervision, he might have stopped practicing!

Fortunately, he was able to keep up with the progress in the end and wasn't left behind too far.

Now, they spent some time at Hagrid's cabin every night and received special tutoring from Sirius, which was much faster than practicing by themselves from books, and Sirius knew more about many magic use and combat skills than Evan.

Around eight o'clock in the evening, Sirius would send everyone back to the castle. Then, it was time for him to move freely.

Although Sirius had repeatedly promised that he would not cause trouble, Evan could be sure that he had sneaked into Durmstrang ship more than once in the middle of the night and entered Karkaroff's office.

Fortunately, he also knew the limits and didn't get too close to Barty Crouch Jr.

The day before the start of the task, Evan decided to exchange identities with Gabrielle.

Fudge and Bagman would arrive at Hogwarts later, and preparations for the second task might start at any time.

The most important persons of the champions would be gathered one day in advance.

The champions were unaware of the entire process. According to regulations, they should not know the specific content of the task in advance.

After breakfast, Evan left the castle with Hermione and went to Gabrielle.

After learning of the whole plan, Hermione was very worried, but finally bravely supported Evan.

She helped Evan re-examine the plan and fix some details.

In fact, Evan didn't intend to tell Hermione too many things because he was afraid of her wild thoughts. But Hermione was too clever. Combining the relevant information obtained before and the disappearance of Mr. Crouch a short time ago, she deduced a lot by herself. This kind of thing could not be hidden from her at all.

Even if she didn't know for the time being, she would be able to guess after the news of Voldemort's return spread.

It was simply better to be generous and tell her everything, and in the end, Hermione was much stronger than Evan thought.

"Evan, promise me you'll come back alive!" Hermione said suddenly as she was walking across the lawn.

"Don't worry, Have I ever let you down?" said Evan, hugging Hermione hard.

Meanwhile, in Beauxbatons carriage, Gabrielle was sitting anxiously in her bed waiting, her heart drumming and she was so nervous!

She originally rejected Evan's suggestion to exchange identities, but she couldn't stand the joint persuasion of Evan and Fleur and she finally had to agree.

She didn't want Evan to risk his life, but the latter seemed to have other concerns.

Moreover, it was really scary just to go into the depths of the lake, but Evan was here to take her place...

Hearing the footsteps outside the room, she stood up in a hurry.

"Good morning, Gabrielle!"

Led by Fleur, Evan and Hermione entered Gabrielle's room in turn, and Hermione finally closed the door.

In this small room, the four people just looked at one another for a while, and the atmosphere was a bit awkward.

Gabrielle's room was next to her sister's Fleur. The room was slightly smaller and the decor was similar. But it was cuter; there were many girls' supplies and dolls.

"Good morning!" said Gabrielle quietly, her face turning red unwillingly. Her eyes met Evan's and she looked away quickly.

"Well, what shall we do now?" said Fleur directly. "You two would better hurry up!"

"Well, this is the Polyjuice Potion. It's ready. Just put the hair in it and you'll assume the appearance of the person after taking it. It can last for about an hour each time," said Evan, taking out two bottles. He handed one of them to Hermione. "I've already configured this one and there's my hair in it. Gabrielle, give me some of your hair."

Hearing what he said, Gabrielle quickly reached into a pinch of hair and pulled out a few.

“Well, just put it inside!” Evan walked over and pulled the cork.

Gabrielle threw the hair into a mud-like liquid. As soon as the hair touched the liquid surface, the potion began to bubble and smoke, and it turned into a clear light blue in the blink of an eye, the color of a clear sky!

Chapter 689: Becoming Gabrielle

“It worked, you smell good...”

Seeing that Gabrielle’s face became redder, Evan stopped quickly and realized that he had said something wrong!

Next to Evan, Hermione gave him a fierce look.

In fact, Evan didn’t mean anything else. He just wanted to say that the Polyjuice Potion with Gabrielle’s hair smelled good, not Gabrielle herself...

Well, that was actually the same thing, it seemed that the explanation was not clear, and Evan did not know how to explain it.

The last time he took the Polyjuice Potion, it was in the first year when he had sneaked into the Slytherin’s Common Room as Crabbe.

Evan clearly remembered that when Crabbe’s hair had been added to the Polyjuice Potion, the potion immediately turned into a dark, murky brown color with a very unpleasant smell.

Ha would never forget the terrible taste after he drank it.

Compared with Crabbe, Gabrielle’s potion was obviously more pleasing to the eye, and its taste in the mouth should not be too bad!

“Now that the configuration is complete, what next?” Gabrielle asked, taking the bottle from Hermione.

“Drink this thing directly. Remember to drink it every hour and drink as much as possible ... don’t be afraid, the dose in the bottle is enough for you to deform for three days!” Evan noticed Gabrielle was a little nervous and comforted her, “Don’t worry; Hermione will be with you until tomorrow ...”

“Good!” Gabrielle nodded, raised the bottle to her mouth, and stopped, as though she had just remembered something. She stared at Evan with wide eyes, and said in a flurried way, “The task won’t start until tomorrow ... where will I sleep tonight?”

Indeed, that was a problem that neither Evan nor Hermione had thought of before!

Here, it was easy for Evan to say just follow the school’s unified arrangements. But Gabrielle couldn’t go to Evan’s boys’ dormitory to sleep, and it wasn’t appropriate to stay in the carriage.

She had to stay in the Gryffindor Common Room and couldn’t go anywhere!

There was silence and the atmosphere became even more awkward.

Fleur raised her eyebrows in dissatisfaction and wanted to speak.

“Relax, you’re sleeping with me tonight,” said Hermione before Fleur could express her opinion. “I’ll arrange it.”

The problem was solved, but Evan felt it weird at the thought of Gabrielle sleeping with Hermione in ‘his’ body.

The defensive magic in the girl’s dormitory was not based on appearance; it could determine whether a person could enter or not regardless of appearance. This was actually done to prevent Polyjuice potion users from sneaking in, but it was now helping one of them do just that!

As long as they went back later, they could squeeze into a bed to sleep without being seen...

Evan shook his head and couldn’t think any more!

“Let’s drink the Polyjuice Potion here!” Evan took a deep breath and said to Gabrielle, “Then you follow me to class. If I leave halfway, you will follow Colin and Ginny to find Hermione! Understood? OK, drink! “

With Fleur and Hermione watching, Evan and Gabrielle swallowed the potion at the same time.

As before, a burning sensation spread from Evan’s throat to every cell in his body.

He quickly melted, getting shorter and shorter, and his body became slim and thin.

At the same time, his hair was getting longer and turning into beautiful silvery-white.

Opposite Evan, Gabrielle’s features began to wriggle and deform like hot wax. Her head was swollen and grew up, taking the shape of Evan’s.

It was really a strange feeling, watching another self appear on the opposite side...

A few seconds later, Evan turned into a cute eight- or nine-year-old girl, exactly like Gabrielle.

The originally well fitted clothes became loose and sagged on Evan and kept slipping down.

He had to carry them by hand, but his hands were too small, and he was struggling to carry them.

As for Gabrielle on the other hand, it was even worse at this time. Her clothes were very tight on ‘Evan’s’ body. Because of her discomfort, she had to take off her clothes as quickly as possible, and her movements were much uncoordinated.

Fortunately, Fleur and Hermione were there. Otherwise after the transformation, Evan and Gabrielle did not know how long it would take to complete the change.

Hermione took out Evan’s clothes that she had brought with her and helped Gabrielle change her clothes, and the two were messing around.

Evan really hoped that they wouldn’t strip themselves completely, at least not in front of themselves.

Gabrielle was somewhat reserved, with Evan beside her.

Hermione went straight to take off all her clothes without scruples, and Evan was sure that she would not treat her body like this.

However, he couldn't care about the two of them anymore. Beside him, Fleur looked at him with an interested gaze, giving him a raw look.

“Well, what style of clothes do you like?” She went over and opened Gabrielle's wardrobe and looked back at Evan with a playful smile on her face. “Any special requirements?”

Evan glanced at the dazzling wardrobe that was leisurely stuffed, and he felt dizzy for a while. He did not expect Gabrielle to have so many clothes.

“How about a long dress with suspenders and a blue cape? ... I don't like it. How about the sleeveless one?” Fleur asked, taking out the clothes one by one, and showing them in front of Evan. “How about this one-piece dress? ... satisfied? I personally think this short black lace dress matches my sister very well ... it looks lovely, doesn't it? Unfortunately, she is too shy to wear it out. Would you like to try it?”

“Do you think it's appropriate to wear a short skirt to go under the lake this season?” said Evan with gritted teeth. What Fleur brought out were all skirts, and she wanted to laugh at Evan. “Give me the Beauxbatons robes.”

“Okay, okay, Today's children are too conservative and not cute at all,” said Fleur with a smile, and opened the lower layer of the wardrobe. “Since it's a school uniform and robes outside, what about underwear? What kind of style do you want to put on? Unfortunately, my sister's styles are too ordinary, and mine are not suitable for you. Would you like me to borrow some from others? If you order them at Hogsmeade, you'll probably get them in a while. “

“I'll wear my own,” said Evan. “Hurry up and bring me Gabrielle's robes.”

“Isn't yours a little too big? You're not going to take it off in an empty place, are you?” said Fleur, glancing at Evan, “I warn you, boy, don't take the opportunity to peek at my sister's body...”

Before Evan could speak, he heard Gabrielle shouting, “Don't look!”

Her little face couldn't be redder. She was terribly shy.

She heard the conversation between Fleur and Evan so clearly that she hoped to find a hole to hide in.

Evan sighed. He didn't mean to see it. There wasn't so much worry when this girl took off her clothes.

Besides, even if he wanted to look, what was so good to see about the body of an eight- or nine-year-old girl?!

Chapter 690: Sensitive Professor Trelawney

Fleur didn't sincerely help Evan change his clothes. He had to ask Hermione to come and help, and let Fleur help Gabrielle!

Although the underwear was loose and uncomfortable and kept falling down, until the end, Evan insisted on not taking them off, which made Gabrielle feel relieved.

In fact, she was a little scared that Evan would take off all his clothes...

While the three of them weren't paying attention, Evan looked down and lowered his collar. There was not really anything to look at.

With the help of Fleur and Hermione, Evan and Gabrielle didn't change all their clothes until about ten minutes later.

Fortunately, although Beauxbatons uniform robes were also divided into male and female styles, the difference was not too big.

Evan felt it a little awkward, but not unacceptable.

Because of his size and weight loss, his body had become lighter and less powerful.

However, only the shape and appearance had changed. The magic in the body was still the same.

Evan put the bottle containing the Polyjuice Potion into the cloth bag he carried with him, and followed the three of them out of the carriage.

Now it was time to go to class, and many people came to say hello.

They were all girls from Beauxbatons, familiar with Gabrielle, but Evan didn't know any of them, so he was tired of coping with it.

By his side, the real Gabrielle was evasive, too. That was the first time that the girl had become someone else. She had no experience and was afraid of being discovered.

"Are you two all right?" said Hermione worriedly. "I always feel a little incongruous."

"Relax, we're okay, you go to the Potions class!" said Evan, turning his head to look at Fleur, who had been smirking, "you too, hurry up and report to the Transfiguration class, don't worry about us!"

"Goodbye then, my dear sister!" said Fleur, walking over and kissing Gabrielle's cheek twice.

Evan froze, and so did Hermione! They saw that Gabrielle didn't dodge, accepted the kiss, and even wanted to kiss back...

Evan hurriedly grabbed her, but it was too late, and there was a scream of surprise around them. Many students who had just come out of the Great Hall after breakfast saw this scene.

What they saw, Fleur was actually kissing Evan! And if Gabrielle hadn't stopped him, Evan would have kissed back. What on earth was going on?!!

Everyone couldn't believe it. Was there any unspeakable relationship between Fleur and Evan?!!

Evan glared at Fleur with a smile and pulled Gabrielle, who was standing stupefied, to go to the Divination classroom.

Along the way, he repeatedly emphasized with Gabrielle that she was now Evan and asked her to imitate his usual appearance.

Gabrielle paid a lot of attention after that. Until they entered the Divination classroom and sat in their respective seats, there was no incident.

Facts had proved that as a qualified staff, Professor Trelawney was still very dedicated.

When she made those tragic predictions, she didn't always target a certain student simply because she didn't like that student.

Evan had found that she still had a theoretical system to support, and was not talking nonsense.

In previous Divination lessons, Evan, like Harry, had always been the focus of Professor Trelawney's attention.

All kinds of death predictions and tragic future had emerged in an endless stream.

Most of the young wizards in the classroom were used to it, even numb!

But today, they were surprised to find that Professor Trelawney shifted her prophetic target to Gabrielle and ignored Evan.

During Divination class, they were learning to divine through crystal balls.

In that damn ball, Evan could see nothing except the lines of the desk twisted by the change of light.

The dim light in the professor's room, full of incense and heat, made his eyelids droop and drowsy.

"My dear!" Professor Trelawney suddenly rushed over and awakened Evan.

"Yes, Professor?!" Evan looked at her and said, "Can I help you?"

He was too familiar with Professor Trelawney's look. He thought he would be spared as he became Gabrielle...

But no, Trelawney stared at Evan with her big eyes, looming ominously towards him.

"There's something in your crystal ball, do you see it? Is it like an omen?" she said in an ethereal voice.

"No, I didn't see anything!" Evan replied, prolonging his voice, and sure enough it was the same old story.

But the others suddenly came to their senses and focused all their attention on Evan.

"Professor, what's in Gabrielle's crystal ball?" A girl asked curiously.

"It's a shadow. Although I can't see clearly what's inside, it is definitely not a good sign," said Professor Trelawney. "My dear, believe me, you will have a tragic fate; maybe it will be..... deathhhhh!"

“Heck!” Hearing her words, the class retreated, with an uneasy expression on their faces.

It was the first time they had seen Professor Trelawney say these things to someone other than Evan. How could Gabrielle have a tragic fate?

If that was the case, it would be because she got in touch with Evan.

“Well, thank you for making my prediction, Professor,” said Evan, standing up. “Excuse me ... can I go to the bathroom?”

“My dear, you are obviously affected by the special energy vibrations in my classroom, which will make your destiny so clear,” said Professor Trelawney. “If you walk away now, I’m afraid you won’t have the opportunity to...”

“Sorry, but I’m really in a hurry!” Evan whispered, getting up and leaving the classroom. He ignored Professor Trelawney, who looked depressed, as though she had been deprived of a rich banquet.

Then, she habitually turned to Gabrielle, disguised as Evan, and stared at her crystal ball.

There was nothing that appeared to interest her as usual, and it seemed today’s psionic energy was not here.

When she heard that Evan was going to the bathroom, Gabrielle thought of something and was a little worried...

“Professor, I want to go, too!” she said hastily and ran out of the classroom, leaving the other students looking at one another.

If Evan was going to the bathroom now, he would be at the boys’ or the girls’. That was a problem.

However, he did not intend to do so, but just did not want to stay in front of Professor Trelawney.

He suddenly realized that Professor Trelawney was very sensitive. Although she could not have known that Evan and Gabrielle had exchanged identities, it was not good to keep her staring at the crystal ball to predict. Who knew what terrible words she would say? It was not good to arouse suspicion!

Those predictions were highly unlikely to come true, but the sudden appearance of Gabrielle’s prophecy was abnormal in itself.

He was going to return at the end of class, but a few seconds later, Gabrielle suddenly came after him.

For the next half an hour or so, the two of them stood at the top of the North Tower, looking at the foot of the lake outside the window and the wide Forbidden Forest, chatting about the past while at it. Time passed in a quiet and leisurely atmosphere. Neither of them was in a hurry to return, and Professor Trelawney did not send anyone out to look for them.

As for why it took so long to go to the toilet; that made the others guess blindly. They would know later anyway.