

Harry Potter 591

Chapter 591: Red Flame

Evan didn't know what to say; he never thought that Ron would be so unlucky!

The character of this Chinese Fireball was too docile. It just stuck to the eggs and did not leave. Ron's harassment did not work at all.

If it had been the Hungarian Horntail, and Ron dared to be so provocative, it would have flown fiercely toward him.

But the Chinese Fireball was not that kind of aggressive dragon, and this one seemed to have an extraordinarily mild character. Now that it couldn't touch Ron, and Ron's magic didn't work on it, it just laid down to guard its eggs, regardless of Ron flying in the sky.

Since it was a nasty fly, let him fly. That was probably what it thought.

When drawing up the operational plan, they tried to overestimate the power of the dragon as far as possible, fearing that there would be accidents. They did not expect this kind of situation at all.

"No, this big one's temper is so good, the plan didn't work!" Hermione said anxiously.

"Ron's magic power is too weak to break through the dragon's defense," said Evan, "This dragon will not care about him."

"What should we do now?" Harry asked anxiously, and the situation was not very good.

Ron now had spent more time than Krum and Fleur combined, and the judges were likely to end the task at any time.

If so, Ron, who didn't get the egg, would score very low.

If it were Evan, he would jump off the broomstick and attack from the ground.

Anyway, with the help of the Fire Protection Potion, the Fireball's fire had no effect, and he would not suffer losses in the head-on confrontation.

But it was too difficult for Ron to do so. He didn't want to give up his advantage and come down from the safe Firebolt.

He did not have the courage to take this step, and he couldn't confront the dragon like Krum.

In his opinion, that was no different from going to his own death.

He pressed the broom down again, a little closer to the dragon, and continued to use magic to provoke it.

The red light of the spell fell on the Chinese Fireball and was bounced off as if it were just tickling it.

It seemed determined that if Ron did not come down from the broomstick, it would not even care about him. It was no longer shooting fire at Ron.

Even the fire it had been launching at Ron was gone!

Ron flew anxiously around the dragon for a few laps, unable to find a suitable offensive opportunity.

The only magic that could now hurt the dragon was the Conjunctivitis Curse, but the Chinese Fireball hid its head under its wings...

As time went by, the audience began to talk again.

The screams, shouting and applause brought about by the sudden appearance of Firebolt gradually stopped, and the game gradually entered the boring garbage time.

The Slytherins collectively shouted for Ron to come down from the broomstick.

Ron gritted his teeth, and it was no good to go on like this. He suddenly remembered the Bloodthirst spell Krum had told him about.

When he returned to the tent, he couldn't help asking Krum who said that this simple magic was very effective against dragons, but it couldn't be used easily.

Ron didn't know why he couldn't use it. Before Krum could explain it, he was called out by Bagman to compete.

The current situation was wrong, and Ron had no other way.

The battle plan that Evan and Hermione had made for him didn't work, and Ron's head was messy. He couldn't think of any new way, and he couldn't run over to ask them what to do.

There was only this way, Ron made a decision.

He controlled the broom and once again flew towards the Chinese Fireball.

"It's no use, Ron," yelled Harry, rushing to the stands, "Get off the broom!"

Evan had just expressed his thoughts, and Harry was eager to tell Ron.

"I wish he could show up earlier. He's wasting his time, his magic..." said Hermione sighing.

"Hold on, this spell seems a bit wrong!" said Evan suddenly, getting to his feet.

He had a bad feeling. He saw Ron sitting on the broomstick waving his wand wildly.

They were very close, and could clearly see that a dark green light came out from the end of Ron's wand and shot at the dragon.

Ron waved his wand. At the moment the magic was formed, he felt his soul pouring into the wand.

He shook his head, feeling dizzy, and exhausted all his magic.

Ron only saw a dark green light forming at the end of his wand, a magic light he had never seen before.

“Damn, that magic!” Evan immediately realized what spell Ron was using.

He had just discussed this spell with Caresius the day before yesterday. This dark blood-thirst spell could irritate the dragon and make it insane.

Because he had just talked about it, Evan was very impressed with it.

The Bloodthirst Curse is not a harmful spell and would not be defended by the skin of the dragon. Dragons are also ferocious by nature, highly vulnerable to the Bloodthirst Curse.

Evan didn't know how Ron learned this magic. Evan was very opposed to him using this spell!

The Bloodthirst Curse was a restricted black magic. It was too dangerous and it was easy to get things out of control.

As soon as Evan took out his wand, he heard Harry shouting, “Look, Ron has succeeded. The dragon has responded!”

As soon as his voice fell, the dragon raised its neck and gave out a horrible roar that resounded throughout the audience.

Its angry eyes turned completely blood-red and stared at Ron ferociously. It spread its huge, scarlet scaly wings, as wide as those of a small airplane, and the Chinese Fireball left the ground towards Ron.

“It worked!” Ron was ecstatic.

He hurried up at full Firebolt speed and soon left the dragon behind him.

Because he kept going up, he didn't see that the dragon behind him did not follow.

Ron was not its only target. Under the stimulation of the black magic, the dragon completely lost its mind, having only the nature of brutality and killing. It was now furious, and as it had not met Ron, it rushed directly to the nearest audience.

It had only one idea, which was to burn these annoying bugs to death!

Evan was there; everything was too fast, and the young wizards in the audience were still applauding and shouting.

But in a blink of an eye, they saw the horrible giant suddenly appearing in front of them.

In their ears were the strong winds brought about by the agitation of its wings, and its great shadow completely shrouded them.

The young wizards looked in amazement at the Chinese Fireball that suddenly appeared in front of them, the ferocious and terrible mouth with sharp fangs and the odd fringe of gold spikes around its lion-like face. And the red flame of white gas glowing like magma came out of its mouth.

The Chinese fireball spread its wings in front of the audience, and the deep red flame was about to gush out from its slender nostrils.

The flame merged with the scales on its body to form a dazzling red lotus.

Chapter 592: The Query on Dark Magic

Just like looking at an erupting volcano from top to bottom in front of them, the young wizards' eyes were all red.

In the scorching heat, the whole world seemed to be turning into a sea of flames, as though it were the end of the world.

In the stands, the uproar came to an abrupt end and was replaced by eerie silence.

The young wizards looked up and stared blankly at the huge dragon. They didn't even think of running away.

Fear and despair were spreading, and they seemed to realize that the dragon was so terrible.

At that moment, everyone felt a sense of despair as they stood at the erupting crater to meet the end of the world.

Hermione, pale, put her little hand over her mouth and subconsciously approached Evan beside her.

She saw the dragon suddenly flying to the front of the stands, opening its mouth and spurring a mushroom-shaped ball of fire.

Huge volcanic magma poured out at them with amazing temperatures that melted everything.

Under the scorching heat, Hermione could not even open her eyes and could only instinctively look away.

Everything happened too fast. No one could stop it; no one could stop the ball of fire...

At this moment, all kinds of thoughts dissipated, leaving only the fear of despair!

"I gonna die ... I gonna be burned to ashes by the fire!" That was what everyone thought.

The huge burning fireball was close at hand, the amazing heat wave was rolling in and the sweat that was pouring out of everyone's foreheads was being evaporated as it was secreted.

This was the world of fire. Everything in front of them turned red, and even the blood in their bodies was burning.

They realized what the feeling of death was!

Many people had closed their eyes, ready to meet death. They only hoped the process would not be so painful.

There was no chance to think about running away. The huge body of the dragon had enveloped the entire grandstand.

In the face of the mighty power of death, they could only choose to accept it passively...

But the wizards who did not close their eyes saw a miracle.

As the fireball approached them, a pale blue barrier rose from the crowd to block the fire's advance.

Boom!!!

There was a loud noise and the whole space was shaking.

The huge fireball and the thin barrier violently collided, turning into countless splendid stars.

In the whirling and dissipating red flames, Evan appeared, standing alone in front of the crowd against their incoming doom.

The body that did not seem so strong, became extremely tall in an instant, became a strong defense, and everyone could only look up to it.

Miracle, this was a miracle!

The blue barrier, centered on Evan, quickly expanded outward to stop the flames.

“Saved!” Everyone gasped, and there was a sense of joy for being alive.

Many people wept with joy and tears came out subconsciously.

At this moment, Evan was the real savior in their eyes!

He blocked the dragon with his own strength and saved everyone from that terrible monster...

But they did not get to be happy for too long. The young wizards turned their heads and saw the horrible dragon snoring, its blood red eyes glaring at them maliciously. It was like a nightmare, and a stronger fireball formed in its mouth, bringing strong sensory stimulation.

At this moment, everyone hoped that Evan’s protective barrier would be stronger and able to withstand the second attack of the dragon.

They had just thought of it when they saw a blue light as thick as an arm coming out from the tip of Evan’s wand.

The curse flew to the Chinese Fireball in front of the stands at a very fast speed.

Boom

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Another loud noise, the curse hit the dragon.

The more than 30 feet long huge dragon, the horrible giant suddenly flew backwards!

Its body crossed an arc in the air and landed heavily in the center of the enclosure.

The dragon uttered a wail, and under the tremendous impact, its body dug a huge pit on the ground.

Trying to stand up, being hit hard again, it flopped down and struggled in the pit...

The dragon keepers all rushed in, and Dumbledore lowered the wand he had just raised.

Quiet!!!

The audience was quiet, and hundreds of young wizards took a breath of air.

They looked at Dumbledore with a solemn expression in astonishment, then immediately turned their heads and looked dumbfounded at Evan standing at the edge of the stands.

The magic that they saw was so powerful it crushed a freaking dragon by simply overpowering it. Was this still the power of a wizard?!

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“It’s Evan, he reacted very quickly, and his magic is so powerful. He saved many lives,” said Bagman admiringly as he wiped the sweat on his forehead with his handkerchief. The scene that just happened still left him with a lingering fear.

If that ball of fire had not been stopped, it would have hurt hundreds of people, and it would have been one of the most serious disasters in the history of magic.

At this time, it had been five minutes since Evan defeated the dragon.

They were all in the champions’ waiting tent, with the five judges: Dumbledore, Crouch, Bagman, Karkaroff, and Madame Maxime.

There were also Evan, Ron, Sirius, Moody, Snape, and Professor McGonagall.

“If that fireball fell down ... I can’t imagine it...” said Professor McGonagall.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is not the time to praise Mr. Mason. I think you all know that the second curse he used is black magic,” said Snape softly, staring at Evan with malicious intent, “In my opinion, the stronger this magic is, the worse his violation is!”

“Severus, how can you say that? Evan saved everyone,” said Professor McGonagall in amazement. “There is nothing wrong with the spell he used!”

“But black magic should be absolutely forbidden, we should...”

“Enough, Snivellus!” Sirius roared and glared at Snape. “Zip it, and don’t open your mouth to accuse Evan for using black magic. Don’t think I don’t know. You know more than Evan about Black Magic. You are... huh, I mean used to be one of those evil Dark wizards.”

“This is a very serious filth, Black!” said Snape softly, and his disgusting gaze shifted from Evan’s face to Sirius’s, beginning to be filled instantly with hatred. “Of course, considering that you used to be Mr. Mason’s Professor of the Defence Against the Dark Arts, it’s not surprising at all that he can use black magic!”

Chapter 593: Restricted Black Magic

“How dare...”

“All right, Sirius, Severus!” said Dumbledore, stopping them from continuing to quarrel. “What happened today is all my negligence. I have not considered that such an accident would occur. Mr. Mason has done very well. He showed great strength in times of crisis and saved many students’ lives!”

“But he used black magic!”

“As for the magic he used, although it is black magic, it is not banned by the Ministry of Magic...” said Dumbledore calmly. “It’s just a restricted curse, not purely evil black magic that is not allowed to be used. All in all, this accident was all my fault!”

“Dumbledore, this is not your fault. It is the bloodthirsty spell used by Weasley to stimulate the dragon. It is also a black magic and should not be used in the task!”

“I didn’t!” Ron hurriedly said, “I, I didn’t know...”

He looked up at everyone and lowered his head again, tightly holding the golden egg in his arms, his body trembling slightly.

His face was so pale and his body kept shaking. He didn’t get the joy of winning the task at all, only thinking that he had just used black magic!

No wonder Krum told him not to use this magic. Ron never expected such a result.

He had a strong sense of guilt at the thought that he had used black magic.

He felt sick, as if something terrible was going to crawl out of his head...

“What happened today really surprised me. I actually saw two practices the dark arts at Hogwarts,” said Karkaroff, and then he added sarcastically, “I never thought students could get such quality teaching at Hogwarts”

“Durmstrang has no say in this matter. Don’t think people don’t know what’s going on in your school.” Sirius glared at Snape and Karkaroff. “I just asked Ron about the black magic he used. The champion from your school taught him about it before the task.”

“Krum is kind-hearted, Black. But understanding black magic and using black magic are two completely different concepts,” Karkaroff sneered, “Krum just gave a suggestion. Only blame that kid who was stupid enough to use that magic. This also reflects the poor level of Hogwarts’ Defence Against the Dark Arts. Your students can’t even recognize what black magic is. Of course, I’m even surprised by the skills of some of your students!”

“Don’t forget what you are, Karkaroff!” Caresius, as Moody, said in a gruff voice, “Using black magic does not necessarily mean that one must be a Dark wizard, and not using black magic doesn’t mean you’re not a Dark wizard!”

“Obviously, that’s how you teach your students!” The fake smile on Karkaroff’s face faded away and he looked at Moody angrily. “As I said before, as a teacher of Defense Against the Dark Arts, this quality is rare.”

“My duty is to teach students how a Dark Wizard would think. In my opinion, it is the champion from your school who is trying to frame Ron. He deliberately told him about that magic, but did not tell him that it was black magic that would have bad effects,” said Moody in a threatening tone, “You all know that the child’s strength is not that of the other three champions. He was worried about how to deal with his dragon. As long as he was taught something that could be effective, he would definitely use it!”

“Well, you two, this was obviously just an accident,” said Ludo Bagman nervously, “I don’t think there’s any need to continue arguing. Regardless of the magic he had used, Ron has got the golden egg. He has performed very well. Whether it was the broomstick or the Fire Protection Potion, it was wonderful. And ... there were no casualties. We might as well ...”

“But he used black magic, which should be banned.” said Karkaroff, “I suggest giving him zero points!”

“There is no clear provision in the charter that champions are not allowed to use dark magic, and those two spells are not prohibited by the Ministry of Magic. They are restricted Dark magic!” Suddenly said Mr. Crouch, who had been looking at Evan, and his voice was as stiff as usual.

“Sorry, I don’t understand what you’re saying. You mean, let’s just pretend nothing had happened?!” Karkaroff smiled angrily.

“We have to abide by the charter. There is no rule in the Charter of the Triwizard Tournament that says it is not allowed to do this. We cannot disregard this,” said Crouch in a cold voice, “I am going to give Mr. Weasley ten points!”

“This is ridiculous, you...”

“Are you really questioning me, Karkaroff?!” said Crouch loudly, his eyes popping out, “I believe you remember, in my long career, there is a lot of evidence that I have always hated and despised black magic and all those who play around with it. I’m not supporting black magic; I’m just stating facts! I think these two students must be punished for what they did today. They’ve used two restricted black magic at will. This is a very dangerous tendency. Hogwarts must strengthen its teaching to prevent this kind of thing from happening again!”

“Let me deal with it, Barty!” said Dumbledore calmly, “We must remember that magic itself is not good or bad, the key is in the use of magic purposes. Dark magic, which distorts the user’s mind and nature of life, should not be advocated, such as the Unforgivable Curses! Don’t get excited, Igor. I don’t mean to use other black magic, but we should treat young people with tolerance

and allow them to make mistakes. Minerva, Mr. Mason and Mr. Weasley are your students, and you're in charge. By the way, I'm also going to give Mr. Weasley ten points. He just did well, far beyond what I expected of him."

"I give Ron 10, too. He flies very well!" said Bagman, his face showing a relieved expression. "Come on, there is a champion waiting for the task, we must go out!"

In the end, Dumbledore, Bagman and Crouch all gave Ron ten points, and Madame Maxime gave seven.

Karkaroff reluctantly gave three points and seemed still angry about the incident.

But he really couldn't say anything, nor could he pursue this matter. Those two spells had not been banned by the Ministry of Magic.

Black magic is divided into many kinds, such as the Unforgivable Curses, which were absolutely prohibited spells. Using those curses on humans would give one a life sentence to Azkaban. There are also two kinds of black magic just used by Evan and Ron, which belong to the restricted type of magic.

These spells are numerous and not strictly black magic.

They are not so evil, but they are restricted because they are more lethal or use magical materials in a cruel and less humane way.

But as long as there are legitimate reasons to use this type of black magic, there will be no punishment.

Chapter 594: Symbolic Punishment

As Caresius said, people who used black magic were not necessarily Dark wizards.

Many decent wizards had more or less studied black magic, and only on the basis of in-depth understanding could they accurately defend themselves. This was the essence of Hogwarts's course of Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Lessons in the lower grades were not really apparent. In the course of Defense Against the Dark Arts after passing the Ordinary Wizarding Level test, senior students were required to read relevant books on black magic for reference.

As for a veteran Auror like Moody, he was a master of Dark Arts.

He even knew more than many Dark wizards, and only by knowing the enemy could he defeat his opponents. He didn't just need to recognize the dark arts; he needed to master them.

For a long time, restricted Dark magic had been defined as a gray area in the wizarding world.

These magic are more lethal and unsuitable for most wizards to master and use. But they were not so evil in themselves; they did not distort the user's mind and the essence of life.

The Ministry of Magic was cautious about such magic and strictly controlled its random use and spread. However, they would not sentence someone to Azkaban just because he had used it.

The most obvious examples were the Imperius Curse, Legilimency, and the Memory Charm. They were all common magic that acted on the human soul, and were classified as Dark magic.

However, according to the degree of harm, they were different in nature.

The first was the Imperius Curse, which required evil thoughts to be used on somebody's soul. This evil spell might addle the victim's mind, and whether or not there were good reasons, nobody should control another's actions.

Therefore, it had been listed as one of the Unforgivable Curses, the most evil Dark magic, completely forbidden.

As for Legilimency, this spell allows the caster to delve into the mind of the victim, permitting the caster to see memories, emotions and thoughts.

Dumbledore and Voldemort were masters of this magic. One must be careful when talking to them. If not cautious, the secrets hidden in their minds might be known and seen clearly by them at any time.

This magic and Veritaserum were strictly controlled by the Ministry of Magic, but Evan was sure that Dumbledore certainly did not take the Ministry of Magic's restrictions seriously and that he used it every time he talked to him before he mastered Occlumency.

Even after learning Occlumency, he had to be careful in every conversation, for fear of being caught by him.

There were so many secrets in Evan's head, some of which he wanted the Headmaster to know, and some others he did not want to divulge.

This was also the main reason why he was not willing to go to Dumbledore once something went wrong.

Of course, in many things, Dumbledore would not take care of them in order to hone Evan and Harry. For example, when the Basilisk was raging in the castle, he must have known about the Chamber of Secrets, but in the end he only sent his own phoenix to help them.

Unlike the Imperius Curse, Legilimency would not addle the minds of the caster and the victim. This spell was not so evil, so it was not a completely forbidden black magic, but a restrictive black magic.

Not to mention Obliviate, its function was to make people lose memory, either a specific memory or all memories. Since this process was reversible through a counter-charm, the damage was minimal, and there was no restriction on it.

After passing the Ordinary Wizard Level test, the young wizards would learn how to use this charm in the Charms class.

Of course, the use of the Memory Charm on others must be under permission, otherwise they would be pursued.

One of the conditions to be employed at the Ministry of Magic's Department of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes was to be proficient in the Memory Charm.

The Accidental Magic Reversal Squad, the Obliviator Headquarters, and the Muggle-Worthy Excuse Committee were the three Divisions of this Department, with the main responsibility of

constantly changing the memories of the Muggles and letting them forget the magic they saw by chance.

The use of restrictive black magic by two students could be considered a big deal or a small incident. Karkaroff knew that as there was no obvious damage, there would be no punishment, and he didn't continue arguing.

What's more, the root of the problem was that his student Krum had taught Ron the Dark magic he used. If Ron was guilty, Krum couldn't get away with it and would be involved.

Everyone knew that Durmstrang had been teaching and encouraging students to learn Dark magic, and not only restrictive Dark magic. Any investigation would really be unfavorable to them.

No one wanted to go any further. Professor McGonagall did not impose any penalties on Evan and Ron here. She just symbolically gave them detention for a day and added 50 points to Evan as a reward for his performance just now.

"The two spells you used were excellent, Mr. Mason. They saved many people!" said Professor McGonagall with a smile on her face.

These words from her mouth were an extravagant praise. Evan noticed that her right hand on his shoulder was shaking slightly. He had been performing well in the Transfiguration class, but Professor McGonagall just nodded every time, at best saying 'Not bad!', rarely giving 'Excellent!' as a comment.

Of course, the points to be added were never small. That was Professor McGonagall's style.

"Especially the move to repel the dragon ... both beautiful and straightforward, Evan!" Sirius also said happily.

Except for Snape, Professor McGonagall, Sirius and Caresius did not leave with the judges.

"Keep going, Mason!" said Caresius, using Moody's tone.

He looked highly interested in Evan's performance, and his magical eye was dancing in its socket.

The only one that wasn't so happy in the tent now was Ron, who looked uneasy and didn't recover from the blow.

The tournament was originally a good opportunity to help him regain his courage. Unfortunately, this happened all of a sudden, which immediately suppressed Ron's newly-rising courage and confidence. He was now worried about his use of black magic.

"Well, Ron, don't take it to heart," said Evan with a sigh and patted Ron on the shoulder. "Don't worry about the spell you used. As Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall said, you just performed very well!"

"But I used black magic?!" Ron turned to look at Evan with strange eyes.

“That was a restricted spell; it is not forbidden,” said Evan, and simply explained to Ron, “In a word, believe me, there’s nothing in this matter. You defeated the dragon and got the golden egg, and got a good score. You should be happy.”

Chapter 595: Tragedy of Cedric

“I thought I screwed everything up!” Ron gasped.

“There is no such a thing, Ron!” said Evan, “You’ve shown unimaginable courage in the task. Not only did you defeat the dragon, but you also defeated yourself. Not everyone can fly so well in the face of the dragon.”

Ron seemed to have something to say, but he finally held the golden egg tightly in his arms and did not say it.

Perhaps as everyone said, his performance was remarkable.

If the Chinese Fireball reacted from the beginning, he would have gotten the golden egg long ago, and nothing of the following incident would have happened.

Since the use of black magic was not a big deal, Ron couldn’t see what he had to worry about.

He made it through the hardest part, and now even if he were to fight the dragon again, he wouldn’t feel afraid.

He became excited again at the thought that he had overcome the dragon and completed this difficult challenge.

“Well, before you two go back, you’d better see Madam Pomfrey first and let her examine you!” Professor McGonagall said, interrupting Evan who was about to speak, “Mason, I know you’re not injured, but the magic you used is very powerful. You’d better check for any sequelae. Hurry up and go with Weasley.”

The two of them went out, and saw Madam Pomfrey standing at the entrance to the second tent, looking worried.

“Dragons!” she said, in a disgusted tone, pulling Evan and Ron in. While examining them, she talked furiously to Evan. “I’m not surprised to see you again. The Basilisk, the Dementors, the werewolf, the Centaurs, the curse, and now a bloody dragon! What monster are you going to face next? The school is already a mess...”

She gave them a thorough examination and there was no problem.

Evan and Ron had just used a little too much magic. Madam Pomfrey insisted that they both drink a purple liquid with a very unpleasant smell. This potion had a calming and soothing effect on their spirits, making them less nervous.

“Well, lie down here for a while and have a rest!”

Just after Madam Pomfrey left, Harry, Hermione, Fred, George, Colin and Ginny all rushed in.

“Evan, thanks to your magic, you saved everyone!” Hermione said sharply. “I saw the huge fierce mouth of the Chinese Fireball. I was like blindfolded, and there was a blank inside my head. I thought...”

She rushed over to Evan, hugged him tightly, and burst into tears. She couldn't help but cry out.

At that moment, she thought she was going to die with Evan.

“Well, there's nothing to cry about!” Evan wiped the tears off her face and said in an extremely confident tone, “I told you long ago that as long as I'm with you, you would never get hurt. You should believe me!”

“I believe, I'll always believe in you!” Hermione replied, still in tears.

She seldom showed such fragility as she was now, not because she was afraid, but because of her many complex emotions merged together.

“Don't cry, it's not pretty when you cry!” said Evan, holding Hermione in his arms.

When she heard this, Hermione felt a little embarrassed, and the others were still looking at them.

She left Evan's arms and saw that Harry, Ron, Fred, George, Ginny, and Colin were all smiling and looking, tacitly ignoring her embarrassment.

“To tell the truth, I thought I was going to die,” said Colin. “Up close, the dragon was so terrible, and its huge fireball was like a volcano erupting in front of it.”

“Yeah, it was definitely a nightmare. Many junior students even peed in fear.”

Fred, George, and Ginny had not been in those stands to feel the horror of the dragon. What shocked them was what was used by Evan, which defeated the dragon directly.

That was absolutely a shocking, powerful force, and anyone who saw it would never forget the scene of the huge creature being thrown out.

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Everyone gathered around Evan's at Ron's bedside, talking on and on about what had just happened.

Soon, the topic shifted to Ron.

After knowing that Ron had learned the black magic to enrage the dragon from Krum, everyone expressed their opinions.

Everyone had a bad impression of Krum, but Ron argued for him.

Viktor had clearly told him not to use that curse at the time, but he did not think of the seriousness of the matter...

On the whole, what happened today was still worth celebrating. Despite many twists and turns, Ron finished his first task intact and scored well.

Everyone's got in a good mood, and there was nothing to worry about.

About fifteen minutes later, Cedric was brought in by Charlie and another wizard. He was covered with blood, and seemed badly injured. Madam Pomfrey hurried to have him put in another cubicle.

"Charlie, what the hell is going on?" Fred couldn't help asking.

"This guy Transfigured a rock on the ground and turned it into a dog!" After confirming that Ron was okay, Charlie sighed and said, "He was trying to make the dragon go for the dog instead of him. To be fair, it was a pretty cool bit of Transfiguration, but it was useless. He faced the Hungarian Horntail. That creature is the most powerful. It ran a few steps after the Labrador and changed its mind halfway through. It just went back and blocked the poor child there. If we hadn't rushed in..."

He didn't finish, but it was clear that if the Dragon Keepers had not stopped the Horntail, Cedric would have been more than harmed.

Despite their intervention, he was now seriously injured.

Without using fire, the Hungarian Horntail's tough claws and spiked tail were enough to deliver a fatal physical attack.

Fortunately, Ron didn't draw that creature; otherwise he might have not ended up much better.

"It was a dangerous move to let the young wizards fight dragons. Fortunately, he got the golden egg and wasn't killed by the dragon, otherwise the tournament would not continue!" Charlie shook his head and said, "The dragon is not in good condition either. Under the double attack of Dumbledore, it's hardly breathing now!"

"Is it going to die?" asked Evan.

Dumbledore had just flicked the dragon away. It looked like a fierce attack, but the actual damage was not very great.

The point was Dumbledore's attack. That was the key. He used a fierce attack, but did not kill the dragon. Such a creature was too precious, and killing it would jeopardize the continuation of the contest.

"Hagrid is taking care of it. After recovery, it will be alright," said Charlie, shaking his head again.

Chapter 596: End of the task

Cedric was badly injured, but it was all flesh wounds, and Madam Pomfrey soon healed him.

The trouble was the burns. One side of his pale face was covered in a thick orange paste.

It was a very effective ointment for treating burns. It would ensure that no scar will be left on him, but it had to be applied for a whole night.

“Have a rest, I’ve got to run. I’ve got to go and send Mum an owl. I’ll tell her all what happened today ... but it’s unbelievable. She’s always been worried about Ron!” Charlie went on and gave Ron a hug, “Congratulations, Ron, you’re the best! Oh yeah, I almost forgot, they told me to tell you you’ve got to hang around for a few more minutes. Bagman wants a word with you, back in the champions’ tent.”

They stayed in the medical tent for a while before they went to the champions’ tent with Cedric.

Krum, Fleur and Gabrielle were already inside, and Fleur had changed into new robes.

When she saw Evan, Gabrielle hurried over, pulling Fleur with her.

They had been to the carriage so that Fleur could change her clothes, and they did not witness the scene when Evan attacked the Chinese Fireball. They heard about it from other people when they were back.

Gabrielle felt both worried and very regretful because she didn’t see Evan using magic.

She talked a lot with Evan and Hermione, asking Evan for some details. Fleur also followed with a few words of concern...

As for Krum, he pulled Ron aside and whispered a few words. When Ron came back, he told them that Krum had apologized to him for the magic, and that he had forgiven him.

Although Sirius had repeatedly asked everyone to be vigilant against Karkaroff and Durmstrang’s students, Ron was stubbornly convinced that Krum was a good guy and he could not get involved in Karkaroff’s plot.

They got together and chatted for a while, focusing on the performance of each champion and Evan’s magic.

Evan’s final magic, needless to say, was amazing, far beyond the level of a young wizard. In addition to shocking, no other adjectives could describe it.

The performance of each champion was unexpected, and everyone believed that Ron had done a good job. He flew very well and was quite successful in tactics.

This made Ron’s spirits a bit higher and much happier than he had just been.

If it hadn’t been for bad luck, he would have had flawless success, with no dangerous incidents.

Speaking of it, except for Krum, the luck of the other three champions was not that good.

Their planned tactics through the dragon were all feasible, but the results were quite different. Fleur’s clothes were burned, and Ron encountered so many accidents.

The worst was Cedric, who had been blocked by the Hungarian Horntail in the nest...

Fortunately, that didn’t seem to leave any psychological repercussions, and he was chatting happily with Harry.

Five minutes later, Ludo Bagman bounced into the tent briskly.

He looked as pleased as though he had personally just got past the dragon.

Dumbledore, Karkaroff, Madame Maxime and Barty Crouch were not there. Ludo Bagman came alone to announce the next task. He did not ask Evan and the others to go out.

“Champions ... you all did a good job!” he said with a smile. “Now, I’ve got just a quick few words. You’ve got a nice long break before the second task, which will take place at half past nine on the morning of February the twenty-fourth ... but we’re giving you something to think about in the meantime! If you look down at those golden eggs you’re all holding, you will see that they open ... you see the hinges there? You need to solve the clue inside the egg... because it will tell you what the second task is, and enable you to prepare for it! All clear? Sure? Well, off you go, then!”

Evan and the others left the tent and they started to walk back around the edge of the forest, talking hard.

Just as they rounded the clump of tree behind which Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione had first heard the dragons roar, a witch suddenly leapt out from behind them.

It was Rita Skeeter. She was wearing acid-green robes today, and the Quick-Quotes Quill in her hand blended perfectly against them.

“Evan, your magic was really amazing!” Rita Skeeter looked at Evan with a smile. “I wonder if you could give me a quick word. How did you feel facing that dragon? And what was the last curse to blow the dragon away?”

She turned a blind eye to the four champions, and her attention was focused on Evan.

“I have nothing to tell you, get out of the way,” said Evan angrily. “I warned you before, Miss Skeeter, if you go on like this, you’ll definitely be in serious trouble.”

“Really?!” Rita Skeeter didn’t care a bit about what Evan said. Instead, she became very excited. “Are you threatening me?! What are you up to do to an innocent reporter in order to cover up the truth?!”

Evan ignored her and he set off back to the castle with Ron.

Rita Skeeter stood by the bush and looked at his back, and her quill was writing excitedly.

Although Evan had not said anything, his attitude was enough to explain everything.

They all separated near Hagrid’s cabin. Today was so tiring, and everyone wanted to have a good rest.

Fred and George had gone back to the castle earlier with Ginny and Colin to prepare for the surprise party.

Not surprisingly, the four of them should be planning to go into the kitchen to get some delicious food.

Now, there were the four left: Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Ron. They are slowly going back.

“Don’t worry, Ron,” said Harry. “There’s no way any of the other tasks are going to be that dangerous. They can’t find anything more dangerous than the dragon.”

“We can’t relax our vigilance. The dragon is not the most frightening. The most dangerous thing is the conspiracy hidden in the dark,” said Evan.

He still remembered what the ultimate goal of the Triwizard Tournament was, which could not be taken lightly.

While helping Ron through the game, he also trained Harry to get stronger as soon as possible and not to slow him down at critical moments.

Although there was no pressure from the tournament, Harry’s experience was absolutely indispensable.

Voldemort was his destined enemy. Only one person could win, and this was impossible to change.

“Evan is right. There’s a long way to go to finish this tournament,” said Hermione seriously. “If that was the first task, I hate to think what’s coming next.”

“You two need to get optimistic!” said Ron in a relaxed tone.

He held the golden egg and felt unprecedented satisfaction!

Chapter 597: Noisy Golden Egg

When they entered the Gryffindor Common Room, it exploded with cheers and yells again.

There are mountains of cakes and flagons of pumpkin juice and butterbeer on the tables and the chairs.

Lee Jordan had let off some Filibuster’s Fireworks, so that the air was thick with stars and sparks.

Dean Thomas, who was very good at drawing, had put up some impressive new banners, depicting Ron zooming around the Chinese Fireball on the Firebolt, and Avon’s use of the magic barrier to resist the flame and defeat the dragon.

The huge banner in the middle was constantly changing. Above, Evan stood out from the crowd alone and held his wand up. Opposite him was the terrible dragon, baring its fangs and shooting out fire from its mouth.

The next second, the picture changed, and the dragon flew backward like a bug.

Under the banners, all Gryffindors were celebrating, laughing and eating delicious food.

Everyone came over and talked to Evan and Ron, asking for more details, and many thanked Evan.

They had been in the stands, too. If Evan hadn’t saved them, they might have been hit by the fireball.

Ron was no longer so nervous. He’d gotten through the first task, and he wouldn’t have to face the second one for three months.

“Blimey, this is heavy,” said Lee Jordan, picking up the golden egg that was on a table, and weighing it in his hands.

“Of course, I dare say that this must be pure gold!”

“Open it, Ron, go on! Let’s just see what’s inside it!”

“Go on, open it!” Several people echoed.

“Okay!” Ron muttered, also very curious.

He took the golden egg from Lee and dug his fingernails into the groove that ran all the way around it and pried it open.

It was hollow and completely empty. But the moment Ron opened it, the most horrible noise, a loud and screechy wailing, filled the room.

The nearest thing to it they had ever heard was the ghost orchestra at Nearly Headless Nick’s deathday party, who had all been playing the musical saw.

“Shut it!” Fred bellowed, his hands over his ears.

Ron slammed the golden egg shut and gasped.

“What was that?”

“It’s a terrible noise, It’s maybe the thing you need to deal with in the next task.”

“It sounded like a banshee. Maybe you’ve got to get past one of those next, Ron!” said Seamus Finnigan.

“No, it was someone being tortured!” said Neville, who had gone very white and spilled sausage rolls all over the floor. He looked at Ron uneasily. “You ... you’re going to have to fight the Cruciatus Curse!”

“Don’t be a prat, Neville, that’s illegal!” said George. “They wouldn’t use the Cruciatus Curse on the champions. I thought it sounded a bit like Percy singing ... maybe you’ve got to attack him while he’s in the shower.”

“Haha, in a sense, Percy is even more terrible than a dragon.”

This noise was the song of a mermaid. The golden egg needed to be kept underwater before it could be used easily, but Evan did not say it.

After all these wild guesses, Ron put the golden egg away.

He was prepared to solve this puzzle alone as a champion without any help, relying on his own abilities.

After getting through the task of the dragon, Ron did grow a lot.

Whether he would succeed in the end or not, this tournament was proving to be good for him.

“Let’s talk about something else, don’t just sit there. Want a jam tart, Hermione?”

Hermione looked doubtfully at the plate he was offering her. Fred grinned maliciously.

“It’s all right,” he said. “I haven’t done anything to them. It’s custard creams you’ve got to watch...”

Neville, who had just bitten into a custard cream, choked and spat it out. Fred and George laughed and looked at him.

“Just my little joke, Neville...”

“Speaking of this,” Hermione took a jam tart. “Did you get all of this from the kitchens, Fred?!”

“Yeah,” said Fred, grinning at her. He put on a high-pitched squeak and imitated a house-elf. “‘Anything we can get you, sir, anything at all!’ They’re dead helpful... get me a roast ox if I said I was peckish.”

“How do you get in there?” Hermione said in an innocently casual sort of voice.

“It’s easy,” said Fred. “There is a concealed door behind a painting of a bowl of fruit. Just tickle the pear, and it giggles and ...” He stopped and looked suspiciously at her.

“Why, why are you asking?”

“Nothing,” said Hermione quickly.

“You’re going to try and lead the house-elves out on strike now; are you?” said George. “You’re going to give up all the leaflet stuff and try and stir them up into a rebellion?”

Several people chortled. Hermione didn’t answer.

Evan knew her too well; Hermione obviously intended to do so.

“Don’t you go upsetting them and telling them they’ve got to take clothes and salaries!” said Fred warningly, giving Evan a gentle kick from under the table. “You’ll put them off their cooking!”

Regarding the fight for the rights of the house-elves, Evan also could not persuade Hermione to give up. Moreover, he had made it clear that he would support her, although he had actually done nothing.

Just then, Neville caused a slight diversion by turning into a large canary.

“Oh ... sorry, Neville!” Fred, ignoring Hermione, hurriedly jumped up and shouted over all the laughter. “I forgot ... it was the custard creams we hexed!”

Within a minute, however, Neville had molted, and once his feathers had fallen off, he returned to looking entirely normal.

He even joined in laughing and thought that this hexed custard cream was very interesting.

George explained to Evan that he and Fred had been experimenting since the summer vacation and had been making continuous improvements. The finished products they had now brought out were further more interesting than the deforming candy that made Dudley grow a pig's tail.

“Come on, Canary Creams!” Fred shouted to the excitable crowd. “Our latest product, George and I invented them ... seven Sickles each, a bargain. We start booking now!”

Interested young wizards ordered from him; Weasley's jokes were now very popular. When new products appeared, they were often in short supply. Many people even bought them to resell them to students from other Houses.

Some time ago, Fred and George even discussed promoting them among Durmstrang and Beauxbatons students with Evan, to open up foreign markets, and they did not know if it would work or what the best way to go about it was.

Chapter 599: The School Kitchens

Hufflepuff's move not only changed the wizarding world, but also greatly promoted Hogwarts' status.

The all-magic families finally had to make a compromise. They reached an agreement with Helga Hufflepuff, agreed to the Hogwarts education model, allowed the Muggle-born young wizards to enter the school, and correspondingly formed a Board of Governors to oversee the running of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

As for Hogwarts' independence from the Board of Governors and its independent teaching activities, it was later the headmaster's business.

But it must be said that the success of Hufflepuff and Hogwarts model was a major event, great enough to change the entire wizarding world over the course of the past millennium. Schools of Wizardry like Hogwarts had sprung up all over the world.

More and more Muggle wizards had been admitted to school. The traditional single family apprentice and secret way of magic inheritance had been completely changed. Universal magic education has become the standard of magic education.

Helga Hufflepuff herself was the Headmistress of Hogwarts until her death. She did not leave this place for life, and was even buried in Hogwarts after her death. She only passed on her favorite golden cup as a relic to her descendants.

Like Slytherin's Chamber of Secrets, the location of Hufflepuff's grave had always been a mystery.

Because she had been eventually buried by a house-elf, no one knew exactly where Hufflepuff's grave was.

For a thousand years, countless latecomers had tried to find her place of burial in the school, but no one had succeeded.

Evan had carefully analyzed all the historical facts available and believed that the key breakthrough lay in the hands of the house-elves.

While being the greatest wizard and educator in the history of magic, Hufflepuff was also the greatest cook, and the house-elves were her assistants.

Evan did not think that Hufflepuff's secret treasure key would be taken to her coffin, but her closest friend for the rest of her life was undoubtedly a house-elf. Everything was in his custody, and even her own final burial was the responsibility of the house-elf.

At the time, Helga Hufflepuff gave shelter to all the elves who had lost their living places because of the war.

She made them part of Hogwarts, and the so-called ordinary friends in her tips should be the elves.

Hogwarts had been home to the largest number of house-elves in the wizarding world since Hufflepuff's time.

For a thousand years, they had lived in the kitchens below the castle, where they built their own huge underground kingdom.

Not surprisingly, both the key to the treasure and the secret of Hufflepuff's tomb were kept in the hands of the house-elves.

Last semester, Evan had asked Dobby and other house-elves about this matter too often, but they all said they did not know.

He speculated that the secrets kept by the ancestors of the house-elves might have been lost and no one had passed them down.

That was not surprising as the house-elves had been enslaved for too long.

They had lost their own cultural heritage and had completely become appendages of wizards.

If they had really kept such important clues, they might have told the headmaster rather than hiding them.

Although no one knew for sure, there must be some clues in the kitchens.

Not long ago, Evan found a plan for the early construction of the castle in the library area.

It had been mixed into a very unpopular book of magic that had not been borrowed for hundreds of years.

The basement above the map had been much larger than it was now, and the large area that disappeared later was near the kitchen.

That drawing verified Evan's long-standing conjecture. In combination with the information he had received before, he thought it necessary to have a look at it.

Evan led Hermione into the basement, which was the only way to the Common Room of Slytherin and Hufflepuff Houses.

The two of them followed a narrow passage to the left and walked down a flight of stone steps. But instead of ending up in a gloomy underground passage like one that led to Snape's dungeon, they

found themselves in a broad stone corridor, brightly lit with torches, and decorated with cheerful paintings that were mainly of food.

They walked up to the painting showing a gigantic silver fruit bowl, and Evan stretched out his forefinger and gently tickled the huge green pear.

It began to squirm, chuckling, and suddenly turned into a large green door handle.

“This is the entrance to the school kitchens!” said Evan. He pulled the door open to reveal a low, dark, deep foyer.

“Let’s go in. Be ready!” said Evan.

He remembered the last time he came; he was surrounded by countless elves, who rushed showing a wry smile.

“Ready for what?!” asked Hermione, staring nervously at the hall.

“You’ll know right away!” Evan took Hermione’s little hand and walked in together.

In the next second, they walked into the picture. Inside, there was an enormous, high-ceilinged room, large as the Great Hall above it, with mounds of glittering brass pots and pans heaped around the stone walls, and a great brick fireplace at the other end.

They felt something, and before they could see more clearly, there were a lot of green things hurtling toward them from the middle of the room.

Hermione couldn’t help but step back, and then she saw that they were all house-elves.

There were over a hundred of them, which was incredible.

“Sir, Miss, do you want anything?” the elves asked aloud, crowding in.

Each of them had a smile on his face, waiting for Evan and Hermione’s order.

Before they could speak, another house-elf rushed over, squealing.

He hit Evan hard in the midriff, hugging him closely and tightly.

This was Dobby!

Although they had met just over a month ago, he was very excited about Evan coming to the kitchen to see him.

He hugged Evan strongly, and the latter hurried him down.

Hermione looked at both of them and the surrounding house-elves in surprise. It took her a while to adapt.

In fact, she had not seen Dobby for a long time. Dobby’s enormous, green, tennis-ball-shaped eyes were brimming with tears of happiness. He looked almost exactly the same as Hermione remembered him; the pencil-shaped nose, the bat-like ears, the long fingers and feet... all except the clothes, which were very different.

When Dobby had worked for the Malfoys, he had worn the same filthy old pillowcase all year round...

Now, he was wearing a strange assortment of garments. He had done an even worse job of dressing himself than the wizards at the World Cup.

He was wearing a tea cozy for a hat, on which he had pinned a number of bright badges; a tie patterned with horseshoes over a bare chest, a pair of what looked like children's soccer shorts, and odd socks. One of these was the black one Harry had removed from his own foot and tricked Mr. Malfoy into giving Dobby, thereby setting him free. The other was covered in pink and orange stripes...

This was a style Evan had never seen before. All the money he gave Dobby was used to buy socks, which were renewed almost every week.

In a sense, Dobby was probably the most fashionable house-elf!

Chapter 600: House-Elves in Need of Wages

After Dobby was expelled by the Malfoys, Evan kept him around all the time.

He just wanted to help Dobby. In fact, there was nothing that needed to be done.

At the busiest time of Hogwarts Magic, Evan had asked Dobby to help Fred and George take charge of the print job.

When Professor Lupin took over, Dobby was idle again, mainly responsible for taking care of Evan's life and living.

This amount of work was really nothing to a house-elf. He needed more work.

Evan could only let him help in the kitchen and live with his companions, which was the best arrangement for him.

"Master Evan, do you need any food here?" Dobby squealed excitedly. "You don't need to come down in person. You just need to summon Dobby. Dobby can send it to you at any time. You know how to summon Dobby..."

No sooner had he finished speaking than the house-elves around Evan and Hermione began to get busy.

They took out all kinds of ingredients at once, ready to give them something to eat.

"Don't prepare anything, we don't need to eat!" Evan hurriedly said, looking at the house-elves with a headache. "Dobby, Hermione and I just came to see how you're doing here."

"Oh, Master Evan is so kind!" Dobby's big green eyes were wet with tears. He looked at Evan and Hermione with tearful eyes. "Young Master Evan has actually led his friend to visit Dobby ... Dobby and Winky..."

"What, Winky is here too?!" said Hermione in surprise.

After the World Cup, they had never seen Winky again.

Evan learned from Sirius that, after investigation, the Ministry of Magic found Winky innocent and released her. But she could no longer return to Crouch's house. After leaving the Ministry of Magic, she did not know where to go.

“Yes, miss, yes, Winky is working here too!” said Dobby, seizing Evan and Hermione's hands.

He pulled them both off into the kitchen between the four long wooden tables that stood there.

Each of these tables was positioned exactly beneath the four House tables above in the Great Hall.

At the moment, they were clear of food, dinner having finished, but not long ago they had been laden with dishes that were then sent up through the ceiling to their counterparts above.

At this time, at least a hundred little elves were standing around the kitchen, beaming, bowing and curtsying as Dobby led Evan and Hermione past them.

They were all wearing the same uniform: a tea towel stamped with the Hogwarts crest, and tied, as they had been before, like a toga.

A few minutes later, Dobby stopped in front of the brick fireplace and pointed.

“Winky, look, Miss, Master Evan!” he said.

Winky was sitting on a stool by the fire. Unlike Dobby, she had obviously not foraged for clothes. She was wearing a neat little skirt and blouse with a matching blue hat, which had holes in it for her large ears

However, while every one of Dobby's strange collection of garments was so clean and well cared for that it looked brand-new; Winky was plainly not taking care of her clothes at all. There were soup stains all down her blouse and a burn in her skirt.

“Winky!” said Hermione.

At their sight, she raised her head and shivered slightly. Her lips also quivered. Then she burst into tears, which spilled out of her great brown eyes and splashed down her front, just as they had done at the Quidditch World Cup.

“Oh dear,” said Hermione sadly, “Winky, don't cry, please don't...”

But Winky cried harder than ever. Dobby, on the other hand, beamed at Evan.

“Would Master Evan like a cup of tea?” he squeaked loudly, over Winky's sobs.

“Oh... okay,” said Evan.

He looked around the layout of the kitchen and compared it to the castle plan he had found.

But no, everything was totally different, and everything had changed too much.

When they heard the conversation between Evan and Dobby, about six house-elves came, instantly, trotting up behind him, bearing a large silver tray laden with a teapot, cups for Evan and Hermione, a milk jug, and a large plate of biscuits.

“Thank you, this looks good!” said Evan.

The elves were very happy to hear him; they bowed very low and retreated.

“How long has Winky been here, Dobby?” Hermione asked.

“More than a month or so. No one wanted to take her in. You see, it is very difficult for a house-elf who has been dismissed to get a new position, very difficult indeed...”

At this, Winky howled even harder, her squashed-tomato of a nose dribbling all down her front, though she made no effort to stem the flow.

“Dobby was going to ask Master Evan for help, and let him hire Dobby and pay her as he hired Dobby,” Dobby squeaked, “But Dobby isn’t sure if he should bother the great Master Evan because of this. Dobby knows that he is already so busy; he should not be distracted by this trifle. And he has hired Dobby. He doesn’t have that many jobs and can’t pay another house-elf for nothing...”

The house-elves all around the kitchen, who had been listening and watching with interest, all looked away at these words, as though Dobby had said something rude and embarrassing. In their view, asking for remuneration was a very shameful act, which was simply an insult to the house-elves.

Evan persuaded Dobby not to have to worry about it. Although he didn’t have so many jobs, he was willing to hire Winky and pay her.

However, Dobby kept shaking his head. He believed it was shameful to take wages without working. It was totally unacceptable and did not allow Evan to hire Winky.

Hermione highly appreciated Dobby’s demand for remuneration for work. She even took out the quill and began to record it, and she was ready to put it on the newspaper as a new incident to point out the qualities of House-elves making them worthy of remuneration.

A free house-elf demanding wages was a model she and the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare needed.

She needed to let the wizarding world know that not all house-elves were willing to be exploited and enslaved, and she wanted the wizards to know what they thought.

This was the original intention of the establishment of the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare, to help the house-elves to make their voices heard.

Hermione was very excited. She was going to interview other elves for a while and listen to their opinions.