

## Harry Potter 561

Chapter 561: Hufflepuff's Change

"Great, Ron!"

"Good job!"

"You kid, you should have told us you had entered!" bellowed Fred; he looked half annoyed, half deeply impressed. He put his arms around Ron's shoulder and was overjoyed.

"I didn't expect our little brother to become a Hogwarts champion!" George followed.

"I have already written to tell my mother about this, and she will definitely cry out excitedly." Ginny laughed and came over.

They were all laughing and jumping around Ron.

"If it couldn't be me, at least it's a Gryffindor!" Angelina had also swooped down upon him.

"We've got food, Ron, come and have some..."

Everyone was celebrating, as if they were mad.

Angelina's words spoke of everyone's thoughts. After the initial shock, they all accepted the fact that Ron became a champion. Although it was shocking, it was a good thing, wasn't it?!

Gryffindor had its own champion, everyone was celebrating and reveling. This was the glory of all Gryffindors.

Lee Jordan had unearthed a Gryffindor banner from somewhere and draped it around Ron like a cloak.

The crowd around him closed ranks, surrounded him, forcing another butterbeer on him, stuffing crisps and peanuts into his hands.

Everyone seemed to have lost all their senses and entered a state of revelry. Everyone was asking Ron, wanting to know how he had done it, how he had tricked Dumbledore's Age Line and managed to get his name into the Goblet of Fire...

There was a steady stream of congratulations, and celebrations, and Ron became in the spotlight for the first time.

At first, he didn't adapt to it, but he soon got involved and enjoyed it very much.

He began to brag about it to others and talked a lot.

Of course, most of it was nonsense. He also did not know how he became a champion, but that did not prevent him from quickly accepting the change of status and enjoying the vanity of the championship.

Hermione stared at everyone angrily for a while, dissatisfied with Ron's behavior. She did not join the party and turned directly back to her bedroom.

Evan also followed, and he was still thinking about the matter.

The party lasted for a long time, until the middle of the night, without a break.

Fred and George even went to the Three Broomsticks Inn in the dark and came back with a lot of butterbeer.

When Professor McGonagall came to stop it, everyone went back to bed.

The next morning, Evan got out of bed.

He saw Colin sitting there with two big dark circles under his eyes, mechanically wearing his robes.

"What an rush we've had last night! I still can't believe that Ron became a champion!" He yawned. There were two deep shadows under his eyes. "I took all the photos and mailed them to professor Lupin in a short while. This will definitely be sensational news. By the way, I think I should ask Ron for a signed photo. My brother wants to collect it."

"Yeah, I didn't think it would be Ron!" said Evan. He had always thought it would be Harry.

When they walked into the Great Hall, they found that everyone was discussing what happened last night.

Harry and Ron hadn't come yet, and Hermione had already sat in her seat early.

"What's the matter with these people?!" Hermione said discontentedly, motioning Evan to look at the other long tables.

Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin were all looking at the Gryffindor long table with suspicion, with a look of contempt on their faces, everyone whispering, most of them focusing on Evan and Hermione.

From their looks, it seemed like they suspected Evan had helped Ron become a champion.

However, no one dared to look at Evan in the eyes. When Evan looked back at them, they all looked down.

"These guys have been pointing fingers at me all morning!" said Hermione, "As if I was the champion!"

It was not surprising. Everyone knew that Evan, Harry, and Hermione are Ron's closest friends.

"Where are Ron and Cedric?" asked Evan, taking a piece of bread for himself.

"They haven't come yet, everyone is waiting for them." said Hermione, "I thought about it last night. This fact is too strange. Who wants to frame Ron? There is no reason. If it was you, or Harry, it would make sense..."

Indeed, their current enemy was Barty Crouch, hiding in the dark.

Voldemort needed Harry's blood to regain his strength. He needed someone to bring Harry to him. Caresius had already confirmed this point. Making Harry a champion to compete in the Triwizard Tournament should be the best choice for them.

That is unless he knew something that made him choose Ron as candidate instead...

As for Evan himself, it made no sense to make him a champion. The three tasks were not difficult for him.

"Ron didn't realize the seriousness of this matter. He was still complacent there!" said Hermione in a serious tone. "I think we should write to Sirius and tell him about this. He might give us some advice."

"Let Harry write..." said Evan; he really wanted to hear Sirius's opinion.

Sirius's current status as an Auror allowed him to know a lot of things.

He might have some intelligence that they didn't have access to, such as things about Barty Crouch.

Evan even wanted to write to Percy to ask about Crouch, but Percy would definitely say nothing.

Just then, Ron walked into the Great Hall, followed by Harry, Fred, George, and others.

Gryffindor's long table cheered enthusiastically, and there were boos from the three other Houses.

"How about going for a walk?" said Hermione, holding up a stack of toast, which she was carrying in a napkin.

"Why do you want to go, the atmosphere here is quite good, isn't it?!" said Ron, taking his seat.

He did seem to be in a good state of mind and in high spirits.

Looking at him, he seemed to think that once everyone got used to him as a champion, things would get better.

But Ron might have made a big mistake. Besides the Gryffindor students, everyone else thought this was a disgrace.

Not to mention the Slytherins, who had a bad attitude, the most surprising thing was the change of the Hufflepuffs.

It was known that they had always got along well with the Gryffindors in school.

Hufflepuff students were not people who liked to be in the limelight, and their abilities and achievements were generally relatively ordinary. Most of them were students who studied hard with their heads down but had no results. They were obviously complementary to Gryffindor's character.

They were not good at dealing with the wise Ravenclaws, nor were they willing to deal with the despicable Slytherins.

On the contrary, many Hufflepuff students and Gryffindors were good friends.

But now it was not the case at all. They were collectively indifferent to all Gryffindor students.

It seemed that this was definitely a big deal.

#### Chapter 562: Curriculum Arrangement

The Hufflepuffs, who were usually on excellent terms with the Gryffindors, had turned remarkably cold toward the whole lot of them. When they met, they just turned around and left.

Even their Head, Professor Sprout, was the same. One Herbology lesson was enough to prove it.

This was actually very easy to understand. Hufflepuff House very rarely got any glory.

Cedric was one of the few who had ever given them any, having beaten Gryffindor once at Quidditch. What made their resentment even stronger was that they felt that Ron had stolen the glory that belonged to them.

To make matters worse, many of them began to give Ron all kinds of vicious insults like Slytherins.

As for the Ravenclaws, they were not as supportive of Ron as they were of Cedric.

Although they still maintained relatively rational restraint, most Ravenclaws seemed to think that Ron had been desperate to earn himself fame by tricking the Goblet of Fire into accepting his name.

As a matter of fact, Ron was still smug about becoming a champion. He was not at all aware of his current bad situation or, more accurately, selective neglect.

All of them were jealous of him, jealous of his becoming a champion.

He was now completely immersed in the status of a champion, immersed in the great glory it brought, admired by other young Gryffindor wizards, and boasted about his fictional decoding of Dumbledore's magic to fool the Goblet of Fire.

He didn't even listen to Evan, Harry or Hermione's words, nor did he think about the first task.

This was really bad enough, wasn't it?!

Evan could only hand over the persuasion to Harry and Hermione, and he had not put much effort into Ron.

He entered a bottleneck in the study of the powerful "Silence" spell acquired by the marsh relics. It took him a lot of time to dig through the library to find all kinds of ancient magic books, and compare them with the magic symbols appearing in the spell.

Evan got the approval from Caresius, and Madam Pince reluctantly gave him a collection of books in the Restricted Section.

She couldn't understand at all why this student got permission from the Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor every year.

The former Professors Lockhart, Lupin, and Black did the same, and now even Mad-Eye Moody was no different.

Were these professors mad to let a thirteen-year-old wizard encounter the esoteric horror?!

Madame Pince had been working in the library for decades, and it was her first time to touch many of those books.

These magic books had been quietly placed in the Restricted Section for centuries, and they had not been touched before Evan.

Beyond that was the understanding of the contents and knowledge of these records, most of which were not even titled by Madam Pince.

Evan ignored her constant frowning at him. In addition to entering the bottleneck in the study of the spell, he did not make much progress in the study of ancient magic.

Ancient magic scripts, especially the older ones, could not be learned only by reciting and memorizing, but also by understanding and mastering the meaning and changes created by them.

These things had kept Evan busy, not to mention that he had to find time to learn the Merpeople's language and Alchemy.

Every class homework also took up a lot of his time. Without Hermione's help, Evan really wouldn't know what to do.

In this case, he naturally had no time to deal with Ron, who had not yet recognized the seriousness of the matter.

Maybe after he would know the content of the first task, he would come to ask for help.

Evan also learned about the latest developments from Caresius. Barty Crouch Jr. sent him a note through the owl network asking him to do his best to help Ron through the tournament.

Barty Jr. made Ron a champion, not just to kill him, but to plot something else.

But Ron was not the only champion.

Fleur got the support of all the male students with the fastest speed. She was now the most discussed topic among the boys. A beautiful girl with Veela descent; this was the dream lover of most men.

However, among the girls, Fleur's reputation was not so good, even in Beauxbatons.

As for Cedric, he looked the part of a champion more than anyone else. He looked exceptionally handsome, with his straight nose, dark hair and gray eyes.

Not to mention that he was also very strong, and he had performed well in all aspects. Even Caresius does not hesitate to praise him. The way he looked at him, it seemed that he wished him to become a vampire too, which was too scary.

Viktor Krum was not as handsome as Cedric, but his popularity was also very high, especially among girls.

Evan had more than once watched girls by Durmstrang's ship or near the Great Hall, begging Krum for autographs on parchment, bags, accessories and even underwear...

He could not understand their openness and insanity at all.

For the students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang who had to stay in Hogwarts, there had been a curriculum arrangement.

Because they had to stay and watch the tournament, and cheer for their schools' champions, they couldn't go back to their schools until the end of the term.

Therefore, they were assigned to classes of Hogwarts according to their age and learning progress to learn with the young wizards of Hogwarts and ensure that their studies were not delayed.

Because they were all students over 17 years old, they were all concentrated in the sixth and seventh years, except for Gabrielle. She was the only visiting wizard who was under the age of seventeen.

On Monday after the champions were selected, Evan was surprised to have Gabrielle in his own class. He didn't figure out what was going on until he knew that the girl had chosen exactly the same courses as him.

"Don't be so surprised. Both Madame Maxime and my sister think I can learn more about magic and integrate more quickly with you." Gabrielle said, with a naughty smile on her face, "Evan, you will take care of me, won't you?"

In fact, Professor McGonagall had just sent Gabrielle here and asked Evan by name to take care of her.

Apparently, Madame Maxime specifically talked to Dumbledore about this matter; Evan could do nothing but accept.

The way Gabrielle looked; he felt that he might have a little extra energy in him.

Taking care of a foreign female student in life and study was an important task.

Chapter 563: The Good Student, Gabrielle

Generally speaking, Gabrielle's magic power was very good. She had a lot of knowledge. But in some ways, she really needed Evan's care.

She had probably been under the protection of Fleur all the time, and she lacked some common sense.

She was somewhat similar to Hermione and very fond of learning.

For example, Hagrid once came up to them in the Care of Magical Creatures classroom balancing a teetering tower of crates, each containing a very large Blast-Ended Skrewt.

Everyone else hurried away, and Gabrielle, the young foreign girl, was the only one to look up to look up.

Evan quickly pulled her. When normal people would see this terrible monster, shouldn't their first reaction be to avoid it in fear?! It was not a wise choice to take the initiative to approach the Blast-Ended Skrewts that could burn people at any time.

Now, under the careful breeding of Hagrid, the remaining skrewts were about three feet long. They had become immensely strong. No longer shell-less and colorless, they had developed a kind of thick, grayish, shiny armor. They looked like a cross between giant scorpions and elongated crabs, but still remained without recognizable heads or eyes.

"Evan, what is this?" Gabrielle whispered, curiosity flashing in her light blue eyes.

"Blast-Ended Skrewts!"

"I've never seen ..."

“That’s because they were developed by Hagrid himself!” said Evan, “Well, you stay away from them now.”

Hagrid put the shaking crates on the ground in front of the students in turn.

“I’ve studied it carefully. The reason why the skrewts have been killing one another is an excess of pent-up energy that they needed to release.”

Evan doubted this. Was it not because of their inherent ferocious nature?!

“In order to solve this problem, every two students must fix a leash on a skrewt and take it for a short walk,” said Hagrid and he specially took out a skrewt and showed it in front of Gabrielle. “I’ve tried it in the morning class and it worked very well.”

Looking at him, he wanted to make a good impression on Gabrielle. He knew she was Madame Maxime’s student.

Sure enough, Hagrid then asked Evan and Gabrielle to help him demonstrate how to fix a leash on the skrewt.

“What should we do?” asked Gabrielle, eager to try.

“Where exactly are we supposed to fix the leash? Around the stinger, the blasting end, or the blood sucker?” said Evan reluctantly.

“Round the middle,” said Hagrid, “You two need to put on your dragon-hide gloves, just as an extra precaution.”

Hagrid’s beetle-black eyes shone with excitement under his wild eyebrows. He proudly explained to Gabrielle the body structure of the skrewts, their habits, parts to pay attention to, and so on.

It could be seen that Hagrid was proud of being able to cultivate a brand new species.

Gabriel did ask a lot of questions, which made Hagrid very happy.

A few minutes later, both Evan and Gabrielle took a giant skrewt for a walk on the lawn.

Every step was very difficult. The Blast-Ended Skrewt was so powerful that it was difficult to control and did not listen to their commands at all. On the contrary, they both needed to be vigilant at all times.

Every now and then, with an alarming bang, the skrewt’s end would explode, causing it to shoot forward several yards. Even though the leash was long enough, Evan and Gabrielle had to run fast to keep up with the skrewt.

It was a unique experience to be pulled and run by a Blast-Ended Skrewt.

As for other students, many of them were being dragged along on their stomach, trying desperately to get back on their feet.

If at this time, the skrewt suddenly turned around, the consequences would be simply unimaginable.

The lawn was a mess and Evan saw Colin and Ginny being dragged forward by a skrewt.

Everyone had a hard time, but Hagrid thought they were having fun.

In fact, maybe only Gabrielle was really happy. The girl ran around behind the skrewt, giggling.

“They’re interesting, aren’t they?!” Gabrielle laughed and said, “Hagrid is so good. He can breed magical animals by himself. I’ve never heard of anyone who has done it before. It’s amazing.”

Indeed, very few people can do this like Hagrid, as it is illegal and the cultivation process is very dangerous.

Those Blast-Ended Skrewts, for example, were the cross-breed of the Manticore and the Fire Crab. As the most dangerous and amazing animal, not anyone could dare come into contact with the Manticore.

Of course, omitting legitimacy and danger, from the perspective of a zoologist, the Blast-Ended Skrewt was still of great research value.

Gabrielle clearly thought so. She would never see this magical creature in Beauxbatons.

Her bravery and eagerness to learn were not only reflected in the Care of Magical Creatures class, but also in other courses.

For example, in Snape’s Potions class, although Snape seemed cold and horrible, she turned a blind eye and kept raising her hand to ask questions.

Maybe Beauxbatons’s Potions class professor liked it when students did this, but Snape definitely didn’t. In his class, there was an unspoken rule: no questions were allowed.

He would write on the blackboard all the processes and materials of making potions and ask the students to study them by themselves.

However, it was obvious that there was a problem. Most of the potion formulas and cooking steps written by Snape on the blackboard were different from those in the textbook. They were all optimized and improved by him. If they were put outside, they would be absolutely amazing achievements.

But Snape didn’t intend to explain to everyone how great this was, and the young wizards did not have the ability to distinguish accordingly.

They had just to do it, and in practice they understood why Snape had improved so much.

“Professor, I have learned this antidote formula before, and I haven’t ground moonstone into powder..”

“Obviously, Miss Delacour,” said Snape coldly, “You need to flip through your Potions book.”

“But...” Gabrielle wanted to continue to ask. It was not even written in the textbook.

Evan pulled her arm discreetly; didn’t she see the way the others looked at her?!

After Evan stopped her, it didn’t take long for Gabrielle to raise her hand again. Snape explained something completely different from what she had learned before.



Those who dared to interrupt Snape again and again ended up in a miserable situation.

Everyone was sweating for Gabrielle. This cute little angel-like girl couldn't be Snape's opponent.

Fortunately, Snape was more concerned about the fact that Gabrielle was a student from Beauxbatons. His face was gloomy and terrible, but he didn't say many of the words he used to say. He chose to ignore Gabrielle, just as he had always ignored Evan and Hermione.

But the other Gryffindor students were unlucky, and Snape had no scruples about them.

In order to stop Gabrielle asking and challenging Snape's bottom line, Evan had to explain to her personally after class.

#### Chapter 564: Checking Wands and Interview

After the Potions class, Gabrielle went to the library to study with Evan in the evening.

They met Hermione there, and to Evan's surprise, Gabrielle and Hermione got along very well. They often discussed the contents of the homework together and exchanged information about Hogwarts and Beauxbatons. Or simply let Evan aside and whisper something.

Evan couldn't get a word out of this girls' chat. Many times, he felt like they were talking about him, as they kept looking at him with a smile.

But it was undeniable that their relationship has progressed very quickly, even faster than that of Evan and Gabrielle.

Later, Hermione took the initiative to take Gabrielle to the Gryffindor Common Room and introduce her to everyone.

Gabrielle's character was very good. She was welcomed by almost everyone, and integrated into the atmosphere of Gryffindor House.

The boys wanted to hear from her about her sister Fleur, know her hobbies and so on.

Evan doubted that if these guys knew Fleur's character, they would not like her as much as they did now.

When they accompanied Gabrielle back to the carriage at night, Evan and Hermione met Fleur several times.

The chat content of those times was very irritating, such as listening to Fleur complaining that Hogwarts was too cold and the food was too greasy. In a word, she did not quite adapt to Hogwarts' life and she didn't like it here.

This made Hermione's impression of her worse and worse, and later she even stopped approaching Beauxbatons carriage.

Like Fleur, Ron could no longer take Hogwarts' life.

After becoming a champion, his life went through tremendous changes. From an unknown person, all of a sudden he became the focus of everyone's attention, and all the actions were being watched.

This transformation was not something that everyone could adapt to, especially as besides Gryffindor, Ron was not accepted by any other house.

Everyone was full of malice towards him now. Small things and mistakes that might not have been mentioned before could now be amplified to become a topic of discussion in the school at any time and used as a reason to satirize Ron or to compare the ordinary Ron with the excellent Cedric from time to time. This feeling was really not very pleasant.

Being a champion was an opportunity for Ron, but it was also a challenge.

As things stood, Ron had performed poorly, and doubts about him even begun to emerge within Gryffindor.

However, Ron himself did not care about this, he felt good about himself.

He was in a much better position than Harry was when he became a champion in the original plot. At least Evan, Harry, Hermione and the Weasley family all supported him. He didn't dream of things like Voldemort, didn't get scar pain and have trouble meeting Sirius.

Nevertheless, on Friday morning, Ron and Harry had a fight with Malfoy.

The reason was that Malfoy was inspired by Hermione's S.P.E.W. badges, he made badges to support Cedric Diggory over Ron, and all Slytherin students wore them on their chests.

This fight was very intense. Due to being outnumbered, Harry and Ron were both seriously injured.

Finally, due to Snape's intervention, Gryffindor was deducted a hundred points, and Harry and Ron were also punished with one week of detention.

Ron looked mad, ready to take revenge and teach Malfoy a lesson.

However, in Evan's opinion, instead of having this meaningless entanglement with Malfoy, it was better for him to learn a few more spells.

"You two should be calm, Malfoy did that intentionally to make you angry!" said Hermione at lunchtime.

"Intentionally provoke us to be angry?!" Harry said indignantly. "That's really good. His purpose has been reached!"

"I really want to learn that magic from Professor Moody and turn Malfoy into a big ferret!" said Ron.

He took out his wand and waved it like Moody, emitting a spark.

"Put away your wand, and don't forget that you'll have to check it in the afternoon." Hermione looked at Ron dissatisfied.

Ron muttered a little and put away his wand.

Because the wands were the most important tools for the champions in the tournament, they needed to check that they were fully functional, complete and intact.

Professor McGonagall had just come to inform them that according to the arrangement of the Ministry of Magic and the school, Mr. Ollivander would inspect the wands of the champions this afternoon.

At that time, the champions would also be interviewed by the media.

In fact, Evan already knew about it two days ago. He had received a letter from Professor Lupin.

At present, many people accused the Ministry of Magic of inaction because of the World Cup attacks and the unfavorable capture of vampires. The Ministry hoped to highlight the upcoming tournament and divert public attention.

Naturally, this interview mission fell on Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Colin.

Professor Lupin originally intended to send someone to help, but Evan refused. He thought they could do well.

This morning, Evan was discussing this with Hermione, and they would both complete the report. They already had a general idea, and Harry and Colin were to be responsible for the filming.

After lunch, Evan and Colin, who had no class in the afternoon, went back to the dormitory for a while, took the camera and arrived early in the room on the first floor.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione had the Defence Against the Dark Arts class, and it would take them a while to come over.

When the two of them entered, there were already some people inside.

It was a fairly small classroom, and most of the desks had been pushed away to the back of the room, leaving a large space in the middle; three of them, however, had been placed end-to-end in front of the blackboard and covered with a long length of velvet.

Several chairs had been set behind the velvet-covered desks, and Evan saw that Fleur and Gabrielle were already sitting there.

They were whispering in French, their long silvery hair shining in the sunlight with a dazzling luster.

Cedric and Krum did not arrive yet. In front of the desks, Ludo Bagman was talking to a witch who was wearing magenta robes.

Evan shook his head. It turned out that this woman was Rita Skeeter!

Her hair was set in elaborate and curiously rigid curls that contrasted oddly with her heavy-jawed face. She wore jeweled spectacles. The thick fingers clutching her crocodile-skin handbag ended in two-inch nails, painted crimson, very strange just like the claws of some kind of animal.

#### Chapter 565: A Mandatory Interview

While Evan was observing Rita Skeeter, she was also looking at him carefully.

“Come on, let me introduce you. This is the well-known journalist Rita Skeeter. She has written many articles.” Bagman said loudly, “Rita, this is Evan Mason, you should have heard of his name. He’s currently the most famous...”

“Of course I’ve heard of him, Ludo; who hasn’t heard of Evan Mason?!” said Rita Skeeter, staring at him, “Hello, Evan, can I have a little word with you and hear your opinion about the tournament.”

“I think it’s best not to!” Evan shook his head and said nothing more.

This woman was notorious for distorting facts and making up stories. He didn’t intend to give her a chance.

But Evan apparently underestimated the thickness of Rita Skeeter’s skin. When she saw Evan shaking his head, a sudden smile appeared on her face. It was clear that there were three gold teeth in her mouth.

She reached into her crocodile bag and drew out a long acid-green quill and a roll of parchment, which she stretched out on the velvet-covered desk.

She put the tip of the green quill into your mouth and sucked it for a moment, then placed it upright on the parchment, where it stood balanced on its point, quivering slightly.

The moment Rita had spoken, the green quill had started to scribble, skidding across the parchment. It read: Attractive blonde Rita Skeeter, forty-three, whose savage quill has punctured many inflated reputations...

“Lovely!” said Rita Skeeter, and she ripped the top piece of parchment off, crumpled it up, and stuffed it into her bag.

She turned to Evan and seemed ready to ask him questions.

Evan ignored her. He had already explicitly rejected her. He took Colin and went to Fleur and Gabrielle.

“Evan, what prompted you not to enter the Triwizard Tournament?” Rita Skeeter asked. It was as though she hadn’t seen Evan’s reaction.

Why didn’t Evan enter the tournament?!

Everyone knew that it was because he was not old enough and he was not interested in the tournament.

Rita Skeeter repeated it again, and Colin quietly tugged Evan.

“I just said now I’m not going to give you an interview!” said Evan coldly, turning around to look at her.

Hearing his words, the atmosphere in the room was awkward.

Evan said nothing more. Rita Skeeter looked at him with a smile, looking a bit arrogant. Ludo Bagman, Colin, Fleur, and Gabrielle all stared at them both.

After a while, it seemed certain that Evan would not answer, but Rita Skeeter was not at all embarrassed.

“Dear, are you silent and unwilling to give me an interview because you haven’t become a champion yourself?” said Rita Skeeter, still keeping her eyes fixed on Evan, “Do you think you’ve been treated unfairly? As we all know, your magica power is very strong. Is any of the four champions selected in this tournament as strong as you?! ”

Evan frowned, and though he did not speak, he saw Rita Skeeter’s green quill scribbling again.

Evan could be sure he wasn’t crying, and there was no firmness or tenacity in his eyes.

Looking at Rita Skeeter’s meaning, as he did not answer, it was tacit that there was a lot of darkness in the tournament.

If he defended, he would naturally give her more opportunities to tell rumors.

This was really abhorrent, and it was the first time ever Evan had a mandatory interview.

If he could, he really wanted to take out his wand and teach her a hard lesson. But obviously he couldn’t do that. Evan was not an evil Dark wizard, who would use the Killing Curse against people he didn’t agree with.

The wisest option now was not to continue talking about this topic.

“Miss Skeeter, I’m here today as a reporter just like you to interview the champions. Therefore, I do not want my name to appear in this special report on the tournament.” said Evan loudly, “Please cross out the unfounded speculation you just wrote, otherwise I will take necessary actions. And I can assure you, you will definitely regret it! ”

He finished, took a deep breath, did not look at Rita Skeeter’s face and the words written on her paper, and pulled Colin straight to Fleur and Gabrielle.

Evan did not expect his threat to frighten. The woman was fearless, and dared to say anything.

Even if Fudge and Dumbledore were here, she would not be frightened.

As long as it was profitable, she would continue to fabricate fake news. To let her go on like this was a real hassle.

Simply, Evan knew that she was an illegal Animagus. But he couldn't just say it. She would not admit it.

If you say it directly, you will definitely not, and the other party will not admit it. Instead, it would make her more cautious.

Evan now only had to wait for the opportunity to catch her when she would sneak into Hogwarts in her Animagus form to obtain information.

Rita Skeeter seemed to be scared by Evan's reaction. The green quill stopped writing down. Bagman quickly rushed forward to ease the situation.

"Well done, Evan!" said Gabrielle to Evan, who had just walked over to her. "That woman is such a nuisance!"

"She's very rude. When the magic ministry official introduced us just now, she didn't even shake hands with me!" Fleur whispered, "The two of us were just talking about this; you've treated her like she deserves."

It was obvious that Rita Skeeter was not interested in such an unknown young wizard from France as Fleur.

What she needed is big news that could attract the public's attention, the kind that could make a sensation.

Fleur did not meet this condition, and Rita Skeeter naturally would not pay attention to her. She did not even have the basic etiquette.

He had discussed it with Hermione this morning, and this report mainly focused on the four champions, introducing their basic information and a comparative analysis of their strengths and weaknesses, etc., so that wizards outside Hogwarts could also know all about the tournament and its participants.

It was a big move in itself, as many people wanted to know about the champions. Even if it was not comparable to Rita Skeeter's fabricated rumors, this news should have the attention of many people.

Chapter 566: Veela's bloodline

"Of course my sister will!" said Gabrielle excitedly.

"Well, I'll give you an exclusive interview. We can go out and talk. That woman makes me feel very uncomfortable." Fleur nodded.

Evan, Fleur, Colin, and Gabrielle left the room, ignoring Rita Skeeter behind them.

They did not go far, but came to the Muggle Studies Classroom around the corner.

It was much bigger than the classroom they were in just now, but it was also very cold, and there was no one inside.

In the classroom, all the tables and chairs were placed exactly the same as Muggle School. There was no mural on the wall, but a lot of colorful pictures showing Muggle figures and scenery. At the back of the classroom was a huge bookshelf full of Muggle books.

Evan knew that behind that bookshelf was actually a secret passage, leading to the sixth floor bathroom.

The way to enter the secret passage was to put a few large-scale letters in the alphabetical order of "PREFECT".

This classroom was very suitable for talking and interviewing. Usually no one would come except for class.

Although Evan was already very familiar with Fleur and Gabrielle, he asked a lot of details in accordance with his previous outline.

Colin took pictures of Fleur. They needed special close-ups of the champions to be published in the newspaper.

It was to say that as long as Fleur was willing, she and everyone could get along very happily.

Perhaps because everyone is familiar with her, she didn't mention such disappointing topics as the cold and dark decoration and the over-flavored food at Hogwarts. Instead, she cooperated very well and made jokes with Evan and Colin from time to time.

About ten minutes later, the classroom door was opened and Dumbledore stood outside.

"Obviously you are here, I have to interrupt you four, the Wand Weighing ceremony is about to start, Miss Delacour must be there!" said Dumbledore softly.

"No problem, Professor, we're done here too!"

They filed out. Evan packed up his stuff and walked at the back with Gabrielle.

"My sister just told me that you are the first to inquire about girls in this way!"

Gabrielle suddenly whispered, she looked at Evan with a smile, her eyes bent into a lovely crescent, "She wants me to be more vigilant against you!"

Evan was speechless, and it turned out that the two sisters had just talked about this in French.

But still, what did it mean to be vigilant?! The questions he had asked though detailed were just needed for reporting.

Dumbledore did not go straight back to the small classroom, but stopped in front of a broom cupboard on the opposite side.

Just as everyone wondered what he was going to do, Dumbledore opened the door and went in.

Rita Skeeter and Harry were inside, and Harry looked a little emotional.

It seemed that during the time Evan left, Harry, Ron, and Hermione also came along.

Not surprisingly, Rita Skeeter once again interviewed Harry, even though he was not a champion.

“Dumbledore!” cried Rita Skeeter, with a look of delight. She hastily put the quill and parchment into her crocodile-skin bag and buckled it.

“How are you?” she said, standing up and holding out one of her large, mannish hands to Dumbledore. “I hope you saw my piece over the summer about the International Confederation of Wizards’ Conference?”

“Enchantingly nasty,” said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling. “I particularly enjoyed your description of me as an absolute dingbat.”

Rita Skeeter didn’t look remotely abashed and went on, “I was just making the point that some of your ideas are a little old-fashioned, Dumbledore, and that many wizards in the street ...”

“I will be delighted to hear the reasoning behind the rudeness, Rita,” said Dumbledore, “But I am afraid we will have to discuss the matter later. The Weighing of the Wands ceremony is about to start. I think you should not miss it.”

They all returned to the room. In addition to Fleur, the other champions were already seated. Professor Karkaroff, Madame Maxime, Mr. Crouch and Ludo Bagman were sitting on their chairs.

Evan, Harry, Colin, and Gabrielle sat down next to Hermione, and Rita Skeeter settled herself down in a corner. She slipped the parchment out of her bag again, spread it on her knee, sucked the end of the Quick-Quotes Quill, and placed it once more on the parchment.

“Where have you been?” Hermione asked in a low voice.

“Colin and I went to interview Fleur. Harry should have been called by Rita Skeeter for an interview.” said Evan.

“Don’t mention it, that woman is terrible. You didn’t see what she was writing!” Harry sighed and said, looking a little excited, “She wanted to hear my opinion on the tournament, but she didn’t write what I said.”

“You should have known long ago that she likes to lie,” said Hermione acutely, and she also took out her quill. “Remember the report of the Quidditch World Cup, that is, the article about Mr. Weasley, and what she said rumors that several bodies were removed from the ruins...”

Hearing her reminder, Harry remembered it, too. He knew that he should have refused Skeeter’s interview.

Evan looked at Rita Skeeter. This woman could really make a mess. He had to deal with it as soon as possible.

It seemed that she noticed Evan’s gaze. Rita Skeeter raised her head and revealed an ugly smile to him.

No one in the room was speaking, but her green quill kept writing.



“Champions, please allow me to introduce Mr. Ollivander,” said Dumbledore, taking his place at the judges’ table and talking to the champions, “He will be checking your wands to ensure that they are in good condition before the tournament.”

Evan then saw an old wizard with large, pale eyes standing quietly by the window. It was Mr. Ollivander who looked as strange as before.

“Mademoiselle Delacour, could we have you first, please?” said Mr. Ollivander, stepping into the empty space in the middle of the room.

Fleur nodded, swept over to Mr. Ollivander and handed him her wand.

Mr. Ollivander twirled the wand between his long fingers like a baton and it emitted a number of pink and gold sparks. Then he held it close to his eyes and examined it carefully.

“Not bad!” he said quietly. “Nine inches (T/N. In the book, her wand is nine and a half inches)... inflexible ... rosewood ... and containing ... oh, my God!”

“A hair from the head of a Veela,” said Fleur, “One of my grandmother’s.”

Hearing her saying so, Hermione hurriedly recorded it.

Although Evan had said before that both Fleur and Gabrielle were quarter-veela, this was far less impressive than when she admitted it herself.

Ron, in particular, stared straight at Fleur again, looking very attracted to her.

In Evan’s view, in Fleur’s trip to Hogwarts, beyond becoming a champion, she was able to attract the attention of a large number of boys, who were fascinated by her appearance, which was probably the only thing she was satisfied with.

This was the Veela lineage, nature would make men infatuated with their magical blood.

Chapter 567: Wand Maintenance

“My wand core is the same as my sister’s, it’s grandma’s hair,” said Gabrielle in a sad tone, “Grandma was a very beautiful and kind person. She used to tell us a lot of interesting stories, and cook a lot of delicious dishes. Five years ago, after my grandfather died, she also left to return to nature, leaving these two hairs as a souvenir before leaving. Since then, I have never seen her again.”

“She left and returned back to nature?!” Hermione couldn’t help but ask, “Why didn’t you go to find her then?”

“We don’t know where she is. She’s hiding and refuses to see us.” Gabrielle said, her eyes were a bit red.

“I’m sorry”

“Never mind. I’m used to it. Every year, she sends us a message. As long as we know that grandma lives well, my sister and I are satisfied!” Gabrielle said, with a lovely

smile on her face. "As long as she's still alive, we'll always have a chance to meet, won't we?"

She looked at Fleur's wand in Mr. Ollivander hands and recalled his grandmother.

Fleur and Gabrielle's grandmother did not die. Veela are very strong magical creatures, who live long.

They become beautiful young women and marry human beings, form a family, settle down and have children. When the man's life is over, they'll return to nature and never see their children again.

They live in the forest, Lakes, mountains, and mists, and even if their descendants look for them, they will not come out easily.

Veela's hair is a rare wand core material, but it is undeniable that it has strong magic and strong characteristics in Transfiguration, healing magic, rejuvenation, and flame spells.

"Yes," said Mr. Ollivander, "yes, I've never used veela hair myself, of course. I find it makes for rather temperamental wands ... however, to each his own, and if this suits you ..."

"Very well, it's in fine working order!" said Mr. Ollivander, scooping up the flowers and handing them to Fleur with her wand. "Mr. Diggory, you next."

Cedric's wand was made by Ollivander. The product, twelve and a quarter inches, made of ash. The wand was pleasantly springy and the rod core was a single hair from the tail of a fine male unicorn.

"Yes, I remember it well," said Mr. Ollivander. He had plucked the hair from the tail of a particularly fine male unicorn. It was five or six feet long. It nearly gored him with its horn. The magic of this wand was very strong, and only a good wizard could control it.

Mr. Ollivander was full of praise for Cedric's wand and nodded in satisfaction. He gently waved the wand and sent a stream of silver smoke rings across the room.

After Cedric, it was Viktor Krum's turn.

His body did not seem to have recovered, and the last attack caused him great damage. He got up and slouched, round-shouldered and duck-footed, toward Mr. Ollivander. He thrust out his wand and stood scowling, with his hands in the pockets of his robes.

"Hmm," said Mr. Ollivander, "This is a Gregorovitch creation, unless I'm much mistaken?"

Krum nodded and Hermione hurried to write it on parchment.

“When the four of you were not there, I had finished the interview with Krum.” Hermione whispered, shaking the dense parchment in her hand, full of Krum-related information.

“He looks hard to come into contact with!” said Colin worriedly.

“I thought so, too, but he just cooperated,” said Hermione.

Evan looked at Krum with vigilance. If he’s guessing correctly, this guy seemed to like Hermione; just like in the books!

“Gregorovitch is a fine wand-maker craftsman, though the styling is never quite what I ... however ...” Mr. Ollivander did not go on. Gregorovitch was one of the two biggest European wand makers on a par with Ollivander.

“Well!” He lifted the wand and examined it minutely, turning it over and over before his eyes.

The hornbeam wand let off a blast like a gun, and a number of small, twittering birds flew out of the end and through the open window into the watery sunlight.

“Very good!” said Mr. Ollivander, handing the wand back to Krum. “Which leaves ... Mr. Weasley.”

Ron hurriedly stood up, nervous, looking clumsy. He walked past Krum to Mr. Ollivander to hand over his wand.

“This is my product again!” said Mr. Ollivander, slightly frowning at the wand in his hand, “fourteen inches long, willow wood, unicorn tail hair. Yes, I Remember, it was a female unicorn, running very fast, only the purest women could touch it, although the length and magic of this tail hair is a little less than that of Mr. Diggory, it has strong positive characteristics. Only a good-hearted wizard can use this wand, and using it to release black magic and other negative effects will produce natural resistance, which is one of its qualities.”

Mr. Ollivander did not wait for Ron to answer. He waved his wand directly.

“I have to say that you need to take regular care of it and use it carefully.” said Mr. Ollivander, looking at the scar on the wand, “Remember, it’s the wand that chooses to ignore the wizard, Mr. Weasley. If you go on like this, you may need a new wand! Of course, it’s still in good condition, but you have to use it carefully.”

He made a fountain of wine shoot out of the wand, and handed it back to Ron.

“Now that I’m talking about it, I have to mention that as the wizard’s most important partner, the importance of the wand is beyond doubt! The maintenance of the wand is a very practical subject. I suggest that such a course should be offered in the school.” said Mr. Ollivander, his pale eyes looking at Dumbledore, Professor Karkaroff and Madame Maxime. “It is something young wizards need to learn.”

“Thank you for your advice, Garrick. Students really need professional advice in this regard!” said Dumbledore, suddenly turning his head and looking at Evan, “Mr. Mason, Miss Granger, Mr. Creevey, Miss Delacour, this is a rare opportunity, I suggest that Garrick looks at your four wands and see how well they are maintained.”

#### Chapter 568: Wandlore

Evan looked at Dumbledore in surprise, wondering what he meant.

Why did he ask Mr. Ollivander to check their wands? And looking at Mr. Ollivander’s expression, he didn’t seem surprised or not expecting this. Obviously, he knew about this in advance, and Dumbledore told him.

Perhaps Dumbledore asked Mr. Ollivander to check everyone’s wands in order to determine something.

Evan had some doubts, but on second thought, this was not a bad thing.

At Evan’s sign, Colin glanced at him. He looked at Dumbledore again. He hesitated, and then walked over to hand his wand to Mr. Ollivander.

“This wand is very well maintained, Mr. Creevey!” said Mr. Ollivander, looking a little excited. “Twelve inches long ... sandalwood ... the core is a unicorn hair, which is the essence material of a common wand. Although it has no particular characteristics, the magic of the wand made with unicorn hair is usually stable, with little fluctuation and blockage. This wand fits you very well, which is the most rare and valuable thing. The wand made unicorn hair is the most loyal of all the wands, and no matter what happens, it can maintain a strong connection with the original owner.”

He examined Colin’s wand carefully and added some knowledge about wand maintenance. He announced that it was in good condition, and then it was Gabrielle’s turn.

Gabrielle’s wand was shorter than Fleur’s, only eight inches long. The core of the wand was her grandmother’s hair.

“Hawthorn ... very soft texture!” said Mr. Ollivander, carefully looking at Gabrielle’s wand. “In fact, I’ve never seen such a soft wand. The combination of such a soft material and sensitive Veela’s hair makes this wand extremely sensitive to magic changes. Ordinary witches can’t use it.”

Fleur and Gabrielle’s wands should be the most loyal; the core of the wands was their grandmother’s hair. It was unique, but at the same time it had blood ties with both of them. These two wands were hardly likely to be taken away by other wizards.

As for Hermione's wand, it was fourteen inches, made of vine wood, and the core of the wand was the dragon heartstring.

"Yes, Miss Granger, I still remember this wand!" said Mr. Ollivander, and golden stars emerged at the end of the wand. "The dragon is a magical creature with strong power, and the material on it is very rare, especially the dragon heartstring. It's hard to obtain, much harder than the unicorn hair. Correspondingly, its power is much stronger. As long as the owner has enough power, they could display the most gorgeous and brilliant magic through this wand."

When the golden stars finally disappeared, he returned the wand to Hermione, his pale eyes staring at her.

"The dragon heartstring is the most unstable in the event of an accident. This wand is easy to favor black magic, although this tendency does not necessarily match itself." He whispered about the wand, "Miss Granger, don't let anyone take it. Otherwise, it will change loyalty and resolutely submit to its new owner. "

Hermione raised her eyebrows and did not understand what Mr. Ollivander meant.

Why did he say that? Was there a hint in it?!

"Wandlore is one of the most complex and mysterious branches of all magic. I am just explaining the mystery that has been explored!" Seeing Hermione's doubts, Mr. Ollivander explained, "If you are interested in this aspect, you can look up relevant information. Well, Mr. Potter is next! "

Harry went over and handed over his wand.

"Aaaah, yes!" said Mr. Ollivander, his pale eyes suddenly gleaming with excitement. "Yes, yes. How well I remember."

Everyone in the classroom looked at him with surprise. They didn't understand what Mr. Ollivander meant.

Only Harry knew. He could remember it too as though it had happened yesterday.

Three summers ago, on his eleventh birthday, he had entered Mr. Ollivander's shop with Hagrid to buy a wand.

Mr. Ollivander had taken his measurements and then started handing him wands to try.

Harry had waved what felt like every wand in the shop, until at last he had found the one that suited him.

His wand was made of holly, eleven inches long and contained a single feather from the tail of a phoenix.

Mr. Ollivander had been very surprised that Harry had been so compatible with his wand.

“Curious,” he said, “Curious,” and not until Harry asked what was curious had Mr. Ollivander explained that the phoenix feather in Harry’s wand had come from the same bird that had supplied the core of Lord Voldemort’s.

Harry had never shared this piece of information with anybody. He was very fond of his wand, and as far as he was concerned its relation to Voldemort’s wand was something it couldn’t help, rather as he couldn’t help being related to Aunt Petunia.

However, he really hoped that Mr. Ollivander wasn’t about to tell the room about it.

He had a funny feeling Rita Skeeter’s Quick-Quotes Quill might just explode with excitement if he did.

In particular, his scar had been aching repeatedly recently, and he dreamed about things related to Voldemort, which made him feel very bad.

In this case, Harry didn’t want his wand to be connected to Voldemort.

“Phoenix feather is the most precious wand core material. In the face of possible owners, the Phoenix feather wand is always the pickiest. It is the most independent and transcendent creation in the world. This wand is the most difficult to tame and personalize, and it is usually difficult to win its loyalty.” said Mr. Ollivander slowly and softly, “But there is no doubt that a magic wand made of a phoenix feather can perform the most outstanding magic, although it will take longer to show this than dragons and unicorns. This wand is very special and has a very unique meaning. Please use it well, Mr. Potter, it will help you!”

Mr. Ollivander spent much longer examining Harry’s wand than anyone else’s. He looked at it over and over before handing it back to Harry.

“Last one ... Mr. Mason!” He whispered, turning his eyes to Evan.

Evan went forward and saw Mr. Ollivander in front of him. He felt like he had returned to the scene of the dazzling small shop.

Two years ago, he walked in with Mrs. Weasley and Ginny.

When he held the wand, its tip suddenly gave off a white halo, rippling in the shop.

And Mr. Ollivander said those words full of mystery to make one sweat upside down.

“Wonderful, very wonderful!” Mr. Ollivander took Evan’s wand and his eyes sparkled. He said softly, “Although each wand is unique, this is exceptionally special. It was left by my great grandfather, who was then the world’s most famous wand maker.”

Chapter 569: Wand Loyalty

Evan certainly remembered what Mr. Ollivander had said at the beginning, about the secret hidden in his wand.

He also did not want him to say those things on this occasion. After all, it was too shocking.

Ollivander had once told Evan that the core of his wand was the Thestral Tail Hair. This was a very tricky substance, which could be mastered only by a wizard capable of facing death.

Mastering death could easily bring up ideas of surprise, death and misfortune.

Apart from these obvious negative thoughts, Evan did not quite understand what Mr. Ollivander meant back then.

However, after a thorough study of many ancient magic books including Wandlore, he realized how special it was to use Thestral tail as the essence of the wand, which was not as simple as the literal meaning of “mastering death”.

Under the influence of some mysterious power, only those who witnessed death directly could see the Thestral.

The Thestral tail hair that contained this power could not be integrated into the wand through traditional craftsmanship.

In all the books about Wandlore that Evan read, it was believed that the Thestral tail hair is the most difficult substance to use in a wand making.

Even if the wand could be made, it could not be used by wizards.

To put it simply, the mysterious power in the Thestral tail hair would hinder the transmission of the wizard’s magic power, and was very unstable.

Evan didn’t know how his wand was made, as its mere creation contradicted many basic theories of Wandlore.

Apart from his wand, the only wand in the world that used the Thestral tail hair as its inner core was the Elder Wand in Dumbledore’s hands. The wand was said to be made by Death itself from the elder tree on the banks of the river, and it was 15 inches long.

Reading the Deathly Hallows, one would find that the Elder Wand had infinite potential and only submitted to the most powerful of wizards.

It was also known as the Deathstick or the Wand of Destiny. In the history of magic, it was present in many famous duels.

The Elder Wand was the least understanding of the feelings, the most cool and cruel wand, and only considered the user’s ability.

Other wands had a certain degree of loyalty to their owners, so even if they were defeated, as long as they still held the wands, the wands would serve them, they would not give up on their owners so easily.

This trait was particularly evident in wands made from unicorn hair, which remained loyal to their owners. If a wand were allowed to choose a competent person, it would prefer the initial owner.

However, the old wand was only loyal to ability; it was completely without “emotions” or attachment. It went with strength, so beating the original owner meant winning the wand.

This was one of the characteristics of the Elder Wand. It was also reflected in Evan’s wand, and was even more domineering.

Over the past two years, Evan had found that no one but himself could control and use his wand.

It was even impossible to cast the simplest magic with it, and it would resist any other user.

The most obvious example was that Peter Pettigrew once used Evan's wand to kill him. But Evan could see clearly that Peter's Killing Curse had no effect. When he wanted to continue using the magic, he suddenly threw down the wand and ran away. His face was full of horror, apparently frightened by something!

Something must have happened. Peter Pettigrew must have felt something extremely powerful from Evan's wand, the kind of power that could evoke the deep memories of his heart, so he would turn and flee directly.

Evan didn't know what power it was. In fact, he had never studied his wand.

At certain times, especially when using profound dark magic involving soul power, he could feel something fresh in this wand, and that thing wants to break through the limit of the wand and come out from the inside. This was really terrible.

Evan had never used the Elder Wand, but he didn't think that the Thestral tail hair would have this effect.

Of course, all this was still a mystery, and it was not impossible.

As Ollivander just said, Wandlore was one of the most complex and mysterious branches of magic. It involved the origin of the wizards' magic power, and many theories had been inherited from generation to generation, being exclusive to wand makers, and not really recorded anywhere.

This was also the main reason why excellent wand makers had always have a history of thousands of years.

"This wand is the only thing that my great grandfather passed down. Believe me; my great-grandfather's achievements are what every wand maker can only look up to. He had done great things!" Mr. Ollivander looked at the wand carefully and continued softly, "Mr. Mason, the wand he left behind has been passed down from generation to generation, never picking any wizard, until it met you."

He waved his right hand holding the wand gently down, and a silvery half-moon glow appeared at the end of the wand.

"This wand is well maintained and its traits have not changed significantly!" said Mr. Ollivander, handing the wand back to Evan. "Remember, Mr. Mason, it's the wand that chooses the wizard. One day you'll understand what I mean. Please make good use of this wand; it will be your best assistant."

Hearing his words, Evan felt even more confused.

Mr. Ollivander did not comment on his wand as he did with the others, and did not mention its material and core.

He just looked at Evan quietly, and his milky white pupils gave a creepy feeling.

Then he turned and nodded to Dumbledore.



“Thank you, Garrick!” Dumbledore stood up at the judges’ table and said to Evan, his friends and the champions. “You may go back to your lessons now ... or perhaps it would be quicker just to go down to dinner, as they are about to end!”

“What, finally over?” Bagman also stood up. When Mr. Ollivander was checking the wands, he had been drowsy there, but now he was extremely excited. “Photos, Dumbledore, photos! All the judges and champions can take a photo together. The four children can also come. What do you think, Rita?”

“Yes, let’s do those first!” said Rita Skeeter, whose eyes were upon Evan and Harry again. “And then perhaps some individual shots.”

The photographs took a long time. Madame Maxime cast everyone else into shadow wherever she stood. The room was too small, and the photographer couldn’t stand far enough back to get her into the frame.

Eventually she had to sit while everyone else stood around her.

Karkaroff kept twirling his goatee around his finger to give it an extra curl.

Krum skulked, half-hidden, at the back of the group, as if he was not comfortable with the camera.

After the photo was taken, Rita Skeeter insisted on separate shots of everyone.

In fact what she meant was to take individual photos of Evan and Harry.

Evan ignored her and pulled Harry and Hermione out of the room.

Chapter 570: First Communication with the Merpeople

This report caused a lot of sensation and reaction in the wizarding world.

Apart from the vampire hunt, which had not made much progress, the Triwizard Tournament was the hottest topic in the wizarding world.

Wizards all wanted to know who the champions of the three wizarding schools were and wanted to get to know them. They also wanted to know the specific reasons why there was an extra champion, as well as the content of the tournament and so on.

Evan and Hermione’s reports were very timely, and the detailed content also satisfied everyone’s curiosity. The sales were very good.

Over the next two weeks, school life returned to its former tranquility.

Hufflepuff and Slytherin seemed to be tired of endless hostility with Gryffindor. Although not very friendly, they returned to talking to other people in normal communication. Only when they faced Ron would they show obvious hostility and endless ridicule.

Gabrielle became more and more familiar with everyone and became almost a full member of Gryffindor.

Ron also finally recovered from the excitement of becoming a champion and began to think about how to face the first task.

He finally began to be afraid of having to perform an unknown, dangerous, and extremely difficult task in front of all the students in the school. With the help of Evan, Harry, and Hermione, he finally learned a lot of magic and spells.

These things were too low-level; Ron had skipped on too many lessons before and had much to learn.

However, Evan did not see how learning these low-level spells could help in dealing with dragons.

And Ron didn't study too hard, spending a lot of energy on other things. Although he began to attach importance to this matter, on the whole, he still did not realize the seriousness of the situation and did not think that the first task would be to face a fire dragon!

In addition to occasionally guiding Ron, Evan's Mermish was finally getting started. At least, that's what he thought. He memorized most of the words he saw in the book.

On the second weekend, he was ready to go to the lake to try to communicate with the Merpeople and test his learning outcomes.

If he was lucky enough, he might get information about the Four Founders' secret treasure keys.

Unlike the lake near the Temple of the Moon of the Centaurs' colony, the lake in front of the school castle was wider and deeper.

After five minutes of quick dive in a dark, awkward and strange scene, Evan came to the bottom of the lake.

There was a jungle of undulating, tangled black plants, and broad, flat sands with shimmering pebbles.

Moving forward, he could encounter a Merman and giant squid at any time.

In the central position of the lake, he also saw many Merpeople remains.

For example, a large rock emerged out of the muddy water. It had paintings of Merpeople on it; they were carrying spears and chasing what looked like the giant squid or a strangely shaped stone statue.

After some exploration, Evan found the Merpeople tribe in the deepest depression in the middle of the lake. It was a cluster of crude stone dwellings stained with algae.

When Evan approached, at the dark windows, some faces suddenly appeared and peered at him. They were all Merpeople, and the scene was rather creepy.

In the deepest part of the dark water, Evan was instantly surrounded by Merpeople coming out of all directions.

Unlike the blond mermaids in the fairy tales, they had grayish skin and long, wild, dark green hair, with a malicious smile on their faces, as though they were monsters from the abyss.

Their eyes were yellow, as were their broken teeth, and they wore thick ropes of pebbles around their necks.

These Merpeople were beating the water with their powerful, silver fish tails. After seeing Evan, they did not say anything, and attacked, spears clutched in their hands.

After a brief contact, Evan was able to communicate with them calmly. Of course, he did that not with the language he had just learned, but with magic.

It wasn't really very difficult. The merpeoples looked fierce, but when they saw the light coming out of Evan's wand, they immediately turned around and fled back into the stone dwellings.

.

Evan had never seen such a timid creature, and they stared at his wand with their yellow eyes, looking very scared.

Even though they were numerous, and Evan was alone, the look on their faces showed that, like the giant squid, they knew nothing about magic and remained awed.

Evan used magic to control the Merman closest to him. It was a very strong guy. He stared with his big yellow eyes at Evan and his wand in horror, his body trembling.

The following communication was not smooth either. It was not pleasant for Evan to keep spitting bubbles out of his mouth in the water.

From the face of this guy on the opposite side, Evan doubted whether he could understand what he was talking about.

It took him a few seconds to spit out a lot of bubbles at Evan.

This time, Evan could be sure that he couldn't understand what the Merman was saying. He could only recognize a few words.

Just as he was about to make further attempts, the Merman that was under control couldn't stand the tension and simply fainted.

Evan gave a wry smile, not expecting such a result.

Looking around, the dark stone dwellings were like ghost houses, and the traces of the Merpeople were no longer visible.

In the end, he had to give up the failed exchange and go up the dark and cold lake and return to the castle.

This was definitely not going to work. This failed communication experience told Evan that some gifts should be prepared for these timid Merpeople. Perhaps this would make them feel his goodwill.

After thousands of years of development, Merpeople existed now throughout the world, and they varied in appearance. With the different living places, their appearance and abilities were also different.

To put it simply, these Merpeople settled in the lake in front of Hogwarts Castle were a group of ugly creatures that did not know magic.

They might have great strength, but they had nothing to do with the Mermaids that frequently appeared in many legends and myths.

The love of music was probably the only hobby they had inherited from their distant ancestors.

Evan decided to prepare some classical human music for them next time he came, which might work.