

Harry Potter 261

Chapter 261: Rumors of Black Magic

That night, Malfoy was really terrified.

After Evan left, he was eventually taken back to Slytherin's Common Room.

He kept repeating to others what he had seen at that time. He saw the God of death when Evan cast the skeleton shaped green curse, and he felt the breath of death.

Slytherin's students listened to Malfoy's description, but no one knew exactly what magic Evan had used.

After discussion, they generally thought that Malfoy saw nothing but Fantasy. It wasn't that no one thought of black magic, but the spell used by Evan was too rare. Besides him, no one in Hogwarts had ever read the book "Secrets of the Darkest Art".

The spell, whether difficult or evil, was beyond the young wizards' imagination.

They could only go with the most probable conclusion within their own cognitive scope.

That seeing death was just a fantasy was a conclusion that reassured Malfoy.

But every time he recalled the scene and the suffocation of death that reached deep into his soul, he still felt a palpitation. Evan's spell directly attacked the soul, and although it did not hit Malfoy in the end, it had an impact on him.

Currently, whenever he met Evan in the castle, Malfoy made a detour. He had been quite honest lately, and he was no longer as provocative or troublesome as he used to be.

Though he never admitted it, his expression was full of fear.

After the failure of the ambush, neither Malfoy nor the rest of Slytherin students continued to take action.

Hogwarts did not calm down. It wasn't known when it started; but there was a growing rumor that Evan was studying black magic in the castle.

The source of the rumor had been elusive, but it was really detailed, and the witnesses seemed to have seen, with their own eyes, Evan studying black magic.

That rumor was like stone thrown into a calm lake.

The young wizards talked for a while and soon lost interest. It seemed too ridiculous to everyone that Evan was studying black magic!

They would rather believe that Harry was a descendant of Slytherin and would replace Voldemort as the third generation of the Dark Lord than believe the rumor that Evan would become the Dark Wizard.

After all, what Evan had done over the past two years could not be ignored.

Moreover, as the time approached for the Quidditch match between Gryffindor and Ravenclaw, the wizards' energies shifted to the Quidditch match.

There was no doubt that Ravenclaw's Quidditch team was great, but they all used Cleansweep Sevens. Compared with Harry's Firebolt, they were simply vulnerable.

All Gryffindor students had high confidence, waiting for this match to come.

Although they had the Firebolt, the Gryffindor team did not relax at all, and they trained harder than before. At the last training session before Saturday's game, Harry, Ron, and Hermione had breakfast in the Great Hall as usual.

Wood suddenly came over and gave Harry the last intelligence instructions before the game.

"Harry, I've just found out who Ravenclaw is playing as Seeker. It's Cho Chang, a girl, and she's pretty good!"

"Cho Chang?!" Harry was stunned; his heart was beating fast, and in his mind, images of the dark-haired girl smiling at him flowed uncontrollably.

"Ravenclaw fourth year, Evan seems to like her very much." Hermione said with a sigh, "On the last day before Christmas, they even wanted to go..."

Hermione couldn't speak any more, and her face turned red, remembering what she and Evan had done that day at Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop.

Officially, that was the first date between Evan and Hermione. In that little teahouse filled with sweet scents, Hermione sensed that her mind had stopped working, and she could not help but hope that Evan would kiss her like other lovers around them...

"Where did they go?" Harry asked strangely.

"No, nothing!" Hermione's face was red. She returned from memory to reality and hurried to hide it.

Just then, an owl flew over to her, and she hurried to take the letter from its leg.

Hermione concentrated on reading the letter, which made her look less embarrassed.

"I know that Cho Chang is very beautiful." Ron looked at Hermione with a puzzled look and continued, "She is more beautiful than all the girls I know."

"This is not the point; the focus is on her Quidditch level. Harry, you can't be confused by the other Seeker like what happened to Diggory with Angelina and Alicia. WE HAVE TO WIN THE GAME. this is our last chance." Wood waved his hand in disapproval. "I had hoped that she was in a bad state. She had suffered some injuries, but I just got the news that she had completely recovered."

Harry didn't know what to answer. In Wood's opinion, this may be bad news. But he was relieved inexplicably.

"But don't worry too much!" Wood frowned and continued. "She rides a Comet Two Sixty, which is going to look like a joke next to the Firebolt." He gave Harry's broom a look of fervent admiration.

“This broomstick is our hope; you and it are the best combination.” Wood concluded, “Well, I will go to the field to warm up first, you’d better hurry.”

“Oliver is about to drive us crazy. This year is his last chance to win the Quidditch Cup. In order to win the game, he’s practically gluing us to our brooms.”

“I heard Fred and George say that Wood plans to join a club as a professional Quidditch player after graduation. This Quidditch Cup is very important to him.”

“Yes, so everyone worked so hard. We don’t want to leave him with any regrets. We are obviously the best team, but we always lose games because of accidents.” Harry sighed and turned to see that Hermione was reading the letter she had just received. She seemed a little excited. He couldn’t help asking, “Hermione, what happened?”

“It’s Hagrid, he won the lawsuit.” Hermione waved the note in her hand, raised her head and replied with a smile. “The verdict has just come out. The Committee for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures considers Buckbeak safe. Malfoy’s injury was just an accident.”

“I knew it would be like this. Hagrid and Buckbeak were wronged.” Harry said happily that he was sincerely delighted for Hagrid.

“This thing couldn’t be so smooth without the help of Mr. Newt Scamander. Evan and I have written so many reports in the newspaper before, but it didn’t work until Mr. Scamander agreed to....”

Hearing Hermione’s words, Harry had just thought that he and Ron had basically not helped much, and that almost all the work was done by both Evan and Hermione.

At that thought, he was a little embarrassed.

“Well, let’s enjoy Malfoy’s reaction. Hagrid won, he must be furious!” Harry quickly shifted the subject. “But he didn’t react, it’s too strange, we’d better be careful, he must be plotting something again. You know, he was very abnormal after the Dueling Club. With the help of Sirius, I obviously defeated him at the time, but he didn’t come for trouble, which is really strange! ”

Chapter 262: Ron and the Rumors

“I didn’t catch any abnormalities. He looked as annoyed as before.” Ron raised his head and looked across. “He must be making some plot!”

Malfoy was walking out of the Great Hall among a group of Slytherin students, and before going out he looked back in disgust at the three of them, with malice in his eyes.

“I can feel that there must be something wrong with him.” Harry said with certainty, “He rarely approaches us now, it looks as if he is afraid.”

“Malfoy is afraid, this is really funny!”

“It’s not funny, Ron!” Hermione collected the note sent by Hagrid and said disapprovingly, “Harry is right. Malfoy is really scared. However, he is not afraid of the three of us, but he is afraid of Evan.”

“Why should he be afraid of Evan?” Ron asked.

“That’s because...” Hermione hesitated, not sure if she should tell the truth. She finally said vaguely, “You know, Malfoy wanted to find trouble a few days ago, and Evan taught him a good lesson.”

“Just being taught a lesson, got Malfoy so scared?!” Harry was stunned. “I never knew he was so timid.”

“There must be something wrong with it, Malfoy won’t be scared unless...” Ron looked around to make sure nobody was eavesdropping on their conversation before he lowered his voice, “I think I know why, have you both heard of that rumor?”

“What rumor?” Hermione asked curiously, because she was busy with her studies, she had been much occupied lately, rarely communicating with others, and had heard nothing about it.

“Evan is studying black magic!” Ron’s voice was getting lower and lower. “He must have used black magic on Malfoy to frighten him. He must have...”

“Ron, we’ve talked about this before, and there’s no evidence that Evan’s studying the Dark Arts. It sounds obviously ridiculous.” Harry quickly said, “You really believe such lies?”

“But Malfoy’s reaction... and the rumor...” Ron argued.

“That’s just a rumor. Evan’s magic has always been powerful. It may have caused misunderstandings from others. He must have used other methods to make Malfoy feel scared.” Harry said, “Remember last year’s snake incident? At that time, everyone thought that I was a descendant of Slytherin. Those Hufflepuffs even said that I was more evil than Voldemort. They have always been like this. When they have free time, they love to imagine and spread around baseless rubbish...”

When he heard Harry mention Voldemort, Ron clearly shivered.

“It’s not just rumors.” I’ve seen Evan’s notes with my own eyes, and there was a terrible pattern on them. It was of a crazy, twisted-looking man whose soul is splitting,” he said.

“Maybe you have read it wrong, even if it is not, a picture can’t explain anything.”

“That is his research note. In addition to the pattern, there were a lot of esoteric words that cannot be drawn casually.” Ron gasped and said, “Evan has been secretly studying something, and it must be black magic. I asked Colin, and he got up many times in the middle of the night to find that Evan was not asleep. He was reading a magic book in his bed. ”

“None of this proves anything...” Harry said stubbornly.

“That’s why we need to investigate for more evidence.” Ron raised his voice slightly, trying to persuade Harry and make his friends understand the importance of the incident. “Malfoy’s reaction is a lead, and we can use him to find out the truth. Believe me; Evan’s recent behavior is really suspicious. He may be curious and studying some magic that he can’t master. We must stop him. That’s for his own good. ”

“You don’t want to cooperate with Malfoy to investigate Evan?” Harry said in amazement.

“I’m just giving an example. We must determine what Evan is doing. If he is really studying dark magic, we can tell...” Ron said eagerly.

“Over the past two years, Evan has proved that he has nothing to do with Dark wizards. I believe in him. Besides, I don’t want to have anything to do with Malfoy.” Harry said irritably, “Ron, you must also believe in Evan, don’t you?”

Seeing Harry staring at him, Ron’s eyes dodged a bit, and then he returned to normal, whispering, “Yes, I believe in him!”

“Well, in that case, don’t think about it again. You can go to see us for Quidditch training in a minute, and after that you can ride the Firebolt.” Harry seemed relieved and turned to Hermione, who had never spoken. “Hermione, you too, you and Evan both need to relax and breathe some fresh air, and you’ve been putting too much pressure on yourselves lately to keep up with your tasks.”

Hermione subconsciously nodded, still thinking about what Ron had just said.

“I’ll call Evan. He must be reading books in the library or sorting the newspaper articles.” Harry handed the Firebolt to Ron and continued. “After breakfast, you two can go to the Quidditch pitch and wait for us.”

When he finished, he hurriedly turned and left, looking a bit flustered.

The conversation with Ron just made Harry have an ominous presentiment.

He didn’t know how the unfounded rumors of “Evan is studying black magic” came out. He was very worried because Ron had discussed it with him before. Ron also suggested investigating Evan, and Harry did not agree.

He tried to persuade Ron to give up on the idea, and Harry wondered if he had listened to what he said.

Doubting his friends made him feel bad.

Like he did with Sirius, Harry believed in Evan unconditionally. He couldn't imagine how bad things would've been without him over the past two years, facing the Basilisk, Tom Riddle's diary, Peter Pettigrew, and so on.

Even if Evan did, as Ron said, study the dark magic, Harry believed he had sufficient motives and would not do anything bad with it.

Harry once talked about this with Ron, and since then, the latter had never mentioned it again.

But it was not long before the rumor began to appear in the castle.

That was not a good sign; Harry did not want anything bad to happen.

Since Sirius was proved innocent and became a professor of the Defence Against the Dark Arts at school, Harry was very satisfied with his current state of life.

Sirius said that Harry could move to live with him during the summer vacation.

Harry could hardly imagine leaving the Dursleys, without scruples to his godfather's house, where they could invite Evan, Ron, and Hermione.

He had never been as happy as he was then. He didn't want to have any accidents.

Chapter 263: Hermione's Trust

In the Great Hall, the mood was somewhat awkward.

Ron and Hermione looked at Harry fading away, and no one spoke.

Ron said savvy, with a long sigh, "Harry has always been like this, blindly trusting others; he's always too optimistic."

Ron turned to look at Hermione as if expecting something.

"Like Harry, I believe in Evan, too." Hermione repeated, "He's done a lot to prove that he's not like an evil Dark wizard..."

"I believe in him too. We all believe in him!" Ron said ruefully, waving his tableware vigorously. "I know; Evan is very good. He has done a lot of great things I can't do all my life. But the problem now is that he is just an ordinary person, and he may not be able to resist the temptation of power. The evil black magic is much stronger than ordinary magic, maybe that's why he is strong. You understand what I mean, Hermione?"

The more Ron spoke, the more he leaned towards this possibility. If Evan did not study black magic, how to explain all the magical power he had at such a young age?

Evan was just an ordinary Muggle-born. He never had any encounter with magic before he came to Hogwarts. If it wasn't for some special "reasons", he couldn't have become so powerful so fast, even surpassing all the pure-blood young wizards.

Ron did not deny that Evan was really hard-working. But with just hard work, he should be at most in Hermione's league, not more.

This was very abnormal. He must be studying the evil black magic secretly. At the thought of this possibility, Ron felt this was more unfair than frightening. In his opinion, Evan was cheating.

Evan deceived others and got what he should not have.

Thinking of this, Ron's breathing became a bit faster. After being saved by Evan last semester, he had intended to give up on all of his wicked thoughts and decided to see Evan as his true friend, just like Harry and Hermione.

But Ron was uncomfortable with the thought that Evan might be studying the Dark Arts, and that everyone was blinded, and that he currently got everything. The idea kept creeping into his mind that if he had studied the Dark Arts himself, he might not be much worse than Evan.

Immense strength, great fame, others' eyes worship, supreme glory, and the affection of Hermione... All those things were initially out of reach, but there was suddenly a shortcut, and he had just to stretch out his hand to get there.

Ron had this fantasy, and then shook his head and repeatedly told himself that he would not do it.

Unlike Evan, he would not degenerate into the study of evil black magic. Such a thing should be absolutely prohibited.

Hermione didn't answer when she heard Ron's words. She shook her head blankly.

"I mean, Evan is also likely to make mistakes." Ron was dissatisfied with Hermione's reaction, and he continued, frowning. "We have to be careful, and if Evan is really working on the Dark Arts now, we have to take action."

"What do you want to do?" Hermione looked scared.

"I haven't thought about it yet, but at least I should stop him and publish it so that everyone knows what he's doing. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Listen to me, Ron!" Hermione took a deep breath and made up her mind to say, "If you want to ask others what they think about this, I don't think Evan's study of the Dark Arts would be anything to be surprised about. Others would probably think the same, and that's the main reason why no one believes that ridiculous rumor. We all know what kind of person Evan is. He studies magic not to use it, but to enhance his power against future powerful enemies."

"What a noble reason. What enemies does he need to face?" Ron scorned and said, "Pettigrew has been caught. This is HOGWARTS. Dumbledore is HERE. How could there be any enemies?"

"Did you forget the prophecy that Evan told us the other day in the Christmas holidays?" Hermione said, "Voldemort will come back, and he will be stronger than ever, with the help of some chosen one."

“You mean the prophecy made by Professor Trelawney, I thought you never believed it?!” Ron waved indifferently. “We all know she’s faking it again, bluffing Evan to make Christmas more exciting.”

“Professor Trelawney may be a liar, but you can’t deny that she might make a real prophecy.” Hermione continued, trying to persuade Ron, “Besides this, Evan mentioned the Secret Treasure left by the Four Founders. There must be something they knew was coming that made them leave something behind.”

“It’s just that Evan himself is the one who said that he had seen it, or that he had returned to Hogwarts a thousand years ago. No one can guarantee it’s true.” Ron said stubbornly, “Even if the Four Founders really left any magic items, it’s another matter if they would work properly. After all, it’s been so long, any kind of magic should be ineffective! ”

“But Evan said that in the Centaur’s colony in the Forbidden Forest...”

“Don’t change the topic, Hermione. We’re all talking about Evan doing research on the Dark Arts. It’s not about the Four Founders or the Centaurs in the Forbidden Forest.” Ron looked at Hermione and said expectantly, “Come with me to look for evidence, Hermione. I’m sure Evan’s working on the Dark Arts. We can go and uncover him. I feel like I’m on the verge of getting to the truth.”

“No, whatever it is, I believe in Evan!” Hermione repeated again, with a firm voice.

There was no need for any evidence. What Ron said, Evan had already told her about it, and she had also made her decision.

“I know, I believe in him too!” Ron stood up straight and said violently. “I can’t understand. What’s the matter with you two? Look at you and Harry. It looks like I am doing the wrong thing again. I’m just kind enough to remind you that if you’re not careful, you’ll probably regret it in the future. ”

Attracted by Ron’s cry, everyone in the Great Hall turned to him in surprise, wondering what had happened and what he was talking about.

Feeling everyone’s gaze, Ron sat down with a red face, and ears as red as bricks.

A few seconds later, seeing Hermione’s unchanged eyes, he was like a deflated balloon, powerlessly saying, “Well, maybe you’re right, I’m just too sensitive. You know, because when it comes to black magic, I want to be more careful. “

“I understand what you mean, Ron!” Hermione patted Ron’s shoulder and comforted him. “We really should be careful. I will persuade Evan. But I still say that I believe in him. He promised me that he would never let me down. ”

The corner of Gryffindor's long table was quiet again, and neither Ron nor Hermione spoke. They ate breakfast silently.

The two of them seemed to have their worries and didn't know what the other was thinking.

Chapter 264: The Marauder's Map Making Process

Before Harry found him, Evan was in Sirius's office discussing the matter of the Centaurs and the item they had.

After talking to Firenze that night, he became sure that it was the key to Gryffindor's Treasure. The only thing that he did not expect was that it would be split.

Anyway, Evan needed to get that thing.

In his plan, this was a key to enhance his magical power.

Lack of magic had become the biggest constraint to Evan's strength.

If his magic could not be improved, even if he gathered more knowledge, knowing the magic spells that were more powerful, it was just mere talk, with no practical value.

Evan couldn't wait for his magic to grow with age, like any other wizard. He had no time.

Voldemort was likely to come back at any time. He had to be prepared.

He saved Sirius and the future had changed. He could no longer rely on Voldemort being defeated and killed for using the wrong wand. He had to take a more practical approach.

Dumbledore had his plan, and Evan also had his own ideas. In this case, Gryffindor's magical item that would enhance his magic was particularly important, not to mention that it was one of the keys to a secret treasure.

Sirius had promised to help Evan win the approval of the Centaurs' colony.

They were discussing this matter; and Sirius told Evan how he had been recognized by the Centaurs' colony.

"You know, during our student days, I worked with James, Remus, and Peter to make the Marauder's Map." Sirius proudly said, "That Map not only shows the names of everyone in Hogwarts, but also has the simple thoughts of the four of us. Only those who satisfy our requirements can use it. When someone like Snape touches it, it would just humiliate them."

"It's really amazing. I've studied that map. It involves a very complicated and esoteric knowledge of magic." Evan said with amazement, "Especially when names are displayed on the map, this magic has gone far beyond the general sense of magic."

"About that magic, I found a book in the Restricted Section, the one above..."

"I know, 'the Magic of the Names.'" Evan took out a magic book from his backpack, laughed and said, "I just borrowed it a few days ago. I saw the research notes on it. These notes gave me a lot of inspiration."

When he studied the dark magic of summoning a devil in “Secrets of the Darkest Art”, Evan came up with the magic book about names.

According to the book, the key to summon a devil is to know their real name. Only by knowing the real name can the caster enslave the summoned devil. Otherwise the one doing the summoning would be killed by it, or controlled by the Devil to become the slave himself.

Evan was very skeptical of this magic. He did not believe in the existence of devils.

He had never seen any records of this ancient black magic in any other place except the one recorded in “Secrets of the Darkest Art”.

He didn’t know what he would summon with this black magic!

However, based on this, it was a good opportunity to study the magic of the names.

As for the magic of summoning the devil, Evan estimated that he would never use it in his life.

Like making a Horcrux and the previous black magic that caused damage to the soul, summoning the devil required a sacrifice. In the summoning method described in “Secrets of the Darkest Arts”, the caster is required to kill a person with a special spell when summoning.

The soul of that man is a sacrifice. Different souls can summon different degrees of devils, in short, the more evil the caster’s methods are, the more painful the sacrifice is when it dies, and the more powerful the summons are.

This evil magic sounds chilling.

Sirius took Evan’s magic book and smiled bitterly. “I knew there was nothing to hide from you!”

For Evan’s omniscience, he had changed from shock to numbness.

Looking at the thin boy in front of him, Sirius shook his head helplessly.

When he was running away, he once managed to escape the pursuit of the Ministry of Magic.

But just seconds after meeting Evan on that Muggle Street, he recognized him, which was simply too incredible.

Perhaps that was what made Evan different.

Sirius remembered his conversation with Dumbledore before, and he looked at Evan again from head to toe. If no incident took place, he believed that Evan would eventually grow up to be a great wizard like Dumbledore.

“I’ve studied this book and your notes carefully, and it’s clear that names are magical, but it’s very difficult to mark the names of everyone in Hogwarts on a piece of parchment.” Evan frowned. “Not to mention, the four of you have merged your simple thoughts into the Marauder’s Map. To do this, magic theory is secondary and, what’s most crucial is very, very powerful magic.”

“Your analysis is absolutely correct. If it was in class, it would grant Gryffindor fifty points.” Sirius put the magic book aside, smiled and said, “You guessed it. None of the four of us could do it by their own magic.”

“I heard Professor Lupin mention that you got the help of the item collected by the Centaurs’ colony, which had powerful magic.” Evan said, “What is it?”

“Unfortunately, I don’t know!” Sirius shook his head. “We didn’t see the shape of that thing. I remember that it was a night when, under the starlight, it reflected a soft light and had a very strong magic power.”

“Light?!” Evan was surprised.

“Yes, the magic in those rays was incredible.” Sirius recalled, “The four of us, following the Centaurs, went up in turn and tried to get the object, but no one succeeded. Finally, before we left, James suggested completing the Marauder’s Map there. We had been studying it for a long time, and we did not find a source of magic that’s powerful enough. The parchment used to make the map was James’s spell class assignment, and fortunately he had it on him at that time.”

Listening to Sirius’s description, Evan could imagine the whole process of making the Marauder’s Map.

Since even Sirius didn’t know what the key left by Gryffindor was, then Evan could only see it with his own eyes.

The crucial question was, how could he get the approval of the Centaurs?!

Chapter 265: The Centaurs’ Recognition

In the office, Sirius told Evan how they got into the Centaurs’ colony in the Forbidden Forest and how they got their recognition.

“Because Remus was a werewolf, I started learning Animagus with James and Peter. It didn’t work out as smoothly as it did for you; it took us exactly three years to do that.” Sirius said to Evan, “In our fifth year, we learned to transform. Since then, before the full moon, we three went to the Shrieking Shack in our Animagus forms with Remus who became a werewolf.”

“Werewolves do not attack animals?!”

“Werewolves are dangerous only to humans and do not attack other animals.” Sirius recalled, a smile on his lips. “At first, the four of us were just staying in the Shrieking Shack, but there was nothing there. It was too boring. Since we were able to transform, we soon left and wandered around the school grounds, in the castle, in the depths of the Forbidden Forest, and in Hogsmeade at night. At that time, we were very excited and we planned our adventures for every month, and then proceeded according to the plan.”

With Sirius’s description, a scene appeared in Evan’s mind.

Late at night, four animals ventured through the ancient, mysterious Hogwarts to dig into the unknown secrets of the school.

From the number of secret passages marked on the Marauder's Map, it was obvious that Sirius had gone to many places at that time, almost all over Hogwarts.

"In the second half of the fifth year, I remember that it was around May; we saved a Centaur during one of our adventure. While he was hunting, he was injured by a violent Graphorn and he was badly hurt. We drove away the Graphorn. After thanking us, he invited the four of us to the Centaur's colony in the depths of the Forbidden Forest."

Though Sirius was understating the incident, Evan knew how great it must have been.

The Centaurs had always had little affection for wizards. They did not allow humans to wander into the Forbidden Forest, and would never allow them to visit their colonies.

However, the Centaurs had extra preferential treatment for human children. Besides, the Centaur that Sirius had rescued must have been particularly injured, so they had the opportunity to take him back to his colony.

Because of the long-term study of the potions, Evan was very familiar with the Graphorn.

Powdered horns of Graphorn are used in many potions and are an essential material.

But it's immensely expensive due to the difficulty in collecting it.

It was very clear to Evan, how hard it was to defeat a violent Graphorn.

After all, the Graphorn is a massive hump-backed magical animal, with grayish-purple skin tougher than that of dragons. It has two very long, sharp horns and walks on large, four-thumbed feet.

In the past, wizards often saw mountain trolls riding on Graphorns in an attempt to tame them. However, this was in vain, and the Graphorn was extremely aggressive, so it was common to see a troll covered with scars of wounds inflicted by Graphorns.

The poor Centaur who was rescued by Sirius must have been badly hurt. It was better to invite Sirius and his friends to the Centaurs' colony than to ask them to go back. Otherwise, the Centaur would have probably died midway.

"It is a big colony, and the houses inside are different from common ones." Sirius had crossed his hands and continued, "In the center of the colony, there is a magnificent temple built with cyan rocks. It looks very ancient, covered with green vines, very spectacular."

"Temple?!" Evan repeated it gently.

Certainly, what Gryffindor left was in that temple.

Unable to explain why, Evan remembered Professor Trelawney's prophecy: In the dark temple full of taboos, the magic of the Dark Lord would mark the chosen person, who would help him return and regain unimaginable power.

The dark temple full of taboos, would it be the one in the Centaurs' colony?!

Evan suddenly had an ominous hunch, as if something big was going to happen.

"In order to thank us for saving the Centaur, they decided to repay us." Sirius did not notice anything unusual about Evan, he continued. "After some discussion, they told us that there was an item left by Gryffindor himself in their colony. According to the agreement of their ancestors and Gryffindor, we could enter the temple and try to get the item..."

"Wait a minute, Sirius!" Evan hurriedly interrupted. "You haven't said how to get the recognition of the Centaurs?"

"It seems to be related to astrology." Sirius scratched his head and said in some embarrassment, "In fact, I don't know what was going on. I remember a couple of very old centaurs looking up at the stars for a long time and then saying that the four of us were connected to some fate and qualified to be recognized by them."

Astrology, omens, fate?!

The Centaurs' recognition was all too vague!

However, Evan bowed his head and thought it over. It all seemed to go along well with Centaur's methods.

For a long time, they had persistently observed the orbit of the planets to unscramble the illusory fate and future.

Evan did not know if they could really see fate, but when it came astrology and divination, the Centaurs apparently formed their own distinctive theoretical system.

According to Sirius, Evan did not need to do anything to get the approval of the Centaurs. He had only to go to the Centaurs' colony and ask them to look up at the stars in the night sky to see the final outcome.

It sounded absurd, but it was the case indeed.

Evan suddenly remembered the night he was hunting Peter Pettigrew, the Centaur Firenze he met in the Forbidden Forest, and what he told him about the signs that Mars gave, and the people chosen by fate...

He didn't understand it at the time, and thinking about it, what Firenze said reflected Sirius's experience.

Did that mean that Evan had already been recognized by the Centaurs?!

Evan carefully recalled what Firenze had said at the time. He remembered that Firenze told him that the planets would give a clear omen to those who were chosen by fate. The elders of the Centaurs would make a clear request and ask him to do something for them.

Sirius saved a Centaur at the time, and the planet showed that they were related to this so-called fate, so they could enter the temple.

The burning question was, what would the Centaurs make Evan do?!

He discussed with Sirius for a while and did not come to a clear answer.

“All in all, one had to try to know.” Sirius concluded, “After the Quidditch match tomorrow, I can take you to the Centaurs’ colony. We can take Harry, Ron and Hermione as well. Let the three of them also go and see.”

Chapter 266: Quidditch Training

Evan left Sirius’s office and headed for the library, thinking about the Centaurs’ colony.

Since he was going to the colony the following day, he had to be prepared.

In order to ensure that, Evan was going to the library to study the trend of the constellation in recent days, and see what it stood for. He remembered that there were some magic books in the library that specifically introduced the astrology of the Centaurs, which could come in handy.

Also, he had to inform Harry, Ron and Hermione about this as soon as possible.

A few minutes later, Evan had just arrived at the door of the library when he saw Harry panting out of it. Behind him, Madam Pince, the librarian, was shouting harshly, and she was scolding Harry for running around the library.

“What are you doing?” Evan said in amazement, reaching out to stop Harry.

“I, I am looking for you, Evan!” Harry replied with a gasp.

“Very nice, I am also looking for you.” Evan looked around. He lowered his voice and said, “You remember the other day, in the Burrow when I told you, Ron, and Hermione about the Secret Treasures left by the Four Founders of Hogwarts?”

Harry didn’t expect Evan to say that. He froze, looked serious, and nodded carefully.

“According to my reasoning, the treasure key left by Gryffindor is kept in the Centaurs’ colony deep in the Forbidden Forest.” Evan said, “I just talked to Sirius, he is going to take us four to the Centaurs’ colony tomorrow evening.”

Harry seemed surprised when he heard Evan’s words.

It took him a long time to understand what Evan meant.

“You mean the magic item that was kept in the Centaurs’ colony and left behind by Gryffindor himself to enhance magic?!” Harry couldn’t believe it. “Tomorrow night, Sirius will take us four to the Forbidden Forest to look for it?!”

After seeing Evan nod and confirm, Harry became more and more excited.

It was the greatest adventure to be able to explore the Centaurs’ colony in the Forbidden Forest, to find what Gryffindor himself had left behind, to explore a mystery that had not been solved for a thousand years.

It took a while before Harry calmed down.

“Tell Ron and Hermione about this and let them both get prepared.” Evan continued, “By the way, you just said you were looking for me. What’s the matter?”

“I hope you can go to the pitch with me to see Gryffindor’s last training before the game.” Harry said excitedly, “Ron and Hermione are there too. You can talk to them about this.”

“Hold on, Harry, you tell them both.” Evan hurriedly said, “I still have something to do, I am going to the library to study the trajectory of the nearest constellation. It’s very helpful to understand the Centaurs.”

“When the training is over, we can study together. Let’s go, Evan. Ron and Hermione are waiting for us on the field!” Harry didn’t seem to hear Evan’s refusal, he couldn’t help but push him to the direction of the Quidditch pitch. “You can’t always remain in the library. You need to relax and breathe fresh air!”

“All right!” Evan thought about it. He really needed Hermione’s help.

His astrology was not particularly good, and Hermione might be able to give some professional advice on this. Many parts of arithmetic divination involve planetary orbits, and Hermione had been observing and recording them for a whole year.

It was known that Hermione’s divination scores were the best of Hogwarts.

Evan was dragged to the Quidditch pitch by Harry. He stood on the edge of the field. They were forming a circle and listening to Madam Hooch’s explanation of the Firebolt.

Madam Hooch was just as impressed with the Firebolt as everyone else had been.

She took it in her hands and gave them the benefit of her professional opinion.

“Look at the balance it has! If the Nimbus series has a fault, it’s a slight list to the tail end. You often find they develop a drag after a few years. They’ve updated the handle too, a bit slimmer than the Cleansweeps, reminds me of the old Silver Arrows; a pity they’ve stopped making them. I learned to fly on one, and it was a very fine broom too...”

She continued in this vein for some time, until Wood interrupted her. Madam Hooch returned the Firebolt to Harry, and went to the edge of the stands and sat down.

Wood conveyed the tactics to the players. Evan waved to Ron and Hermione. The three of them climbed to the top of the stands and found a place where no one was sitting down.

In the center of the field, the Gryffindors Quidditch players kicked off from the ground.

Evan saw Harry flying in the air with the Firebolt. He was very fast, almost like the wind, and could see only a vague shadow.

“Harry, I’m letting the Snitch out!” Wood called, standing in the middle of the field and waving to Harry in the air.

As soon as his words were finished, Harry turned sharply from the sky.

He looked like he had no weight. He went into a perfectly controlled dive, brushing the grassy field with his toes, then he stopped abruptly, with a slight twinkle of his shadow, flashed out of Wood's back and grabbed the newly released Snitch.

The whole process took less than ten seconds.

On the pitch, there were the deafening cheers of the Gryffindor team, Harry let the Snitch go again, gave it a minute's head start, then tore after it, weaving in and out of the others; he spotted it lurking near Katie Bell's knee, looped her easily, and caught it again.

"Great, the Firebolt is the best!" Ron screamed. "Come on, Harry, we will win tomorrow!"

Hermione was very happy to see Harry's performance.

The two of them looked as usual, but Evan was keenly capturing the faint tension and weirdness of the air. What must have been born between Ron and Hermione? They almost never looked at each other's eyes.

Evan shook his head, not thinking too much.

In his opinion, that was how Ron and Hermione were. It was too normal for both of them to quarrel.

But most of the time, Hermione was right.

Evan stood at the top of the stands and looked at the Forbidden Forest in the distance.

It was as quiet as ever; not even a bird could be seen. Looking into this green sea, the towering trees at its edge barely left anything to be seen.

As the oldest living creatures in the Forbidden Forest, the Centaurs had been there for so long, and before Hogwarts was established, their footprints spread all over the land.

Evan didn't know what they would ask him to do. Thinking of Firenze's melancholic expression when he left, his feeling of uneasiness gradually increased.

He also thought of Professor Trelawney's prophecy that Voldemort would mark the chosen person in the temple, perhaps the place where the Centaurs used to preserve the key to Gryffindor's secret treasure.

Evan didn't know what to expect next, and he shook his head hard.

Chapter 267: The upcoming Quidditch Match

Evan then told Ron and Hermione about his discussion with Sirius, the treasure key left by Gryffindor preserved in the Centaurs' colony, his speculations about the Centaurs and the item, and the plans for the night of the following day.

After he finished speaking, the two of them reacted like Harry. They were very surprised.

Ron seemed to have been struck by lightning, and Hermione covered her mouth with both hands.

“I can’t believe it. We are actually going to find the magical item left by Gryffindor in the Centaurs’ colony.” After a few seconds, she dropped her hands and said, “You just said that the Centaurs would ask us to do something. What do we need to do?”

“I don’t know!” Evan shook his head. “Nobody knows what the Centaurs will ask for, but I think it is necessary to know more about astrology.”

“I have a whole semester constellation observations, and I remember in the library...” Hermione was trying to sort out the information at hand when hearing that knowledge in astrology was needed.

“The magic item preserved in the Centaurs’ colony is the secret treasure key left by Gryffindor himself?” Ron asked uncertainly.

He didn’t fully believe in Evan like Hermione, although Evan had repeated it many times before. But until then, Ron had been skeptical about the Four Founders of the school leaving their treasures. He thought it was Evan’s fabrication to divert their attention.

Ron was fixated on the thought that Evan was studying the Dark Arts, and the more he looked at Evan, the more suspicious he became. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t calm down.

“I think so. That item was indeed handed down by Gryffindor himself, and it is exactly in line with the tips on the wall of the Chamber of Secrets about the Treasure Keys.” Evan said cautiously, “But this is just speculation. There’s no guarantee that anything will happen until you see it with your own eyes.”

“That magic item...” Ron said suspiciously. “Professor Lupin said before that it had great power. Can it help a wizard improve his magic?”

“It should. It’s a legendary magic item.”

“When you get it, will you become very powerful?” Ron murmured.

He didn’t talk any more. He looked down and didn’t know what to think.

On the stands, Evan and Hermione went on to talk about constellations, planetary trajectories, etc. They also speculated on the requirements that the Centaurs might ask.

Time flew as Evan and Hermione talked, and by the time Harry finished training, night had fallen.

Madam Hooch urged everyone to hurry back to the castle. Ron didn’t ride the Firebolt. He followed Harry gloomily, listening to him, Evan and Hermione talking about the Centaurs and the Secret Treasure Key left by Gryffindor....

When he reached the castle gate, he seemed determined.

He took a deep breath and gave Evan a complicated gaze. He quickly moved his eyes before others noticed him.

By the time he walked into the Great Hall, he had completely recovered.

In fact, like Ron, it took Harry and Hermione a long time to fully digest the news and gradually calm down.

Harry, in particular, was thrilled to think of his adventure in the depths of the Forbidden Forest the following night, and it was even more interesting to him than the upcoming Quidditch match.

Just as he entered the Great Hall, Evan saw Hagrid sitting at the table.

He was talking to Sirius and seemed to be more excited than everyone else.

He beckoned to them and came up with a tearful look, wiping his tears with a handkerchief as big as a tablecloth, and smiling at the four of them.

“You all know, we won the lawsuit!” Hagrid said happily. “Buckbeak was acquitted. They thought it was an accident. Lucius Malfoy’s claim was withdrawn.”

“Great, Hagrid!” Hermione stepped forward and hugged him.

“Thanks to your help, this verdict is there.” Hagrid, in turn, embracing them, wiping his tears, said cheerfully, “Evan, Hermione, especially the two of you, if it hadn’t been for your help, I couldn’t imagine what the consequences would have been. You saved Buckbeak, and I don’t know how to repay you...”

“Nothing needs to be done. Buckbeak was originally wronged. We just said the truth.”

Hearing Evan’s words, Hagrid gulped heavily. He was too excited, and he hugged Evan so hard that he could hardly breathe.

The evening atmosphere was undoubtedly pleasant, and everyone except the gloomy Malfoy felt happy about what happened for Hagrid.

After dinner, Evan and Sirius talked for a while, and then went to the library to look up a lot of information about centaurs and astrology.

It was not until eleven o’clock that everyone went back to sleep.

The next morning, when Evan and Colin went downstairs to have breakfast, almost all the young wizards in the school were whispering excitedly.

They were looking at the Gryffindor table and staring at Harry’s Firebolt.

It was Harry’s first game since he got the Firebolt, and they looked forwards to the Firebolt’s effect, with a hint of anticipation and enthusiasm in their eyes.

The Slytherins, on the other hand, seemed to be thunderstruck, because Wood asked Harry to keep it secret, they just got the news.

“Look at Malfoy’s face!” Colin said happily, and pulled Evan’s sleeve motioning him to look back at the shocked Malfoy.

All Gryffindor House students were proud, as if they had already won the game, and even Wood was basking in the reflected glory of the Firebolt.

“Put it here, Harry,” he said, laying the broom in the middle of the table and carefully turning it so its name faced upward.

People from the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff tables were soon coming over to look. Cedric Diggory came over to congratulate Harry on having acquired such a superb replacement for his Nimbus, and Percy’s Ravenclaw girlfriend, Penelope Clearwater, asked if she could actually hold the Firebolt.

“Now, now, Penny, no sabotage!” Percy said heartily as she examined the Firebolt closely.

Hearing his words, Penelope put the Firebolt down again, thanked Harry and went back to her table.

“Penelope and I have a bet on.” When Penelope was not paying attention, Percy whispered to Evan and Harry. “Ten Galleons on the outcome of the match! Make sure to win, Harry, I haven’t got ten Galleons...”

Chapter 268: Dating Ravenclaw’s Seeker

After a while, Sirius also came over to cheer for Harry.

After knowing that the Firebolt was a Christmas gift from Sirius to Harry, the mood on Gryffindor’s long table reached its climax.

The young wizards talked excitedly and envied Harry.

Malfoy was standing in front of the door with a gloomy face, as everyone left the Great Hall, gathering around Harry and the Firebolt. He seemed intentionally waiting there.

“Sure you can manage that broom, Potter?” Malfoy said in a cold, drawling voice, staring at Harry’s broom closely.

“Yeah, reckon so,” said Harry casually.

“Got plenty of special features, hasn’t it?” said Malfoy, eyes glittering maliciously. “Shame it doesn’t come with a parachute to stop you from falling down.”

Behind him, Crabbe and Goyle sniggered.

It was reminiscent of Gryffindor’s last Quidditch game against Hufflepuff when Harry fell off the broomstick because of the Dementors.

“Pity you can’t attach an extra arm to yours, Malfoy!” Harry replied bluntly. “Then it could catch the Snitch for you.”

The Gryffindor team laughed loudly. Malfoy’s pale eyes narrowed even more. He stepped forward and clenched his fists tightly as if wanting to hit Harry.

Then he saw Evan coming just behind his opponent.

Malfoy stopped abruptly, with a flicker of uncontrolled fear on his face, and he remembered the terrible magic Evan had used on him that night.

He stepped back inexplicably, he instinctively felt fear, and this Gryffindor second-year Mudblood was too wicked.

He did not want to provoke Evan before everything was cleared up.

“Hold on to your broomstick, Potter, today you’ll have the last flight of your life.” Malfoy threatened evilly and turned and walked away slowly.

“What does he mean?” Hermione looked at Evan, trying to understand, “I thought he would not approach to us anymore!”

“Vain provocation!” Ron didn’t care, “After Hagrid and Buckbeak were acquitted and he knew that Harry had a Firebolt, he must be mad. Look at the shocked expression on his face.”

“Malfoy can’t believe I got a Firebolt. This is the happiest day of my semester!” Harry nodded approvingly, and said happily, “Don’t worry, Hermione, he’s bluffing, he won’t

“Better watch out, Malfoy has a plot.” Evan warned, “Just in case, in the game, you should keep your wand on you.”

Evan remembered the last time he went to Hogsmeade; he heard Malfoy talking to Goyle and Crabbe in the Honeydukes Sweetshop. Just before he kicked Malfoy, in Harry’s Invisibility cloak into the Jelly slugs’ barrel, he heard him talking about wearing cloaks as Dementors to frighten Harry in the game.

Although this should have little impact on Harry, protection was really necessary.

After a few minutes, everyone separated outside the castle gate.

Evan, Ron, Colin, Hermione, and Ginny went to the stands to find a spot, and Harry followed the Gryffindor team to the locker rooms.

The weather couldn’t have been more different from their match against Hufflepuff. It was a clear, cool day with a very light breeze; there should be no visibility problems this time.

Evan sat in the noisy stadium, and the rest of the school sat down in succession. He greeted people he knew. The most exotic outfit was Luna’s. She had a large blue crystal necklace on her neck. It was particularly conspicuous outside her black school robes. It was matched with her silver-gray eyes and looked particularly ethereal.

“It’s a blue crystal. It can bring good luck and help Ravenclaw win the game.” Luna sat down beside Evan and said in a trance, “But I don’t think it’s very helpful. After knowing Harry got a Firebolt, Ravenclaw actually gave up. Everyone talked for a long time last night, studying strategies and tactics, but at last they had no good ideas and went back to the bedroom one by one in frustration.”

Evan saw the Ravenclaw players silent in the pitch, as the Firebolt should absolutely mop the floor with the other brooms.

Needless to say, among the four Houses, Harry was the best Seeker.

In today's game, the confrontation between the two Houses was no longer important. All focus had been shifted to the Firebolt and Harry's performance.

Topics and comments about the Firebolt could be heard everywhere. The young wizards were excited to talk and cheer, and Evan was excited by the mood around him, which was characteristic of a Quidditch game.

On his left, Luna did not return to Ravenclaw's stands.

She was not interested in the game, but she shared with Evan the latest research outcomes related to the Crumple-Horned Snorkack.

After the newspaper's financial success, Evan also sponsored Luna with a lot of Galleons to support her research on the Blibbering Humdinger and the Crumple-Horned Snorkack.

After that, she regularly reported to Evan on her research progress and the latest developments.

Although Evan was totally uninterested in those things, Luna seemed not to care. Looking at her, it seemed that she simply wanted to speak to him.

On Evan's right, Hermione was holding a thick magic book related to the Centaurs' astrology, and was busy reading it quickly.

Unlike Evan, Harry and Ron, she was very worried about the adventure of going to the Centaurs' colony tonight for fear of any accident.

She advised Evan to get prepared. Between the previous night and the game, she quickly read a lot of information about the Centaurs.

Among the young wizards of Hogwarts, she had the most knowledge on Centaurs.

More than 10 minutes later, the Quidditch teams of the two Houses, Gryffindor and Ravenclaw, officially appeared. Under the deafening cheers and thunderous applause, the Ravenclaw team, dressed in blue, took the lead.

They all rode old-fashioned Cleansweep Sevens, but they were very skilled and their technique was very good. They flew low around the stadium full of spectators.

A few seconds later, Evan felt that someone had stopped above him. He looked up in surprise and saw Cho Chang smiling and waving at him, looking very cute.

After Evan greeting her back, she quickly flew to the center of the pitch.

"Cho asked me about you!" Luna suddenly said. She smiled and looked at Evan.

Evan didn't smile. He felt that Hermione, who had been reading by his side, followed the subject and looked up, seeming very interested.

"Why did she ask about Evan?!" Hermione said casually, her eyes narrowing and looking at Cho that had fallen to the center of the field.

Cho was shaking hands with Harry, and Harry seemed to be very excited and looked a bit clumsy.

“Probably worshipping Evan, she wants to date him or something!” Luna said in her own unique voice. “It’s not just Cho, many girls are asking about Evan. He is now the most popular person in school.”

Hearing Luna’s praise, Evan’s face turned red.

He didn’t know that he was so popular, but if like Luna said, Cho asked him out on a date, should he agree?!

Seeing the beautiful girl in the center of the field, Evan’s thoughts gradually became chaotic.

Chapter 269: Malfoy’s Stupidity

Hermione squinted slightly and looked at Cho with vigilance.

Then, she looked back at Evan next to her. Because of Luna’s words, Evan seemed to be lost. He looked, with a red face, at Ravenclaw’s Seeker.

Hermione hummed and unconsciously closed the magic book at hand and slammed it on Evan’s lap.

With that bang, Evan came back to himself; he turned his head and looked at Hermione.

Hermione didn’t look at him, she was talking to Ginny.

Evan scratched his head and didn’t know what was going on.

Seeing his stunned and overwhelmed appearance, Ginny and Luna, who had just witnessed the whole matter, couldn’t help but secretly giggle.

In the middle of the pitch, after Wood and Ravenclaw’s captain Davies shook hands, with the whistle of Madam Hooch, the game officially began.

All the players kicked off into the air, and Evan looked up to find Harry. He saw a red shadow sweeping high.

He heard Lee Jordan’s comment on the game. Jordan was the game’s commentator. He was a friend of Fred and George, and they could often be seen together.

“They’re off, and the big highlight of this match is the Firebolt that Harry Potter is flying for Gryffindor.” Jordan shouted excitedly. “This is a Christmas gift from Professor Black to Harry. According to “Which Broomstick”, The Firebolt’s going to be the broom of choice for the national teams at this year’s World Championship ...”

“Jordan, would you mind telling us what’s going on in the match?” Professor McGonagall’s penetrating voice interrupted, and could be heard by the whole audience.

“Right you are, professor... just giving a bit of background information. The Firebolt, incidentally, has a built-in auto-brake and...”

“Jordan!”

“Okay, okay, Gryffindor in possession, Katie Bell of Gryffindor heading for goal...”

Evan looked quickly at Ravenclaw's goal posts and saw Harry flying there, too, very fast. He was looking around for the Golden Snitch.

Cho noticed that as well and was tailing him closely.

She was a good seeker, although not as good as Harry, but she kept cutting across him, forcing him to change direction.

Because of Cho's disturbance, Harry lost track of the Snitch.

At that moment, Katie got succeeded in scoring the first goal of the match, and the Gryffindor end of the field went wild, and Evan heard deafening voices.

In the cheers, the Gryffindor team became more and more brave, and the score gap was getting bigger and bigger.

"Gryffindor leads by eighty points to zero, and look at that Firebolt go! Potter's really putting it through its paces now, see it turn... Chang's Comet is just no match for it, the Firebolt's precision-balance is really noticeable in this long..."

"JORDAN!" Professor McGonagall said, "ARE YOU BEING PAID TO ADVERTISE FIREBOLTS? GET ON WITH THE COMMENTARY!"

The game was very intense. Ravenclaw was pulling back; they had now scored three goals, which put Gryffindor only fifty points ahead.

If Cho got the Snitch before Harry, Ravenclaw would win.

The key to Gryffindor's victory was entirely in Harry's hands, but he now seemed a little tied up, and every time Cho came up to stop him, he had to shift direction to avoid collision.

"HARRY, THIS IS NO TIME TO BE A GENTLEMAN!" When he saw Harry's performance, Wood roared. Most of the pitch could hear his voice. "WE WANT TO WIN THE GAME. KNOCK HER OFF HER BROOM IF YOU HAVE TO!"

Hearing his shouts, there was a buzzing sound in the stadium below.

Cho's broom stopped in front of Harry, and she grinned as if they had exchanged a few words.

Then, Harry turned the Firebolt and let it rise. Soon he was twenty feet above the field, and everyone could only see him flying straight into the thick clouds.

Cho was following him, she'd decided to mark him rather than search for the Snitch herself.

Harry made a fake action. He pretended that he saw the Snicker and dived again. Cho hurriedly turned the broomstick and wanted to keep up with him. Harry pulled out of the dive sharply, and she hurtled downward.

Harry rose fast as a bullet once more, and then really saw it. The Snitch was glittering way above the field at the Ravenclaw end.

Followed by Cho who had also seen the Snitch, and was a few feet closer than Harry, They both flew forward, racing against time...

The audience held their breath, and now was the critical moment.

The Firebolt's superiority completely came out, and Harry was as fast as the wind.

He passed Cho, getting closer to the Snitch, his fingertips were about to touch it, and Gryffindor was about to win the game.

Just then, Cho suddenly pointed her finger to the ground below. She let out a cry of surprise, as if she had seen something, and everyone looked down.

Distracted, Harry looked down.

In the direction of Cho's finger, three tall, black, hooded Dementors were seen running into the Quidditch field. They were looking up at Harry.

There was a scream in the stands, and all the young wizards took a breath of air.

They didn't understand what was going on. The Dementors had evacuated Hogwarts and returned to Azkaban. Why did they appear on the field?

Out of instinctive fear, the young wizards felt subconsciously afraid and the scene was chaotic.

Because of Cho, Hermione, who had been secretly angry and did not plan to talk to Evan, was now subconsciously close to him, her small face full of tension.

Unlike other people, Evan saw at a glance that the three guys below were not Dementors, but Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle!

They should be pretending to be Dementors to scare Harry, so that he could be distracted, or so that he falls off the broomstick out of fear like last time.

Malfoy was really stupid enough to pull off such a silly prank. Evan was completely speechless. He didn't know what to say. He wondered where Malfoy's IQ had gone. !

Last time, he was at the stairway to ambush him. This time, he thought of dressing up as a Dementor to frighten Harry in front of the Wizarding School.

Couldn't he use his brain before acting?!

In the surrounding panic, Evan pulled out his wand as quickly as possible.

"Expecto Patronum!" he shouted, easily summoning his Patronus.

With dazzling brilliance, Evan's Patronus rushed towards Malfoy.

Harry didn't stop to think. Because Evan reminded him to keep his wand before the game, he plunged a hand down the neck of his robes, he whipped out his wand and pointed it at Malfoy. A huge silver-white stag erupted from the end of his wand.

The stag glided away and Harry did not pause to watch.

His body leaned forward, almost leaping out of the Firebolt, and his fingers successfully closed on the struggling Snitch in front of him.

Just as Harry caught the Snitch, the young wizards reacted.

They pointed their wands at the Dementors. Suddenly, various Patronuses appeared from the stands, twice as many as the Patronuses that appeared in the previous game.

The scene was spectacular, and the glory of the Patronuses was even stronger than that of the sun.

With an astonishing momentum, hundreds of Patronuses rushed over to the ground, and all the three Dementors stood in their place, watching them rushing in amazement, and they subconsciously stepped back. They wanted to escape, but because their legs were soft, they knelt directly on the ground.

The three of them seemed frightened and didn't know what to do.

Malfoy's heart almost stopped beating, his eyes dilated, and he looked incredibly at hundreds of patronuses getting closer and closer. He seemed to have just realized that it was a foolish idea to act as a Dementor to frighten Harry.

Chapter 270: The Patronus Charm, and the Wrong Path

A relaxed atmosphere, months of practice, and Sirius's detailed explanation of the principles of the Patronus Charm in the previous Dueling Club had now enabled almost half of Hogwarts' young wizards to conjure their own Patronuses.

Even the second-year Ginny and Luna were able to cast it, let alone senior students.

Beside Evan's, Ginny's Patronus was a silvery white horse, while Luna's was a very lovely hare, looking very smart.

The more the Patronuses were, the stronger the positive emotion was, and the easier it was to use the Charm.

A few seconds later, even many of the first-year wizards successfully used the Patronus Charm.

Because of their low levels of magic, they weren't able to maintain a corporeal Patronus.

But the junior students were still very happy, knowing that the Patronus Charm was an extremely deep magic, and it was a great achievement to successfully use it before passing the Ordinary Wizarding Level test.

After Evan, Ron also successfully conjured his Patronus.

It was a Jack Russell terrier. Ron's smile did not last long; his corporeal Patronus persisted for only a few seconds, turning again into a mist of light.

Ron forced waving his wand, and tried several times to cast the spell again.

He looked anxious, perhaps because everyone around him had been successful, and because of the pressure, he never was able to pull it off again.

Ron let his wand down dejectedly. He had been practicing the spell for a long time since the last incident, but he had not mastered it yet.

In his view, this was mainly because of low levels of magic.

He knew that his magic talent was mediocre. He did not have his brothers' talent, and his talent and eye-catching abilities were far inferior to Harry's and Evan's.

Looking at the Patronus Ginny successfully conjured, Ron took a deep breath.

He thought for a long time last night and finally decided that all his difficulties would be no longer a problem if he could get the legendary magic item that had been handed down by Gryffindor and preserved in the Centaurs' colony to enhance his magic.

He would replace Evan and get an unimaginable reputation.

He would re-emerge as Harry's most important friend and become the most remarkable young wizard of Hogwarts.

The more Ron thought about it, the more he felt it was possible, and he was very excited about this bright future.

In doing so, he didn't feel anything wrong, although both Harry and Hermione thought that if they could get that thing, they should give it to Evan.

But in Ron's opinion, Evan was already strong enough. He even studied dark magic when no one else knew it. He didn't need the help of this magic item. Evan should be grateful to him for not revealing his research on black magic.

In any case, Ron thought he was the one who really needed the help of that magic item.

He was also a Gryffindor and was naturally qualified to get it.

What's more, Evan repeatedly emphasized that to get that item, they needed to pass the final test. The item would be whoever's could pass it. It was all fair play.

Compared with Harry and Hermione, Ron thought he only valued the matter more.

Despite a lot of discontent, because Evan saved him, Ron still regarded Evan as his friend, and he didn't want to do anything to be sorry about to his friends.

He was just more serious than anyone else about this evening's adventure, more eager for power, for the magic item that would help him get powerful magic.

He didn't see that he was doing anything wrong; he just wanted to be stronger.

Ron made up his mind and stopped trying to conjure the Patronus.

In fact, if Sirius or Professor Flitwick were here, they would definitely have pointed out why Ron couldn't successfully conjure the corporeal Patronus.

It wasn't because of his lack of magic, his magic was weak, but he was stronger than Ginny, Luna and most other first and second-year young wizards.

Ron could not succeed, mainly because his understanding of the Patronus Charm was not deep enough, and the happy memories in his mind were not strong enough.

As an advanced white magic, the Patronus Charm's magic demands were secondary to its requirement of the caster's inner positive emotions and determination.

When trying to master such a Charm, caring too much about power is definitely the wrong path.

At the end of the game, the Quidditch pitch was a sea of pure joy and light, with all sorts of strange Patronuses springing up.

They rushed to the paralyzed Dementors, passing through their bodies again and again.

The Patronuses could not do any real harm to the human body, but they frightened Malfoy and his friends, who were lying there pitifully, as if they had just experienced a typhoon, with a messy, haggard look ahead.

Without being affected by them, Harry successfully caught the Golden Snitch before Cho.

With the sound of Madam Hooch's whistle, the match ended.

Gryffindor students made deafening cheers as they celebrated Harry's grasp of the Snitch and Gryffindor's victory.

"We won!" Hermione smiled happily and looked very lovely.

Her Patronus returned to her side and circled around her happily for several times before disappearing into thin air.

Hermione was very excited by the surrounding atmosphere, and she hugged Evan hard.

While he didn't ask for it, Evan wasn't about to refuse the hug.

He hugged her back, and she realized what she had done. She hurriedly wanted to stop. But Evan wasn't about to let go, and in turn hugged Hermione more tightly, until she had to push him hard enough to let her go.

Hermione's face was so red and she stared fiercely at Evan's eyes.

Seeing Evan's serious eyes, she hurriedly moved away, not daring to look at him.

"I don't understand. What happened to the three Dementors?" Hermione hurriedly shifted the topic. "The Patronuses didn't work, they are not destroyed. Also, why didn't I get any unpleasant feelings from them?"

"They are not Dementors; they're Malfoy and his sidekicks in disguise!" Evan explained.

They followed the other young wizards to the center of the field, carefully gathering around the Dementors. In front of everyone, Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle, and Marcus Flint, the Slytherin team Captain, were lying in a crumpled heap on the ground.

Feeling people approaching, they wanted to run away.

They all struggled to rid themselves from the long, black, hooded robes. It looked as though Malfoy had been standing on Goyle's shoulders.

Seeing this scene, all the students knew what this farce was all about.

Gryffindor's students laughed at Malfoy's group, then stopped looking at them, and walked to the Gryffindor team that had just landed from the sky, cheering for Harry Potter, the biggest hero of today's game.