

Harry Potter 251

Chapter 251: The New Semester Begins

Dumbledore ordered Snape to meet Sirius, apparently to create an opportunity for the two of them to reconcile and so that their relationship wouldn't remain as tense as before.

In the eyes of others, there was nothing that couldn't be resolved between the two men, besides a few unpleasant memories of the student days.

But the degree of mutual disgust was beyond everyone's imagination.

Snape seemed to transfer all his hatred from Harry's father James to Sirius, as did Sirius, who inherited the hatred of his friend James to his counterpart.

They couldn't agree with each other, and wished they could hit each other on the spot.

Hoping they could make peace was just a dream. Dumbledore's work was completely in vain and it even backfired.

"Pug?!" Sirius raised his wand and snarled loudly. "that's really interesting. Which of us two is more like a running dog? Me, or you, looking forward to your old master Voldemort to come back, so that you turn to him again?"

"Shut up, don't mention that name in front of me." Snape said with a grin, and raised his wand.

The two were on the verge of dueling, and Harry, who was the closest to them rushed to get in between them.

"No, Sirius," Harry yelled.

"Move away, Harry. Do you think I'm a coward?" roared Sirius, trying to push Harry out of the way, but Harry would not budge.

"Why, yes, I suppose I do," said Snape sarcastically.

"Harry, get out of it!" snarled Sirius, pushing him out of the way with his free hand.

As Harry budged, the end of his wand shone a thick red light that flew straight over to Snape.

Snape was ready. He stepped back and waved his wand to scatter Sirius's curse. A brilliant green spark flashed by and a branch beside him turned into a python. It hissed and slipped over to Sirius.

Sirius did not retreat, he waved his wand substantially and casted three spells.

One of them hit the giant python approaching him, and making it disappear into smoke. That left two curses that flew at Snape with great speed.

Snape took another step back and quickly recited a spell.

At the last moment, a pale white barrier appeared before him, blocking Sirius's attacks.

The sudden duel made everyone dumbfounded.

Evan took a moment and hurriedly pulled out his wand and rushed over to stop them.

Seeing that Evan rushed in, Sirius and Snape did not attack again. They gasped and looked at each other with extreme contempt on their faces.

“Stop it, stop it, are you both mad?!” Evan shouted. “Sirius, here is Hogwarts, if other students see this...”

“I don’t care!” Sirius roared.

“I don’t have time to fool around with a mad dog.” Evan’s words seemed to have restored Snape’s sense of reason. He could not let other students see their feelings.

Snape looked horribly somber and disgusted at Sirius, pocketed his wand, turned around and strode toward the school castle.

He was gone. Sirius glared after him, his wand at his side.

When Snape’s figure disappeared completely, loud cheers broke out in the crowd.

“Great, we have long wanted to do this, and teach Snape a lesson!” Fred and George said excitedly, and came over to pat the shoulders of Sirius.

“I can’t believe it. What have I just seen?! We don’t have to be afraid of this old bat! You knocked him down, Sirius, fiercely.” Ron also recovered from the shock and became excited.

“This is not a joke, Ron!” Hermione looked serious. She and Ginny looked very scared. “Sirius, you just got too excited, you shouldn’t have attacked Snape. This could get you into trouble.”

“I am not afraid of any trouble,” said Sirius, who was breathing heavily as though he had just run a long distance.

“But you are a professor at the school, I mean...”

“Rest assured, Hermione, no one will know about this, just a little chat about the past between two old classmates” Sirius waved his hand and signaled to Hermione not to mind.

The short-lived fight that happened unexpectedly seemed to indicate what would happen in the second half of that year.

With the tension between Sirius and Snape, that battle was not the first, and certainly was not going to be the last.

There was no doubt that all Gryffindor students would support Sirius, and Snape was the dean of Slytherin House.

If such a battle was to happen again, it should be more than just the battle between the two men.

Evan could imagine that the upcoming semester would be very exciting.

As Sirius said, no one besides Evan, Harry, Hermione, and the Weasleys knew about this little skirmish at the school gate.

Twenty minutes later, at the castle gate, Evan and the others separated from Sirius, who went to Dumbledore's office and the others went back to the Gryffindor Common Room.

Everywhere in the corridor were the young wizards who had returned to school a few days earlier. Seeing Evan, many of them greeted enthusiastically, except for the students of the Slytherin House who continued to be indifferent.

In fact, the others' attitude was much more enthusiastic than before.

There were even many girls who rushed over to Evan and Harry to get their autographs.

Evan could feel that after Sirius's incident was repeatedly hyped up by the media, he and Harry as direct participants had a greater reputation in the school than before.

When Evan returned to the Gryffindor Tower and found the portrait of the Common Room, the Fat Lady had returned, and she also greeted him with enthusiasm.

He had just climbed in, and thunderous cheers broke out in the Common Room.

The students of the Gryffindor House all rushed over. They surrounded Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Ron in the center and asked them about things related to Professor Lupin, Sirius, and Pettigrew.

Although everyone learned about the incident from the newspapers, it was still very exciting to hear about it from those who lived the experience.

They talked together for a long time, and Evan seized the opportunity to rush into his bedroom.

The bedroom was exactly the same as when he left a few days ago, and the house-elves had already arranged his luggage and bed.

Behind him, Colin came in.

"Evan, did you have a good Christmas holiday?" He smiled and asked, sitting on his bed.

"It wasn't bad, a lot of things happened, but in the end it worked out!" Evan fell wearily on his bed.

Many things had happened indeed: looking for Regulus in a cave full of Inferi, meeting a mysterious vampire girl, and busy preparation for the store's debut. Evan had never been so tired in his life. Fortunately, what happened later kept getting better and better, and everything was developing in the right direction.

"I saw the truth of all the incidents in the newspaper, and the things in your shop." Colin continued, "I was going to come cheer for you yesterday, and get Sirius's autograph. My brother and I adored him very much after knowing his story. But my dad thought it was too dangerous and didn't agree to take me to Diagon Alley. "

His face was full of regrets, and with Evan's knowledge of Colin, he knew how much he admired heroes like Sirius and Harry.

Otherwise, he would not have taken photos of Harry for a whole year last year. Even now, he would be very excited whenever Harry talked to him.

“Don’t worry, you can always ask Sirius for an autograph, and take a few photos. By the way...” Evan rolled over and turned to Colin. “I forgot to tell you, Sirius had promised the Headmaster to become the new Defence Against the Dark Arts professor.”

Chapter 252: Echoes of The Firebolt

“What?!” Hearing Evan’s words, Colin’s open mouth could be stuffed with an egg.

He couldn’t believe that Sirius Black would become a professor of Hogwarts’ Defence Against the Dark Arts.

Seeing Colin’s expression, Evan knew that Sirius had another admirer.

In fact, the young wizards who were as surprised and excited as Colin were not a minority.

Not too long after that, Sirius Black was announced to be the successor of Professor Lupin as the new Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor, and the whole castle exploded in cheers.

Everyone was delighted, and they welcomed that a legendary figure such as Sirius Black had become a professor of the school, and even many students of the Slytherin House were looking forward to it.

At that evening’s dinner, the atmosphere in the Great Hall was undoubtedly warm.

As Sirius walked in, there was a long applause in the Great Hall, and everyone craned their necks and looked curiously at him to see how he looked.

The chatter continued, and it was only when Dumbledore stood up and spoke that the Great Hall went quiet.

Dumbledore looked older than he was a few days ago.

The Wizengamot’s trial of Peter Pettigrew for many days seemed to have taken a lot of efforts from him.

However, his gaze was still shining, and through the semi-circular glasses, his light blue eyes looked as if they were seeing through people’s hearts.

“Welcome!” said Professor Dumbledore, the candlelight shimmering on his beard.

“After the Christmas holiday, I am very happy to see you at Hogwarts. Before we begin our banquet, I will introduce a new teacher, Professor Black, who will succeed Professor Lupin as the new professor of Defense Against the Dark Arts. ”

Dumbledore’s voice just fell, and the deafening applause filled the hall.

The applause on the Gryffindor table was particularly warm. They went so overboard that Harry’s and Ron’s palms turned red.

Sirius Black stood up and waved, he was sitting next to Hagrid, on the other side, next to Professor McGonagall. At the teachers table, besides Snape who looked disgusted as if he had swallowed a fly, all the other professors smiled and applauded.

“Look at Malfoy!” Hermione hissed in Evan’s ear.

Evan saw Malfoy gloomy over at Slytherin’s long table.

Instead of looking at Sirius, he gazed at him and Harry with disgust.

Noticing Evan’s gaze, he hurriedly shifted his gaze elsewhere.

Evan was not surprised. In the case of Professor Lupin, Lucius Malfoy took great risks and drove the werewolf riots on the basis of Peter Pettigrew’s plan, because he wanted to drive Dumbledore out of Hogwarts.

In the trial, Peter Pettigrew said everything. He confessed that he controlled Ron to write to Lucius Malfoy, hoping that Lucius could help him deal with Lupin, to occupy Dumbledore and stop him from returning to the castle at the crucial moment.

Although everyone suspected that Lucius orchestrated the werewolf riots behind the scenes, there was no other evidence. Lucius did not admit that he received the letter from Peter Pettigrew and the Ministry of Magic had not caught the Werewolves with Greyback, not even a single hair.

Under such circumstances, Lucius eventually escaped punishment.

Of course, he also paid a big price. Fudge and those politicians were not so easy to buy, and it needed to offer an astronomical fee to be able to impress them.

Perhaps the most frustrating thing for Lucius was not the gold, but losing the chance to defeat Dumbledore, wasted in vain by Peter Pettigrew. If he could have known the truth earlier, he would never have been as foolish as Pettigrew who had been defeated by several twelve or thirteen-year-old wizards.

Lucius currently abominated Evan, Harry, and the others, and hated them to death.

With that, it was natural that Draco did not have any good will for Evan. His attitude was much worse than usual, and he was no doubt wondering how to deal with Evan.

But Evan didn’t care. At Malfoy’s level, if he wanted to provoke him, he was asking for trouble.

That evening, the Gryffindor Common Room was still hotly talking about Sirius becoming the Defence Against the Dark Arts professor. Everyone was looking forward to his first class.

Unfortunately, it was not until Thursday that the second year had the Defence Against the Dark Arts course.

The discussion on this matter lasted until Harry took out his broomstick. Almost in an instant, he was surrounded by people who were dying to see the Firebolt.

“God, this is a Firebolt! I have seen it in the window of Quality Quidditch Supplies in Diagon Alley. The price of this broom is astronomical. Where did you get it?”

“Will you let me have a go?”

“Have you ridden it yet, Harry?”

“Can I just hold it, Harry?”

The Firebolt was passed around and admired from every angle.

When they learned that the broom was a Christmas gift given to Harry by Sirius Black, the crowd immediately burst into a more intense exclamation, and everyone looked forward even more to the experience of Sirius becoming the Defence Against the Dark Arts class Professor.

“I can’t understand, it’s just a broomstick, and it made them all excited like this.”

Hermione frowned and said; she was sitting on the sofa in front of the fireplace to check her Christmas holiday homework.

“It’s the most expensive broomstick in the world, more expensive than all the brooms in the school together!”

Evan sat on the sofa beside her, looking at the book he had just borrowed from the library about vampires. He looked up at Hermione’s long parchment. “You’ve got a mistake here. The ingredients of the Shrinking Potion do include puffer-fish eyes.”

“Oh!” Hermione’s pen nib hurried across the parchment.

“Seriously, you’re not planning to go to so many classes next semester, will you?”

“I know,” sighed Hermione, “That Time-Turner is driving me crazy, I’ve got to be in different places at the same time, and it’s hard for me not to be seen. I can’t stand it anymore. I am going to give up the Muggle Studies and Divination classes next year. With that, I will have a normal schedule.”

“Next year?!” Evan immediately noticed the time Hermione said.

“I should finish what I’ve started, Evan!” Hermione looked down again at her history of magic assignment and continued, “I should live up to Professor McGonagall’s expectations of me. You know, she did a lot of hard work to help me get this Time-Turner, and it also helped us a lot.”

Seeing Hermione’s determined eyes, Evan didn’t know what to say.

Hermione was right, thanks to the help of this Time-Turner, they were able to catch Pettigrew, and otherwise, the situation would have been disastrous.

He was not against Hermione’s insistence. He just didn’t want her to be so tired, and wished that she cared more about her health.

Chapter 253: Abnormal Snape

When it came to moderation, Evan was not qualified to talk about Hermione.

On top of his normal school schedule, he also had many things to do.

Every afternoon when there was no class, he went to the Room of Requirement to prepare potions. In the evening, he checked and compiled the newspaper articles together with Hermione in the library. After returning to the Common Room, he finished the homework assigned by the professors with Colin and Ginny. Late at night, he quietly studied the dark magic books in his bedroom.

There wasn't enough time at all, and Evan felt that he also needed a Time-Turner to make more flexible time arrangements so that he could withstand all he was doing.

Looking at Hermione's thick magic books and parchment, Evan was going to make some potions for her to concentrate and improve her attention.

In short, after the holidays, he returned to his familiar and busy school life.

Early the next morning, when Evan and Colin walked into the Great Hall for breakfast, they saw Harry, Ron, and Hermione sitting at the table and discussing their new schedule.

"After Professor Lupin's departure, there are new changes in this semester's schedule." Ron looked at the timetable and said with delight, "It's fantastic. In third class, there's only Sirius's Defense Against the Dark Arts class today."

"This is Sirius's first lesson. The only bugger is that he has to work with Slytherins." Harry followed, while taking some sausages and tomatoes.

"What do you think he has prepared for us?" Ron asked expectantly.

"I don't know, but I hope that Sirius's first lesson will go smoothly. If Malfoy dares to make trouble in class, I won't let him get away with it."

"Relax, Harry! Sirius is not Hagrid; he won't let Malfoy make trouble. I hope that Malfoy can look for trouble, so that we could watch Sirius handle him." Ron spread a thick layer of butter on his bread.

"The third class is lucky! The second class has Potions this morning and History of Magic in the afternoon. We won't have Defense Against the Dark Arts until Thursday." Colin said disappointedly as he also put the schedule he just got out.

"Bloody hell, I saw Snape on the first day of school before!" Ron wrinkled his nose, seemingly remembering something bad.

Thinking of Snape's face when he left yesterday, Evan nodded in agreement.

"By the way, Evan!" Harry looked up and said, "Hagrid just wrote me a note inviting us to go to his place for tea this afternoon and help him see what he would need for the new semester."

"I'll be there. What has Hagrid prepared for it?" Evan picked up his bread.

"Probably some other species of caterpillars. After all the flobberworms had died, he needs something new to carry out the course." Harry said uncertainly, with a hint of

worry in his voice. "Didn't he promise us not to rush to carry out new dangerous creatures before the verdict of Buckbeak's case came out?!"

"He did say so, but the problem is that Hagrid's definition of danger is different from others." Ron tucked a large piece of bread covered with jam into his mouth. "Those fanged monsters may just be cute babies in his eyes."

"That's why we need to help him choose the right creatures." Hermione stuffed a thick magic book into her schoolbag. "I'll go first. See you later."

"What's wrong with Hermione? I just saw her schedule. Unlike us, she had three courses this morning." Looking at Hermione's back, Ron frowned and said, "That's what happened last semester. There was something wrong with her schedule. I can't understand. She must have something she's hiding from us..."

At Ron's words, both Evan and Harry hurriedly bowed their heads. They knew why, but they promised to keep Hermione's Time-Turner secret.

Ron was still whispering until Harry said that when they would go to Hagrid this afternoon, he could take the Firebolt out to test it, and let Ron ride it. So he forgot all about Hermione's secret.

Twenty minutes later, the hall was starting to empty as people headed off toward their first lesson.

Evan was separated from the cheerful Harry and Ron, and he followed the frustrated Colin to the underground classroom. It was best not to be late as it was Potions class.

They just pushed the door open and they saw Snape standing gloomily on the platform.

"Mason, Creevey, you two are late, this class started five minutes ago!" Snape looked at them both in disgust. "Ten points from Gryffindor. Now hurry to your seats and sit down."

"But, Professor..."

"Five more points from Gryffindor." Snape said coldly, "Don't ask questions before I agree."

Evan and Colin did not go on arguing with him. They saw Ginny winking and they hurried to their respective seats.

As he sat down, Colin whispered, "He doesn't know what he's doing. It's still ten minutes too early for class!"

"We'd better be careful; Snape is in a bad mood today."

As Evan said, Snape's attitude was a hundred times worse than usual.

For students not from Slytherin House, the day's Potions class was a painful torment.

Snape first commented on vacation assignments one by one in a bitter, acrimonious tone. In his account, they were all useless, even for first-year students. He directly gave many people a zero point and asked them to resubmit a new paper on the moonstone next week.

Then, he put them all into pairs and ordered them to mix up a simple potion to cure boils.

He swept around in his long black cloak, watching them weigh dried nettles and crush snake fangs, criticizing almost everyone.

There were several girls from Gryffindor and Hufflepuff who even cried because of Snape's attitude.

Under the Snape's supervision, no one besides Evan could successfully complete his own potion. Snape therefore deducted a lot of points from everyone. Gryffindor took the hardest hit. By the end of the Potions class, Gryffindor lost two hundred more points.

"I really don't understand, what exactly does he trying to do?"

At lunch in the Great Hall, Ginny complained to Evan, "Is he trying to scare all the girls and make them cry?"

"I was just about to cry. If Evan hadn't reminded me not to add the porcupine quills into boiling water, the cauldron would have definitely exploded!" Colin said with a lingering fear.

"Yeah, Evan had twenty points taken away from him." Ginny said bluntly, "because he successfully prevented his classmate's cauldron from exploding."

Evan did not participate in their discussion. Snape was really very abnormal today, and that should be related to Sirius.

What must have happened between them last night?!

With Evan's understanding of Sirius, he might be eager to play a game on Snape and score a little victory.

It was not clear what the outcome would be, but Snape seemed to have transferred all his hatred of Sirius to the students at the Gryffindor House.

His behavior this morning was abnormal to the extreme, and his attitude was worse than it was with Neville's previous incident. Usually, he would only treat Harry like that.

When Evan walked into the Great Hall, he found that the atmosphere was as abnormal as Snape's.

Chapter 254: House War

Among the four Hogwarts Houses, Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff belong to relatively moderate centrists, while the two Houses, Gryffindor and Slytherin were at opposite extremes, with a hostile competitive relationship, and they never agreed with each other.

However, this hostility and competition were within the scope of the school rules.

In the words of Fred and George, they all knew where to draw the line. There might be people, who would occasionally cross one or two toes, but before getting into trouble, they would immediately withdraw, otherwise they would be severely punished by the school rules.

But at noon that day, the atmosphere in the Great Hall was very strange.

Evan was keenly aware of what seemed to happen between the Gryffindor and Slytherin Houses.

The tension between the two sides had reached the limit. That was something that had never happened before.

Evan, Colin and Ginny just walked in and saw the students of Slytherin House, headed by Malfoy, staring at them with contempt.

Harry and Ron hurried up to meet them, and welcomed them to the Gryffindor table.

Looking carefully at the way they were cautious with each other, Evan suspected that if not for the professors sitting on the teacher's seats, they would fight immediately.

"What's going on here?" Evan sat down beside Hermione.

"It spread everywhere in the school, Sirius and Snape had a duel." Hermione whispered, and her voice was full of worries.

"Duel?!" Evan froze. "We saw it at the school gate yesterday..."

"Not that time, it happened this morning. The two of them fought in the staffroom. Several passing Hufflepuff students witnessed the whole duel!" said Hermione. "The movement was very big at that time, until Dumbledore came forward and the two men stopped."

Evan was amazed. No wonder he didn't see Sirius and Snape in the Great Hall this morning. He thought that they had finished their breakfast early. Who could have imagined that they were actually fighting upstairs?! No wonder Snape was so abnormal this morning and was so bad for everyone.

"Sirius is too impulsive. He had already fought Snape twice with the first day of school..." said Hermione.

Evan was not much surprised, Sirius and Snape's duel, anyway, was bound to happen, but he did not expect it to come so soon.

Until one would emerge as a clear victor, the two of them will definitely keep on fighting.

"Now since we know that there was a duel, what is the outcome?"

"It wasn't completed; they've been separated by Dumbledore!" Hermione continued. "But after class Sirius told us that he could beat Snape within just a few more minutes."

In Evan's view, this sentence should be Sirius speaking out to save face. Snape should be stronger than him.

Over a decade ago, they might have been evenly matched. But Sirius had been in Azkaban for thirteen years after all, and his magic and fighting skills have regressed, while Snape had made great progress.

If they continued the fight, Sirius was likely to lose to Snape.

But with Sirius's fighting style, Snape would certainly pay a considerable price even if he finally won the duel.

In short, if other external forces and environmental impacts were not taken into account, the outcome of the duel should be defeats and losses for both sides.

"Well, Sirius and Snape fought, but what happened to Malfoy and those Slytherin students?" Evan asked curiously, "Look at them; it's as if they can't wait to eat us!"

"Why don't you understand, Evan?" Harry came up and said, "Since Sirius and Snape are confronting each other, we must support Sirius."

"Support Sirius?!" Evan became more puzzled.

"Exactly, we've all planned to find a chance to fight Slytherin, and we will win the fight. We are now recruiting people. Look at Malfoy and Slytherin House, they must think the same. They all support Snape."

A face to face confrontation between the Houses, winners and losers, the whole idea was really childish.

Evan knew that Dumbledore would never let this happen. He would certainly restrain Sirius and Snape to prevent further deterioration of the situation.

"You feel it's ridiculous, too, don't you?" Hermione asked. After seeing Evan nodding, she continued. "But Harry and Ron both think that way. How can I persuade them if they won't even listen? "

"That's not our idea, Hermione. After knowing about this matter, many Gryffindors are ready to fight the Slytherins. That's what everybody wants to do." Ron said innocently, "What's more, this time, Sirius took the lead."

"This is just a few of your private plans. Sirius will not agree with such a crazy idea." Hermione said with concern, "Did you forget that it happened once last year, and Professor McGonagall was mad at the time, and she said that if anyone dared do that again, he would be expelled."

"You mean the melee of the Quidditch pitch." Harry recalled, "Fred and George threw a lot of Dungbombs at the time, and Malfoy was the focus."

"He deserved it, who told him to say that to Hermione!" Ron added, looking at Hermione at a glance, and quickly turned his eyes away.

"But none of us got the advantage at last, and everyone was punished." Hermione tried to pull the topic back to what she wanted to say, "This time..."

"Okay, Hermione, it's not a punishment to help Lockhart reply his mail. I heard Harry say that you and Evan didn't go there at that time." Ron waved his hand. "I spent the

night under Filch's surveillance wiping the trophy, and also spitting up slugs for more than two weeks."

"The reason why, is that you are not supposed to..."

"The situation is different this time, Hermione! Malfoy was clearly preparing for an attack," Harry said in a low voice. "Sirius and Snape's duel was just the fuse. He must be planning something on this pretext. We have to be defensive."

"If that's the case, we should tell the professors." Hermione said uncertainly.

"Oh my God, do you want us to tell Professor McGonagall that Malfoy might be ready to attack us in the hope that the school would provide protection?" Ron waved his fork and refused. "It's embarrassing. If we do, we'll be jokes."

"But..."

"Have you forgotten what happened this morning? Malfoy is provocative. We must fight." Harry said firmly, "There is no way out, Hermione! This is for Sirius, and for us!"

For the conversation between the three of them, the more Evan heard, the more confused he was.

He didn't know how Harry and Ron managed to escalate Sirius and Snape's duel into a war between the two Houses, and what happened in between the two situations to cause this escalation. But just by analyzing the situation, Malfoy might indeed be planning what conspiracy. This morning's duel was very likely to have its repercussions.

The required defense was indeed quite necessary, but wouldn't it be too trivial to engage in direct fight on such a large scale?!

Chapter 255: The Calm Before the Storm

Considering Malfoy's and other Slytherin threats, Harry and Ron finally persuaded Hermione, who excitedly invited Evan to take part in the war between the two Houses.

"What happened in the morning?" Evan asked strangely. "How was Sirius's Defense Against the Dark Arts? Wasn't there something unexpected?!"

"The course went smoothly, and he showed us a Banshee, a very interesting Dark creature, always making a shrill, miserable sound. However, there was something inappropriate, even though it didn't cause actual harm." Hermione explained. "It was Sirius, he didn't hide his disgust with Slytherin students in class and deducted them a lot of points, maybe over a hundred..."

"Sirius is not to be blamed, Malfoy was too provocative." Harry argued, "He messed up in Sirius's class and didn't do what he was told to do."

“I know, but Sirius is still too emotional. He is now a professor and should treat every student as fairly as Professor McGonagall does.” Hermione pouted, which made her look like Professor McGonagall.

“Bloody hell, do you really know what you are talking about?!” Ron shouted in surprise. “A professor who is biased towards Gryffindor is the greatest expectation of my life. Now you tell me you hope he could be fair!”

“Sirius did not do too much. Think about Snape, how he treated everyone before, if it was him...” Harry added.

“Snape deducted at least two hundred points from Gryffindor this morning, and even scared a few girls to tears.” Evan talked about what had happened in the morning Potions class.

“I knew it would be like that. Damn old bat,” Ron said loathing.

In short, because of Snape’s duel with Sirius, their unreserved disgust, and other long-standing grievances, the hostility between Slytherin and Gryffindor reached its highest level ever.

In the following week, the students of the two Houses were all cautious. Everyone walked in the castle in pairs, in fear of any accident.

Although they were on the alert, nothing actually happened.

With the intervention of Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall, the castle had strengthened its management, and neither Harry nor Malfoy had the opportunity to wage their so-called House war.

As time went on, Snape and Sirius also held back, and their deductions to Gryffindor and Slytherin slowly ceased, but Potions and Defense Against the Dark Arts became the two favorite and most hated classes for Gryffindor and Slytherin students.

Compared with the heavily differentiated Potions class and the Defence Against the Dark Arts class, Hagrid’s Care of Magical Creatures class was unexpectedly well received.

At the suggestion of Evan and Hermione, Hagrid chose a salamander fire as the magical creature for the first class of the new semester. He had provided a bonfire full of salamanders for their enjoyment, and they spent an unusually good lesson collecting dry wood and leaves to keep the fire blazing while the flame-loving lizards scampered up and down the crumbling, white blazing logs.

Almost everyone reflected that this was the best lesson Hagrid had ever taught.

A week after the start of school, Ravenclaw and Slytherin played a Quidditch match, Slytherin won the game, but the score was very close.

According to Wood, this was good news for the Gryffindor team, because otherwise, even if Gryffindor won Ravenclaw, they would still be ranked second.

This game allowed everyone to turn their attention to the Quidditch match, and compared to the illusory House war, they found that it might be more practical to score the outcome in this way. Gryffindor lost to Hufflepuff before, but because of Harry’s Firebolt, they were still the favorite team to win the title this year.

Currently, Gryffindor's Quidditch team had to train at least five times a week.

In the cold wind of January, Harry flew outside for five or six hours almost every day, and he didn't even have time to finish his homework.

Evan also felt he was in lack of time. He had reached a plateau in his magic research and needed to invest more time. Tom Riddle's diary gave him guidance last year. Evan had done all the research related to it. And now he was working hard to study the Dark Magic books he had taken from 12 Grimmauld Square.

Those magic books, especially "Secrets of the Darkest Art" were very esoteric and complicated. There were many things that Evan couldn't understand at all.

He couldn't ask Dumbledore or Sirius about those Dark magic books. He had to do some research on his own. He spent more and more time in the library, and Madam Pince, the librarian, looked at him more and more strangely.

With the approval of Sirius, most of the books that Evan borrowed and referenced were very old and unpopular magic books, all of which were books in the Restricted Section. These books were not to be in the hands of twelve-year-old wizards. Even adult wizards rarely used them.

The only one busier than Evan was Hermione. She had chosen so many classes that the immense workload finally seemed to be getting to her.

Every night, if she was not studying in the library with Evan, she was definitely to be seen in a corner of the common room, several tables spread with books, Arithmancy charts, rune dictionaries, diagrams of Muggles lifting heavy objects, and file upon file of extensive notes.

Besides Evan, she barely spoke to anybody and snapped when she was interrupted.

"What happened to the two of them?" Ron finally couldn't help but yell at Harry one night. "I have never seen anyone busier than Evan and Hermione, not even Percy, who is preparing for the Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Test. The books they read in two days are much more than I have read in a semester."

"I don't know!" Harry didn't look up. He was finishing a nasty essay on Undetectable Poisons for Snape, "What if we borrowed Hermione's Potions class homework?"

"We better not, she won't agree." Ron looked up again at Hermione. She was barely visible behind a tottering pile of books.

"Hermione is so strange, how can she get to so many classes?" Ron continued. "I heard her talking to Professor Vector, that Arithmancy witch, this morning. They were going on about yesterday's lesson, but Hermione can't have been there, because she was with us in Care of Magical Creatures! And Ernie McMillan told me she's never missed a Muggle Studies class, but half of them are at the same time as Divination, and she's never missed one of them either!"

Harry certainly knew why, but he had to keep it secret.

He couldn't talk about the Time-Turner, and he really needed to get on with Snape's essay at the moment.

Although the confrontation between Snape and Sirius had seemingly calmed down, it was still a raging undercurrent. Harry had to be more careful. At this time, if he had any leads falling into Snape's hands, it would be hard to see.

"What if we asked Evan for help? He'll borrow Hermione's homework for us. She will certainly not reject him." Harry transferred the topic.

"That's a good idea, but only if we can find Evan," said Ron. "In addition to Hermione, I also want to know what Evan is doing these days. He is in the library every night, I saw him there several times. He's always there with a thick magic book that nobody could understand."

Chapter 256: Seeds of Distrust

"Yeah, the books he reads are really profound and complicated, and it has always been like this." Harry continued to say, "Evan and Hermione are the best young wizards I have ever met."

"Harry, this is not a good thing. Don't you understand still?!" Ron looked around, lowering his voice and eagerly saying, "Evan and Hermione are different, although I don't understand how Hermione can have so many classes at the same time, at least we know what she is doing, but Evan reads those magic books..."

"What do you want to say?" Harry looked away from the parchment.

"I mean, the magic books that Evan looks at are all in the Restricted Section. He must be studying something behind our backs. I peeked at his research notes the other day, and there were some terrible patterns on them, which didn't look like any decent magic." Ron hesitantly said, "Harry, he might be studying..."

Harry looked up at Ron in surprise, and he finally knew what he wanted to say.

Neither of them spoke, and a terrible feeling of uneasiness took over.

From Ron's expression, he was obviously suspecting that Evan was studying **BLACK MAGIC**.

Harry instinctively wanted to refute that possibility, but didn't know what to say. Evan had always given an impression of omniscience. He knew a lot about magic. After Ron was controlled by the Imperius Curse, it was also Evan who first discovered it. If Evan hadn't studied it, how could he know about such an evil black magic?!

But Evan studying black magic was something that Harry just couldn't believe. In his mind, black magic was extremely evil, and it should be absolutely prohibited. Those who study black magic are also Dark wizards like Voldemort and Peter Pettigrew.

They were ruthless, cold and emotionless, and Evan couldn't be such a person.

But Harry couldn't refute Ron's remarks. The idea that Evan was studying the Dark Arts was like a big rock pressing down on Harry's heart, making him breathless. He felt a panic he had never felt before.

"Maybe, he just wants to know..." Harry said softly.

His voice was very low. He did not want anyone to know about his conversation with Ron.

"Harry, this is not a joke. I've been controlled by mysterious people, and I know that feeling. Dark Arts should be absolutely banned." Ron also lowered his voice and said, "We must take action."

"What do you want to do?"

"I don't know, but at the very least, we need to understand what Evan is doing." Ron continued, "If he's really studying the Dark Arts, we can tell other people about it and make sure they know what he really is. For example, Dumbledore or Sirius, they would never allow Evan to do such a thing. They will help us."

There was a short silence. Ron saw that Harry was obviously hesitating. Strange emotions re-emerged in Ron's body. After guessing that Evan was studying the Dark Arts, he had a brief feeling of surprise, followed by a strong sense of injustice.

He remembered the eyes of the others looking at him, and the rumors in the school.

Ron felt that was very unfair. He was only innocently controlled twice by the Imperius Curse. He was also a victim. But the others looked into his eyes, with evident distrust, as if he had really wanted to do those bad things.

Evan was studying black magic, which was more evil than the things he did. But no one said anything about him. On the contrary, many people worshiped him as a hero, and Evan was becoming even more famous in school than Harry.

In Ron's opinion, all of them were being deceived by Evan.

The more he thought about it, the more he felt that everyone was blinded by the appearance of Evan. So was Harry, Hermione, his family and others.

Everyone believed in Evan, but he betrayed everyone's trust. He was studying black magic behind their backs. He was doing something very evil on the sly.

A strong sense of responsibility rose deep in Ron's heart, and he felt obliged to reveal Evan's true colors and stop the ongoing plot. The strange feeling that appeared at the Quidditch pitch a few months ago was also the main reason that prompted Ron to do this.

"Harry, we..."

"I know what you mean, Ron, but I believe in Evan. There is no evidence that he is working on the dark arts. He can't borrow those magic books from the Restricted Section without the permission of a professor and the Headmaster." Harry thought for a moment and continued to persuade, "Evan is not the same as those Dark

wizards. Even if he is studying black magic, he just wants knowledge. I believe in him!"

"But..."

"If you don't feel at ease, we can talk to Evan. Whatever he is doing, he will certainly tell us."

"Ask him if he is doing evil black magic research, and who he's going to sacrifice. That's an interesting topic," Ron whispered.

The atmosphere was awkward. Both of them did not talk about it anymore, but the seeds of distrust slowly grew invisibly and sprouted.

Harry and Ron didn't go to the library to disturb Evan, or dare to disturb Hermione, who seemed a little irritable, and they both ended up asking Sirius to help them finish their paper on the Undetectable Poisons.

Although Potions was not Sirius's forte, the third year assignment was too simple for him. He gave Harry and Ron a lot of useful advice.

To be fair, with the help of Sirius, Harry's paper should at least be good enough, but Snape gave him a bad appraisal. Harry didn't care. He had expected such a result.

As long as he had a good relationship with Sirius, his after-school assignments and the Potions he made would never be appreciated by Snape.

Evan was probably the only exception, because he had studied all of Snape's layouts and the magic potions required for the second-year wizards, and had come up with the best recipes and cooking methods. Even if Snape was seeking faults, he wouldn't find them.

Snape tried several times and even asked Evan to complete an Ordinary Wizarding Level exam before dealing with difficult potions.

But Evan could finish it smoothly every time, and the process was more perfect than the textbooks.

As he grew gloomier and more frightening to the other students, Snape's attitude toward Evan returned to its former state of indifference.

When he had to shout his name, he used "Mr. Know it All" instead.

In the Potions class, Evan was the only Gryffindor student who could get Snape to refrain from criticizing him or deducting points, which made others envy him.

Chapter 257: Sprouting Seeds

Regardless of recognition, Evan was the most famous among all Hogwarts students.

He founded a very successful newspaper, he was far more powerful than his peers, defeated the horrible Basilisk, proved Professor Lupin's innocence, rescued Sirius Black, defeated the evil Peter Pettigrew, he made many famous and could even change the views of the magic world...

In less than two years, Evan did so many things that a wizard could not do in his lifetime.

Considering his age and Muggle origins, it was unbelievable.

While envious of Evan, everyone had to admire his efforts.

Both he and Hermione spent most of their time in the library every day, longer than all the other young wizards, and even the students preparing for the Ordinary Wizarding Level examinations were not as hard working as them.

Everyone could often see such a scene: Evan and Hermione sitting on the long black table at the innermost side of the library, surrounded by thick magic books or other materials, quietly reading and taking notes under candlelight, and occasionally exchanging a few words in a low voice.

In the quiet atmosphere, there was a touch of warmth.

The long table was their spot, and Evan and Hermione used to come an hour after dinner and stay there until about 10 o'clock in the evening.

When she came early, Hermione would prepare two cups of hot chocolate. It was so bitter because there was no sugar in it. Evan frowned and drank it every time under Hermione's smiling gaze, but it was good for a boost in spirit.

After leaving the library, the two of them would walk in the dark castle, then go back to the Gryffindor Common Room and chat with others, play wizard games, or help Harry, Ron, and Colin finish their homework.

Evan and Hermione had a very regular schedule, and everyone was used to that with them.

But since the beginning of the new semester, everything had changed unconsciously.

First of all, Hermione, because of too many courses, she had to shuttle back and forth between different classes every day, with no free time. Every night, she started to do homework in the corner of the Common Room instead of reading in the library.

Evan spent more and more time in the library. He was currently hardly involved in any House activities. As long as there was no class, he sat alone in the library.

Close to his seat, sometimes you could smell pungent potions.

Any wizard who had an in-depth study of Potions would know that those drugs taken by Evan were stimulants, allowing the user to concentrate, improve his attention, and extending his alertness.

The materials needed for this kind of potion were extremely precious, and young wizards generally did not use it.

But Evan was forced to do it. What he lacked most was time.

He had completely reached a plateau in the study of the black magic collections taken from 12 Grimmauld Place, and needed to add more theoretical knowledge as a basis.

Because it was all the most sophisticated black magic, the theoretical knowledge that Evan needed to supplement was also very profound and complex. He could only read and study in the library during the day.

While everyone was asleep at night, he would take out the taboo Dark magic books and study them secretly to test some of his theories.

With the deepening of research, Evan's pool of magic had increased rapidly.

The side effects were also very obvious. In the long run, his body would not have been able to carry them without the help of magic potions.

In fact, Evan's recent abnormal behavior had also attracted some people's attention.

For example, the librarian, Madam Pince, could reveal her thoughts about Evan from the growing worry on her face.

If anyone took time to talk to her, Madam Pince would be very willing to express her views on Evan.

In her opinion, Evan was likely to become an evil Dark wizard.

Many of the magic books he borrowed were taboo, full of theoretical knowledge about black magic or dark creatures. Although there were no direct books on black magic after school screening, frequent borrowing of those books did not bode well in itself.

However, Evan had the approval of Sirius in his hand. Dumbledore also acquiesced in his conduct, and Madam Pince, though worried, could not say anything.

Besides her, Ron also paid special attention to Evan's behavior and research fields.

Since he had inadvertently discussed Evan's topic with Harry that night, the seeds of mistrust had sprouted in his heart.

Although he repeatedly reminded himself in the depths of his heart that Evan had saved him from the Basilisk and Peter Pettigrew many times before, and that he should unconditionally believe in him; the thought that Evan might be carrying out evil black magic research made Ron's innermost strange feelings stronger and stronger.

It was undeniable that he was very jealous of Evan, and envied him for everything he had.

Ron was used to this feeling. From his childhood, he was very jealous of his brothers, of their new magic supplies, their achievements, and so on.

After entering Hogwarts, he was jealous of Harry.

But in general, he was willing to believe in them. Ron's innermost feelings were not so much jealousy as envy of what they had, power, achievement, fame, etc.

But with Evan, he was currently jealous and full of suspicion and distrust. As time went on, Ron became more and more suspicious of what Evan was doing, wondering what he was studying, what he had done, even his purpose of saving him, and so on.

Ron knew that his thoughts might be a bit abnormal or even terrible.

He was sure that he was not affected by any confusing curse. This was his innermost real thought, and the seeds of distrust had sprouted.

Ron hesitated for a long time and finally found the answer.

He was not doubting Evan, he was helping him. If Evan was really studying black magic study, he had to stop it as soon as possible.

When Evan would understand it, he should be grateful to him.

Unlike Madam Pince, the librarian who discovered the clues but was not prepared to take any action, Ron decided to investigate the content of Evan's research.

He had argued with Harry many times about this issue, but there was no result. Although Harry was somewhat worried, he still believed in Evan. He repeatedly admonished Ron that he might have thought things too complicated.

Even if Evan was really studying black magic, he should have legitimate reasons.

In Ron's opinion, it was not the complexity of his thoughts, but Harry's simple-mindedness. Like everyone else, he was bewildered by Evan's appearance.

Since Harry was not willing to help, Ron was ready to act alone.

He was going to start with a notebook that he had seen stealthily the other day with a terrible design on it to figure out what Evan was doing.

Knowing Evan's influence in the school, Ron did not intend to speak out or talk about it with anyone else before he investigated everything. This was just his own secret.

After several discussions with Ron, he never mentioned it again, and Harry gradually put it behind him and devoted himself wholeheartedly to Quidditch training.

He didn't even realize that Evan was deeply impressed with his study of black magic.

Unlike Ron, who was ready to take action, Harry was just reluctant to think and did not want to believe it.

However, the seeds of distrust had been buried, quietly waiting for the day they sprout.

Chapter 258: Evan's Power

Evan didn't notice Ron's abnormality, but one incident that caught him off-guard awakened him and he realized that he had been too immersed in the study of Dark Arts recently.

Such a behavior was extremely dangerous and simply wrong.

So he changed his research subjects, focusing more on the analysis of the principles of magic, using the dark magic as a supplementary knowledge that needed to be understood as a starting point, to study the principles and structure of magic, involving many theories and so on.

In his subsequent study, Evan's use of the magic principles described in the magic books was more to enhance his strength, instead of trying to use the black magic recorded above.

Although it made his research more difficult and required him to get more magic books, it essentially prevented Evan from becoming a Dark wizard.

Last year, Tom Riddle's diary had tempted Evan to practice and use the Dark Arts frequently, hoping that he could indulge in the power of strength.

Ever since then, Evan had noticed that excessive use of black magic could make the wizard's soul evil and unstable. With the use of dark magic, there would be many cruel thoughts in the heart, and a person could even completely change.

In recent research, the knowledge gained from many ancient magic books also confirmed Evan's initial conjecture.

Although the magic world has not yet reached a consensus on the source of magic, but while magic comes through blood, the essence of magic spell depends on the power of the spirit and the soul, this theory has been getting more and more recognized by wizards.

In addition to the magic power of the wizard, the power source and size of the black magic depend mainly on whether the user's heart is evil enough.

Using Black Magic for a long time will gradually make a wizard evil.

Evan had no such intentions. His purpose in studying Dark Magic was to enhance his own strength, to gain a deeper and more comprehensive understanding of Dark Wizards, to understand Voldemort, to know the enemy he was about to face. He never wanted to turn himself into an evil Dark wizard. .

Therefore, after making sure of this, he hurriedly changed his research topics.

Evan destroyed his previous research notes, which led to the fact that Ron, who had been secretly investigating, found nothing. He had stolen a lot of Evan's stuff, but could never find the notebook he had seen with the horrible design.

Although no evidence was found, his views of Evan were still getting weirder and weirder.

After a brief confusion, Ron felt strange anger. He thought that Evan must have found out that he was investigating him, so he had destroyed all the evidence of his black magic research.

Evan didn't notice Ron's anomaly. What actually awakened him was related to the so-called House war.

Gryffindor and Slytherin did not fight because of strengthening management in the castle, but there was some friction. Snape and Sirius didn't take a good lead in that either, and Malfoy practically came daily to provoke them as the Quidditch match, which was to decide this year's Academy Cup holders, was approaching.

This situation continued until Sirius's Dueling Club was re-established.

Shortly after Ravenclaw and Slytherin's Quidditch match, Sirius's proposal to resume the dueling club was pasted on the bulletin board.

Not surprisingly, this was unanimously welcomed by the school's young wizards.

Although the Dueling Club held by Lockhart last year turned out to be a joke, Sirius was recognized as strong and powerful. Everyone was excited at the thought of being able to learn the dueling skills and curses with him.

Even more anticipated than the re-formation of the Dueling Club itself was the duel between Sirius and Snape, which had become a hot topic at school, and there had been much debate about who was the stronger one of the two.

Unfortunately, Snape did not appear at the first meeting of the Dueling Club.

Because of Dumbledore's intervention, both Snape and Sirius were restrained a lot. Even if both sides did not hide their dislike and resentment against each other, at least they did not have a duel or tit-for-tat in front of the students as before.

In the Dueling Club led by Sirius, Snape did not appear, and Sirius asked Professor Flitwick to become his opponent.

The event was quite normal at the beginning and it went very smoothly. Everyone learned about dueling etiquette, Professor Flitwick explained several spells that were more common in the duel, and Sirius also taught them some of his combat experience.

For Evan, it might be a little lower, but other small wizards, many being senior students, still felt very interested, and learned with great interest.

That was not surprising. Hogwarts had never taught the young wizards any knowledge related to the dueling. The Defence Against the Dark Arts class, which should bear the main responsibility, was also terrible. The Defence Against the Dark Arts class professors changed every year, including the disreputable wizards such as Lockhart, or unscrupulous guys like Quirrel.

Their teaching methods were also quite different, and it was difficult for young wizards to systematically and comprehensively learn about resisting dark magic from their courses.

Most of the young wizards were self-taught of the magic spells associated with Dueling and the defence against Dark Magic.

They were more interested in prank magic than regular spells and charms.

Admittedly, these magic spells might have an unexpected effect in battle, but their effectiveness was not comparable to the standard dueling spells commonly used.

Sirius's club was an unprecedented success, and the dueling skills he and Professor Flitwick showed were a great hit.

Before group practice, everything went very smoothly. But then the situation began to turn sharply down, whether intentionally or inadvertently; and Sirius paired many Gryffindor and Slytherin students together in group practice.

Evan's opponent was a second-year boy whom he didn't remember the name. The kid seemed to want to use a curse against him. However, when he had not raised his wand yet, Evan'd made it fly far away from his hand.

He looked at Evan with amazed eyes and couldn't believe what was happening in front of him. Although Evan was very famous, before the test, he did not think that his strength was much worse than that of Evan. He was the strongest among Slytherin's second year students.

Instead of getting ready to use his wand attacks and armor spells as Sirius said, he was thinking of teaching Evan a hard lesson and make him lose face in front of the whole school.

Evan had no idea of the thoughts of the Slytherin student in front of him, and he did not have any interest in doing naive magic practice with him.

He had been analyzing his duel with Snape. With the research and mastery of black magic and other magical theories, his recent magical power had advanced by leaps and bounds.

Evan believed that he could stand for longer against Snape. And if his magic was strong enough, it was not impossible to counteract him to a certain extent.

In this case, the strength of this guy opposite was completely inadequate.

Evan had then a deeper understanding of his wand, and was more comfortable using it, almost instantaneously.

He didn't know what the other guy wanted to do, but ended the battle with the fastest speed.

Chapter 259: Evan and the Dark Arts

Compared with the end of Evan's duel, the other groups were in a much worse situation.

Gryffindor and Slytherin young wizards were inextricably involved. They seemed to see this spell practice in pairs as the long-awaited House war, and that this was the battlefield to determine the victors of that war.

Besides the charms and the shields that Sirius required, the students used various kinds of evil curses. Crabbe and Goyle even resorted to their fists against Ron and Neville.

Like last year's Lockhart's dueling club, the scene was a mess.

But Snape was not there this time, and Sirius was unreservedly biased towards Gryffindor. With his help, Harry and his friends quickly gained the upper hand, defeating Slytherin's students and completely suppressing them.

The first meeting of the dueling club ended under the cheers of Gryffindor.

Not surprisingly, Malfoy and the other Slytherin students were all mad. That was the greatest disgrace for the proud Slytherins.

Because of this, the long fragile balance of the two Houses had finally been broken.

Slytherins were ready to take revenge and make Gryffindors feel their wrath.

After a long discussion, they decided to take a more direct approach by ambushing a Gryffindor student and provoking war between the two Houses.

Nobody knew who it was the one to suggest it, but Evan was the one to become their target.

First of all, Evan was famous enough.

He was the icon of the Gryffindor House. If they could teach Evan a good lesson, that would be enough to make them feel relieved and achieve the desired effect of revenge.

Secondly, Evan's schedule was very regular.

Almost all the young wizards knew that Evan was the last one to leave the library every night, and that he would be alone without any help.

They just had to lay in the dark, so that they could ambush him.

No matter how strong he was, he couldn't be a rival of such a large amount of people ganging up against him at the same time.

They would attack him all in one strike.

Since the incident with Buckbeak, and then with Lupin, Malfoy hated Evan's guts, and in a way, he had more contempt towards him than he had against Harry. He despised the mere idea of being suppressed by a Mudblood.

He didn't care about the way; he was ready to attack Evan himself. Malfoy thought that if he took action swiftly enough, Evan wouldn't see it coming and no one would be able to accuse him. He just had to take him by surprise and use the Stunning Spell.

Even if Evan guessed that it was a Slytherin who did it, even if he speculated that it was Malfoy, he wouldn't have any proof.

In fact, Evan didn't notice Malfoy's conspiracy.

After the dueling club ended, he returned to his rigorous daily routine. His study of the Horcruxes with the records in "Secrets of the Darkest Art" had entered a critical stage.

He had read a lot involving this matter, and it was all that dwelled within his mind on that night.

That night, as he left the library, crossed the dark corridor, and walked up the steep spiral staircase leading to the Gryffindor Tower, Malfoy and several other Slytherin students that had been waiting for him for a long time rushed out of the corner.

They looked at Evan with a ghastly manner, preparing to attack him with several powerful spells.

"Go to hell, despicable Mudblood! STUPEFY!" Malfoy shouted with disgust, and a red light went towards Evan.

In the dark, Evan did not recognize who had suddenly appeared in front of him. He instinctively felt threat, stepped back dodging his foe's curse, pulled out his own wand and cast the spell that popped up first in his mind.

The next second, a terrible green light emerged from the tip of Evan's wand and flew over to Malfoy.

As Evan cast this spell, the temperature in the place quickly dropped, and the air was filled with uneasiness, as if Dementors were drawing near.

Malfoy's face turned pale. He forgot all the spells he knew and didn't continue to attack Evan.

He snorted and stared at the curse that struck him.

In the infiltrating green light, he saw a sly-shaped face approaching him, and fear from deep within his own soul took away Malfoy's breath.

All of his happy memories disappeared, and only the despair and coldness brought forth by the dark remained. The feeling was overwhelming, as if hundreds of Dementors had attacked at the same time.

The green light of the curse was getting closer to Malfoy, and the owner of that sinister skull-shaped face was getting clearer.

Malfoy saw a monster in a ripped black cloak approaching him, sweeping over like a god of death coming from the depths of hell.

He felt the threat of death, gasped, and then screamed with all he had before falling to the ground.

Beside him, Crabbe, Goyle and several other Slytherin Students stood there watching Malfoy with unease, not understanding what was happening. They only saw Malfoy sneak attacking Evan, the

latter evading Malfoy's attack and responding with a green light coming out of his wand. The spell didn't seem to hit Malfoy, but it looked like he saw a ghost.

He was there on the floor, staring at Evan in panic.

From his eyes, tears flowed out of control. He snorted loudly and looked at Evan as if he was scared of him to death.

This was just ridiculous and incredible, and his companions didn't know what to do, nor did they know what Evan did to him.

The Black Magic cast by Evan came straight out of the "Secrets of the Darkest Art". It was mentioned after the Horcruxes, and it had an effect similar to that of the Dementor's kiss, which directly affected the soul causing it to have irreparable damage.

The scary pattern Ron saw before on Evan's notebook was related to this curse.

This was a very advanced curse that went beyond what people usually perceived as evil.

Evan had been studying it for a long time, making substantial progress, but he never was able to cast it smoothly. So he thought that his own magic power wasn't sufficient.

Now threatened by Malfoy, he used it unintentionally.

After casting this magic, Evan realized what he had done.

In a heartbeat, he was in cold sweat. He couldn't even imagine how severe the consequences would be if Malfoy was hit by that magic.

At the last second, he hurriedly lifted his spell.

On the other side, Malfoy sat on the ground, and not a drop of blood could be seen on his pale face. Seeing his appearance, several other Slytherin students did not dare to act rashly. They got closer to each other, and watched Evan leave without doing anything.

In the dark corridor, only Malfoy could not stop sobbing.

The ambush against Evan had failed, and no one besides Evan and Malfoy knew what had just happened.

Chapter 260: Hermione, and Evan's Original Intention

In fact, Evan was not less frightened than Malfoy. He didn't think he would even cast this black magic, let alone succeed at it.

This black magic that attacked the soul was very esoteric and complex, and required strong magic and deep magic theory as the basis.

At Evan's level, he didn't think he could cast it.

Even if it was only inadvertently successful, it also showed that Evan's recent strength has indeed improved a lot, but he was not happy about it at all.

He stumbled back to Gryffindor's Common Room. No matter who would have spoken to him, he could not hear anything.

He sat alone on the sofa in front of the fireplace for a long time and kept thinking about it.

Thinking of the consequences of that dark magic, Evan realized that his inner fears were being fulfilled.

He kept asking himself why he had originally studied Dark Magic when he knew there would be such an outcome.

At that moment, He also did not know whether he should continue such studies.

If he continued, he might have great power, but he couldn't guarantee that he wouldn't get lost and become an evil Dark wizard like Voldemort.

The temptation of power makes it sometimes very difficult to decide.

Maybe, he should change his way...

In the middle of the night, besides Evan, there was no one in the Gryffindor Common Room.

He stared at the jumping fire in the fireplace, sitting alone in a daze.

Suddenly, a footstep sounded on the stairs and someone walked out of the bedroom.

Evan turned back and saw Hermione in pink pajamas coming over to him.

"Why haven't you slept yet?" He asked in surprise.

"I was worried about you. What happened?" Hermione sat on the sofa next to Evan and said uneasily, "You look very abnormal tonight. When I said goodnight to you, you just nodded."

"I was thinking about... things; I didn't hear your voice." Evan explained.

"What were you thinking about?" Hermione moved closer.

She stared closely at Evan, and under the candlelight, her brown eyes shimmered with fascinating light.

Seeing Hermione's beautiful, intelligent eyes, Evan was slightly lost.

It took him a moment to get back to his senses.

Evan was too familiar with Hermione. He knew what she might have noticed. If he did not explain it clearly, she wouldn't just give up on him and let things be.

He hesitated for a moment and decided to tell her everything.

Although the study of the Dark Arts was taboo and should be kept a secret, Evan did not want to hide anything from Hermione.

He believed in her, not to mention that he also wanted to hear her opinions.

"I just met Malfoy and his mates on the stairs; they were ready to ambush me!" Evan hesitated. "Don't worry, Hermione, I wasn't hurt or anything. I used a magic to knock them back, it was a... dark magic, very esoteric, very complicated, and very evil. I did not think that I would successfully cast it!"

"Dark magic?!" Hermione looked up at Evan with horror.

“You know, I have been doing magic research recently. In fact, I’ve been working on black magic books from the Blacks’ collection.” Evan said with a stiff head, he noticed the more and more surprised expression on Hermione’s face.

“God, are you studying the Dark Arts?!” Hermione didn’t dare to believe the news. “I can’t believe it. How can you do that? This is wrong. All textbooks say that black magic is very evil. Only Dark Wizards would...”

“In order to enhance my strength, in the face of Dark wizards and the uncertain future, it is always good to know a thing or two about black magic.” Evan’s voice was getting fainter and fainter, his words seemed unfounded, and he looked at Hermione with pleading eyes.

“You mean, you don’t learn these Dark Arts to use them, or to use that knowledge to do something bad, but to better understand them?”

“Exactly, that’s it!” Even Evan himself felt that this reason was somewhat entangled.

Regardless of whether others would believe it or not, he really thought so.

From the beginning to the end, Evan was not ready to learn and master these Dark Arts, and his purpose of research was not to use them.

He didn’t want to be an evil Dark wizard, perhaps because of preconception, and he had always been deeply prejudiced and vigilant against the dark magic.

But as an important part of magic, black magic was indispensable. To become a powerful wizard, he had to study black magic. This was an indispensable part. Only by deep understanding of Black Magic could he better cope with it. This was what the Hogwarts Defence Against the Dark Arts teaching philosophy had been insisting on.

But it is undeniable that black magic is too strong, giving one a very easy path to power.

As the research progresses, one will inevitably be subject to various temptations and tests.

Facing these temptations, many people did not stick to their original intentions and got eventually lost.

“I don’t think it’s a problem if you just study it to understand it.” Hermione said worriedly, “But after all, it’s BLACK MAGIC, you have to be careful!”

“I know, in fact, what happened tonight led me to realize that my recent study of magic has gone in the wrong path, which is very dangerous! That’s what I’ve been thinking about.” Evan explained, “But I don’t know what to do, I’m hesitating.”

“Don’t put too much pressure on yourself.” Hermione looked at Evan carefully for a long time, and then suddenly stretched out her little hand, held Evan’s tightly and slowly said, “I once said that no matter what happens, I will always believe in you. Evan, promise me, don’t let me down, OK?”

“I promise you, I won’t let you down.” Evan nodded and answered very seriously, “Thank you, Hermione. Thank you for believing in me all the way!”

Seeing Hermione in front of him, Evan finally made up his mind.

On the comfortable sofa in front of the fireplace in the Gryffindor Common Room, they chatted for a long time, until midnight, and then Hermione went back to sleep in the bedroom.

When he was alone again, Evan took out his recent research notes and threw them into the fire, watching them burn to ashes.

Since the study of Dark Arts was inevitable, he could not just give up, but he decided to change his research strategy. Basing on these Dark Arts, he intended to analyze the principles, structures and theories of magic in depth, to study ways to resist them, and to enhance his own strength.

In doing so, hid magic research was several times more difficult than before.

But his gains were much smaller, and Evan couldn’t improve as quickly. However, he didn’t regret it. As promised, he didn’t want Hermione to be disappointed.

Evan had the impression that Dumbledore had been involved in the Dark Arts in his youth, and he might have faced the same choice.

He finally paid a terrible price, and his sister lost her life, and he repented and sobered up.

This was the regret of Dumbledore’s life, after which he had become committed to fighting Black Magic.

Evan reminded himself not to repeat the same mistakes, to only know the right path after loss like Dumbledore, or become a power’s puppet like Voldemort.

For Hermione, for himself, he had to always remain vigilant.