

## Harry Potter 551

Chapter 551: A Secluded Grove

As the next day was Saturday, most students would normally get up very late.

But Evan got up early. Last night, he had promised Gabrielle to show her around Hogwarts campus.

Hogwarts was exceptionally quiet in the early morning, and Evan followed the empty corridor to the castle gate.

The sky was a little dim, the sun had not come out yet, and there was no wind outside.

From a distance, Durmstrang's ship was floating slightly in the lake, shrouded by a layer of mist.

Last night, because of the dark, it could not be seen clearly; now it looked even more monstrous!

It was like ghost ships were usually depicted in stories, with unpleasant black and dark green decorations on it. It reflected blackley in the water, like a skeleton.

Although it appeared horrible, Evan would like to visit it if he could.

The ship was covered with a lot of magic, including black magic. Many of the designs and magic reactions were unfamiliar to Evan. He wanted to study and research, but Durmstrang would definitely not invite him over.

Evan took his eyes back and walked across the lawn by the lake to Hagrid's Hut.

The gigantic powder-blue carriage Beauxbatons had been parked two hundred yards from Hagrid's front door. The elephantine flying horses that had pulled the carriage were now grazing in a makeshift paddock alongside it.

Not far away, near the pumpkin patch behind Hagrid's Hut, there were terrible explosions and crashing sounds from time to time.

It was the restless Blast-Ended skrewts that were now rampaging and trying to escape from Hagrid.

Now, each skrewt was nearly three feet long and they even started killing each other.

Hagrid had to place them into sturdier wooden boxes, but this had a very little effect.

Evan circumvented Hagrid's Hut at a distance. As soon as he got to the carriage, he saw Gabrielle.

She was crouching in the hallway like a kitten, looking like she had been waiting for Evan for a long time. She was wearing dark blue wizard's robes, and her waist-long, solid hair seemed to shine in the morning sun.

With a charming smile on her face, her eyelashes twitched and she looked at Evan fervently. This made her look very cute, giving Evan a warm fuzzy feeling.

"Keep your voice down, my sister is still sleeping inside!" Gabrielle said softly, gently pressing her finger on her lips.

Behind her, Evan could see that the interior of the carriage was very luxurious, well in the style of Beauxbatons.

Gold and red are the main tones. After passing the hall, it was a large living room.

On the inside, there were small rooms, where the boys lived, and the girls all lived upstairs.

Gabrielle stood up carefully, perhaps because she had been squatting for too long, shaking as she climbed out of the carriage.

She was afraid to touch the glass door of the carriage, so that the wind chimes would make a sound and disturb the people inside, and she was about to fall...

Evan hurried forward to hold her, and then they fell back heavily together.

The soil on the ground was very soft, and it didn't hurt to fall down, but Evan felt the girl's tiny body softer.

Now, Gabrielle was lying on him completely. Where on earth was this going?!

They looked at each other and could feel each other's breaths, and the girl's face turned obviously rosy.

She climbed up quickly from Evan and apologized to him repeatedly. She was extremely shy.

Evan didn't know what to say to Gabrielle either. It seemed that he was deliberately trying to take advantage of her fall.

In this way, they both set off for the castle in a slightly nervous and strange atmosphere.

Evan and Gabrielle visited Hogwarts Castle along the other side of the lake and the atmosphere soon returned to normal.

Evan introduced the surrounding landscape to Gabrielle. They chatted very happily, and Gabrielle was full of interest in everything. She and Evan also agreed to go to Hogsmeade, a rare pure wizard village.

Then, the topic naturally shifted to the Triwizard Tournament and the champions.

Madame Maxime asked the students from Beauxbatons to go to the castle after breakfast and put their names into the Goblet of Fire.

They were rigorously selected back at school, and even Nicolas participated in the evaluation, and finally a dozen of the best young wizards and witches were chosen.

Of course, Fleur was the strongest of them, and no accident, she would definitely become the champion of Beauxbatons. Otherwise, Gabrielle would have not followed her to Hogwarts.

She was not old enough. It was Fleur who had asked Madame Maxime to let her come with the delegation.

Gabrielle, who had no burden at all, simply took this trip to Hogwarts as a tour. She could see Evan and see a lot of new things.

When he knew that Evan was not going to be a champion, Gabrielle had a slight disappointment on her face, but then she quickly comforted Evan.

“My sister said that you are extremely strong, and your power has gone far beyond the level of young wizards. You don’t need to take part in the tournament to prove anything!”

Evan was not allowed to participate in the tournament. Besides his age that did not meet the requirements, Beauxbatons and Durmstrang also named him out of the tournament. Fleur must have known this before she said so.

“By the way, your sister seems not very satisfied with me. She didn’t talk to me much last night,” said Evan, remembering Fleur’s behavior last night.

“That was deliberately put out for everyone to see. You know, after last term’s events, the school students didn’t like you that much. Many people wanted to fight with you or something!” Gabrielle said hastily, “But girls actually think highly of you. They were still talking about you last night ...”

Her voice was getting smaller and smaller, and her face was a little reddish.

Obviously, she was embarrassed to tell Evan that he was the subject of the girls’ private conversation.

Seeing Gabrielle’s cute look, Evan suddenly wanted to tease her.

“You’re in contact with me now, are you not afraid of what other people in the school would say?”

“I’m not afraid. I don’t care about what they would say!” said Gabrielle, raising her head to look at Evan. The girl’s serious, bright blue eyes were enough to shake one’s heart.

Evan held his breath and looked at Gabrielle, and there was a blank inside his head.

They looked so closely at each other for a moment before they recovered.

Gabrielle quickly lowered her head, her face blushed to the root of her neck, as red as a ripe apple.

Looking at her, Evan didn’t know what to say, and the tense atmosphere was eerie.

In order to ease the embarrassment, he hurriedly raised his head and looked around.

It turned out that they had unconsciously walked around the castle for a long time. Now they were in the secluded grove on the side of the castle. And there were only them...

Chapter 552: The Aging Potion

Evan looked at Gabrielle, and then looked at the surroundings again.

A lovely, tender and exciting girl, in a secluded and quiet grove, that was really ...

Evan subconsciously pouted and smiled bitterly.

Nothing happened next, and more than half an hour passed.

He accompanied Gabrielle around the castle, feeling very relaxed and happy.

Evan had just returned Gabrielle to the carriage when he saw Hagrid coming out of the Hut. Hagrid didn't see Evan. He kept looking at the carriage, as if he had changed into a different man.

He was wearing his best, and very horrible brown suit, and a checked yellow-and-orange tie.

This wasn't the worst of it, though. He had evidently tried to tame his hair, using large quantities of what appeared to be axle grease. It was now slicked down into two bunches ... perhaps he had tried a ponytail like Bill's, but found he had too much hair.

The outfit did not suit Hagrid, and Evan stared at him for a moment, and then decided not to comment.

It was clear that Hagrid wanted to make a good impression on Madame Maxime.

Because of his giant lineage, there were too few women who could conform to his aesthetic ideals.

Although the two would have many difficulties to overcome, Evan sincerely hoped that the two of them could eventually be together.

When Evan walked into the entrance hall, more than 70 people were already there.

All the Durmstrang lot was voting. Evan thought for a moment and decided to continue validating what had not been done last night.

Although he had some guesses, it was not a bad thing to verify.

He returned to his bedroom as quickly as he could, and took out the Marauder's Map from under his pillow.

On the map, there were already more than one hundred people in the hall.

There were many names that Evan didn't know, and those were all students from Durmstrang.

He looked at it briefly and did not find Barty Crouch Jr. among them.

It seemed that Barty Crouch Jr. did not mix into the Durmstrang students.

Just as Evan was staring at the Marauder's Map, Colin sat up out of bed.

"Good morning, Evan!" He stretched his shoulders, and then seemed to remember something. He hurried out of bed and went to the hall. "I want to know who put their names in the goblet of fire!"

"Oh!" Evan put away the Marauder's Map. His heart was heavy and he always felt that something was wrong.

They both came to the Common Room, and Harry, Ron, and Hermione just came out of their bedrooms.

Hermione's hair was messy and Harry and Ron's shirt buttons were not fastened properly. The thick black circles under their eyes indicated that they did not sleep well last night.

By the time all five entered the entrance hall, the Durmstrang lot and others had already left, and there were only around 30 people around, some of them eating toast, all examining the Goblet of Fire.

It had been placed in the center of the hall on the stool that normally bore the Sorting Hat. A thin golden line had been traced on the floor, forming a circle ten feet around it in every direction.

“Anyone put their name yet?” Ron asked a third-year girl eagerly.

“Yes, all the Durmstrang lot,” she replied. “But I haven’t seen anyone from Hogwarts yet.”

“I bet some of them put it in last night after we had all gone to bed.” said Harry. “I would have if it were me ... I wouldn’t have wanted everyone watching. What if the goblet just gobbled you right back out again?”

At this time, Fred, George and Lee Jordan hurried down the staircase, all three of them looking extremely excited.

“Done it!” Fred said in a triumphant whisper. “Just take it.”

“What?” said Ron.

“The Ageing Potion, dung brains,” said Fred.

“One drop each,” said George, rubbing his hands together with glee. “We only need to be a few months older.”

“We’re going to split the thousand Galleons between the three of us if one of us wins,” said Lee, grinning broadly.

“I’m not sure this is going to work, you know,” said Hermione warningly. “I’m sure Dumbledore will have thought of this.”

Evan was sure that the Ageing Potion they developed would not succeed at all.

Like the Polyjuice Potion, the Ageing Potion could only change the appearance of the users and make them older.

Its effect lasted longer than the Polyjuice Potion and did not need to be taken every hour. The boiling system was much simpler, but it couldn’t make people change in essence.

To put it simply, Fred and George, who took the Ageing Potion, just turned into what they would be like in the future.

If they drank enough Ageing Potion, they could even have the look of their father, Mr. Weasley.

This kind of magic could only confuse people’s perception and could not break Dumbledore’s magic.

In fact, with the ability of young wizards, it was impossible to break Dumbledore’s restrictions.

Fred, George, and Lee ignored Hermione, but looked at the Goblet of Fire, quivering with excitement.

“Ready?” Fred said to the other two. “Come on, then ... I’ll go first.”

Fred pulled a slip of parchment out of his pocket bearing Fred Weasley ... Hogwarts. He walked right up to the edge of the line and stood there, rocking on his toes like a diver preparing for a fifty-foot drop.

Then, with the eyes of every person in the entrance hall upon him, he took a great breath and stepped over the line.

For a moment, everyone thought Fred was successful!

George certainly thought so, for he let out a yell of triumph and leapt after Fred.

But the next moment, there was a loud sizzling sound, and both twins were hurled out of the golden circle as though they had been thrown by an invisible shot-putter.

They landed painfully, ten feet away on the cold stone floor, and to add insult to injury, there was a loud popping noise, and both of them sprouted identical long white beards.

The entrance hall rang with laughter. Even Fred and George joined in, once they had gotten to their feet and taken a good look at each other's beards.

"I did warn you," said a deep, amused voice, and everyone turned to see Professor Dumbledore coming out of the Great hall. He surveyed Fred and George, his eyes twinkling.

"I suggest you both go up to Madam Pomfrey. She is already tending Miss Fawcett, of Ravenclaw, and Mr. Summers, of Hufflepuff, both of whom decided to age themselves up a little too. Though I must say, neither of their beards is anything like as fine as yours."

Fred and George set off for the hospital wing, accompanied by Lee Jordan, who was howling with laughter.

Evan, Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Colin, also chortling, went into the Great Hall for breakfast.

#### Chapter 553: A Simple Method

The decoration in the Great Hall had changed this morning. As it was Halloween, a cloud of live bats was fluttering around the enchanted ceiling, while hundreds of carved pumpkins leered from every corner.

"I told you, they will definitely not succeed." Hermione said in a tone that was so succinct.

Everyone came to the long table where Dean and Seamus were already sitting. They were discussing those Hogwarts students of seventeen or over who might be entering the tournament.

"There's a rumor going around that Warrington got up early in the morning and put his name in," Dean told everyone, "That big bloke from Slytherin who looks like a sloth."

Harry, who had played Quidditch against Warrington, shook his head in disgust.

No one had a good impression of Warrington. The big guy had a bad reputation in school.

“We can’t have a Slytherin champion!”

“Yes, that’s obviously the worst outcome.”

“Ravenclaw, like us, has no good candidates. And all the Hufflepuffs are talking about Diggory,” Said Seamus contemptuously. “But I wouldn’t have thought he’d have wanted to risk his good looks.”

“That is another bad choice. After Percy and his colleagues graduated, Gryffindor did not have any outstanding figures in this term.” Ron sighed.

Dean and Seamus finished their breakfast and went back to the entrance to watch, leaving only the five friends at the long table.

The thought that Hogwarts champion would be Diggory or Warrington, they felt very unhappy.

“Unfortunately, Evan is not allowed to participate, otherwise they would all have no chance!” Colin sighed.

“As far as I can see, Fred and George are better than Wallington and Diggory. As long as we can break through Dumbledore’s age limit, we have many choices!” Ron said indignantly, “There must be a way; we just haven’t found it yet. Right, Evan?”

Hearing his words, the others turned their heads and looked at Evan.

Indeed, if there were any young wizard who had a way to break Dumbledore’s magic, it would be Evan.

“Don’t look at Evan like that. How many times have I said that Dumbledore does not expect people who do not meet the age requirements to put their names in? The Triwizard Tournament is not a trifle. It’s very dangerous, and we don’t have enough knowledge!” Hermione said sharply.

Ron immediately argued with her. He disagreed with Hermione’s words. And most importantly, he did not think that Warrington or Diggory should be the champions of Hogwarts

“Stop arguing, you two. It’s very simple to put your name into the Goblet of Fire.” Said Evan, “I can tell you four, but you must keep it secret and not let it out.”

Ron and Hermione immediately closed their mouths, and Harry and Colin also held their breath and looked at Evan.

“Of course!”

“That goes without saying!”

“We will keep it a secret!”

“Speak up!”

Hermione did not urge him with the other three. She seemed to hesitate, and she also wanted to know how to crack that magic.

“Dumbledore’s magic can’t be cracked. We’re not strong enough!” said Evan. “But, do you remember what he said last night? The age line he drew can’t be crossed by anyone under seventeen, but he didn’t say we can’t let other students who meet the conditions put our name in it. This is within the scope of the rules. So, you can ask students over the age of 17 to put your names instead of you.”

“What?!” Harry blinked and couldn’t believe it. “Is it that simple?!”

“Yes, it’s that simple.” Evan nodded.

He thought about it, and there was nothing to say about this method.

With the strength of Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Colin, even if their names were thrown into the Goblet of Fire, they thought that they would not be selected. When it comes to magical power and knowledge, the four of them felt they were still relatively weak.

Of course, Harry will be a champion, and his name should have been put into the Goblet of Fire by Barty Crouch Jr.

After learning the method from Evan, Ron couldn’t wait to try. Harry and Colin were hesitating, while Hermione was adamantly opposed.

She was persuading everyone to give up on this idea and not to put their names into the Goblet of Fire.

Ron argued with her again and returned to the topic of how bad it would be to have a Slytherin as champion of Hogwarts.

In fact, it was hard to guarantee otherwise. There were really no outstanding figures among Gryffindor students who met the age requirements.

Even if they put their names into the Goblet of Fire, they might not be selected.

In Ron’s opinion, if this was the case, it was better to let him and Harry have a try. After all, in the past few years, they had done so many great things and proved their strength. Maybe the Goblet would recognize this.

The argument continued, and at that moment there was a sudden loud cheer in the entrance hall.

They swiveled around and saw Angelina Johnson coming into the Hall, grinning in an embarrassed sort of way. A tall black girl who played Chaser on the Gryffindor Quidditch team, Angelina came over to them, sat down, and said, “Well, I’ve done it! I just put my name in!”

“You’re kidding!” said Ron, looking impressed.

“Are you seventeen, then?”

“Of course she is, you can’t see a beard, can you?” said Ron.

“I had my birthday last week,” said Angelina.



“Well, I’m glad someone from Gryffindor is entering.” Hermione said with satisfaction, looking at Ron triumphantly; it seemed that this solved all the problems. “I sincerely hope you’ll succeed in becoming a champion, Angelina!”

“Thanks!” said Angelina, smiling at Hermione.

Ron didn’t seem to see Hermione’s gaze. He suddenly said, “Angelina, can you please...?”

Harry hurriedly stopped him, and Hermione kicked him under the table.

“Please what?!” Angelina said suspiciously.

“Nothing!” Hermione said in a hurry, motioning everyone to leave.

They walked out of the Hall and came to a place where no one was with them.

“You’re mad, Ron!” said Hermione, looking at him angrily. “Evan just said, don’t tell anyone about it. In less than a minute, you go to Angelina!”

“There’s only one way to be a champion. It’s to ask someone else to do it for us, isn’t it?” Ron said nonchalantly, “Angelina and Fred have a good relationship, and she will help us.”

Chapter 554: Abnormal Hagrid

Ron seemed to want to go back to Angelina for help, but no one else meant to move.

“If you go to Angelina for help, Fred and George will know the way. No need to wait until noon, everyone in the school will know it,” said Hermione, “Dumbledore will know that Evan told us about this method, and we’ll be in big trouble.”

“But...”

“I think Hermione is right, Ron!” Harry sighed and said, “Although this sounds really frustrating, we should obey the rules and not put our names into the Goblet of Fire.”

“But...”

“I want to say that it is best not to think about this again. The Triwizard Tournament tests are more dangerous than you can imagine,” said Evan, “We’d better be at ease as an audience or help the champions...”

He glanced at Harry, thinking about how to help him through the three difficulties.

“If Angelina becomes a champion, I will help her.”

“Yes, I will too!”

“Well, what are we doing today?” Ron said angrily, seemingly finally giving up the idea of putting his name into the Goblet of Fire.

“I’m going to Hagrid, we haven’t visited him this week,” said Harry.

“All five of us should go and stay there until the dinner feast starts, so that we can make sure that no one can put their names into the Goblet of Fire.” Hermione said brightly, “And, I’ve just realized, I haven’t asked Hagrid to join the S.P.E.W. yet!”

Colin said he had no objection, while Evan told them of how Hagrid looked this morning.

Hearing Evan’s description, Harry was extremely surprised and wanted to go over and take a look.

“The Blast-Ended Skrewts are really bad enough.” Ron sighed and reluctantly followed them outside. “Okay, let’s go to Hagrid. I just hope he doesn’t ask us to donate a few fingers to the skrewts.”

They walked out of the castle and came to Hagrid’s Hut.

The students from Beauxbatons seemed to have finished their breakfast and were getting out of the carriage.

Evan saw Gabrielle smiling at him, while Fleur and the other girls pretended not to see them.

Thinking of Gabrielle’s words in the morning, it was hard to imagine that they had talked about him for a long time last night.

From her current attitude, Evan also thought that they were indifferent to a few of their own people!

Ron stared at Fleur’s back until she and Madame Maxime entered the castle.

A few minutes later, the five came to Hagrid’s Hut. Harry knocked on the door, and Fang’s booming barks answered instantly.

“About time!” Hagrid opened the door. “I thought you lot had forgotten where I live!”

“We’ve been really busy!” said Hermione.

She looked up at Hagrid with astonishment, and although she was prepared, she was still shocked by his dress.

Harry, Ron, and Colin kept staring at Hagrid’s odd hairstyle, as if they were frightened. It was too bad, but everyone avoided saying anything to avoid hurting Hagrid’s self-esteem.

They went in and Hagrid’s cabin comprised a single room, in one corner of which was a gigantic bed covered in a patchwork quilt.

A similarly enormous wooden table and chairs stood in front of the fire beneath the quantity of cured hams and dead birds hanging from the ceiling.

They sat down at the table while Hagrid started to make tea, and were soon immersed in yet more discussion of the Triwizard Tournament.

Hagrid seemed quite as excited about it as they were, more than they could have imagined.

“You wait,” he said, grinning. “You’re going to see some stuff you’ve never seen before. The first task is... ah, but I’m not supposed to say.”

“Go on, Hagrid!” Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Colin urged him, but he just shook his head, grinning.

Evan was drinking tea. He didn't know if Hagrid was so happy because of the fire dragon or Madame Maxime, or both.

"I don't want to spoil it for you," said Hagrid. "But it's going to be spectacular, I'll tell you that. Those champions are going to have their work cut out. I really never thought I'd live to see the Triwizard Tournament played again!"

They ended up having lunch with Hagrid, though they didn't eat much. Hagrid had made what he said was a beef casserole, but after Hermione unearthed a large talon in hers, the five of them rather lost their appetites.

However, they still enjoyed themselves. Harry, Ron and Colin tried to make Hagrid tell them what the tasks in the tournament were going to be, and speculated which of the entrants were likely to be selected as champions.

Looking at Ron, it seemed he had forgotten about putting his name into the Goblet of Fire.

By three or four o'clock in the afternoon, a light rain had started to fall.

It was very cozy sitting by the fire, listening to the gentle patter of the drops on the window, watching Hagrid darning his socks and arguing with Hermione about house-elves, for he flatly refused to join S.P.E.W. when she showed him her badges.

"It would be doing them an unkindness, Hermione!" he said gravely, threading a massive bone needle with thick yellow yarn. "It's in their nature to look after humans, that's what they like, see? You'd be making them unhappy to take away their work, and insulting them if you tried to pay them."

"But Harry and Evan set Dobby free, and he was over the moon about it!" said Hermione, "Evan also paid him..."

"Yeah, well, you get weirdos in every breed. I'm not saying there isn't the odd elf who would take freedom, but you'll never persuade most elves to fight for it. Really, this is impossible, Hermione."

Hermione looked very cross when he heard him, and stuffed the box of badges back into her cloak pocket.

By 5:30, it was growing dark.

Evan, Harry, Ron, Colin and Hermione decided it was time to get back up to the castle for the Halloween feast, and more important, the announcement of the school champions.

"I'll come with you," said Hagrid, putting away his darning, "Just give me a second."

He got up, went across to the chest of drawers beside his bed, and began searching for something inside it.

They didn't pay too much attention until a truly horrible smell reached their nostrils.

Everyone couldn't help coughing and looked curiously at Hagrid.

"Hagrid, what's that?" Harry couldn't help but ask.

“Eh?!” said Hagrid, turning around with a large bottle in his hand. “Don’t you like it?”

“Is that aftershave?” said Hermione in a slightly choked voice.

“Er ... eau de cologne!” Hagrid muttered, suddenly realizing something, blushing. He said gruffly. “Maybe it’s a bit much, I’ll go take it off, hang on...”

He stumped out of the cabin, and they saw him washing himself vigorously in the water barrel outside the window.

“Eau de cologne?!” said Hermione in amazement, “Hagrid?!”

“What’s wrong with him?!”

“And that hair and that suit!”

“You’ll find out soon!” Evan lowered his voice and said he was going to send Hagrid a good bottle of perfume this Christmas.

Chapter 555: Champion

“What do you mean, what will we find out?!”

“Look out the window!” said Harry suddenly.

They quickly turned their heads. Outside the hut, Hagrid had just straightened up and turned around. If he had been blushing before, it was nothing to what he was doing now.

Getting to their feet very cautiously, so that Hagrid wouldn’t spot them, they peered through the window and saw that Madame Maxime and the Beauxbatons students had just emerged from the carriage, clearly about to set off for the feast too.

They couldn’t hear what Hagrid was saying, but he was talking to Madame Maxime with a rapt, misty-eyed expression.

“He’s going up to the castle with her!” said Hermione indignantly. “I thought he was waiting for us!”

Hagrid didn’t even look back at his cabin. He was trudging off up the grounds with Madame Maxime, the Beauxbatons students following in their wake, jogging to keep up with their enormous strides.

“He fancies her!” said Ron incredulously. “Well, if they end up having children, they’ll be setting a world record. I bet any baby of theirs would weigh about a ton.”

A few minutes later, they let themselves out of the cabin and shut the door behind them.

It was surprisingly dark outside. Drawing their cloaks more closely around themselves, they set off up the sloping lawns.

The topic remained on Hagrid, and no one could believe it.

“I have to admit that those French girls are great, and it’s not strange that Hagrid is fascinated.”

“Yeah, especially the two sisters of Veela descent, their names are Fleur and Gabrielle, aren’t they?!”

“Hum, is this what you boys think?!” Hermione said disgruntled, but her eyes were fixed on Evan, who was silent.

Evan shook his head subconsciously. He found that Hermione was unusually sensitive since last night.

Did she find anything?! Or what was the misunderstanding?!

When they reached the lake, The Durmstrang party had just come down from the boat.

Viktor Krum was walking side by side with Karkaroff, and the other Durmstrangs were straggling along behind them.

Ron watched Krum excitedly, but Krum did not look around and did not see them.

When they entered the candlelit Great Hall, it was almost full of people.

The Goblet of Fire had been moved. It was now standing in front of Dumbledore’s empty chair at the teachers’ table.

Fred and George, clean-shaven again, seemed to have taken their disappointment fairly well.

“I really hope it’s Angelina,” said Fred as Evan, Harry, Ron, Colin and Hermione sat down.

“So do I!” said Hermione breathlessly. “Well, we’ll soon know!”

The Halloween feast seemed to take much longer than usual. Perhaps because it was their second feast in two days, they didn’t seem to fancy the extravagantly prepared food as much as they would have normally.

The people in the Great Hall kept craning their necks, with impatient expressions on every face.

They were fidgeting and standing up from time to time to see whether Dumbledore had finished eating yet. They simply wanted the plates to clear, and to hear who had been selected as champions.

At long last, the golden plates returned to their original spotless state, and there was a sharp upswing in the level of noise within the Hall, which died away almost instantly as Dumbledore got to his feet.

On either side of him, Professor Karkaroff and Madame Maxime looked as tense and expecting as anyone.

Ludo Bagman was beaming and winking at various students. Mr. Crouch, however, looked quite uninterested, almost bored.

Evan saw his eyes stay on Moody for a moment, then on Snape, then on Karkaroff and Dumbledore, with a look of undisguised hatred.

After confirming through the Marauder's Map, Crouch was currently the most likely to be a fake; his son in disguise.

Of course, he might also come in disguised as someone else, which was hard to check.

It was impossible for Evan to stare all the time at the Marauder's Map, which was not omnipotent.

With enchanted name like Caresius, or magical protection like Durmstrang's big ship, The Marauder's Map would work, but the name would not be marked.

In fact, no matter who Barty Crouch Jr. was pretending to be, Evan was ready. He had already talked to Caresius about this and confirmed that he would get the necessary help.

If the other party was still following the original plot, then he would sneak into the maze at the last moment. If there were any changes, he could also adapt to the circumstances at that time.

When necessary, Dumbledore would certainly make moves, and would not let things deviate too far.

"Attention, please. The Goblet of Fire is almost ready to make its decision!"

Dumbledore said, waving down. "I estimate that it requires one more minute. Now, when the champions' names are called, I would ask them to please come up to the top of the Hall, walk along the staff table, and go through into the next chamber, where they will be receiving their first instructions!" He indicated the door behind the staff table, and everyone looked there.

Dumbledore took out his wand and gave a great sweeping wave with it.

At once, all the candles except those inside the carved pumpkins were extinguished.

The Great Hall suddenly fell into a state of semidarkness, and the Goblet of Fire now shone more brightly than anything in the whole Hall, the sparkling bright, bluey-whiteness of the flames almost painful on the eyes.

Everyone watched, waiting; a few people kept checking their watches...

Without any warning, the flames in the goblet turned suddenly red again. Sparks began to fly from it. Next moment, a tongue of flame shot into the air, a charred piece of parchment fluttered out of it.

The people in the Great Hall all held their breath and looked at the note.

Dumbledore caught the piece of parchment and held it at arm's length, so that he could read it by the light of the flames, which had turned back to blue-white.

"The champion for Durmstrang," he read in a strong, clear voice, "will be Viktor Krum."

In an instant, a storm of applause and cheering swept the Hall.

"No surprises there!" yelled Ron.

Viktor Krum rose from the Slytherin table and slouched up toward Dumbledore. He turned right, walked along the staff table, and disappeared through the door into the next chamber.

“Bravo, Viktor!” boomed Karkaroff, so loudly that everyone could hear him, even over all the applause. “I knew you were destined to be a champion!”

Chapter 556: The 4th Champion

The clapping and chatting died down, and now everyone’s attention was focused again on the Goblet of Fire.

Seconds later, the flames turned red once more. A second piece of parchment shot out of it, propelled by the flames.

“The champion for Beauxbatons,” said Dumbledore, “is Fleur Delacour!”

Hibiscus got gracefully to her feet and shook back her sheet of silvery blonde hair.

She seemed not surprised by the result, and swept up between the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff tables.

“Oh look, they’re all disappointed,” Hermione said over the noise, nodding toward the remainder of the Beauxbatons party.

In fact, the word “disappointed” was a bit of an understatement. Two of the girls who had not been selected had dissolved into tears and were sobbing with their heads on their arms.

Gabrielle, on the other hand, was extremely happy and kept clapping for her sister.

When Fleur Delacour too had vanished into the side chamber, the Great Hall was quiet again.

But this time it was a silence so stiff with excitement you could almost taste it. The Hogwarts champion next...

And the Goblet of Fire turned red once more. Sparks showered out of it; the tongue of flame shot high into the air, and from its tip Dumbledore pulled the third piece of parchment.

“The Hogwarts champion,” he called, “is Cedric Diggory!”

“NO!” said Ron loudly.

The uproar from the next table was too great. Every single Hufflepuff had jumped to his or her feet, screaming and stamping, as Cedric made his way past them, grinning broadly, and headed off toward the chamber behind the teachers’ table.

After Evan decided not to be a champion, Diggory was indeed the best pick.

The applause for Cedric went on so long that it was some time before Dumbledore could make himself heard again.

“Excellent!” Dumbledore called happily as at last the tumult died down. “Well, we now have our three champions. I am sure I can count upon all of you, including the remaining students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, to give your champions every ounce of support you can muster. By cheering your champion on, you will contribute in a very real ...”

Dumbledore suddenly stopped speaking, and it was apparent to everybody what had distracted him.

The fire in the goblet had just turned red again, and sparks were flying out of it.

A long flame shot suddenly into the air, and borne upon it was another piece of parchment.

Automatically, it seemed, Dumbledore reached out a long hand and seized the parchment. He held it out and stared at the name written upon it.

There was a long pause, during which Dumbledore stared at the slip in his hands, and everyone in the Great Hall stared at Dumbledore.

This was really too thrilling. All three champions had been chosen. Why did a parchment come out of the Goblet of Fire?

“Here it comes!” Evan focused on Dumbledore. Barty Crouch Jr. did it.

*What?! Ron is a champion?! How is that possible? Evan’s head went blank. Shouldn’t it be Harry?!*

Things had changed again. What kind of conspiracy was Barty Crouch plotting?!

He hurriedly looked at Ron, and everyone else turned to look at him.

Ron’s name emerged from the Goblet of Fire, which was even more unexpected than Evan becoming a champion himself.

Ron seemed to be scared. He just sat there, feeling like he was in a dream.

Did he hear that wrong? He actually became a champion?!

After a brief blank, there was a burst of ecstasy. He looked excitedly, but did not see a smiling face.

There was no applause. A buzzing, as though of angry bees, was starting to fill the Hall; some students were standing up to get a better look at Ron.

Ron stood where he was, his smile gradually solidified, and suddenly he was at a loss. His face turned red; even his ears went red.

“Go to that room!” Evan whispered, gently pushing Ron.

He glanced at Caresius, who shook his head slightly, looking equally surprised by the result.

No matter what happened, Ron had become a champion.

He heard Evan’s reminder and wanted to go to the room at the top of the Great Hall, but his body was stiff, unable to move.

Professor McGonagall had got to her feet and swept past Ludo Bagman and Professor Karkaroff to whisper urgently to Professor Dumbledore, who bent his ear toward her, frowning slightly.

At the top table, Professor Dumbledore had straightened up, nodding to Professor McGonagall.

“Ron Weasley!” he called again. “Ron! Up here, if you please!”

“Go on,” Hermione whispered, giving Ron a slight push.

“Go!” said Harry.

Ron got to his feet, trod on the hem of his robes, and accidentally fell to the ground.



With the help of a few people around him, he got up in a terrible embarrassment.

Ron set off up the gap between the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff tables, with hundreds of pairs of eyes fixed on him.

The buzzing grew louder and louder, and the atmosphere in the Great Hall was getting more and more strange.

They just watched Ron pass by, their faces filled with irrepressible anger.

But no one stopped Ron. Everyone was avoiding him like a plague, as if they had seen something dirty.

“Well ... through the door, Ron!” said Dumbledore, and there was no smile on his face.

Ron looked at Dumbledore expectantly and seemed to want some response.

But Dumbledore’s expression was especially serious. He had looked like this before. It seemed that even the flames around him were frozen.

A few seconds later, Ron nodded slowly, as if he understood something and stumbled along the teachers’ table.

After he entered the room, the other people at the top table, Dumbledore, Karkaroff, Maxime, Ludo Bagman, Barty Crouch, Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape also followed and went in.

Before leaving, Professor McGonagall asked everyone to go back to bed, and the feast this evening was over.

The students did not leave immediately, but suddenly broke out.

Arguments and noises almost toppled the ceiling, and everyone was furious.

“How could Ron become a champion?!” Harry couldn’t believe it.

“He’s been with us all day, and he never had a chance to put his name in the Goblet of Fire!” Hermione frowned.

“Obviously, this is some sort of conspiracy,” said Evan. He wondered if Ron could pass those dangerous tasks.

In his opinion, Barty Crouch Jr. made Ron a champion, and it was no different from killing him.

Damn, what kind of plot is he planning?!

Ron was different from Harry. Harry was very brave and had performed well in actual combat. With Dumbledore’s help, it was possible for him to pass the Triwizard Tournament.

But, Ron...

Evan sighed. He really did not know how to help Ron and let him hold on to the end with his current level.

Chapter 557: Hermione’s Trust and Argument

“Ron didn’t put his name into the Goblet of Fire!” said Hermione.

“Not necessarily. He probably put his name into the Goblet of Fire last night, so no one would find out, couldn’t he?!”

“Then how did he do it?!” Hermione said sharply, looking at Harry with anger. “He couldn’t have broken through Dumbledore’s magical line.”

“He might have thought of Evan’s method long ago, but it’s hard to say,” Harry said hesitantly, avoiding Hermione’s gaze.

Although reason told him to trust Ron, he was still somewhat uncomfortable about the matter.

The thought of Ron becoming a champion gave him a sense of inexplicable betrayal.

“I don’t think Ron would be so smart. Evan is right. It’s a conspiracy. We have to help him explain it!” Hermione said quickly.

She made up her mind to pull up Evan and Harry and run to the teachers’ table.

Professor Moody, whom Caresius pretended to be, was still there, and he was their only chance to help Ron.

Despite Hermione’s usual quarrel with Ron, she was the first to rush to his help at a critical moment.

In order to prove her friend’s innocence, Hermione was such a person to proceed without hesitation.

“Professor, Ron has been with us all day. He couldn’t have put his name into the Goblet of Fire.” Hermione said anxiously.

Moody took out his hip flask and took another sip. His normal eye was fixed on Hermione, but his magical eye was tightly fixed on Evan.

Judging from the expression on his face, it seemed that he didn’t care whether Ron had become a champion.

“Miss Granger, please understand that his name came out of the Goblet of Fire, which means that Mr. Weasley signed a contract with it. This is a very strong magic contract; no one could crack it. He’s bound to compete in the tournament!” Moody said coldly.

“But Professor, Ron didn’t put his name in it!”

“That’s not the point; you just need to know...”

“Professor, this is obviously a conspiracy, someone is trying to frame Ron!” Evan interrupted Moody and winked at him. “I think we should go in and stop it, or at least persuade everyone to accept this reality.”

Seeing Evan’s eyes, Moody nodded reluctantly and his movement was stiff.

“All right, all right, you three come in with me and help Mr. Weasley prove his innocence!” He said gruffly.

Evan, Harry and Hermione followed Moody to the door of the room.

They entered the room where Dumbledore was questioning Ron and a debate was ongoing.

Ron had completely lost his mind and couldn't even say a single complete sentence.

Snape, standing on the outermost side, turned his head and frowned at the four of them.

After seeing Moody, he said nothing, only becoming more disgusted.

Moody originally wanted to express his opinion directly, but Evan gave him a gentle pull and motioned him to listen first.

"Evidently there has been a mistake," next to the fire, Fleur lifted her chin and looked at Ron contemptuously. She said haughtily, "He cannot compete, he is too young. I know there is a strong young fellow at Hogwarts, but it is obviously not him."

"Well ... it's amazing," said Ludo Bagman, rubbing his smooth chin and smiling down at Ron, as if he had some plans. "But, as you know, the age restriction was only imposed this year as an extra safety measure. And as his name's come out of the goblet ... I mean, I don't think there can be any ducking out at this stage ... It's down in the rules, you're obliged ... Ron will just have to do the best he ..."

"This is ridiculous, ridiculous!" Madame Maxime interrupted Bagman's words. The top of her handsome head brushed the candle-filled chandelier, and her gigantic black-satin bosom swelled. She said angrily, "Dumbledore, what is the meaning of this?! I thought we made it clear in the rules to keep this kind of thing from happening. We specifically emphasized that underage young wizards were not allowed to compete in the tournament, but Hogwarts still has one."

"I'd rather like to know that myself, Dumbledore," said Professor Karkaroff. He was wearing a steely smile, and his blue eyes were like chips of ice. "Two Hogwarts champions? I don't remember anyone telling me the host school is allowed two champions ... or have I not read the rules carefully enough?!"

He gave a short and nasty laugh.

"Durmstrang also needs an explanation. We were under the impression that your Age Line would keep out younger contestants, Dumbledore," said Karkaroff, his steely smile in place, though his eyes were colder than ever. "Otherwise, we would, of course, have brought along a wider selection of candidates from our own schools."

“Please don’t worry, we will explain!” Dumbledore said softly, turning to look at Ron, who was scared, “Mr. Weasley, did you put your name into the Goblet of Fire?”

“No!” Ron hurriedly shook his head.

“Then, did you ask an older student to put it into the Goblet of Fire for you?”  
Dumbledore continued.

“No, no!” Ron hesitated before stuttering.

“He is lying!” cried Madame Maxime.

“I’m not lying. I’ve learned this method from Evan, but I... I didn’t have a chance!” Ron gasped and said, “We went to Hagrid. I didn’t put my name into the Goblet of Fire.”

“Evan?!” Everyone was stunned, “Evan Mason?!”

Then, their eyes all turned to Evan, who had just walked in.

Evan looked at them expressionless, and his eyes eventually fell on Barty Crouch standing by the fire.

He stood there arms crossed, his shadow drawn by the fire.

“Dumbledore, I remember you said your magic was foolproof.” Karkaroff sneered.

“Now it was cracked by a child; really interesting.”

“The matter is already obvious. It’s no one’s fault but Weasley’s and Mason’s, Karkaroff!” said Snape softly. His black eyes were alight with malice. “Weasley, with an empty head, could not have thought of it, but our Mr. Know-it-All is different. He had always been clever, a little too clever. Ever since he arrived here, he has been breaking the rules of the school. I think our Savior must have been involved in this, but he wasn’t selected.”

“No, we didn’t put our names in the Goblet of Fire!” Harry said loudly, looking at Snape angrily.

“It’s hard to say. You know the way, don’t you? Let me see.”

“Severus!” said Dumbledore firmly.

Snape went quiet, though his eyes still glinted malevolently through his curtain of greasy black hair.

Chapter 558: Empty Threat

“This is my negligence. I should have thought of better measures,” said Dumbledore.

“You admit it?! So it seems that a senior boy helped him put his name in the Goblet of Fire.” Karkaroff said in a vicious voice, “This is a serious violation of the rules.

Hogwarts is cheating!”

"I didn't!" Ron murmured, his face pale and bloodless. "I didn't cheat!"

"Mr. Weasley didn't do it!" Professor McGonagall said angrily. She shot a very angry look at Professor Snape. "We should believe him. He did not persuade senior students to help him do this. This can be verified."

"Ron has been with us all day, at Hagrid's!" Hermione said quickly.

"We can prove that he didn't put his name in the Goblet of Fire." Harry shouted.

"Yes, and I don't think the Goblet of Fire will make such a mistake, choosing two champions from the same school," said Evan, "This is some sort of conspiracy!"

"What do you mean?!" Everyone looked at him as if they did not quite understand him.

"As you all know, the Goblet of Fire is a very powerful magical item." said Evan, "It would have needed an exceptionally strong Confundus Charm or some other black magic to bamboozle that goblet into forgetting that only three schools compete in the tournament ... I'm guessing they submitted Ron's name under a fourth school, to make sure he was the only one in his category."

Hearing Evan's words, everyone was thinking about the possibility of such a thing.

"Absurd!" said Karkaroff, "The idea is simply whimsical, that the boy put his name in the Goblet of Fire, and then the damn goblet went wrong and spit out his name."

"No way, there's nothing wrong with the Goblet of Fire, Karkaroff!" Ludo Bagman said uneasily, "We checked before, didn't we, Barty?"

"I was responsible for the inspection!" Crouch said in a curt voice. He was standing outside the circle of the firelight, his face half hidden in the shadow, and his wrinkled skin as white and transparent as paper.

"Are you doubting me, Karkaroff?!" he asked.

"Of course not, I'm not doubting you!" Karkaroff took a step back and looked very afraid of Crouch. He said again in an oily voice, "But you must think it's grossly inappropriate, don't you?"

Bagman didn't answer. He wiped his round, boyish face with his handkerchief and looked at Mr. Crouch.

"It's not about what is reasonable or unreasonable. We must follow the rules, and the rules state clearly that those people whose names come out of the Goblet of Fire are bound to compete in the tournament." Crouch did not look at everyone. He stared at the burning fire, thinking about something.

For a few seconds, Evan even thought he was going to walk into the flames.

“Barty knows the rulebook back to front,” said Bagman, beaming and turning back to Karkaroff and Madame Maxime, as though the matter was now closed.

“No, I insist upon resubmitting the names of the rest of my students!” Karkaroff’s face was ugly. He stopped looking at Crouch by the fire, and turned to Dumbledore. “You will set up the Goblet of Fire once more, and we will continue adding names until each school has two champions. It’s only fair, Dumbledore!”

“I’m afraid it doesn’t work like that, Karkaroff!” Bagman frowned and said, wiping his fingers with his handkerchief. “You know, the Goblet has just gone out and it won’t reignite until the start of the next tournament.”

“Durmstrang will most certainly not be competing in the next tournament!” exploded Karkaroff. “After all our meetings and negotiations and compromises, I little expected something of this nature to occur! I have half a mind to leave now!”

Evan pushed Moody in the back. It was time for him to come out. If things went on like this, they would fall apart. And among the crowd, besides Moody, no one could stop Karkaroff.

“Empty threat, Karkaroff!” growled Moody immediately, his voice louder than Karkaroff’s, shocking everyone. “You can’t make your champion leave now. He’s got to compete; they’ve all got to compete. Binding magical contract. Convenient, isn’t it?”

He limped to the center, blocking Ron behind him and staring at Karkaroff.

Under his gaze, the expression on Karkaroff’s face became extremely ugly.

“Convenient?!” he said angrily. “I’m afraid I don’t understand you, Moody.”

It could be seen that he was trying to sound disdainful, as though what Moody was saying was barely worth his notice, but his hands gave him away; they had balled themselves into fists.

“Don’t you?!” said Moody quietly. “It’s very simple, Karkaroff! As Evan said, someone put Weasley’s name into the Goblet of Fire knowing he’d have to compete if it came out.”

“Evidently, someone who wished to give Hogwarts two chances!” said Madame Maxime.

“Enough, if anyone has got reason to complain, it’s Weasley!” growled Moody, “But I don’t hear him saying a word!”

“Why should he complain?” burst out Fleur Delacour, stamping her foot angrily. “He has the chance to compete, hasn’t it? We have all been hoping to be chosen for weeks and weeks! To win the honor for our schools! A thousand Galleons in prize money. This is a chance many would die for, and our school has undergone a rigorous selection!”

“Maybe someone’s hoping Weasley is going to die for it,” said Moody, with the merest trace of a growl.

An extremely tense silence followed these words.

Ludo Bagman, who was looking very anxious indeed, bounced nervously up and down on his feet and said, “Moody, old man ... what a thing to say!”

“We all know Professor Moody considers the morning wasted if he hasn’t discovered six plots to murder him before lunchtime,” said Karkaroff loudly. “Apparently he is now teaching his students to fear assassination too. An odd quality in a Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Dumbledore, but no doubt you had your reasons.”

Chapter 559: Crouch’s Hatred

“Imagining things, am I?!” growled Moody. “So can you refute what Evan just said now?!”

“If I did it, I would have made Evan a champion. There is no young wizard here who would pose a challenge to him. He would definitely win the championship.” Moody retorted, “Am I not right? Otherwise, you wouldn’t have deliberately restricted him from competing. This is despicable cowardice.”

Neither Karkaroff nor Madame Maxime spoke, and there was no way to refute Moody. They both knew Evan’s strength.

After the World Cup, Evan was now very famous in European wizarding circles.

If any of the students in their schools could beat Evan, they wouldn’t have specifically named him to be out of the tournament.

Compared with Evan, Ron was really nothing. Everyone could feel the insignificant magic in him. As Snape said, the boy’s head was empty and he was a complete fool.

Even Karkaroff himself did not believe that Ron could make it through the tasks of the tournament.

“Making Weasley a champion seems to be a harmless act in Hogwarts’s favor, but don’t forget, there are those who’ll turn innocent occasions to their advantage!” Moody retorted in a menacing voice, “It’s my job to think the way Dark wizards do, Karkaroff ... as you ought to remember.”

“Alastor!” said Dumbledore warningly.

Moody fell silent, though still surveying Karkaroff with satisfaction. Karkaroff's face was burning, and he didn't dare to look at him at all.

"There's no point in arguing. We must obey the rules!" Mr. Crouch said softly, and finally made a decision about it.

"But..."

"Madame Maxime, if you have an alternative, I would be delighted to hear it!" said Mr. Crouch, walking into the middle of the room. He carefully looked at Ron with a cold look. "This boy has to compete. There will be a reasonable written explanation for this to the Ministry of Magic in your two countries."

"Thank you, Barty!" Dumbledore nodded to Mr. Crouch. He said to everyone gathered in the room, "How this situation arose, we do not know. It seems to me, however, that we have no choice but to accept it. Both Cedric and Ron have been chosen to compete in the tournament."

Madame Maxime did not speak, she merely glared. Snape also looked furious, and Karkaroff was livid. Bagman, however, looked rather excited.

Evan breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that the problem was over. Then it was up to Barty Crouch Jr. to act.

He looked again at Mr. Crouch, whose slender body looked extremely weird.

Crouch was looking at Harry and noticed Evan's gaze. He turned and looked at Evan.

This was the first time they looked at each other. Neither of them looked away, as if to see through the other.

Evan didn't know what Crouch saw in his own eyes, but from his indifferent eyes, Evan saw a trace of madness and monstrous hatred.

He looked like he couldn't wait to pull out his wand and kill everyone here.

Evan could clearly feel that this guy was a madman, a thoroughly dangerous maniac!

The expression was fleeting, and in the blink of an eye, Crouch returned to his former appearance.

"Well, shall we crack on, then?" Bagman said, rubbing his hands together and looking around at the people in the room with a smile. "We've got to give our champions their instructions, haven't we? The three other children..."

"Let them stay here, there is nothing to keep secret about this matter!" said Mr. Crouch.

"Well, listen, champions, the first task is designed to test your daring," Bagman told Ron, Cedric, Fleur and Viktor. "So we are not going to be telling you what it is. Courage in the face of the unknown is an important quality in a wizard ... very important. I hope you can understand this."



“The first task will take place on November 24th, in front of the other students and the panel of judges.”

“The champions are not permitted to ask for or accept help of any kind from their teachers to complete the tasks in the tournament. The champions will face the first challenge armed only with their wands. They will receive information about the second task when the first is over. Owing to the demanding and time-consuming nature of the tournament, the champions are exempted from end-of-year tests.”

Bagman said it in one breath, wiped the sweat from his forehead and turned to look at Crouch.

“I think that’s all. Do you have anything to add?”

Crouch shook his head and returned to his position in front of the fire, as if he had a special liking for it.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t stay at Hogwarts tonight, Barty?” said Dumbledore, looking at Mr. Crouch with mild concern.

“No, Dumbledore, I must get back to the Ministry!” said Mr. Crouch. “You know, it is a very busy, very difficult time at the moment. I have to form a written report to Fudge about this evening... I’ve left young Weatherby in charge ... very enthusiastic ... a little overenthusiastic, if truth be told.”

“You’ll come and have a drink before you go, at least?” said Dumbledore.

“Come on, Barty, I’m staying!” said Bagman brightly. “It’s all happening at Hogwarts now, you know, much more exciting here than at the office!”

“I think not, Ludo. I can’t stay here.” said Crouch with a touch of his old impatience. “There are so many things waiting for me to do.” He turned straight away and left the room. Snape followed him out.

Looking at his back, Evan was thinking quickly.

If he was faked by Barty Crouch Jr., then he would soon show up if he didn’t leave.

The discussion just lasted for a long time. If he didn’t drink the Polyjuice Potion again, unless he was not using Polyjuice Potion to deform, it would soon be timeout.

In this case, it was understandable that he was in a hurry to leave Hogwarts. Crouch was not Moody and could not drink wine from his flask all the time. If he talked with Dumbledore for a while, he would have no time to secretly drink Polyjuice Potion.

Anyway, things here were over.

Although he did not know what conspiracy he had, Ron became a champion with his help, and the rest of the matter could be dealt with by Caresius.

He could let him help Ron as Moody, and it would not arouse suspicion.

There was no need for Bartemius Crouch, Jr. to risk his life in the school, as long as he could show up at the last minute.

But when he thought about the crazy light in the eyes of Crouch, Evan felt that things would not be so simple.

“Professor Karkaroff, Madame Maxime, a nightcap?” said Dumbledore.

Madame Maxime ignored him. She had already put her arm around Fleur’s shoulders and was leading her swiftly out of the room.

As they went off into the Great Hall, they were talking very fast in French, and their faces did not look very good.

The same was true of Karkaroff, who beckoned to Krum.

Krum just looked up and drank a small bottle of supplements. His face was gloomy and he followed Karkaroff without saying a word.

Chapter 560: Hogwarts Champion

With the departure of the crowd, the room suddenly became much quieter.

“Ron, Cedric, Evan, Harry, Hermione, I suggest you go up to bed.” said Dumbledore, smiling at the five of them, “I am sure Gryffindor and Hufflepuff are waiting to celebrate with you, and it would be a shame to deprive them of this excellent excuse to make a great deal of mess and noise.”

Evan looked back at Dumbledore and wondered if he had found out anything.

He thought he would not get a response, but suddenly he saw Dumbledore smiling at him.

Dumbledore quickly nodded to Evan, and the smile seemed to be particularly meaningful.

What happened this evening was so weird, and the battle had already begun. He didn’t know who would end up laughing...

When they dragged Ron, who was almost unable to walk, and walked out of the room, they found that the Great Hall was deserted by now. The candles had burned low, giving the jagged smiles of the pumpkins an eerie, flickering quality.

“Weasley, I didn’t expect you to be a champion too!” said Cedric with a reluctant smile, reaching out to Ron. “But anyway, we now represent Hogwarts, even though you are my opponent...”

“Only one person can represent Hogwarts. I’ll beat you. I’ll prove that I am the real champion!” yelled Ron.

He didn’t shake hands with Cedric and let him stand there so embarrassed.

Ron now looked paranoid, and after the tremendous pressure had passed, ecstasy had followed.

Because of his excitement, Ron's face was flushed and his whole body was trembling slightly.

"Well ... see you, then!" said Cedric coldly, taking back his right hand.

They quickly separated, and Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione followed the stairs to the Gryffindor Tower.

"I became a champion, I am a champion, I am the champion of Hogwarts!" Ron muttered to himself.

Along the way, he kept repeating these words, as if hypnotizing himself.

Evan, Harry, and Hermione exchanged glances and looked anxiously at Ron.

"Ron, you shouldn't have talked to Cedric like that!" Harry said hesitantly. "He's really a good guy."

"Then what should I say? We're competitors now, and that pretty boy does not recognize me at all." said Ron, "He and I are champions, but there's only one who can represent Hogwarts, isn't it?!"

"Yes, but..." Harry paused and continued. "Well, then can you tell us how you put your name into the Goblet of Fire? Is it the way Evan mentioned?"

"I didn't. I didn't put my name in the Goblet of Fire. I wanted to do it, but I didn't get a chance. We've been at Hagrid's all day." Ron froze for a moment and said angrily, "You guys, don't you believe me?"

"Don't be silly, of course we believe you, otherwise we wouldn't have asked Professor Moody to come in and help you!" Evan answered subconsciously. He was still considering why Batty Crouch Jr. chose Ron. What was this guy's plot?!

After Ron became a champion, the whole story and future developments were deflected too much for him to be able to anticipate anything.

A lot of things needed to be pushed over and reasoned.

"I'd like to believe you too, Ron!" said Harry, "although this is really hard to believe."

"Well, you three! Now the question is not whether Ron had become a champion, but who put his name in the Goblet of Fire." Hermione frowned.

"Whoever he is, he's obviously helping me, isn't he?" Ron said with a laugh.

"Didn't you hear what Evan and Professor Moody said?!" Hermione's eyebrows were raised up again. "That person wants to get you killed!" she said aloud.

?!” Ron froze for a moment, somewhat disapprovingly.

“The professors said that the tasks of the Triwizard Tournament are very dangerous. It is not something we can cope with. You are very likely to die there, Ron!” Hermione said worriedly. “You are not as strong as Evan. There are many...”

“What’s the matter with you?!” Ron interrupted Hermione. “I’ve become a champion. You should congratulate me, not say these messy things.”

His eyes crossed over Evan, Harry, and Hermione, and the atmosphere was somewhat dreary.

“Congratulations!!” Hermione said in a strange way, looking at Ron with surprise. “You’re crazy; this is not a good thing, those...”

“I know, you’ve always thought I’m not as good as Evan, Harry, or even you!” Ron cried out, interrupting Hermione once more, and the smile on his face solidified. “But I’m the champion now, not you. That’s enough to prove everything, isn’t it?”

There was an awkward silence, and Hermione seemed stunned by Ron’s words.

Evan knew that Ron had been depressed for too long and was suddenly overwhelmed by the ecstasy of being called a champion.

They had to delay the topic for tomorrow, or let Ron face the first task, and Evan was sure he would then sober up...

Evan gently held Hermione’s little hand and motioned her not to continue.

Harry still wanted to say something, but they were already in front of the portrait of the Fat Lady.

The Fat Lady was not alone in her frame. Evan saw that the wizened witch, who had just appeared in the room downstairs, was now sitting smugly beside the Fat Lady. She must have dashed through every picture lining seven staircases to reach here before them.

Both she and Fat Lady were looking down at Ron with the keenest interest and a smile on their faces.

“Well, well, well!” said the Fat Lady, “Violet has just told me everything. Who’s just been chosen as school champion, then?”

“Balderdash” said Hermione dully, she was also angry.

If she had known this before, she wouldn’t have gone in to defend Ron.

“It most certainly isn’t, I saw it with my own eyes...” said the pale witch indignantly.

“No, no, Violet, it’s the password,” said the Fat Lady soothingly, and she swung forward on her hinges to let them into the Common Room.

The blast of noise that met their ears when the portrait opened was deafening.

Everyone seems to have planned to stay here. About a dozen pairs of hands wrenched Ron inside the Common Room, and he was facing the whole of Gryffindor House, all of whom were screaming, applauding, and whistling.