

Harry Potter 271

Chapter 271: Carnival Party and Preparation for Departure

Under the roars of the Gryffindor students, Harry and the rest of his team hovered down. They gathered in mid air, and returned to the ground in complete disarray.

Harry smiled happily, and in the cheers of everyone, Alicia, Angelina and Katie had all kissed him.

He turned shyly and saw Evan and Hermione, standing on the edge of the field, trying to fight their way over, waving to him.

Before Harry had time to greet them both, he was surrounded by Gryffindor supporters.

“Yes!” Ron seemed to recover from the shock he had just received. He yanked Harry’s arm into the air and shouted, “Yes! We won!”

“Well done, Harry!” said Percy, looking delighted. “Ten Galleons to me! Must find Penelope, excuse me...”

“Wonderful, Harry!” Colin yelled. “I took your picture at the moment you caught the Snitch.”

“Ruddy brilliant!” boomed Hagrid over the heads of the milling Gryffindors.

“Your father was also an excellent seeker. He will be very proud of you, Harry!” Sirius was pleased to say that; he came over looking both shocked and happy. “Your Patronus is exactly the same as James’s.”

“The Dementors didn’t affect me at all, Sirius, I didn’t feel a thing!” said Harry excitedly. “After successfully conjuring the Patronus, maybe I have managed to adapt to them....”

“Oh, that would be because they weren’t Dementors, but disguised people.” Sirius said, “Let’s go, I’d like to see who they are!”

He led Harry out of the crowd until they were able to see the edge of the field.

Evan and Hermione, who had just squeezed out of the crowd, hurried up. They first congratulated Harry on catching the Snitch and then talked about the Dementors.

“It’s Malfoy, Goyle, Crabbe, and Marcus Flint. The four of them pretended to be Dementors to scare you.” Hermione said with a smile. “But they had miscalculated; Malfoy probably didn’t expect to meet so many Patronuses. He was terrified. ”

In front of them, Professor McGonagall was bending furiously over Malfoy and the others, and Snape was standing beside her, with a slightly awkward look on his gloomy face.

It never occurred to him that the students in his House would be so foolish!

“An unworthy trick!” Professor McGonagall shouted. “A low and cowardly attempt to sabotage the Gryffindor Seeker! Detention for all of you, and fifty points from

Slytherin! I shall be speaking to Professor Dumbledore about this, and yes, I'm going to tell your parents what the four of you have done!"

Malfoy shivered and turned to Snape for help.

Snape gave him a hard look and turned around to plead for Malfoy, but Professor McGonagall did not give him a chance. She didn't even look at Snape.

If anything could have set the seal on Gryffindor's victory, it was this.

They watched Professor McGonagall ignore Snape and Malfoy stand in a state of panic. Behind him, Goyle and Crabbe's heads were still wrapped in robes, struggling so hard that they could not help laughing.

Colin madly took pictures of the scene as fast as he could.

"I dare say that this is enough for me to be happy for a year!" said Ron who had fought his way through to Harry's side.

"This is the happiest day of my life!" Harry replied.

"Come on, Harry!" Fred and George also fought their way over. They shouted in unison, "Party! Gryffindor Common Room, now!"

The Gryffindor House had not been so busy for a long time. Harry and the rest of the team led the way, still in their scarlet robes, out of the stadium and back up to the castle.

Everyone followed them, and it felt as though they had already won the Quidditch Cup.

Everyone crowded into the Gryffindor Common Room, and even Sirius was there. The party went on all day and well into the night.

When the house-elves brought the dinner up, Fred and George Weasley disappeared for a couple of hours and returned with armfuls of bottles of butterbeer, pumpkin fizz, and several bags full of Honeydukes sweets.

Everyone was happy, and the mood in the tower was at its best.

Only two people weren't joining in the festivities. First of all Hermione, incredibly, was sitting in a corner, attempting to read a book entitled "The Civilization and Habits of the Centaurs", which was a thousand pages thick and looked daunting.

Beside her, Evan was drawing the trajectory of Mars on a notebook.

Unlike Hermione, he had planned to participate in the party before.

But he imagined what it would feel like to have to watch people party to their hearts' content while he was doing all the work on his own.

In short, halfway through the party, Evan honestly had to sit down next to Hermione and study the astrology she had recorded this semester.

Everyone occasionally looked oddly at the two people. After seeing Hermione's face, they were careful not to approach. No one wanted to be preached.

As everyone began to pay attention to Fred and George starting to juggle butterbeer bottles, Harry took three drinks and walked up to them.

“Relax, Evan, Hermione!” said Harry. “You’ve been sitting here reading since the end of the game, and I don’t understand...”

“Obviously, if you and Ron were a little more concerned, neither of us would be so tired!” Hermione said sharply, closing the book heavily and looking at Harry angrily. “In a few hours, we will go to the Forbidden Forest, looking for the Centaurs. I can’t believe it, you are still partying, not even thinking to get prepared!”

“This...” Harry shook his head and remembered that there was such a thing.

He was looking forward to tonight’s adventure, but he was overwhelmed by the joy of winning the game and the subsequent joyful atmosphere and forgot about it.

Ron seemed almost the same. He seemed to have completely forgotten about it.

“I don’t think we need to worry. Sirius will be there, we...” Harry prevaricated.

“He is more excessive than you and Ron. I doubt if he still remembers what we are going to do tonight.” Hermione looked angrily at Sirius, who was quarreling with several seniors. “He’s drunk. Is he going to take us to the Centaurs’ colony like this?!”

Harry didn’t know how to answer Hermione, and he turned to Evan for help.

Evan gave him a helpless look. He knew that Hermione was too nervous about going to the Centaurs’ colony, so she was a bit irritable.

Faced with Hermione in this state, he didn’t know what to say either.

Moreover, facing tonight’s unknown adventure, he also became nervous.

Chapter 272: Boys’ Talk and the Forbidden Forest

Under Hermione’s insistence, Harry and Ron reluctantly sat beside her and began to study the Centaurs.

However, the two of them could not focus, always whispering about the match.

Harry thought he should have caught the Snitch sooner; he had a chance before.

Ron told him that he was too polite to Cho Chang, and he was tied up in his early performance.

Then the conversation shifted from Quidditch to Cho and the other girls, bringing Evan into the discussion when Hermione wasn’t paying attention.

“All in all, Ravenclaw’s Seeker flies very well. She is probably the best among all the girls in the school.” Ron covered himself with a book and whispered, “But she’s still incomparable to you. On top of that, your broomsticks are also on totally different levels. The Firebolt is the best, it is a world-class broomstick. It’s not popular even in the professional league.”

“Cho Chang is Great, I am not much better than her.” Harry said objectively, “if it hadn’t been for the Firebolt, I might not have won this easily today.”

He smiled slightly; the appearance of Cho in sky blue robes popped up again in his mind; she was extraordinarily beautiful.

“You are just too kind with her because she is a girl.” Ron disagreed with Harry. “Like Wood said, you’ve been too much of a gentleman.”

“But...” Harry wanted to explain.

“If you don’t believe me, you can ask Evan; he also witnessed the whole process.”

“Let me say, while Cho is really good, but her forte is that she’s also really beautiful.” Evan said with a sigh, “Harry, if you have a crush on her, you can try to ask her out. I heard Luna say that she doesn’t have a boyfriend yet!”

“I don’t have that idea...” Harry tried to explain.

His face was red and it looked hard to be convincing.

In fact, as Evan said, he really liked Cho.

To be more precise, he liked her deep down inside. However, Harry was rather clumsy and inexperienced in this regard, and he was not aware of it.

He was just thinking about Cho, and he felt pure excitement and his heartbeat raced.

As the topic went deeper, Harry felt that his face was getting redder and redder, and in order not to let Evan and Ron laugh at him, he quickly shifted the subject to Hermione.

“Evan, how are you getting along with Hermione?!” Harry gave Hermione his back and lowered his voice. “Tell us the truth, have you ever done that?”

“What?!” Evan looked at him strangely.

“That is...” Harry hesitated and whispered, “Kissing!”

Hearing his words, Ron spit out the sip of juice he had just taken.

He coughed hard and stood up from the sofa. He almost knocked the small round table because of his exertion.

Hermione looked up as she heard Ron’s noise.

She squinted and stared at them three suspiciously, her eyes full of doubt.

“You kissed Hermione?!” Ron said in surprise, he looked at Evan hesitantly, then looked back at Hermione.

Before Evan had time to explain, Harry went on to say to Ron, “On Christmas Eve, Evan and Hermione went out alone off the Leaky Cauldron pub. About twenty minutes later, Hermione herself came back with her face red and looked very unusual....”

Harry and Ron all looked at Evan, and their eyes were full of inquiry.

“Well, in fact, it can’t be considered a kiss.” Evan argued. “At the time, under the mistletoe in Diagon Alley, it was just a slight touch.”

Time seemed to stagnate, his thoughts returned to that night, and his heart beat slightly faster.

Harry and Ron looked at Evan with amazement; their expression was even far more lost than his.

Harry looked completely stunned. He opened his mouth and didn’t know what to say. He just wanted to make a joke. He didn’t expect Evan to admit it. However, he quickly recovered and became extremely excited, and sincerely, he was happy for Evan and Hermione.

Ron was not in a state of shock; he was deeply concerned about this matter, and seemed to want to say something.

Without waiting for him to talk, Fred and George came to toast with butterbeer.

They laughed happily, disturbing Hermione who was upset. She raised her head irritably, chased them all away, and let Harry and Ron leave to join the party so that she could catch up and concentrate on reading the remaining four hundred pages of the book at hand.

The rave seemed to last forever.

“Does he know what we are about to do in a moment?!” Hermione whispered as she huddled on the sofa and stared at Sirius. “The Forbidden Forest at night is very dangerous. We should be prepared, not drinking and reveling here...”

At about ten o’clock in the evening, she suddenly put down her magic book.

She seemed to have made some kind of decision. She walked over and had a few words with Sirius. Evan saw that Sirius seemed very regretful, as if apologizing to Hermione.

A few minutes later, Hermione walked straight back with a satisfied smile on her face.

“Get ready to go, Evan!” she whispered.

Hermione pulled Evan out of the Common Room, and behind them, there was a mess of whistles. They were not the first couple to go out. Everyone had a clear look on their faces, as if they already knew what Evan and Hermione were going to do.

Both Evan and Hermione blushed and tried to pretend that they didn’t hear the whistles.

“What did you say to Sirius?” Evan asked curiously.

“Nothing, just reminded him to pay attention to time.”

In the dark corridor, Hermione recounted to Evan what she had just said to Sirius.

But Evan kept thinking of what he talked about with Harry and Ron. He looked at Hermione in front of him, and his thoughts drifted away.

Time passed, and at about 10:30 p.m., Sirius, Harry, and Ron came out in turn.

Fred and George seemed to be performing a show, the Common Room was still noisy, and the party showed no sign of ending.

“Let’s set out, and go to the Centaurs’ colony in the Forbidden Forest.” Harry said excitedly, not feeling fatigue after the entirety of this active day.

“We’d better hurry up, don’t let others notice that we left the castle.” Sirius was completely back to normal, not looking drunk at all. “I just asked Fred and George, and they’ll just try to keep the party go on.”

Sirius led them all to the hall, telling them what to pay attention to. They walked through the gates of the old castle, striding through the dark ground. The closer they approached the dark, silent Forbidden Forest, the tenser the atmosphere became, and the more careful they were.

The moon was bright and clear, but there were clouds coming up to cover it, causing them to fall into darkness.

It was hard to imagine that just a moment ago, they were reveling in a well-lit Common Room, but now they were wandering into the dangerous Forbidden Forest.

Harry and Ron looked more and more gloomy, and had no energy to think about the mess.

They seemed to realize that venturing into the Forbidden Forest in the middle of the night was not as simple as they had imagined.

Chapter 273: Whereabouts of Another Key

In the dark, Evan saw the bright windows on Hagrid’s hut.

Instead of approaching, they went in another direction, slowly advancing in the breeze along a narrow, twisting path that gradually faded into the depths of the dark forest.

Besides Ron, Evan, Harry, and Hermione all had experienced entering the Forbidden Forest late at night.

But those experiences were very bad.

Harry and Hermione were once penalized in the first year.

They went into the Forbidden Forest late at night with Hagrid and Malfoy in search of the unicorn that Voldemort had injured. Harry even met Voldemort himself at the time.

Evan chased Peter Pettigrew into the Forbidden Forest a month ago.

In addition to dealing with Peter, he also fought the horrible Acromantulas. In the end, he burned the Lair of their leader Aragog and hundreds of them along with it. These monsters must now hate him to death.

The Acromantulas have a high degree of intelligence and a great sense of revenge. If they knew that Evan had entered the Forbidden Forest again, they would surely flock in to fight him.

Fortunately, they did not go to the Acromantulas’ territory.

With Sirius leading the way, they went deeper along the twisting path.

There was silence in the dark Forbidden Forest. Under the faint light of their wands, everyone walked silently, close together, the mood became more and more depressed, and their voices became lower and lower. Nobody knew what would be waiting for them.

Every time they moved forward, they would reach a crossroad.

It could be seen that Sirius was very familiar with the area. He did not hesitate much before taking the right path.

Soon, Evan saw a swift, meandering stream at the end of the road. They went upstream and walked for over an hour, getting farther and farther from the castle.

The five of them had entered the core of the Forbidden Forest. On both sides of the stream were tall and unchanging trees, and the ground was covered with thick moss and unknown plants as if they had been untouched and never stepped on for centuries. From time to time, they could see magical creatures coming to drink.

Behind a dark green rock, Evan found a rare Moke.

It was about ten inches long and had silver-green skin.

It was shrunken in the corner motionless, looking like a rock itself.

When Evan was just approaching, it quickly got out and fled to the distance.

If it weren't because of important things waiting for him, Evan would try to catch this lizard. Moke skin is highly prized to wizards in the making of purses and money-bags. A Moke-skin purse will shrink at the approach of a stranger, making it virtually impossible for the stranger to find. Moke-skin wallets and money bags are therefore very difficult for thieves to snatch.

Paired with the use of the Undetectable Extension Charm, it definitely becomes extremely valuable equipment to any wizard.

Evan felt it was a pity, and they walked forward for a while, and then took a short break near a riverbank full of round stones.

"We will be there soon. This is the territory of the Centaurs." Sirius carefully inspected the surroundings. "I had been hiding in the Forbidden Forest, looking for food, when I fled the Dementors and the Ministry of Magic last summer. But I rarely get around here. The Centaurs do not want humans to approach. "

"I saw in the book that the Centaurs are very disgusted with wizards!" Hermione looked around nervously, and said worriedly, "What if they attacked us?"

"I don't think that's going to happen. Although the Centaurs are not very friendly to humans, they don't usually take the initiative to attack." Sirius explained, "They just don't want to talk to us, but if you want to talk and communicate with them, they're willing to do that, and tell you about the fate they see in the sky, the warnings and so on."

"Evan and I have recorded all the trajectories of this semester constellation, hoping to use it." Hermione said still not assured. "In addition, I have studied their lifestyle and customs."

“Centaur are very smart. When you’re in contact with them, just remember one point, think of them as creatures of equal status with you, and that should be enough!”

“Don’t worry, Hermione, they are not as terrible as they are portrayed in the books!” Harry said, breathing a little heavier than usual. “Evan and I have met a Centaur named Firenze, and he’s willing to help people.”

“I have to say that the guy is an exception in the Centaurs’ colony.” Sirius smiled and said, “But he is trustworthy. I have known him for a long time. When we were students, James, Remus, Peter and I often ventured into the Forbidden Forest. He was still a little pony back then, and we met at that time.”

“I heard from Firenze, he seems to miss the wizards’ items, the food and all sorts of interesting stories you brought him.”

“He is very interested in the human world, and things that seem mundane to us are very novel to him.” Sirius recalled, “But that’s just him; the other Centaurs are still very stubborn, and they do not easily make contact with humans. Compared to them, the Merpeople living in the lake in front of the gate are much more enlightened. They actively communicate with us and exchange the contents of the lake for things made by wizards.

“Merpeople?!”

“Yes, James once met them when he fell into the lake. It was an unforgettable experience. I remember they exchanged a lot of things with the four of us, some of them high-level magic stuff, and they seemed to want to tell us something. “Sirius frowned and went on.”I don’t know their language and Remus learned a little. He said the Merpeople let us into the water, for there was something underneath. Unfortunately, we didn’t do that at last. “

Hearing Sirius, Evan kept silent.

It was so strange, why did the Merpeople want Sirius to go under the water, what was there underneath?!

Ever since he knew that Gryffindor’s Secret Treasure Key was in the Centaurs’ colony, he rethought the tips left by the Four Founders.

According to the same way of reasoning, it was not difficult to think that the mermaids might also have a treasure key in hand.

He just didn’t know who had left it, and if it was split like Gryffindor’s.

Evan sighed. It seemed that after getting the key fragment of the Centaurs, he had to learn the Merpeople’s language and try to communicate with them.

“There are Merpeople living in the lake in front of the castle?!” Harry said in amazement. “I never knew that. I thought there were only giant squids.”

“Hogwarts has a lot of secrets waiting to be explored. The four of us discovered a lot, but certainly not all of them!” Sirius looked at Harry and said cheerfully, “The rest of the secrets will be dug up by you guys.”

Chapter 274: Unfriendly Centaurs

They discussed the Merpeople for a while, and Evan asked for some details.

Then, the topic returned to the Centaurs again. Hermione kept whispering about what they should pay attention to when they would come into contact with the Centaurs from what she had seen in the book.

“I don’t care much about getting in touch with the Centaurs!” Ron wrinkled his nose and threw a stone heavily into the stream. He said impatiently, “What about the magic item that can enhance magic power? What are we going to do to get the Treasure key they have?”

This was the key to this trip, the key to changing one’s destiny.

Ron was thinking about it all the way. He wanted to get that thing, but he didn’t want to be seen as too eager.

“I mean, we all know that we have to be recognized by the Centaurs.” Seeing everyone staring him, Ron tried to make himself look more natural. “The question now is what should we do after getting the Centaurs’ approval? That final test...”

He heard Sirius say that to get the item he needed to pass the final test, and he wanted to know what the test was in order to be ready.

“In the temple where the item was kept, a phantom magic was laid out, and only through the test of that magic could it be obtained.” Sirius said slowly, “That magic is so powerful that everyone sees something different in it, and I don’t know exactly what to do! For example, on that year, I saw...”

He suddenly stopped, looked at the woods with vigilance, and raised his magic wand swiftly

“Hold it!” He whispered and signaled everyone to keep quiet.

His wand pointed to the dense bush in front, his whole body gathered magic. The tip of his wand fluoresced faintly.

Evan also hurriedly pulled out his wand. No one spoke. Everyone could hear the movement from the woods and something was approaching.

The next second, BANG!

As Sirius’s wand shone a red light, a sharp arrow flew from a distance and landed on the trunk overhead, clanging.

Hermione muffled her scream, and Evan quickly shielded her behind him.

Sirius's face was heart, while Harry and Ron were pale, the atmosphere was tense, as everyone felt a battle was about to start, but there was no further attack from the opposite side.

"Who are you?" A deep male voice came out of the bushes.

Almost in the blink of an eye, a man seemed to be floating toward them through the dappled green half-light.

In the bright moonlight, Evan saw that he was a Centaur; his waist was smoothly and naturally joined with a horse's chestnut body.

He had a proud, high-cheekboned face and long black hair.

"Hey, human!" There was a slight disdain in the arrogant tone of the Centaur, "Leave our forbidden forest, this is not where you should come..."

"Long time no see, Magorian!" Sirius seemed to recognize him, but he didn't sound pleased to meet him.

"You are... Sirius Black!" Magorian was stunned. He stared at Sirius for a long time and seemed to recognize who he was.

The trees behind the Centaur rustled and four or five more emerged behind him.

Evan recognized the black-bodied and bearded Bane, whom he had met a month ago. But Bane gave no sign that he had ever seen Evan and Harry before.

"Black!" Magorian said with vigilance, he did not put the bow and arrow, still pointing at them, "What are you doing back in our Forbidden Forest?"

"I have brought these children here in the hope that they may earn the item that had been handed down by Gryffindor himself in the custody of your tribe." Sirius said loudly, "They want your recognition and to try to challenge that final test."

"Get our recognition?!" Magorian's eyes left Sirius, and he looked at Evan and the others.

"This is Evan Mason, Hermione Granger," Sirius said. "The red-haired boy at the back is Ron Weasley, and Harry Potter is next to him."

"Harry Potter!"

Hearing Harry's name, the Centaurs whispered for a while.

Their eyes were all focused on Harry, full of curiosity and wonder. They seemed to be looking for the scar on his forehead, the evidence of victory over Voldemort.

Harry stepped back and pulled his hair down uncomfortably.

"Only a respectable and trustworthy friend can get the friendship of the Centaurs!" Magorian said disdainfully. "This is not a joke, Black! The four of them are too young,

foals. I don't think they meet the requirements, you should take them out as soon as possible before we kill you."

"Magorian, I know your rules." Sirius did not flinch, and said tit-for-tat, "You have no right to refuse, as your forefathers and the Founders of the castle had agreed."

"We are not slaves of humans; we are not obligated to take care of things for you to take them away when you need them." Magorian said fiercely, "Black, get out of here with these four foals, or else, don't blame me if I get rough."

"You have no right to stop us!" Sirius raised his wand again and frowned. "You are as stubborn as ever, Magorian! If you want to play another game like twenty years ago, I'm here right now!"

The two looked at each other angrily. It seemed that something had happened between them before. Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked scared. They tried to stop Sirius from being too rash, hoping he would calm down. They didn't come to fight with the Centaurs tonight; they needed to get their approval.

While they stopped Sirius, Evan looked at the Centaurs across, looking for their weaknesses. If a battle was to take place, he needed to be able to act as soon as possible.

Although the Centaurs are not proficient in magic, they are very competent in combat.

Without using black magic, Evan was not absolutely sure he would beat them.

"Calm down, Magorian!" As the situation was about to get out of control, Bane stepped out and said gently, "It would be a terrible crime to kill foals!"

He walked over to Magorian and whispered something.

Evan saw him pointing to him, and then Magorian raised his head and looked at him in astonishment. He seemed to be convinced by Bane, waved his hand, and a young Centaur with a dark black body turned away, and ran deep into the Forbidden Forest.

"We need the elder to know if you meet the requirements!" Bane raised his head and said loudly, and then returned to the Centaurs.

No one acted, no one spoke.

There was confusion and tension in the air. Everyone was waiting for the arrival of the Centaurs' elder.

About a dozen minutes later, the thundering sound of horses' hoofs rang from all sides. Evan felt the whole ground shaking and over forty Centaurs appeared in succession from the Forbidden Forest.

Chapter 275: The Elder Centaur

The Centaurs formed a circle and tightly surrounded the five of them.

All around them, Evan saw a variety of Centaurs dressed in various colors, most of them looking very strong, arrows and long bows were slung over their shoulders.

In the center was a silver-gray Centaur.

He was apparently very old, about a hundred years old, with deep wrinkles on his face and a whitish beard that almost reached the ground.

He was the elder of the Centaurs, the oldest and wisest Centaur in the tribe.

As Evan observed him, he also looked closely back at him.

His eyes were very light in color, and he could only see shrouds of white when looking far.

Magorian walked over and bowed down his head, not showing his previous irritable temper.

He respectfully reported their story to the elder. Evan heard him tell them that the four human foals wanted to be recognized by the Centaurs and then try to get the magic item that had been kept in the sacred temple in the center of the colony.

Although he was very disgusted with human beings, he did not deliberately discredit them, or try to sabotage them. All he said was facts.

The elder of the Centaurs nodded and motioned that he knew the matter, and Magorian retreated to the side. The older Centaur took a step forward. He didn't speak, and he looked closely at Evan for a while. Then he looked up at the night sky as if he were observing the planets' trajectories.

Just as Evan felt that the elder would stay like this for ever, the latter suddenly took out an non-identified black herbal powder from the bag he carried.

Evan didn't see when he made it happen, but red flames suddenly rose before the elder.

He slowly threw the powder into the rising flames, and the color of the flames immediately changed from red to a fantastic dark blue, accompanied by a lot of smoke.

"Centaurs can prophesy by burning several herbs and leaves, and observing smoke and fire." Hermione whispered, "I've seen it in the book, and the principle is probably similar to the crystal ball we saw."

"Except for the lines on the table, I have never seen anything from that ball." Ron muttered, looking at the Centaur suspiciously.

Harry nodded and agreed with Ron.

Perhaps Professor Trelawney left a too much of an impression on him.

Until now, he thought that prophesying such things was deceptive.

Unlike the three of them, Evan saw something different from the blue flame through the way Dumbledore taught him. He felt a strange wave of magic, a trace of magic hidden in the smoke, drifting toward him.

He hurried back and hoped to dodge.

The elder Centaur looked up again at Evan, who smelled the burnt leaves as the smoke came straight in the breeze. Unlike the usual spells, the eccentric magic in the smoke didn't harm him. It just revolved around Evan and floated to Harry next to him.

Like stargazing, this type of divination was particular to the Centaurs.

Not surprisingly, this magic should be very advanced. Besides to the elder, Evan had never seen any other Centaur using it.

They usually observe the stars in the night sky and draw a harbinger of fate.

This time, however, the Centaurs did not do so, and waited for the elder to make his prophecy. They were alert, surrounding Evan and the others, just like cherishing animals in the zoo, watching the five of them silently in the distance.

Most of the Centaurs were looking at Harry, and they whispered, just like many wizards who first met him.

Only a few Centaurs who knew Sirius gave him a cold nod and immediately shifted their eyes elsewhere, pretending not to know him.

Evan had met Ronan and Bane a month ago, and they didn't even look at him.

In the silent crowd, the atmosphere was tense. The Centaurs had different faces, some with simple curiosity, some with harsh scrutiny, some with inexplicable anger, but more with suspicion and distrust.

They were watching from afar, and even took out their weapons.

Sirius told everyone not to put down their wands. If anything was to happen, they would have to not worry about him and leave the forest ahead of him. No matter what, Centaurs would not hurt children.

Evan felt that Hermione was unconsciously approaching him. He knew that she must be worried. He skillfully held her small hand and reassured her with his eyes.

Because of the overwhelming tension, Hermione's palms were all sweaty. She looked at the Centaurs in front of her in awe, and an unknown fear emerged deep within her heart. These Centaurs looked very aggressive and frightening, as if they were going to attack at any time.

If it wasn't for Evan being there, she would have no idea what to do.

As the Centaurs watched from afar and whispered, Firenze, with long, blond hair, came out, and he didn't seem have changed much during the past month. In this atmosphere of hesitation and distrust, he was moving in casually.

Everyone looked at Firenze in surprise, amazed at his daring behavior. No one spoke; even the whisper of the Centaurs came to an abrupt end.

"I am very glad to see you again after twenty years, Sirius Black!" Firenze whispered, he did not seem to notice the anomaly and came calmly.

He shook hands with Sirius, the old friend whom he had not seen for a long time.

After greeting Sirius, he turned his attention to Harry.

"Harry Potter!" Firenze said softly.

"Hello, Firenze, nice to meet you!" Harry hurriedly shook hands with him.

“And you!” said the Centaur in an unquestionable tone, inclining his white-blond head. “It was foretold that we would meet again.”

His expression was calm and there was no smile on his face. Nobody could see through what he was thinking.

“The orbit of the planets has already given signs, and our shared fate will not end here.” Firenze nodded to Harry again. “We will meet again.”

He left Harry and walked slowly to Evan, holding out a hand.

“The same for you, I knew you would come, Evan Mason!” His astonishing blue eyes looked at Evan without blinking, and he said softly, “On the night we first met, Mars that brought war shone brightly on our heads, brighter than ever. After that, I carefully observed its trajectory. I saw you in this upcoming war... ..”

“Shut up, Firenze!” Magorian rushed angrily and shouted. “We vowed not to reveal what we see so easily..”

Chapter 276: Firenze’s Warning

“Like anyone cares!” Sirius immediately responded.

Faced with Magorian’s provocation, he went to the confrontation. The oppressive atmosphere in front of him made him feel uncomfortable, and there was a feeling of depression that could not be released.

If he could choose, he was more than willing to face Magorian.

But Harry and Hermione stepped in to stop him with a pleading look, hoping that he would not do so. Sirius stared for a moment, and then gradually calmed down.

Before meeting the Centaurs, he repeatedly warned everyone to regard them as human beings with equal status and to not despise them.

Obviously, he did too well in this respect, even without basic politeness, and completely regarded Magorian as another Snape.

“Calm down, Sirius!” Harry turned to Magorian. “Firenze didn’t mean anything else. He just wanted to help us...”

Harry’s “soothing” remark was obviously counterproductive. More intense shouts broke out among the Centaurs, who looked at them even more unfriendly.

“You made a big mistake, human!” Magorian shouted. “Centaurs are not the servants of humans. We have no obligation to help you.”

Harry stepped back in panic, and Firenze helped him.

“Don’t be too hasty, Magorian!” he said calmly. “I did not reveal anything that could change destiny. I just wanted to warn Evan. Those who can read the stars, see the fate of all races.”

“Hmm, you have to be careful. We all know the boy’s fate, which is doomed to be unchanged.” Magorian looked at Evan again and continued addressing Firenze “Remember; don’t betray our race and leak our knowledge to humans. Such a shame will never be recovered.”

He turned to the Centaurs and stood quietly beside the elder, he and Sirius staring at each other with anger. It was hard to say who looked angrier.

“Magorian has a bad temper, but nothing more.” Firenze looked at Evan again, and his sapphire eyes glowed in the night sky. “Evan, I hope you can understand no matter what omen we see is not important, what matters is your own choice. The trajectory of the planets may change at any time; sometimes even Centaurs look away, so it’s foolish to believe too much in such things.”

Evan nodded. He didn’t care much about prophecies.

But what did Magorian just talk out? What did he see?

There was also Firenze, who repeatedly emphasized this matter tonight, hoping that Evan should not believe too much about the arrangement of fate, but firmly believe in his choice.

This was too unusual. With Evan’s understanding of the Centaurs, he should not have said such a thing, which was totally contrary to the centaurs’ way.

Unless, Firenze did indeed see some bad signs in the sky...

The atmosphere was getting heavier in the dark woods.

In the darkness, everything around was shadowed, and a breeze blew over him. Evan found that he was soaked in cold sweat. Looking at the elder of the Centaurs who was focused on observing the shape of the smoke rising from the blue flame, he felt a strong foreboding, as if something bad was about to happen.

Evan thought; Firenze just mentioned Mars and war.

Not surprisingly, this should mean a war with Voldemort. The question was what role would he play in it?

What eventually happened that actually made Firenze feel uneasy?

Everything was too vague, and the more he thought about it, the more he felt worried.

“Remember, Evan!” Firenze said softly. “Nothing is foolproof; even the Centaurs’ knowledge is no exception. When you need to decide your fate, I hope that you can make the right choice.”

When he finished, he did not give Evan time to ask any question, and directly went back to the Centaurs.

“What exactly does Firenze mean?” Looking at his back, Harry said strangely. “He seems to have something to tell us.”

“These Centaurs make me feel sick.” Ron whispered. He looked at Evan in awe. “You listened to what he said. It seems that something terrible is going to happen to you. It’s weird, you know, it’s usually Harry...”

“What terrible things? How do you still believe in such things?!” Hermione said quickly, “Just like Professor Trelawney’s tricks, I can see no essential difference. Seeing what she thought was the grim in the tea cup, she began to predict the death of Harry for a whole semester. We finally learned that the big black dog, representing the unknown omen, was no other but Sirius. Not only did Harry not encounter any unfortunate events, but everything has been going well.”

“This is not the same. Hermione, Centaurs’ prophecy is much more accurate than ours.” Ron murmured in a vague, careful look at Evan’s eyes.

Firenze mentioned war. If there was war, then the enemy should be a very evil Dark wizard. It’s common sense that this Dark wizard should be Voldemort, but he had been defeated and lost all his power, not to mention that Dumbledore, should make it difficult for him to rise again.

If it wasn’t Voldemort, who could this Dark wizard be?

It was unclear why Ron thought of Evan’s study of black magic at that moment. At that time, there were no signs that Evan was probably the Dark wizard.

“However, the Centaurs would not have been duped; they must have seen it all!” Ron thought. The more he thought about it, the more he felt it was plausible. All the pieces were falling into place, and he reminded himself of the need to be careful.

“Hermione, prophecies are real!” Harry continued. “Think about Evan’s hearing of the real language...”

“I mean, Professor Trelawney is a liar in a state of true prophecy, and so are the Centaurs.” Hermione said sharply, “I decided to give up Divination class, for it is a waste of time.”

” You need to learn to use such opportunities, Hermione!” Ron interjected. “Why give up this class?! You just have to predict in your homework that something bad will happen to you, and she will give you a high score. It is the easiest course I’ve ever had.”

Evan was not involved in their discussion, and he was still thinking about what Firenze had said and what Professor Trelawney had predicted.

Gryffindor’s key was preserved in the temple of the Centaurs, and Professor Trelawney predicted that the place where everything was going to happen was also a temple.

Could there be any connection between these two places, or was it a simple coincidence?!

With a growing sense of uneasiness, Evan remembered what Peter Pettigrew had said when he had caught him. He learned from Voldemort how to get the key to Gryffindor's secret treasure. Voldemort must have been to that temple!

Evan suddenly realized: if he got the key, wouldn't he be the one chosen by Voldemort according to Professor Trelawney's prediction?!

Chapter 277: Centaurs' Requirements

"I am the chosen one!!!"

In the dark Forbidden Forest, Evan suddenly thought of this possibility.

He felt all the blood in his body getting ice cold, and the ominous premonition deep in the bottom of his heart grew stronger and stronger.

Firenze must have seen something in the trajectory of Mars before warning Evan. What he said just now was vague. He only mentioned war. No one could guarantee that in the future he saw, Evan would be the chosen one.

If this was to be correct, in the dark temple of the Centaurs' colony, Evan would be marked by magic left behind by Voldemort, and he would help him return and gain unprecedented power.

If such a thing was to happen, then the whole magic world would be shrouded in terror and chaos...

A breeze blew over, and Evan shook his head and just could not think about it anymore.

Voldemort was evil and powerful enough; if he was to be helped by other more powerful forces, then he would become invincible, and the future would be unimaginable.

Such things can't happen, and Dumbledore wouldn't sit idly by.

Moreover, the idea of

being the chosen person was too ridiculous and absurd. Evan was sure that unless he was controlled by black magic; such as the Imperius Curse, he would never help Voldemort.

As Sirius said to Peter Pettigrew, he would rather die than betray his friends. In the face of the mighty and evil Voldemort, he would only choose to fight until death.

Like Sirius, Evan also had his own objects of persistence, faith and guardianship.

He would rather die than help Voldemort.

He took a deep breath and secretly made up his mind.

No matter what was awaiting him, he had to get the treasure key left by Gryffindor, become stronger, and protect Hermione when the time comes.

But would the future really be as simple as he imagined?!

In the dark, the thick smoke in front of the elder of the Centaurs was getting weaker and lighter, and the blue flame gradually faded. He completed his observations of the flames and smoke. He seemed to know the fate of Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione, and he made a decision.

With the dissipation of smoke, Evan felt the strange magic wave around him disappear.

In front of everyone, the old Centaur looked very tired, the wrinkles on his face became deeper and deeper, and he slowly waved to Magorian.

The strong Centaur walked over and they whispered something.

Then, the elder Centaur raised his head and glanced at Evan and the others. He turned and walked deep into the Forbidden Forest surrounded by other Centaurs.

The Centaurs' army left, and the rumbling sound of the hoofs gradually drifted away.

Magorian stood still, and he looked at Evan and the others arrogantly.

Everyone looked back at him nervously, waiting for him to say the final verdict.

"The elder has already made a decision..." Magorian shouted. "The stars give clear instructions that you four foals can get the recognition of the Centaurs."

Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione had not had time to be happy, and they heard him continue. "But to get that recognition, you have to prove yourselves and accomplish one thing..."

He seemed not satisfied with the elder's decision. There was some anger in his voice.

"What is it?" Sirius asked with a frown.

"Reduce the powers of those Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest and bring their eyes to the tribe. The elder will be awaiting you in the middle of the temple."

"Reduce the power of Acromantulas?!" Sirius frowned deeper, "Magorian, do you know what you are talking about?! Those Dark creatures are very strong. It is not something that the young wizards can handle. And how many Acromantulas do we need to kill to satisfy you?"

"That's something for you consider." Magorian said hard, "Remember, you get only one chance to get the Centaurs' recognition. Before we completely lose patience, bring those monsters' eyes to the tribe."

Magorian turned around and left without looking back.

Looking at Magorian's back, no one spoke. No one expected that the Elder of the Centaurs would actually make such a request. As Sirius said, encircling and suppressing the Acromantulas was something Evan and the others were reluctant for.

Those dark creatures are highly dangerous, and their individual combat ability is enough to rival adult wizards, not to mention that they have always been in groups.

They hated Evan to death after he set Aragog's Lair on fire. Now, as long as he dared to appear in their territory, all Acromantulas were expected to rush over and attack him.

Facing thousands of Acromantulas at the same time, even Dumbledore shouldn't be able to pull it off.

"Firenze, what in the world is this?" Sirius asked. "Why would you want to weaken the power of the Acromantulas?"

“Those ferocious creatures do not belong to this forest, I do not know when they started, but their number is increasing, causing us a lot of trouble.” Firenze gently replied; he was now the only remaining Centaur on the grounds. “Especially after the fire a month ago, they became increasingly irritable, wantonly attacking Centaurs and other creatures, causing great damage to the ecology of the Forbidden Forest.”

He looked at Evan’s eyes as if he had known it was his fire.

“I know that the Acromantulas have caused you a lot of trouble, but let us...” Sirius said worriedly.

“The elder has made a request, you can only choose to accept or reject.” Firenze’s sapphire eyes did not have the slightest wave.

“Well, how many Acromantulas should we kill in order to satisfy you?” Sirius stared. “We can’t kill all of them.”

“Quantity is not important, the key is attitude!” Firenze turned and looked at Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione, and said calmly, “If you want to be recognized, the Centaurs want to see the courage hidden in your four hearts and the importance you attach to Centaurs”.

“Courage... and importance?!” Evan repeated.

“Evan, I remember you told us about what Gryffindor left in the Chamber of secrets!” Hermione seemed to think of something, she recalled, “Brave Gryffindor; emerge from the swamp of desolation! He shall bestow the greatest rewards upon he who is most courageous! The key to unlocking the treasure is the courage buried deep in your heart. You need to get his proud followers’ recognition!”

Although there had been many speculations before, it was very clear now. .

Proud followers refer to these proud Centaurs in the Forbidden Forest, and the treasure key he left behind is the courage buried deep in the heart.

The Centaurs’ colony does keep the item that Gryffindor himself had left, but what is the use of courage here?!

Do the Centaurs want to test the four of them and then decide whether to give them the item?

“This phrase has also been running down in the tribe.” Firenze turned his head and looked at Evan, slowly saying, “Remember, courage is key to get that item.”

Chapter 278: Harry’s decision

On their way back, everyone seemed to have accepted this fact.

Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione were still worried about the Centaur’s demands. Sirius was very dissatisfied with Magorian’s attitude, and looked extremely contemptuous.

“Those Centaurs are a bunch of sick old mules, aren’t they?” He said dissatisfiedly, bypassing a small nettle. “They are too stubborn and look down on the human wizards.”

“Besides stubbornness, they are absolutely mad to ask us to weaken the power of the Acromantulas!” Ron said out of breath, “They don’t want to think how four twelve or thirteen-year-old wizards could beat Acromantulas?”

No one spoke, and no one knew how to answer Ron.

“Think about it, you have to dig out the spider’s eyes and bring them to them. It’s crazy!” Ron continued, with a shiver in his voice.

He had no liking to spiders; he was extremely frightened.

“The question now is not whether we can, but what should we do?” Hermione said in a flustered manner. “Firenze said that we can only choose to accept or reject it.”

“Yeah, we have to do this to get the magic item that Gryffindor left behind, and there’s no other choice!” Ron aggressively broke a branch in front of him. “Damn it, Gryffindor himself must have been confused before he went to the Centaurs.”

“According to Firenze, the Centaurs are not asking us to kill or destroy many Acromantulas, but to show enough courage and sincerity.” Hermione said, “This must be a hint. Things may not be as difficult as we thought.”

“To me, it’s all an idea.” Ron wrinkled his nose and said in a howl tone. “Anyway, we’re going to have to fight those monsters and kill them. Oh, Acromantulas, I will have nightmares tonight!”

There was another silence, and everyone felt very bad.

Evan’s mind was filled with the horror of the Acromantulas, the eight Black-painted eyes on their heads, their hairy legs, and their big pincers that occasionally clicked and clicked.

Besides the disgust he had, Evan did not have much fear of Acromantulas.

In terms of combat strength, he was now better than those monsters.

The problem now was insuring the Centaurs’ satisfaction.

It seemed to be something very challenging, and Evan was even considering the possibility of getting to Aragog’s Lair again and killing the king of the Acromantulas.

Although dangerous, if well planned, such a mission would not be impossible!

Evan was not sure whether he should do so. He looked up at Sirius and wanted to see what he had to say.

Sirius did not speak, and his face looked arrogant and disdainful as usual. He noticed Evan’s gaze. He smiled slightly and seemed to want to express his opinions after everyone had decided.

In this manner, the five people walked silently forward, and the Forbidden Forest late at night was particularly gloomy. Several unknown giant creatures flew overhead and made terrible noises, but the invisible pressure of having to face Acromantulas was more frightening than the darkness around them.

“Evan, as you said before, you’ve met Acromantulas and fought them after you chased Peter into the Forbidden Forest.” Harry suddenly said, his voice sounding strange in the dark. “What are their strengths?”

“They are very dangerous, it’s best not to provoke them.” Evan told the truth, “The Acromantulas are very aggressive, their sharp fangs are extremely strong and toxic, and they have an immense bite force that can tear a human apart. The most dangerous thing however is their number, you know, I saw at least hundreds of them last time.”

Ron’s face turned pale when he heard Evan’s description.

“There are too many of them. We can’t face them head-on. We must think of a way.” Hermione whispered, “Evan, do the Acromantulas have any weaknesses?”

“They attack mainly in only one way. Their main tool is their fangs, and they have no long-range attack ability.” Evan continued, “Their defense is relatively poor, general attack spells can cause damage to them, I think Petrification or Impedimenta are good choices.”

“Poor defense, single attack,” Hermione said uncertainly. “This way, as long as you don’t get close to them, they’re not invincible.”

“God, Hermione, you are not really going to fight those Acromantulas!” Ron exclaimed. “The Centaurs just ask for spiders’ eyes. I just thought about it. We don’t have to do it ourselves. We can simply ask Sirius or other professors.”

Harry and Hermione looked a bit hesitant. Ron’s idea seemed to be actually really good.

“Sirius, will you help us?” Ron asked with hope in his eyes.

“Yes!” Sirius nodded simply. “I promised Evan to help him get the recognition of the Centaurs. If you need it, I will help you clean up those Acromantulas. Is that your final decision?”

His gaze slowly slipped through everyone and finally fell on Harry.

“No, Sirius!” Harry shook his head and hesitated. “You don’t have to help; I think we have to do it ourselves.”

“HARRY!” Ron hurriedly shouted, his face full of surprise and confusion.

“You know, Ron!” Harry’s voice became more and more determined. “We must do it ourselves. Don’t forget what Firenze said. The Centaur’s request is not really to annihilate the Acromantulas, but to show our courage and sincerity.”

“But” Ron opened his mouth unwillingly, not knowing what to say.

He turned to Evan and Hermione, hoping for their support. Harry’s decision was too risky and irrational.

Evan and Hermione didn’t talk. They all took a step in the direction of Harry showing their position.

Looking at his friends’ decision, Ron stood hesitant, his face changed rapidly, and finally he had to sigh and walked over to their side as well.

“Very well, Harry, you didn’t let me down!” Sirius looked at them in silence for a while, smiling happily and saying, “In the face of danger, not everyone has the courage to face the challenges they get, this is a rare quality that you have.”

“I just said my inner thoughts without thinking too much,” Harry said with embarrassment.

“I know that the decision you made today may seem dangerous and irrational to others, but I would say that your father would be proud of you.” Sirius said slowly, “Harry, Evan, Ron, Hermione, I hope the four of you will remember that the most precious quality of a Gryffindor is unbeatable courage. Knowing the danger, a Gryffindor keeps his courage to face the difficulties for the sake of protecting the faith in his heart. It is Slytherin’s way to achieve their goals by any means. “

Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked very excited when they heard him.

Harry, in particular, had a flicker of eagerness on his face, as if he wished to find an Acromantula and fight at once.

Although he did not quite agree with Sirius, Evan still had to admire it.

For friends, he stuck around through thick and thin, even if death was at stake. That’s what Sirius deserved to be respected for.

Chapter 279: The Plan to Surround and Annihilate the Acromantulas

In front of a huge stump covered with green moss, the five people stopped walking.

“Now that you have made a decision, listen to my thoughts.” Sirius smiled and said, “In fact, I think this is a good practice opportunity.”

“Practice opportunity?!”

Everyone looked at Sirius curiously, wondering what he meant. How could fighting dangerous Acromantulas be a practice opportunity?!

“Like most of the school’s young wizards, your four combat experiences are too scarce.” Sirius explained, “You may not feel its effects right now, but in the real battle with the Dark wizards, this would be an extremely fatal weakness. It must be resolved as soon as possible.”

Harry and Ron did not agree with Sirius’s words.

They had seen black wizards like Quirrell and Peter Pettigrew before, and undeniably, they were all very evil, but not invincible.

Only Evan knew that Sirius was definitely not being overdramatic. He knew the level of a true Death Eater.

Death eaters like Barty Crouch Jr. and Bellatrix Lestrange were far more difficult to deal with than Peter Pettigrew.

Facing the Killing Curse, even the slightest negligence could prove fatal.

“Sirius, you said this before, so you will rebuild the Dueling Club!” Hermione said doubtfully, “The last time was a great success, and we all learned a lot of combat skills and spells, and practiced dueling...”

“That’s true, but simulated dueling among young wizards has a limited effect.” Sirius waved his hand impatiently, and continued, “Although you’re all working hard, that kind of children’s duels doesn’t help with much other than giving you the chance to practice your spell.”

“What are we going to do, Sirius?” Harry asked curiously.

“ Only after experiencing the baptism of real battle can you grow up into a true qualified wizard.” Sirius smiled and said, “So, you need real battle, you need an opponent that’s strong enough!”

“Real battle, enough strong opponent?!”

“Yes, only through these experiences can you grow quickly.” Sirius paused. “I have to say that besides Evan, the three of you are still far too weak. You know, when I was your age, I was able to face up to a Centaur.”

Under Harry’s questioning, Sirius told everyone about his past.

When he was a third-year student, he encountered a newly grown Centaur Magorian in a Forbidden Forest adventure, and the latter wanted to drive them out of the Forbidden Forest.

Because of this, Sirius fought with him and won.

That’s why Magorian had always been obsessed with it, and that’s also the main reason of his bad attitude.

Although Harry had defeated Voldemort, the Basilisk and Dementors over the course of the past three years, he had been mostly relying on luck and outside help.

In terms of real strength, he was much worse than Sirius when he was his age.

Compared with Harry, Ron and Hermione's fighting power was even worse.

Naturally, not much needed to be said about Ron. Like most young wizards, he didn't even grasp many common spells.

As for Hermione, besides Divination, the Defense Against the Dark Arts class was the only course she was not good at, and she was not good at dealing with combat-related issues. But she was much calmer than Harry and Ron, and she knew a lot of cool magic and spells that could play their intended role at critical moments.

Unlike the three of them, Evan's own magic power was already very strong, far beyond his peers, and even comparable to many adult wizards.

Without considering prohibited magic and using his late research on Dark magic, he had even enough power to fight against Sirius and Snape.

But as Sirius said, Evan lacked practical experience.

Without the use of powerful magic far beyond the opponent's strength to suppress it, He couldn't make full use of the actual situation to bring his strength into full play.

He needed more fighting and stronger enemies to accumulate experience and improve skills to make up for this weakness.

In this way, Acromantulas were indeed great opponents.

"For young wizards of your age, it's hard to challenge Acromantulas right now. I had a plan for you to try out less dangerous dark creatures first." Sirius said, "But we must speed up our progress, considering the demands of the Centaurs. What's more, Evan's analysis just reminded me that the Acromantulas' weaknesses are so obvious that you can avoid accidents just by being careful."

"What are you going to do, Sirius?" Evan asked curiously.

"Considering the numbers of these monsters, we can first try to practice against the lonely Acromantulas on the edges of the Forbidden Forest." Sirius explained, "Besides, I'm going to propose this at the Dueling Club, other students can volunteer to take part in challenging the Acromantulas."

Next, he explained his plans in detail, including offensive development, protective measures, etc., and everyone was getting very excited.

If all the young wizards and professors in the school were involved in the surrounding and annihilating of the Acromantulas, then safety wouldn't be as much of a concern.

As Sirius said, this was a good opportunity to enhance their strength.

Harry's face showed he was so eager that he completely forgot the danger of the Acromantulas.

Even Hermione's face was blushed and excited.

Only Ron, who was extremely afraid of spiders, had some worries and his face was gloomy.

Evan agreed that Sirius's plan would raise the wizards to a higher level of strength and that would be more secure when fighting against Voldemort in the future, but he did not intend to join the Wizards in their search for the lonely Acromantula.

If he could, he hoped to go deeper.

About ten minutes later, they finally returned to the path, where the trees were still sparse and the huge outline of Hogwarts Castle could be seen.

"Now it's already midnight, we'd better hurry up," Sirius said.

"I don't know how the party went on, is it over?"

Everyone quickened their pace; Sirius sent them to the Gryffindor Tower before leaving, and Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione climbed into the Common Room, still whispering about Centaurs and Acromantulas.

They just went in, and heard deafening cheers.

The rave party was not over yet, and it was now at its climax. Thanks to the distraction provided by Fred and George, nobody had even noticed that they had been out of the Common Room for such a long time. The Gryffindor party ended only when Professor McGonagall turned up in her tartan dressing gown and hair net at one in the morning, to insist that they should all go to bed.

Evan said goodnight to Hermione, followed Colin and climbed the stairs to their dormitory.

He felt exhausted, pulled up the curtain to cover the moonlight, and immediately fell asleep on the bed.

In his sleep, he dreamed of fighting Acromantulas.

He killed Aragog, the king of the Acromantulas, and stood above Aragog's deep, hidden Lair, looking down upon them.

He couldn't tell why there seemed to be something in it attracting him.

There was something whispering to Evan, luring him down, deep into the cave...

Chapter 280: Action Begins

Through the misty, domed web, Evan looked into Aragog's Lair.

Slowly going down into the cave, it was dark and deep, and the warm wind was blowing from below.

There seemed to be something underneath, and Evan hesitated to go down.

In the slow wind, he could hear a low voice calling for him, whispering his name...

Before he could make a decision, the temperature of the wind blowing from the cave dropped sharply, getting colder and colder.

Evan shivered, feeling the cold breeze on the back of his neck.

A second later, he woke up abruptly and sat bolt upright. Evan saw that Peeves the Poltergeist had been floating next to him, blowing hard in his ear.

“What did you do that for?!” he asked furiously.

“Evan, you nasty little devil!” Peeves puffed out his cheeks and blew harder.

Then, before Evan raised his wand, he zoomed backward out of the room, cackling.

Evan looked at his alarm clock. It was half past four, and it was dark outside.

Now that he was awake, it was very difficult for him to get back to sleep. He sat in bed for a while, thinking about the dream and the contents of Aragog’s Lair.

Considering that Aragog was much bigger than the common Acromantulas, its unusual Lair should not be as simple as it looked on the surface. There must be something...

Evan was thinking about going in and checking it out, but he wasn’t sure if it was dangerous. And if he really wanted to do that, he had to figure out how to get Aragog out.

Being a pure Dark creature, the Acromantula’s Lair must be the darkest and most evil place in the Forbidden Forest. Even if there was any treasure in it, it must be related to black magic. Evan could be sure that he would never be happy to see that kind of thing.

One’s life was too much to risk for a Dark Magic item that was probably destined to be unused or even non-existent...

Moreover, the whispering voice of the unknown creature in the wind also gave him a feeling of uncertainty.

He tossed and turned in bed and finally decided to give up on the idea of exploring the inside of the Lair.

He should now focus his energy on the Gryffindor Secret Treasure Key, which was preserved by the Centaurs, instead of spending extra time in contact with other black magic items.

He rolled over and wanted to continue his sleep.

But now that he was awake, it was hard for him to get back to sleep. He tossed about for more than ten minutes before eventually getting out of bed.

Evan knocked on his bed head with his wand, and a wooden plank opened quietly, revealing a dark cabinet.

He took out a black magic book from inside and read it under the glimmer of his wand.

A faint fluorescence came out of the curtain. In the dark bedroom, there was only one boy leaning on the bed and focusing on reading...

Due to the revelry of last night, the Gryffindor Tower was quiet the next morning, until around noon, when everyone came out of their bedrooms.

As he followed Colin through the hall, walking to the Great Hall, he suddenly saw a small gathering around the bulletin board outside the hall gate, reading a piece of parchment that had just been nailed up, most of them being students of Hufflepuff House.

Justin Finch-Fletchley was very excited. He came to Evan with a smile.

Since last year’s Basilisk incident, he was no longer afraid of Harry and Evan as he used to be.

“Great, Evan!” Justin said happily. “I’m in. I’ve thought it over. It’s dangerous to fight those monsters, but there shouldn’t be any problem if there’s a professor. Moreover, accumulating some combat experience will probably come in handy someday... ”

“What are you talking about? How can I not understand?” Colin said confusedly.

He took a breath and looked confused.

“Professor Black is gathering people to fight Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest.” Justin pointed to the bulletin board and said, “There are also the names of Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione. The four of them are also adherents.”

“Are you prepared to fight those monsters in the Forbidden Forest? Why didn’t you inform me earlier?” Colin said excitedly, and read the notice with great interest.

Evan went over and looked at the notice written by Sirius.

It began with a detailed description of the dark creatures, the Acromantulas and their current status in the Forbidden Forest. Then, in order to enhance the small wizards’ combat experience and fighting skills, volunteers were summoned to surround and annihilate them.

At the end of the notice, it was specifically marked that people could collect Acromantulas’ eyes and hand them over to Evan for a certain amount of Gold Galleons as a reward.

The news spread quickly throughout the school, and it didn’t take long for almost all the young wizards to know about it. Not surprisingly, everyone was excited.

For a while, the Acromantulas became a hot topic.

No one was talking about the Quidditch match that had just ended and the upcoming Quidditch final, but all were discussing the matter of the Acromantulas. All the books about them in the library had been lent out. Students applied to all hunting sessions until the end of the year. Wherever you went, you could hear people talking about Acromantulas.

As for Gryffindor House students, they directly surrounded Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione for questioning.

Seeing them excited, Evan wondered if the guys knew exactly what an Acromantula was. They seemed to totally underestimate the dangers of this dark creature, as if it were just a common spider.

The fever persisted, and eventually the number of applicants far exceeded expectations. Even Slytherin House students, who had always opposed Sirius, signed up.

In the end, even Dumbledore was alarmed. In the face of the unprecedented enthusiasm of the young wizards, Dumbledore did not stop this, but designed a more secure protection system based on Sirius’s original plan.

Now, not only Sirius, but almost all professors would be involved in the whole process of the Acromantulas encirclement, to insure students’ safety.

The time of action was set at noon every day, the most vulnerable hour of the Acromantulas, and the scope was strictly delineated, so that no one was allowed to enter the deeper Forbidden Forest.

Because there were so many people, the hunting of the Acromantulas would be separated according to the four Houses, and under the protection of professors, to fight against these monsters.

Malfoy was indignant at this decision.

He seemed to be planning to take advantage of this opportunity to retaliate against Evan and Harry for letting him lose face.

In fact, Harry was also unhappy. He remembered Malfoy trying to scare him by pretending to be a Dementor. He had planned to take this opportunity to get his revenge.

However, neither of them had this opportunity anymore.