

Harry Potter 281

Chapter 281: Surround and Annihilate

In addition to Harry and Malfoy, the only one saddened by the Acromantulas' siege was Hagrid, who insisted that the creatures were not dangerous.

He told Evan that Aragog and its descendants wanted to be friends with humans.

He repeatedly conveyed the goodwill expressed by Aragog and the other Acromantulas, but Evan was sure that those monsters only saw humans as food.

Needless to say, he had set Aragog's Lair on fire burning hundreds of Acromantulas, and kindling the irreconcilable and utterly undying hatred between them. The Acromantulas' darkness, their evil nature, and their instinct to hunt humans as food doomed them and the wizards to be natural enemies.

Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione gave many examples, hoping to persuade Hagrid to understand this and make him realize Acromantulas' danger, but it was in vain.

On Tuesday afternoon, they walked out of Hagrid's Hut dejected.

"We are really wasting our time. Think about it. What Hagrid likes, three-headed dogs, dragons, hippogriffs, Acromantulas..." Ron complained, "He thinks such monsters are friends to man."

"Hippogriffs are good!" Harry whispered. "But the other creatures are really bad, especially the Acromantula."

"Hagrid's problem is here!" Hermione said sharply, "He always thinks these animals are good, and never thinks they're dangerous..."

"The only fortunate thing is that he is not going to stop us." Evan followed, "That was a significant step forwards. We should persuade him step by step."

"Come on, Evan!" Ron sighed. "We all know what's going on. Dumbledore must have talked to him, so he couldn't object."

As they all agreed, Hagrid was indeed very fond of all the dangerous creatures, not to mention Aragog of which he took care ever since it was so young.

He believed in Acromantulas, just as he believed in Evan.

Although he said that he would not stop the siege and extermination of the Acromantulas, shortly after the operation began, Hagrid was often seen patrolling outside the Forbidden Forest with a bow and arrow and Fang, driving all the Acromantulas he could see back into the Forbidden Forest or sending signals to sabotage the siege.

Evan suspected that he must have warned Aragog, because the Acromantulas were now more alert than ever, and rushed back to the depths of the Forbidden Forest as soon as they saw humans.

But being the flesh-hungry creatures that they were, and considering their large numbers in the Forbidden Forest, Acromantulas eventually had to come out for food.

The young wizards needed only to set traps, or go a little deeper in the Forbidden Forest.

In search for Acromantulas, the Centaurs also played a very important role.

They could provide precise directions and help people find the giant spiders.

Stubborn Centaurs like Magorian were only a small minority. When facing such a common natural enemy, the proud Centaurs had to cooperate with the wizards to a certain extent.

In fact, besides Hagrid, Harry, and Malfoy, everyone was enthusiastic and interested in the matter.

According to the plan, Acromantulas' surrounding and annihilation operations were going smoothly.

Hogwarts young Wizards were divided into different groups according to their Houses and age.

Under the guidance of the professors, they went to the Forbidden Forest to fight the Acromantulas. They joined forces to kill the spiders and bring their eyes back to Evan to get their trophies of Gold Galleons.

Stimulated by both the potential for personal growth and the gold, the young wizards attacked with unimaginable enthusiasm, and this once in a life time "practice session" became the most popular course in the school. Everyone fought the Acromantulas, honing their skills and experimenting with various spells.

At the end of the day, even the students at Slytherin House were all looking forward to it.

It's to be known that Snape was originally opposed to Sirius's proposal to seize the Acromantulas. He sneered at it and did not intend to support it.

But after Dumbledore announced his support, Hogwarts went into action to fight the giant spiders, and Snape had to change his mind to join the operation.

As the head of the house of Slytherin, he was responsible for the safety of Slytherin House students.

With that in mind, and considering that the saliva and eyes of The Acromantulas were very valuable potion materials, Snape asked all Slytherin students to give their all in this Acromantula hunt, and to collect saliva and eyes. At the very least, the number had to exceed Gryffindor's.

To make up for Evan's reward, Malfoy and several other pure-blood students began collecting the eyes of Acromantulas for Snape and giving even more Gold Galleons.

Because of this, no Slytherin handed the eyes to Evan.

Sparks were reforming obviously between the two houses, as they vied with each other and competed fiercely.

In turn, the number of Acromantulas that they had hunted increased with that rivalry, exceeding the number of those caught by both Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw Houses.

Because of past disagreements, for their House honor, and many other reasons, Harry and Malfoy were now really angry.

The hostility between the two and the two Houses reached its peak.

Not just for the Acromantulas, but also for the Quidditch Cup and the Academy Cup to be decided this year between the Gryffindor and Slytherin Houses, tension between the two teams and their Houses was at the extreme since February.

A number of small scuffles broke out in the corridors, culminating in a nasty incident in which a Gryffindor fourth year and a Slytherin sixth year ended up in the hospital wing with leeks sprouting out of their ears.

Harry hoped to play his game against Malfoy, and win the battle.

But Slytherin students obviously did not want the same. They didn't plan to let them confront each other head-on. They had their own plans, so Harry was having a particularly bad time because of that.

He couldn't walk to class without Slytherins sticking out their legs and trying to trip him down; Crabbe and Goyle kept popping up wherever he went, and slouching away looking disappointed when they saw him surrounded by people.

Wood had given instructions that Harry should be accompanied everywhere he went, in case the Slytherins tried to put him out of action.

The whole of Gryffindor House took up the challenge enthusiastically, so it was impossible for Harry to get to classes on time because he was surrounded by a vast, chattering crowd.

The situation was so bad, even Ron was affected. Because he rarely got to be in the spotlight, he was very happy.

Unlike the two of them, Evan wasn't being harassed by anyone, let alone Malfoy, who had not yet recovered from the impact of that Dark Magic. After several other senior Slytherin students failed to provoke Evan, he could finally enjoy some calm again.

Chapter 282: First Encounters

In this environment, the young wizards had a new powerful drive.

The encirclement and suppression of Acromantulas was no longer limited to personal interests such as enhancing individual combat strength and enhancing experience, but transcended that to become a competition between Houses.

No one was willing to lose, especially the students of Gryffindor and Slytherin Houses.

Led by professors from their respective Houses and other teaching professors, they fought with Acromantulas on the outskirts of the Forbidden Forest as planned.

Evan's first hunting session was on the first Friday afternoon of February.

In that operation, Gryffindor second year and third year students gathered in excitement, and were led by Sirius into the Forbidden Forest.

Contrary to the young impatient wizards, Ron looked very nervous.

He hadn't recovered from his phobia yet. Spiders were his greatest fear. So the Acromantulas, which were gigantic, were his greatest nightmare.

Just as nervous as Ron was Hermione. She had hoped to learn more about fighting the Acromantulas from books, but in vain.

That wasn't anything to be learned from books, it was something to be experienced.

At breakfast on Friday, she began to talk to Evan constantly about the whereabouts of these magic creatures, their common fighting skills, the 200 common ways to deal with dangerous and magical animals, and so on.

He wanted to persuade Hermione to feel at ease, but it didn't work much. Hermione looked through the magic books distractedly. After discovering that she was sharing her experience from books, Neville and Colin listened intently to every word she said.

They were eager to hear a useful knowledge so that they would not be so confused in the upcoming battle.

Everyone did learn a lot from her, but in the end, they were very happy when the owl post arrived to interrupt Hermione's never-ending speech.

At two o'clock that afternoon, Evan, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Colin, Ginny and the other young Wizards of Gryffindor's second and third years left the castle. They crossed the field in front of the oak gate and hurried into the Forbidden Forest.

It was a sunny, breezy day. The tall black trees in the Forbidden Forest and the green sprouts that had just emerged swayed and clattered in the wind, covering land as far as the eyes could see. Everyone stared at Sirius in front of the group, both nervous and excited.

"I have led senior students in the past few days, fighting the Acromantulas." Sirius held up his wand and said loudly, "Remember, these creatures are very dangerous. They are extremely aggressive. We must be vigilant!" "

"I knew it!" Ron whispered palely. "We are required to fight Acromantulas, those mad Centaurs!"

"But you don't have to worry too much. The number of Acromantulas outside the Forbidden Forest is not very large, and they're not too big." Sirius's wand shone white at its tip, he waved his wand and continued, "There will be no accidents if you follow my instructions."

"What should we do, Professor Black?" Neville asked trembling.

"Quite simple, find a lonely Acromantula first, and I'll show you a few magic spells that are very useful on them." Sirius said, "Then you will be divided into different groups, fighting the Acromantulas in the nearby woods. Remember not to walk alone, or go too far into the Forbidden Forest. Encounter any accident; signal it in the sky with your wand, I'll get there in no time."

"It really does sound simple."

"Be careful!" Hermione said sharply, "According to the book "Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them", the Acromantulas are good at lurking. They quietly hide in the shadows of the trees, attacking passing prey, or suddenly leaping out when you're not looking."

Hearing her words, everyone hurried away from the tall trunks around them.

The young wizards were huddled in the narrow bushes, clinging together and guarding each other.

They held up their wands and looked suspiciously up at the top of the trees around them, as if Acromantulas were about to come out and attack.

Neville tripped over the vines on the ground because he did not pay attention to his feet.

The sudden accident caused everyone to panic and the atmosphere became more and more tense.

Seeing Hermione still wanting to talk, Evan hurriedly walked over and whispered, "Don't be so nervous, Hermione! As long as I am here, you will not be in danger! "

"I'm not nervous, I'm just not ready," Hermione whispered, feeling Evan's breath and concern, her face reddened a little.

"These monsters are very dangerous. No one can guarantee that they are ready." Ron looked at Evan and Hermione and continued. "Be careful and make no mistakes. Who knows where these monsters would be lurking?"

"You should be braver, they're just ordinary spiders." Harry pointed to Ginny, not far away, "Look at Ginny; she is not as nervous as you are."

Instead of looking around like everyone else, Ginny pulled Colin and asked Sirius at the front of the line for tips on fighting the Acromantulas.

"She's always very daring!" Ron's gaze left from Ginny, and looked at Evan and Hermione again, then looked uneasily at the tall trees around like the others, whispering, "I've never seen anything she's afraid of."

A few minutes later, after a brief confusion, everyone gradually calmed down.

They followed Sirius into the woods for about five minutes until they met a lonely Acromantula behind a leafy tree.

It had just left the nest and was looking for prey in the nearby woods.

After seeing Sirius and the vast swarm of wizards behind him, the Acromantula looked stunned, and then turned quickly to escape.

But Sirius did not give it the chance and directly petrified it with Petrificus.

Then, using it as an example, he explained in detail to the young wizards the weaknesses of this creature, and introduced several very practical spells.

After the explanation, Sirius removed the magic from the Acromantula.

Under his care and guidance, the young wizards took turns. Everyone took turns using the spell that they had just learned to try to overcome their fear of this creature.

Under the attacks, the Acromantula was scarred many times. It sent out frequent clicks with a loud, rattling noise. Its body kept shaking and it wanted to run away.

But this was in vain, and whenever it showed its intention to escape, Sirius's wand emitted a red light, pushing it back to the center.

Chapter 283: Training and Evan's Curse

In the woods, the young wizards formed a large circle, and they took turns to attack the Acromantula in the center, using the spells they had just learned.

Everyone gave their observation, and Sirius also commented on everyone's performance and gave better advice.

This level of practice was really too simple for someone like Evan who had fought hundreds of Acromantulas and faced Aragog.

However, it was really appropriate for other young wizards to help them master the spells they were studying and overcome their lack of courage in the face of such dangerous creatures.

Looking at the ugly shape, waving eight slender, furry spider legs around, and from time to time opening huge, sharp black pincers, many young wizards because of fear, at the very beginning, could not even complete reading their spell.

A few successful spells missed the Acromantula, or did not have the desired effect.

Everyone's actual performance was very poor. It was just too horrible to watch.

Evan suspected that if it weren't for Sirius's power, this Acromantula would have dealt with the dozens of young wizards present on its own.

Only Harry's performance was brilliant, his ability to learn was very strong, and he was the first to overcome his fear of the Acromantula. He successfully cast a Full Body-Bind Curse, slowing down the opponent's speed, and then followed a Smashing Spell, directly breaking one of its legs.

This wonderful combination of spells and attacks, won everyone's warm applause and Sirius's high praise, and earned Gryffindor 20 points.

Seeing Harry's brilliant performance, the other young wizards gradually gained courage.

They attacked according to Sirius's instructions, increasing the number of scars on the Acromantula, and its clicks became more frequent.

It wriggled and squirmed restless inside the circle.

Shortly after Harry, was Hermione, who looked very nervous and not ready. She used Expulso in a hurry. The blue light struck the Acromantula in front of her, hitting it hard against the trunk behind.

Compared with Harry, Hermione did not perform that well. However, unlike other young wizards, she had completely mastered the Full Body-Bind Curse, Protego, and the smashing Curse. It was just because of the tension that she couldn't exert her true strength.

In Evan's opinion, Hermione needed more practice. He was prepared to help Hermione overcome this difficulty in a moment of free action.

The last one in third years was Ron, and Sirius knew he was afraid of spiders, so he reminded him a lot, but it didn't help much.

No matter what everyone said, Ron still couldn't overcome his fear of spiders.

His mouth was slightly open, his eyes bursting out, panicking and looking at the Acromantula in front of him. He couldn't even hold his wand steady in his hand.

After using a spell hastily, he returned to the crowd.

“Not good, I have to further adapt!” He said weakly.

Unlike Ron, the other young wizards gradually adapted. Under Sirius's guidance, everyone overcame their fear and cast magic faster and faster.

More and more curses hit the Acromantula, and the power was gradually increasing. Feeling the change of its opponents, the beast, surrounded in the center, was getting more and more irritable. It seemed to know what was going on, and that it was only going to end in its death.

Just when Ginny was ready to try, the accident was bound to happen!

The Acromantula, trapped in the center, did not retreat. Instead of trying to escape, it was more aggressive, waving black giant pincers, and rushing straight to Ginny.

It was fast, and Sirius had no time to stop it.

Ginny's spell flew over the body of the Acromantula. Watching the monster getting closer and closer, the little girl was completely terrified.

By the time she was prepared to use a spell to defend, the giant spider was already close to her.

Everything happened too suddenly. This Acromantula was so fast that it was too close to Ginny and no one reacted.

Evan, who had been standing behind Ginny, stepped out and stood in front of her, his wand steadily raised and pointed ahead.

When it saw Evan, the Acromantula hesitated and slowed down.

It finally recognized that the thin human boy in front of it was the god of death that burned Aragog's Lair and hundreds of Acromantulas a few months ago.

Just as it slowed down, Evan quickly cast a spell.

At the end of the wand, a silvery white light was emitted, like a sharp sword, directly cutting the Acromantula.

Its body fell to the ground, and its eight dark eyes were all locked tightly on Evan.

It was unwillingly opening and closing its big pincers. It seemed to be trying to bite Evan, or perhaps warning its companions of the arrival of death.

Evan helped Ginny up and handed her to Harry, Ron and Hermione who had just rushed over.

At that time, there was a cry of surprise among the surrounding people.

On the one hand, it was because of the accident that had just happened, but more people were amazed at the magic that Evan had used, and no one knew what it was.

But there was no doubt that this magic was extremely powerful, far beyond everyone's imagination.

After three seconds of being stunned, the other young wizards gathered around.

They surrounded Evan, asking questions and expressing their admiration for him. It was already rumored that Evan was powerful, but it was only now that they saw him use such powerful magic.

The young wizards were amazed and shocked by Evan's strength.

The noisy arguments lasted for more than ten minutes before they gradually subsided. Sirius added 50 points to Evan. He told everyone that the curse that Evan had just used was not recorded in the common magic books, but one that he himself had studied and created.

This made the other young wizards further admire Evan, to the extent that was beyond measure.

They couldn't imagine how powerful Evan was to be able to study and create spells by himself.

Sirius was right. Evan was indeed at the level of creating spells.

But this one wasn't his, it was Tom Riddle's, young Voldemort's creation.

Evan himself was indeed trying to create new magic. He had also a lot of ideas, and had invented a few small charms, but none of them could be applied to actual combat.

All in all, Evan's performance left a deep impression on everyone.

Before, Young wizards often heard all kinds of hearsay about Evan's strength, mostly exaggerations. They only knew that Evan was very strong, but they didn't know to what extent. And it was far from being shocked when they saw it with their own eyes.

Among the ones staring at Evan, who was surrounded by the crowd, only Ron looked strange.

Unlike everyone else, he didn't think the magic spell was created by Evan himself. He couldn't explain why, but he thought about Evan's study of the dark magic and the horrible, cruel pattern he saw on his notebook.

Such a powerful spell, one not recorded in the common magic books, could in itself answer many questions.

Chapter 284: Teaching Hermione

While Harry's wonderful performance gave everyone confidence, the powerful curse cast by Evan just shocked everyone. The young wizards were now more courageous, and no longer felt the fear of the Acromantula like they were at first. But it was not enough, and they couldn't wait for a few more battles like this.

Everyone was in high spirits and wanted to be as strong as Evan and Harry...

Next, Sirius divided the Wizards into groups according to the plan, and let them go to the nearby woods to act alone and fight the Acromantulas.

He repeatedly warned everyone not to go deep into the Forbidden Forest.

Under the care of Sirius and his companions, fighting just one Acromantula was already at the limit of what these twelve to thirteen-year-old wizards could pull off.

Normally, they should be exposed to such a creature after passing the Ordinary Wizarding Level test.

Instead of following the stream in search of the lonely Acromantula, Evan secretly pulled Hermione away from the large army and went to the remote woods. He had his own plans.

Hermione was still discussing with Evan the spell he had just used. She had seen it a few times before, but not once was she as impressed as she was now.

“The spell you just used is much stronger than the Reductor Curse.” Hermione said, “It can split the Acromantula’s body. It looks a bit like...”

“In fact, the principle of this spell is not too difficult!” Evan thought for a moment, turned to look at Hermione, “if you want to learn, I can teach you!”

“Really?” Hermione said in surprise, and immediately became a little hesitant. “But isn’t this a spell you created yourself? I mean, you should keep it secret and leave it as an ace up your sleeve, not just pass it on to someone else...”

“This is not a trick; there is no need for secrecy.” Evan replied earnestly, “And for me, you are not someone else!”

Hearing what Evan said, Hermione’s little face turned red, like an extremely red apple, so cute that one could not help but take a bite.

For a wizard, a curse that he only masters is very important. It should not be taught outside for anyone who is not close or intimate enough..

Evan was willing to pass this spell on to Hermione, and that itself held a lot of meaning.

While shy, Hermione was very happy, but she still intended to persuade Evan to keep the spell secret.

Whatever else she wanted to say, Evan did not give her a chance. He directly explained to Hermione the principle, the spell, the technique and so on.

In the eyes of other young wizards, this spell was extremely powerful.

But for Evan, that was really nothing now. His current ace up his sleeve was the black magic he had learned from studying the Dark Arts.

But those curses were very evil, and every time they were put to use, a price should be paid.

Evan was not bewildered by the powerful force he depicted, and he knew that the dark magic could only be used as a last-minute lifesaving straw.

He was trying to use this as a basis to learn to master the relevant aspects of white magic.

Evan’s recent progress had been tremendous, especially inspired by Dumbledore. But his improvement in combat was limited by his own magic, and he couldn’t use many powerful spells smoothly.

As long as he got the item from the Centaurs’ colony, all the problems would be solved...

In this case, some of the curses he had previously learned from Tom Riddle’s diary would not be as important as they were before, and would become increasingly unsuitable for Evan.

Instead of being thrown aside and idle, it was better to pass them on to Hermione and help her improve her strength.

Standard Charms, such as the Disarming Charm, the Shield Charm, Petrification, etc, are generally less lethal, though they are highly practical.

Hermione needed a few strong spells to protect herself, so that Evan could rest assured.

In the silent woods, Evan and Hermione sat under an old, huge oak tree, and the sun was shining through the shade of the leaves, like stars in the sky, some dazzling, but very bright and beautiful, with an unpredictable silence.

After the initial panic, Hermione quickly calmed down and studied very seriously.

Looking at the girl in front of him, her delicate facial features and those brown eyes full of inspiration, Evan said and said, but he gradually became distracted and moved with confused, foolish reflections.

For an instant, he just wished that time would stop.

Twenty minutes later, after Hermione completely mastered the curse, they went further down the path, deeper into the Forbidden Forest, to the edge of the Acromantulas' territory. After passing through a huge trunk that was lying down, the ground began to tilt downwards, and the surrounding trees gradually became sparse, revealing unhealthy gray.

The trees were covered with bruises, and the large spider webs were hung everywhere with animal carcasses within them.

The scene in front of them was startling. Many of the animals in the webs were still alive. Because of the Acromantulas' venom, they lost their mobility and were desperately trembling in the spider webs.

The surrounding scenery was much crazier than what Evan had seen a few months ago.

It seemed that after he had burnt Aragog's Lair, the Acromantulas must have retaliated wildly against other animals in the Forbidden Forest.

They were venting off their frustration over other creatures.

No wonder that even the proud Centaurs couldn't help but need human help.

Seeing the horrific scenes around, Evan suddenly understood why the elder of the Centaurs had asked him to pay with Acromantulas. What they needed was not the spider's eyes, but the hope that Evan, the cause of all this, would tackle the problem at hand and solve it.

With those dark creatures, the Acromantulas, communication would be futile.

Moreover, Evan was not Hagrid. He couldn't communicate with Aragog and the other Acromantulas. He had to be tough to keep them in check. While greatly reducing the number of Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest would make them stick to their territory and dare not go out, finding how to kill Aragog would just make them too scared to do anything.

It was a good idea to rely on the help of the entirety of the school's young wizards to encircle the Acromantulas and reduce their number, but Evan did not have enough time.

He was ready to make another trip to the Lair of Aragog, the leader of the Acromantulas, and kill him.

Even after all this time, this old spider had a few years of life remaining. Killing Aragog now was the quickest way to deter the Acromantulas from ravaging and disrupting the ecological balance in the Forbidden Forest, as they were doing now...

Chapter 285: Warmth, and Success

Evan's current strength was enough to kill Aragog.

The only problem now was that there were so many Acromantulas. He couldn't face them all at the same time, and he couldn't even get close to Aragog's Lair.

Evan thought that he could maybe borrow Harry's invisibility cloak. But, the Acromantulas' senses were so keen, and they might discover him easily. After killing Aragog and alarming all the Acromantulas, how to get out was also a problem.

He had to find a way to bypass the other Acromantulas, or make them unable to touch him...

Evan looked up at the sky. Maybe flying was a good choice.

He could fly in with a broomstick. Aragog's Lair was a large, sloping pit with no trees nearby, and very open.

There, he could even sit on the broomstick and attack the Acromantulas below from midair.

When attacking them from distance, they simply shouldn't be able to touch him.

The more he thought of this idea, the more he found it feasible, and the more appropriate it seemed.

But when he thought of his bad flying skills, he shook his head again.

To do that, he had to improve his flying skills, to be at least as good as Harry's, and the broomsticks were too restrictive, not too flexible.

Aragog was not to stay on the ground, waiting for Evan to attack it. To kill this old spider, he had to go deep into its Lair.

Evan couldn't imagine himself holding a broomstick and fighting Acromantulas in a pit.

It seemed that he still needed to find another way.

Fortunately, there was still time for the end of the semester.

He decided to put the matter aside for the time being, look for other feasible methods or find a broom and improve his flying skills.

After Hermione had mastered the spells and techniques, they did not go further.

Evan knew that he had to be careful not to let Aragog know that he had re-entered the Forbidden Forest. He accompanied Hermione on the edge of the Acromantulas' territory in search of a hunting spider. They met a lonely Acromantula, and like Sirius, Evan used magic to keep it within a certain range, slowing it down.

He let Hermione fight it alone and practice the magic that she had just learned.

Hermione waved her wand and read the spell against the Acromantula in front of her. Although she had mastered the technique of the spell, her wand did not react.

"This spell is too difficult, I can't use it." She gasped.

“This spell doesn’t rely on high magical power.” Evan waved his wand and added a Full Body-Bind Curse to the Acromantula. “You should wave your wand faster. Pay attention to getting the speed of the wand to match the spell’s speed.”

Following Evan’s instructions, Hermione tried it again, but there was no result.

“No, no, I really...”

“Come on, Hermione, you must be fine!” Evan encouraged. “Don’t be too nervous. Remember; wave your wand a little faster.” ”

Hermione tried several times again, but only up to make her wand’s shine white.

In Evan’s view, Hermione’s main problem now was not her lack of power to use this spell, but that she was too nervous, and she had already determined, in her heart, that she couldn’t do it.

Looking at Hermione, who was still working hard, Evan didn’t think much.

The next second, he walked straight to hold Hermione’s little hand.

“Let your wand follow my hand, don’t force. Remember this feeling!”

Hermione didn’t expect Evan to do that, and her body was tense.

Her face turned red and her body became hotter.

She snuggled in Evan’s arms like a kitten, listening to him talking in her ear, her mind blank, only nodding unconsciously.

She didn’t know what she was going to do, or what she had to remember exactly...

She only knew that she was close to Evan, and could even feel his scent. Her little hand moved under Evan’s traction, and her wand waved pointing at the Acromantula in front of her, but still with no reaction because she forgot to read the spell.

Hermione hurriedly apologized, forcing herself to focus and not to think about the mess in her mind.

But that wasn’t easy, and much more stressful than practicing alone.

In fact, Evan was not much better than Hermione. He didn’t want to think about it when he came to hold Hermione’s little hand. He wanted to help her cast the spell.

It was just a subconscious movement. For Evan, it was as common as eating and drinking.

When he came back to his senses, he realized what he was doing!

He actually came over behind Hermione, holding her little hand!!!

The two people’s bodies were close, and strange feelings suddenly rose from the bottom of their hearts. This was not the first time he had held Hermione’s hand, but Evan had never been as nervous as he was now. What he feared most was Hermione’s resistance, or her pushing him aside, which would be too embarrassing.

Fortunately, Hermione didn’t do that. She didn’t even struggle too much. She just shivered a little and let Evan hold her.

In the dark, silent, empty woods, Evan and Hermione were alone.

They were in a strange posture, and Evan smelled the sweet scent of the girl in front of him, holding her little hand from behind, trying to help her cast the spell.

But in fact, they didn't take this matter to heart, and their thoughts drifted farther and farther.

They stood both like this, and the atmosphere was getting more and more eccentric.

In front of them, the Acromantula, lying on the ground, looked at the two humans strangely, wondering what they were doing.

It wanted to escape, but its whole body was petrified, unable to move.

But the effect of the spell was diminishing, and the Acromantula felt it could regain control of its own body, and as it looked at the two people who were still, it quietly moved back.

Unnoticed, the Acromantula's big pincers clung together.

It changed its mind and was not going to escape anymore, but to attack the two humans in front of it. The Acromantula slowly moved forward, getting closer and closer to Evan and Hermione, and when it was about to jump over, Hermione's wand made a slight, crisp sound!

The next second, a silvery white light came out.

Hermione's Curse was accompanied by a fierce wind. Like lightning, it passed through the Acromantula's body, cutting it into two halves.

Its body fell to the ground, and its eyes unwilling to look ahead...

"I did it!" Hermione said pleasantly surprised.

She raised her hands and cheered, then realized that Evan was still holding her.

They both blushed and hurriedly separated, looking very embarrassed.

Fortunately, there were no other people around; otherwise, looking at the faces of both of them, they would just want to dig a hole in the ground and hide from people's eyes.

Chapter 286: Hermione's Time

After the first successful spell, Hermione performed well.

They searched for a few more Acromantulas to let Hermione practice. Although she could successfully cast the spell now, she was still not very skilled and she could not easily master her movements.

Her spell was also much less powerful than Evan's.

"I practiced for so long, and I still can't master this spell..."

"You are already doing great, Hermione!" Evan encouraged her and said, "When I first came into contact with this spell, I didn't grasp it as quickly as you did. What you need now is more practice until you fully master it."

More practice means more time.

Hermione's schoolwork had overdrawn all her time and energy, with each professor assigning more and more homework to prepare for the upcoming final exam, in addition to the regular battle with the Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest every Friday.

Since February, Hermione had been using the Time-Turner frequently to shuttle back and forth over different periods of time, often forgetting to eat.

With the increase of schoolwork, there was unlimited pressure, and she could only talk to Evan about it.

Evan chose to remain silent and listen quietly, giving her where to vent.

It was useless to suggest that Hermione gave up on a few classes or something like that. It was totally a waste of effort.

He often saw her appear before him right after she left him.

Therefore, Evan had to prepare for Hermione a timetable to remind her of what she should do at a certain time.

One day before the Easter holidays, when Evan and Colin finished their morning lessons in the history of magic, they walked into the Great Hall and saw all the third years sitting at the table with smiles on their faces. Only Harry and Ron looked worried and whispered.

"Why are they laughing all the time?" Colin asked curiously.

"This is the power of the Cheering Charm." Ron explained. "In the morning's Charms class, Professor Flitwick taught us this spell, and we cast it on each other."

Evan knew that the Cheering Charm could bring people a feeling of great contentment.

Under the influence of the spell, the victim's mood would continue to be high, feeling happy from the bottom of his heart, even if he encountered frustrating things.

"Everyone really needs to relax. The effect of this spell can last for a whole day." Evan looked around and continued, "Where did Hermione go, why didn't she come for lunch?"

"This is exactly what we've just been talking about." Harry hurriedly said, "Evan, haven't you seen Hermione elsewhere?"

"No, I saw her the last time in the morning; she followed the two of you to go to Charms class!" Evan frowned and said, "What happened?"

"In fact, this morning until we walked up the marble staircase toward Professor Flitwick's classroom, the three of us were still together," Harry explained. "But when we entered the classroom, Hermione was missing!"

"Missing?!" Evan froze.

“She was clearly behind me, and we were discussing the matter of those damn spiders in the Forbidden Forest.” Ron added, “I and Harry thought she went to the bathroom, but she didn’t show up for the whole lesson.”

Hearing this, Evan already knew what happened.

Hermione must have confused the time with the Time-Turner. She missed a very important Charms class and he didn’t know where she was now.

He took Hermione’s timetable out of his schoolbag, which showed that she should have had Arithmancy and Divination this morning in addition to Charms class.

“Did you ask anyone else about Hermione?” Evan looked up and said, “Like, a student in Divination class!”

“We’ve asked everyone, but nobody has seen Hermione!” Ron looked at the timetable in the hands of Evan and whispered, “I’ve never understood it. How does Hermione manage to have many classes at the same time?!”

“Evan, do you think Hermione will use that thing?” Harry thought about the Time-Turner.

Evan nodded and Ron looked at him and Harry suspiciously.

“Hermione must have confused the time. She is either in the library or in the Common Room.” Evan said, putting down his cutlery. “Let’s go and find her.”

Over 20 minutes later, they found Hermione in the Common Room. She was sitting at a table, asleep, her head resting on an open Arithmancy book.

They went to sit down on either side of her. Evan prodded her awake.

“Wh... what, Evan?” Hermione said confusedly. She woke up with a start and stared wildly around. Then she saw Harry and Ron. “Is it time to go? Which lesson have we got now?”

“Divination, but it’s not for another twenty minutes!” said Harry.

“Why didn’t you come to Charms?” Ron asked strangely. “Evan said that you messed up the timing, but I don’t understand...”

“What?! Oh no!” Hermione squeaked, “I forgot to go to Charms!”

“But how could you forget?” Ron asked. “You were with us till we were right outside the classroom, and Harry can prove it!”

Hermione did not pay him any heed, she wailed, “I can’t believe it. Was Professor Flitwick angry? I remember you telling me about Acromantulas. I was thinking about the spell Evan had taught me. I was thinking about it and I lost track of things...”

“You’ve chosen too many courses.” Said Harry, looking down at the enormous Arithmancy book Hermione had been using as a pillow. “I reckon you’re breaking down. You want to do so many things at the same time...”

“No, I don’t!” said Hermione, moving her hair away from her eyes and staring hopelessly around for her bag. “I just made a mistake, that’s all! I’d better go and see Professor Flitwick and say sorry!”

She grabbed her schoolbag and rushed out of the Common Room, and Evan hurriedly followed.

“I can’t believe I missed Charms class!” Hermione said irritably, and she quickly walked to Professor Flitwick’s office.

“I will stick to my words; you have put yourself under too much pressure.” Evan said.

“I haven’t, I’m just...” Hermione hesitated when she saw Evan looking at her seriously. “You know, I just want to be better!”

“You are good enough. In my mind, you are always the best.” Evan took out a few pieces of cake specially reserved for Hermione from his schoolbag and handed them over.

“Thank you, Evan!” Hermione looked much moved. She came up and hugged Evan.

Then she hurried to Professor Flitwick’s office.

About ten minutes later, she came out of it, looking extremely harassed.

Chapter 287: Hermione’s Divination class

“I can’t believe I missed the Cheering Charm!” said Hermione angrily. “And I bet it will come up in our exams; Professor Flitwick hinted they might!”

“If necessary, I can help you practice this spell.” Evan said eagerly.

“Thank you, Evan!” Hermione leaned her schoolbag over her shoulder and sighed, looking very depressed. “You’ve helped me a lot. Without you, I really don’t know what I could’ve done. I would like to practice this spell, but I have no time. It’s hard to imagine. I spent the whole afternoon in the Divination class, staring at a crystal ball in a daze.”

A week before, the third year class was taught crystal ball Divination.

Evan was very able to understand Hermione’s current mood. For most wizards who do not have Divination talent, it is impossible to see anything from the crystal ball.

As Hermione said, they were totally wasting their time there.

It’s to be known that Divination talent, while highly valued, is very rare, and is usually inherited.

To put it simply, if there were no foreseeers in your ancestors, then you shouldn't get anything useful through Divination.

At the very least, no one had this talent among the young wizards that Evan knew.

Taking into account Hermione's current timetable pressure, if she chose to give up on Divination class, Evan would absolutely agree. He comforted her with a few words. A few minutes later, Hermione went to Divination class, and it seemed that she was about to reach her limit.

To her, Professor Trelawney was nothing but a liar.

It was totally unbearable for her to go and listen to Professor Trelawney's nonsense all afternoon under the strain of time.

So, at dinner time, Evan wasn't surprised to hear the other third-year Gryffindor students talking about Hermione leaving the Divination class halfway through.

"As usual, Professor Trelawney was predicting that Harry will die!" Ron gave himself a big spoonful of mashed potatoes, while explaining the whole incident to others; he wrinkled his nose and exaggerated. "Hermione suddenly interrupted her. Professor Trelawney said that Hermione did not possess the qualities required by the noble art of Divination. She said that she didn't remember ever meeting a student whose mind was so helplessly mundane. Do you know how Hermione reacted?"

All the students in the first and second years shook their heads and their faces were full of curiosity.

"She was silent for two or three seconds, then suddenly stood up." Ron tried to imitate Hermione's tone.

"She said directly to Professor Trelawney "I give up! I'm leaving!" Then, to the whole class's amazement, she left the Divination classroom. It was really brave, wasn't it?! I was scared by her, and I bet Professor Trelawney must have been frightened. She stood there, breathing rather heavily as she tugged her gauzy shawl more closely to her. It was like that."

"Come on, Ron! Professor Trelawney had predicted this. She had predicted her departure. Remember our first lesson?! "Around Easter, one of our number will leave us forever," Lavender, sitting across the long table, interrupted Ron. "She had already predicted it, didn't she?"

"In a sense, she really knows everything." Ron waved his hand, unhappy at Lavender's interruption, adding disdainfully, "As long as it is about unfortunate things!"

"That is the whole charm of Divination, predicting the danger of the future, allowing one to avoid, isn't it?!" Lavender whispered, trying to convince Ron.

The two of them discussed this topic, and Evan asked Harry about Hermione's whereabouts.

“I don’t know, she might go back to the Common Room first. Leaving directly from the classroom, this matter must’ve been a big blow to Hermione.” Harry said uncomfortably, “We’d better go and find her. I dare say she must be very upset now...”

Harry stopped before he finished his words.

Hermione was walking into the Great Hall from the outside. She looked like she was not sad at all. She was very happy. Her face was full of smiles. She smiled and sat down in the seat Evan and Harry had given her.

Because of what happened in the Divination class, almost half of the students at the table turned to look at her, hoping to know what happened after the incident.

“Are you okay, Hermione?” Evan asked tentatively.

“I’m fine, Evan!” Hermione looked very happy. “Since the beginning of the semester, I have never been in such a good state. Think about it, I can finally get rid of Professor Trelawney and the meaningless Divination lessons and devote my precious time to other things.”

“But you left directly from the class. There has never been such a thing before!” Ron’s attention shifted from Lavender to Hermione. He curiously asked, “I mean, if you give up Divination, what would Professor McGonagall say?”

“Thank you for your concern, I’ve just returned from Professor McGonagall.” Hermione took out her timetable and used the wand to remove Divination class and answered easily. “She is very supportive of my decision. From today on, I don’t have to waste any more time in the Divination class. If you also want to give up, you can always speak out without worrying about what Professor McGonagall would have to say.”

“That’s because it’s you!” Ron whispered, “If I had given up Divination as you did, Professor McGonagall would have criticized me so severely, make me apologize to Professor Trelawney and then write to my mother about it.”

Giving up Divination, Hermione could be more relaxed.

Even without Divination, she was taking more subjects than anyone else, but her mental state was much better.

Compared with before, she was smiling all day, full of motivation, without the slightest pressure of her studies on her.

For Hermione, learning was a happy thing. However, other people were not so optimistic. The Easter holidays were not exactly relaxing. Because the school year exam was approaching, the second years were doing more and more homework.

In Colin’s words, he had never had so much homework.

In fact, not only in the second years, the entire school's young wizards now spent almost all their time studying, and they spent more and more time in the Common Rooms and the library. Neville seemed close to a nervous breakdown, and he wasn't the only one.

At noon on the last day of the Easter holidays, Evan had just entered the Gryffindor Common Room when he heard Seamus Finnigan roaring in the corner.

"They call this a holiday?" He threw a few magic books on the ground. "The exams are ages away, who are they kidding?"

Chapter 288: Fruitless Flight Practice

On the eve of the exam, the nervous mood in the castle was pervasive.

Harry and the other Gryffindor players had to fit in their homework around Quidditch practice every day, just as they were forced to divert all their energy away from the Acromantulas and put it to school.

On top of all of that were endless discussions of tactics with Wood.

The Gryffindor-Slytherin Quidditch final this year would take place on the first Saturday after the Easter holidays.

Slytherin was leading the tournament by exactly two hundred points. This meant that they needed to win the match by more than that amount to win the Cup. It also meant that the burden of winning fell largely on Harry, because capturing the Snitch was worth one hundred and fifty points.

Every day at the table, Evan could hear Wood telling Harry constantly, "So, you must catch it only if we are more than 50 points up. Only when we are more than 50 points up, Harry, or we win the match but lose the Cup. You've got that, haven't you? You must catch the Snitch only if we're fifty points..."

"I KNOW, OLIVER!" Harry yelled. "This is the twenty-third time you've told me this!"

"We must be careful, Slytherin already knows that you have a Firebolt, and they must have made their tactics." Wood shifted the discussion to tactical arrangements, "We're going to have to score a lot of points in this game and get the Slytherin team down. You are the key to this game, Harry; we've got to be fifty points up first."

It wasn't just Wood; Gryffindor House as a whole was obsessed with the upcoming match.

It was exciting enough to think about it. Gryffindor hadn't won the Quidditch Cup since the legendary Charlie Weasley left.

All Gryffindors hoped to win this match, and everyone couldn't wait.

This was particularly evident considering the many grudges between Gryffindor and Slytherin, between Harry and Malfoy, and what happened in the match of Gryffindor against Ravenclaw, this had already made Harry determined to beat Malfoy in front of the entire school.

They were training day and night, trying to find the best state of the team.

Slytherin, on the contrary, trained far less frequently than Gryffindor, and now gathered all day gloomily, staring unkindly at Harry and the other players. It seemed that they were intending to use other “tactics” to win the match.

As time went by, the tension between the two teams and their Houses was peaking. Harry was having a particularly bad time because of it.

Wood had already given instructions that Harry should be accompanied wherever he went, in case the Slytherins tried to put him out of action.

Harry was more concerned for his Firebolt’s safety than his own. When he wasn’t flying it, he locked it securely in his trunk and frequently dashed back up to Gryffindor Tower at break times to check that it was still there.

Like Harry and Hermione, who were very busy, Evan did not have much time.

On top of the pressures of the college curriculum and continuing his magic studies in the library, he was also trying to find a way to sneak into Aragog’s Lair.

Evan had not made much progress in that regard.

He couldn’t break into it directly, and none of Evan’s known magic could help him sneak into Aragog’s Lair under the eyes of hundreds of Acromantulas and kill it silently.

He thought it over and over again, and he found it was more feasible to fly directly into it.

Evan had to find his Nimbus 2000 from under the bed. Every afternoon, when he didn’t have class, he went to the field to practice flight.

Now, the young wizards could often see Gryffindor’s Quidditch team practicing high in the air, while Evan alone was riding his broomstick and flying slowly under them.

Everyone was pointing at Evan’s behavior, wondering what he was doing.

It’s known that he had always been the focus of attention among young wizards, especially at this sensitive moment when the Quidditch Final was about to start, and Evan’s move was too suspicious.

There were rumors that Evan was the secret weapon being prepared by the Gryffindor team. The Slytherins were suspicious, but they did not dare to harass Evan as they did with Harry and other players. Like Snape, they were now indifferent to all of Evan’s actions.

With a lot of practice, Evan’s fear of heights was somewhat alleviated.

Even if he couldn’t fly at Harry’s level, he still wasn’t at his same old level, when he couldn’t sit on a broomstick and fly into midair.

After mastering certain flying skills, Evan became increasingly doubtful of the possibility of using his broomstick to sneak into Aragog’s Lair.

Carrying a broom while fighting Acromantulas, just thinking about it, this image was a little funny.

He wasn’t going there to sweep the place. He couldn’t just fly in so mindlessly, and then ignore everything, flying back on the same broom. The chances of success were really low.

As time went on, Evan still did not make much progress.

The night before the match, he had to stop flight practice and completely give up on this kind of fantasies. In fact, all usual activities in the Gryffindor Common Room ceased. Even Hermione had put down her books.

"I can't work, I can't focus." She said nervously.

There was a great deal of noise. Fred and George Weasley were dealing with the pressure by being louder and more exuberant than ever.

Oliver Wood was crouched over a model of a Quidditch field in the corner, prodding little figures across it with his wand and muttering to himself. Angelina, Alicia, and Katie were laughing at Fred's and George's jokes.

Harry and Ron were sitting together, and they both avoided Hermione and Evan, always muttering something in a low voice, seemingly discussing the next day's match.

No one cared about the coming exam, nor did they care about the Acromantulas and the Centaurs in the Forbidden Forest, only Evan was still thinking about it from time to time, thinking about himself sneaking into the dangerous, gloomy Acromantula's Lair.

Every time Evan thought about it, he had the horrible sensation that something very large was fighting to get out of his stomach.

"Relax, Evan, don't think about the Centaurs and the Acromantulas." Hermione closed the book at hand. She seemed to see through Evan's mind, "You told me before, don't put too much pressure on yourself, and the same is true with you. Regarding the requirements of the Centaurs, we can think of ways together. This is not on you alone."

"I know, I am just..." said Evan.

"Come on, Harry looks even more nervous than you. We should have comforted him before now." Hermione walked along with Evan. "This time is really not suitable for studying, there's no way to concentrate."

Chapter 289: Buckbeak and the New Plan

Evan and Hermione went to the fire place and heard Ron trying to comfort Harry.

"You're going to be fine!" said Ron. "You've got a Firebolt!"

"Yeah!" Harry nodded, his stomach writhing. "I have a Firebolt, but Malfoy..."

Harry didn't seem very confident. Before Evan and Hermione could say anything, Wood suddenly stood up and yelled, "Team! Bed!"

It seemed to be a signal that came as a relief for everyone.

Suddenly, the whole Common Room became empty. In order not to disturb the rest of the players, the other students also returned to their respective bedrooms early.

Evan saw Hermione returning to her bedroom. He sat alone in the unoccupied Common Room for a while, and his thoughts moved from the upcoming Quidditch final to the Acromantulas.

Just when he was thinking about it, the door of the Common Room was opened.

Colin came panting from outside, holding a thick stack of forms in his hand.

“What’s in your hand?” asked Evan curiously.

“About next year’s elective courses, you know, the third year needs to add a few lessons.” Colin pulled out a form and handed it to Evan. “I just returned from Professor McGonagall’s office. She originally planned to come over and announce it. But considering that tomorrow is the Quidditch final, she made me bring the forms and promotional materials back first.”

He went over to paste a large notice on the bulletin board next to the fireplace, and Evan saw that the first one on it was an introduction to the Divination class.

After giving information about Professor Trelawney and Divination class, the notice showed a huge black dog standing in the fog, like Sirius’s Animagus form, representing the ominous sign of misfortune and calamity.

If he could, Evan simply didn’t want to waste any time on this class.

But at the thought of those unpleasant prophecies, he had to change his mind and decided to approach Professor Trelawney as closely as he had planned, so that he could keep track of the clues and deal with the vague future that had been changed by his own hands.

“Which courses are you going to choose?” Colin said. “I just looked at it briefly. There are a lot of options to choose from. Professor McGonagall suggested that we should consider it carefully.”

“I haven’t thought about it yet, but I must take the Divination class.” Evan grabbed the quill on the table and made a mark in front of Divination class.

“You’ve chosen Divination class!” Colin said with amazement. “I thought you, like Hermione, always thought that Professor Trelawney was a liar.”

“Most of the time, but it’s undeniable that in rare cases, she does make true prophecies, ones that turn out to be extremely important. That’s why I chose this class.” Evan explained, “And I have to admit that in this class, it is very easy to get high marks. Whether you really see the future or not, just keep predicting that you’ll encounter misfortune. Professor Trelawney likes to see this aspect”.

“I hadn’t any idea, but I know that Harry has also chosen Divination. Since you both have chosen it, it should not be wrong.” Colin also scratched a line on his own form and asked uncertainly, “By the way, what else did Harry choose?”

Looking at him, he seemed that he planned to choose the same classes as Harry. Although they were very familiar with each other, Colin was still the most admiring supporter of Harry among all the young wizards of Hogwarts, and in some ways even more enthusiastic and persistent than Ginny.

“Care of Magical Creatures, Hagrid is the professor of this class. He is always loyal to bringing some bizarre, magical creatures to the classroom.”

“Yes, I remember it!” Colin slightly raised his voice and said suddenly, “Hagrid and his monster friend, the Hippogriff named Buckbeak. I’ve read the articles you and Hermione wrote, and at the beginning of the semester, it taught Malfoy a good lesson and did what I always wanted to do.”

“The Hippogriff!” There was a flash of light in Evan’s brain.

“Buckbeak is good, but I hope that Hagrid doesn’t bring it to the classroom. It looks terrifying.” Colin went on to say, “I have seen in books that ancient wizards used this flying monster to travel, and in medieval Europe there was a legend that someone was riding a Hip...”

Colin began to tell Evan a legend he had heard when he was a child about monsters such as Hippogriffs circulating in the Muggle world.

Evan was sure that Colin was absolutely confusing the Hippogriff with the Griffin, because the creatures in these legends were all Griffins, creatures with lion bodies and sharp claws, Eagle heads and wings.

It was generally believed that the Griffin was the result of a dangerous magic experiment by ancient wizards, and that it was far more dangerous than the Hippogriff.

In recent years, through the research of magical biologists, another new saying had emerged, that is, the Griffin is just a hybrid descendent of eagles and lions, while Hippogriffs are Hybrids of Griffins and horses.

However, the credibility of this statement is very low. It can be seen from the historical documents handed down that the gryphon had always despised the horses, so their mating would be unusual.

There was even a saying in the medieval magic world: Don’t try to match a griffin and a horse, for when someone tried to match two who were unmatchable.

Therefore, as the offspring of the combination of the two, the existence of the Hippogriff itself is also a symbol of miracles or love.

All of these are purely academic conjectures. There is hardly a living Griffin in the wizarding world to prove it. This magical beast, a very famous wizarding creature in history had long been extinct and is only known in the grand myths and legends.

Evan didn’t have to talk to Colin about this. They were not doing academic research. But Colin reminded him of Buckbeak, and that he could use its help to fly to Aragog’s Lair.

There were many shortcomings in the broomstick, such as the fact that it was a hassle to carry around, the unstable performance caused by his poor riding, the inability to safely exit after killing Aragog, etc. There was no problem riding Buckbeak at all.

The Hippogriff had a high degree of intelligence, and could understand the language and expressions of the wizard. It could take Evan to the territory of the Acromantulas, wait above, then descend to take him away once he's done.

Moreover, Buckbeak itself had a certain level attack power, and it could help Evan. In the battle against the Acromantulas, Evan would not have to worry about the Hippogriff while fighting.

The more Evan thought about replacing the broomstick with the Hippogriff, Buckbeak, the more feasible the idea was.

If it was not too late, he would have wanted to try it now.

Chapter 290: Dreams and Illusions

Evan spent that night thinking about that matter.

Deep down in his heart there was an irrepressible excitement about breaking into the nest of the Acromantulas to fight them, to kill Aragog, to prove his strength to the Centaurs, to gain their recognition, and to pass the final test, to get what Gryffindor had left behind.

Boys are often venturous, always enjoying adventure and fighting.

The same was true for Evan, although not as keen as Harry and Ron. But he had been preparing for this thing for the past few months, and even prepared a few black magic spells for this, with the only problem being that he couldn't find a viable way to enter Aragog's Lair.

Now, all problems were solved, and the only thing left was to fight.

Evan put his wand under his pillow and made up his mind.

By the time he had fallen asleep, he found himself again in front of Aragog's huge cave.

In front of him were the misty, domed spider webs and the cold, damp air.

He shivered hard and did not know what had happened.

The last thing he recalled was him still lying in his warm and comfortable bed; how could he suddenly come to this place, to the depths of the Forbidden Forest?!

Evan increased his vigilance. He heard a strange voice, as if someone was talking by his side.

The next second, Evan heard it clearly, and in the cave in front of him, a deep voice was calling for him. The voice, in the endless darkness, seemed to come from the unknown depths of the earth, whispering incessantly, and Evan was unable to hear clearly what it was saying.

He shook his head. This was clearly the Lair of the Acromantulas, but there was none of them around.

Besides the whispering in his ears, the dark Forbidden Forest was silent, and everything was so abnormal.

Following the source of the voice, he descended slowly down the gentle slope into the dark Lair, and behind the huge domed web, he saw an ancient, mysterious blue stone gate with a blurred sign on it.

If it weren't for sure that he came from a Muggle family without any magic tradition or talent, Evan would now begin to wonder if he had a prophetic lineage, and whether one of his ancestors was a legendary sage or a foreseer.

It was because this dream was too clear, clear enough to make him afraid.

Evan didn't know what was waiting for him behind the door. He wanted to ask Aragog, but the giant spider was completely out of sight.

"There is nothing to be afraid of, if it's just a dream," Evan whispered, focusing on the magic waves around him.

He did not immediately open the stone door in front of him, for he remembered an old magic book he had recently read, and the strange magic described in it.

Evan had a sudden conjecture that he might have caught the attention of an unknown creature in Aragog's Lair on the night a few months ago, the night he went after Peter Pettigrew and burned Aragog's Lair.

Perhaps everything he saw now was not just fantasy; perhaps the essence of this dream was not just his own mind.

Unlike a prophecy, this dream could be the creation of a powerful, unknown creature in the depths of the cave. This creature could want him to see this. Perhaps, all what he would see behind this door could be something that he wanted Evan to encounter.

Thinking of this, Evan suddenly shuddered.

Being able to cast such an incredible illusion spell that still had effect on him even after months, only meant that the magical power of that unknown creature was even stronger than Dumbledore. Perhaps that was why Dumbledore did not find it hiding in the depths of the Forbidden Forest.

A magic creature or a wizard even more powerful than Dumbledore, Evan didn't dare to think about it any longer. He didn't know who the other person was, or what he wanted to do; but it definitely wasn't going to be a good thing.

Perhaps that's why Aragog's strength was far beyond the limitations of the Acromantulas species. The voice's owner could be the source of its strength.

Now, it was calling for him, not his servant. What did he want to do?

The more he thought about it, the more afraid Evan felt. Combining his magic knowledge with the magic books he had recently read, he felt that his guess was very likely. A horrible unknown creature was influencing him through magic.

The only thing to be thankful for was that the other side was stranded in Aragog's Lair, sealed behind the ancient stone door and unable to get out.

There should be extremely harsh conditions that must be met before releasing it.

Curiosity killed the cat, Evan put away the curiosity that he just raised, he subconsciously stepped back, his inner instinct told him that no matter what was inside, what he needed to do now was to stay away, even in the illusion of dreams. He had also to stay away from the stone door in front of him, away from Aragog's Lair, away from the owner of this voice.

Otherwise, he would encounter opponents and endless troubles that might prove even more difficult than Voldemort.

There would always be ways to satisfy the Centaurs. It was not necessary to risk the unknown to kill Aragog and to contact an ancient mysterious magical creature.

Just as Evan was determined to leave, the blue stone door in front of him suddenly opened.

The low whisper became clearer, and Evan seemed to hear what the other man was saying. Then he saw a pair of blood-red giant eyes looking at him behind the stone gate. They were too big, too big to be true, and there was no emotion in them.

Beneath the bloody big eyes was suffocating darkness.

Evan opened his eyes wide. He raised his wand in a hurry, and before he could cast a spell, everything was beginning to blur, and he awoke from his sleep.

He sat in his bed and gasped for breath, and all over his body was cold sweat.

It was almost three o'clock in the middle of the night and he felt like he'd had a terrible nightmare, but it was so strange that he couldn't remember anything.

The bedroom was quiet and Evan felt very thirsty. Quietly as he could, he got out of his bed and went to pour himself some water from the silver jug beneath the window. He tried to recall what he had just dreamed, but he couldn't even remember anything at all. He could only vaguely feel that the dream was related to Aragog's Lair.

Evan shook his head and tried not to think about it.

He thought he was just too excited about the upcoming battle.

He took a sip of water and looked out of the window. There was no one on the playground. Not a breath of wind disturbed the treetops in the Forbidden Forest. The Whomping Willow was motionless and innocent-looking.

"Anyway, if I go to Aragog's Lair and explore it, everything will come to light!" Evan said to himself.

Perhaps, self-comfort had played a role. He felt more peace of mind, set down his goblet and returned to his bed to sleep again.

This time, he slept very heavily and didn't dream of anything.