

Harry Potter 391

Chapter 391: The Kiss and the Welcome Dinner

“Are all French girls so... open?!”

Evan looked at Gabrielle getting closer and closer to him, trying to hide as he could.

His heart thumped violently. In front of him, the girl showed a lovely smile, with white milk stains on the corners of her mouth, giving off a sweet scent....

She wanted to kiss him!!!

Evan could feel Gabrielle’s warm breath on his face.

He thought about what he had done in Diagon Alley and Hermione on Christmas Day, and that was the same at that time. The wonderful scent of a girl...

“Meow!” Evan meowed weakly, almost panting.

It was not a boy’s wheezing but a soft cry of a kitten.

At that moment, such a weak meow could not stop her. On the contrary, it aroused her interest and was counterproductive!

Evan was almost suffocating, and his brain almost stopped working. However, whatever reason he had left told him that something had to be done to stop Gabriel.

She thought she was kissing a cat, but he was not a real one!

But there was an impulse deep in his heart to do nothing. After all, he was now a cat. No matter what happened, it wouldn’t be discovered.

Besides, all this was the girl’s initiative!

“Meow!”

While Evan was still hesitating, Gabrielle’s cold lips had been printed on his face.

He could no longer hear his heartbeats, but his body tensed sharply.

The girl’s lips were very cool and soft; she kissed Evan gently and rubbed her face on his cheek. In Evan’s trembling, all the white milk stains on her lips touched him.

He had to admit that, from an outside perspective, the scene was amazing!

A lovely little girl with long blond hair and a cute face like an angel, holding a black kitten in her arms. In a sense, it was cute to the extreme.

Gabrielle’s little face rubbed against Evan, but this was not all.

Immediately, she lifted him up again and seemed to want to kiss him on the lips.

Evan looked at her pitifully, watching Gabrielle’s cute little mouth approaching him again.

He gasped and felt that he could not stand such excitement.

Continuing this way, he was afraid of...

Evan blinked and, just as Gabrielle's mouth was about to touch him, his pure black claws were subconsciously raised.

With a snap, she gently pressed on the girl's face.

"Meow!" In his "opponent's" unexpected surprise, Evan ran out by force.

He jumped on the windowsill not far away, ignored the shouts of the girl behind him, steadied his breath, and jumped out gently without looking back.

By the time Evan returned to his room, Sirius was back.

"Well, Your impressions of Beauxbatons?" Sirius said. "It's the most beautiful campus in Europe. There are many kinds of plants in the nearby woods. There are more than 300 kinds of magical creatures living here. If Hagrid could come, he would definitely fall in love with it."

"Very beautiful indeed!" Evan muttered.

He touched his right cheek, which seemed to be stained with milk from Gabrielle.

"In addition to the beautiful campus environment, France also abounds in beautiful women!" Sirius looked at the blushing face of Evan, with some insight, "I have to admit that all the girls here are very cute. I just saw one in Madame Maxime's office. She's definitely a Veela. If I were a few decades younger..."

Sirius should have just seen Fleur, for the description fit her perfectly.

Evan really wanted to tell him that he had just had intimate contact with her sister.

But it was better not to say such things, if Hermione knew...

They chatted for a while before they set off to attend the welcome dinner.

For tonight's banquet, Beauxbatons was clearly prepared.

The glittering Great Hall was even more eye-catching, and the school emblems, curtains and decorations on the walls were all new.

Countless golden candles floated in the sky and looked very spectacular.

Just above the Great Hall was a round marble dome.

It didn't directly reflect the weather outside like Hogwarts. Instead, a beautiful mural was painted, with blue as the main tone, clouds floating within it, giving it a divine feel.

Evan didn't know what the mural represented exactly, because almost all the ghosts, portraits, mural figures and animals in the school were crowded there, and they stared closely at Sirius and Evan, who had just entered the Great Hall.

That was the same for the students of Beauxbatons.

They were wearing their newest school uniform robes and sitting at different long tables according to their age. Evan saw nearly a thousand pairs of eyes looking at him, with inquiry and curiosity.

Nobody spoke, and Beauxbatons' administration seemed very strict.

If it happened in Hogwarts that people from other schools could come to dinner, the young wizards would talk about it for so long.

They might even dare directly invite visitors to their long table.

But it was totally different here, and Beauxbatons students were all trying to restrain themselves.

As Sirius passed, the students along the way nodded politely, but Evan noticed that they did not look so politely at him.

He ignored all the provocations in the boys' eyes, and also pretended not to see the eager eyes of girls.

Overall, the young wizards of Beauxbatons were not very friendly to Evan. Besides their curiosity, he didn't know where their sense of superiority came from.

None of these emotions was concealed, clearly written on their faces.

Among the three major wizarding schools in Europe, the young wizards thought that their school was the best, but thanks to Dumbledore, Hogwarts had far surpassed the other two wizarding schools in recent decades. Evan's strength and reputation were also much better than others.

In this case, it was natural that there would be no good looks at Evan. Many people wanted to have a try with him to see who was better.

Nevertheless, Evan would not care about such boredom at all.

He looked around and noticed that Gabrielle was sitting in the first-year seat. She was raising her neck and trying to look at him. He turned and waved.

The girl smiled and waved to him.

If she knew that the black cat she had kissed not long ago was Evan, she would certainly not be so calm.

At the forefront of the guest table, Dumbledore sat in the middle seat.

On his left side, an old man with a beard longer than his was sitting, and he was very noticeable.

He was the alchemist Nicolas Flamel. Very old, but in good spirits, he wore a beautiful golden wizard robe.

He was talking to Dumbledore, and he was playing with strange magic items in his hand.

Considering his identity, Evan wondered if his dress was made of pure gold.

Anyway, Flamel was not short on gold. For an alchemist who could alter matter itself, gold was as common as roadside stones.

Chapter 392: Fleur Delacour

On the right hand side of Dumbledore, sitting in the front seat was Madame Maxime, the headmistress of Beauxbatons Academy of Magic, a very big woman.

Evan had only seen one person in his life that could be compared with her; Hagrid! There was almost no difference in height between them.

Evan knew that was because they were both half-giants!

However, perhaps just because he was familiar with Hagrid, Madame Maxime seemed even more bizarre.

Under the candlelight above, he found that Madame Maxime had a handsome olive-skinned face with a beak-like nose and large, black, liquid-looking eyes.

Her hair was drawn back in a shining knob at the base of her neck.

She dressed from head to foot in black satin, and was laden with opal jewellery, sparkling on her neck and on her thick fingers.

Madame Maxime, with an elegant smile on her face, politely looked at Sirius who had just entered the Great Hall and invited him to sit on the vacant seat to her right.

Equally noticeable in the hall was Fleur Delacour, who was sitting at the head of the students bench.

She had long, silvery-blond hair that fell almost to her waist, and looked very beautiful.

She looked like an adult version of Gabrielle, both part Veelas. She had large, deep blue eyes and very white, even teeth. She was breathtakingly beautiful.

Possibly because of regular exercise, Fleur was also in good shape. Her fair skin was wheat-colored and she looked extraordinarily healthy. Despite wearing the same uniform as others, she was still the most eye-catching among all Beauxbatons students.

Needless to say, when Evan's eyes moved away from Madame Maxime, they fell on Fleur for the first time, marveling at her beauty.

There was a vacant seat beside Fleur, which was especially reserved for Evan.

After Sirius was invited to the guest table by Madame Maxime, she stood up with a smile and gracefully walked over to Evan, inviting him to come and take his place.

"Hello, Evan Mason!" Fleur reached out and shook Evan's hand with a smile and said, "My name is Fleur Delacour, I am honored to meet you!"

She spoke English, with a slight French accent.

Fleur's voice sounded very special, slightly edgy.

"Thank you, I am glad to meet you, too." Evan replied hurriedly, and followed Fleur to the seat beside her and sat down.

Before they could talk again, Madame Maxime had stood up to speak.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, ghosts and our distinguished guests!"

Madame Maxime said with a smile and motioned to Dumbledore beside her.

"Tonight, with great joy, we welcome Albus Dumbledore, the world's greatest wizard, who came with his companions from Hogwarts to Beauxbatons. I hope and believe that you will feel comfortable and happy here."

There was a round of applause in the Great Hall. While Madame Maxime was speaking, all the students of Beauxbatons stood up.

They all looked sideways at Dumbledore, hoping to see what he looked like.

But when Madame Maxime said that Dumbledore was the greatest wizard in the world, Evan clearly heard a sarcastic sneer.

He turned his head and saw several senior students looking at him provocatively with arrogance and disdain on their faces, as if to see what he would do.

With such people, Evan's treatment of choice had always been to ignore them completely.

He turned his head back as if he hadn't seen them.

Behind him, there was a glimmer of disappointment on the faces of the guys, who frowned and looked at each other, surprised by Evan's indifference.

Fleur looked at the change of expression in their eyes, but she remained calm and composed.

Her blue eyes stared at Evan as if she hadn't noticed anything unusual.

Evan looked at her and she smiled and blinked.

Evan didn't know if it was an illusion, but he could feel that Fleur's relationship with her Beauxbatons students was not very good.

Her classmates, especially the girls, were all alienated from her and deliberately kept a distance.

But at least, so far, she had been kind to Evan.

Or more accurately, she was very interested.

At the main guest table, Madame Maxime had finished her speech. Instead of sitting down directly, she took out her wand and waved it gently.

A light sound of music came of somewhere, and all the students in Beauxbatons began to sing. The voices grew louder and louder, and the Great Hall fell into the sea of music.

They sang a French song, which Evan could not understand.

However, he could feel the melody getting lighter and relaxed.

This song had that French character, like a pub tune, which sounded pleasant.

A few minutes later, after the song ended, Madame Maxime motioned for everyone to sit down.

When the banquet officially began, the empty dishes were full of French cuisine, and all kinds of dishes were placed in front of Evan. He was not sure which dish he should try first.

"You can try this Bouillabaisse (T.N: Bouillabaisse is a French miscellaneous fish/seafood soup). It tastes very delicious. It's been cooked in the authentic French way. I believe it would be difficult to find it in your country. You will like it." Fleur said, pointing to a dish in front of Evan that looked like a sea food Salmagundi.

"Thank you!" Evan served himself a bowl and asked uncertainly. "That song just now sounded good. Is it your school song?"

“It’s indeed the school song of Beauxbatons, and we sing it at the beginning of the semester or at major events.” Fleur frowned and said, “But I don’t like it. The tune sounds very light, but the lyrics are very tragic. This song has been handed down from the Middle Ages, how to say it, the style is somewhat dark...”

After the Bouillabaisse, Evan began to taste a quirky dessert. He didn’t know the name of the dish because he had never seen it before.

“Evan, can I call you that?!” Fleur said with a smile. “In fact, I often hear my little sister talk about you. You are her idol.”

“We are faithful friends. We often write to each other since Christmas.”

Evan looked back at Gabrielle, and found that the little girl was looking at him in return. She immediately looked down shyly when their eyes met.

He smiled at Fleur and said, “She mentioned you in her previous letter.”

“Oh, what did she say?” Fleur was interested.

“She calls you the best sister in the world!” Evan repeated Gabrielle’s true words, and made Fleur laugh.

Usually, the two of them got along fairly well.

The others on the long table looked less happy, not to mention the provocative students.

Most of the remaining people were also dissatisfied with Fleur’s exclusive occupation of Evan.

Noticing that, Fleur also ignored all of them.

Evan’s feeling was proven true to him. Fleur and her classmates did not get along very well.

This didn’t seem like something caused just by his presence; it seemed that their relationship was like this in regular times as well.

Chapter 393: Evan Welcomed by the Ghost

Under the watchful eyes of everyone around, the two of them chatted happily.

Neither of them had any will to care for anyone else.

Beauxbatons had more rules than Hogwarts, and it was not allowed to walk around during meals.

Looking at some students’ expressions, it seemed that they wanted to approach and seek trouble with Evan, but in the end they all did not act.

The Great Hall was buzzing, because tomorrow was the summer vacation. Most of the students’ topics turned to vacation arrangements and the just-completed annual exams.

After talking about some of Evan’s previous adventures, in the name of her sister, Fleur invited him to visit their home in Paris this summer.

If he didn’t have to keep looking for the other half of the Philosopher’s stone, Evan would actually love to go and see it, not just because of the little girl Gabrielle. He had listened to Hermione almost

for a whole semester, talking about Paris's unique, fascinating and appealing magic, and he was very intrigued.

Now he had to politely refuse the invitation.

Fleur was not unhappy, but the topic turned to the forthcoming Quidditch World Cup.

The banquet continued, and under magic, the exquisite golden chandelier rotated slowly above in the huge sky-blue ceiling, and the pulsating flames of its candles formed various exquisite patterns.

The ghosts also flew down from the roof, making extravagant stunts in midair, and skimming around the huge circular Great Hall, and then gathering to whisper.

It could be seen that the ghosts were very interested in Dumbledore, Sirius, and Evan.

They were talking about the past experiences of the three people and getting gossip from around the hall.

Strangely, more and more ghosts gathered around Evan.

The number far exceeded the main guest seats, as the ghosts' attraction to him seemed to exceed that of Dumbledore and Sirius.

"You are very popular!" Fleur said with a smile, the corners of her mouth slightly upward.

Looking at the crescent-like smile on Fleur's face, Evan was confused.

It was a good thing to be popular, but it was too strange with all the fans ghosts! It was not so pleasant to think about it...

These ghosts pointed at Evan, but none of them dared to go forward.

"So, you are that Evan Mason?!" Just as Evan was wondering, a male ghost wearing a medieval French aristocratic costume fell stiffly beside him, looking a bit like Nearly Headless Nick...

Like Nick, his neck was gone, as if a slice had been taken straight from above his shoulders!

Only his body and head were floating in the air, which made him look very weird and funny.

If it hadn't been for the angry look on the ghost's face, Evan would have almost burst out laughing. He hurriedly wiped his mouth with a napkin to cover his smile.

"This is Vincent Duc de Trefle-Picques!" Fleur leaned over her head and whispered, "You must have offended him. He doesn't always do that."

Evan had seen this ghost's name in "A History of Magic" before. It was said that he cast a Concealment Charm on his neck to pretend that he had been beheaded and escaped hanging.

From the current effect, the effect of that Concealment Charm was too perfect.

Even after his death, the power of the Charm had not disappeared.

Of course, the main reason he could be included in "A History of Magic" was that he had invented the Concealment Charm on the basis of ancient magic writing, an epoch-making high-level spell.

This Charm could make something disappear permanently, but the success rate of casting it was very low, and it was a Charm specific to Beauxbatons, so there were not many people who knew it.

Although he had heard the Duke say his name, Evan was sure that he had never seen him before today, and he did not know why this ghost was looking at him with anger.

The “Hogwarts Magic” you created!” Duc de Trefle-Picques said loudly, his milky white, translucent body showed a pink color. “Like other ghosts, I wrote a lot of things and mailed them, but all the news I provided were not used. I’ve been rejected 76 times already! Nick, that nasty fellow, said that my news content was too superficial...”

Hearing this, Evan knew what was going on.

No wonder so many ghosts surrounded him, all of them like Duc de Trefle-Picques, hoping to get along well with him so that their respective contributions could be adopted by “Hogwarts Magic”.

Evan had this situation before in Hogwarts. He was now almost the most popular among the ghosts. Wherever he went, there were always ghosts to surround him.

In fact the ghost’s life is too boring and there is hardly any entertainment.

With almost no help, since last year, many ghosts had provided news and reports to “Hogwarts Magic” and were proud of the adoption of their articles.

This was originally a whim of Evan, hoping to add a little to the lack of contributions to “Hogwarts Magic”.

Who could think of it? But in the end it gradually developed into the biggest highlight of the newspaper.

The ghosts knew a lot of secrets, and saw things from a different perspective. Their unique reports were unexpectedly welcomed by the wizards.

The submission also sparked an unexpected enthusiasm among the ghosts. Although Evan did not pay them anything, it gave them something to boast about!

After all, they could use their previously empty boring time to write, and their articles could be published in the living newspapers, arousing the attention and discussion of the wizards.

Such a thing, having one’s work be the center of attention of the living, was an incredible achievement for a ghost!

With the increasing influence of the “Hogwarts Magic”, and the increasing number of subscribers, contributing to the newspaper had gradually become the most important thing for ghosts.

Nowadays, not only the ghosts of Hogwarts and the United Kingdom, but many foreign ghosts such as Duc de Trefle-Picques also began to contribute and provide news to the newspaper.

This matter was mainly handled by Nearly Headless Nick. As far as Evan knew, he did a good job.

However, he was not surprised that Nick would ‘mis-treat’ Duc de Trefle-Picques’s work!

Nick was good at everything. He was upset that his head hadn’t been completely cut off. Even though hundreds of years had passed, he was still complaining about it.

Not surprisingly, he must be jealous of Duc de Trefle-Picques, whose neck had completely disappeared.

Although this was because of the Charm, in Nick's opinion, all that matter was that Duc de Trefle-Picques's neck wasn't there to be seen!

With this in mind, of course, it wouldn't be rational to expect him to adopt Duc de Trefle-Picques's contribution.

Looking at the angry ghost, Evan had to try to appease him, and promised to ask Nick to notarize the case and use his manuscript after returning to Hogwarts.

Duc de Trefle-Picques nodded with satisfaction and flew away, but encouraged by him, more ghosts immediately rushed towards Evan...

Chapter 394: Evan's Nonverbal Spell

Because Evan already was at the center of attention, the little disturbance immediately caught the attention of others.

The students in Beauxbatons were surprised to find that the boy from Hogwarts was so popular with the ghosts in the school. It was unthinkable.

The topic of discussion shifted back to Evan, and everyone was full of curiosity about him.

No one knew what was going on except Gabrielle and Fleur sitting next to Evan. The abnormal behavior of the ghosts added mystery to Evan.

Beautiful appearance, great strength, legendary deeds, and striking mystery made Evan more attractive to girls.

Of course, some of the Beauxbatons boys were getting more and more resentful to him.

Evan had no time to listen to other people's opinions about him. Faced with enthusiastic ghosts, he had to appease them one by one.

He was thinking that maybe he could add a section in the newspaper to cover French news. If the effect was good enough, he could also take this opportunity to bring "Hogwarts Magic" into the French market, further enhance its influence, and set up a branch in Paris...

As Evan conceived this plan, Fleur beside him gave him a slight nudge.

"Madame Maxime just announced that the dinner was over!" Fleur smiled and said, moving off her silvery hair like a waterfall. "She told me to show you around the school. But I think you might prefer to stay here and deal with the ghosts."

Evan certainly wanted to have a tour around Beauxbatons, and this was a very rare opportunity.

He looked up and saw all the students in Beauxbatons stand up.

In the center of the crowd, Dumbledore and Sirius were following Flamel and Madame Maxime out of the Great Hall.

When all the teachers left, the atmosphere in the auditorium really warmed up.

The students of Beauxbatons were no longer as well-behaved as before. They all crowded to Evan's place, and spoke French that he could not understand.

Of course, there were also many people who spoke English, but it was not very standard.

All the voices were mixed up together, so that Evan could not hear them clearly.

"What are they talking about?" Evan asked aloud.

"Most of them are simple greetings. Many girls are asking if you are free at night." Fleur laughed and said, close to Evan's ear, "Of course, there are others who are challenging you. It looks like they want to fight you."

Without Fleur's translation, Evan had noticed it.

In the middle of a group of senior boys, a tall, very strong boy was pointing his wand at him. There were cheers and applause from the crowd around him.

This seemed to have been planned long ago. Many people looked at Evan with a mocking expression on their faces, waiting to see his reaction.

With a malicious smile on his face, the boy spoke a lot of French to Evan.

Then, without giving him time, he read a spell in his mouth and waved his wand sharply.

A red light flashed, and a fork on the table flew over to Evan.

Under the control of the boy, the fork flew straight towards his torso! It was very fast. If he dodged in a hurry, it would look very embarrassing.

In everyone's opinion, if Evan didn't want to be hit, he would definitely lie down to avoid the fork.

In this way, they could laugh at him.

Looking at the fork drawing near, Evan sighed.

It seemed that everywhere, there were people like Malfoy who were annoying, and what they had in common was the fact that they were all dimwits!

With a gentle stroke of his right hand up his waist, his wand turned around and naturally fell into his hand.

Evan took hold of the wand and shook it gently, without muttering a spell, and the fork in front of him stopped in mid-air.

Everyone was stunned and didn't know how Evan did it.

They didn't hear the incantation at all, nor did they see Evan release a spell.

He just waved his wand and suddenly controlled the fork in front of him. It was amazing.

Only students preparing for the Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Test could vaguely guess what this was all about. Evan had just probably used a Nonverbal Spell.

This was a very difficult casting technique. Although the concept of using a spell just by thinking about it sounded simple, this technique required a lot of control and thought to be able to create the right effect. If one doesn't pronounce the spell aloud, it could achieve an unexpected effect.

In fact, most wizards couldn't do that.

Not to mention the young wizards who hadn't graduated from the magic school, even among the adult wizards in the wizarding world, the use of nonverbal Charm was absolutely rare. Probably only dozens could pull it off!

Just as everyone was still guessing, the fork in front of Evan immediately flew backwards.

The fork flew away faster than it came, and the fellow in the opposite side didn't seem to realize that Evan actually countered his spell.

He waved his wand in a hurry, and wanted to fight back. Hardly had he read half the spell in his mouth when he saw a red light that hit his right hand first.

The trajectory, power and speed of Evan's spell were just right.

He had a sharp pain in his right hand, and his wand was shot and flew out.

Looking at the fork that had already flown straight to his eyes, he retreated in horror, turned pale, and cried out some French words, as if begging for mercy from Evan.

Everything happened so quickly that no one else around them reacted.

No one thought that Evan would be so cruel, aiming his fork directly at the boy's eyes.

If it was to hit him, the consequences...

Even the lively Fleur who was watching had her face flushed in worry, with fear apparent in her eyes.

In fact, Evan did not let go of the control of the fork.

He had a panoramic view of the reactions of everyone around him, and the reaction of these Beauxbatons students was really disappointing.

Just a fork scared them like this! If they were to encounter truly frightening beings, such as those evil gods, would they just die out of fear before even facing them?

No wonder that, compared with Hogwarts and Durmstrang, Beauxbatons had never had that many strong wizards

If it weren't for Voldemort's curse's restriction, Evan would've loved to give them a demonstration what really scary magic was.

Evan lightly flicked his wand, and the fork that had flown to the boy opposite stopped immediately. It turned and fell straight down.

With a bang, it fell to the ground, inserted in the corner of his school uniform robe.

The boy had not noticed yet. He just backed and dodged unconsciously.

The next second, he tripped in his tight robe and fell heavily to the ground.

Chapter 395: House of Courage

Evan held his wand and looked at the students around him. Everyone backed away unconsciously. There was no sound in the Great hall. Only the boy was crying out on the floor.

Everyone was amazed at what Evan had just done.

No one thought that this thin, twelve-year-old boy from Hogwarts would be so strong.

When a senior student told them that Evan might have used a Nonverbal Spell and they started getting an image on his true strength, the crowd was even more surprised.

Several students who had just laughed at Evan had a hint of fear on their faces.

As a guest, Evan represented Hogwarts, and they intended to attack him in order to belittle Hogwarts and highlight the strength of Beauxbatons.

Everything went according to plan tonight, but no one thought that Evan would be so strong.

It was incredible that a twelve-year-old wizard's magic control level and spell-casting skills were greater than most adult wizards.

Admiration was there for only a short moment. After brief shock, there were still a few lads standing strong, they shouted loudly to the crowd in French.

After hearing the shouts, many people took out their wands and pointed them at Evan.

With more and more people doing the same, the mood became more tense.

The rest of the boys, even the hesitant ones, pulled out their wands under the encouragement of their companions.

Whether it was their responsibility or not, and no matter how powerful Evan was, Beauxbatons' pride could not be trampled upon by a foreign student.

Evan must have an account and must apologize.

If they didn't do anything, just letting Evan leave the Great Hall, then Beauxbatons would become a joke, and it would not be long before the news would spread throughout the wizarding world.

By then, the magic school would have lost its reputation and kept no honor at all.

The noise in the crowd grew louder and louder, and Evan heard someone swearing at him in bad English, saying something that he didn't understand.

"They're really unfriendly!" Evan shook his wand in his hand, as if he was disappointed.

"This bunch of cowards is calling on everyone to unite and fight for the glory of Beauxbatons!" Fleur said lightly, "They want you to apologize, to bow your head and admit your mistake!"

"Beauxbatons's hospitality is really special. I have seen it today. First, was a sneak attack, and then, are you ready for a mass assault?!"

"I don't want this to happen. Madame Maxime asked me to take care of you." Fleur frowned and said, "But I think, you'd better apologize, no matter who is right or wrong. After all, you attacked a student in Beauxbatons and you have to..."

Evan blinked as she stopped speaking, so it seemed that Fleur was not on his side.

Judging from her reaction, she must have known about it before, but she did not stop it. She did not want to see herself ridiculed with him.

“I don’t think I can apologize.” Evan said firmly. “He attacked me first, but he was just too weak. I can’t see what I have to apologize for.”

“Are you mad?” said Fleur with amazement. “Just apologize. You know, you are facing the whole of Beauxbatons, there are hundreds of young wizards here!”

“As you just said now, a bunch of cowards.” Evan scornfully said, “If these wizards have no courage, even if there are more of them, I can’t see anything to be afraid of. They are no opponents of mine.”

“You are, you are absolutely mad!” Fleur said incredulously.

She did not expect that Evan would actually accept to go against all off Beauxbatons.

“If you have learnt about Hogwarts, you will know that our school is divided into four Houses, representing the four qualities of a wizard.” Evan looked up and smiled at Fleur, “And I’m from Gryffindor, the House of courage. No matter what enemy we face, Gryffindor students are fearless.”

When Evan finished, the wand in his hand turned around and a few bright sparks came out at the end.

Although there were hundreds of people on the opposite side, he was not afraid at all.

In fact, such battles were not uncommon in Hogwarts.

Over the past two years, Evan couldn’t remember how many clashes had taken place between Gryffindor and Slytherin.

Even Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff students participated in the fiercest of battles, which evolved from small-scale battles to large-scale scuffles throughout the school.

The last one was because of the Weasley twins making a mess with their Dungbombs!

Evan had never been afraid of such things.

If it wasn’t for the damn Curse on his wrist that limited magic, he would even try to sweep the whole of Beauxbatons with his current strength.

“Hogwarts... Gryffindor... The House of courage...” Fleur repeated softly, she stared at Evan for a moment, and grinned with awe. “If you insist, then I can’t help you, but I’ll make sure your life is safe. After all, it’s Madame’s Maxime’s assignment to me. Good luck, young lad!”

She waved to Evan and turned to walk lightly to the Great Hall’s door.

Evan saw Gabrielle, who was standing in the middle of the crowd, anxious but afraid of hundreds of people. She hurried to the side of Fleur. They seemed to be arguing about something.

Gabrielle should probably be speaking for him. She turned her head and looked at him from time to time.

Her beautiful little face was full of worry, but no matter what she said, Fleur kept shaking her head, and the little girl even burst into tears in the end.

The next second, Gabrielle turned and wanted to go to the direction of Evan, but was stopped by a prepared Fleur, who forcibly pulled her away from the Great Hall.

The atmosphere in the Great Hall was at its zenith, and the departure of Fleur and Gabrielle was a signal.

Perhaps it was Evan's indifference that further got more on some of the student's sensitive nerves. The crowd in Beauxbatons was agitated and shouting louder and louder; although no one dared to look at Evan because of their shortcomings.

But at the instigation of several people, the situation quickly went out of control.

Without any warning, more than a dozen red lights flew from the crowd towards Evan.

Evan dodged. He quickly tapped on the chairs in front of him with his wand. The chairs flew over him, blocking their coming spells.

Immediately, the chairs were broken into pieces and the wood chips splashed out.

Evan didn't hesitate. Before the second attack, he waved his wand at a huge table not far away and quickly read a spell.

The hundred-meter-long table boomed up and rolled over to sweep the crowd.

The long table rumbled, which was the limit of the magic control Evan was currently able to use.

In the past, he could have transformed this long table into a monster such as a troll, but now his current magic couldn't support that kind of highly draining spells.

But this was enough. The students in Beauxbatons were standing densely, and they didn't expect that Evan would do this. Looking at the table whizzing from the side, many people were so frightened that they stood there, even forgetting to wave their wands.

Boom, bang, bang!!!

With a violent impact, many people were hit and flew away.

Cries and screams came and went. Under the violent impact, many people couldn't get to their feet.

Evan swung his wand frequently, and the long table went mad! It swiftly rolled and rolled in the wide Great Hall of Beauxbatons, sweeping through the crowd.

Everything was hit by it, and a lot of food, plates, knives and forks that had not been removed were all turned into sharp weapons, spurting around!

Chapter 396: Beauxbatons

There was chaos in the Great Hall. The ghosts screamed and fled, some students fell to the ground, some tried to stop the long table, and some attacked Evan.

Although there were a large number of Beauxbatons students attacking, they were unable to form effective attacks.

Now, Evan could see only a few dozen people at the front. They avoided the mad long table, waved their wands quickly and cast dozens of curses.

The spells, with their brilliant light, came on to Evan.

There were so many attacks, almost covering all of his surroundings, and there was no way for him to dodge.

Regardless of what these curses were, if hit, Evan would probably be directly stunned by the magic contained in them...

Many of the injuries they would inflict could be irreversible and might result in him having a lifelong disabilities.

Evan took a deep breath and did not evade. The wand in his hand made complex movements, and a light green ring-shaped magic halo spread around him.

In contact with the green glow, all the curses moved in strange directions.

They avoided Evan and landed in the air next to him, and so did the magic that came from behind.

The students of Beauxbatons all blinked hard, and in front of them, Evan's position began to fluctuate.

He flickered back and forth in different places, and there was no way to locate him.

It was a Dark magic that worked directly on the soul. Evan had seen it in the book "Secrets of the Darkest Art", but the power of the spell in the book was stronger and more evil than the one he used now.

He improved the spell by incorporating the mirage magic he saw in the Ministry of Magic, adding some illusions.

Although its power had been reduced a lot, and it was no longer as evil as before; his magic worked, but after less than three seconds, Evan stopped.

Because his magic was so consumed, Voldemort's curse on his right wrist began to creep out.

The black snake necklace mark above became darker and looked like it was about to come to life at any time.

The next second, the Philosopher's Stone placed in Slytherin's Locket on his chest emitted a soft red light, and the fiery magic poured into Evan's body along the Locket.

A circle of rotation gathered into his wrist, and Evan suddenly woke up.

He looked at the snake necklace expanding outward at his wrist and knew that it was the limit of his magic. He could not hold on any longer. It was time to retreat and leave.

Before the people in the opposite side recovered from the illusion, Evan jumped back behind the marble pillars.

He let go of the control of the long table, and a dark blue smoke began to appear at the end of his wand, which soon covered the entire Great Hall.

In the smoke, visibility was getting lower and lower, and soon people could not see clearly around.

All of them screamed in panic, running around like headless flies, and could not find a target to attack Evan.

When the smoke covered the whole place, Evan ordered the dishes that fell on the floor with his wand.

Several plates began to distort and changed into dozens of snakes.

These snakes were very small, but they made loud noises.

They hissed and slid quickly toward the center of the crowd, creating the same effect as hundreds of poisonous snakes popping up at the same time.

Not surprisingly, in the thick fog, when they suddenly heard the sound of the snakes, many students of Beauxbatons fell into panic.

They didn't care about anything else, and they launched random attacks on all sides.

The attacked people also began to attack and waved their wands without thinking. They thought that the opposite was Evan, but they did not know that they were their own companions.

It was like a domino, one connected to one.

The spells used by the young wizards were getting more and more powerful, and the magic was growing stronger.

The scene in the Great Hall became more and more chaotic. Even the voices of senior students could not stop it. There were curses and screams everywhere.

The young wizards in Beauxbatons had never experienced such a scene before.

They attacked indiscriminately and panicked to escape.

No one noticed that a black cat mixed up in the crowd and left the Great Hall.

After the fight with Beauxbatons's students, Evan was not really aware of the big disaster. He ran forward a few steps, and stood in the shadow of the hall outside the Great Hall, watching with interest what was happening.

As for the aftermath, it was Dumbledore and Sirius who would have a headache.

Anyway, he did not suffer. He just had a little bruise on the left side of his body.

The long table controlled by Evan only caused a lot of panic and skin and flesh injuries. The real damage was caused by the students in Beauxbatons who eventually attacked each other.

Now, the corridor was crowded with nervous students.

They were scarred and crying out loud as if they had really experienced a war.

Senior students tried to maintain order, and together they blew the smoke away.

The Great Hall was a mess, as if it had just been passed by a hurricane. It had nothing of that original solemn place. Wood and plate debris were everywhere.

Hundreds of students were lying on the ground, some crying in pain.

Some people were covered with strange spots, tentacles or other shapes because of the curses.

There were still many people lying there motionless and completely fainting.

Evan noticed that the students with the heaviest injuries were all bloodstained. No doubt, that should be the damage caused by black magic.

He secretly gulped. These Beauxbatons's students dared to use any kind of magic spells.

A few minutes later, Evan saw the professors rushing to the Great Hall, and one after another the wounded were carried out on stretchers.

He was ready to leave and stopped immediately.

Just then, Sirius also came to the outside of the Great Hall. He looked around and seemed to be looking for Evan's sound and trace.

Soon, he noticed the black cat in the corner.

Evan waved his paw and ran to a deserted corridor. He stood on the windowsill and waited for Sirius.

A few seconds later, Sirius came over.

He looked at Evan on the windowsill. The expression on his face could not be uttered strangely, and there seemed to be a stifled excitement. He wanted to blame Evan with a straight face.

In the end, Sirius's expression turned into a bitter smile.

"Look at what you've done!" He said weakly. "You can really make trouble. You fought the entirety of Beauxbatons. I've never done anything so crazy."

"Meow!" Evan gave a gentle cry in response.

"Don't worry about this. Keep your Animagus form, find a place to hide. Don't go back into the house. I see a lot of Beauxbatons's students looking for you everywhere."

Sirius waved his hand and said without confidence, "Wait till tomorrow morning, and remember, don't mess up tonight."

Chapter 397: The Silver Moon and the Black Cat

"Meow!" Evan cried again innocently.

He never asked for trouble, but trouble kept coming to his door.

Just like this evening, in his imagination, there should've been a tour around the campus of Beauxbatons, surrounded by beautiful girls accompanying him, not a fight in the Great Hall keeping him from going back to his room, and forcing him to hide anywhere in his Animagus form.

"I'm going to deal with this problem!" Sirius said with a bitter smile. "I should have known that things would turn out like this. You never could get a hazard free time."

He ignored Evan standing on the balcony; turned around and walked towards the Great Hall.

Standing in the Golden Corridor, Evan stared out of the window at the huge silver moon for a moment.

Since he couldn't go back to his room, he decided to wander around in Beauxbatons.

Because everyone was solemn in the Great Hall, the current Beauxbatons campus was exceptionally quiet, and even the portraits on both sides of the corridor were nowhere to be found.

The decorative style of Beauxbatons was completely different from that of Hogwarts. Although it was not as atmospheric as Hogwarts Castle, it wasn't as cold and dark.

Golden and red drapes were hung on the walls on both sides, and the ground was covered with thick soft stalls.

Perhaps because of Nicolas Flamel, there were wonderful alchemy devices and decorations everywhere on campus.

They were spinning round and round, and Evan could feel the magic contained in them, but he didn't know the use of these things.

But he could recognize that they were all made of gold.

Alchemy was really a promising career. Gold was as common as roadside stones to Flamel, who had the last Philosopher's Stone in the wizarding world.

While most wizards were still worrying about livelihoods or expensive magic materials, people were extravagant enough to use gold to make decorations or buildings.

Of course, the most precious part of the Philosopher's Stone was not to turn the stone into gold, but to make the Elixir of Life, to slow down the aging, so that the user could live forever.

It might not be really impressive hearing or seeing similar descriptions in books, but seeing them with one's own eyes, seeing huge golden statues, and meeting Nicolas Flamel himself, who lived for more than 600 years; only then can we truly feel the miracle shock brought by the Philosopher's Stone.

Evan couldn't help thinking that if the Philosopher's Stone hanging on his neck could have this effect, he would...

But it was just a thought. Gryffindor had already eliminated all the original uses of this Philosopher's Stone, and now only powerful magic was left in it.

Because of Voldemort's Curse, Evan could not use these magical powers.

Under the silver moonlight, he climbed up the stairs.

Beauxbatons's stairs didn't move around, so he didn't worry about getting lost.

Evan stopped to visit the classrooms in Beauxbatons.

On the first floor, there was a circular large classroom, all made of pure white marble. The circular platform was just like the stage in the center. The students' seats were all suspended on the platform with prominent walls on both sides.

Another classroom had steel chandeliers all over the roof. The lattice around the room was filled with the skeletons of various magical creatures. There was a strange smell in the air. Evan even found the skeleton of a unicorn in it.

The corridor on the left side of the second floor stairs was blocked by stone statues, and on the other side was the Beauxbatons Library. However, at this time, the doors were closed and he couldn't get in at all.

Evan could only stand on the outside window and look inside. The interior was a square room, very large, and seemed to have been expanded beyond what space the surrounding rooms gave it.

Inside, smaller rooms were fitted one by one.

Under the dark golden curtain was a huge brown-chestnut bookshelf, filled with magic books.

In the center of the square hall was a statue made of pure gold, with the school emblem of Beauxbatons on it. The star-shaped water sprayed out from the ends of the two wands.

Evan observed it for a while, and it was quiet inside.

He knew that, like Hogwarts, there were many precious magic books in the district of Beauxbatons, many of which were rare and unique.

In fact, Evan wanted to go in and have a look, and his urge to do so was very strong.

He could feel that there were probably three defensive magic and a warning spell on the front shelves. With his current level, he could completely crack it.

But thinking of what Sirius had just told him, he resisted the urge to go in.

He was better off not causing any more trouble tonight until the affair had settled down.

What's more, the library was the most sacred place in a wizarding school.

It was not too good to break in without permission.

This is not the same as the books that he had secretly taken out of the Black family. At that time, Sirius had allowed him to take them freely, without any scruples.

Evan took the books secretly back then, just because he did not want to be discovered studying dark magic.

He shook his head and continued up on the side of the stairs.

The third floor was the school hospital. When Evan came up, the outside corridor was already full of people, and injured students were continually carried up along the other side of the staircase.

Besides the painful howls, the rest of Beauxbatons's students were all angrily talking about something, and Evan heard most of them muttering his name.

He saw several senior boys holding their wands and going downstairs in groups of three or five, as Sirius said, ready to seek revenge.

Although some professors were trying to stop them, it didn't seem to work.

After the battle of the Great Hall, Evan almost became the number one public enemy of Beauxbatons.

He looked at it for a while and decided to leave the place first.

Evan was going to wait until the school holidays tomorrow when no one would be around, otherwise these students that were desperately looking for him might find him.

When he was halfway up the stairs, he suddenly saw Fleur leading Gabrielle down the upper corner.

Gabrielle's long blond hair sparkled in the moonlight. Her eyes were red and she was wiping her tears with her right hand.

Evan's body was stiff, and he did not expect to meet them in such a place.

There was nothing wrong with Fleur, but Gabrielle had seen him in his Animagus form in the afternoon.

She did not recognize Evan at the time, and simply thought that he was a lost black cat.

Not only did she hold him in her arms and wander around, waiting for his owners to show up, she also fed him milk and even kissed him.

That was really too bad, and Evan's first reaction was to find a place to hide.

He secretly prayed not to be discovered by Gabrielle.

But he was in the middle of the stairs, and there was no hiding place around. It was hard not to be found by the girls.

Evan quietly moved two steps to the side, staring down at the ground, trying to be unnoticed.

The next second, he found himself being hugged.

With the girl's unique light scent, Evan felt a burst of softness. He turned his head and found that he was back in Gabrielle's arms.

Chapter 398: Nicolas Flamel

"So you're here!" Gabrielle said with delight, leaning over and holding Evan up.

Evan was stiff and had a bitter smile in his mouth, letting Gabrielle embrace him.

Maybe he was too nervous. He dared not move.

"This is the black cat you told me about?!" Fleur came over and stared at him with suspicion for a long time, slowly saying, "I haven't seen this fellow on campus before. This cat..."

Under the gaze of Fleur's blue eyes, Evan was afraid of being caught.

As a warrior of Beauxbatons, Fleur had strong magic power.

Although the Animagus seemed to be no different from real animals, Evan was still nervous.

He leaned back as far as possible until he stopped abruptly.

There was something soft behind him, and he realized that he was in Gabrielle's arms, and that he was approaching her....

Evan was stuck there, and he had no idea what to do.

“This cat...” Fleur got a little closer and leaned in front of Evan.

Feeling the scent of Fleur, Evan held his breath and stared at her.

“I am a cat now. I have to act like a cat!” He repeatedly told himself that he was now a cat, and he tried to imitate the behavior of the animal.

He remembered how Crookshanks looked in Hermione’s arms. It should be...

“Meow!” Evan gave a soft cry and blinked his eyes.

“This cat is really pure black, which is very rare!” said Fleur, suddenly reaching out and gently patting Evan on the head. “Black cats have strong magic, and this little guy is very cute, the cutest cat I have ever seen.”

“His eyes are very mesmerizing!” Gabrielle nodded and caressed Evan.

Under the caress of the two beautiful women, Evan’s breathing increased slightly.

He remained motionless, letting Fleur and Gabrielle caress him again and again.

He looked not like a cat now, but an inanimate doll. He was too stiff, but fortunately he didn’t arouse their suspicion.

Evan had never dreamed that he would be in touch with girls like he was now.

His body was wantonly squeezed, and his small face and ears were rubbed into various shapes by Fleur.

“Meow!” Evan raised his hand and tried to stop it. Instead, Gabrielle directly grabbed him, caught him up, and his whole body lay on the girl.

Feeling something strange under him, Evan could certainly affirm that he must have blushed.

Now, by just looking up a little, he could see Gabrielle’s angelic face.

It seemed even worse to bow his head and face the softness of her chest.

He wasn’t sure if he should run away. Just as he was about to take action, Fleur looked up at Gabrielle. “Well, you should take this little fellow back to bed and leave the rest to your sister.”

“But Evan...” Gabrielle said anxiously.

“Don’t worry, that fellow is not in the school hospital. After the chaos in the Great Hall, no one has seen him.” Fleur tapped on her wand. “Even if they find him, they’re not opponents to him.”

“But...” Gabrielle hesitated, holding the black cat tightly in her arms.

“You can rest assured that this matter will be handled by your sister.” Fleur smiled and said, “With me, that Evan Mason will be fine. Now you go back to sleep, and I promise to bring him to you before leaving school tomorrow morning.”

Gabrielle still wanted to say something, but in the end she did not speak.

She nodded lightly and walked along the corridor with Fleur to the girls' dormitory.

Because the conversation between the two people was in French, Evan couldn't understand what they were talking about.

What he most expected now was that Gabrielle would be able to separate from Fleur quickly.

By then, he would be able to find a chance to escape, as he did before.

Walking along the corridor for about five minutes, they took Evan to a white, huge, shining unicorn statue.

Fleur gently touched the statue with her wand. With a click, a rotating staircase slowly descended over head. This was Beauxbatons Girls' Dormitory.

"Good night, Gabrielle!" Fleur went up and kissed Gabrielle.

"Good night, sister!" Gabrielle responded.

"And you!" Fleur looked at Evan, "Good night, little guy!"

She stretched out her face and seemed to kiss Evan like Gabrielle had done before.

"Meow!" Evan subconsciously held out his hand to stop her.

With the girl's silvery bell laughter, Evan was embarrassed to the extreme.

He did not know how Pettigrew had lived in the Weasley family for 13 years as an Animagus. This was hard to imagine.

From this point of view, he had to admire that fellow.

But it was different from what he was facing. There shouldn't be a girl who would hold a rat in her arms or want to kiss him...

Gabrielle waved like Fleur, and walked to the dormitory with Evan in her arms.

She had just stepped onto the stairs and the steps suddenly changed, and the entire stairs quickly became plane.

Under the circumstance, Gabrielle fell off the top.

"Meow!" Evan shouted and separated from Gabrielle.

His body turned magnificently in the air, and he fell steadily by the side.

It was only then that he noticed that, like Hogwarts, the stairs in front of him were enchanted with defensive magic to prevent boys from entering girls' dormitories.

He looked apologetically at Gabrielle, who had fallen to the ground, but it was an opportunity for Evan to run to the other end of the corridor while Fleur was helping her.

He ran as fast as he could, trying to find an empty place.

About ten minutes later, Evan stopped. He was now in an empty corridor, and the silvery moonlight was shining through the window on the left.

In front of him, it seemed to be a messy storage room.

Many strange-looking objects were casually thrown on both sides of the corridor. Some of them were turning fast, some were glowing dimly, some were...

Needless to say, these things that looked so wonderful and of which he didn't know the specific uses were all alchemy products, and Evan could feel the subtle magic that emanated from them.

He walked along the corridor and carefully observed these things.

Among them, he saw the exquisite silverware that had been placed on Dumbledore's desk before, more in quantity, quietly spraying smoke out.

"Good evening, Evan! I was wondering when you would eventually come here!"

Just as Evan observed the silverware, he suddenly remembered the voice behind him. He looked back quickly and saw Dumbledore standing near with a smile.

Next to him was Nicolas Flamel in a golden robe.

Chapter 399: Alchemy

"Good evening, Professor!" Evan leaped forward and his body changed rapidly in midair.

By the time he landed on his feet, he had returned to the human form from that of the black cat.

"Oh, a wonderful Animagus Transfiguration!" Nicolas Flamel looked at Evan and said admiringly, "That's perfect. Because it is too esoteric and complex, a few wizards can master this magic. For centuries, you are the third wizard I've ever seen who can do this at this age. It's really amazing."

He spoke very slowly, his voice was very low. His old voice was like that of a knife going across the bark of a tree. It sounded very hoarse, strange and ugly. But his mouth was smiling, and he looked extraordinarily kind.

"Thank you for the compliment!" Evan nodded.

While Nicolas Flamel watched him, Evan also looked at him curiously, scrutinizing the oldest wizard in human history.

The long life of more than six hundred years had left obvious marks on his face.

Like Dumbledore, Flamel had a long white beard.

The wrinkles on his face were very deep, and their twists and turns were uneven, like the mottled marks on the wall, crawling all over his face.

But his emerald green eyes were extraordinarily bright and full of vitality.

The most striking thing was that the surface of his skin reflected a faint golden light from time to time, which Evan suspected was a side effect of long-term use of the Elixir.

A lot of magic, transformed by the Philosopher's Stone, accumulated in his body and manifested through the skin.

“Evan, you should have known that this is my old friend Nicolas Flamel, my lab partner in alchemy and the greatest alchemist in the world.” Dumbledore said gently, winking at Evan, then turning to Flamel and introducing, “This kid is Evan Mason I just mentioned.”

“Albus, your student is very good!” Flamel nodded and said, “I can feel that he is very similar to you when you were young. He has magic power far beyond his peers, precise magic control, and the spirit of exploration and eagerness to delve into the unknown...”

“But when I was young, I never tried to break into the girls’ dormitory in the form of Animagus,” Dumbledore said with a smile.

Evan was stunned, and then realized that what had just happened was all under the eyes of the two old guys. No wonder they were standing here waiting for him.

“That is not wrong. I did this when I was young. No boy can refuse the enthusiasm of the girls.” Flamel recalled, “Beauxbatons was not that big, and there was no defensive magic at the door of the girls’ dormitory. If someone wanted to give you a door inside, you could sneak in at night. The key was to master the timing. Professors and Castle Keepers would go to bed. If I had mastered Animagus, I would not have...”

This topic was too embarrassing, and Evan did not want to listen to Flamel’s memories of his experience of breaking into girl’s dormitories, especially considering that it was more than 600 years ago. No matter who the girl or the girls who were willing to leave the door for him were, now they should have become a pile of dust and bones, which was too terrible to think about.

“About 400 years ago, when Beauxbatons was rebuilt on a large scale, I proposed to follow Hogwarts’s example and add this defensive magic, which effectively identified and prevented boys from entering the girls’ dormitory.” Flamel continued, “This magic seemed perfect, but it’s actually flawed. You just have to...”

When he heard Flamel ready to expose how to enter the girls’ dormitory, Evan was a little embarrassed, but he still could not help but listen carefully!

The defensive magic was not difficult to crack, but he didn’t know what to do to sneak in without drawing attention.

“All right, Nicolas! Before we deal with entering the girls’ dormitory, I think we should first take a look at the Philosopher’s Stone on Evan.” Dumbledore stopped him at the right time. “You are an expert in this area. Before taking the next step, I want to hear your opinion.”

“Of course, of course, you just told me about it!” Flamel said. “But before that, I want to show your student my inventions. Would you mind?”

“No problem, I just want to eat something.” Dumbledore said calmly.

“I have prepared French dessert for you in my office. You can try my favorite chocolate mousse or opera cake!” Flamel waved to Evan. “Come on young lad! Let me show you my alchemy products. You will be intrigued!”

Evan looked at Dumbledore and Flamel strangely. He didn’t know why Flamel had to lead him to see the alchemy products placed on both sides of the corridor.

But intuition told him that the two of them should have reached an agreement.

Evan looked at Dumbledore, and the latter did not speak, he only nodded slightly.

His light blue eyes shimmered through the half-moon glasses and he couldn’t read any emotions in them.

Separated from Dumbledore, Evan followed Flamel.

The old wizard introduced him to the wonderful alchemy products, first of all the silverware he saw on Dumbledore’s desk many times.

“What is this thing for?” Evan asked curiously. “I can feel strange magical reactions from it, and the smog...”

“This is one of my inventions, very practical. You should have seen it in Albus’s office, I gave it to him.” Flamel said slowly, “The key lies in this smoke. It will help you see what you want to see.”

“What I want to see?!” Evan was stunned.

Flamel did not go on explaining. He tapped on the silver instruments with his wand.

The slowly rotating silver suddenly speeded up and made a buzzing sound. More and more smoke was emitted from it, and it soon gathered together.

In the smoke, Evan was surprised to see Dumbledore’s shadow getting clearer and clearer.

At this time, he was sitting in a luxurious low chair, with a steaming drink and a lot of French desserts on the table in front of him.

He picked up a piece of cake and then seemed to feel something.

Dumbledore frowned slightly, then quickly eased off and turned and nodded to them.

“Aha, he found us!” Flamel wielded his wand to disperse the smoke. “Albus is very sensitive to magic, far beyond ordinary people’s imagination.”

“This stuff...” Evan seemed to understand something.

“This alchemy can show a certain range of sights.” Flamel explained, “Whenever I want, I can see any corner of Beauxbatons’s campus. We just saw through it what you and the girl did.”

No wonder Evan always felt that someone was watching him.

Inferred from this, the set of silverware on Dumbledore's desk could also help him keep abreast of what was going on in Hogwarts.

That's why, no matter what happened in school, he could know the main reason for it at the first time.

"It's amazing, isn't it?!" Flamel looked at Evan and said with a smile, "This is actually nothing. Alchemy can help wizards do many things that ordinary magic can't do. Alchemy can do them if you can think of them."

Chapter 400: Uncertain Future

Evan stared at the smoke in front of him, slightly distracted.

In the rising smoke, Flamel's words seemed to come from a very distant place.

In fact, he did not understand the specific operation principle of silverware.

'Through the smoke, he could see a certain range of scenes...'

This was beyond his knowledge of magic, and required a mix of many spells.

Then he thought of the Marauder's Map, being the thing closest to the alchemy instrument in front of him.

Evan once asked Sirius carefully, knowing that when they made the Marauder's Map, they had not only the magic of names and Transfiguration, but also a lot of alchemy principles, which was the key to the success of the map.

As Flamel said, alchemy was really amazing.

"Alchemy can help you do a lot of things, but it is not omnipotent. No matter how powerful the props are, they must follow the basic rules of magic." Looking at the stunned Evan, Flamel cautioned, "Like this thing in front of you for example. As long as the one on the other side is prepared, they can stop you from peeping. There are many other places protected by magic that you can't see."

He tapped the silverware, and a great deal of smoke came out again.

But this time, the smoke was so hazy that nothing could be seen in the vast white.

"This is the girls' dormitory in Beauxbatons. The protection magic outside the room interferes with its operation." Flamel continued. "So, unfortunately, I can't help you see that quarter-Veela girl in the dormitory now."

Evan was speechless, but his silence wasn't out of regret.

He had no intention of peeping at Gabrielle at all, much less of sneaking into the girls' dormitory with Flamel. Such a behavior was way too perverted.

However, Flamel's remarks were quite impressive.

As long as it was not in a magically protected place like Hogwarts or Beauxbatons, there seemed to be a lot to see with such an alchemy product...

“Well, if you don’t have anything else you want to see, we can continue and check out my next work.” Flamel led Evan forward.

Next, under the introduction of Flamel, Evan saw a statue of a wizard spewing out colorful bubbles. These bubbles floated around. Just break one, and there would be a classic opera, echoing throughout the corridor.

Indeed, Nicolas Flamel was the most loyal opera lover.

Driven by this hobby, it was natural for him to make such a magic product.

Besides, there was a piece of crystal called “Star Antimony” by Flamel.

It was said to be able to change the composition of substances touching it, such as making a stone change back and forth between gold, silver, black iron, brass, wood, and so on.

However, in this process, it needed unimaginable amounts of magic!

Evan suspected that even Dumbledore might not be able to use the crystal at will.

Moving along the corridor, Evan saw many magical props.

Among the many alchemy products, the magic prop that he most cared about was supposed to assist in divination and prophecy.

It was a huge stone basin filled with silver liquid, and the stone basin was engraved with complex magic symbols. It looked like the Pensieve.

“This is the latest work that I have been refining. Just like when entering a dream, it can help you see the future clearly, instead of seeing those ambiguous harbingers.” With his unique old voice, Flamel said slowly, “The wonderful combination of alchemy and divination, although the predictions may not be accurate, but divination is inherently illusory, very few people can make real prophecies.”

Evan nodded and he thought of Professor Trelawney.

Sometimes she might really see the future, but if she believed in these things too much, the most likely outcome was for her to go mad first.

“Well, do you want to try it?! Flamel motioned Evan to stand in front of the stone basin, “stare at the liquid inside, relax, relax...”

Flamel waved his wand and muttered a spell that Evan couldn’t understand.

A flickering dark grey light emerged from the end of his wand, and the silver liquid in the stone basin in front of him began to spin rapidly to form a vortex.

Evan felt that his soul was being sucked in. There was a blur in his eyes, and he blinked vigorously.

In the next second, he saw a huge space in the stone basin, which was covered with huge, rough black stones, with the surrounding area being foggy.

Evan did not understand. What on earth was going on? Was that his future?!

Just as he was about to ask Flamel, the scene in front of him began to change rapidly.

In the stone basin, he was running forward with all his strength, and his vision was moving forward quickly.

Then, as the picture turned around, Evan saw a man's figure appear in the stone basin.

This man was so big and he couldn't see his face clearly.

With him looking so far away, the details of what happening were elusive to the eye.

The hazy fog grew thicker and thicker. With intuition, Evan could feel that the man was doing something terrible, but he could not see it clearly.

He could only see vaguely that the man's head seemed to be changing.

He seemed to have done something, and then slowly turned around...

At the most critical moment, the image stopped abruptly.

The liquid in the stone basin returned to calm, as if nothing had happened.

"The man who just appeared seems to be preparing to apply some black magic. You should be careful." Flamel looked up and said slowly, "Of course, you don't need to worry too much. As I said just now, this thing is very inaccurate. It can't accomplish real divination. It just shows what's in your mind."

"But I'm sure I've never seen that man before!"

"Who knows?" Flamel did not stop in front of the stone basin and continued to move forward. It seemed that he did not care very much about Evan's future. "Maybe it failed. That is normal. Using an alchemy product to speculate on fate, that is a crazy thing in itself; an unrealistic reverie of an old man who has lived for too long."

Nicolas Flamel stopped and turned to look at Evan.

"But you know, when this thing was first refined, it consumed a lot of my painstaking efforts. It was the final crystallization of my knowledge of alchemy." He paused and continued, "Although I am not very proficient in divination, I would say it might work every now and then."

This sentence sounded really unpleasant. Flamel seemed to be telling Evan to accept his bad future in a euphemistic way.

"Who else used the stone basin?" he hurriedly asked, "What did they see?"

"Besides me, you are the second person to use it." Flamel looked at Evan, "and I saw..."

Under the silver moonlight, Evan could not help but squint.

He quietly looked at the old wizard in front of him and the deep wrinkles on his face.

He didn't know what Flamel had seen, but from his serious expression, it was definitely not something to be happy about.

