

Harry Potter 291

Chapter 291: the Eve of the Finals

Like Evan, Harry slept very badly that night.

Tomorrow's Quidditch finals put too much pressure on him, especially as he was the key to Gryffindor's victory, and Harry tossed and turned over and had a lot of dreams.

First he dreamed that he had overslept, and that Wood was yelling, "Where were you? You didn't come at the beginning of the match and we had to use Neville instead!"

Then he dreamed that Malfoy and the rest of the Slytherin team arrived for the match riding dragons.

He was flying at breakneck speed, trying to avoid a spurt of flames from Malfoy's steed's mouth, when he realized he had forgotten his Firebolt.

He found that his Firebolt was in Malfoy's hands, and his opponent was laughing, Harry was startled, he fell through the air, and woke with a start.

It took a few seconds before Harry remembered that the match hadn't taken place yet and that he was still in the safety of his bed.

Moreover, the Slytherin team definitely wouldn't be allowed to play on dragons.

He rolled over and went on sleeping. With Ron's loud snoring in his ears, Harry curled up in his quilt, his thoughts gradually blurring.

The following day, Evan was a little sleepy, and he was finally awakened up by Colin.

"We must hurry up. Harry and the other players have already left for breakfast in the Great Hall." Colin handed Evan his robe. "I asked Vicky to help us get two places beside Harry. I want to say good luck to Harry before the match starts."

Evan did not react for a while before he realized what Colin was saying.

He put on his clothes in a random way, followed Colin in a hurry to the Great Hall, which was very lively, full of noise and applause.

People gathered around Harry and the rest of the Gryffindor team. Professor McGonagall and Sirius were there, and there were even a lot of people from Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff Houses who were all giving their best wishes to the players.

Colin hurriedly pulled Evan into the room. Evan saw that Cho Chang was whispering something to Harry who obviously blushed, and just nodded.

"Good morning, Evan!" Cho soon noticed that Evan had just approached, and a gentle smile appeared on her face, looking very comfortable.

She had not yet spoken to Evan, and Luna, who was humming a queer and light tune, came straight. Seeing the "Loony Luna", everyone subconsciously took half a step back.

As always, no one was willing to approach her. But Luna didn't seem to notice the matter. She sent her blessings to Harry like everyone else, and then turned to Evan to tell him about the Wrackspurt she had encountered this morning.

"These creatures like to be invisible, but if you are willing to help, I think we can catch them. My father has a very useful little spell." Luna said in a trance, with expectations in her hazy eyes, "We can write an article about the process of finding and catching Wrackspurts and put it in the latest issue of the newspaper."

"That's a good idea, Luna!" Evan said apologetically. "But I have other plans today. I can't accompany you to catch those Wrackspurts!"

As planned the previous night, Evan was preparing to attempt to use the Hippogriff Buckbeak to fly to Aragog's Lair after the Quidditch final.

He hoped that Harry could win the match and no one would notice what he was going to do.

Evan patted Harry's shoulder gently, and Harry smiled reluctantly.

Evan turned around and saw Hermione waving at him in the corner. He hurriedly walked over to her.

"Besides Snape and Slytherin, almost everyone is supporting Gryffindor." Hermione stared at Harry and the crowd around him who kept coming up to say hello. "I can understand their mood, but they're putting pressure on Harry by doing so. You know, in today's match, he has to keep track of the Snitch, and only when Gryffindor is more than fifty points ahead, could he catch it."

"Calm down, Hermione, you're starting to sound like Wood now!" Evan filled up his plate with the fastest speed.

"Really?" Hermione said in amazement. Just when Evan was about to say something, her attention quickly shifted to Harry.

The welcoming ceremony did not last long, and Wood quickly told everyone away to give his team members time to eat breakfast.

At the long table, he spent the whole of breakfast urging his team to eat, while touching nothing himself.

Then he rushed them off to the field before anyone else had finished, so they could get an idea of the conditions.

As Harry and the members of the team left the Great Hall, everyone applauded again.

On the long table of Slytherin, the people sitting at the table booed loudly when Harry passed by. But Malfoy was not involved. He was sitting nervously in his seat, paler than usual.

The upcoming Quidditch final was a test for all contestants.

Just like what happened in the match between Gryffindor and Ravenclaw more than a month ago, when the players went to the locker rooms to change their clothes, the other wizards rushed to the audience hoping to get a good place.

These finals were destined to be different from all previous Quidditch matches. Besides Slytherin's students, everyone else showed clear support for Gryffindor.

At Evan's suggestion, Sirius prepared a lot of scarlet rosettes and scarlet flags with the Gryffindor lion upon them, and other young wizards spontaneously prepared banners with slogans like "Go GRYFFINDOR!" and "LIONS FOR THE CUP!"

Now, if one looked down from the air, they could see a scarlet ocean.

Three-quarters of the crowd was wearing scarlet rosettes, and shouted for Gryffindor.

Most noticeable was a giant billboard behind the Gryffindor audience, with a vivid, ever-changing color animation of a Gryffindor lion running on the green lawn, players, the Bludgers and the Quaffle spinning and flying around it. Suddenly a little silver white snake appeared and tried to stop it, but the lion jumped up with an irresistible momentum, bit the Golden Snitch in midair and trampled the silver snake hard on its feet.

The silver snake was not willing to wiggle, and in the next second, the whole pattern was turned into gorgeous fireworks.

"GRYFFINDOR VICTORY!" Large slogans emerged from the scene, grabbing everyone's attention.

Chapter 292: The Grand Billboard

Behind the colorful "GRYFFINDOR VICTORY!" slogan was the logo and slogan of the Hogwarts Magic newspaper and the store, with a deep dreamy color.

This flashing publicity board was placed at the highest point, about a third as big as the Gryffindor stand, and it attracted the amazed eyes of all the young wizards before the players came in.

The billboard was proposed and conceived by Evan. Its creation was completely achieved by Sirius. No one knew how much effort he put into it. The final area of the billboard was far beyond Evan's imagination.

In fact, getting the above pattern to last not only required large amounts of stable magical support, it also required special materials to make the billboard.

This was all extremely expensive. Such a large billboard definitely needed a big amount of Galleons.

While the investment was not cheap, the effect achieved was obvious to all.

All Slytherin students looked pale and resentfully looked at Gryffindor's stand.

They also made some preparations. Behind the Slytherin goal posts, two hundred people were wearing green; the silver serpent of Slytherin glittered on their flags.

However, compared with the surrounding scarlet ocean, these preparations were shabby and insignificant.

At the very front row sat Professor Snape, wearing green like everyone else around him, and a very grim smile.

Evan and Hermione walked into the stands, and she showed great interest in the top billboard.

“How did you and Sirius do that?” she asked curiously. “Before today, I didn’t even notice that you were preparing for this.”

“All the work has been done by Sirius. I am only responsible for the idea.” Evan explained, “I got some inspiration from the professional game of the Muggle teams. I felt that I could introduce some things properly. Several businesses that have been working with Hogwarts Magic newspaper were also willing to sponsor it. We originally intended to invest in a single-use, publicity board to surround the entire edge of the stands, but Professor McGonagall disagreed with this, she thought this was too commercial, so for now we only made this billboard.”

“This is beyond my imagination. How much magic did you put into it?” Hermione said with interest. “But Professor McGonagall is right. It is not really suitable for these things to be introduced into a school Quidditch competition.”

“To make these patterns move, in the past two months, Sirius used more than three hundred magic spells. In order to support Harry, he was very willing to do such things. “Evan took out the rosettes that had just been distributed from the door and handed them to Hermione. “All Gryffindor supporters must wear this. Everyone thinks that rosettes can bring good luck.”

“Rosettes bring good luck?” Hermione paused and smiled. “This is the first time I’ve heard of it. I always thought that everyone was just sending them on Valentine’s Day.”

Maybe Evan was too close, Hermione suddenly realized something and stopped abruptly.

“This rosette, can I help you wear it? Evan summoned up his courage and asked.

“Of course!” Hermione’s face turned red.

With Hermione’s consent, Evan awkwardly helped her put on the rosette.

Looking at Evan’s look, Hermione had a happy smile on her face. Under the scarlet rosette, she looked very amazed and excited.

Evan felt himself blushing and his heart was jumping.

He heard a burst of laughter behind him. He turned around and saw Ginny and several other girls who had been following behind them all smiling, chattering and gazing at them.

By the time Evan and Hermione managed to squeeze through the crowd and reach Ron and Colin to help them to take their spots, the team had already begun to enter.

They just sat in the seat, and they heard commentator Lee Jordan yelling, “And here are the Gryffindors! Look at their lineup, Potter, Bell, Johnson, Spinnet, Weasley Brothers and Wood. Widely acknowledged as the best Quidditch team Hogwarts has seen in a good few years...”

Lee’s comments were drowned by a tide of “boos” from the Slytherin end.

“And here come the Slytherin team, led by Captain Flint. He’s made some changes in the lineup and seems to be going for size over skill...”

Hearing his comments, Slytherin’s boos went louder.

Evan, however, thought Lee had a point. He squinted to see the Slytherin players in the field. Malfoy was easily the smallest person on the team; the rest were all tall and big. They were all about the size of Crabbe and Goyle.

After the captains of the two sides shook hands, fourteen brooms rose into the air, and the sound of Madam Hooch’s whistle was lost in the roars of the crowd.

Evan saw Harry take the lead and Malfoy didn’t chase him. Instead, he rode his broomstick and flew in the opposite direction, speeding up the flight in search of the Golden Snitch.

In the two halves, the chances for both players were 50%, which was very bad for Harry with his Firebolt and the Gryffindor team, who were behind in the overall score.

Harry did not hesitate to turn the broomstick to the other half of the field and keep up with Malfoy, hindering him by virtue of his speed advantage.

“And it’s Gryffindor in possession, Alicia Spinnet of Gryffindor with the Quaffle, heading straight for the Slytherin goal posts, looking good, Alicia! Argh, no... Quaffle intercepted by Warrington, Warrington of Slytherin tearing up the field... WHAM!!! Nice Bludger work there by George Weasley, Warrington drops the Quaffle, it’s caught by... Johnson, Gryffindor back in possession, come on, Angelina, that’s a Bludger! SHE SCORES! TEN-ZERO TO GRYFFINDOR!”

Lee Jordan’s explanation was very passionate. He shouted in the silence of the crowd, “Well done, Angelina, what a good girl!”

Then, before anyone could react, Alicia grabbed the ball again. She dexterously bypassed the goalkeeper and put the ball into the Slytherin goal post. Twenty-zero to Gryffindor.

Wood’s tactics worked, and Gryffindor was taking the lead over Slytherin on the scoreboard by virtue of the superiority gained through hard training.

Everyone’s performance was unbelievable. The Quaffle was always on the Gryffindor side, and Wood saved almost all the balls.

The pace of the game was very fast. In less than ten minutes, Gryffindor was 50 points ahead. With that, all ganged on Harry’s performance. If he could catch the Golden Snitch before Malfoy, then this year’s Quidditch Cup would belong to Gryffindor.

Chapter 293: The Quidditch Finals

If Gryffindor won the game, this team would go down in history as a legend.

For Harry and the rest of the team, winning the Quidditch Cup would bring them glory, ensuring that they would be remembered and their signatures would be permanently present in the Trophy Room.

This is almost the highest honor a school wizard could get. After all, not every young wizard can win a special contribution award like Voldemort.

Of course, Evan was an exception.

Not only did he receive a special contribution award in his first year of school, he broke the record and made himself the youngest wizard to enter the Trophy Room in history.

Not long ago, he also received the Order of Merlin, Second Class.

Anyway, his family did not know what the Order of Merlin, Second Class represented, and Evan himself did not value this honor at all. Because of this medal, for a long time, Filch's attitude towards Evan was surprisingly respectful.

Evan was just an exception. Not everyone had the opportunity and strength to fight against Voldemort, the Basilisk, the Dementors and the evil Dark wizards while being just students. For ordinary students, the Quidditch Cup was the only chance for their names to enter the Trophy Room.

Especially considering that after seven years, Gryffindor was once again likely to win the Quidditch Cup and Wood was about to graduate, the victory of this match was particularly meaningful.

The game was still going on, and now all the focus was on Harry. He apparently realized this. After Lee announced that Gryffindor was 50 points in the lead, Harry gave up on following Malfoy and flew to the sky alone in search of the Golden Snitch.

Malfoy chased after him and looked a little impatient.

On the pitch, Angelina made persistent efforts and achieved great success.

She punched the air as she soared around the end of the field; the sea of scarlet below was screaming its delight.

Just then, the accident suddenly occurred.

Without any warning, Slytherin's Marcus Flint suddenly rushed to Angelina as fast as he could, like a giant cannonball leaving a cannon, and under everyone's sight, he nearly threw Angelina from her broom.

As the crowd below booed, Flint shrugged his shoulders and explained in an understatement, "Sorry, didn't see her!"

This seemed to be a signal. Fred was very unhappy with Angelina being attacked.

A moment later, he chucked his Beater's club at the back of Flint's head.

Flint's nose smashed into the handle of his broom and began to bleed.

"That will do!" shrieked Madam Hooch, zooming between them. "Penalty shot to Gryffindor for an unprovoked attack on their Chaser! Penalty shot to Slytherin for deliberate damage to their Chaser!"

Mrs. Hooch's punishment did not stop the anger of both sides, but made the situation worse, or more accurately, it was Slytherin's plan of action, they began to use various excuses to attack the Gryffindor players frequently.

Everyone was very angry about what Slytherin was doing.

Ron was screaming at Flint, Hermione frowned and wanted to stop him, and he heard Lee Jordan yelling, "DAMN, YOU DIRTY, CHEATING..."

"Jordan, if you can't commentate in an unbiased way...!" Professor McGonagall stopped.

"I'm telling it like it is, Professor!" said Lee Jordan, "look at the performance of these guys. It's really disgusting."

Indeed, this was the dirtiest ball game Evan had ever seen.

Because of Slytherin's frequent fouls, the gap was quickly narrowed.

They were rapidly resorting to any means to take the Quaffle. Bole hit Alicia with his club and tried to say he'd thought she was a Bludger. However, Angelina was the main target...

The Slytherin players, who were as strong as bears, seized every opportunity to rush at Angelina, hoping to knock her off her broomstick.

In the face of Slytherin's provocation, Fred and George were not to be outdone. Fred waved his club around Alicia and Angelina to protect both of them. George retaliated by hitting Bole in the face with his elbow.

But it didn't work. Flint and Derrick took advantage of Fred's and George's absence to aim both Bludgers at Wood. They caught him in the stomach, one after the other.

Wood rolled over in the air, clutching his broom, completely winded.

Madam Hooch was beside herself, and she yelled at Flint and Derrick. "YOU DO NOT ATTACK THE KEEPER UNLESS THE QUAFFLE IS WITHIN THE SCORING AREA! Gryffindor penalty!"

The penalty was not a punishment for Slytherin, they didn't care at all, but frequently used the advantages brought by the foul to narrow the gap between the two sides.

Gryffindor's players were obviously not adapted, and Wood's training and tactical arrangements never considered that this would happen.

And they couldn't give up the game; they could only cling to their teeth.

The wave of anger on the audience floor was higher than the waves, and Ron and several other boys even wanted to rush to the opposite stand and teach the Slytherins a lesson.

Fortunately, Gryffindor was still sixty points in the lead, and they could get the Cup as long as Harry caught the golden snitch!

In midair, Harry could almost feel hundreds of eyes following him as he soared around the field. He was flying higher than anyone else, and Malfoy was speeding along behind him.

All the tension before the start of the game disappeared. He was in a better condition than ever before. As he flew past the Ravenclaw bleachers, he saw the Golden Snitch sparkling 20 feet above him.

Harry put on a huge burst of speed; the wind was roaring in his ears.

He stretched out his hand and was about to touch the golden snitch, but at that moment, the Firebolt suddenly slowed down!

Horrified, Harry looked around.

He saw Malfoy rushing forward, grabbing hold of the Firebolt's tail and pulling it back.

"What are you doing?" Harry was angry enough to hit Malfoy, but he couldn't reach him.

Malfoy was panting with the effort of holding onto the Firebolt, but his eyes were sparkling maliciously. He had achieved what he wanted to do. The Snitch had disappeared again.

"Penalty! Penalty for Gryffindor! I've never seen such tactics!"

Madam Hooch screeched, shooting up to where Malfoy was sliding back onto his Nimbus Two Thousand and One.

"YOU CHEATING SCUM!" Lee Jordan was howling into the megaphone, dancing out of Professor McGonagall's reach. "YOU FILTHY, CHEATING B..."

Lee Jordan did not need to stop; Professor McGonagall did not even bother to tell him off.

She was shaking her finger in Malfoy's direction, her hat had fallen off, and she too was shouting furiously.

Beside her, Sirius was even more furious, and without saying a word, pulled out his wand directly. A red light flew straight down to Malfoy. No one knew what the curse was.

This kind of behavior was obviously irrational, but it was in Sirius's style.

All the audience screamed hoarsely. They saw Sirius's spell blocked by a silver light in mid-air, and the two collided with each other in a brilliant light. It was Snape's magic, and he looked back provocatively at Sirius with a grim smile on his face.

Professor McGonagall was very surprised at what they had done. She quickly stopped Sirius and told him not to make any more drastic moves.

This unexpected event allowed the game to move on. Under Madam Hooch's instructions, Alicia took Gryffindor's penalty.

But she was so angry she missed the goal by several feet.

The Gryffindor team was losing focus and the Slytherins, delighted by Malfoy's foul on Harry and Snape's strong performance, were being spurred on to greater heights.

Their whole team was encouraged to fly higher and faster.

Chapter 294: Sirius's Tears

The situation on the field began to change and the Slytherin team gradually started to get an advantage.

“Slytherin in possession, Slytherin heading for goal... Montague scores!” Lee Jordan groaned. “Oh, no! Seventy-twenty, Gryffindor is in the lead for the time being, but the situation is very bad. If we can’t take countermeasures, I’m afraid...”

“BLOODY SLYTHERIN, DESPICABLE MALFOY!” Ron waved his arm and shouted angrily. “If Gryffindor loses the game, I will not let Malfoy leave in one piece. I SWEAR I WILL...”

It was very rare to see Hermione not rushing to prevent Ron from scolding Malfoy.

At this time, she was staring at the sky nervously, her hands holding Evan’s arm firmly.

Evan didn’t remind her that she should not be so nervous, because he was equally nervous and focused all his attention on Harry’s figure in the air.

On the top of the crowd, Harry and Malfoy were intertwined, and neither of them would retreat. Their brooms and their knees kept hitting each other.

Harry seemed to make sure that no matter what Malfoy did, he would stop him.

“Get out of it, Potter!” Malfoy yelled in frustration as he tried to turn and found Harry blocking him.

Harry didn’t say anything; the fact that Malfoy pulled the tail of his Firebolt and made him very angry.

He was now determined to win the battle against Malfoy and directly take him on in this physical confrontation.

This move greatly exceeded Malfoy’s expectations and made him unable to do anything.

In Quidditch matches, seekers rarely have physical contact with other players, let alone such a high-intensity confrontation as now.

The team’s only requirement from the seeker is to have the fastest speed and broomstick maneuvering skills. In order to maintain speed, the seeker must deliberately lose weight.

Now, Harry’s reckless collision and obstruction was unprecedented in formal competitions, so it was normal that Malfoy could not adapt.

Even though Harry himself was very thin, he could grind his teeth and persevere. In this aspect, he was much superior to Malfoy, who was weak-willed.

Not surprisingly, after several high-intensity collisions, Malfoy quickly lost, he looked confused, quickly went down, seeking help from other players.

But no one could help him.

Just a minute before Malfoy’s rapid descent, Angelina grabbed the ball again.

Every single Slytherin player apart from Malfoy was streaking up the pitch toward Angelina, including the Slytherin keeper. They were all going to block her, but it seemed more like they were taking this opportunity to completely finish her.

Malfoy quickly fell, and Harry kept chasing after him, all using the fastest speed.

The two people were like two falling meteors, rushing toward the Slytherins one after the other.

In order to avoid Malfoy and Harry, the Slytherin team was all scattered, Malfoy collided with the elusive Derrick, and they rolled together to the ground.

It all happened so fast that no one knew what had happened.

The Slytherins were all stunned and couldn't believe what was happening. They only saw Malfoy attacking their team members.

Harry, at the very last minute, pulled up his Firebolt and quickly climbed up.

Because of him and Malfoy, Slytherin's encirclement formation was disrupted and Angelina's way was clear.

"SHE SCORES! SHE SCORES! Gryffindor leads by eighty points to twenty!" Lee Jordan shouted excitedly.

At the same time, Harry, who had just zoomed back into the middle of the field, found the Golden Snitch, just a few feet above the grass below, shining ever so slightly.

Malfoy, who had just fallen from the air, was very close to it, but he had not found it yet. He and Derrick were busy blaming each other.

Harry urged his Firebolt down, everyone noticed his movements, and then spotted the Golden Snitch floating above the grass.

The Slytherins quickly warned Malfoy who was stunned. And then, greed and ecstasy flashed on his face. He was now much closer to the Golden Snitch than Harry.

He also began to accelerate. Malfoy had never felt so close to victory as he did now.

If he could catch the Golden Snitch before Harry, he would be Slytherin's hero, and he would be the best...

The noisy Quidditch stadium fell completely silent, and everyone was staring at Harry and Malfoy.

Evan noticed that Harry's feet were forced back, constantly urging the fire arrow, and he gradually caught up with Malfoy.

Bole sent a Bludger at him, and Harry flattened himself to the broom handle.

His speed was so fast that one could only see a shadow. He was already at Malfoy's ankles, and in the blink of an eye, he was level to the other side.

At the last moment, Harry swooped forward and both hands left the broom. Like in the billboard animation made by Sirius, Harry threw himself forward like a lion, taking both hands off his broom. He knocked Malfoy's arm out of the way, and...

He pulled out of his dive, his hand in the air, and the stadium exploded.

Harry soared above the crowd, an odd ringing in his ears.

The tiny golden ball was held tight in his fist, fluttering its wings hopelessly against his fingers.

“YES!!!”

Gryffindor won the match!!!

Evan followed everyone to the middle of the field, and the entire Gryffindor team flew down hugging each other.

Everyone cried because of excitement.

“We’ve won the Cup! We’ve won the Cup!” The cheers and screams around him were lingering, and everyone’s voice was hoarse.

Malfoy looked at Harry angrily for a long time before he went out with the Slytherins, and the whole Quidditch field became a scarlet sea.

Today was destined to be the festival of Gryffindor. Wave after wave, crimson supporters were pouring over the barriers onto the field, and countless hands were raining down on the players’ backs.

Evan did not hug them like everyone else. He stopped at the edge of the field. Sirius also stood there alone, his face full of joy.

“This match is more exciting than any one I remember. Harry played very well. He’s an excellent seeker, better than his father!” Sirius whispered to Evan, he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and his voice was a little hoarse. “Yes, yes, Harry has grown up, and James should be able to rest assured...”

Although he tried to restrain himself, his tears still couldn’t help but flow out.

In fact, this was the first time that Evan saw Sirius cry like this. Even when he caught Peter Pettigrew and explained to Harry the truth of the incident, he didn’t cry like this. In Evan’s impression, he thought that a brave wizard like Sirius would never cry.

Because he was fearless, betrayed by a trusted friend, and his only best friend died because of him, nothing could touch his heart anymore...

Even if he had tears on the way to Azkaban thirteen years ago, they should have dried up by now.

But today, Sirius was crying, like other wizards who were happy for winning the Quidditch Cup.

For an instant, Evan felt the desolation and comfort of Sirius. He had a feeling that, as Harry grew up, this hero was slowly getting old in return.

Evan didn’t know before how to persuade Sirius. Maybe Harry’s performance today could untie his knot and help him get out of his endless self-blame...

Chapter 295: Flight on Buckbeak

On the Quidditch field, Harry and the other players were hoisted onto the shoulders of the crowd.

Everyone took them to the rostrum. Outside the crowd, Hagrid waved the huge scarlet wreath Evan had specially prepared for him, shouting, “You beat them, Harry, you beat them! Wait till I tell Buckbeak about this!”

Beside him, Percy, excited, was jumping up and down like a maniac.

Because they were so excited, everyone no one even gave the slightest thought to common etiquette.

Unlike Sirius, who secretly wiped his tears, Professor McGonagall was sobbing more than anyone else, wiping her eyes with an enormous Gryffindor flag.

Dumbledore, who did not make an appearance prior to the match’s conclusion, was smiling and held the enormous Quidditch Cup in his hand, with no one knowing when and how he came to the Quidditch pitch.

Wood sobbed and took the Cup, and after he lifted it into the air, passed it on to Harry.

The Cup was passed between each team member and then all the students of the Gryffindor House.

Colin held the camera beside him and pressed the shutter frantically. When the Cup came to him, he was so excited that he almost fainted. He asked other people to help him take a picture, but not alone, he asked Evan to stand with him.

Collin had been telling stories about Evan, who had become his brother’s new idol. This photo was going to be sent directly to him as a gift.

After that, Evan also asked Colin to take a few shots for him and Harry, Ron and Hermione.

Although he didn’t care too much about such things, Colin’s words just reminded him that these photos could be used as gifts.

Since Evan alone caught Peter Pettigrew and his experience of saving Sirius was published by the Daily Prophet, he had had many admirers, the vast majority of whom were young wizards like Colin’s younger brother who had not yet reached school age.

Many people began to write to him regularly, sending him greeting cards on Christmas Day. However, most of them were just caught up in the moment, and children are the most forgetful. After a few months, Evan did not reply to any of the letters, and they gradually ceased sending letters to him.

The only exception was a ten-year-old girl from France, Gabrielle Delacour, who wrote him two letters a week, regardless of whether Evan wrote back or not. In addition to the very full three letter papers written in it, there were also pictures, photos and some small gifts for Evan. This perseverance made Evan feel ashamed.

So when Colin said that he would send the photo to his brother as a gift, Evan thought of Gabrielle.

Although today’s match has nothing to do with him, he decided to introduce his friends to her.

The celebration of Gryffindor’s winning the Quidditch Cup lasted for a long time. In addition to Professor McGonagall, Sirius and Hagrid, many students from Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff came to Gryffindor’s Common Room to join them.

Evan saw Cedric and Cho, but did not see Luna.

According to other people, she did not even go to watch the match, but she was looking for non-existent Wrackspurts in the castle.

Evan remembered that this morning, Luna also invited him to accompany her to find Wrackspurts, although he was not interested in it, it was a good excuse.

He didn't spend too much time in the party. He left the Common Room pretending to look for Luna. Evan went straight to the field outside the castle. He had just asked Hagrid, and Buckbeak was shackled outside the cabin.

Evan did not intend to go too far. He was just going to try it out today to see if it was possible to take a ride on Buckbeak and sneak into the Acromantulas' territory.

If feasible, he needed to develop a detailed plan. At the very least, he needed to mention this to Sirius and ask for his help.

It was not too long before the end of the semester, and time was already running out. If things were to go as they did in the books, Voldemort would regain his strength at this time next year and return again. Although the plot had been changed by Evan, no one could expect what would happen.

Even without Peter Pettigrew's help, Voldemort wasn't just going to stay in the shadow of the Albanian forest, doing nothing. Professor Trelawney's new predictions were very worrying.

With this in mind, Evan had to speed up.

As he thought, he hurried to Hagrid's Hut.

Buckbeak was tethered to a fruit tree behind the pumpkin patch, his enormous wings folded tight on both sides of his body.

When Evan approached, he was enjoying a plate of dead ferrets in front of him, which was his favorite food.

Hearing footsteps, Buckbeak looked up and his fierce orange eyes glared at Evan.

After discovering the person he was familiar with, he re-focused his attention on the food in front of him. He snapped, snapped, and spit several ferret bones on the ground.

Evan walked to Buckbeak and untied his rope. Although he had never ridden a Hippogriff before, he knew how to operate it. He had heard Hagrid, Harry, and Hermione talk about it countless times.

First of all, he had to stare at the eyes of the monster to gain his trust.

The trick was not to blink or close his eyes frequently; otherwise the Hippogriff would have doubts and think that he was not honest.

After getting the most basic trust, he had to show respect to him.

The simplest way is to bow and use Hagrid words to be polite. If the Hippogriff returns the salute, then he can touch and ride him.

It didn't seem too difficult, especially since Evan and Buckbeak were already very familiar with each other, making the whole process much simpler.

Evan was close to Buckbeak and looked at his frightening orange eyes.

It stood up, shook his hairy, big, pointed head gently, and looked curiously at Evan, not knowing what he was going to do.

Evan bowed slightly, and Buckbeak looked at him. After a few seconds of stiffness, the Hippogriff suddenly bent its scaly front knees and sank into saluting him.

With a relaxed mind, Evan walked over and put his foot on Buckbeak's wing, hoisted himself onto its back, and sat behind its wings.

Everything around of Evan was covered with long, beautiful maroon feathers, which felt very warm and comfortable, just like sitting on a soft sofa.

Buckbeak stood up and looked back at Evan puzzled.

"Listen, buddy!" Evan patted Buckbeak's head gently. "I want to go to the territory of the Acromantulas, just in the depths of the Forbidden Forest. There is a huge slope without trees. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Buckbeak was still looking at Evan, and then bowed his head and swallowed a dead ferret. When Evan thought it didn't understand what he meant, without warning, twelve-foot wings flapped open on either side of Evan, and flew up.

Evan just had time to seize the Hippogriff around the neck before he was soaring upward.

He found that he was getting farther and farther from the ground and soon rose to the sky.

The cold air whizzed past, and Hagrid's Hut and the trees were getting smaller and smaller under Evan's feet.

Chapter 296: A Disaster Waiting to Happen

Riding on the back of Buckbeak was not the same as riding a broom.

Evan felt that everything around him was spinning fast, the figures on the ground were shrinking fast and disappearing, and the dividing line between the sky and the ground became blurred. He clung to Buckbeak's neck and stuck his body on its feathers.

Buckbeak's wings beat uncomfortably on either side of him, catching him under his legs and making him feel he was about to be thrown off at any moment.

Because of the wind, Buckbeak's glossy feathers slipped under his fingers.

Evan didn't dare try to get a stronger grip. The hindquarters of the Hippogriff rose and fell with its wings. He felt himself rocking backward and forward. This was much harder than riding a smooth broomstick. If he hadn't overcome acrophobia in the last month or so, he couldn't have guaranteed that he would have fallen unconscious.

However, Evan could be sure that even if he fell from high altitude, Buckbeak would be able to catch himself before he hit the ground.

Thinking about it this way, there was nothing to worry about.

He tried to peep out and look at the surrounding scenery.

They were now flying fast over the huge lake in front of the castle, at an astonishing speed, faster than the Firebolt.

As Buckbeak spread his wings and white clouds floated by his side, Evan felt that he was dancing with the wind, which was a wonderful experience.

Soon, he discovered the advantages of riding a Hippogriff.

In addition to being extremely fast and flexible, it was also easy to hide. Looking up from below, one could only see a Hippogriff flying through the air, and couldn't see Evan hiding under its thick feathers.

Moreover, these thick feathers could help Evan withstand the cold winds of the sky and keep the temperature, so that he would not freeze and stiff because of flying.

Not to mention, Buckbeak himself was capable of fighting.

During a fight, it could help Evan deal with Acromantulas and all kinds of potential dangers.

If comfort could be improved, it would be perfect.

"Let's fly to the Forbidden Forest, to the territory of the Acromantulas." Evan shouted.
"Our destination is the slope, Aragog's Lair!"

Just when Evan and Buckbeak approached Aragog's Lair, at the edge of the territory of the Acromantulas, Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe also appeared in there.

They passed under a huge fallen tree trunk covered with green vines. The ground was covered with gravel and unknown plants. The thick moss was very uncomfortable to step on and almost caused Goyle to slip. He hurried to hold Crabbe steady.

The two breathed fast and heavily. They looked at the scenery around them that was getting a bit strange, and their faces were full of fear and worry.

Even if they were stupid, they knew that they could not cope with Acromantulas just with their bulging muscles.

"Draco, we," Goyle's voice trembled, his small, dull eyes wandering back and forth among the nearby bushes, for fear of something drilling out of it.

"What?" Malfoy replied in a sullen manner, not even turning his head back.

"I, I don't think we can go any further." Crabbe shoved Goyle, and the two exchanged glances. He said in an almost imploring tone, "All around here, there are those dangerous Acromantulas Professor Black told us about."

"SHUT UP, GREGORY! Don't mention Black to me. He and the Weasleys are the scum of pure blood wizards!" Malfoy said sharply, "Well, I can see that, the hateful Black, the hateful Potter, and the more hateful muddy Mason, they're behind all of this."

"Draco, the Acromantulas are dangerous. We are approaching their territory." Crabbe swallowed and hurried to persuade him, "Gregory's right. Let's get back. They can come out at any moment."

“YOU SHUT UP, TOO, VINCENT!” Malfoy said disgustedly, “I know what I am doing. We’re just out looking for those stupid spiders. Do you think that I will be defeated by them?! Well, you two just follow me.”

Malfoy clutched his wand tightly, and furiously broke the branches on the ground.

“But...”

“On the edge of the Forbidden Forest, the only Acromantulas that can be seen are very weak. It’s only here that we could find larger spiders. The three of us can handle them.” Malfoy explained impatiently, “in the past few months, you have killed a lot.”

Seeing Malfoy’s angry face, Goyle and Crabbe did not dare to refute.

They all knew that at this time they should not provoke Malfoy. In fact, after losing to Gryffindor, all Slytherin students questioned and picked on Malfoy’s performance on the pitch. They did not understand why Malfoy would join Harry to prevent other players from blocking Angelina.

Although Malfoy had explained many times that he was avoiding Harry’s physical collision, this explanation couldn’t be understood and sympathized with in the Slytherin House.

For most people, it was because of Malfoy’s stupidity and cowardice that they lost the crucial finals. Although no one dared to blame and question Malfoy publicly because of his family’s status, the way they all glanced at him was very unpleasant to him.

While Gryffindor was having a carnival, the mood in Slytherin’s Common Room was dull and tense, with awkwardness taking over all.

While Flint and the rest of the team were preparing to review each other in turn, Malfoy led Goyle and Crabbe out of the room.

He was so angry that if he could, he would rather have a duel with Harry.

In fact, he couldn’t even find Harry’s shadow now.

Malfoy wandered aimlessly around the castle, thinking of the recent series of unpleasant events: the Quidditch Final had just been lost, Buckbeak who hurt him and escaped due punishment, Harry had his reunion with his godfather Sirius Black, and the advice of his father and Professor Snape, etc.

The more he thought, the angrier he was, and the worse he felt his recent misfortunes. Everything started to reverse around Christmas, and things got worse and worse.

After hearing a few Hufflepuffs in the library talking about the Quidditch match and the grand carnival held in the Gryffindor Common Room, Malfoy left with a gloomy face. He decided to vent by killing Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest.

Through a few months of fighting the Acromantulas, the combat strength of all the young wizards had increased significantly.

With the help of others, Malfoy also killed more than 30 Acromantulas, which ranked him second among all the young wizards in Hogwarts, surpassing most senior students, and that was enough to make him proud.

Although there was no professor to accompany him today, Malfoy didn't think he would be in any danger.

Although angry, he still had enough reason to know that as long as he did not go too deep into the territory of the Acromantulas, there would be no danger.

What he needed now was to vent his anger by taking lives.

But strangely, today, he couldn't figure out what was going on. Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe have been searching for a long time outside the Forbidden Forest, and they didn't even see the shadow of an Acromantula. These creatures, that were extremely common in the past, seemed to have suddenly disappeared.

Chapter 297: Malfoy, on the Verge of Becoming Food

There was no sound in the Forbidden Forest, and everything was quiet.

Under the cover of dense leaves, the dim, pale green sunshine seemed hard to please, and there seemed to be some disaster hidden in the shadows of the bushes.

None of the three spoke, and the sparse sounds of them walking on the leaves around them only increased their nervousness and uneasiness.

Malfoy's anger gradually disappeared and nervousness took over, making his heart thump faster and faster.

Purposeless recklessness was not the style of the Malfoy family. If it hadn't been for Crabbe and Goyle's dissuasion, he would have been the first to leave now.

In order to save face, he decided to kill an Acromantula before returning to the castle.

By then, Flint should have also completed the boring and meaningless task.

In order to bolster himself, Malfoy shouted, "Don't think that's the end of it. They're just gaining the upper hand for the time being. My father wrote to me the other day. He is not satisfied with the decision of the Committee for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures. He decided to make an appeal. He has the support of several important people. To me, the Hippogriff, this time, is dead! "

Goyle and Crabbe barely smiled, still looking suspiciously around.

"This time, that bloody mud Mason can't help him. The thought of that furry stupid behemoth crying is enough to make me amused. I can't believe he is still our teacher!" Malfoy leaned on a big tree with a malicious smile on his pale face. "It's a disgrace. If Professor Snape allowed me, I would be the first to give up on the course of Care of Magical Creatures. You know, my father always thought Dumbledore had some problems with his management methods. After killing the Hippogriff, the next thing should be... "

Before he finished his words, he saw Goyle and Crabbe suddenly looking back at him. They seemed to have found something. With frightened faces, their eyes were all staring at the top.

“What’s the matter with both of you?” Malfoy said suspiciously. “You don’t think, like the other idiots in the school, that the noble Malfoy family will be defeated by a few poor maggots and mud-bloods?! I tell you this is absolutely impossible.”

“Up... a..above, Draco!” Crabbe’s voice was somewhat distorted.

Beside him, Goyle shivered and pointed at Malfoy’s head. There seemed to be something blocking his throat, and he couldn’t speak for a long time.

Seeing the appearance of his two followers, an ominous presentiment rose at the bottom of Malfoy’s heart.

He swallowed, clenched his wand in his hand, slowly raised his head and looked up at the top of his head along the eyes of Goyle and Crabbe.

The next second, a heartbreaking scream rang in the Forbidden Forest.

Malfoy’s face was bloodless, as if he were dead. He collapsed to the ground and looked with disbelief at the horrible scene in front of him: eight black, fierce hideous eyes were staring at him.

It was an Acromantula!!!

He didn’t know when it crept on them silently. It was less than a foot from Malfoy, he could even see the fluff on its body.

What was more terrifying was the size of this Acromantula.

It was bigger than any other Malfoy had ever seen before, with big sharp pincers shimmering with a palpitating cold light, and eight plush hot spider legs dancing around.

Nausea... panic... fluster.... despair!

Malfoy had no idea what words to use to describe his current feelings. He raised his wand unconsciously and a weak green light flew out.

This was a magic that Snape taught to him alone. It was very useful to deal with the Acromantulas. That is why he dared to break into the Forest without being accompanied by a professor.

However, because of too much panic, the curse rubbed by the side of the near Acromantula’s body and flew past without any effect.

Click, click, click...

There was a sudden, numb voice, and the Acromantula rushed to Malfoy along the trunk.

In panic, Malfoy cast another curse, trying to block it from approaching him.

Just as the Acromantula fell on him, more than a dozen other giant spiders emerged from the surrounding bushes.

Crabbe and Goyle stupidly turned around in the same place, looking at them in a frenzied way.

“Damn, this was a trap! We are surrounded by Acromantulas!” Malfoy pointed his wand in his hand and screamed. “Don’t just stand there foolishly, you two fools.”

At Malfoy's command, Goyle was completely at a loss. Instead of using his wand, Crabbe picked up a branch from the ground and confronted the Acromantula approaching him, stretching his arms like a fool.

Malfoy had no time to take care of the two idiots beside him. He wanted to run away, but the Acromantula in front of him was tightly entangled with him.

Although it was huge, it moved very fast.

Malfoy's magic all fell aside and didn't make any difference.

Despair gradually occupied their hearts. Now everyone was in the castle. No one knew that they were in the Forbidden Forest, and no one would come here to save them.

Click, click, click...

Malfoy was distracted, and his right arm holding the wand suddenly burst into pain. He was bitten by the Acromantula, on the same spot that had been attacked by Buckbeak last time.

But this time, it was not a long and deep cut, but a narrow and short wound.

In fact, the wound didn't gush out as much blood this time-around, but it was even more deadly.

The Acromantula is venomous, and the blood around Malfoy's wound quickly became a strange green.

"Help, I am going to die!" He screamed and threw away his wand.

But no one could save him. Goyle and Crabbe were all caught by Acromantulas, their two big heads down, struggling fiercely. They were held tightly by the first two furry legs of two Acromantulas and dragged toward the center of the woods.

If nothing was to happen, they would become food.

Since the young Wizards of Hogwarts started a full-scale war with the Acromantulas, the beasts had suffered heavy losses. That, along with the fire set by Evan, had made human beings their deadly enemies. Hagrid also told Evan about this a few days ago. Aragog had not met him recently, and the descendants of the Acromantula had even started attacking him.

This was something that had never happened before.

Aragog had completely degenerated and become the enemy of the wizards of Hogwarts.

In such a situation of near total war, these creatures naturally refused to stay idle and surrender to their death.

The tall and fat Goyle and Crab might be stored for later, but the bitten Malfoy, of course, was tonight's menu!

Alive of course, the taste of dead human flesh is inferior!

But before that, they would take them to Aragog, and then enjoy the delicious living meal!

Chapter 298: To Save or Not to Save...

Evan quickly got the knack of riding a Hippogriff. He could hold Buckbeak's flanks firmly with his heels.

The huge wings waved beside him, and he tried to loosen his arms around Buckbeak's neck.

There was no other discomfort except the occasional slight sense of nausea.

Instead, he felt he was getting more and more adapted.

Compared with the broomsticks which were difficult to master, he was feeling more confident flying at high altitudes on the Hippogriff.

They followed the airstream and entered the Forbidden Forest from the air.

Passing through the clouds under his feet, Evan saw large trees.

He had seen this scene countless times before from the top of the castle. But because of his new different angle, the sensation was completely different. Watching the Forbidden Forest from the top down, the trees that were continuous, the trees that were not visible, and the old trees that towered into the clouds were more shocking, immersed in the greatness of nature.

But before Evan could appreciate it, the trees in front of him began to become sparse, as if they had been dug out.

The color of the trunks gradually presented an unhealthy grey. Here was the territory of the Acromantulas.

In the corner, several Acromantulas slowly crawled out of the hidden shadows. They watched the visitors coming from the sky with vigilance.

Evan hurriedly stooped down and squatted on Buckbeak.

Click, click...

After discovering that the intruder was just a Hippogriff, the Acromantulas, who were in charge of alerting their brethren, slowly retreated back and re-hid in the darkness.

As a relatively common species in the Forbidden Forest, although there were a few Hippogriffs breaking into the territory of the Acromantulas, it was not absolute.

They did not see Evan sitting on Buckbeak's back, nor did they inform Aragog and the other Acromantulas to defend themselves.

Relying on Buckbeak, Evan was not discovered, smoothly sneaking in, and his plan was successful.

He and Buckbeak flew toward the center of the Acromantulas' territory. Evan poked out his head and took advantage of the gap between Buckbeak's wings to observe Aragog's Lair carefully.

Since the big fire a few months ago, he had never been here again.

With the constant deepening, the scenery in front of him was more and more shocking.

Unlike the last time he came here, it was very difficult to see trees on the ground in the core of the Acromantulas' Territory, as if swept by a tornado and corroded by something. Even the soil turned dark grey, intermittently revealing a few reds.

White spider webs, animals' cheekbones, and the traces of the destruction could be seen everywhere. Looking down from high altitude, the slope of Aragog's Lair was deeply sunken in the earth, filled with irregular folds and ravines, which looked very strange.

Thick leaves were no longer visible on the ground, and the scorched black, glossy sand seemed to have covered the surface with a thin film.

Even at altitude of a few hundred feet, there was the smell of burnt leaves in the air, dirt and raw meat, as well as the smell of blood...

The striking thing was the entrance to the Lair, like a huge doomed spider web.

It seemed to be huge like it used to be, and it was densely packed with all kinds of animal corpses.

Among them, Evan even saw the body of a Centaur!

He was placed in the most prominent position and seemed to be like a demonstration to the intruders.

Inside the Lair, a pale, milky-white mist emerged from it from time to time, like a volcanic crater, dimly dispersing the bloody smell to the entire slope.

The scene in front of him was too horrible, and the fire that Evan had set a few months ago seemed to have opened the gates of hell.

Now that Aragog has degenerated, he was not restraining his descendants, but submitting to instinct and becoming a Dark creature who only knew how to kill.

Even worse, its brutality had damaged the balance that Hogwarts and the Forbidden Forest should have.

The revenge of the Acromantulas almost made the Lair a purgatory.

The current situation was even worse than the news obtained by the Centaurs' investigation. It was necessary to stop the Acromantulas from continuing to rage as soon as possible, and Aragog had also to be eliminated.

On top of the ubiquitous corpses, what made Evan worry was that he felt a hint of Dark magic in the fog floating from Aragog's Lair.

Black magic, could it be Voldemort?!

Evan shook his head. With his understanding of Voldemort, the latter would not use evil black magic to control, influence and transform the Acromantulas. By the time he would use such magic, he would rather use a Killing Curse to eliminate the enemy directly.

In Dumbledore's words, Voldemort despised life and was more afraid of death, which was his greatest weakness.

In his opinion, he believed that death was the greatest fear for all.

Avada Kedavra was Voldemort's favorite Curse, not any other complex, evil black magic.

It couldn't be Voldemort who left this Dark magic. What's more, he couldn't even be near Hogwarts now.

If it wasn't Voldemort, who would it be?!

Evan thought of the unknown existence that might have been hiding in Aragog's Lair. This was only his guess. He didn't know why, he felt that he should already know some important information about the matter, but he couldn't think of it...

Just like the bodies covered by the mist in front of him, the dreams that he had forgotten seemed to be related to this existence.

Evan couldn't remember those dreams, but in any case, the sight in front of him was enough to inform Dumbledore and make him come out to deal with these Acromantulas.

Buckbeak took Evan and flew around Aragog's Lair a few more times. After Evan remembered the hiding places of most of the Acromantulas, they began to return to the castle.

Just then, Evan saw a group of Acromantulas leaving the center.

Because there were no trees, he could see very clearly that the group consisted of twelve or thirteen Giant Spiders. The one in the lead was obviously much larger than its companions. Behind it, spiders dragged three wizards in Hogwarts robes, Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe.

"Damn, what are these three doing?" Evan was shocked and almost slipped off of Buckbeak's back.

Malfoy and the two others were supposed to be in the castle. How could they be caught by the Acromantulas?

What should he do now?

Go and save Malfoy?! This was just a joke. Besides the missing, Evan found that the number of Acromantulas hidden nearby was definitely not less than one hundred. Once he fought and alarmed them, the consequences would be absolutely unimaginable.

What's more, no matter from which point of view he could think of, Evan had no reason to risk his life for Malfoy's rescue.

Thinking about it, if his life was in danger, Malfoy would not have any conscience, and he would not save him.

If he let it go no matter what would happen, or left and went back to inform others, then from what he was seeing, in a few minutes, Malfoy and his companions would become the newest trophy on the huge spider web.

Evan was sure that he would certainly not feel sad if he heard that Malfoy was dead.

But witnessing Malfoy's death in front of him was a totally another thing.

Chapter 299: Buckbeak Swooping Down

Below, Goyle and Crabbe wept loudly; struggling desperately, but unable to shake the hairy, slender legs of the Acromantulas.

Beside the two people, Malfoy looked pale and unconscious.

None of the three of them saw the Hippogriff in the sky, not to mention Evan sitting on Buckbeak's back.

If he just left, no one would know that he had been here.

Evan hesitated, no doubt, he did not like Malfoy. But to let him die and witness his death, he couldn't do it no matter what.

Just like twenty years ago, Harry's father, James, saved Snape from the wolf population; in the original plot, Harry saved Malfoy and Goyle from the fire.

This matter was beyond the personal level of whether or not they liked someone, and was related to one's nature and conscience.

To save or not to save, it might seem like a difficult decision.

But for Harry, for Evan, for the real Gryffindor, there was always one answer.

"Let's go down, Buckbeak!" Evan shouted, pulling out his wand. "I must've gone absolutely mad, risking my life to save Malfoy!"

On the ground, Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe were all in despair.

It was natural, they were about to become food for the Acromantulas. By the time the school's rescue would arrive, they would only find the white bones or the half eaten corpses.

Thinking of such a scene, Malfoy was not willing to lift his hand and it quickly dropped down.

He felt that his life was rapidly slipping away, and that he was likely to die at any moment.

Today, he finally paid the price for what he had done.

Just as he had given up, a Hippogriff swooped down into the Acromantulas, and its brown steel-like claws caught a giant spider and shredded it directly.

The green liquid splashed on Malfoy's face, which made him sober up.

He couldn't believe it; he blinked his eyes, and remained motionless, his brain stopped working.

Beside him, Goyle and Crabbe, who had been struggling, were also stunned, facing the sudden attack.

Even the Acromantulas were all stunned.

They lay on the ground, and their big pincers that had been constantly clicking all stopped.

Everyone looked at Buckbeak in surprise, but it didn't stop. Under Evan's command, it waved its wings and floated in the air, with gale and fearless momentum, and rushed straight to the nearest Acromantula that was grabbing Goyle.

A red light flashed across, and Evan's Petrification Curse hit it.

Goyle was surprised to find that the Acromantula was gradually turning into a stone, and its body showed a blue-grey color and became stiffer.

Its two tightly clamped hairy long legs were getting weaker.

With a burst of laughter, Goyle was released by the Acromantula and landed heavily on the ground.

"God, this...this Hippogriff came to save us!" He seemed to have just reacted, looking at Buckbeak in disbelief, and sobbed loudly, "Help, help, take me out of here, I don't want to die!"

"I know it, it is Buckbeak!" Crabbe stepped up his resistance and shouted. "It is the Hippogriff raised by Hagrid. It must be... .."

Hearing Crabbe's reminding, Malfoy also recognized Buckbeak.

There was a lot of confusion in his heart, and he felt this was ironic.

Just a few minutes ago, he was vowing to get his father to kill the Hippogriff, but now he had to rely on it to save himself.

But now he couldn't take that much into account, Malfoy vowed that as long as he was alive, he would repay Buckbeak.

Just as he wanted to shout for help like Goyle and Crabbe, he stopped and looked at Evan sitting on Buckbeak's back with puzzled eyes.

Being saved by Buckbeak, and Evan of all people, was something he had never imagined.

He hesitated for less than a second, and the idea of survival immediately overcame his pride and shouted weakly to Evan, "Help, save me!"

Evan had no time to talk to Malfoy. Through unexpected surprise attacks, he and Buckbeak collaborated to eliminate four Acromantulas and successfully rescued Goyle. When the remaining Acromantulas reacted, his pressure increased sharply.

Click, click, click...

They danced sharp pincers, and they rushed in from all directions to Evan and Buckbeak, and their eight pairs of shiny black eyes all flashed with malicious ferocity.

Without the urge of Evan, Buckbeak flew straight away to escape the attack.

"Don't abandon us, take me away, don't leave me alone!" Goyle shouted, climbing two steps in panic.

"This idiot!" Before Goyle's behavior, Evan was speechless.

As he didn't take out his wand to fight, or at least hide away, he was putting more pressure on Evan's rescue by being a free target to the Acromantulas in front of him.

"Go down, Buckbeak!" Evan shouted.

They rushed back again, and the wand in Evan's hand waved around.

The magic erupted from the end of his wand, and a circular, light blue magical energy aura centered on him and quickly spread out.

Feeling the danger, the Acromantulas were scattered back and forth.

Evan's wand pointed to the huge rocks scattered on the ground, and the rocks twisted into a blue-black snake that slid towards the Acromantulas.

He wanted to make a Basilisk, but because the Basilisk itself had strong magic, it was difficult to make such transfiguration, and it was too hasty, the stone eventually became a monster, and the body of the snake still had aspects of the stone itself.

But this was enough. As everyone knows, the Basilisk is the deadly enemy of the Acromantulas.

A Basilisk was here. Without even the attack, it could scare off the Acromantulas just by the pressure of its own momentum. Evan's big snake, although it had neither such momentum nor the attack power of the Basilisk, was enough to make them afraid by its mere appearance.

Click, click...

The Acromantulas retreated back and did not dare to approach the gliding big snake.

As the Acromantulas retreated and dodged, Evan let Buckbeak land next to Goyle and shouted, "Come up!"

Goyle stood up awkwardly, his legs still shaking.

He desperately took Evan's outstretched right hand and wanted to climb to Buckbeak's back, but because he was too flustered, he tried several times without success.

By the time Evan pulled him up, more than twenty seconds of the precious time had passed.

Goyle's face was pale. He gasped and clung tightly to Evan. His whole body kept shaking.

Buckbeak flapped his wings and flew back. Not far away, the Acromantulas seemed to have overcome the fear of Evan's transfigured faux Basilisk, and found that they were just stones without any actual attack power, and were back together.

Seeing that Goyle was rescued, Malfoy and Crabbe shouted louder for help, fearing that Evan would leave them alone.

Startled by the voices of both of them, the Acromantulas that had been crouching around in the territory were all eager to move, and they came out from their hiding places. The situation became more and more dire.

Chapter 300: The Battle, and the Nightmare

Evan knew that he had to hurry and he ordered Buckbeak to rush straight.

Those Acromantulas were not a big deal. But when other spiders would gather in the territory, saving Malfoy and Crabbe would become as likely as them going to heaven.

Evan wasn't thinking keeping aces up his sleeve anymore. He was willing to put every bit of his newly acquired power and knowledge into use.

He quickly read his spell, and from the end of his wand went a bright silvery light. He was sending out spells non-stop, with every one killing an Acromantula.

Thanks to his precious magic collection brought back from the Black family's residence and his hard work over the course of the few recent months, Evan was now fully equipped to deal with the common Acromantulas. This has to be surprising, for the last time he was here; he struggled very hard when he fought with the Acromantulas. In the end, he even ended up exhausting all the magic in his body.

The pace of his strength's evolution was very pleasant to him, and even he himself was somewhat surprised. He quickly harvested the lives of the Acromantulas, and there were several powerful magic in his hand that were not used, let alone the taboo black magic that he had mastered.

However, he knew he had actually taken a big advantage.

It was not a fair showdown. Now he only needed to consider the offense instead of defending and dodging the opponent's attack.

Riding Buckbeak in mid-air allowed Evan to ignore all the attacks of the Acromantulas, which couldn't touch them at all.

For him, they were now just a group of moving targets.

Those Acromantulas could be used to hone his spell casting skills. If he didn't consider the safety of Malfoy and Crabbe, he would really be unscrupulous.

However, if they all hid away, Evan would have no other way but to go down to the ground and fight them, but then, his current advantage would disappear completely.

As Evan was getting more comfortable in the battle, Malfoy, who was clutched by the Acromantulas and hiding behind the spiders, looked at him intricately.

It seemed that he finally recognized the gap between himself and his opponent.

Speculation and discussion about Evan's real strength had always been a hot topic in the castle.

He was just a sophomore, and he was a Muggle-born student. He didn't have any contact with magic before he came to Hogwarts. He shouldn't be so strong.

But thinking of Evan's past achievements, especially against the Basilisk, and catching Peter Pettigrew alone made everyone dare not underestimate him.

For talented wizards, strength is not necessarily linked to age.

There were not many opportunities for Evan to openly use magic and show his strength in school, but every time he left a deep impression on everyone.

After several discussions, whether they liked it or not, everyone had to recognize that Evan was the best genius that Hogwarts had in recent years.

It was generally believed within Slytherins that his strength should be close to that of senior wizards who passed the Ordinary Wizarding Level test.

Nevertheless, there were rumors that Evan's strength was growing so fast because he was studying black magic, and this could've been a taboo and bad news for other young wizards.

But for the students of Slytherin House, this was not a big deal. Many Slytherins were secretly studying the Dark Arts.

It was precisely because of this that they estimated Evan so highly. If it wasn't for Evan's Muggle origins, some people would have joined his side.

In many ancient pure blood wizard traditions, magic is might; power and influence often complement each other.

Slytherin's internal opinions on Evan had always been contradictory, with voices of solicitation, suppression and support.

No one was willing to offend a rising future star, especially for the savvy Slytherins.

Malfoy had been a strong supporter of the suppression of Evan, and he advocated treating Evan as if he were Harry, the so-called Savior.

But since that night's ambush, he had changed his mind.

Evan's magic, which targeted directly the depths of his soul, had great influence on him.

Since then, he had been afraid of Evan.

Although he had greatly overestimated Evan's magic power, judging from the current situation, he still underestimated him. Being able to suppress more than a dozen Acromantulas at the same time, Evan's real strength completely surpassed the magic level that Hogwarts students should have.

Now, seeing Evan, who was in the sky fighting like a God of war, and thinking again of that palpitating magic, Malfoy did not feel fear, but hope of salvation.

"Help! Help!" He shouted and waved his arms, completely ignoring that he had just been bitten by the Acromantula.

Though he still had doubts in his heart, and wondered why Evan was so powerful.

But now Malfoy had no time to explore the source of Evan's magic.

On the contrary, he hoped that Evan could be stronger and better, because it would directly affect his life.

While Malfoy was being so hopeful, the Acromantulas also recognized Evan, who was sitting on the back of the Hippogriff, and recognized him as the God of death from a few months ago.

A few months ago, the big fire killed an unknown number of Acromantulas.

They were burning with inveterate hatred of Evan, but they were also afraid of death.

Click, click, click...

The big pincers of the leading Acromantula were clicking violently, and it signaled everyone to retreat. They had already seen that they were not opponents of Evan at all, and it did not make sense to remain here, not to mention that they could not even attack him at all.

Upon receiving the order, the Acromantulas no longer entangled with Evan, they quickly retreated and fled, and their eight hairy legs were dancing at the fastest speed.

"No, don't, stop, you freaks!" Crabbe screamed loudly. "Save me, save me!"

He struggled with all his strength and slowed down the speed of the Acromantula.

A moment later, Buckbeak flew to them with Evan. A red light emerged; the Acromantula that grabbed Crabbe dropped him down, and flew away backwards.

Crabbe lay on the ground and gasped, and Evan didn't stop. A rope came out at the end of his wand and tied him to Buckbeak.

Under the screams of Crabbe, the Hippogriff took them to Malfoy and flew past, looking very strange.

Malfoy had planned to fight like Crabbe to win time for Evan.

But there was a feeling of weakness from the wound where he had been inflicted by the Acromantula on his arm. He had no strength to struggle at all. He could only watch himself being led to the huge slope in the center.

The fog was hazy in the slope, and Malfoy felt only that he was being brought down quickly and rubbed against the sand on the ground, leaving his body scarred.

A few seconds later, the warm milky mist dissipated in front of his eyes. His eyes suddenly opened wide, horrified to see a huge spider web covered with bloody corpses.

The carcass of the Centaur above was the most eye-catching. His stomach was torn apart by the Acromantulas. The meat inside has been hollowed out, leaving only skin and bones, densely covered with disgusting maggots.

The Centaur's empty eye sockets were facing Malfoy, and several little spiders rushed out from inside.

Unprepared for such a shocking scenery, he was scared to tears.

To him, to anyone, this was an absolute nightmare!