

Harry Potter 581

Chapter 581: Cheating is a Tradition

At the sight of Charlie, Ron seemed to want to go out, but at last he resisted this urge.

Evan and Harry held him tight so that he could not rush out of his head or collapse in fear.

Ron was looking very bad now, and any unexpected situation could happen.

There were other dragon keepers around, they couldn't be found, and the champions were not supposed to know about the task.

"All right, Hagrid?" Charlie panted. "They should be okay now. We put them out with a Sleeping Draft on the way here. We thought it might be better for them to wake up in the dark and the quiet. But, like you saw, they weren't happy, not happy at all..."

"What breeds you got here, Charlie?" asked Hagrid, gazing at the closest dragon, the black one, with something close to reverence.

The black dragon's eyes were still just open, and a strip of gleaming yellow could be seen beneath its wrinkled black eyelid.

"This is a Hungarian Horntail," said Charlie. "There's a Common Welsh Green over there, the smaller one ... a Swedish Short-Snout, that blue-gray ... and a Chinese Fireball, that's the red."

Charlie looked around; Madame Maxime was strolling away around the edge of the enclosure, gazing at the stunned dragons.

"I didn't know you were bringing her, Hagrid," Charlie said, frowning. "The champions aren't supposed to know what's coming. She's bound to tell her student, isn't she?"

"I just thought she'd like to see them," shrugged Hagrid, still gazing, enraptured, at the dragons.

"Really romantic date, Hagrid," sighed Charlie, shaking his head helplessly.

"A total of four..." said Hagrid, "So it's one for each of the champions, is it? What have they got to do ... fight them?"

"Just get past them, I think," said Charlie. "We'll be on hand if it gets nasty, Extinguishing Spells and Stunning Spells at the ready. They wanted nesting mothers, I don't know why, but I tell you this, I don't envy the one who gets the Horntail. Vicious thing. Its back-end is as dangerous as its front, look!"

Charlie pointed toward the Horntail's tail, and they saw long, bronze-colored spikes protruding along it every few inches.

Some of Charlie's fellow keepers staggered up to the Horntail at that moment, carrying a clutch of huge granite-gray eggs between them in a blanket. They placed them carefully at the Horntail's side.

Hagrid let out a moan of longing.

"I've got them counted, Hagrid," said Charlie sternly. Then he said, "How's Ron?"

"Fine," said Hagrid, still gazing at the eggs.

"I mailed him two books on how to deal with a dragon, hoping he can speculate!" Charlie looked out grimly over the dragons' enclosure, and said with concern, "Well, I just hope he'd come out fine after he's faced this danger."

He shook his head and looked worried.

"You know Ron's ability. He can't deal with these dragons at all. There's no chance!" said Charlie. "I'm ready to rush to protect him when he competes. I didn't dare tell Mum what Ron's got to do for the first task; She's already having kittens about him..."

Charlie imitated his mother's anxious voice. "How could they let him enter that tournament? He's much too young! I thought they were all safe, I thought there was going to be an age limit! God bless, how can Ron become a champion!"

Mrs. Weasley's and Charlie's fears were well founded. Ron was now very pale and staring at the Hungarian Horntail with a silly gaze. His body kept trembling slightly and he was completely frightened.

He now had all his weight on Evan and Harry. Ron would have fallen if they hadn't supported him.

"Dad is happy about Ron becoming a champion and thinks it's a good experience for him." Charlie continued. "I say it's good for Ron to be a champion, but the difficulty of the task is too great. Now, it's a dragon all of a sudden, I hope the poor guy won't lie down after seeing the dragon."

The four of them stared at the dragon again for a while. Evan gently patted Harry, Ron, and Hermione on the shoulder.

They didn't need to stay any longer, and there was no point in staying here.

Charlie was still worried about Ron, and Hagrid's heart had been filled with the fascinating four dragons and Madame Maxime, and he would not miss them.

The four of them turned silently and began to walk away, back to the castle.

Along the way, no one spoke, after the initial fear passed, what took its place was deep despair.

Ron's head was blank and he didn't know how he could beat the dragon.

He could be sure that if he'd seen the dragons for the first time on Tuesday, he might faint on the spot in front of the whole class.

Although he was now prepared, things were not much better.

Facing those monsters, his weapon was only his wand!

His wand now felt like nothing more than a narrow strip of wood against a fifty-foot-high, scaly, spike-ridden, fire-breathing dragon!

And he had to get past it, with everyone watching.

This was really terrible. Ron had been thinking more than once now; if only he hadn't become a champion!

Although Sirius told him that he could deal with the dragon with the Conjunctivitis Curse, Ron was sure he couldn't do it at all.

“Those dragons are completely beyond what I had imagined, the world...” said Harry.

Evan suddenly stopped Harry. He seemed to have heard something, as they were on the edge of the Forbidden Forest.

Because they had just seen the dragons, everyone was agitated and highly nervous.

At Evan's sign, they stopped.

The next second, under the moonlight, they saw a sneaky figure appearing in the bush not far away.

It was Karkaroff, who carefully moved forward in the darkness and moved sideways toward the place where the dragons were.

After he completely disappeared, the four of them set off again to go to the castle.

They were very aware of what Karkaroff was going to do. He had sneaked off his ship to try and find out what the first task was going to be.

He might have spotted Hagrid and Madame Maxime heading off around the forest together; both were hardly difficult to spot at a distance. And now all Karkaroff had to do was to follow the source of the voices, and he, like Madame Maxime, would know what would be waiting for the champions.

By the looks of it, the only champion who would be facing the unknown on Tuesday was Cedric.

Obviously, cheating had always been a traditional part of the Triwizard Tournament!

Chapter 582: Borrow the Philosopher's Stone

Twenty minutes later, they returned to the deserted Common Room.

The Common Room was quiet and in semidarkness. The flames of the fireplace were the only source of light.

They sat down in a soft armchair, feeling exhausted and powerless.

Nearby, on a table, the Support Cedric Diggory! badges the Creeveys had been trying to improve were glinting in the firelight, and it seemed as though it had been a long time since they were here looking at them trying to improve the badges.

The scene they saw this evening was so shocking. They still had images of roaring dragons in their minds.

“Karkaroff knows about the dragons. We should tell Cedric about this. That’s only fair!” After a while, Harry said softly, “He certainly doesn’t know about this. We can’t let him alone...”

“You’re right, Harry!” said Hermione. “But let’s just think about how Ron can get through the first task and try to keep him alive until Tuesday evening.”

“I can’t do it!” Ron said in a hollow voice. “I can’t do it. I can’t beat those monsters.”

Evan, Harry, and Hermione looked at each other. Ron was not in good shape now.

They thought that after seeing the appearance of the dragon tonight, he would be mentally prepared and play better in the tournament.

But looking at Ron’s appearance, it was as though the terrible dragon had already knocked him down even before facing it!

Evan had helped him back to Hogwarts, and it was obvious that Ron’s legs were weakening and he was staggering all the way.

Charlie was right. It would be too difficult for Ron to face the dragon now!

“Be brave, Ron!” Hermione said, turning her head to look at Ron, who was pale. “Sirius said that by relying on the Conjunctivitis Curse, you can make the dragon temporarily blind, and then you could go over and get what it’s guarding.”

“Easy to say, it’s a dragon, not a big lizard!” Ron exclaimed, clenching his fist. “You’ve just seen it. They can shoot fire at a range of twenty feet, and the Hungarian Horntail can even do forty feet, which is longer than the distance of the spell. How could I get close to them and use the Conjunctivitis Curse? What’s more, even if I use it, it won’t necessarily work. I’m too weak, and the dragon will certainly resist my spell.”

There was a long period of silence, and Harry and Hermione could not think of a way to easily get close to the dragon shooting fire. It was scary enough to look at it from a distance.

As Evan expected, Ron now needed courage, followed by the power to defeat the dragon.

“I can’t do it, I don’t want to die!” said Ron weakly. “I should give up the tournament, or run away from Hogwarts and go anywhere.”

“Don’t be silly, Ron!” said Harry quickly.

“That’s impossible!” said Hermione, “Professor Moody said that once your name is spit out of the Goblet of fire, you have a contract with the Triwizard Tournament and you have to take part in the competition.”

“Those people want to kill me. I can’t just die like that!” Ron shouted, looking like he’s losing it. Then he slumped back into the armchair, powerless.

There was another moment of silence, and Ron said softly, “There is only one way ... only one way ... if...”

“If what?!”

Evan noticed that Ron was staring at him at this moment, and his eyes were shining.

“If Evan would lend me the Philosopher’s Stone, I can defeat the dragon with the help of its power!” Ron said quickly.

Evan froze for a moment and looked at Ron’s serious face to make sure he wasn’t kidding.

He did not expect Ron to make such a request and try to borrow the Philosopher’s Stone from him!

But in the end, would he lend it or not?!

Evan thought for a moment and then said simply and directly, “I know what you’re thinking, but even if I lend you the Philosopher’s Stone, you wouldn’t be able to use it. The magic in it can’t be directly absorbed by a wizard. The Philosopher’s Stone is made by ancient warlocks with alchemy to provide powerful magic to magical props. It does not directly enhance the power of wizards.”

He explained briefly the principle of the Philosopher’s Stone, hoping Ron would understand.

But seeing Ron’s eyes, Evan knew what he had just said was vain.

“Evan told me about this before. The last time he used the Philosopher’s Stone at the World Cup, he almost died,” said Hermione quickly, “Don’t think about it anymore, Ron, the Philosopher’s Stone can’t help you at all!”

“Really?!” Ron said, with a stiff smile on his face, and he looked at Evan and Hermione suspiciously. “But last term, Professor Lupin and Sirius clearly said that the magic inside the Philosopher’s Stone greatly improved the power of wizards. With its help, a wizard could do a lot of unimaginable things. Evan, you said that, too. That’s why we went to the Centaurs’ colony to look for the Philosopher’s Stone, isn’t it?!”

“That’s what I thought then, but it was obviously not the case.” Evan patiently explained, “I can’t use the magic inside the Philosopher’s Stone. It didn’t improve my strength as much as I thought.”

“So how do you explain that your magic has increased by leaps and bounds over the past two years?” Ron asked.

He did not care about Harry, pulling him aside, and said all the doubts he had in mind.

The atmosphere was very awkward. Looking at Ron’s face, Evan was a little annoyed. Ron’s doubts and distrust were too obvious.

“I told you about this. My magic increased because of the Potion Slytherin gave me a thousand years ago. It helped me improve my magic quickly!” Evan hesitated for a moment and continued, “The formula of this Potion has been lost for a long time, and it’s impossible to configure it.”

He did not say that his magic was quickly enhanced with the help of Slytherin’s Locket.

The Locket was a very powerful magic item that saved Evan many times, but it couldn’t help Ron either. On top of that, Dumbledore once told Evan not to tell anyone about it, not even those around him.

A magic item that could help wizards quickly increase their magic power was comparable to the power of the Deathly Hallows. If it got out, For sure Evan wouldn’t be able to live in peace in the future!

Then again, Evan had no obligation to explain anything to Ron, let alone lend him the Philosopher’s Stone.

He helped Ron for the sake of barely being friends, and for the sake of Harry, Hermione and the rest of the Weasleys. Since Ron last yelled at Hermione in the Common Room, Evan had always had a bad impression of him.

It was not that Ron had no merits, but sometimes it was really annoying, like now...

It wasn’t clear whether he was asking for help or jealous and skeptical.

If it hadn’t been for the knowledge that Hermione would never give up on Ron, Evan would not have bothered to take care of his life and death in the face of the dragon.

Chapter 583: How to Get Through the Dragon

“In a word, forget about that Philosopher’s Stone, it won’t help you at all!” said Evan for the last time.

He could understand Ron’s thoughts, but he couldn’t agree with them, and he didn’t like his current attitude.

As for how to help Ron get through the dragon, Evan had recently thought of many ways and prepared some things.

With the help of these things, Ron basically wouldn’t have any problems as long as he was not too stupid.

Of course, if he was talking about borrowing the Philosopher’s Stone or doubting him, Evan would just turn around, walk away, and leave him alone.

Since Ron thought he was relying on the Philosopher’s Stone to become stronger, then, let him think about it!

Going on like that over and over again, Evan would get bored no matter how good tempered he was.

Although Ron wasn't strong enough to face up with a Dark wizard, he could make the right choice or play a role at the critical moment. He also had courage and many advantages, just like many ordinary young wizards.

However, his willpower was too weak to keep up with his strength and his character had great flaws. He always envied and suspected people who were stronger than him, instead of striving hard to catch up.

These shortcomings were fatal compared to the less obvious advantages.

This combination made him the easiest to break in the team, and he was one to attract trouble.

Just like this Triwizard Tournament, whether Harry or Ron became a champion, it had little impact on Dumbledore's and Evan's plans. Evan only cared about whether Voldemort could resurrect with Harry's blood. That was the key point.

As for how Barty Crouch Jr. intended to bring Harry out of school, it was not his main concern.

However, it would be very bad if Ron didn't pass the first task or did something big with the Philosopher's Stone. That would definitely push Bartemius Crouch, Jr., who was hiding in the dark, to change his plans or even focus on the Philosopher's Stone to drag Evan down.

Regardless of whether something came from Ron's subjective will or not, Evan didn't want to leave a time bomb around him. Faced with the combination of evil spirits and Voldemort, he had to be careful.

"Ron, what you need to do now is to master the Conjunctivitis Curse as soon as possible!" Hermione also persuaded, aware that the mood was a bit too bad. "Sirius said that with this spell, the dragon can be easily dealt with."

"You will definitely get through this. We will help you without reservation." said Harry, nodding Ron not to say more, "I believe Evan. That Philosopher's Stone would be useless for you, don't think about it."

Although he also thought that the Philosopher's Stone was very strong, he still believed what Evan said that the magic in it could not be directly absorbed and utilized.

Harry felt that since Evan had said so, it must be true. After such a long contact, he was able to realize that Evan was not the kind of person who would refuse to lend Ron the Philosopher's stone just for being stingy.

What's more, in Harry's opinion, Evan was now so strong, and knew a lot about magic as a result of his accumulation of learning in the library day after day. He had never seen any young wizard working as hard as Evan.

As for the Philosopher's Stone, it was just the icing on the cake, and it did not play a decisive role.

The atmosphere in the Common Room was deadly, and after an awkward silence, Ron sat down again.

He looked now as though he had exhausted all his power and energy at once. Ron didn't seem to have expected Evan to refuse so vigorously, nor did it occur to him that even Harry wouldn't support him.

All he knew was that he could not get the Philosopher's Stone from Evan, and that there was no hope for him at all.

He was too weak now to have any leverage to defy Evan. On the contrary, he still needed his help. Whether he wanted to admit it or not, it was true.

"What should I do then? My spell won't work on the dragon," muttered Ron, looking expectantly at Evan.

"As I said before, I will help you!" Evan sighed and said, "The biggest weakness of the dragons is in their eyes. The Conjunctivitis Curse is the simplest way to defeat them. You can't master other profound magic, not in time."

Evan knew a lot about the effective spells against the dragons, but none of them was something Ron could use at the moment, except for the Conjunctivitis Curse.

"Only the Conjunctivitis Curse?" said Ron dejectedly.

He felt very uncomfortable at the thought of using this spell in front of the terrible dragon.

"You can also use the Summoning Charm, do you know this spell?!" Evan continued. "Through Accio, you can summon helpful items to you, such as a broomstick, which is in line with the rules."

"Evan, you mean Ron could ride on a broomstick?!" Harry said quickly.

"Yeah ... I've seen Ron's flight. It's not as good as yours, but it's great!" said Evan, "As long as he rides on a broomstick, Ron has the advantage of speed, and he'd be faster than the dragon. It's easy to get around the dragon and get what it guards, or to use the Conjunctivitis Curse to avoid the fire."

"That's a very helpful idea. How did you come up with it?" Hermione said happily, thinking it was feasible. "The spell is simple, Ron, remember, Professor Flitwick taught us last week. Just give me one day, and I can help you master it completely. Just focus; It's easy to do."

"I can lend you the Firebolt. It's the fastest broom in the world!" said Harry with a smile.

"All right!" Ron looked at the eyes of Evan, Harry, and Hermione, and calmed down. As long as he didn't have direct contact with the dragon, things should not be too difficult. "I can try, but just in case..."

"You want to say, what if you are hit by the fire of the dragon, don't you?!" asked Evan.

Ron nodded. That was what he was most worried about. Those creatures could shoot fire up to 40 feet away.

“It’s also easy to handle. With the help of this Fire Protection Potion, you can be immune to all the flames for five minutes!” Evan took out a black bottle. “The fire of the dragon can’t hurt you. I’ve prepared ten bottles for you; that should be enough.”

Harry, Ron and Hermione weren’t too surprised that Evan could take the potion out. They knew that, for a long time, Evan went to a room on the seventh floor every Wednesday afternoon to cook the potion.

The question now was whether this potion was really as good as Evan said.

“I know this potion. Remember when we went together to prevent Quirrell from getting the Philosopher’s Stone in the first year?!” said Harry, looking at the potion in Evan’s hand, “On Snape’s test, I finally drank this potion before I got through the fire wall.”

“It’s not only one kind of potion, but the principle is almost the same,” Evan explained, “The flame from the dragon is also a kind of magic fire. According to the type, the nature of the flame is different. This time you need to face it. The dragons that need to be faced this time are the Hungarian Horntail, The Common Welsh Green, the Swedish Short-Snout and the Chinese Fireball. They are all pure-bred breeds. The methods of preparing Fire Protection Potions against their fires have long been studied. I’ll bring all these potions with me before the task, and give you the one you need.”

Chapter 584: Magic Practice

That night, it took a long time for Evan, Harry, and Hermione to get Ron’s spirit back up.

As long as there was no accident, Evan’s measures were absolutely foolproof.

The broomstick could help Ron not be touched by the fire dragon’s fangs. The Fire Protection Potion could make the dragon’s fire lose its effect, and Ron also mastered The Conjunctivitis Curse, the most effective spell at this level against dragons, which could make it lose its eyesight.

He was not going to kill the dragon, but to overtake it to get what it guarded. Relying on these, in any case, it should be easy to get through the first task.

After Evan said his thoughts, Ron looked less anxious and desperate.

He no longer mentioned borrowing the Philosopher’s Stone or running away, and his mood gradually stabilized.

What he needed to do in these two days was to master Accio and the Conjunctivitis Curse, and engrave them into his bones.

Evan taught him the Conjunctivitis Curse, while Hermione was responsible for helping Ron learn Accio.

Harry didn't master these two spells, and he was ready to take this opportunity to learn.

Early the next morning, they got busy and decided to find a free classroom to practice.

Hermione proposed to go to the library first to find some books about the two spells for Harry and Ron to analyze.

This was very helpful for their study, but she quickly left the library, feeling upset.

"He's back again, why can't he read on his stupid ship?" said Hermione irritably as Viktor Krum slouched in, cast a surly look over at the four of them, and settled himself in a distant corner with a pile of books.

"Come on, Evan, Harry, Ron, let's go out and find another place. His fan club will be here in a moment, twittering away and annoying..."

It was one of the rare times Ron did not oppose Hermione, for now his head was filled with spells.

And sure enough, as they left the library, a gang of girls tiptoed past them, one of them wearing a Bulgaria scarf tied around her waist.

Finally, they found a free classroom on the fourth floor.

Evan didn't follow them in because he saw Caresius on the stairs. He seemed to have just returned from the Owlery.

Regarding the things that Sirius said yesterday, Evan felt it necessary to ask the vampire.

His office, like before, still contained a lot of things Moody used, most of which were bad.

For the past few months, poor Moody had been locked in the trunk by Caresius.

"So, you helped the boy find a way to fight the dragon?" said Caresius, pouring Evan a cup of tea.

He still looked and sounded Moody, but his tone and accent were his own.

"I think there should be no problem!" Evan talked about his plan.

"You did a very good job. Basically, you thought of everything!" Caresius nodded with satisfaction. "I thought ... in case you couldn't help Ron ... to tell him about a black magic very effective against dragons. It can stimulate the dragon's brutal nature and make it more manic and distracted. He can then go and get what the dragon is guarding."

"Become more manic?!" Evan paused for a moment before he remembered what kind of curse Caresius was talking about.

It was a black magic adding to blood-thirst. It was not too difficult, but it had a special effect on the dragon.

As long as it was hit by the spell, the dragon would become angry, and its cruel nature would be stimulated to the extreme. At that point, it would definitely give up following Ron and pounce directly on the larger audience.

Without the protection of the dragon, Ron could easily get what it guarded.

As for the fire dragon that ravaged the attack in the audience, it is something for Dumbledore and the dragon tamers to consider.

This is really a typical evil Dark wizard's way of thinking. Just care about his interests, regardless of the lives of other people.

Evan could imagine the lot of noxious consequences it would have if Ron ever used that magic.

It would not be surprising that the dragon could wreak havoc in the audience full of young wizards, killing and injuring hundreds of people.

At that time, even if Ron passed the task, he would absolutely be blamed by everyone and the situation would get worse.

While accusing him, people would definitely wonder how an underage wizard used dark magic, and even Dumbledore and Hogwarts would not get away with it.

The feasibility of this method was basically zero. Looking at Caresius's appearance, Evan did not intend to waste time with this guy and continue to discuss this topic. He directly raised his own questions.

"I know about this. Voldemort is asking my people to look for all information related to ancient evil spirits. He plans to do something with that ugly statue, but he has not found a way yet," said Caresius earnestly, "I think he's going in the wrong direction. It's a waste of effort. However, he should have made some plans. This is the information I have so far. As for what he's going to do, I have no idea at all, and my clan has not found anything of value. That's why I didn't tell you about it."

"All right, if you have any news, please let me know as soon as possible!" said Evan, not reassured.

"Of course!" said Caresius, "We're allies now, and sharing news is the right thing to do!"

For his statement, Evan was suspicious. Though this fellow answered pleasantly, he did not look reliable.

But in the fight against Voldemort and the evil gods, he and his vampires were to play a big role.

When Evan found Harry, Ron, and Hermione, they were practicing Accio.

Hermione asked Harry and Ron to concentrate all their thoughts and force all kinds of things in the room to fly towards them.

Of course, Harry and Ron hadn't fully mastered the spell yet.

Whether it's a book or a quill, it kept losing heart halfway across the room and dropping them like a stone to the floor.

"Concentrate, you two, concentrate..." Hermione kept saying, "This spell can be used as long as you concentrate!"

"That sounds great, aren't we concentrated enough?" Harry said sullenly.

"I can't calm down ... I don't know what's going on. A great big dragon keeps popping up in my head for some reason!" said Ron. "It's always the same picture over and over ... OK, I'll try again..." "

When Evan went in, he and Hermione divided into two groups, taking turns to help Harry and Ron practice.

Harry was fine there. Without the pressure of the dragon, after practicing for more than six hours, he successfully mastered the spell.

Ron was worse. He needed more practice before he could let go of his fear of dragons.

Chapter 585: The Games Begin

All day long, Evan, Harry, and Hermione had been helping Ron practice the Summoning Charm.

They kept practicing until 10 o'clock in the evening. They would have stayed longer, but Peeves turned up and, pretending to think that Harry wanted things thrown at him, started chucking chairs across the room.

The four of them left in a hurry before the noise attracted Filch.

They went back to the Gryffindor Common Room, which was now mercifully empty.

After more than three hours, it was already past midnight; Ron finally mastered the Summoning Charm. On the ground around him, there were heaps of objects: books, quills, several upturned chairs, an old set of Gobstones, and Neville's toad, Trevor!

"Much better, Ron. You've really made great progress," Hermione said, looking exhausted but very pleased.

"I learned the spell!" said Ron with delight, he raised his wand and pointed at the book on the round table. The next second, the book *Dragon Breeding for Pleasure and Profit* soared out, flew to the other side of the room, and Ron caught it.

"Congratulations, Ron, you have mastered this magic completely," said Harry happily. "Now I know what to do next time we can't manage a spell: let Evan and Hermione threaten us with a dragon! It's a very useful method."

"It's not easy. I learned this spell, but I'm not sure." said Ron, still a little worried. "You know, the broom is going to be much farther away than the stuff here, it's going to be in the castle, and I'm going to be out there on the grounds."

“That doesn’t matter,” said Hermione firmly. “Just as long as you’re concentrating really, really hard on it, it will come.”

“Now we’d better get some sleep. You’ll learn the Conjunctivitis Curse tomorrow. This spell is much harder than Accio!” said Evan.

Ron had been practicing the Conjunctivitis Curse for a long time, but on Monday, they practiced until three o’clock in the morning, so that Ron could master the curse thoroughly and not be too nervous or excited to release it.

Everything was ready, and the rest depended now on Ron’s own performance.

Ron was now somewhat more confident than before, and less panicky.

Evan felt like he had just laid down when Colin woke him up.

He dressed absently and followed Colin to the Great Hall. The atmosphere in the school was one of great tension and excitement.

Everyone in Gryffindor was greeting Ron and wishing him well, while Malfoy was full of cynicism.

Ron seemed extremely nervous and slow to react. He seemed indifferent to everything around him and rarely spoke.

Lessons in the school were to stop at midday, giving all the students time to get down to the dragons’ enclosure.

Professor McGonagall came and called Ron away, and Evan, Harry, Hermione, Ginny, Fred, and George hurried to follow.

“Weasley, the champions have to come down onto the grounds now. You have to get ready for your first task,” said Professor McGonagall sternly, and looked at Evan and the others. “You six, follow us!”

She seemed to think Ron would feel better with them by his side.

Professor McGonagall also looked flustered. She looked nearly as anxious as Hermione and Ginny.

As she walked them down the stone steps and out into the cold November afternoon, she put her hand on Ron’s shoulder.

“Well, don’t panic!” she said. “Just keep a cool head. We’ve got wizards standing by to control the situation if it gets out of hand. If you can’t do it, just give up. This is not shame. The main thing is not to complete the task but just to do your best and stay alive. Nobody will think you’re inferior to others. Are you all right?”

“It’s all right!” Ron muttered.

“Very good!” said Professor McGonagall.

She was leading them toward the place where the dragons were, around the edge of the forest.

When they approached the clump of trees behind which the enclosure would be clearly visible, they saw that a tent had been erected its entrance facing them, screening the dragons from view.

“You’re to go in here with the other champions, Weasley!” said Professor McGonagall, in a rather shaky sort of voice. “You’ll wait for your turn. Mr. Bagman is in there ... he’ll be telling you the procedure. Good luck!”

She pouted, looked anxiously at Ron, and then led him to the entrance of the tent.

Professor McGonagall didn’t allow Evan and the others in, so everyone had to go up and bid Ron good-bye in turn.

It was as though Ron was being sent to the battlefield. He would die there and they wouldn’t see him again.

Ginny, in particular, could not help crying when she knew Ron was going to face a dragon.

Ron was pale. He looked pitifully at them. He hadn’t got the Fire Protection Potion from Evan yet, and it wouldn’t be good if he just entered the task like that.

But Professor McGonagall was still here, and he couldn’t talk about that.

“You’ll make it, Ron!” Evan went over and whispered, “Wait for me inside. I’ll be there in a minute.”

“I’ll wait for you!” said Ron in a voice that was most unlike his own. Then, he turned and went inside the tent, staggering.

Cedric was sitting on a low wooden stool in the corner and he didn’t go to see Ron.

This made Ron feel very annoyed. This guy clearly got the news of the dragon from him and Harry, but he showed no gratitude, as if nothing had happened.

He had long disliked this fellow since he won Gryffindor in the Quidditch match.

Both he and Cedric were champions, but only one of them could represent Hogwarts, and they had to be separated.

Likewise, Fleur ignored Ron. She didn’t look nearly as composed as usual, but rather pale and clammy, curled up in a chair.

She was the only girl among the champions. Looking at Fleur, Ron couldn’t help wondering how she could defeat the dragon.

As for Krum, he looked even gloomier than usual, and kept pacing up and down in the tent.

After seeing Ron, he came over and whispered a few words. He now had a good relationship with Ron.

In Ron’s opinion, he was the only friend of Krum in Hogwarts, which made him feel honored.

For those fans, Krum didn’t even look at them.

“Do you know how to defeat the dragons?” Ron couldn’t help asking.

Chapter 586: Ron's Lucky Day

Ron knew that Krum had known about the dragon. He had seen Karkaroff come here that night.

“I have some ideas!” Krum said simply, frowning and looking at Ron with some insight.

Looking at him, it was clear that he was doubtful why Ron would tell him about it.

The champions should not have known the content of the task before the start of the tournament. Krum was not sure what Ron meant. It was not wise to take the initiative to expose the fact that he knew the content of the tournament in advance.

“The Conjunctivitis Curse is the simplest magic to deal with the dragon. You know this spell?” Ron whispered.

He was ready, but worried that if Krum was not prepared, he would be shredded directly by the dragon...

“I know this spell!” Krum looked grimly at Ron. He paused and said, “The Headmaster told me this is a common magic against dragons. Besides, there is a simpler and more effective spell...”

Just then, Bagman came in from the other side of the tent.

“Ah, Ron, you came, that's great!” Bagman said happily, and quickly walked over to Ron and interrupted his conversation with Krum. “I talked to your father yesterday. Just relax and make yourself at home!”

Bagman looked somehow like a slightly overblown cartoon figure, standing amid them, wearing his old Wasp robes again.

“Well, now we're all here, it's time to fill you in!” said Bagman brightly. “When the audience has assembled, I'm going to be offering each of you this bag!” He held up a small sack of purple silk and shook it at them. “From it, you will each select a small model of the thing you are about to face! There are different ... er ... varieties, you see. And I have to tell you something else too; your task is to collect the golden egg!”

The champions nodded to show that they understood Bagman's words.

No one spoke and they were all pale-faced. It was really exciting to grab the golden egg from a nesting female dragon.

And in no time at all, hundreds upon hundreds of pairs of feet could be heard passing the tent, their owners talking excitedly, laughing, joking...

Ron felt as separate from the crowd as though they were a different species.

He kept looking around, wondering why Evan hadn't come yet.

There was a terrible thought in his mind. If Evan didn't come over, he wouldn't get the Fire Protection Potion, and then he was likely to be burned to death by the fire of the dragon, and despair and fear regained the upper hand once again.

The little courage that had just risen vanished instantly.

And the simple spell Krum had just talked about also distracted Ron. He was not sure if this magic would work. If it was as simple and effective as Krum said, should he try it?

Although they have developed a battle plan, it was always a good thing to have a simpler way to win the task.

Time was fleeting, and more than ten minutes later, Bagman was already opening the neck of the purple silk sack.

"Let's get started, champions, ladies first," he said, offering the sack to Fleur Delacour.

Fleur put a shaking hand inside the bag and drew out a tiny, perfect model of a dragon. It was a Welsh Green, with the number 2 around its neck.

Seeing the model, Fleur showed no sign of surprise, but rather a determined resignation.

Krum pulled out the blueish-gray Swedish Short-Snout, the number 1 tied around its neck. He didn't even blink, just sat back down and stared at the ground.

Cedric was just about to put his hand into the sack when Ron stopped him in a hurry.

"Hold on, let me go first!" he said in a trembling voice.

Evan had given him an analysis of the habits and attacking ways of the four dragons. And Ron knew that the Hungarian Horntail was the fiercest.

There were only two dragons left into the sack. He didn't want Cedric to go first!

"Let Ron go first, this poor child must be frightened!" said Bagman.

Cedric shrugged indifferently, signaling Ron to go first.

Ron walked over and put his hand in the silk sack. He could feel the two models in his hands.

He remembered that there were a lot of spikes on the Hungarian Horntail, but he couldn't feel them. Could he just rely on luck?!

Just then, Ron saw Bagman winking at him and motioning him to choose the one on the right.

He took out the model on the right without thinking about it!

Sure enough, it was the scarlet Chinese Fireball with a number 3 around its neck.

Ron heaved a sigh of relief and gasped heavily. He remembered Evan saying that the most powerful thing about the Chinese Fireball was its flame attack. Its physical attack was relatively weak. As long as Evan delivered the potion, he would hardly encounter any danger.

Sure enough, the Hungarian Horntail was left to Cedric, with the number 4.

“Well, there you are!” said Bagman. “You have each pulled out the dragon you will face, and the numbers refer to the order in which you are to take on the dragons, do you see? Now, I’m going to have to leave you in a moment, because I’m commentating. Mr. Krum, you’re first, just go out into the enclosure when you hear a whistle, all right? Now ... Ron ... could I have a quick word? Outside?”

“Er ... yes.” Ron nodded and went out of the tent with Bagman.

He felt it strange, not knowing what Bagman was going to tell him, but the latter had just helped him.

Bagman seemed to have something very important to say. He pulled Ron by the arm and led him a short distance away, into the trees. And then he turned to him with a fatherly expression on his face.

“Feeling alright, Ron? Anything I can get you?”

“What?!” said Ron in surprise. “No, nothing!”

“Got a plan?” said Bagman, lowering his voice conspiratorially. “Come on, you father and I are old friends. You’re like my child. I can’t watch you face the dragons like that. Remember? I helped you choose the Chinese Fireball. It’s much less difficult than the Hungarian Horntail. If you like, I can give you some more ideas. I mean...” Bagman lowered his voice further, whispering into Ron’s ear.

“Rest assured, nobody would know. You’re the underdog here, Ron. Anything I can do to help...”

Ron nodded uncomfortably, hesitating, but unable to resist the temptation.

He knew that this was definitely not right to let a judge help him cheat, but listening to Bagman’s advice here was not a bad thing.

Ron felt that today was his lucky day. He first learned from Krum a simpler powerful spell to deal with the dragon, then drew a less difficult Chinese Fireball, and now Bagman had offered to help...

Chapter 587: The Dragon and Krum’s Performance

Before Bagman said how he was going to help Ron, Evan, Harry and Hermione came out of the bushes.

After being separated from Ron, Evan and the five others followed Professor McGonagall to the audience.

After asking Colin to take seats for them, Evan, Harry and Hermione sneaked back to the tent.

They had planned to wait until there was no one inside to find a way in. They didn’t know that when they would be there, they would see Bagman pulling Ron out.

“Why are you here?” said Bagman with surprise.

The next second, before they could explain, a whistle had blown somewhere on the ground.

“God lord, I’ve got to run!” said Bagman in alarm, and he hurried off, no longer caring about them.

“What did he ask you to come out for?” said Hermione, looking skeptically at Bagman’s back.

“He wanted to help me and was ready to give me advice. Before he said anything, you interrupted him!” Ron answered.

“You can pass the task as long as you follow the battle plan, and you don’t need any other help!” said Evan. “It’s not a glorious thing. The fewer people you know the better. By the way, what kind of fire dragon did you draw?”

“The Chinese Fireball!” Ron said quickly and looked at Evan eagerly. “Do you have any Fire Protection Potion against it?”

The Chinese Fireball was the only oriental dragon in the bunch, also known as the Liondragon, native to China.

It has a particularly striking appearance. Scarlet and smooth-scaled, it has a fringe of golden spikes around its snub-snouted face and extremely protuberant eyes.

The Fireball gained its name for the mushroom-shaped flame that bursts from its nostrils when it is angered. That is its most powerful attack.

The female fireball is much larger than the male. It is aggressive, but tolerant, sometimes consenting to share its territory with up to two others.

Especially with the help of Evan’s potion, Ron didn’t have to worry about its fire attack.

Relatively speaking, this was much less difficult than the most dangerous Hungarian Horntail that Harry had drawn in the original book.

Evan took out the potion to protect from the Chinese Fireball’s flame and handed it to Ron. The three of them said a few words of assurance before they returned to the audience.

At this moment, the audience was full of people, and all the young wizards were screaming and yelling.

The five judges, Dumbledore, Mr. Crouch, Madame Maxime, Karkaroff and Ludo Bagman, sat on the chair in the middle height.

Then, Evan saw Sirius in the crowd. He was before the referee’s table, waving to them.

“It’s strange, why Bagman offered to help Ron,” said Harry, greeting Sirius.

“There’s no reason, he’s a judge...”

“Probably for personal reasons!”

“Don’t worry about him. I wish Ron would succeed!” said Hermione, preoccupied, staring at the middle of the field.

Krum had walked out of the tent, and opposite to him was the silvery-blue Swedish Short-Snout.

This dragon is the most attractive of all dragons. It is silvery-blue and can spur a brilliant blue flame from its nostrils.

But beyond this beauty, it has indeed a heart-wrenching force. The blue flame is hot enough to reduce timber and bone to ash in a matter of seconds.

In the Middle Ages, the Swedish Short-Snout's skin was sought after for the manufacture of protective gloves and shields, and the dragon skin products were the top equipment of all adventurers and wizards.

Because of its high value, many people tried to kill the dragon.

The vast majority of dragon Slayers eventually died, and their skeletons remained forever in the mountains of northern Sweden.

The Swedish Short-Snout is one of the most dangerous species in the world due to its agile flying and extremely hot fire both to attack and defend.

“Look at Krum, what is he doing!”

Krum came out of the tent and ran straight to the Short-Snout at the other end of the field.

The Short-Snout crouched low, guarding its clutch of eggs, and its terrible eyes fixed on Krum, who was approaching.

It gave out a shrill roar, warning Krum not to be close, and fluttering its wings.

Krum didn't seem to see it. He ran forward sideways and came very close to the dragon.

In the next second, the Short-Snout snorted and sprayed a blue flame, and Krum rushed to hide behind the stone.

The flame brushed past him, dangerous and threatening, and all the young wizards were highly focused on Krum.

Even in the audience, which was far apart, they could still feel the hot temperature.

The blue flame of the Short-Snout was of a continuous nature, and it swayed back and forth at the place where Krum was hiding.

As the rocks melted in the heat, it was not good for Krum to continue hiding there.

He was done. Everyone has this idea in their minds!

Just as the dragon keepers were about to rush in to save Krum, the flame shot by the Short-Snout gradually stopped. It was breathing, and Krum seized the opportunity to rush out.

The wand in his hand was pointed at the Short-Snout, and a spell flew out and hit the dragon in the eyes.

It was the Conjunctivitis Curse!!!

The Short-Snout uttered a terrible, ground-breaking roar, and the audience all took a deep breath.

“Very daring, Krum showed extraordinary courage!” Bagman shouted. “The dragon cannot see anything, now... hold on, oh no!”

They saw the Short-Snout struggling wildly with pain, stepping on its feet and crushing half of the eggs behind it.

Krum’s Conjunctivitis Curse was so powerful that the Short-Snout lost sight and felt pain.

Ten seconds later, Krum dodged this monster’s aimless attack and took the golden egg from the nest behind it.

More than forty dragon keepers on standby quickly rushed in to calm the mad dragon.

“He did a good job!” Evan objectively commented, “Ron should really have seen it. The Conjunctivitis Curse Krum used is exemplary. He was very good in both position and timing and it was worthy of being studied. Ron only needs to be half as good as he is, and he can easily pass the dragon.”

“Krum is really good, but his score is definitely not high. He broke half the real eggs. They will take marks off for that. He was not supposed to do any damage to them.” Hermione said, motioning everyone to see Hagrid, who was in the middle of the enclosure.

Hagrid was helping Charlie and other dragon keepers to save what they could of the dragon eggs with a look of distress on his face.

Sure enough, for Krum’s performance, except for Karkaroff who gave a full mark, the other four judges gave only eight to nine points as evaluation.

Chapter 588: Fleur and the Sleeping Dragon

It took the dragon keepers a lot of effort to subdue the fierce dragon that got mad because of the Conjunctivitis Curse, and let it gradually calm down.

The Short-Snout was completely angered by Krum. It fanned its wings and stared at all wizards who dared to approach. Its yellow eyes were bloodshot and ferocious. The dragon kept howling horribly and raised its neck to shoot blue flames into the sky.

Everyone was wondering how the dragon would react when it saw half its eggs missing.

The second to appear after Krum was Fleur, and everyone was looking forward to her performance.

“One down, three to go!” Bagman yelled as the whistle blew again. “Miss Delacour, if you please!”

Fleur came out; she seemed to be shaking from head to foot, not as relaxed as Krum.

She held her head high, her hand clutching her wand. Compared with the huge creature in front of her, Fleur looked particularly weak.

She stood there gracefully in her pale blue Beauxbatons robes, her beauty touching the soul.

At the other end of the field, there was another beauty, which represented the strength to the extreme.

Fleur's opponent was the Common Welsh Green, the most common type of dragon in Britain, with a long history.

Back thousands of years ago, humans had seen traces of the Welsh Green.

Unlike other dragons, which symbolized evil and terror, in Anglo-Saxon England, the Common Welsh Green often appeared on flags, and Muggles regarded it as a symbol of royal strength and courage.

Because of its noble status, it often appeared in all kinds of literary works and paintings handed down from generation to generation.

Until now, the Welsh Green is still the symbol of the nation in Wales.

Wizards had set up a reservation for the dragon on the Welsh Mountains, surrounded by thick weeds, which could help them hide well.

Moreover, the Common Welsh Green Dragon is among the least troublesome of the dragons. It prefers to prey on sheep and actively avoid humans unless provoked.

Although not easy to be seen, the Welsh Green has an easily recognizable and surprisingly melodious roar. And it issues its green fire in thin jets.

As expected, after seeing Fleur, the Welsh Green did not rush over.

Although they were very close, it gave a friendly greeting, and the beautiful and moving roar of the dragon was actually memorizing.

Of course, good temper did not mean being easy to bully.

If Fleur continued to move closer, or dared to move its brown eggs, then this Common Welsh Green would certainly tear her into pieces without hesitation.

"Miss Delacour is lucky. Let's see how she plans to get this dragon out of place!" Bagman shouted gleefully. "Oh, what magic is this? I'm not sure that was wise from her to do it!"

Fleur intended to cast a more complex charm, just like dancing, her body dancing with her wand.

Light smoke came out from the end of her wand and slowly drifted towards the dragon.

The scene did look very pleasing to the eye, but people were doubtful about how effective it could actually be.

"What is she doing? Is she dancing?" said Hermione, puzzled. "I've never seen this spell."

"This should be some kind of rare Bewitched sleep. I think she probably wants to use the smoke to get the dragon into a hypnotic state," said Evan, watching Fleur's movements carefully. He had never seen this magic, but could feel its power.

Generally speaking, Bewitched sleep spells are rare and difficult to release. Only very few wizards can use them.

“Bewitched sleep spell?!” Harry stared at Fleur for a long time and said with uncertainty. “Do you remember the dancing Veela in the World Cup? I feel that Fleur is dancing like them.”

At Harry’s reminder, Evan noticed that Fleur’s movements were indeed similar to those of the Veela.

Of course, she must be human, not a Veela. But with Fleur’s dancing, each of her movements had an extraordinary charm, holding some kind of seductive force.

Most of the boys were staring at her, confused and immersed in Fleur’s beauty.

Not surprisingly, this charm should have something to do with Fleur’s Veela lineage.

Evan saw that the pale blue smoke, centered on Fleur, slowly moved forward, diffusing around the body of the Welsh Green, which fell asleep all of a sudden. It lay down gracefully and began to sleep.

Without fighting, Fleur passed the test easily. Now she just needed to go over and take the golden egg.

Obviously, Fleur thought so too.

She went over as everyone held their breaths; everyone was afraid of waking up the dragon.

Among the audience from Beauxbatons, Gabrielle was staring closely at Fleur, her little face full of tension and expectations.

“Unbelievable, Miss Delacour has done it, with her beautiful dance and magic!” Bagman also lowered his tone, and said appreciatively, “She has it ... nearly ... oh, good lord, I thought she’d had it then!”

In the middle of the ground, Fleur walked over to the dragon, and she seemed completely relaxed.

Just as she was about to pass over the dragon; the Welsh Green, which had gone all sleepy, suddenly snored.

A great jet of flame shot out, Fleur dodged, but a few sparks sputtered on top of her skirt, which suddenly caught fire.

The flame spread upwards and the audience became noisy again.

They seemed to have noticed that the dragon’s head had moved a bit and it would soon wake up.

This scene was really thrilling, everyone was worried about Fleur.

If the Welsh Green woke up at this time, she would not even have the chance to escape, and would be directly pressed into meat pies.

Fleur was clearly in a state of panic. It was a question of whether to continue to venture forward or to retreat temporarily.

If this Welsh Green woke up, it would surely rush at her angrily. Fleur had neither time nor opportunity to use the same magic to let the dragon fall asleep again. She thought that her charm would succeed, and had not prepared any other magic.

She hesitated, looked at the huge green dragon in front of her, and made up her mind.

The next second, Fleur rushed forward and held the golden egg as fast as she could, disregarding the fire on her body.

At the moment she got the golden egg, the wizards who had been waiting nearby were all rushing in.

Dozens of wands were pointed at Fleur, and water was turned out to extinguish the fire on her body. Splash, splash, splash...

The water columns kept spraying on Fleur, making her wet all over.

At this time, her beautiful pale blue robes had been burnt to the point of being turned into a short skirt.

The remaining part also became translucent, revealing a splendid scenery, and the boys were all staring at Fleur in a daze.

Evan could faintly see her underwear underneath, not the one he had seen before. The color was not the same...

Fleur ignored all of them, holding the golden egg and leaving the enclosure as quickly as possible.

Chapter 589: Ron's Bad Performance

When Fleur came on stage again wrapped in a cloak, cheers broke out in the audience.

For Fleur's performance just now, the young wizards had mixed opinions between praises and criticism. Anyway, the boys were screaming, clapping and cheering, their voices deafening.

Harry and Hermione next to Evan, for instance, had completely opposite opinions.

"She did very well!" said Harry, clapping hard.

"Apart from her good dance, she performed too badly in other ways," said Hermione. "Her spell had a limited effect and could succeed only once by luck, and it was clear that she was not prepared for the dragon, as the judges will surely see. After putting the dragon to sleep, she was touched by sparks..."

To be fair, Fleur's performance was really not good enough, far inferior to Krum's.

Besides the magic of restraining the dragon and the courage she finally summoned, there was nothing to praise.

After a moment of silence, the judges began to score Fleur.

Madame Maxime gave full marks, Bagman gave eight points, and Dumbledore and Mr. Crouch gave seven points, which was fairer.

Karkaroff gave five points, just out of malice.

“Look, the Chinese Fireball is coming out. Here’s Ron!”

All eyes turned to the entrance, looking forward to Ron’s performance.

“Now let’s welcome our youngest warrior, Mr. Weasley!” Bagman shouted.

After the whistle, Ron walked out of the tent, and he looked like he was suffocated now!

During the long wait, Ron’s inner tension increased a little and reached an all-time high.

There was a blank inside his head, and he could think of nothing. The nerves in his body were involuntarily beating fast.

Ron felt that his legs were not his own. He clumsily walked past the trees and entered the arena through a gap in the enclosure fence.

The next second, everything in front of him was like a very highly colored dream. There were hundreds of faces staring down at him from the stands.

Ron tried hard to find the faces of familiar people such as Evan, Harry and Hermione, so that he could feel more or less at ease.

But no, at this moment, in his eyes, everyone’s faces seemed to be the same, looking at him impassively.

Thousands of faces whirled in front of Ron’s eyes, and he felt like he could faint at any moment.

At the other end of the enclosure, the scarlet Chinese Fireball stood proudly.

The relatively docile Chinese Fireball didn’t pay attention to Ron at all. On the contrary, the noise in the audience around made it very nervous.

It tightly guarded its clutch of eggs under it, constantly looking around, warning with a huge fireball.

Unlike the previous two dragons, the fire of the Chinese Fireball was a mushroom-shaped fireball of instantaneous nature, not the kind of long-chain-guided fire gushing. The effect of the huge fireball with high temperatures looked even more astonishing.

In the face of the Chinese Fireball, everyone was waiting to see what Ron was going to do.

Was he going to rush directly toward the dragon like Krum, or was he going to use some kind of magic like Fleur?!

The next second, under everyone’s surprised eyes, Ron turned around directly.

He ran as fast as he could to the opposite direction of the other side of the enclosure, trying to be farther away from the dragon.

Ron told himself to get rid of distracting thoughts, concentrate completely and absolutely, and think of the Firebolt Harry had lent him.

“Things seem to be a little bad. Our youngest champion seems to be scared,” shouted Bagman frowning. “Why is he so far away from the dragon, or is it that he has other plans?!”

There was a burst of booing in the audience, led by the Slytherins, and loud cursing rang out throughout the stands.

They didn't see what Ron had planned; but only saw Ron fleeing to the edge of the enclosure, and just stupidly standing there.

The malicious buzz was endless, and everyone seemed to think Ron was going to give up.

If so, it would be the most tedious game. In their opinion, Ron was not worthy to be a champion at all.

In this environment, it was really difficult to concentrate, and Ron tried several times without success.

"Accio Firebolt!" he shouted anxiously, holding up his wand.

Ron waited, every fiber of him praying and hoping.

If this move did not succeed, if the Firebolt wasn't coming, he simply did not dare to think about it...

He seemed to be looking at everything around him through some sort of shimmering, transparent barrier, like a heat haze, which made the enclosure and the hundreds of faces around him swim strangely.

Ron waved his wand hard, but nothing happened, which made him look a bit silly.

Doubts grew louder in the audience, and everyone did not know what Ron was trying to do.

"Oops, he's too nervous," said Evan, staring at Ron. "It's not good to go on like this!"

"Ron, concentrate and get rid of all distractions!" shouted Hermione, but it was useless.

As soon as she shouted out, her voice was drowned in the loud noise of the audience.

Ron was there waving his wand, and as time went by, he became more and more anxious.

He tried to tell himself to calm down, but the more he did, the more nervous he was.

Then Ron remembered the potions Evan had given him.

Evan told him to take these potions after sitting on the broomstick to avoid everyone's eyes, so no one could see him use the potions.

But it was obviously not possible to continue like this. Looking at the huge dragon close by, Ron felt he couldn't hold on much longer.

He needed some confidence, and Ron, trembling, took a bottle of potion out of his arms and drank it with his head up.

"You can't hurt me, your fire can't hurt me!" he muttered, staring at the dragon.

The feeling of icy circulation in his body made him awake a lot.

Seeing Ron's actions, the boos in the audience grew louder. Some people began to question Ron's cheating.

The first two champions only used the wand, but Ron needed help with the potion, which was obviously unfair!

"Aha, Mr. Weasley has prepared a potion," shouted Bagman. "Let's hear what the judges will say."

Dumbledore, Crouch, Karkaroff, and Madame Maxime were talking about Ron's behavior and discussing it quickly.

They quickly came to a conclusion, announced by Bagman.

"This is the decision. Although the tournament stipulates that the wand is the only weapon for the champions, the rules do not say that potions are not allowed. Mr. Weasley cleverly discovered the loophole!" Bagman shouted happily, "Of course we also need to check the potion he took to see if it is illegal."

Chapter 590: A Docile Fireball

The International Confederation of Wizards and the Department of Magical Games and Sports of the Ministry of Magic had clear regulations on the types of drugs prohibited from being used in competitive sports.

There were many kinds of potions, including the Strength Potion, a lot of potions that supplemented one's magical power, as well as various kinds of solutions to improve one's physique, strength, and responsiveness, and all kinds of potions that were not suitable for use in competitions as they could easily break the balance between contestants.

However, the Fire Protection Potion used by Ron was not on the list. It was in fact too unpopular.

This was Evan's special configuration for the flame of the Chinese Fireball and was simply impossible to appear on the list of prohibited drugs.

Fighting dragons was not a common sport, let alone a rare Chinese Fireball in Europe.

Evan had previously checked the relevant information, so he could safely hand over this Flame Protection Potion to Ron.

Although Bagman had explained that Ron's use of potions did not violate the rules, it was clearly not recognized by the audience.

Disgruntled remarks were louder and louder, and the entire stands were a mess.

Amid the hustle and bustle of the young wizards' questioning, there was a terrible roar of the dragon, which put more pressure on Ron.

Under the influence of the potion, he had a sensation of being cold all over his body.

Although the noisy voices around him affected his concentration, he gradually regained his courage and was no longer as scared and nervous as he had been.

Courage was what Ron lacked most, and what he needed most.

After calming down, he tried the Summoning Spell.

This time, he was able to clearly hear it, speeding through the air behind him. Ron hurriedly turned around and saw the Firebolt hurtling toward him around the edge of the woods, soaring into the enclosure, and stopping dead in midair beside him, waiting for him to mount.

“It worked, Ron did it!” yelled Harry with joy, standing up cheering and screaming.

“Come on, Ron!” Hermione shouted with all her strength and cheered Ron.

All the audience were surprised to see the Firebolt flying into the enclosure, not sure what was going on.

Why did a broomstick fly in and how did he do it?!

The vast majority of young wizards felt it was very mystical. They had not thought of Accio yet!

Ron succeeded in casting a spell to summon the Firebolt. He did not look as nervous as before.

Evan knew that Ron could still perform well as long as he had enough courage.

For a long time, Ron’s biggest problem had been his low self-esteem and lack of self-confidence.

It had something to do with the environment in which he grew up. Compared with the Weasley family and other people including Evan, Harry and Hermione, Ron had always been dwarfed. He was never so outstanding, had not enough courage, had no extraordinary talent, and even failed where others succeeded far too often.

He had no ability to do as exceptional as others, and even if he did, he would just be repeating the feats already taken by others around him. No one would be surprised at this, but would think it would be a matter of course.

Ron was just an ordinary person compared to the talented wizards he often came into contact with.

If Ron wanted to overcome his inner fear, he needed more opportunities to take the lead and be the protagonist of his own journeys.

This tournament was a good start. Although it was not clear why Barty Crouch Jr. made Ron a champion, Evan sincerely hoped that he could seize the opportunity to grow up.

After the broomstick appeared, the crowd was making even more noise, and Bagman was shouting something.

But Ron’s ears were not working properly anymore, and listening wasn’t important...

He swung his leg over the broom and kicked off from the ground.

As he soared upward, as the wind rushed through his hair, as the crowd’s faces became mere flesh-colored pinpricks below, and the Chinese Fireball shrank to the size of a dog, he realized that he had left not only the ground behind, but also and mostly his fear.

He was more and more confident, as if he had recovered the feeling that he had just become a champion.

No matter what he would face, he was no longer afraid. He was fearless.

No matter how ridiculous his previous performance might have been, at this moment, he was a true champion, fitting of his role.

He circled over the enclosure and flew straight to the Chinese Fireball on the other side.

His eyes crossed with those of the dragon. He looked down at the clutch of eggs and spotted the gold one, gleaming against its fellows, residing safely between the dragon's front legs.

Ron dived and the dragon's head followed him.

A huge fireball came out and Ron hurriedly rolled in the sky. He was too close, and the flame splattered on him, leaving a big hole in his clothes. But soon it went out and did no harm to Ron. Evan's Flame Protection Potion worked!

At this point, Ron was more confident in his victory over the dragon below him.

Ron was flying better and better, flying better than ever before, no longer touched by fireballs.

Among the people Evan knew, Ron's flying skills was second only to Harry, Fred and George, far higher than other wizards.

As long as he showed his true level, he could defeat the Chinese Fireball below him.

"Oh my God, it's a Firebolt. This is a world-class broomstick. Mr. Weasley is flying very well!" yelled Bagman excitedly. "What a wonderful performance. Are you watching this, Mr. Krum? He's flying!"

Ron soared higher and higher as he dodged the flames and continued to provoke the dragon.

But the Chinese Fireball didn't seem to want to take off; it was too protective of its eggs. Though it kept shooting out huge fireballs, furling and unfurling its wings and keeping its fearsome eyes on Ron, it was afraid to move too far from them.

The dragon eggs are vivid crimson speckled with gold and have a hard texture.

The dragon eggshell of the Fireball is very popular in Chinese wizardry. It is prized and widely used.

Ron knew he had to draw away the Chinese Fireball, or he would never get close to the eggs.

He also remembered what Evan had told him to do in such a situation. He kept waving his wand and using magic: Stupefy, the Conjunctivitis Curse, and powerful curses on the dragon, and posed enough threats to it to make sure it flew to follow him.

Ron began to fly, first this way, then the other, not near enough to make her breathe fire to stave him off. The dragon's head rose with him, its neck now stretched to its fullest extent, swaying left and right, like a snake dancing in front of the snake charmer...

Ron was like a fly to it, a fly it was longing to swat.

But no matter how Ron was provocative, the Chinese Fireball did not intend to fly.

Its head followed Ron for a while, and it seemed to be a little tired, and actually went straight down.

Hiding his head and eggs under its wings, it ignored Ron above.