

[image]

Інформація

Адреса змісту:<https://www.mtlnovel.com/the-god-of-all-realms-starts-with-harry-potter/>

Краткое содержание романа

Несчастный случай перенес студентку колледжа Е Тин в другой мир.

Нет ничего, кроме таланта к обучению и росту.

Нет никакой системы, нет дедушки, нужно просто полагаться на талант, чтобы встать на путь Бога Дхармы.

Используйте волю, чтобы изменить правила, используйте мудрость, чтобы анализировать мир, и единственный человек, который сравнивает богов с телом смертного, — это маг.

Гарри Поттер, World of Warcraft, Marvel, Синьюэ, Каталог запрещенных магических книг... Перед ним развернулись бесчисленные самолеты.

Тайна пальмовой магии и красота цветов.

Все началось в мире Гарри Поттера.

- Описание от

MTLNovel

Подробности

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 141:

Aidan Linzi was the original seeker of the Irish team. He was very angry because the director of the Department of Magical Sports and the former Quidditch star, Ludo Bagman actually wanted to make a 15-year-old girl Instead of becoming a seeker for him and participating in the Quidditch World Cup, he felt that Zhang Qiu was purely a family member, and this scene was a manifestation of the corruption of the Ministry of Magic.

His teammates are also quite indignant about this, because this year is the strongest year for the Irish team. They feel that this World Cup is their best chance to win the championship, and the Ministry of Magic actually wants to place a family member in. This completely undermines their grand plan to win the championship-for this reason, they also spent a large sum of Jin Jialong last year to order seven new firebolt flying broomsticks from the Quidditch boutique.

For their opposition, Ludo Bagman himself was of course furious. He believed that these players under his team did not respect his request. However, Zhang Qiu stood up and prevented Ludo's compulsory order. "I think everyone's refusal to join me is not because of disrespect for Mr. Bagman, but because of doubts about my personal ability." He looked at the players, smiled, and said in a gentle tone, "but everyone's The goal is the same, that is to make the Irish team stronger and strive to win the World Cup, isn't it?"

Looking at Zhang Qiu's lovely face, gentle smile, and empathetic words, apart from Lynch, the Irish team members were instantly healed by her. They had a certain affection for her and no longer felt that she was a relationship. So they nodded one after another.

Even Bagman felt that Zhang Qiu was right, and his anger had disappeared a lot.

Lin Qi almost tilted his nose when he saw it.

"How about this," Zhang Qiu continued to suggest: "Let me have a try with Mr. Lynch to see who is more capable as a seeker. How about? If my ability surpasses Mr. Lynch, then It proves that I am more helpful to the Irish team, who can become a seeker for the Irish team, how about it?"

Except for Lynch, everyone nodded a little.

Only Lynch shouted: "Why, why should I compete with this relationship

family! I am a member of the Irish team."

However, Zhang Qiu looked at him, tilted his head, and said strangely:

"Don't Mr. Lynch dare to compare with me?"

Lynch, who has always been contemptuous of Zhang Qiu, retorted loudly:

"Who wouldn't dare to compare with your little girl, I will let you see that the level of national team players is not comparable to that of your little girl! At that time! Don't cry for mom on the court!"

However, his words aroused some resentment among his teammates-this

Lynch was so real with a little girl.

Standing behind Zhang Qiu, Ye Ting looked at Zhang Qiu with a few

words and turned the situation around. He couldn't help but smiled

bitterly. Zhang Qiu, who was confident, was really different. It seems that some of him will have a headache in the future.

Item 0200

The duel between Zhang Qiu and Aidan Lin Qi began under the witness of the players.

The content of the game is very simple. A Golden Snitch and two Wandering Balls will be cast on the Quidditch Court. The two will catch the Golden Snitch under the interference of the Wandering Ball. Whoever gets the Golden Snitch first wins.

Compared with the official game, they had twelve teammates and opponents who interfered with their flight and observation on the field, but there was no batsman to help them resist the wandering ball, and no one else had the goal of distracting the wandering ball. Said that the roaming ball will always follow them and interfere with their flight, as long as one is not careful, it is possible to be hit by the roaming ball on the broomstick on the spot.

The rules were put forward by Lynch. He has experienced a lot of

experience in dealing with walking balls. So, in such a game, he has a big advantage.

Ludo Bagman originally wanted to reject such a competition. He felt that it was enough to compare flight speed and skill. Such an obvious test of experience would be too bad for Zhang Qiu, a young girl, but Zhang Qiu herself and Zhang Qiu Ye Ting, who stood behind him, had no opinion on this.

Of course Zhang Qiu is full of confidence in herself. She has already learned that the flying broomstick of the Irish team is the Firebolt. Of course she has seen the excellence of the Firebolt, but in terms of performance, the Firebolt is far inferior to Ye Ting. The transformation of the flying broomstick.

Moreover, after she learned to transform into a giant dragon, her physical fitness has been slowly getting stronger. Today, she has been able to perform most of the performance of the flying broomstick, which is more than two hundred miles per hour. The ultimate speed of the crossbow bolt is one hundred and fifty miles per hour, but whether Aidan Linzi can fully play it is still a matter of question.

Of course, Ye Ting himself would not comment on Zhang Qiu's decision. He always believed in the girls he had cultivated - they are all humanoid dragons now.

Seeing that Ye Ting himself had no objection, Bagman stopped talking. Regardless of whether he was the director of the Department of Magical Sports, Ye Ting was the one who could really make the decision. The scene in which he still remembers still fresh-this is someone he can't afford to offend.

So after Bagman announced that the game was ready to start, Zhang Qiu took out her gorgeous flying broom and took the lead.

Seeing this flying broom that had never been seen before, Lynch curled his lips in disdain.

"The little girl just doesn't have eyesight, so buy some fancy things, such as flying broomsticks. What's the use of being beautiful? Professionals are the best."

As he said, he rode his own firebolt: "The flying broomsticks of our Irish team are all the latest firebolts of the Lightwheel Race Broom Company. His designer is the famous flying broom designer Randolph Badmore! You'll lose just by flying the broomstick."

Standing on the ground, Bagman met, and whispered to Ye Ting quietly, "Is it unfair to use different broomsticks for both sides of the game? If Miss Zhang's broom performance is too poor, it will drag her back. It would be fairer for me to ask other people in the Irish team to lend her a Firebolt."

Obviously, he is not very optimistic about Zhang Qiu's broom.

However, Ye Ting just glanced at him and said faintly: "I personally modified Zhang Qiuqi's broomstick."

"That's the case." Bagman nodded suddenly. He had already heard of the level of alchemy of this man. That was a master alchemist whom Dumbledore and the late Nico Lemay would admire. Although I haven't heard that he is still a flying broom designer, but such a masterpiece, what kind of performance it can't be overstated.

So he cast a pitiful look at Lynch flying in the air.

Irish goalkeeper Barry Ryan and batsman Connolly brought out a box from the warehouse. Connolly's box was opened and two walking **** were secured with straps. He and another batsman Kui Gurley opened the belt, grabbed a walking ball, and let them struggle in his arms.

Barry Ryan took out a small ball with a large slap and a pair of wings

from his box. It was the Golden Snitch.

Barry let go first, and the Golden Snitch immediately flew around the court, but the two Seekers still stopped in the air, waiting for orders.

After a few minutes, seeing the Golden Snitch flying out of sight, Lu Duo, who was the referee, announced that the game had started.

The two batters immediately released the wandering **** in their arms, and the two wandering **** collided with the two seekers.

As soon as the game started, Zhang Qiu and her flying broom shocked the audience.

Originally, Lynch wanted to use the speed and braking ability of the Firebolt to speed up and leave preemptively, so that the wandering ball would target Zhang Qiu, who is closest to them, and he could easily find the golden snitch.

This is a triumph of experience and broom performance, he thought triumphantly, he was about to start.

However, the opponent's speed is much faster than him.

Zhang Qiu, who was wearing a black cloak, instantly turned into a black shadow in front of Lynch and flew towards a high place.

That kind of acceleration is an explosive speed that even Firebolt can't reach.

And what kind of reaction force does Zhang Qiu, who is riding such a flying broomstick, have to endure at this time?

The experienced Lynch immediately realized a fact that he could hardly believe-his opponent, perhaps whether it was the broomstick or himself, was better than him.

The seemingly gorgeous and unknown flying broomstick is not as flashy as he imagined, at least in terms of acceleration, its performance is better than that of the Firebolt under his crotch.

And its driver, the little girl, is actually not as weak as it seems. Rather, her physical fitness is even stronger than that of Lynch, a man in his twenties, otherwise he would not be able to be so scary. Operate the flying broom under acceleration.

But how is this possible? The opponent is just a relative, little girl?

However, time did not give Lynch a chance to think about it. The two roaming **** couldn't find Zhang Qiu, so they set the target to be the closest Lynch to them, which made him immediately drive the Firebolt and avoid it.

As for Zhang Qiu here, she rode a flying broomstick and flew to a high altitude instantly, and then stopped instantly, allowing her to hover in the air at a low speed and observe the entire situation below.

Such an instant start and pause action was completely impossible for her in the past. She didn't have enough physical fitness. Such a speed change was enough to make ordinary people vomit blood, but she did it very easily.

Moreover, she took the lead and immediately left the pressure of the walk to Lynch. Although Lynch wanted to bring the goal of the walk to her several times, she relied on her speed advantage and her excellent flying skills. , Zhang Qiu never stayed in one place for more than three seconds, which made Lynch had to follow her **** all the way to eat ashes.

But he has to do this, otherwise the simultaneous attack of two roaming **** is enough to make him not have the energy to find the golden snitch.

Fortunately, the opponent did not find the Golden Snitch.

He thought about this, temporarily relieved, and began to concentrate on thinking about how to catch up with the opponent and lead the target of

the walker to her.

After all, the stadium is so big, unless Zhang Qiu keeps flying upwards, she will always be blocked by Lynch.

Lynch looked at Zhang Qiu again, and this time the girl changed another place, and then slowed down and looked around. She was really cautious. Suddenly, the whistle from Ludo Bagman sounded.

That's the end of the game.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 142:

Item 0201

"What the **** is going on, why do you want to blow the whistle?" Lynch was still cursing when he landed: "Is it afraid that the girl will be hit by a stray ball? Don't play if you can't play!"

"No! The game is over, Miss Zhang has won!" Bagman looked at him blankly and said solemnly.

"What...what? She won?" Lynch didn't know what was going on. He looked at his teammates. "You just watched Mr. Bagman abuse his power and talk nonsense?"

However, to his surprise, his six teammates also looked at him with complex and compassionate faces.

The pursuer Malet couldn't bear to keep him in the dark, and stood up and said: "Mr. Bagman is right, Miss Zhang... she did win, and she just won the Golden Snitch, but you lost. "

"No! It's impossible!" Lynch couldn't believe this fact at all. Just now he saw that Zhang Qiu was evading his chase, while looking for the golden snitch everywhere. How could he have found it in a blink of an eye.

"You must be in the same group with them. Just now when I was away, you took her money, and then joined forces to lie to me, right." Lynch

yelled violently, "Stop talking nonsense." , That little bitch..."

Before he could finish speaking, he hit him in the stomach with a curse, Aidan Lin Qi was immediately knocked into the air, and then slammed into the wall with a muffled noise, and Lin Qi fell to the ground. On the ground.

However, before he got up, a force pried open his mouth. Then, a toilet brush for cleaning the toilet, stained with toilet cleaner, was stretched into his mouth and faced him. Brushing his mouth hard, the white foam and blue toilet cleaner mixed with red blood flowed out.

"Don't let me hear that word again." A cold voice rang.

It was Ye Ting, the magic just now was his handwriting.

"Mr. Aidan Lin Qi's mouth is so stinky, I must clean it up for him."

At this moment, Lynch had already rolled his eyes. It was not painful, but choking.

"Puff—" a cry.

Lynch's funny expression at this time made Zhang Qiu laugh.

But the eyes of other people present at Ye Ting changed, and they couldn't help but shudder.

This boy is young, but he is not easy to mess with.

As for Bagman, his heart is constantly roaring.

"That's it! That's it! This is a little demon who doesn't put Wizengamo in his eyes. Why do you think I should obey him so much? Can I offend him?"

But when Ye Ting looked at him, he still managed to squeeze a smile.

"Good job, Mr. Ye," he smiled, "I want to teach him a lesson to such a fool, but seeing his confused look, why don't we convince him."

"What you said makes sense." Seeing that Bagman helped Zhang Qiu join the national team, Ye Ting gave him a face, "It's up to you to explain it to

him."

He snapped his fingers, and the toilet brush finally left Lynch's mouth.

Lynch immediately started breathing heavily, and then one of his teammates—not to say his former teammates now—started to wash his mouth with water-making techniques.

After a while, Lin Qi slowed down. At this moment, his eyes looked at Ye Ting with fear.

Just now, he really thought he was going to suffocate and die.

However, Ye Ting put his arms around his chest and didn't even look at him, and Bagman stepped forward and explained to Lynch seriously.

"To be honest, I'm very disappointed in you." His first words made Lynch's eyelids jump. IQ is suppressed."

"What are you talking about, I obviously didn't see her getting the Golden Snitch!" At this time, Lynch didn't dare to get angry, but he was still aggrieved.

"Oh! That's why I said that you were suppressed by your IQ," Bagman sighed. "Could it be that you think your opponent is always looking for the golden snitch?"

Is not it? Lynch asked. "I have been observing her. Because of my chasing, she will change position every two or three seconds of searching. Then she will continue to search for the Golden Snitch."

"Haha." Bagman was almost amused by his innocence. "Miss Zhang's observation ability is much better than you think. In fact, we all know that she has discovered the location of the Golden Snitch a long time ago. The reason why she didn't catch the Golden Snitch right away was just to pretend that she hadn't found it. It's good to divert your attention and lower your defense mentality."

"In other words, she has been pretending to be looking for the Golden

Snitch?" Lynch almost passed out. He didn't expect that he would be fooled by such a trick.

He looked at Zhang Qiu.

Zhang Qiu took out a golden ball with wings from his robe, and then blinked mischievously. The ball kept struggling in her hand.

He leaned forward. It was found that "Ire" was engraved on the Golden Snitch. These are the three initials of Ireland. This mark is on all the training **** of the Irish team.

This is evidence, dispelling his last fluke.

"So you know what to do, right?" Ye Ting said slowly beside Zhang Qiu.

"I...I know." Lynch bit her lower lip and said unwillingly, "Miss Zhang Qiu is a very skilled player. I am not his opponent. She is the best seeker for the Irish team."

After saying this, Lynch left the court lonely.

"With his IQ, I very much doubt whether he will poke another shot in the World Cup." After Lynch left, Bagman said quietly. "But Ms. Zhang Qiu's performance just now is really excellent. He not only has superb flying skills, but also has no inferior wisdom to experienced old players, so let us welcome her as the new seeker of the Irish team."

"Papa, papa."

Bagman took the lead in applauding, and the other players of the Irish team also applauded in agreement.

Although Lynch's departure made them very sad, but Zhang Qiu's performance on the court just conquered them.

Especially her exaggerated start and emergency stop, the performance unexpectedly surpassed the unknown flying broomstick of the Firebolt, and excellent wisdom.

"Then it is so decided." Bagman concluded, "Miss Zhang Qiu must

remember to participate in team training. I remember that training will start tomorrow. By the way, remember to report your size to the Irish team leader. They A team uniform must be customized for you."

After arranging Zhang Qiu's entry into the team, Bagman left.

And Zhang Qiu happily followed Ye Ting and left here.

"I can't believe it, I actually joined the Irish national team." On the way back, Zhang Qiu whispered excitedly in Ye Ting's ear, "They are the favorites to win this World Cup!"

"Yes." Ye Ting nodded, "With you joining, they must be able to win the World Cup."

"Are you really... so optimistic about me?" Zhang Qiu's bright eyes suddenly looked at Ye Ting, eyes full of expectation.

"Of course." Ye Ting said somewhat of a matter of course, "After all, your skills were trained by me, and the flying broomstick was also modified by me. If they can't win the championship in this way, wouldn't it prove that I am not good? ?"

"It's really annoying." Zhang Qiu patted Ye Ting angrily. "Can't you say something nice to coax me?"

However, at this moment, her eyes were full of smiles.

after awhile. Zhang Qiu said to Ye Ting again.

"Do you know? You are so handsome today when you taught that Aidan Lin Qi!"

Zhang Qiu was telling the truth. When she saw Ye Ting furious for him, she even had the urge to come forward and give him a kiss.

It's just that the girl's reservedness prevented her from doing so.

"Really? I thought you would think that I was cruel."

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 143:

Since returning to the world of "A Song of Ice and Fire", Ye Ting felt that his heart had become much colder and harder.

As the ruler of that world, he was decisive, and this created a change in personality.

But Zhang Qiu obviously didn't think so.

"I don't think so." She said without thinking. "I know, you do this because of me."

With that said, Zhang Qiu seemed to fall into memories.

"Since on the Hogwarts Express. After we met each other. You have always been taking care of me, helping me, making me stronger, and making me confident. I don't know why you did this Helping your family, or caring for your friends, or... But what I want to tell you is, no matter what your original intention is, my feelings for you will not change. The past is...now is, in the future Also, this World Cup. I will definitely not let down your help to me all the time. I will win the World Cup championship trophy, just for you."

After saying this, she blushed and ran home immediately.

Item 0202

In the subsequent Quidditch training, Ye Ting did not always follow Zhang Qiu.

Although the tactics he designed by himself will definitely be better than the Irish team's tactics, she does not want to point fingers at the Irish team's tactics. As a result, the Irish team itself has the strength to win the championship. In the original book, it was 170 : A big score of 10 leads the Bulgarian team. Even if Victor Krum found the Golden Snitch first, he could not restore the situation. After Zhang Qiu joined the Irish team, the Irish team's shortcomings in terms of seekers have been made up. Qi, even became an advantage. Victor Krum wanted to catch the Golden

Snitch once again. That was a dream. Secondly, Ye Ting himself was troublesome. He had to do many other things during this time. Woolen cloth.

For example, training Hermione with spells.

Since having the ability to transform into a dragon, Hermione discovered. Her casting speed. And, the power of the spell is much greater than before.

Moreover, her physical fitness has improved a lot, and it has become easier to dodge the opponent's curse during the duel.

Therefore, she urgently needs Ye Ting to be her training partner, so that she can be familiar with her own strength.

Soon she mastered her own increasingly powerful power, and Ye Ting also taught her some powerful spells, these spells. Although he could be released in the past, he was too reluctant to use it in a duel match.

But now it's different. Hermione, who originally required careful planning and careful planning of her magic powers in battle, can now become a magic turret, capable of crushing opponents with powerful magic.

but. Hermione's fighting style is not like this. Know well for wisdom. And Hermione who has a very wide range of knowledge. I prefer to use my own advantages in knowledge and wisdom, and use simple spells to see what happens to the opponent's spells. At the same time, taking advantage of the fast-casting characteristics of oneself, in the interval of dismantling moves, mixed attacking spells. After such a turn of the offensive, the use of a powerful spell is the final word.

Time passed quickly, and soon, the Wizarding World ushered in their five-year international wizard duel competition.

This year's stadium is in Paris. Wizards from all over Europe used door

keys or apparitions to rush to Paris to participate in this five-year event.

Unfortunately, the duel in this sector collided with the Quidditch World Cup. After the duel, the World Cup will be held in London.

Many of them have to rush to London again after participating in the duel.

Early in the morning when the game started, Hermione saw Ye Ting, who had been waiting for a long time, at the door of her house.

This duel match. Ye Ting will personally send Hermione to the arena.

In addition, a group of professors at Hogwarts will also go to watch the game.

In wizard culture, wizard duel is indeed a very popular sport, and the history of duel matches can even be traced back hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Many of the professors are duel lovers, and Filius Flitwick, who is in charge of Ravenclaw, has won the duel championship.

Of course, duel between wizards is also a very dangerous sport. In duel matches hundreds of years ago, serious injuries and even deaths that could not be treated often occurred.

Modern wizard duel competitions are of course much more civilized and safer than before, but there are still some accidents from time to time.

But even so, the wizards still enjoy it.

Of course, some people think that wizard duel is a rather barbaric sport.

The British Ministry of Magic is even preparing an "International Duel Prohibition Act" and trying to persuade other countries to sign it.

Even so, the enthusiasm of wizards for wizard duels is still unstoppable.

It is foreseeable that the signing of such a law is still in the foreseeable future.

Although Hermione likes to learn, he is also interested in sports like

wizard duels.

Now, after mastering the powerful strength, she is full of confidence in her victory. She very much hopes that her parents can watch her win the championship with their own eyes.

However, according to the "International Wizarding Secrets Act", this is completely impossible, and as Muggle parents, she would not support her to participate in such a dangerous sport.

Helpless, she had to go with Ye Ting alone.

However, after following Ye Ting Phantom to Paris, she was pleasantly surprised to find that Professor Dumbledore, Professor McGonagall and Professor Flitwick were waiting for them.

"Good morning, Mr. Ye and Miss Granger, you guys came really early."

After seeing them, the three professors greeted enthusiastically...

"Good morning, Professor." Ye Ting nodded lightly.

But Hermione seemed flattered, and she greeted the professors very enthusiastically.

"Mr. Ye invited us," Professor Flitwick explained. "He told us that there was a surprise waiting for us in the duel. I thought he was going to play in person."

"Yeah!" Professor McGonagall nodded, "Although Mr. Ye is the student I am most proud of. But I still feel that if he is on the court, is it a bit bullying?"

"I have no interest in bullying them." Ye Ting shook his head, "However. I have brought a disciple who is good enough, and she will definitely win the championship."

"Are you talking about Miss Granger?" Professor Flitwick was a little surprised. "I didn't expect you to have been guiding her. Last semester, Miss Granger's progress in casting the spell was remarkable. "

"Her proficiency in transfiguration is also true." Professor McGonagall added.

"Believe me, she will surprise you all, Hermione's level of duel is as good as her studies." Ye Ting smiled slightly and said mysteriously.

"Oh, Mr. Ye never exaggerates." Dumbledore said with a smile, "Miss Granger is also one of Hogwarts' best students, and I think we can look forward to it."

"Don't worry, Miss Granger, we will all cheer for you." The professors encouraged Hermione.

"Thank you, thank you professors." Hermione was very touched, "I will definitely, cheering on the court will not disappoint your expectations." Then he looked at Ye Ting again.

"Thank you, why did you think of inviting professors?"

"Little fool," Ye Ting said with a smile, "you were so sad when I heard that your parents could not participate. If only one of my acquaintances cheered for you in the arena, wouldn't you be very lonely? And Don't look at the professors nowadays like a scholar, when they were young, they were all good at duels."

"Thanks...thank you," Hermione said, and suddenly gave a deep kiss to the corner of his mouth. Not only did Ye Ting keep giving her all the time, he always cared about her silently behind her, which moved her inexplicably. , "In short, I will not disappoint your expectations."

Item 0203

Ye Ting discovered that the international wizarding duel competition is indeed very important in the wizarding world, and there are many people watching the game today.

There are many French wizards who have ever met at Nicol Lemay's funeral. He even saw some acquaintances from the French Ministry of

Magic.

In addition, there is his old acquaintance, Cornelius Fudge.

The minister wore a delicate robe—probably the best robe he had in his life—with a proud look on his face. Surrounded by the secretary and Auror, he greeted everyone around him.

He nodded in tribute to every foreign wizard who passed by, saying "Hello" and "Hi", hoping to win their respect, and shook hands with them even though he could not understand even a foreign language.

In the Sirius Black incident, Cornelius Fudge lost his face greatly, which made him somewhat insecure. Now he is doing everything he can to increase his reputation, and participate in these international activities and obtain foreign wizards. His prestige and support are the purpose of his actions now.

After all, he is only in the UK, and his reputation has plummeted, but if he can gain a certain international reputation, it will be quite good for his rule.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 144:

However, to gain respect and fame by saying hello to people in the international duel competition, Ye Ting really doesn't know which fool gave him the bad idea.

There is really a problem with my mind.

At this moment, Fudge's secretary and assistants happily introduced to everyone: "This is the Minister of Magic of the British Magic, the greatest wizard, Mr. Cornelius Fudge."

Hearing his name, many foreign wizards were very interested. After all, Fudge was still a Minister of Magic.

However, many foreign wizards have asked Fudge's secretary and

assistants quite embarrassing questions.

"Shouldn't the most contemporary great wizard in Britain be Albus Dumbledore?"

This question made Fudge's assistants really do not know how to answer.

After all, although he also agreed with this view, Fudge was his immediate superior.

Fortunately, this boss is not educated enough to understand what these foreigners are talking about.

However, Fudge couldn't understand it, and Ye Ting who passed by him could understand it—after all, his learning ability was really terrifying, and he could speak the mainstream comparative language in the world.

Hearing these funny conversations, he laughed out loud on the spot.

Then, his sudden laughter immediately attracted people's attention.

At this moment, Dumbledore himself was standing beside Ye Ting.

Dumbledore was so famous, and his height, and long white beard were so distinctive that people recognized him all at once.

This was terrible. These foreigners immediately gave up Cornelius Fudge, gathered in front of Dumbledore, and shook hands with him.

Seeing Fudge's now dark face, Ye Ting was about to laugh again.

"Oh, my God, are you Mr. Dumbledore, the greatest wizard in Europe?"

"I have read your book, and you are amazing."

"Why doesn't Hogwarts recruit students overseas? I really want to be your student."

"I heard that one of your students became the first Animagus in history to become a magical creature at a young age. It's amazing."

While talking, how did you mention me? Ye Ting couldn't help but his eyelids jumped.

In fact, Sandu was also a celebrity in the wizarding world, who received

the Merlin Medal.

Soon, someone noticed him beside Dumbledore.

"Isn't this the first magical creature Animagus, the genius of Hogwarts, Mr. Ting Ye?"

"I heard that he also won the international wizard chess tournament!"

"Mr. Ye, can you sign me?"

Ye Ting didn't have the patience of Dumbledore. Seeing that the situation was not good, he immediately used a phantom spell, left here before being surrounded, and ran to Hermione and the two professors.

There, Professor McGonagall and Professor Flitwick were pointing at Cornelius Fudge, while Hermione was listening with interest.

Last year, Fudge's series of operations completely offended the entire Hogwarts, and neither professors nor students had a good impression of him.

"Poor Fudge," said Professor McGonagall in a low voice, avoiding Fudge's hearing. "He has always lived in his dream. Only there can he surpass Dumbledore and become the greatest wizard."

"I think he should give up this unrealistic dream sooner." Professor Flitwick frowned and said. This dwarf professor rarely looks down on someone. Obviously Fudge is one of them: "In Britain, all wizards know there is only one reason Fudge was able to become Minister of the Ministry of Magic, and that is that Dumbledore did not participate in the election."

"In fact, everyone said that," Professor McGonagall shrugged. "But who made Fudge not believe it. Now, arrogance has gradually eaten up his heart. You know, he just became Minister of Magic. Fudge, it's annoying to ask Dumbledore for forty suggestions a day."

Hermione was also quite dissatisfied with Fudge, not because of the

Dementor, but because the Ministry of Magic took Ye Ting away and wanted to judge him, and it was Cornelius Fudge who gave the order. But now, the words of Professor McGonagall and Professor Flitwick have greatly reduced Hermione's affection for Fudge and the Ministry of Magic, and she no longer respects the Ministry as before.

"What Ye Ting said at the time was right." She thought, "Most of the people in the Ministry are stupid."

...

This farce ended quickly, because the duel match was about to begin. The rules of the duel match are quite simple. It is a pure knockout. There is no two wins in three rounds or three wins in five rounds. As long as you are knocked down, you will lose the ability to resist. The rules are quite cruel.

Moreover, this duel is somewhat different from a normal wizard duel. A formal wizard duel can only use magic. The two sides of the duel must first bow to each other to show respect, and then assume a general dueling posture. After counting the three beeps, both parties will try to disarm, stun, injure, defeat or kill each other, forcing each other to yield and win.

In a formal duel, there is usually an "assistant"-this person is usually a trusted ally, who will take over from the duel when necessary to continue the fight.

In addition, there are a series of rules such as no physical contact. However, in such a sporty duel match, first of all, too powerful and deadly magic cannot be used, such as the unforgivable curse, all kinds of deadly curses, explosive curses, splitting curses, all kinds of black magic, etc. Appeared in a duel of such a competitive nature.

In addition, even ordinary spells have regulations that cannot cause death

or serious injury. For this reason, the organizers of the competition will arrange doctors and some powerful wizards to monitor each arena to prevent accidents. But since most of the duelists are powerful wizards, there will be a few bad luck guys seriously injured in almost every international wizard duel competition.

However, compared to the wizard duel competition hundreds of years ago, it is now considered civilized.

In addition, the "assistant" rule has also been cancelled. After all, this is not a life-and-death duel, but a competition of more personal abilities.

This international wizard duel contest was attended by hundreds of wizards from all over the world. Most of these wizards were recommended by the Ministry of Magic and duel clubs with a certain degree of self-blame. Hermione occupies the quota of the Ministry of Magic.

With so many players, although it is only a knockout, the competition will last three days in total.

Each duel usually only lasts a few minutes, but the need to give players time to rest and recover, which prolongs the schedule.

Now, Hermione is about to officially set foot on the arena to test her current level of combat.

Item 0204

Hermione's first opponent was a big beard in a white robe. Ye Ting in the audience could tell at a glance that this was a wizard from the Middle East.

The wizard from the Middle East did not believe that the little girl in front of him was his opponent. He speaks jerky French. Even the person who made the gesture confirmed it several times with the referee, and finally had to admit this fact.

At this time, he looked at Hermione with some triumphant smiles, pretending to be kind.

"Little girl. Why don't you surrender actively? That way, you can avoid the suffering of flesh and blood. The wizard duel competition is not something a little girl like you can participate in."

Although his French was stubbornly speaking, Hermione understood it immediately-last summer, she taught herself some French while traveling in France-which made Hermione very angry because she didn't like being underestimated. Especially some people look down on her because she is a child or a woman.

"Listen well, uncle," she grimaced at the wizard of the Middle East, "in the game later, I will make you regret that you underestimated me this little girl."

"I'm not an uncle!" As if being poked to the point of pain, the Middle Eastern wizard was furious, "I'm only 25 years old this year!"

"Oh, isn't it?" Hermione couldn't help feeling a little smug when she saw him angry. "That's not what your beard said."

The Middle Eastern wizard wanted to refute, but Hermione had already pulled out her wand and bowed to him.

This is the etiquette before the wizard duel begins.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 145:

"Well, if you have to be my opponent..." The Middle Eastern wizard reluctantly bowed, "I won't be merciful just because you are a little girl."

Then he raised his wand, ready to preemptively.

However, before he could recite the spell, a disarming spell had flown towards him.

The curse came quickly and silently, and the other party didn't chant the

curse at all, which means it was a silent curse.

The Middle Eastern wizard did not expect that a little girl could actually use the silent spellcasting that he could not fully master now, but when he wanted to resist this spell, there was no time for him to recite another iron armor curse.

He had to roll around with a lazy donkey and escaped the disarming curse very embarrassedly.

However, this only slightly delayed his failure by a second.

Hermione's second spell came quickly. This time it was in a coma. The Middle Eastern wizard no longer had the power to dodge, and passed out straight after being hit by the spell.

Hermione's first game was over in five seconds, and she almost crushed the victory.

Professor Flitwick, who cheered for Hermione in the audience, showed a happy smile, "She can actually cast a spell silently. This is a very advanced technique."

"You gave her this technique." Professor McGonagall looked at Ye Ting and asked.

"Yes, she's very easy to master." Ye Ting said lightly, taking it for granted,

"Hermione is very talented, isn't it?"

"Yes, I have always believed that Miss Granger will be an excellent wizard in the future." Professor McGonagall glanced at Hermione in admiration and sighed, "But I didn't expect her to be so good now."

"No, I'm not as good as the professor said, but...it's just Ting, he taught well." After stepping down, Hermione blushed modestly after hearing Professor McGonagall's praise.

"Of course I know that Mr. Ye will be a very good teacher. Professor Dumbledore is already considering. After Mr. Ye graduates from

Hogwarts, he will be hired as a professor at Hogwarts immediately."

Professor McGonagall gave. She gave Hermione an admiring gaze,

"However, there are not many wizards in the wizarding world who can learn to use silent spells. And at your age, there is no such thing as a little wizard who can use silent spells so proficiently. What are you? When did you learn to cast spells silently, Filius?" Professor McGonagall looked at Professor Flitwick.

"I was probably in the seventh grade. Although I had learned it in the sixth grade, I couldn't apply it proficiently until the seventh grade."

"Me too." Professor McGonagall nodded. "Probably only a genius like Professor Dumbledore in his youth can skillfully and silently cast spells at this age. So, Miss Granger, you are already amazing. ."

She didn't mention Ye Ting, because Ye Ting was already recognized as having surpassed Dumbledore in terms of talent.

Although in the Hogwarts class in the past, Hermione was praised by the professors almost every class, but the praise last year for the whole year combined, not as good as Professor McGonagall's praise just now makes Hermione more happy.

After all, it was Professor Dumbledore who was compared to her.

She looked at Ye Ting happily, and Ye Ting returned her with a smile.

The second opponent behind was a middle-aged wizard from Italy. He was wearing a gorgeous gown, tall, with deep eyes and black curly hair.

Like the previous opponent, this Italian man was equally unbelievable.

His opponent was a fourteen-year-old girl, but he was much more polite than the Middle Eastern wizard.

"Oh, what a poor girl." He said sadly to Hermione: "But don't be afraid, girl, I won't hurt you. But if you are willing to quit the game early, we don't need it. Worried."

However, even with such polite remarks, the painting still revealed his contempt for Hermione. When he was angry, he didn't give the other side a good face at all, but he just bowed to himself.

"If you insist..." The Italian wizard bowed to Hermione as if I was forced, and then he gently picked up the wand, trying to put on an elegant look. Before his appearance was set, a red spell had flown over, the Italian wizard was knocked out, and his wand was also thrown out of his hand, throwing it high into the air.

Hermione caught it accurately.

"No, that's not right!" After the Italian wizard got up, his face pale and loudly said, "This round is not counted! That **** little girl attacked me, this is not in line with the spirit of a duel!"

At this moment, his original grace and demeanor were completely lost.

However, the referee ignored his unreasonable troubles and still judged it to be Hermione's victory.

In the rules of wizard duel, after the two salute each other, the duel is immediately considered as the beginning, that is to say, this is not a sneak attack.

The Italian wizard is not technically weak. But he underestimated Hermione's level too much, and at the same time, he wanted too much to like what to put on the field. It was not surprising that Hermione was killed by the quick shot.

Item 0205

On the first day of the game, Hermione defeated four opponents. These opponents did not seem to be very strong. Faced with Hermione's quick shots, silent spellcasting, and continuous spell pursuit, none of them could hold on. The strong one just persisted in dodge the three spells, but was hit by the fourth disarming spell and simply lost the game.

None of these matches lasted more than ten seconds. Hermione was able to defeat her opponents so quickly at a young age, which earned her a great reputation in duel matches.

Although no one thinks he can win the final championship, it is not easy for a 14-year-old girl to do this in the international wizard duel competition.

There are already many young girls who are watching the game and regard Hermione as an idol. It is not easy for such a young female wizard to stand out in a male-dominated duel match.

"I noticed that Miss Granger likes to use the disarming spell as the first spell to use, and she likes to use the spell quickly and continuously to suppress the opponent. Why? Don't you think these ordinary magic Is the curse very easy to resist?" Professor Flitwick asked Hermione curiously on the way back to the temporary home after all the games on the first day were over.

"Because of the commonly used spells in these duels, the disarming spell is the one with the shortest pronunciation and the fastest casting speed. Therefore, it is easier to use the disarming spell to get the first hand and take the initiative. Even if the opponent can barely resist and dodge my first attack, The subsequent continuous spells can also easily suppress the opponent and then defeat them in one fell swoop." Hermione explained seriously, "As for the problem of being easily resisted, when the opponent uses the Iron Armor Curse, it proves that the opponent is already on the defensive. Now, the initiative is still in my hands. I can change the attack method at any time, right?"

"Oh, you are really a genius." Professor Flitwick exclaimed. He knew that this is a very good tactic, but it also requires high quality users, but it is suitable for Hehe. Min.

"Things told me about these tactics," Hermione said with a smile of admiration, "I also admire his research on spells!"

"No, actually not anyone can use such a tactic." Beside her, Ye Ting said lightly, but no one could hear the pride in his words.

"Professor Flitwick," he turned to the dwarf wizard, "how long does it take you to use a disarming spell the fastest?"

"I haven't calculated it, but I can try."

Professor Flitwick took out his magic wand and cast a disarming spell on Ye Ting.

Ye Ting waved his cloak casually, and the Disarming Curse was bounced off.

"Oh, I envy him the most." Hermione murmured in admiration, "But I can't learn it."

"That's because you don't have enough mastery of the Iron Armor Curse."

Ye Ting criticized him, and then turned to Professor Flitwick: "This disarming curse just took about 0.6 seconds."

"I am getting older." Professor Flitwick sighed, "When I was young, my release speed should be faster than this."

"Ah, yes. But Hermione can only release the disarming spell in 0.4 seconds, and I think she can be faster." Ye Ting said.

The professors finally determined that the current Hermione Granger was much stronger than they thought, and they finally began to believe what Ye Ting had said-Hermione could win the real international wizard duel contest.

The next day came soon.

Starting today, Hermione will not be able to deal with opponents like the first day.

His first opponent was also quite young. It was a tall boy, about

seventeen or eighteen years old, wearing a blood-red uniform. Ye Ting could see that it should be a school uniform.

"That is Durmstrang's uniform," Professor Flitwick explained. "It is a magic school in Northern Europe. This school has a tradition of focusing on duel and war magic since the Middle Ages. It is still an indispensable course in the school. So Durmstrang's students are regular visitors at the International Wizarding Dueling Competition."

"I don't like that school." Professor McGonagall's tone became cold, and she didn't seem to be happy. "This school not only rejects Muggles, but it also teaches black magic to students. I don't know this. What is it for?"

"I think this is a smart decision." Ye Ting had different opinions on this.

"This world is not as safe as we thought. Whether to use black magic or not should be left to the wizards to decide, but they shouldn't be a bit dark. No magic can be used. Professor Dumbledore, isn't he a master of black magic? I think. Hogwarts should have a black magic course, which is as incomplete and obscured as today's defense against the black magic. The course is really stupid."

Professor McGonagall was a little unhappy. But she had to admit that Ye Ting made a lot of sense.

Durmstrang students on the field. He is indeed an excellent duel player.

He didn't become awkward and messed up because of Hermione's rapid spell casting, but calmly blocked Hermione's attacks one by one with the Iron Armor Curse.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 146:

However, Hermione immediately changed her tactics.

She used polymorphism to summon a group of flying birds in front of her opponents. Asuka kept leaping towards the wizard Durmstrang, making

him have to hold his head and scurry around-he really didn't know how to deal with such a situation. At this moment, the iron armor curse became useless, but he couldn't think of a spell. Disperse these annoying birds.

"Use the Fire Curse, the Loud Curse, everything is good, any spell is good, get rid of them quickly, you **** idiot!" A middle-aged wizard in a brown-red robe reminded him angrily in the audience.

Obviously, he should be a teacher from Durmstrang School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

However, his reminder was too late.

"Shoes are sticky!"

With a sticky foot spell, Hermione easily glued her opponent's foot to the ground, so that the running opponent fell into a big hole.

Then, Hermione used a fuchsia clock to hang the wizard from Durmstrang upside down.

"Miss Granger, the application of Transfiguration is really amazing!" Professor McGonagall in the audience exclaimed.

He was talking about the spell that summons the flock of birds. In the Harry Potter world, summoning matter, changing the form of matter, or making matter disappear, all belong to the category of Transfiguration. Immediately afterwards, Professor McGonagall continued the argument just now.

"Don't you think that black magic will corrupt people's hearts?"

"Apart from the Unforgivable Curse, I haven't heard of any dark magic that can corrupt the human heart." Ye Ting shook his head and objected,

"In terms of magic that corrupts the human heart, only the excessive use of the Killing Curse will split the user's soul. It's an accurate example, but what makes people degenerate through other magic is just rumors."

Item 0206

After refuting Professor McGonagall, Ye Ting put forward his own point of view: "I think it is not black magic that corrupts people's hearts, but a powerful force. The black magic that can harm others is just a way to gain power. . It's not that people fall through the use of black magic, but people who fall will often use black magic. But how do people who have no power resist those who are powerful? Instead of being bullied because they don't have power, I will choose first. Master the powerful power, and then choose to use it or not."

After he finished speaking, he complained again: "I think Hogwarts' education is a bit backward. Did you know? Professor McGonagall, this year's visit to the Ministry of Magic made me very disappointed in this country."

"Is it because Fudge framed you? The Ministry of Magic is indeed very corrupt in some places." Professor McGonagall looked at Ye Ting strangely.

"No, not this." Ye Ting shook his head, with a mocking smile on his face.

"I mean the level of magic of the staff of the Ministry of Magic and the wizards of Wesengama. Our Ministry. Except the Auror is fairly well-trained, the level of other wizards is simply a shame to the Ministry. Can you believe it? Most of them can't even use the Iron Armor Curse or even counter the curse."

"Oh, this..." This made Professor McGonagall a little embarrassed, because most of the British wizards graduated from Hogwarts. Many people in the Ministry of Magic are her students, "Iron Armor Curse is not a simple spell, but anti-curse is a profound knowledge."

"Of course I know that the iron armor curse is not easy for ordinary people, but the iron armor curse and counter-beat. It is already the most

basic defensive spell. If you can't even these, you can say that facing a slightly well-trained enemy There is no way to fight back." Ye Ting complained, "Even if you don't want to teach black magic, can't Hogwarts hire a more reliable black magic defense teacher? This year's Professor Lu Ping is not bad. .Look at Professor Lockhart last year and Professor Quirrell the year before. What are these strange things?"

"Speaking of the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor..." Dumbledore interrupted suddenly, "I can guarantee that the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor next school year will satisfy Mr. Ye."

"Haha, isn't it?" Ye Ting twitched his mouth helplessly. In Dumbledore's view, the next school year's Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher is indeed a very reliable person-the former Auror, "Mad-Eye" Alastor Moody. Moody was famous in the 1970s because he did not use the unforgivable curse prohibited by the Ministry of Magic, and successfully led all Aurors who became Death Eaters back on their way.

However, in fact, this time the Defense Against the Dark Arts class professor is less reliable than the previous ones added together, because he is a Death Eater, and Barty Crouch Jr. pretends with a compound decoction. In the end, , His conspiracy led to the death of Cedric Diggory and the rebirth of Voldemort-for the first time, there were casualties among students, and Voldemort's conspiracy succeeded.

However, Ye Ting did not intend to expose him, because he also needed Voldemort's resurrection, otherwise how could he be completely killed? Moreover, the experience of Harry Potter being sent to the cemetery by the Goblet of Fire played a major role in Ye Ting's plan.

The opponents Hermione met on the second day were actually not that weak. The players who could hold on to the next day, although there are also students who are still in the magic school like Hermione, but most of

them are already in the seventh grade. And such players account for only a very small part of everyone.

More people are middle-aged wizards in their 30s or 40s, or even their 50s.

A wizard of this age, I have reached the pinnacle level in their life.

Compared with younger wizards, most of them are more experienced and master more powerful magic.

But compared to older wizards, they are stronger, more energetic, and faster in their actions.

For the sport of wizard duels, it not only requires wizards to have a superb magic level, but also requires physical fitness and experience.

After all, being able to dodge the opponent's spell, or being able to insist on not being knocked out by the opponent's spell, is actually an advantage, because it allows the wizard to focus more on defeating the opponent instead of defending against the opponent's attack.

Hermione's opponents today are basically men, and they are either Aurors or from a well-known duel club.

In the magic duel, these people all have their own set, and Hermione is already very difficult to use the three axes of the opening to suppress them.

However, in addition to these, Hermione has other advantages of her own.

Although compared with these people, Hermione's combat experience is seriously inadequate, but she made up for it with a wealth of knowledge.

Although these wizards. She would use a lot of magic that Hermione hadn't learned, but as long as they chanted the spell, Hermione would immediately know what magic she was going to face, and then reacted in time.

In addition, Hermione's flexibility and powerful magic are far beyond these people's imagination.

In particular, Ye Ting gave her the use of the Iron Armor Curse, allowing her to pick up the opponent's spell with her magic wand.

Even an Auror-born opponent, facing Hermione, had to bow down.

The next day's game was played from morning to dusk.

When Hermione used herself and her magic power to abruptly drag down the last opponent, and then defeated the bear-like tall Russian wizard with a full-body restraint curse.

There was a burst of applause and shouts like a tsunami from the audience.

Because now Hermione has successfully entered the top four.

This girl who is only 14 years old is still in school. More powerful than everyone thinks.

No one can believe that such a girl can actually step on countless wizards who are several times older than him, all the way to the present.

You know, in this sport where men are dominated and men dominate, she is the only female player who can reach the top four.

Moreover, this is something that many women older than her, including some experienced female Aurors, cannot do.

At this moment, Hermione was already known as a great celebrity in the wizarding world.

Even if she could not win the championship in the end, and even only took fourth place, no one would dare to underestimate her, and everyone would still regard her as an idol.

Because she is only 14 years old now, a wizard of this age is not yet at the peak level.

No one can imagine how strong she will be when she is an adult.

In fact, reporters all over the world have prepared the interview drafts, and only wait for the end of tomorrow's game to start interviewing this genius girl.

And the Ministry of Magic of various countries is also eager to Hermione —isn't this a future elite Auror?

Item 0207

For Hermione, it is not difficult to win so far.

Maybe the opponent has more experience than her, knows more magic than her, and can use some complex and powerful magic, but what about it?

As a result, iron armor curses and obstacle curses can resist most of the spells, and even ordinary disarming curses can solve opponents, and too powerful spells can't show much effect.

Secondly, she is not inferior to anyone in terms of magic power. In this way, even if she has not actively attacked, but only sees tricks, she can easily drag any opponent to death. For the well-read Granger For the young lady, it is difficult for you to find a magic that she has never seen and give her a "surprise".

However, when she solved the last opponent, the cheers that rang around made her realize that she was actually stronger and better than she had imagined.

Moreover, he became famous.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 147:

It's no wonder that what she thinks can be done for granted is actually quite difficult in the eyes of many people, and if it can be done, it is quite an achievement.

However, for a long time, her only good friend at Hogwarts was Ye Ting.

Of course, Zhang Qiu and Penello also barely counted as two ordinary friends. In other words, she had the most contact with Hogwarts. The person is Ye Ting. However, for Ye Ting, no matter what he learns is a piece of cake. When everyone is worrying about the first grade, he has already started to learn. Only students over the third grade can learn. The ancient magic text arrived, and in the second year, even the professors would be amazed by his magical accomplishments.

With such a person, most people will only remain envious and jealous, and then just look up.

But Hermione is not like this. She has always wanted to catch up with Ye Ting, at least to be able to stand by his side. This makes her feel that winning in the international wizard duel competition is not a very remarkable thing— —After all, she hasn't won the championship yet.

However, when she heard the cheers of everyone and the look in their worshiping eyes, she realized that, unknowingly, she was already in front of everyone on the way to chasing Ye Ting.

Even an adult wizard, not many people can match her.

Finally, after being lost for a while, Hermione gave a deep smile.

In this smile, there is excitement, relief, and gratitude.

She knew that it was the boy she had been chasing after and had been helping her to get her to this point.

And she will definitely keep going.

She looked around deeply at the people around her.

Among the cheering audiences, there are men, women and children, wizards from all over the world, but a large part of them are young people and women.

Because Hermione is a little girl herself, she is their pride.

Looking at the excitement and encouragement in the eyes of all kinds of

people, listening to their cheering and supportive words in all kinds of languages-some of which Hermione can't understand.

Hermione was really a little excited, she took a deep breath, and announced loudly.

"Tomorrow's final, I will definitely win the championship!"

Her declaration made the cheers around her even more enthusiastic. At this time, Hermione had become an idol-like figure. Many young people present would remember the girl in front of her forever-she was not only young and lovely, but also powerful and surpassed. Most adults.

"I think she can make her debut after the game is over." Looking at the scenery in front of Hermione, Ye Ting smiled and vomited.

Although I don't know what Ye Ting's "debut" is, the professors can see that Ye Ting is quite happy now.

They felt that Ye Ting at this time was actually in the same mood as theirs: this was a joy to see that his students had achieved something.

"It's really a genius boy who surpasses Dumbledore." Professor McGonagall secretly said to Professor Flitwick, "At a young age, not only his own magic level is so strong, even the students he teaches are also terrifying, I think, if I had a duel with Miss Granger, she would eventually be defeated by her just like her opponent."

"Isn't it, young people nowadays, it's terrible." Professor Flitwick felt the same way.

In the first game the next morning, Hermione's opponent was a man with black hair in his thirties. This was a wizard from the United States. He did not wear a traditional wizard robe, but a long black trench coat with a shirt and tie inside, looks well-dressed, handsome and suave, and has a demeanor different from those around him.

"My name is Steve Graves," he introduced himself, "I am the Magic

Security Director of the Magic Congress of the United States."

It is indeed quite talented to be the director of magic safety at his age-the equivalent of the director of the Auror office at the British Ministry of Magic-indeed.

In a profession that tests the level of magic like Auror, being able to become the supreme officer of Auror in a country at a young age can only prove that he is indeed a very powerful wizard, because only a strong enough level can make him surpass the profound qualifications. Experienced seniors.

In the audience, Dumbledore said suddenly: "How do I look at him a little familiar? Let me think about it, I saw this face...when I was dealing with Gellert."

"Gellert?" Professor McGonagall looked at him strangely and suddenly exclaimed, "You mean Gellert Grindelwald!"

"Yes, I think Gellert used to pretend to be a wizard named Percival Graves when he was in the United States, and it was because of this that I remembered his face. This Percival Gravey At that time, Si was also the director of magic security in the Magic Congress of the United States at a young age, and the director of the Magic Law Enforcement Department... This person looks almost exactly the same as Percival, and should be his direct descendant."

Just listen to Sharif continue to say: "Miss Granger, at this age, you can walk in this kind of competition until now. It is quite talented. However, if you can reach the top four opponents, they have mastered The magic of this is completely unimaginable."

"Really?" Hermione curled her lips unconvinced. "So what? With the simplest magic, I can also defeat you in a duel, and the next opponent."

"Well," Steve's serious face suddenly smiled, "What a confident girl, you

really have all the qualities to be a top Auror, how about it, do you want to transfer to the American Ilvermore? Nicaragua School? We in the United States have always welcome talents from all over the world. If you want, you can directly become Aurors after graduation. I will treat you as my own student and give everything to you. In the future, you can even take over from me. Become the Magic Security Director of the Magic Congress of the United States."

Hearing such an invitation, many audience members in the audience took a breath.

This is indeed a very attractive condition. The Graves family is indeed a powerful family in the United States. Their ancestor, Stiffness Fuji Graves is one of the first twelve American Aurors, and now Steve Gray Wes' promise, coupled with Hermione's talent, really has a good chance of occupying an important position as the head of magic security in the future.

However, in the face of such a temptation, Hermione just smiled disdainfully: "This is indeed a very good invitation, but I refused. Want to be my teacher? You are still far away! Even my teacher You can beat you without a magic wand."

"Your teacher?" Sheriff was not irritated by Hermione. He thought for a moment, and then suddenly realized: "You mean Mr. Dumbledore? He is indeed a powerful wizard. I'm not as good as him."

"No, it's not Dumbledore." Hermione shook her head. "My teacher is actually as old as me, but the champion of the duel contest is no longer in his eyes, but as a student, I must do it for him. Win this championship trophy."

Although this is true, it seems a bit arrogant in the eyes of people who don't know. Schreif is obviously angry. He thinks Hermione is making

excuses to reject him, so he sternly said: "Little girl , This world is very big, there are many powerful wizards, blindly arrogant will not end well! Let me teach you a lesson."

The battle is on the verge of breaking out.

Item 0208

Hermione finally saw how the top Auror fought.

Her quick shots and continuous casting are not useless to opponents.

But although her casting speed is very fast, her opponent is not much slower than her.

Steve Graves really deserves to be a top-notch Auror, he has worked hard in advance.

After learning before the game that his shooting speed was not as fast as the girl in front of him, he immediately used the Iron Armor Curse at the beginning of the battle.

Hermione quickly used the disarming spell, and immediately followed the coma spell, but when these spells flew in front of Steve, it immediately seemed to hit an invisible wall and was blocked in front of him.

In this way, the Auror seemed to be wearing a tortoise shell, blocking Hermione's attacks again and again, and he himself stood still.

After all, Hermione was not experienced enough, and it was the first time she met such a capable opponent, so she was still thinking about how to break this layer of tortoise shell while taking the shot.

However, when she was taken aback for a moment, she was immediately seized by her opponent.

Taking advantage of Hermione's offensive was slightly interrupted, Schreif immediately seized the fleeting opportunity and decisively launched a counterattack.

The same were the Disarming Curse, the Stupefying Curse, the Whole Body Binding Curse, and the Petrifying Curse. These spells were like raindrops, shooting from the tip of Steve's wand toward Hermione.

However, Hermione's absence was only a short while, and she immediately noticed the change in the situation.

However, in the face of the reversal of offense and defense, Hermione was a little panicked. But because Ye Ting had taught her strong enough defensive skills, she would not lose shamefully because of the enemy's simple continuous attacks.

Hermione wielded her magic wand, just like a skilled swordsman wielding a sword against an arrow, picking up Steve's curse one by one. At the same time, she took swift steps, dodged some of the curse of shooting, and counterattacked at the same time.

As a result, her opponents also had to take care of defense while attacking.

At this moment, Hermione and Sreif were shooting at the two gunmen holding pistols, but their bullets were much more powerful than ordinary pistols.

From time to time, the curse of being picked up or missed hit the ground, causing small pits one after another.

This fierce battle aroused the audience's exclamation. This is the truly wonderful wizard duel!

Although there are only two people on the stage, the curse that is constantly shooting like raindrops seems to be a big melee. If ordinary wizards can't even hold on for two seconds under this situation, they are the two on stage. But it was still able to fly easily in the spell.

Do you like this site? Donate here:

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 148:

The severely damaged venue told the surrounding audience what a thrilling wizard's duel.

"Haha! You really are a very talented little wizard of Auror." While casting spells silently, Steve still had time to speak to Hermione, "Well? Would you like to consider me again? What about the conditions? I'm very sincere."

"I don't need it." Hermione dodges and counterattacks, while holding a few words from her mouth: "If you can't even defeat me, don't talk about being your apprentice any more stupid things!"

"Really?" Steve shook his head, "Do you think this is my full strength? Then just look at this trick!"

He took two quick steps, avoided a petrification spell from Hermione, and then slammed his wand against the ground in front of him.

I saw sharp stone thorns immediately bulging on the ground of the arena, and they continued to spread in the direction of Hermione.

The transformation technique that changed the terrain like this immediately caused Hermione to feel a little headache.

The Iron Armor Curse couldn't stop such an attack, but he couldn't become a giant dragon on the spot and flew to escape.

However, in just a second, Hermione immediately thought of a way to deal with it.

"Sturdy as steel!"

Hermione cast a hardening spell on the ground in front of her eyes.

The spread of the stone thorns stopped immediately.

"It's a beautiful response," Steve shook his head. "It seems that you are not only good at wizard duels, you can do a lot even with ordinary spells."

"At Hogwarts, everyone calls me 'Miss Know-it-all'." Hermione pulled her hair back and sneered back. "It seems that I am not insulting this nickname, but you, the Auror, seem a bit of a misnomer... "

At this moment, Hermione, who never forgets to deal with her opponent with her teeth in the fierce battle, does have an extraordinary charm. If the other classmates of Hogwarts are present, she must not believe it, this one on the stage is coolly fighting. The girl of is Hermione Granger, the famous nerd at Hogwarts.

The female audience in the audience was already screaming, even Professor McGonagall.

"Well, girl, I have to admit that any Auror will be ashamed of you in front of you." Steve became serious. "So I have to use some more dangerous spells on you too. Be careful."

The next moment, he shook his wand vigorously, and a lightning bolt shot from the tip of the wand, slashing in Hermione's direction.

In Harry Potter's world, most wizards use ordinary spells to attack and defend in battle.

A slightly more advanced technique is to fight through complex spells combined with polymorphism.

Generally speaking, wizards who directly use elemental attacks are very rare. This is because in the Harry Potter world, using elemental attacks not only consumes mana, but the attack distance is not too far, and it is not easy to control— —What is active in this world is the magic itself, but the major magic elements are not active, and there is no elemental plane.

This results in the use of elemental combat methods to be very rare, and they are generally blazing fire curses or fierce fires.

It was the first time Hermione saw her directly using the curse of

lightning attack.

But such an attack is really difficult to deal with.

The speed of lightning is very fast. It can almost reach the speed of light in the air. Therefore, Hermione can't avoid such an attack by conventional methods. She had to pass the moment the opponent's wand flashed, passing the point pointed by the tip of the wand. Direction to determine where the lightning will strike.

It's a pity that with lightning's twisted attack path and constant forks, Hermione must treat him as a large-scale attack. Come to dodge, which makes her very embarrassed.

That does not work.

Hermione thought that the so-called long-term defense must be lost. He kept hiding on the court like this. As long as you are negligent, you may be struck by lightning. This can break through the air power, as long as she loses combat effectiveness in an instant.

She must think of a way.

Of course, such a curse would consume a lot of magical power, and his opponent would release such lightning continuously, and it is estimated that it won't last long.

Hermione looked at Schreif.

However, Schreif was still looking good and in his spare time, and he couldn't tell when his magic power would run out at all.

No, you can't put all your hopes on your opponents.

Have to think of a way to fight back.

Item 0209

Hermione is indeed quite knowledgeable, knowing a lot of spells, and in this regard, she does have more knowledge than most adult wizards.

However, when faced with the lightning magic that she had never seen

before, she really couldn't find any spells that she could easily deal with.

what should we do?

Reluctantly used a short-range apparition, and after avoiding a lightning attack, Hermione was already sweating from her temples.

Could it be that I can only come here in the international wizard duel contest?

Although the third and fourth places are great, only the championship is my goal.

But how do I deal with lightning? Is it possible that I can only bet that my opponent runs out of magic before I make a mistake?

No, no, there must be a way.

If it was Ye Ting, what would he use to deal with it?

If it was him, a single polymorph can summon a stone wall, and the mere lightning could not help him, right?

But I can't, I still can't do such exaggerated polymorphism.

So what else is there?

By the way, Ye Ting told me that although the magic of wizards is very powerful, the science of Muggle should not be underestimated. That is another powerful force.

By the way, why do I have to stick to magical coping methods?

Through Muggle science, it should be easy to find a way to deal with it!

I'm so stupid!

Thinking that Hermione's solemn expression was no longer here, a smile appeared at the corner of her mouth.

Although I can't use large-scale polymorphism, but...

She looked at the few stone thorns left in the arena due to Sreif's magic.

Hermione immediately apparated her form and hid behind the stone thorns.

"Give up!" Schreif looked at Hermione who was standing behind the waist-high stone thorns, and persuaded, "Even if you hide there, lightning can easily hit you, you have almost nothing."

"That's not necessarily." Hermione smiled slightly, appearing very confident.

"Stubborn." Schreif shook his head, aimed at Hermione's direction, and shot another terrible lightning bolt.

However, this time, Hermione didn't evade, just pointed her magic wand at the stone thorn and used Transfiguration.

"Cracking."

The silver-white lightning, like a silver dragon piercing the sky, came to Hermione in an instant, but for some reason it didn't hurt her.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 149:

"This is... what's going on!" Shreif was a little puzzled. He found that the stone thorn in front of Hermione had become a steel pin that was one meter long into the ground. All the lightning hit the pin. On, but it didn't hurt Hermione a bit.

However, Schreif didn't understand the principle, he thought it was just that his spell was not accurate enough, and his control was not good enough.

"Next time, you won't have such good luck." He concentrated, and struck another bolt of lightning in Hermione's direction.

However, before he could use this magic, an iron chain suddenly got around his leg.

"Do you think you can trap me with an iron chain produced by the transformation technique?" Steve thought this way. After he was ready to use the lightning magic, he would immediately destroy the chain with

magic without giving his opponent any chance. .

Unexpectedly, the next moment, starting from the position where his legs were entangled with chains, he felt a numb pain, which was completely beyond his ability to bear.

Then, he couldn't move his whole body, the beating of his heart almost stopped, and then he didn't know anything.

Before he passed out, he was still at a loss, not sure how he lost the game somehow.

The referee and the audience saw it clearly. They saw that Hermione used a transformation technique to turn another stone thorn into an iron chain, and the two ends were wrapped around the steel needle and Sreif's legs.

Then, the lightning released by Schreif was once again absorbed by the steel needle, and then spread to Schreif himself along the chain, knocking him down instantly.

However, they don't understand why this is in the end.

Everyone thought. Hermione used a special kind of magic to counter Sreif's lightning magic and let him attack herself.

However, in any case, Hermione did win.

The audience cheers in the audience. This little girl who is only in the third grade defeated a top Auror and made it to the final. Created an unprecedented record.

In the face of these enthusiastic fans and audiences, Hermione, who was used to being a nerd, was really overwhelmed. So, under the cover of Ye Ting and the professors, she had to escape and return to her temporary home.

Ye Ting didn't drive his bus. Now their temporary residence was a tent with a space extension curse. Inside, there was a hall and six bedrooms,

which was prepared by Professor Dumbledore.

Since Ye Ting and Hermione are too famous today, in order to prevent trouble, they didn't tell anyone about their residence.

However, at noon, the doorbell of the tent rang.

"Could it be that the reporters and viewers found out where we live?" The sudden ringing of the bell made Hermione a little nervous, and she couldn't help but look at Ye Ting.

Ye Ting walked to the door, glanced outside, and said, "It's not a reporter, but your opponent today, Mr. Shreve."

"Really?" Hermione was obviously unhappy.

When Sharif had just entered the door, he immediately faced Miss Granger's humiliating accusations.

"Mr. Shreve, it is obvious that I am already defeated. Do you still want to accept me as a student?"

Faced with such sarcasm, Schreif could only respond with a wry smile, after all, the person who said this had just defeated him today.

"Where, where, Miss Granger is better at it. If I say accepting students, it's purely a trick."

"You know yourself." Hermione's face looked a lot better. "So, how is your body?"

Being electrocuted by lightning is not a joke. After Schreif fell, his legs were already scorched, and the smell of barbecue came out, and there were lightning bloodstains all over his body. His heartbeat almost disappeared.

But fortunately, most of these injuries are physical injuries, and there are no curses, black magic and the like. So after magic first aid and the use of precious potions, Schreif's state is much better now.

But from this question, it can be seen that, although Hermione is the best

in the arena, she is still a kind little girl in the end.

"Ah! I'm getting better, thank you for your concern." After listening to Hermione's words, Schreif felt warm in his heart, but he still turned to business: "I'm looking for you this time. There are actually two things."

"Hmm, I would like to hear the details."

"The first thing is like this." Shreif scratched his head, and the man with a serious face suddenly appeared a little embarrassed. "I really want to know how you made my lightning magic attack me...Of course. If you feel that this is your exclusive secret and needs to be kept secret, it doesn't matter if you don't say it."

Item 0210

"This..." Hermione was a little embarrassed, and she looked at Ye Ting. At this moment, Ye Ting was already suffocating a smile.

Seeing Hermione's expression, Schreif thought she didn't want to talk, and quickly said, "If it's inconvenient, how about we don't talk about it?"

"No, it's not like that!" Hermione quickly added: "It's not inconvenient, but the principle of this method is really simple."

"Jane...single?" Shreve didn't understand, "I never learned such magic in Ilvermony School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. It's obviously only transfiguration, but it can make my magic attack me, you Hogg Was Woz actually teaching such advanced magic?"

"Well, you misunderstood," Hermione couldn't help but smile, but she still resisted, "I have to be simple, not for wizards, but for Muggles."

"Muggle?" Schreif was even more confused. "Has Muggle secretly worked out a way to deal with wizards?"

"Puff ha ha ha ha!"

Finally, Ye Ting and Hermione couldn't hold back at all, and they laughed together.

This made Schreif, who had always been serious, quite uncomfortable, and he realized that he seemed to have said something ridiculous.

Finally, Hermione stopped laughing, and then popularized the knowledge about metal conduction to Sharif, and told him that it was only Muggle elementary and middle school knowledge.

"So that's it!" Sharif barely pulled a smile on his serious face. He was ashamed of losing to the knowledge that Muggle kids knew.

"Okay! Let's start the next topic." He didn't want to talk about it anymore, so he continued, "Do you know who your opponent is in the final?"

"I remember his name was Emile Barryborn, didn't he?" Hermione recalled. In the morning game, the wizard solved the opponent faster than her.

"Yes," Schreif nodded, "Actually, Emile Barryborn is a very dangerous person. He is my goal in this international wizard duel contest."

"Danger... Danger?" Hermione didn't understand, "Is he better than you?"

"No, you can't say that." Schreif shook his head. "If you only talk about the level of magic, he and I should only be between the first ones, but the problem is that Emile Barryborn is a very dangerous person. He is' The offspring of the Surgeon."

"The Sweeper?"

"Yes, the Scavengers are a group of wizarding mercenaries from different countries in our American history. Since there was no magical government of any kind in America at that time, the Scavengers drilled the loopholes in the law enforcement mechanism. Whether it is or not Criminals, as long as they can exchange rewards, the scavengers will choose to hunt and kill. Over time, these people become more and more corrupt and more cruel. Eventually, they even begin to sell wizards, and even capture innocent maji as wizards and hand them over Puritans

hunting witches in exchange for reward."

"It's terrible," Hermin sighed.

"Yes, so after the establishment of the Magic Congress of the United States, the wizards of the United States began to work hard to get the Scavengers to be punished. However, some of the most notorious Scavengers evaded the hunt. After the international hunting order was issued, these People are forever hidden in the Maji crowd. Some of them start to form families with Maji. If the children born with magic talents will be abandoned, only the offspring without magic will be left to hide themselves and purify themselves. The identity of the person."

"So, Emile Barryborn is the offspring of these people, but why do you say he is dangerous?" Hermione was puzzled.

"Because these scavengers are extremely vengeful, after being expelled from the magic world, they will pass on a firm belief to their descendants: magic is real, and once the wizard is discovered, it should be eliminated. And Emil, His family has always inherited this belief, and his ancestor Bartholomew Barryborn even caused a large number of information leaks in the wizarding world, and contributed to the "Rappaport Law" that forced the strict separation of Muggles from the wizarding world. ", and his other ancestors have also established some magical societies dedicated to exposing and destroying the United States. Some of them even died as a result. It can be said that his family and the American magical world do have deep hatred."

"Although Barry Bonn's ancestors have basically lost their magic power for generations, Emil himself is an exception. He actually became a wizard. However, according to our American Auror's unannounced visits, we found that Emil did not give up just because he became a wizard. Contrary to his family claim, on the contrary, instead of his ancestors'

efforts to expose the wizarding society and incite opposition, he used his status as a wizard to secretly hunt for wizards. Now there are no fewer than ten victims."

"This... how could this be?" Hermione's hand gripped Ye Ting's sleeve tightly. She was obviously a little frightened. For her living in modern society, this was already a great sin.

"Yes, he is such a dangerous person." Schreif persuaded, "Emil is good at black magic, and he does dare to use black magic to kill people. Such a dangerous person is not something you can handle, in case he is on the court. You can't do anything with ordinary means. I really dare to ignore the rules of the game and use the Unforgivable Curse, so I advise you to surrender in time, anyway. As long as we catch Emil and convict him, The final champion is yours, so you don't have to take this risk."

"Yeah, what you said makes sense." Hermione replied, "Thank you for your kindness, but please forgive me for rejecting it."

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 150:

The answer was very unexpected, and he looked at Hermione in astonishment.

Hermione asked quietly, "You have neither evidence of arresting him, nor are you 100% sure of arresting him."

"How are you..." Steve was obviously taken aback, but he immediately changed his words, "No, we have evidence, and we will definitely catch him."

"Don't lie to us," Ye Ting interrupted: "If you have all the evidence of his murder, you should have issued an international wanted order against him long ago. In this case, he won't even be able to claim his name in the international wizard duel contest. . Why do you need your security chief

to come to France in person? You are trying to find evidence from him after you catch him."

"Yes," Hermione agreed, "and because of insufficient evidence and a cross-border pursuit, you must not have many manpower? That's why you want to defeat him on the field and make him lose resistance. Then he gets it. Take the opportunity to take him away before treatment, don't you?"

"The child now is much smarter than I thought." Shreif shook his head helplessly, "I can't hide it from you at all."

"In that case," Hermione puffed up her chest and said loudly, "Then I can't surrender. As long as I defeat him in the arena, then such a murderer will never escape. I can't let it go. Such a bad guy is at large."

"This..." Schreif immediately refused: "It is our Auror's job to catch prisoners. We can't put the responsibility on a little girl like you. You may lose your life because of this."

"Don't worry," Ye Ting patted Sreif on the shoulder, "Hermione is much stronger than you think, and I will protect him from the side."

Steve was surprised to find that when Ye Ting slapped him on the shoulder, a heavy pressure made him unable to move, and his heart seemed to be caught instantly.

Steve looked at Ye Ting suspiciously. He couldn't believe that he was only a little boy as old as Hermione after giving him such a substantial pressure.

Because, with this hand alone, it was enough to prove that he was much stronger than Hermione.

"In the arena, Miss Granger said that her master is as old as her, but she can beat me without a magic wand." Steve swallowed and said with difficulty, "I thought she was bragging now. , I finally believe that there

are real geniuses in this world, and if you are there, Emil is really not worth mentioning."

After saying this, Steve nodded and left, his back looked a little sad.

Item 0211

The final of the International Wizarding Dueling Competition was held in the afternoon of the third day.

The final arena is located in the very center of the entire venue, surrounded by high platforms level by level, just like the venue for a boxing match.

And Ye Ting and the professors, as family members, were standing next to the arena, able to cheer for Hermione at close range.

Before the game started, the stadium was already surrounded by wizards and wizards from all over the world. They discussed with each other excitedly and pointed at the two picks on the stage.

After the morning game ended, some people finally began to think that Hermione had a chance to win the final victory, after all, she defeated a top Auror.

But from the gambling market near the stadium, most people still think that Irvine Barryborn is the most likely to win the championship, and Hermione's odds of winning are much higher than him.

However, a large number of spectators cheered for Hermione in the audience, because she was so young, even if she could not win the championship, many people still expressed support for her.

On the field, Hermione Granger met her opponent, a tall wizard who was about forty years old. He had brown-red hair and blue eyes. He was dressed very plainly and had a serious face. Seriously, but Hermione always felt that his serious eyes staring at her were full of madness and disgust.

When she was about to salute the opponent, Irwin suddenly suggested to the referee that she wanted to open up the use of black magic in the duel. As a result, the referee began to consult Hermione.

Hermione's face changed immediately upon hearing this request.

In fact, although in the international wizard duel competition, the most dangerous level of black magic cannot be used, there are always some enthusiastic duelists and spectators who believe that the lack of black magic in the duel of wizards is just a child's play. For some wizards in terms of being unable to use black magic, it is equivalent to reducing their strength by more than half.

Therefore, in order to take these factors into consideration, in the international wizard duel contest, the last three rounds, that is, the beginning of the quarterfinals, players can apply for open black magic restrictions-of course, except for the three unforgivable spells.

Hearing this request, Professor McGonagall and Professor Flitwick in the audience immediately became anxious and shouted: "Reject him, Hermione, black magic is too dangerous for you!"

"I..." Hermione on the stage hesitated a little, but Irvine took the initiative to say.

"Do you want to refuse this request? Little girl? You know, black magic is part of a duel between real wizards. Just using these children's magic to attack each other is not a wizard duel. It is just a fight between children."

"But..." Hermione still didn't want to agree.

But the audience in the audience booed loudly.

"Promise him! Promise him!"

Among these people, some are avid duel lovers, but most of them are because they have already bet to Irvine, so they don't want to lose their money.

Of course, some people expressed opposition, but their momentum was suppressed by the former.

"How about, I heard the voice of the audience, we players, it is time to give the audience the most exciting performance."

At this moment, Irwin's serious disguise is no longer, and now he has a fanatical appearance, like a lunatic performing on stage.

Seeing this picture of him and his pursuit of dark magic, Hermione, who was originally only suspicious of what Schreif said, was now almost completely convinced-the person in front of him was not a good thing.

"Moreover," Perceiving Hermione's hesitation, Irvine added the last straw, "If you refuse, I will admit defeat on the spot and immediately play the game."

Hearing this, Hermione immediately realized that the other party had guessed that she had been found guilty by the American Auror and was being hunted down, so what was just a test?

But it's no wonder that the top official of the dignified American Auror actually came to participate in the duel competition. Although this kind of thing has not happened before, it is still very doubtful.

However, Hermione did not dare to bet. She really did not dare to imagine what kind of crimes such a dangerous person who hated wizards would commit if he escaped from the hunt without a warrant. Maybe there would be ten more innocent people. The wizard dies in his hands, there may be more...

"Okay! I promised!" Hermione's answer was categorical, which immediately evoked cheers from the audience.

The professors in the audience opened their mouths, but now that the players have made a decision, they can't change it. They can't replace Hermione to admit defeat.

"It's okay," Ye Ting exhorted, "Don't underestimate Hermione, even the dark magic can't trouble her."

"I hope so..." Professor McGonagall said weakly. She looked at Ye Ting, "If Miss Granger is in any danger, you must protect her."

"I have an unshirkable responsibility." Ye Ting nodded naturally.

Although Hermione on the stage readily agreed to open the black magic restrictions, she was still a little nervous when things came.

She has seen the power of black magic with her own eyes. Whether she saw Ye Ting fight Professor Quirrell in the first grade, or the duel between Ye Ting and Professor Snape in the second grade, the powerful power of black magic really made her remember. new.

Needless to say, explosion curses, split curses, blade curses, and so on that can almost kill wizards in seconds. Dark magic like Li Huo can't be resisted by curses like iron armor curses and obstacle curses.

How to do? Is it too late to abstain now? Anyway, the opponent is a criminal. As long as you ask Ye Ting to catch this guy, I can still win the championship.

Thinking of this, she opened her mouth and began to shrink.

But immediately, another force in her heart strengthened her confidence.

I'm Hermione Granger. The person I want to be won't be timid in this situation, even if the opponent is a terrible dark wizard, what about it? and--

She looked at the audience, her best friend and one of the most important people, Ye Ting, was looking at her encouragingly.

My current strength is due to my little effort and Ye Ting's unselfish training. If I abstain here, it proves that I have denied myself and him.

He is such a proud person, how could I deny his ability just because of a black wizard? I can't do this!

Immediately, Hermione's color became firm, and she looked at her opponent seriously, and then saluted him.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 151:

Watch it!

She thought to herself.

What if you are good at black magic?

Although black magic is very strong, it does not mean everything! Even if

I am not good at using black magic, I can still defeat you!

Item 0212

At the beginning of the final, Hermione's wand flicked, and a red light shot at Irvine in an instant.

It was her signature quick and silent disarming spell.

Irvine's disarming spell was only slightly slower than him, and the two red lights collided, bursting out fierce sparks.

Finding that the first hand hadn't been grabbed, Hermione had to continue her original tactics, disarming curse, coma curse, restraint curse, leggings curse, etc., and shot her opponent one by one.

Irvine seemed to be unwilling. He used fierce means at the beginning and fired Petrification Charm and Stunning Charm at Hermione frequently.

The two immediately fought into a ball, constantly having various spell states. The Iron Armor Curse and Obstacle Curse were either bounced off, or a burst of sparks broke out and then disappeared.

Irvine was indeed a powerful wizard, and he did not lose sight of him in the process of shooting at Hermione.

However, as the battle continued, his offensive gradually became vicious and fierce, and the spells launched started from ordinary spells and evil spells, and changed in the direction of black magic.

Such spells are more difficult to resist. Explosive spells, split spells, blade spells, etc. are all very powerful black magic. The iron armor and obstacle spells of ordinary wizards are completely unable to resist such attacks.

Even Hermione, who is magically powerful, had to chant a spell loudly and use her wand to prop up her armor curse. She could no longer use her magic wand to cast the spell silently, or even be provoked by her wand to block the opponent's attack.

All the spells that were bounced hit the arena, causing a violent explosion, debris splashing, and the field becoming cratered under the bombardment of Irvine.

There were many wizards in the audience sweating for Hermione. Many of them had a good impression of the young girl who made it to the finals. When they first saw Hermione, who is now surrounded by danger, even some booring audiences also prayed silently for her in their hearts.

No one wants this genius girl to be seriously injured in this duel.

Finally, Irwin looked a little impatient.

"A kid like a tortoise shell, try this trick, it's all gone!"

A green flame emerged from the tip of Irwin's wand—this was the devil's flame.

Irvine actually used a fierce fire curse.

How dare he use such magic?

Hermione felt that her head was not enough.

Although Lihuo curse is black magic, it is not an unforgivable curse.

But even so, very few people use this trick in a wizard duel.

Because Li Huo can't be controlled, even the user of the spell is no exception.

Li Huo is a very vicious black magic. Except for the special counter-curse, it cannot be extinguished or cancelled, and as long as it is used, it will continue to burn and expand. It will burn all magical items and will try to swallow all life.

Therefore, unless it is to die together, few people will use this trick in a wizard duel.

At this moment, the ground in front of Hermione was full of fierce fire. In desperation, she had to turn around and ran, but the raging flames chased her and swallowed everything in the arena, and the tongue of flames turned into ashes wherever they went.

Around the arena, all the referees have stood up, and each of them has drawn out their wands, guarding against the fierce burning outside the arena.

Hermione was already pale at this moment, and her face was full of fear.

At this moment, she thought again that more than a year ago, she and Senior Sister Penello ran wildly in the corridor of the college alone, and a huge basilisk was chasing them behind.

In the end, Ye Ting appeared in time and protected them.

On Halloween in the first grade, that boy also stood up. Saved her life from the trolls at the very moment.

She was so weak in the past. Although every problem of the professors could hardly trouble her, she was always as weak as a baby when faced with any danger, and she had to wait until the boy stood up to overcome the danger.

But now she is no longer weak, is she still like that, does she need that boy to stand up and protect her every time?

No, it's just fierce, I can solve it by myself.

Hermione thought so.

Calm down, calm down, and think about it.

It's not that Hermione can't counter-fire curse, but it takes time, because everyone uses different fires.

But now, Li Huo has been chasing behind her ass, and there is no time for her to react at all, so she has to find a way to delay it for a while.

But Li Huo can't stop it with magic. Even the Iron Armor Curse and Obstacle Curse will be swallowed up by the fire, and once it touches the body, it will spread quickly, then...

By the way, Li Huo will actively devour his life, so it will be attracted by living things.

However, now Hermione is on the field instead of in the wild, and now there is no ready-made living thing to use.

By the way, there is polymorphism. If you want to get something, polymorphism is the most convenient spell.

So, Hermione immediately thought about it.

She grabbed a few rubbles on the ground at will, and then used Transfiguration on them.

In an instant, the rubble turned into white doves, and as soon as Hermione let go, these white doves flew out of her hand.

The white dove flew over Lihuo, and Lihuo immediately burned in the direction of the white dove. One or two of them were burned immediately, but more white doves successfully diverted Lihuo's attention. Leading it in other directions.

This gave Hermione a respite.

She turned around, looked at Li Huo's direction calmly, and slowly cast a counter-Li Huo curse.

Affected by the Anti-Fighting Curse. Blockbuster fire immediately. It trembled, but it did not disappear.

As a result, Hermione changed her tone of voice again, and used the Anti-Fire Curse again.

This time, the spell finally came into effect, as if sunlight melted snow and ice. The fierce fire of the blockbuster slowly began to shrink, retreat, and then gradually disappeared into the invisible.

Hermione looked at Irvine on the opposite side. After using the fierce fire spell, he still had to control it so that it would not hurt herself. At this moment, Irvine was panting and seemed to have insufficient magic power.

"You lost, Mr. Irwin." Hermione wiped the sweat from her forehead and proudly said to her opponent, "It should take a lot of magic to control the fierce fire. Now you are no longer mine. Opponent, surrender."

"Don't want me to surrender." Irvin raised his wand angrily, and yelled, "How could I lose to a little girl like you? Avadazo fate!"

In the audience, Ye Ting's pupils shrank suddenly, "It's a killing curse, **** it! How dare he?"

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 152:

He had grasped his wand in his hand, ready to block these terrifying attacks for Hermione at any time.

The Killing Curse is a very evil spell. It is the cruelest of the Unforgivable Curses. It cannot be blocked by the spell. In the face of the Killing Curse, you must either use solid physical defenses to resist it or you can only dodge it.

At this moment, Hermione used the third method.

Like diverting Li Huo's attention, Hermione once again figured out a way to block the Killing Curse with living creatures.

Without thinking about it, she used Transfiguration on the nearby gravel,

turning into a big dog when she was old, and slammed in the direction where the Killing Curse flew.

The pale green light immediately swallowed the big dog, and the next moment the big dog died unexpectedly and turned into a dead dog.

However, the green light only diminished a little, and it still flew in Hermione's direction.

However, with the big dog alleviating the situation, the surrounding rocks were turned into small animals by Hermione: kittens, mice, and rabbits all pounced on the Killing Curse.

Finally, after killing a flying mouse, the killing curse finally disappeared.

And Hermione reacted immediately.

A coma curse quickly hit Irvin's body, and he threw him away and fainted to the ground.

Item 0213

The process of this international wizard duel contest is quite tortuous and dramatic.

First, a girl who was only 14 years old and still in the third grade, actually passed all the way and reached the final with a superb magic level.

Then, before the final, the girl's opponent actually proposed to open up the black magic restrictions in the final and claimed. If he is not open, he would rather admit defeat.

You know, this is quite unfair to girls, because Hogwarts basically does not teach black magic, and a girl is still in school, it is impossible for a girl to learn black magic-this is a rival to him Favorable rules.

Moreover, this is also an opportunity to win without a fight.

However, unexpectedly, the girl gave up winning without a fight and agreed to the opponent's request.

In the final, the girl will appear very calm and composed in the face of powerful black magic, no matter what the spell is, he will be resolved by his impenetrable defense and excellent on-the-spot response. Even fierce fire can only let the girl fall temporarily, but can't beat her.

Under such circumstances, her opponent was exhausted because of the frequent use of powerful black magic.

When everyone thought that this girl was about to win, the angry opponent actually disregarded the rules and the law. In front of thousands of spectators, he used the Killing Curse, one of the Unforgivable Curses, on his opponent.

Fortunately, the girl beautifully blocked the killing curse and immediately knocked down her opponent.

After that, something more dramatic happened.

The girl's opponent in the last game, Steve Graves actually stood up and announced that, as the magic security director of the Magic Congress of the United States, his trip was actually to capture a suspect, and Hermione's opponent Emil Barryborn is the suspect. He is actually a murderer who secretly killed dozens of wizards.

And Hermione would rather open the black magic restrictions in the game than give up the finals, just to control his opponent in the finals and prevent the suspect from escaping.

Then Auror from the United States found a lot of evidence of his murder in Emil's body and luggage, and even his future murder plan. In the plan, he decided to get a good place in this competition, and then passed the secret. The way to meet fans, kill a few wizards who are alone.

All of this made the audience shudder. They were thankful that the Aurors had discovered this murderer, and that Hermione had captured him in the arena.

Therefore, while becoming the youngest duel champion in history, Hermione also became the hero who captured the dark wizard. Hermione is famous, and the audience present can't thank her enough.

The American Auror is also very grateful for her contribution, and countless wizards have become her fans.

However, Miss Know-it-all is obviously very uncomfortable with this situation.

After celebrating her victory in the game, she immediately returned to her home in Muggle World, away from the bustling crowds and reporters.

After Hermione's game was completed, it was already the end of July, and now Ye Ting had to deal with another girl.

Penello Crevat, the school sister has now graduated, and her N.E.W.T. test results have also come out, and now, this girl is thinking about employment.

Ye Ting once invited a girl to be the owner of his alchemy shop, but at that time the girl shrugged off and said that she should think about it and wait for the results to come out.

However, before Ye Ting took the initiative to contact Penello, Owl sent a letter from the girl. The letter mentioned that the girl ran away from home.

It seems that she is in trouble.

So Ye Ting hurriedly changed into Muggle clothes, didn't even bring Fei Ju, snapped his fingers, and Apparated and disappeared at home.

Ye Ting had been near Penello's home, and her home was in a Muggle community in London.

Penello is a mixed-race wizard, her mother is a witch, and her father is a Muggle.

The delivery owl came from the girl's home, but obviously, after running

away from home, the girl would not stay at home again.

Therefore, when he appeared at the door of Penello's house, he had to use tracking magic to find Penello's trace.

Of course, ordinary tracking magic cannot accurately find Penello's position in the vast crowd, but Ye Ting has his own set of methods.

In the world of Harry Potter, there is a three-tiered knight bus in the wizarding world of England. This kind of bus will come to any witch or wizard who is in trouble and send him where he wants to go-no matter

Does this wizard know the existence of the Knight Bus?

The principle of the Knight Bus uses the Ministry of Magic's monitoring network for wizards' wands, although this monitoring network is not very useful. But at least it can, determine the location of all the wands-of course, it can't determine which location is which wand-plus some predictive and detective spells, you can use the wand to find every wizard in trouble. .

And Ye Ting invaded the magic wand monitoring network of the Ministry of Magic, using a detection spell similar to that of a knight bus, and then on top of it. Adding some of the changes made by the person himself, and screening the detected targets, it is easy to find the location of Penello.

When he found Penello, the girl was sitting alone on a chair in a park, carrying her own luggage. At the same time, a young policeman was asking her, Penello's face was very ugly, what He refused to talk to the police.

Ye Ting immediately stepped forward, snapped his fingers, and the police immediately fell into a confusion curse.

"Sorry, this is my girlfriend, she came to visit from Scotland, but when she missed the car!" Ye Ting casually gave an excuse as usual.

"Oh...oh, I see, it's getting dark now, young people like you don't stay out

too late, go home early."

The eyes of the confusing policeman immediately became confused, he answered a few words vaguely, and then walked away.

After he left, Penello couldn't restrain himself immediately, rushed forward and hugged Ye Ting's arm. Ye Ting found that her eyes were a little red.

It seemed that she had some conflicts with her parents and seemed to cry for a long time.

Although Penello is an intellectual and gentle girl, she is very strong and assertive deep in her heart.

Probably because she and her parents have different views on future arrangements.

Ye Ting looked at the girl tenderly, and wisely did not take the initiative to ask the reason why the girl ran away from home, but reduced her luggage for her.

"You ran away in a hurry. Haven't had dinner yet, come with me!"

Ye Ting took Penello out of the park and stopped a taxi casually.

Item 0214

Soon, the taxi took them to a western restaurant.

The appearance of the restaurant is very simple, and the location is quite low-key, but Penello only discovered after entering that, in fact, the decoration of this restaurant is very luxurious and it seems that the grade is not low.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 153:

Generally speaking, the cost of this kind of place is very high.

This made Penello a little uneasy.

Ye Ting was keenly aware of it, and he smiled: "Are you doubting the

financial resources of a master alchemist?"

He pulled Penello forward, and a young waiter greeted him immediately.

However, what made Ye Ting quite uncomfortable was that after the other party saw him, he actually asked him: "Kid, where is your family?" Penello, who was still frowning just now, was immediately amused by the sound of "pouch."

Ye Ting certainly hopes Penello can be happy, but in this way...

He was a little angry, rolled his eyes, and said to the waiter, "There are no family members, only me and my girlfriend are here."

When talking about his girlfriend, Ye Ting obviously felt that Penello, who was holding his hand, stiffened.

However, the waiter did not start to take him to find a place. Instead, he walked forward, with a bitter attitude, and persuaded: "My kid, this is a high-end restaurant, but it's not something a child like you can consume. You Let's go outside and play."

Penello's laughter grew louder, and Ye Ting seemed a little irritable. He said to the waiter: "You haven't been a waiter before. If I were you, I wouldn't use this tone to entertain guests. I want you to call you. Is your manager coming?"

As soon as the manager was mentioned, the waiter didn't dare to be troublesome. He respectfully said, "Mr. and Ms., what are your surnames? What kind of position do you want to sit in?"

"My surname is Ye," Ye Ting said, and then pointed to Penello. "This lady's surname is Crevat. We want to sit in a quiet corner."

"Okay, Mr. Ye, and Miss Crevat," the waiter led the two in the restaurant.

"There is a good spot in the corner over there, and you can see the night view of London by the window. please follow me."

After sitting down, Ye Ting gave him a tip of twenty pounds. On the one

hand, he was satisfied with the position he chose, and on the other hand, he was also telling him that he could afford to pay.

Seeing such a tip, the waiter became more enthusiastic. He quickly poured tea for them, and gave the menu to Ye Ting, enthusiastically introducing them to the latest dishes.

Ye Ting casually ordered one, and then looked at Penello on the opposite side. When he saw Penello's hesitant expression, he said to the waiter:

"Her share is the same as mine."

Then he pointed to the red wine on the menu and asked, "There is this one, shouldn't it be a problem?"

In fact, according to Ye Ting's age, he could not drink red wine at all, but the waiter hesitated again when he saw the Romani Conti ordered by him. It was a luxury product worth tens of thousands of pounds per bottle.

After leaving for a while, he gave an affirmative answer.

The light in the restaurant was very dark, and a waiter came up and lit candles for them, and the atmosphere immediately became ambiguous.

The first dish served was the appetizing cold-cut Italian air-dried beef.

Although it was not as good as the Hogwarts food, it tasted good.

However, Penello seems to be unaccustomed to eating. Obviously, she has rarely eaten in Muggle restaurants.

The second course is French onion soup, followed by lobster in cheese sauce, grilled steak, etc. All dishes are served on one end.

While eating, a pianist played the piano in the restaurant, not classical music, but the more popular Richard Clayderman piano music, which made the candlelight dinner atmosphere more romantic.

All this made Penello's mood a lot better, and she finally began to talk about what happened in her house a few days ago and why she ran away

from home.

It turned out that in the N.E.W.T. exam, Penello got excellent in all ten exams.

This is too good a result. You must know that at the Ministry of Magic, even the most difficult Auror to apply for has only five excellent N.E.W.T. exam requirements.

In other words, Penello who has obtained this result can basically apply for any department of the Ministry of Magic.

For this, Penello's parents are very happy, even as a Muggle father, they hope that Penello can work in the government department of the wizarding world.

In their minds, this is the highest level of work, and they are even looking forward to Penello becoming the head of the department, or even the Minister of Magic in the future.

However, Penello naturally had her own opinions. She wanted to be closer to Ye Ting, and wanted to take care of his alchemy shop for him at Ye Ting's invitation.

However, in the eyes of the Klivat couple, being a store manager is certainly a good job, but where is the reputation of being a civil servant in the Ministry of Magic?

So the contradiction arises.

Neither parents nor daughter could persuade anyone. The argument that lasted for several days left Penello exhausted. She was sad that her parents could not understand her, so in the end, she had no choice but to run away from home.

"Sorry, it's all because of me," Ye Ting looked into Penello's eyes with some reproach, "If it weren't for my invitation, you wouldn't fall out with your parents, I'm really sorry."

"No, it's not your fault." Penello took another sip of the red wine-although she was still uncomfortable when she first drank it, now Penello is quite proficient in drinking-Wei Wei He smiled and said, "This is my own choice. Anyway, your alchemy works are so good. The shop will be very good when you open it. My future income will definitely be much higher than that of the Ministry of Magic. Choose to go to the Ministry of Magic."

Ye Ting knows that the real reason is of course not this. Penello himself is not a girl who cares about money very much. Ye Ting has learned about this from three years of getting along with her. Therefore, his talents are Penello and The real reason for the parents falling out.

"Anyway, thank you for choosing me." Ye Ting had another drink with Penello. He took a sip, but Penello drank it all, and then she poured another drink for herself.

Ye Ting frowned, Penello drank a little too much.

Of course he would not believe that the other party drinks so much because he likes to drink red wine.

This young girl seemed to be addicted to the red wine because of the events of the previous few days. She typically used wine to dissipate her sorrows, her expression dimmed as she drank.

While drinking, Penello complained to him in a low voice, tears could not help but began to flow again, the girl really had a bad life these days.

After hesitating for a while, Ye Ting persuaded: "Otherwise, you can drink two glasses less."

"No, I can still drink." Penello looked at the night view outside the window, drank another one, then turned to Ye Ting, his autumn eyes looked at him deeply, and his cheeks were blushing.

"Now, I'm homeless," she suddenly looked a little pitiful and whispered, "I

don't know where else to go except you."

Her words, like a flash of lightning, hit Ye Ting's heart.

Yes, the girl in front of her left her home for him, she can no longer do more for him.

"My home is your home!" Ye Ting looked at Penello's eyes seriously, "You can live with me, and my door will always be open for you."

Penello looked at Ye Ting steadily, and then nodded with tears in his eyes.

The final dessert was vanilla chocolate ice cream, however, even this did not make Penello's mood better.

She drank the last bit of red wine in a depressed mood, and then immediately went to the restaurant with Ye Ting's support.

Because using the Apparition to drunk Penello would make her even more sad, Ye Ting took her to the Broken Cauldron Bar and returned home through Floo fans.

Tonight is indeed a long night, and many things will happen.

Item 0215

The next morning, Penello woke up from the bed in a daze. However, when she stretched out her hand next to her, she found that the person lying next to her had disappeared.

"Ting? Where are you?"

This situation caused the girl to immediately open her eyes and suddenly wake up.

She leaned forward and looked around, looking for a familiar figure.

She worried that everything last night was just a short dream.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 154:

"What? Thought I left secretly?"

The bedroom door was suddenly pushed open. Ye Ting walked in with a bowl of porridge. He looked at Penello, who was panicking, and said gently: "You have been asleep for a long morning. It's time to get up and eat. I will cook for you. Bowl of red bean porridge, this is our Chinese traditional food, which is good for girls' health."

It turned out that he didn't leave without leaving anything alone. He made breakfast for me.

Penello looked at Ye Ting, who was smiling at her with a bowl, and was moved.

However, when she found that Ye Ting's eyes were falling on her, she immediately pulled up the quilt and wrapped her body, and said shyly:

"Can't you turn your head?"

"Obviously, I've seen all the places I should see last night."

Ye Ting thought the girl's reaction was very interesting. Although it was the first time, she had to say that she was quite enthusiastic and proactive last night.

Perhaps, this is the reservedness of girls, even the relatively mature Melisandre in the world of a song of ice and fire will still be a little uncomfortable when she sees Ye Ting the next morning.

"Little slacker, it's time to get up. There are still a lot of things to do today. We need to go to Diagon Alley. The shop has already been bought, but it still needs to be renovated and the fly road network is laid. As the owner, you have to go with me."

Ye Ting sat on the bed, while talking, spooned a spoonful of porridge, blew it a little, and fed it into Penello's mouth.

Faced with Ye Ting's feeding, Penello seemed very shy. She dodged twice, but still opened her mouth under Ye Ting's strength.

Helpless Penello had to complain.

"What, treat me like a kid."

However, if someone can see her eyes, they will find that the smile in the girl's eyes is obvious.

After a while, Penello drank a whole bowl of porridge, and it seemed that the exercise last night was a bit violent.

But it's no wonder that although Penello is the first budding, Ye Ting, who has been in the world of a song of ice and fire for two or three years, is already an old driver.

"I have put your clothes in the cupboard." Ye Ting reminded, "Hurry up and change your clothes. Today's schedule is relatively quick."

"Before that, do you want to leave first?" Penello pulled the quilt to block his chest, blushing and urged Ye Ting.

However, Ye Ting, who had always looked a little "straight", now played a rogue.

"Don't do it." He sat on the side of the bed confidently, "There is no shame between us, right? Haven't we already seen all the places that should or shouldn't be seen."

"You!" Penello couldn't help Ye Ting at all, so he had to hide in the quilt and sulking.

However, Ye Ting still sat unmoved by the bed.

After annoyed for a while, Penello had no choice but to get out of the bed and open the cabinet.

He could feel a blazing gaze hitting her, which made her feel quite uncomfortable. She had to keep telling herself that it was just to form a habit for the future.

Then, she felt a pair of familiar hands from behind to the front.

"You... what are you going to do?" Penello was so nervous that he couldn't say anything. "Let go... let me go... I have to change... change

clothes."

"Ah, this is not in a hurry for the time being." Ye Ting's voice sounded from her ears, and her ears could feel the hot gasp, "You were satisfied last night, but I'm still holding it back."

"But... but... there... there is still some pain..." Under the shyness, Penello's skin was already pink. Although the touch of the other party made her feel a little moved, the physical discomfort made Penello. Luo squeezed out the words of refusal.

"Is it?"

There was a chuckle in the ear.

Then there was a snapping sound.

"Healing as ever."

The power of the healing spell made Penello no longer hurt, and her body immediately softened and fell into a familiar and warm embrace.

Then...

Peng!

There was a muffled sound.

Penello's delicate body fell on the bed with another body.

Then there was the sport that made her more addicted.

...

...

When Penello woke up softly in this bed, it was already afternoon.

There was still no one around.

Penello struggled to get out of bed. At this time, her legs were still a little soft.

It is no wonder that even though she has some of the power of the giant dragon, she is still no match for Ye Ting, who can evolve infinitely, in terms of physical fitness.

In this way, she came directly to the mirror in the most primitive state.

What kind of beauty is in the mirror, her face is beautiful, her face is ruddy, her body is long and beautiful, her skin is good as if it can drip, and there seems to be water in her eyes.

Thinking of what happened just now, she still blushed a little, and then suddenly smirked again.

Immediately afterwards, the sound of the doorknob rang again.

Ye Ting pushed in again.

As a result, Penello covered himself reflexively and looked at Ye Ting nervously.

"What's wrong?"

Obviously, seeing Penello who reacted fiercely, Ye Ting was a little confused.

"That..." Penello said haltingly, "We're not here anymore, okay? I really can't take it anymore, my legs are already a bit soft."

"What can't you come?" Ye Ting said, with a smirk, "So you think so?"

Really, it's the first day...Uh, I'm here to remind you to wear clothes, time It's a bit late, and the owner of the shop is still waiting for us. We will leave in a while!"

"It's not you yet, it's endless!" Ye Ting's backlash made Penello anger, she had no other care, and hurriedly picked them in the closet.

It took a while before Penello was properly dressed.

In terms of makeup and appearance, witches are no different from ordinary women.

After that, Penello took Ye Ting's hand skillfully.

With a snap of their fingers, the two came to Diagon Alley through Apparition.

Ye Ting chose the location of the shop in the middle of Diagon Alley. The

shop area is not very large, but this is not difficult for Ye Ting. After all, he is very proficient in the Unmarked Extension Curse.

Do you like this site? Donate here:

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 155:

The original owner of this shop was a very old wizard. The shop originally sold fine furniture. Every piece of furniture was exquisite and all magical objects. Such furniture is generally very expensive, and ordinary wizard families would never buy such furniture. They are more inclined to find raw materials and use magic to make their own furniture. It doesn't matter if they are not magic items, and those who can consume these furniture are generally pure-blood families that have been passed down for many years.

However, in recent years, with the rise and fall of Voldemort, the situation of various pure-blood families has become more and more difficult, which has also made the survival of this shop more difficult.

Finally, the old wizard decided to close the shop and transfer it to someone else.

After Ye Ting came here, the old wizard hurriedly took the balance from him, and left without saying a word.

Chapter 0216 Quidditch World Cup

With the help of magic, the shop was quickly renovated, and after only one night, the whole shop became a completely new environment.

With the help of Wuhen Extension Curse, the area of the shop has been expanded several times.

The store is full of shelves, and the side of the store entrance is a counter.

Penello usually needs to stay there, waiting for customers to choose satisfactory alchemy items and pay for the payment.

Behind the counter is a fireplace, which has been connected to the Floop network, and Penello can return to Ye Ting's home through the fireplace. However, apart from decorating and providing alchemy items, Ye Ting did not give Penello any other help.

Even with regard to the pricing of all alchemy items, when will the store open and when will it take a break? Everything was handed over to Penello, and the girl gained considerable freedom to operate.

Or, to use the girl's own words, Ye Ting is simply too troublesome and wants to be a handy shopkeeper.

But in fact, Penello was so happy.

She herself is not a girl who has no opinion, on the contrary, she is both smart and capable. Without Ye Ting's interference, she arranged the alchemy shop very appropriately.

However, although Ye Ting did not take the initiative, he still brought great help to the business of the alchemy shop.

After walking in the Ministry of Magic for a while, his "foul name" began to spread throughout the Ministry of Magic and even the elites of the British wizarding world.

And what began to spread with him was his superb magic skills and ability to make alchemical items.

With a bell and a flying broom, Ye Ting caused huge trouble to the entire Ministry of Magic. So these wizards can imagine, do other magic items he made also have powerful functions?

So after hearing that Ye Ting intends to open a magic item shop, all the well-informed wizards paid attention to it.

After this YC (YeandClearwater) alchemy shop opened, daily business immediately became endless.

Ye Ting has accumulated three years of alchemy works, and almost half

of them were purchased in a week. This is because the price is relatively expensive.

Penello himself believes that even if it is a failed product or an experimental product, every piece of Ye Ting's work is still a fine product, and of course it is impossible to sell it at a cheap price.

However, even so, many people still come to buy any alchemy product.

As a last resort, Penello had to cut down on the daily shop opening time, and she herself used the extra time to start making some alchemical products under Ye Ting's guidance.

After all, her N.E.W.T. exam included ancient magic patterns and alchemy, and they all got excellent.

And Ye Ting himself would not make large quantities of alchemy items just because he wanted to sell more money. His original intention of opening this shop was only to deal with some unnecessary waste and experimental items. For this reason, spending more time making alchemy items is totally outweighed by the gains, so it would be better to use this to cultivate your own little girlfriend.

...

In a blink of an eye, most of August has already passed.

The Quidditch World Cup match has already begun, and Ye Ting's match for Zhang Qiu's Irish team is not lost. If you don't need to stay in the shop, Penello will also accompany Ye Ting to watch the match. .

At first, Penello sometimes complained that Ye Tingming was already her boyfriend and paid too much attention to other girls. But soon, because she was too tired to get out of bed, she eventually never mentioned it again. NS.

In fact, Penello was mentally prepared for such a thing. Ye Ting has always been different from other people around her, his genius, his

achievements, his mature way of doing things, etc. Everything that excels seems to be that he is a different kind of outlier, but it is his uniqueness that gradually attracted Penello.

After constantly getting along with Ye Ting, Penello gradually realized that ordinary morality could not be restrained at all, nor was it suitable for such an alien.

Moreover, Ye Ting had also mentioned it to him. Regarding the lifespan of the dragon Animagus.

The life length of the dragon is far longer than that of human beings.

In such a long and endless life, if you don't have enough companions by your side, you will be lonely and lonely. Can turn ordinary people into lunatics, after all, they are not born longevity species.

This is another reason that prompted Penello to accept this fact.

Compared with Penello, Hermione Granger rarely goes to the scene with them to watch the game, because now she is too famous, in the crowded Quidditch match scene, she often encounters fanaticism Fans surrounded themselves.

The strength of the Irish team is indeed impressive, and after Zhang Qiu joined, they became even more powerful. They passed through all the way and reached the final with a complete victory.

And Zhang Qiu, who is only 15 years old, also resounded throughout the wizarding world as the youngest Quidditch World Cup player in history.

She is not only young and beautiful, but also very skilled. Every game can catch the Golden Snitch in a very short time and end the game.

Following the International Wizarding Dueling Competition, a super genius girl has also emerged in the Quidditch World Cup, and these two genius girls are all from Ravenclaw College in Hogwarts.

This time Hogwarts became famous in the world, and Ravenclaw College

surpassed Gryffindor for a time and became the most popular college in the eyes of little wizards in the UK. This made Professor Dumbledore And Professor Flitwick had an unstoppable smile on their faces for a long time.

...

He also joined the Bulgarian team when he was still in the magic school. Victor Krum, who participated in the Quidditch World Cup, was soon suppressed by Zhang Qiu. He was even older than Zhang Qiu. He was three years old, and although his performance was excellent in the second year, he was far worse than Zhang Qiu.

And her flying broom, which can't see the model, but whose performance far exceeds that of Firebolt, also became famous with her.

We have teams and reporters who want to know, what is the model of this flying broomstick? Which company made it? Who is the designer?

However, none of this can be answered.

Later, under the disclosure of Mr. Ludo Bagman, Director of the Sports Department of the British Ministry of Magic, Ye Ting's identity emerged.

As a well-known alchemist in high-level circles, Ye Ting's ability to design and manufacture flying broomsticks was immediately spread out, and then Penelope fell out of luck, and countless people came to her shop every day. Asked whether he would accept reservations for flying broomsticks. However, how could Ye Ting have the mind to make flying broomsticks by outsiders? Therefore, they are destined to be disappointed.

In the end, the endless stream of visitors forced Penello to temporarily close the shop.

However, soon, the Quidditch World Cup final is approaching.

Item 0217

After some fierce competition, Zhang Qiu and his Irish team finally reached the final. Their opponent was the Bulgarian team, and Zhang Qiu was facing the 17-year-old Victor Krum.

Both Penello and Hermione Granger will come to watch this game. In addition, Ye Ting's current neighbors, the Weasley family, will also be there. In addition, Sirius Black and his friends who have regained their innocence will also be present. Remus Lupin will also bring Harry Potter to participate.

Through Ludo Bagman's relationship, Ye Ting got enough Quidditch World Cup final tickets early.

When Ye Ting brought the two girls to the game through the door keys, Ludo Bagman was waiting there to greet him.

"Hello, Mr. Ye," Ludo greeted the boy immediately after seeing the boy with a flattering smile, "You came really early, oh, look, I'm ready for you. For the final ticket, your seat is in the front box, where you can clearly see the wonderful performance of your little girlfriend in the final... Uh." In fact, there is a reason for Ludo to be so courteous. Some time ago, it was because of his weak tone that he revealed the fact that Zhang Qiu's broom maker was Ye Ting, which brought Ye Ting and his alchemy shop. Caused a huge trouble.

However, when he took the initiative to hand Ye Ting a carefully prepared box ticket and said a bunch of flattering words, he found that as he finished speaking, Ye Ting looked at his eyes very badly.

Immediately afterwards, he discovered that the two girls beside Ye Ting suddenly embraced one of Ye Ting's arm and stared at him viciously.

Ludo immediately realized what he had said wrong.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 156:

He actually mentioned in front of the two girls that the other girl was Ye Ting's girlfriend, which stabbed a hornet's nest.

Ludo understood what it was like to be jealous for a woman.

"Um... I have something else... There is something wrong with the Bulgarian player lounge. I'm going to deal with it and leave first." Seeing that the situation is not good, he hesitated and found an excuse to leave.

"Wait—" Ye Ting's cold words made his body froze.

"Also... Is there anything else? Mr. Ye."

"I heard that Mr. Bagman is taking a stake in this Quidditch game, right?"

"Yes...yes, Mr. Ye," Ludo Bagman was instantly excited when it came to the gambling game, regardless of how he angered Ye Ting just now, "Mr. Ye wants to bet something? I have convinced him. Roddy Pontenet bet me that he said Bulgaria would score the first goal, and I set him high odds because I took into account that Ireland's No. 3 striker is the best I've seen in all these years. ; Little Agatha Tims put down half of her eel farm's stock, betting that the game will last a week. In addition, Mr. Weasley just bet only one Jin Jialong, my God , If everyone treats him like this, how can the gambling go on, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes," Ye Ting gave a sneer, "I think about it, I'll bet that the Irish team will win. Not only will they lead the score, but Qiu Zhang will be the first to win the Golden Snitch and end the game."

"In other words, you bet that the Irish team can lead by more than 150 points?" Ludo asked, the Golden Snitch itself is 150 points.

"Yes."

"Then the amount?" Ludo looked at Ye Ting expectantly.

"Ten thousand gold gallons."

Ye Ting took out a heavy dragon skin pocket and threw it into Ludo's hands, almost making him unable to pick it up.

"Ten thousand gold gallons!" Ludo exclaimed, "This is the biggest bet I have ever received. Very good, very good...Is anyone else wanting to bet?"

Penello and Hermione looked at each other, and everyone took out a gallon.

Penello's money is the income share of the alchemy shop during this time, and Hermione's money comes from the prize money of the International Wizarding Dueling Competition.

"I gambled with the same result as him," Hermione pointed to Ye Ting and said.

"Me too."

"Oh, let me see... the total bet of five thousand two hundred gallons is really generous, ladies, but Ireland is the favorite to win the championship, and Qiu Chang is also recognized as better than Victor Krum. Golfers, so the odds are not too high, but since you also bet on the points difference, so..."

Ludo Bagman quickly drew out his notebook and quill, and scribbled the names of the three.

"It's done."

Ye Ting took the small piece of parchment that Bagman handed him and stuffed it into the pocket of his robe.

"So respected sirs and ladies, I wish you all a good time here." With that, he left in a hurry.

"Why are you betting such a large amount?" After watching Ludo Bagman leave, Hermione looked at Ye Ting suspiciously.

"In order to teach him a lesson." Ye Ting curled his lips. "Whoever makes him keep talking, I just want him to lose a lot of money."

Ye Ting was referring to Ludo's disclosure that Ye Ting made Zhang Qiu's

flying broomstick.

But obviously both Penello and Hermione were wrong, they thought of what had just happened.

"Isn't this to blame you?" Penello groaned. "If you want to see a girl, I like one."

However, her words suddenly angered Hermione.

"Obviously and Ting knew me first." Hermione brought up the topic that had been bothering her recently, "Why did you live in his house?"

"Emotions are not something that whoever comes first will win." Penello blinked at Hermione. "Learn something, junior girl!"

"Damn it!" Hermione was a little mad, she also wanted to go further with Ye Ting, but with her obvious personality, it was impossible to take the initiative to live with Ye Ting.

The girl's dispute made Ye Ting a little helpless, so he had to clear his throat and divert the girls' attention.

"Ahem, stop talking, we have to set up our camp as soon as possible."

"I know, I know."

Hearing Ye Ting's reminder, the girls immediately agreed and stopped arguing.

Obviously, in the relationship, Ye Ting is in a relatively strong position. Although he is an active attacker at certain stages, he is on the whole passive side, which allows him to deal with the girls' relationship more strongly. contradiction.

Soon, the tents were set up. Although the Apparition and Floo fans are convenient ways to travel, they still chose to set up tents on the spot instead of living at home. This is because the girls feel that they live in the surrounding area. The competition scene where other people's tents are used will have a more competitive atmosphere.

Of course, there is a mobile fireplace in the tent that connects to Ye Ting's home.

Since the gathering place of the wizards' tents is actually a Muggle camping area, the use of magic is prohibited nearby.

However, this could not be difficult for Ye Ting. On the one hand, such a ban had basically no binding effect on him. On the other hand, although Hermione and Penello would not be able to cook without magic, there were still someone responsible for taking care of them.

Of course this person is a clockwork demon, Oriana.

In fact, outside of Hogwarts, Oriana has become accustomed to being Ye Ting's assistant and nanny. After Penello lived at Ye Ting's house, she and the other two girls gradually got to know Oriana. The presence.

Although the appearance of such a mechanical life is indeed very magical, but because Ye Ting himself often does something unprecedented in history, there is such a mechanical maid in his house, and girls are not surprised.

However, the only thing that makes them more mind is that the maid actually calls the boy "Dad"

Item 0218

After setting up the tent, they soon ran into acquaintances nearby.

This is normal, in fact. The Ministry of Magic will try to arrange the residences of spectators from the same country in the future, as close as possible, as if wizard tents from Britain would gather in the same place.

The entire circle of British wizards is actually not big.

Soon, Ye Ting met several of his roommates, Terry Bout, Michael Kona, and Anthony Goldstein.

Among them, he also met Newt Scamander's grandson, Rove Scamander, with Anthony Goldstein. The reason is obvious. Anthony Goldstein is

Rove's grandmother, Pol Ponti. A distant relative of Na Goldstein.

They greeted each other, and the roommates also introduced Ye Ting to their parents.

When they first saw Hermione, everyone gathered around and asked Hermione for an autograph. In fact, they couldn't believe it when they heard that their classmate had won the International Wizarding Duel Championship.

However, due to the precedent of Ye Ting's genius, they soon accepted this fact.

"To be honest, I'm a little numb." Anthony complained while chatting with Ye Ting. "First you, then Hermione, then Zhang Qiu. I didn't even know that the classmates around me were so talented. By comparison, I feel like I am a trash."

In addition, he saw the Weasley family, and two friends of Harry and his father.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Ye," Sirius Black greeted him enthusiastically, "and Miss Granger and Miss Klevate, it's nice to meet you."

Because of Ye Ting's reasons, Blake was able to settle the wrongs, so he was very grateful to Ye Ting.

Harry and Lupin also greeted them.

Then there is the Weasley family. Since Ye Ting's family has been neighbors with them in the village of San Catchpole during the summer vacation, they are more familiar with each other.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 157:

In addition to Percy Weasley, after getting the N.E.W.T. results, he got a job in the International Magic Cooperation Department of the Ministry of Magic.

When Percy saw Penello next to Ye Ting, his face immediately paled.

"You... hello, Penello." He stammered, "You... what are you?"

"Oh, hi, Percy." Penello greeted casually, then took Ye Ting's arm, "As you can see, he is my boyfriend."

"Oh--"

There was a roaring sound behind Percy, and you don't need to look at it to know that it must be George and Fred.

"You... this... are you?" Percy's face looked a little ugly, "Ah, yes, you know? I'm now looking for a job at the Ministry of Magic. My boss is Barty Crouch, he Almost ascended to the Minister of Magic."

Speaking of his work, Percy's language immediately became fluent, and when Barty Crouch the old was mentioned, his tone seemed to mention the master of the world.

"By the way, I heard that your N.E.W.T. has gotten ten prizes, but among the new recruits at the Ministry of Magic, I didn't see your name." When he said this, he seemed to have a sense of superiority.

"Oh, yes," Penello yawned and said casually, "That's because I don't want to work for the Ministry of Magic for the time being. My boyfriend opened an alchemy shop to settle me. Well, this month's income. There are already tens of thousands of kalungs."

This number made Percy Weasley's face white and red, red and white, you know, Weasley's family is not rich, and money is always Percy's pain point.

Soon he left dingy.

Um. With so many acquaintances, everyone happily knows the sky.

Everyone talks about Zhang Qiu's ability to join the Irish team and reach the World Cup finals all the way, especially Roger.

At the same time, he regretted that Ye Ting did not participate in the

World Cup.

"We all know that you are the strongest player in the history of Ravenclaw." He looked a bit aggrieved. "I also have to admit that the Irish team played well. Malet, Troy and Moran are all great. A chaser, but if you can play, I dare to say that their previous opponents would never score a point."

"Oh, come on!" Ye Ting shrugged, "The Quidditch movement you know is no longer challenging for me. And Zhang Qiu is on the court? I taught her flying skills, but Helped her transform the flying broomstick. Doesn't her victory represent my victory?"

"Like Miss Granger?" George Weasley asked.

"Like Hermione." Ye Ting nodded.

"So a genius is a genius. He can not only win the championship himself, but also teach others how to win the championship." Fred was full of emotion, "When can you teach us?"

"He won't teach you." George said sarcastically. "You are not a beautiful girl."

"If I were," Fred said with a scratching gesture, and squeezed his throat, "I'm going to be her girlfriend."

"Hahaha."

A burst of laughter broke out immediately around.

As the afternoon passed, a kind of excitement filled the camp like a cloud that could be touched. At dusk, even the quiet summer air seemed to be tremblingly looking forward to it.

When the night shrouded like a curtain over hundreds of eagerly waiting wizards, the last trace of disguise disappeared: the Ministry of Magic seemed to succumb to the inevitable trend, no longer opposing people, and letting those who apparently used magic. Signs popped up

everywhere.

Every few steps, hawkers appearing in apparitions descend from the sky, holding a sign, and pushing a trolley, which is full of weird toys.

There are luminous rose-shaped badges-green for Ireland, red for Bulgaria-and they can scream out the names of the players; there are green high hats decorated with shamrocks dancing in the wind; there are Bulgarian ribbons, The lions embroidered on it can really roar; there are the national flags of the two countries, waving their respective national anthems; there are also small models of firebolts that can really fly; there are statues of famous players for collection, and those small statues can be in you Walking up and down on the palm of his hand, a triumphant style.

When the three of them were walking leisurely through the vendors, Penello bought a dancing clover hat and a big green rose-shaped badge. She was one of the best Quidditch fans of the three. Ye Ting was right. Quidditch now has an indifferent attitude, but what about Hermione? On the one hand, she is not very good at flying. On the other hand, although she likes Quidditch a little bit, she rarely comes into contact with Quidditch news because she has always been in a Muggle family.

However, all three of them bought a small statue of the Irish team's seeker Zhang Qiu. The small Zhang Qiu didn't seem to like to stay in the hands of Hermione and Penello, but was very interested in Ye Ting. Soon, the three statues lined up in a row, lying on Ye Ting's shoulders.

"Well, now I start to hate them." Hermione murmured.

Penello nodded in agreement.

This made Ye Ting a little uncomfortable.

Item 0219

Since Ludo Bagman also arranged the tickets, the boxes of Ye Ting and

the Weasleys were next door.

Mr. Weasley led the way, holding the purchased items in their hands, they walked quickly into the woods along the lantern-lit passage.

They could hear hundreds of people walking around, they could hear shouts, laughter, and intermittent singing. This kind of fanatical excitement is very contagious, and Ye Ting couldn't help but laugh from ear to ear when he heard that even Percy Weasley.

They walked in the woods for twenty minutes, talking loudly and jokingly, and finally came out from the other side of the woods, when they found themselves in the shadow of a huge gymnasium.

Looking around, only part of the magnificent golden wall around the stadium can be seen, but it is obvious that it is almost bigger than the future bird's nest.

"It can hold a hundred thousand spectators." Mr. Weasley said, seeing the shocked expressions on their faces.

"The five hundred staff of the Ministry of Magic have been busy with this for a whole year. Every inch of this place has been casted on the Muggle expulsion curse. During this year, whenever the Muggles approach here, they will suddenly think of a hundred thousand urgent things. Go away... God bless them."

After a while, they squeezed to the nearest entrance, which was already surrounded by many yelling wizards.

"First-class ticket." The witch of the Ministry of Magic at the entrance looked at their ticket and said, "The top box! Go upstairs and reach the top."

The stairs leading to the gymnasium were covered with a purple-red carpet. They climbed up the stairs with the crowd, and finally reached the top of the stairs.

They came to a small box, located at the highest point of the stadium, and facing the golden goal post. There are about twenty purple and gilded chairs here, divided into two rows. But Ye Ting had only three people here, and it seemed that Bagman had tried to get Ye Ting's forgiveness.

And the next door is obviously not like this. The Ron family and Harry's box came in one after another. Mr. Weasley kept shaking hands with people. Those people looked like a great wizard with great standing. Percy hurriedly stood up again and again, looking like he was sitting on the back of a porcupine covered in spines.

When the Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge arrived, Percy bowed too low and his glasses fell to the ground and shattered. He was so embarrassed that he repaired the lenses with his wand, and then sat blankly in his seat. When Cornelius Fudge greeted Harry like an old friend, Percy cast a jealous look at Harry.

Fudge held Harry's hand kindly like a father, asked him about him, and introduced him to the wizard sitting next to him.

"Harry Potter, you know," he told the Bulgarian Minister of Magic aloud—the man was wearing a gorgeous black velvet robe with gold trim and he didn't seem to understand a word of English.

"Harry Potter... Oh, think about it, you should know who he is... It's the boy who escaped from the mysterious man's hands... You must know who he is?"

The Bulgarian wizard suddenly saw the scar on Harry's forehead, and immediately pointed at it with excitement, and murmured loudly in his mouth.

"Fudge, this idiot, he wants to use Harry Potter to expand his influence. It looks like he has gone crazy." Ye Ting explained to the curious Hermione

and Penello, "and, obviously, Bulgarian The Minister of Magic speaks English."

"So, why does he pretend that he can't?" Hermione asked strangely.

"He probably thinks it's fun to make Fudge make gestures." Ye Ting shrugged with a smile.

As if he heard what he said, Fudge glanced and saw Ye Ting sitting in the adjacent box.

Ye Ting smiled coldly at him, and he immediately turned his head like a scorpion stung, looking both angry and scared.

Hundreds of thousands of wizards are taking their seats one after another, and the seats are arranged in a ladder-shaped upwards around the oval gymnasium. Everything here is shrouded in a mysterious golden light, which seems to come from the stadium itself. From their condescending position, the playing field looked as smooth as velvet.

On both sides of the arena are three pitching rings, fifty feet high; to their right, almost parallel to Ye Ting's line of sight, is a huge blackboard with golden texts constantly flashing on it, as if An invisible giant hand scribbled on the blackboard, and then wiped them away.

Those flashing texts are all advertisements for the audience.

Then Ludo Bagman rushed into the next box.

"Are you all ready?" He said, his round face gleaming like a giant ball of cheese, "Minister-can you start?"

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 158:

"You'll start at the beginning, Ludo." Fudge said kindly.

Ludo drew his wand and pointed it to his throat.

"The voice is loud!"

Then he said like thunder, resounding through the crowded stadium. His

voice echoed above their heads, loudly reaching every corner of the stands.

"Ladies and gentlemen... welcome you! Welcome to the 422nd Quidditch World Cup finals!"

The audience burst into cheers and applause. Thousands of flags were waved at the same time, accompanied by the chaotic sound of the national anthem, and the scene was really lively.

On the blackboard opposite them, the last line of advertisement (Bibi Duo-every bite is an adventurous experience!) was erased, and now it shows: Bulgaria:0, Ireland:0.

"Well, less gossip, please allow me to introduce... the mascot of the Bulgarian national team!"

On the right side of the stands was a neat bright red square, and loud cheers broke out at this moment.

Many people leaned out of their seats and saw that a hundred vevas had already slid to the arena. These beautiful women's skin was glowing with bright and soft light like the moon, and their hair was fluttering behind their heads when there was no wind.

The music sounded, Veeva began to dance, Ye Ting felt a seductive consciousness invading his spirit, but the next moment he woke up.

He looked around, everyone was fascinated by the veves, the women were in good condition, but the men's posture seemed unsightly.

Ye Ting looked to the side. Among the people he knew, Harry Potter was standing there with one leg on the wall of the box; Ron made a posture as if he was about to dive from the diving board and stayed there motionless; George He and Fred had embraced passionately, and seemed to be about to kiss; Percy followed Veeva in a funny posture and danced a strange dance.

Mr. Weasley, Black, and Lupin didn't respond much, it seemed they had done some magic on themselves in advance.

"They...what happened to them?" Penello squeezed Ye Ting's hand and asked nervously. He thought these people were crazy.

"This is a veeva, a kind of female elf that can transform," Miss Know-it-all still knows everything. "When they become humans, they are beautiful young women, wearing tulle dancing under the moon on a midsummer night. Infatuated. Their men will forget everything in the world, eat, drink, and sleep. If any unfortunate person joins them while the Veeva dances, they can only dance nonstop until they die exhausted."

For some reason, Ye Ting remembered the mixed-blood Miss Veeva, Fleur Delacour, and her sophisticated enchantment magic that he met in the wizard chess match. He remembered that in the original work, the Delacour sisters also came to watch. After this final, I just don't know if I can run into them.

Chapter 0220 Little Dwarf Gold Coins And Fierce Competition

Penello looked at the ugliness of the men with interest, and even wanted to record it all, and then she suddenly asked curiously.

"Why don't some people react at all?"

She saw several officials from the Ministry of Magic in the box next door, including Ludo Bagman, and they did not do anything exaggerated because of the existence of Veeva.

"In fact, as long as you prepare well in advance, you can avoid most of the influence of Veeva." Ye Ting explained, "It's not the first time for the Bulgarian team to participate in the World Cup. They have experience in dealing with this."

"how about you?"

"Of course it's because my will is firm."

Finally, the music and dancing stopped, and everyone's weird movements froze immediately.

The stadium was full of angry roars, and people did not want Veeva to leave.

"Now," Ludo? Bagman's voice sounded like a Hong Zhong, "Please raise your wand into the air... Welcome to the mascot of the Irish national team!"

Immediately afterwards, with only a whistle, a huge green and gold thing flew into the gymnasium, like a big comet. It flew around the hall, then divided into two smaller comets, each rushing to a group of goal posts.

An arched rainbow suddenly appeared across the arena, connecting the two shining big balls. The exclamation of "Oh oh yeah" erupted from the crowd, as if watching a firework show. At this time, the rainbow disappeared, and the shining **** connected and blended together to form a huge, dazzling clover, which rose high into the air and began to hover above the stands. Something fell from above with a crackle, like golden raindrops--

The clover hovered over people's heads, dropping huge gold coins on their heads and seats. Ye Ting squinted his eyes and observed the clover carefully, and found that it was actually made up of countless little people wearing red vests and moustaches, each of them carrying a small golden or green lamp. It's an Irish Leprechaun.

People cheered and scrambled arbitrarily, or went under their seats to pick up gold coins.

"Don't be ashamed of them," Ye Ting glanced at Harry and the Weasleys who kept stuffing gold coins in their pockets, hats and other containers next door, and the Weasleys, reminding the girls: "These are small The gold coins of the dwarves will disappear in a short time."

"Really?" Hermione picked up a gold coin and looked at it curiously. "I thought it was strange just now. Who would give away money to others?" The huge clover disappeared, and the dwarfs slowly fell to the opposite side of the veils on the arena, sat down cross-legged, ready to watch the game.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, a warm welcome-the Bulgarian national Quidditch team! Let me introduce to you-Dimitrov! Ivanova! Zograf! Levsky! Vokanov Volkov! Next is-Krum!"

Seven fuzzy green figures flew to the arena.

"Now, please welcome-the Irish National Quidditch!" Bagman shouted loudly, "It's-Connolly!"

A figure in green clothes riding on a flying broomstick flew into the arena from an entrance below. He flew so fast that he couldn't see clearly. He won the enthusiastic applause of the Irish team's supporters.

"Ryan!"

The second figure in a green robe swishes out.

"Troy! Mallet! Moran! Quigley! And—and—and—Miss Qiu Zhang!"

"It's her, it's her!" Penello and Hermione shouted loudly, and Ye Ting heard the next door also exclaimed.

Ye Ting looked at Zhang Qiu who was flying with the team members. Compared with a few weeks ago, she is still cute today, but after riding on the broomstick, she immediately changed her original gentle temperament and became confident and awe-inspiring. , Her beautiful black hair is tied into a chic ponytail, even girls will be attracted to her now handsome.

Seven fuzzy green figures flew to the stadium. Their flying broomsticks were all "Firebolt", but only Zhang Qiu's broomstick was different.

Next came referee Hassan Mustafa, who released the ghost fly ball,

wandering ball and the golden snitch.

With a whistle, the referee lifted off with the ball, and the game began.

"Ah, he—he—he—they set off!" Bagman screamed, "This is Malet! Troy! Moran! Dimitrov! Pass to Malet again! Troy! Levsky Moran!"

The level of the Quidditch World Cup far surpasses the Quidditch Cup at Hogwarts. The speed of the players is incredible—the chaser keeps passing the ghost ball to the other players, so fast, Bagh Man only had time to give out their names.

The three Irish chasers were galloping close together, Troy in the middle, slightly ahead of Malet and Moran, and the three approached the Bulgarian players together.

Then, I saw Troy pretending to rush up with the ghost flying ball, leading away Bulgarian chaser Ivanova, and then throwing the ball to Moran.

Volkov, one of Bulgaria's batsmen, hit the flying ball with a short stick in his hand and hit it towards Moran; Moran drew down, dodges the ball, and threw it. The ghost fly ball, Levsky hovering below caught the ball, but in a blink of an eye, three Irish chasers flanked on three sides and had to pass the ghost fly ball barely.

Troy grabbed the Guifei ball and rushed to the goal of the Bulgarian team

"Troy scored a goal!" Bagman shouted loudly, and the audience cheered and shook the stadium. "10:0, the Irish team is ahead!"

The little dwarfs who watched the game on the sideline rose into the air again, forming the huge shimmering clover again. The Veeva on the opposite side of the field looked at them with a gloomy expression.

The Irish team's chaser is superb. They cooperated seamlessly and their movements were very coordinated. It seemed that they could see each other's minds. Within ten minutes, Ireland scored two more goals and

rewritten the score to 30:0, which caused the supporters in green clothes to cheer and cheer. Cheers.

The competition has become more intense and cruel. The Bulgarian batsmen Volkov and Vukanov used the strength of the milk to hit the wandering ball towards the Irish chaser and tried to prevent them from adopting some of the best offensives. They were forced to disperse twice, and in the end, Ivanov finally broke through their lineup, avoided goalkeeper Ryan, and scored the first goal for the Bulgarian team.

This time it was Veeva's turn to dance and celebrate, and it caused chaos in the audience. Even the players were affected. When Veeva stopped dancing, the Guifei ball was in the hands of the Bulgarian team again.

Item 0221

Suddenly, an accident happened to the seeker.

The one hundred thousand wizards held their breath and watched the two seekers-Krum and Zhang Qiu-falling fast among the chasers. They were so fast, as if they had jumped off the plane without a parachute. .

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 159:

"They are about to fall to the ground!" Hermione exclaimed.

She was only half right-at the last second, Victor Crewe suddenly stopped diving and was about to rise again, but Zhang Qiu was a step faster than him, and her broomstick instantly changed from downward to upward, and then She flew towards Krum's head.

Seeing that the two were about to collide together, Krum changed direction in a panic. As a result, he stalled due to the sudden change of direction and fell heavily to the ground with a bang that could be heard throughout the stadium. There was a lament from the seats of the Bulgarian spectators.

But Zhang Qiu hovered and flew away as if nothing had happened.

"Clever girl." Ye Ting exclaimed, "Krum was doing a fake move, but he was tricked by the Qiu general and turned against the routine once."

"The game is suspended," Mr. Bagman yelled. "The well-trained on-court doctor rushed to the arena to check Victor Krum's injury."

Just now, Krum wanted to use Ronsky's fake action. He didn't see the Golden Snitch at all. He just wanted Zhang Qiu to imitate him, but Zhang Qiu was confident that his observation power was far superior to Krum, so he didn't. Believe that Krum found the Golden Snitch and saw Krum's trick at a glance, so she calculated the time, and when Krum was about to dive and climb, she suddenly attacked and occupied the position above Krum.

Krum suddenly changed direction at such an extreme moment, already quite reluctant, but in the face of the sudden obstacle, he had to dodge again, such hastily continuous change of direction caused a stall, and the result was just like just now.

Now, Zhang Qiu doesn't seem to use a flying broom at all. She flies freely in the air, as if she doesn't have to rely on anything at all, she is as light as a feather.

The doctor on the field was feeding Krum to drink some drinks. Krum slowly recovered his strength. Zhang Qiu was walking in circles on top of Krum's head, scanning the field below a hundred feet. He is using Krum to recover his strength to find the Golden Snitch without any interference.

Finally, Krum stood up. Amid the loud cheers of the supporters in red, he mounted his firebolt, kicked it and jumped into the air. His recovery seems to have given the Bulgarian team new confidence.

After another tense and intense fifteen minutes, the Irish team scored ten

more goals. They are now leading by 130:10, and the game has become unscrupulous.

When Malet rushed to the goal post again with a ghost ball under his arm, the Bulgarian goalkeeper Zograf flew out to meet her. Everything happened too quickly, but Musta blew a long, piercing whistle before he realized that he had committed a foul.

"Mustafa reprimanded the Bulgarian goalkeeper for hitting-too big an elbow!" Bagman said to the clamoring audience, "Ah-yes, the Irish team made a free throw!"

Just now, after Malet was bumped by the opponent's goalkeeper, the dwarfs rose into the air like a group of shiny bumblebees, and now they quickly formed the words "Ha! Ha! Ha!" together. The Veeva on the opposite side of the field jumped up, flicked their hair angrily, and began to dance again.

"Look at the referee!" Suddenly, Hermione giggled.

Ye Ting looked at the arena below. Hassan Mustafa has landed in front of the dancing Veeva, his behavior is very strange. He flexed his limbs, showing his muscles, and stroked his beard excitedly.

A doctor on the field blocked his ears with his fingers, rushed into the field, and kicked Mustafa's calf a few times. Mustafa seemed to come back to his senses and looked particularly embarrassed. She was yelling at Veeva. Veeva stopped dancing and looked very unconvinced.

Immediately afterwards, the game has now reached a fierce intensity, and the batsmen on both sides behaved mercilessly: Volkov and Vokanov, in particular, did not care whether the stick hit the ball or the person.

Just swagger and fight desperately. Dimitrov rushed straight to Moran who was holding the ghost ball, and nearly knocked her off the broom.

"Foul!" the Irish supporters shouted in unison. They all stood up, forming

a huge green wave.

"Foul!" Ludo Bagman's magically amplified voice repeated the two words, "Dmitrov hurt Moran-deliberately flew over and crashed-will definitely be sentenced to free throws-no Wrong, the referee blew the whistle!"

All the dwarfs rose into the air again, and this time they formed a giant hand and made a very rude gesture towards the Veeva on the other side of the field.

When Veeva saw it, she suddenly lost control. Instead of dancing, they flew up across the arena, and began to throw handfuls of flame-like objects at the Leprechaun. They are not beautiful at all now. Instead, their faces elongated and turned into pointed bird heads with sharp beaks, and a pair of long, scale-covered wings emerged from their shoulders—

Wizards and officials from the Ministry of Magic flooded into the arena, trying to separate Veeva from the Leprechaun, but with little success. At this moment, the following fierce battle is no less than the game played above.

"Look at Zhang Qiu!" Ye Ting suddenly shouted.

Zhang Qiu swooped down suddenly, and Ye Ting's eyes swept to be sure that this was definitely not a fake Ronsky, this time it was true, because he also saw the golden figure.

At this time, half of the audience realized what was going on. The supporters of the Irish team stood up again, and once again set off a green wave, screaming to cheer their seekers... But Krum followed closely, and the two swooped down again--

"They are about to fall to the ground!" Hermione screamed.

"No!" Penello shouted.

"No, Krum will!" Ye Ting made a decisive decision.

He was right. Zhang Qiu shook his broom, shook it in front of Krum, blocking his vision, and then suddenly turned, Krum could not dodge, and fell heavily to the ground for the second time, a group of angry veevas Immediately swarmed up.

"Where's the Golden Snitch, where is the Golden Snitch?" shouted Ron, who was sitting next door.

"He caught it-Krum caught it-the game is over!" Harry yelled.

Zhang Qiu lifted up into the air lightly, raising his fist high, a golden light appeared between his fingers.

The scores flashed on the scoreboard, Bulgaria: 10, Ireland: 320, and the audience did not seem to realize what was going on. Then, slowly, as if a jumbo jet was accelerating, the voice of the Irish team's supporters became louder and louder, and finally there were countless shouts of joy.

"The Irish team has won!" Bagman, who likes the Irish team, shouted, seeming to be a little dazed by the sudden end of the game. "Our genius girl caught the Golden Snitch. The Irish team won. Oh my God, she was only fifteen. Years old, but no one thought she could do such a great job in the game!"

Krum was surrounded by a group of doctors on the field, and his teammates were all around him. They shook their heads and looked dejected.

Not far from the side, the Irish players were dancing with joy. Their mascot, Leprechauns, ecstatically walked around the arena, throwing showers of gold coins at them. Flags were waving everywhere in the stadium, and the Irish national anthem sounded from all directions.

Veeva returned to their original beautiful appearance, but one by one looked downcast and sad.

Item 0222

"Now, the Irish team members are accompanied by their mascots around the field, and the Quidditch World Cup trophy has been sent to the top box!" Bagmanhorn said in a bell-like voice.

The top box was magically illuminated so that all spectators in the stands could see the situation inside the box. Two panting wizards carried a large golden cup into the box and handed it to Cornelius Fudge. Fudge still looked unhappy, because he gestured for nothing all day, trying to make the Bulgarians understand him.

"Let us applaud warmly and welcome the gloriously defeated Bulgarian players to the stage!" Bagman shouted.

Seven defeated Bulgarian players went upstairs and entered the box. The audience below Jijiyi applauded and cheered, expressing their appreciation. Ye Ting saw the lenses of countless panoramic telescopes gleaming towards them.

The Bulgarian team members walked between the two rows of seats in the box one by one, and when they took turns shaking hands with his minister and Fudge, Bagman shouted everyone's name. Krum still looked very embarrassed, and his blood-stained face had two dark circles under his eyes that were particularly eye-catching. Once he fell on the ground, his movements seemed less coordinated. His two legs are a little bit out of character, and his shoulders are obviously bent forward. It seems that Zhang Qiu's two interference actions caused him to fall miserably.

Then came the Irish team members. Seven players in green and silver uniforms approached the box one by one. Zhang Qiu was at the end. Ye Ting noticed that she was still holding the golden snitch in her hand, and when Krum saw her, He frowned immediately, and his body shook involuntarily.

When Bagman reported Zhang Qiu's name, the entire stadium gave her

cheers far surpassing her teammates, and her performance in this round conquered everyone.

Troy and Zhang Qiu were arranged to raise the trophy. When the audience burst into thunderous applause and cheers, Zhang Qiu also grinned and smiled, especially when she saw Ye Ting next to her, she winked at him. , Her lips moved slightly, Ye Ting could recognize it through her mouth, she was saying, "Keep me the door tonight".

Finally, the Irish team left the box and rode around the field on a broomstick.

The wonderful Quidditch World Cup final ended in this way, and Ye Ting walked downstairs with the two girls.

Soon, they were surrounded by the tide of people leaving the gymnasium and returning to the camp. As they walked back down the passage illuminated by lanterns, there was a rough singing in the night sky, and the little dwarfs kept flying above their heads, waving the lanterns in their hands, and quacking and laughing.

Finally, they finally reached the tent, and the exhausted Hermione and Penello immediately returned to their rooms. At this time, they could still hear the singing and strange crashes from the other side of the camp, echoing in the night sky for a long time...

In order not to irritate Miss Zhang and Miss Granger, Ye Ting generally does not live in the same room with Penello in front of them.

Ye Ting remembered Zhang Qiu's "secret language". It is estimated that after the Irish team won the championship, there will be a celebration banquet in the team, so Zhang Qiu should be later.

So he sat by the fire at the entrance of the tent and picked up a book to pass the time.

About an hour later, he heard footsteps and voices, and when he looked

up, he saw Zhang Qiu's Irish team chaser Malette assisted and fell and stumbled towards him.

"Autumn was so happy today. I drank a lot of wine at the party," the witch said. "She doesn't drink well. After getting drunk, she kept arguing to see you, so Mr. Bagman asked me to send her. Yes, then I will hand her to you, Mr. Ye, our party is not over yet."

Because Ye Ting often went to the Irish team to visit the team before, so the entire Irish team knew him.

"Leave it to me." Ye Ting nodded and took the drunk Zhang Qiu into his arms.

After sending Zhang Qiu to the place, the witch went back and continued to attend their party.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 160:

"Hehehe," Zhang Qiu, who was full of alcohol, cleverly threw himself into Ye Ting's arms, took a deep breath, and said delicately, "It's still the most...the most comfortable here. I'm really exhausted today. "

"Really?" Ye Ting helped her and sent her into the tent. "It's really hard for you today. You played well."

"Right? Really?" The drunk Zhang Qiu began to cry, "I also think I played well, my opponent is so... so stupid, he (er) he actually wants to play tricks... cheat I (uh), my genius... is the beautiful girl Zhang Qiu... so good to deceive?"

She would actually say that she is a genius and beautiful girl, and her personality changes when she gets drunk.

"Yeah, you are a genius and beautiful girl, Zhang Qiu, how can a Krum be your opponent?" Ye Ting touched her hair and coaxed, "When the awards were just presented, I found Krum just saw you. Shake."

"This...I like to listen to these words, award...reward you, don't you—"

Zhang Qiu smiled and gave Ye Ting a drunken kiss, and then continued to brag, "This stupid... idiot, I just use a little trick... Just let him fall twice...two somersaults (uh), am... am I very smart?"

"Yes, yeah, Xiao Qiu is the smartest." Ye Ting helped Zhang Qiu lie down on the bed, hesitated, took off her coat and shoes, and pulled the quilt to help her cover her body.

However, just when he wanted to pour a glass of water, Zhang Qiu got up from the bed and entangled him again.

"Woo, don't go!" Zhang Qiu hugged Ye Ting's waist and leaned his head on Ye Ting's back, "I want you to accompany...speak to me."

"Um, I'll pour you some water," Ye Ting helplessly grabbed her hand and wanted her to let it go, "I'll be back soon."

"No...no!" Zhang Qiu looked a little childish at this time, "I won the championship today...the championship, so (uh), you have to listen to me."

"Well, today you are the princess," Ye Ting really had no choice but to sit on the side of the bed, "I listen to you everything."

He used a flying curse to summon hot water, a cup and a towel.

Then, she fed her a glass of water and wiped her face, neck, and ears little by little. He grabbed her little hand and wiped her a little bit.

"Eh heh, you still treat me well," feeling a lot better all over, Zhang Qiu relaxed and fell into his arms. "Why are you so good to me?"

"Because Zhang Qiu is very cute." Ye Ting said casually, and wiped her thighs again, um, white and tender—he definitely had no idea of taking advantage.

"Uuuuu, so comfortable." Zhang Qiu curled up comfortably, watching Ye Ting in a vaguely smile, "I know you like me, in fact, I all... know that I

am also the same... the same, me, the most I like Ye Ting."

Item 0223

This made Ye Ting a little moved, but her next sentence made him embarrassed.

"Ye Ting is...all good," Zhang Qiu said in a childlike tone. "He is handsome and...smart, and he also takes care of a little stupid, a little...inferior me, and he also praised me all the way... Champion, so I like Ye Ting the most, but...but Ye Ting likes a lot of girls."

"This..." Ye Ting didn't know how to pick it up.

"But, no... it doesn't matter, I still like Ye Ting the most."

Zhang Qiu, who shrank into a ball like a kitten, fixedly looked at Ye Ting's face, suddenly turned over, pounced on him, and pushed Ye Ting down on the bed.

"What do you want to do? Don't mess around when you are drunk." Ye Ting felt a little bad.

However, Zhang Qiu didn't pay attention to Ye Ting's words, and still said to himself.

"Today I am so... my wife is so happy, because I won the World Cup! Before I knew you, I never thought I could do this! Really, thank you so much, Ye Ting!"

"Don't thank me, you have this potential yourself, and you have worked hard to reach this point." Ye Ting, who was suppressed by Zhang Qiu, said blankly, "So can you let me go?"

"No...no!" Zhang Qiu shook his head, "I don't want it! I...I want to thank you...I want to tell you...I...I like you! I am no worse than that old woman!"

"So when did you know it?" Ye Ting suddenly felt that these girls were really hidden and very difficult to deal with. "How come Penello is an old

woman at the age of eighteen! And, you...you What are you doing?

Don't... don't undress here!"

However, Zhang Qiu, who had been taken off by Ye Ting's coat, suddenly became completely naked.

"Why is the action unexpectedly swift at this time?" Ye Ting wanted to put on some clothes for Zhang Qiu, but the opponent's body immediately suppressed him.

This is not because her strength is greater than Ye Ting. To be honest, although Zhang Qiu has improved her physical fitness due to the influence of the dragon, it is still incomparable with Ye Ting on the whole.

However, it was not the powerful power that made Ye Ting unable to move at once, but the attractive and wonderful body of the girl, and...

"Hmm... I got it." Zhang Qiu's voice was a little surprised, "Is it true that boys are like this? It's bigger than expected."

"Hey! Who taught you these things!" After being caught, Ye Ting only has the power to verbally counterattack. "It always feels like you have planned it."

"It's Mary... Maraeta," Zhang Qiu awkwardly grabbed the boy's clothes and broke the news. "She said... said that you can't lag behind those... those old... women and little fairies... First... do it first, and if you can't get... courage (er), then... just drink some wine... and then you can do whatever you want."

"Damn Marietta, teach my Zhang Qiu badly." Ye Ting said angrily, but he was a little bit happy in his heart.

The drunk Zhang Qiu was really clumsy and couldn't do anything with Ye Ting's shirt. As a result, she became anxious impatiently, and then tore it hard.

Just hearing a "tear" sound, the shirt became two halves.

"Hey, hey, how can you undress like this!" Ye Ting felt a little painful, and he began to regret giving the girl so much strength.

However, it was too late to talk about this now, and Zhang Qiu stretched out his clutches to his pants again.

"Well, forget it, let me do it myself." For the sake of the safety of his pants, Ye Ting had to take the initiative to release the restraints, and then he lay on the bed with a little nasty fun, ready to watch the girl what to do next.

Who knows, the girl's next operation made him completely at a loss.

As Ye Ting completely lay down, Zhang Qiu just straddled his waist like this. However, perhaps she felt a little uncomfortable to sit. The girl adjusted her position uncomfortably, trying to find a comfortable sitting posture.

Such friction is really...

I can't bear it at all—

Next, the girl suddenly leaned over his chest, put her hands on the bed, and then wanted to press her lips against him.

It's a pity that drunkenness caused her to completely deform her movements, which is simply chewing his mouth.

No way, Ye Ting had to take the initiative by himself.

After a while, the girl finally couldn't hold her breath, got up, and smacked her lips with satisfaction.

"It turned out to be... this kind of feeling." The girl licked her lips unexpectedly, the action was like a kitten, but when Ye Ting wanted to do it again.

"Why... why are you so proficient?" she asked dazedly.

Blind student, you found Huadian.

wrong.

Maiden, have you seen "White Album" too?

Ye Ting was again extinguished by her sudden sentence, but the girl's next sentence made her breathe a sigh of relief.

"No...no, I want you to teach me."

So the girl leaned forward again, and the two of them tried again and again as if they were playing games, and as if they were practicing.

Finally, the girl's eyes became confused, and her breathing became a little quick. Suddenly, she thought that she hadn't done business yet.

Her hands fumbled and finally grasped the key point, then she sat up and began to find the right position.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 161:

Once, it failed.

Two times, it failed.

Three times, it failed.

...

The inexperienced girl couldn't do anything about it, but it made Ye Ting a little angry.

"Hey, can you do it?" Ye Ting wanted to rebel against the guest, but was immediately suppressed.

"I can do it!" the girl said capriciously, "I am the Quidditch World Cup champion... the army, what can I... can't do?"

"Okay," Ye Ting sighed, "Then you come by yourself, don't regret it then."

"I won't... I won't regret it (Uh)."

"It will hurt."

"I'm not afraid of pain!"

"I won't be able to get up the next day."

"Don't you have... a healing curse?"

Why are you so witty this time.

Ye Ting persuaded that he couldn't, so she had to make a fool of herself.

Then, after stumbled and tried several times, Zhang Qiu finally found the position.

Then she took a deep breath and sat down abruptly.

Blood oozes out.

The girl's tears almost came out.

"Uuuuu, it hurts."

She looked at Ye Ting pitifully.

Ye Ting had no chance to feel anything, he had to cast a healing spell on the girl first, and then talk about enjoyment.

Then, the girl with the head iron continued to move like this, as if she learned how to ups and downs without a teacher.

However, her movements are still slightly inexperienced.

Soon, some dissatisfied boys began to rebel against the guest...

The long night.

Item 0224

Although the drunk Zhang Qiu changed his usual shyness and became unusually active, because it was the first time, coupled with his drunkenness, he fell asleep after only one.

Ye Ting was left alone, but there was nowhere to start holding her.

He had to lie on the bed, looking at the top of the tent, watching occasionally a little dwarf flying above with a lantern, passing a flash of light, listening to the Irish people's joyous sound on the other side of the camp, and unknowingly sinking into it. Dreamland.

In the middle of the night, Ye Ting suddenly woke up, and his keen perception made him feel that something was wrong. The voice in the

camp changed. The singing stopped, and he heard the sound of exclamation and the sound of people running in a panic.

Ye Ting suddenly remembered that after the Quidditch World Cup ended, the Death Eaters made a big fuss at the World Cup scene.

He hurriedly shook Zhang Qiu beside him, hurriedly put on her clothes, and then went to the other two rooms to wake Penello and Hermione.

The four quickly dressed up and gathered in the living room.

"What's wrong? Why did you call me up suddenly?" Zhang Qiu asked sleepily. Last night, she was the most tired one.

"There seems to be some accident outside." Ye Ting said, "You hurry home with Floo powder, it may be a little unsafe here."

"Really, I want to spend a while with everyone in the morning." Penello complained and walked to the fireplace, grabbed a handful of Floo powder, and threw it into the burning fire.

"Go, go," Ye Ting persuaded, "You continue to sleep, I will go and see what happened."

Although the three girls were a little reluctant, they returned to Ye Ting's home with Floo fans one after another.

After watching the girls disappear, Ye Ting walked out of the tent, took out his magic wand and tapped the tent. The tent immediately contracted automatically, and then folds continuously, and finally turned into a roll the size of a water cup.

Putting the tent into the bag, Ye Ting began to observe the surroundings.

With the flames of a few fires still burning, Ye Ting saw people running towards the woods one after another, as if escaping from something moving towards them on the camp. The thing gleamed weirdly and made a gun-like sound. Loud sneers, wild laughs, and drunken screams all moved towards them.

Ye Ting looked around. It turned out to be a group of wizards huddled together. Everyone pointed their wands upwards, pushed forward together, and slowly moved on the field.

Ye Ting squinted his eyes and looked carefully, their heads were wearing hoods and their faces were covered with masks. Above them, four struggling figures floated in the air, twisted into various weird shapes, as if the masked wizards on the ground were puppet manipulators, and the few above them were marionettes. Controlled by the invisible rope rising from the wand into the air. Two of them are very small.

More wizards joined the advancing team, laughing loudly, and pointing at the floating bodies. As the parade continued to grow, the tent was crushed. Once or twice, Ye Ting saw a parade lighting a tent on the side of the road with a magic wand. Several tents were on fire. The scream became louder.

Looking up, Ye Ting recognized four Muggles floating in the air. They were the camp manager, his wife and children. A marcher below used a magic wand to turn the caretaker's wife head down. The woman's pajamas fell down, revealing a lot of fancy panties, and the crowd below screamed and booed happily, struggling to cover her body.

"It's boring." Ye Ting said disdainfully, looking at the youngest Muggle kid-the kid started to spin like a top 60 feet above the ground, his head tilted to this side and suddenly. Crooked over there.

Ye Ting is quite disdainful of these wizards who rely on magic to bully Muggles for their pleasure. They claim to be noble than Muggles, but they do bullying and fear hard work. If they really dare to initiate a full-scale war against Muggle society, or Through the control of the Muggle government through the Imperius Curse, Ye Ting can still look at them, but bullying the Muggle civilians who have no power to bind the

chicken...It is really boring.

Going further, Ye Ting saw some acquaintances. Harry, Ron, and the twins were running out with Ginny. The same was true for other classmates. Some Ministry of Magic staff members he knew were desperately trying to rush in and approach the middle. Those wizards who wear hoods have encountered great difficulties. It seemed that they didn't dare to do any magic, for fear that they would fall down the Roberts family.

The colored lights that illuminate the entrance to the gymnasium have now been extinguished. There were some dark figures staggering in the woods, children were crying, nervous and anxious shouts and voices echoed in the cold night sky around them.

On the side of the road, a group of boys and girls in pajamas huddled together, arguing noisily. When Ye Ting passed by, a girl about eleven years old turned around and quickly said, "Where is Mrs. Maxim? We can't find her anymore—"

This caught his attention. Of course he knew Mrs. Maxim, who was the principal of the French School of Magic, Boothbarton.

So Ye Ting looked at the girl. The girl had a delicate and lovely face and silver curly hair. Her appearance made Ye Ting a little familiar, so he walked forward and asked in French: "Hello, little sister, you What is your name?"

Maybe it was his appearance that gave the girl a lot of goodwill, and the girl answered without thinking.

"Gabriel," she looked at Ye Ting with wide eyes, and asked pitifully,

"Gabriel Delacour, big brother, do you know where Mrs. Maxim is?"

"I don't know where Mrs. Maxim is, but I can take you to find them," Ye Ting touched the girl's head. "Your sister is Fleur Delacour, right?"

"You know my sister," the girl's eyes lit up, looking at Ye Ting with some expectation, "Are you also sister's suitor?"

Wow! How many suitors does Furong have? Why does his sister see a man who knows her sister and think that he is a suitor of her sister?

"No, I didn't pursue Furong," Ye Ting shook his head and explained, "I only met her once, in the international wizard chess competition in the previous two years."

"You are... Brother Ting Ye!" Gabriel looked at Ye Ting curiously, blurting out his name.

Do you like this site? Donate here:

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 162:

"Eh, how do you know my name?" Ye Ting felt a little strange.

"Because my sister often mentions you." Gabriel shook her head and said,

"Since I came back from that game, my sister has often mentioned your name, and you are still an Asian, so it's obvious, isn't it? I have always treated you very much. Curious, because my elder sister has never cared about a boy so much. But after seeing your real person, I suddenly felt that my elder sister has a really good vision and my eldest brother, you are so beautiful."

"Yes...Is it? But boys can't be described as beautiful." Ye Ting looked at Gabriel, who was a little ghost, and felt a headache. The little girl always focused on strange places.

Chapter 0225

Now that he agreed to take the little girl to find the teachers and students of Booth Barton, Ye Ting grabbed the girl's hand and looked around.

Don't get me wrong, the handle is not meant to take advantage. It's just that there are too many people around here, and it's easy for the little girl

to get lost without holding hands.

However, before long, the little girl complained.

"Uuuuu, big brother, I can't walk anymore."

Ye Ting looked back, and saw Gabriel looking at him with tears in her eyes, with anticipation in her eyes.

"Big Brother, please, please help me." The girl grabbed Ye Ting's hand with both hands and begged with a sway.

Looking at Gabriel's cute face and her pitiful look, Ye Ting felt that he couldn't refuse.

So he knelt down and motioned for Gabriel to lie on his back.

"Thank you, big brother." Gabriel happily jumped behind Ye Ting, and put her arms around his neck.

Ye Ting supported her little **** with both hands and carried her on his back.

However, the girl didn't think there was anything wrong with you, instead, her whole body leaned on Ye Ting's back.

There was a strange feeling behind Ye Ting, but since the girl was only eleven, it was not too obvious.

It took a while before Ye Ting suppressed the fire that was set off by Zhang Qiu at the beginning, and continued to walk back and forth in the crowd.

After seeing the group of Death Eaters in black robes, Ye Ting deliberately avoided them.

For the time being, he didn't want to provoke this group of people.

Although he was not afraid of Death Eaters, this group of people was like stinky shit. Secondly, Ye Ting believed that the teachers and students of Busbarton led by Mrs. Maxim was definitely not in the direction of Death Eaters. For the safety of Busbarton's students, Mrs. Maxim will definitely

send them to a safe place again.

They would be stupid enough to run in the direction of the Death Eaters, except for the Death Eaters' comrades, there are only those Ministry of Magic members who want to solve this group of troubles.

However, sometimes if you don't ask for trouble, trouble will come to you.

Ye Ting was suddenly recognized when he was a marcher.

"Look! It's Ting Ye!" Some of the Death Eaters pointed at Ye Ting and shouted, "It's that famous Mudblood!"

The Death Eaters are all followers of Voldemort. They are fanatical purebloods. One of their goals is to purify the wizard race, so that the pureblood wizards can regain their dominance. Ye Ting and Hermione are of Muggle origin. All of the wizards are the objects of their hostility.

Especially Ye Ting is not only a wizard from Muggle, but also has achievements. This is tantamount to a vivid example shining there, telling these pure-blood wizards that your theory is wrong. What you call a pure-blood wizard is the best wizard, but no one among the pure-blood wizards can match this. Muggle-born wizards, you are just a bunch of trash.

Therefore, to these pure-bloods, Ye Ting is their thorn in the eye, a thorn in the flesh.

But Ye Ting himself was too powerful. At least Ye Ting's record of killing the basilisk. As well as the battle of the Ministry of Magic, these pure-blood wizards had never dared to provoke Ye Ting, so they had to stay away from him.

However, now they are together, they are very crowded. This gave them some courage, making them as if they were already strong, and daring to stand in front of Ye Ting and provoke him.

"That dirty'mudblood', the Ministry of Magic actually awarded him a medal!" someone shouted in the crowd.

"His existence is a shame to the wizarding world!" someone said loudly.

"Kneel down! Ting Ye!" A Death Eater standing in the front shouted to Ye Ting, "Kneel down and confess to us, and we can spare you!"

"Really? You running dogs of Voldemort, who think that there are too many people, dare to bark in front of the dragon?" Ye Ting dismissed these people and said coldly.

"He said we are running dogs!" someone said loudly.

"I also said that I am a dragon!" another person added.

"He is so arrogant. Kill him!" The Death Eaters were angry. These self-proclaimed noble guys seemed to become inviolable when they got together, feeling ashamed of Ye Ting's insult.

"Let's kill him together." The leading Death Eaters were obviously a little jealous of Ye Ting, but they still gave this order, "Killing a few Muggles is nothing. This is the best warning to the entire magic world."

So the Death Eaters pointed at Ye Ting with their magic wands.

"I feel honored boy. Your corpse will serve as our announcement of our return. Pray to Merlin that she will be reborn as a wizard in the next life!"

"Big brother, I'm afraid," behind Ye Ting, Gabriel was already in tears and hugged Ye Ting tightly.

"Don't be afraid, Gabriel," Ye Ting said softly, "Grasp my neck, close your eyes, everything will be over soon."

The next moment, the magic wands in the hands of the Death Eaters were like platoon guns, shooting out colorful magic, which was like rain. Flew in the direction of Ye Ting.

Gabriel closed her eyes in despair.

"Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping"

The curse drowned everything around Ye Ting, all kinds of curses.

Everything around was torn apart, and the explosion and smoke filled it.

"We killed him!"

"That Mudblood, he was blown to pieces by us!"

"He is nothing more than that, he is blown so strong, but he is just like that in front of me!"

The Death Eaters got up in the cold and laughed happily. The Death Eaters at the head laughed happily because they believed that Ye Ting, who was in Hogwarts, was a Muggle-born wizard who was born against them, so most of them Standing with Dumbledore is a big worry for them, and now that the big worry is divided, it comforts them.

They believe that their master will reward them for this after the resurrection.

However, when the smoke dissipated, they realized that everything was not as simple as they thought.

Because behind the smoke and dust appeared a behemoth almost ten meters long.

This behemoth is majestic and elegant, with diamond-like scales all over its body, a pair of wide wings growing on its back, and its long tail swaying from side to side.

"Yes...it's a dragon!"

"Dragon! He became a dragon!"

"The rumors are true. His Animagus is really a dragon."

The Death Eaters were already panicking. Under their siege, this terrifying beast appeared unscathed in front of them, making them feel deep fear. Facing a wizard and facing a giant dragon are completely different. Two feelings, although the wizard may be stronger than the

dragon, the huge body of the dragon, the sharp minions and the terrible dragon power can completely crush the timid wizard as soon as Gao Gang meets.

In fact, this group of Death Eaters could no longer hold on under Ye Tinglong's might, and they might just rush away at any time.

Item 0226

However, at this moment, it was too late for these Death Eaters to want to escape.

The dragon stirred up its huge wings and produced terrifying wind pressure, causing the surrounding flowers and trees to fall all around, and the torches in the hands of the Death Eaters were also extinguished.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 163:

"You guys angered me." A low and terrifying voice sounded from the mouth full of teeth, "Face the dragon's anger!"

With the vibration of its wings, this huge behemoth rose into the air and flew towards the sky above the crowd.

"Don't be afraid, it's just a fire dragon!" The Death Eaters in the lead shouted loudly, "We can kill him by working together!"

"Quickly curse with eye disease!" Someone also reminded loudly.

However, at this moment, these mobs were completely out of control.

Most of the Death Eaters began to run around in a panic. They wanted to stay away from this terrifying dragon. They were already scared by the dragon. Guts.

With a Gabrielle on his back, Ye Ting didn't fly too high, so he took a deep breath and dived down. At the same time, the dragon's mouth was opened and a fiery dragon's breath was expelled.

Longxi swept across the crowd of Death Eaters in an instant. There were

so many of them, everyone was surrounded by others, so even if they wanted to escape, they couldn't run far away at once.

Swept by this terrible heat and dragon's breath, the crowd immediately turned into lit torches, and they screamed and ran around. However, this can only spread the flame to more people.

Soon, the earth was illuminated, but it was not the lights that illuminated the earth, but the ignited human bodies.

At least hundreds of Death Eaters who participated in the parade turned into a puddle of ashes under this dragon's breath.

However, Ye Ting noticed that the few Death Eaters in the lead saw that the situation was not good, and they had already used Apparition to escape.

Ye Ting let out a cold snort and landed on the ground.

He didn't care about these running away Death Eaters, because as the core personnel of Voldemort's men, they would definitely meet in the future. These people, one by one, are destined to fall under his hands.

Ye Ting changed back to a human form, and he frowned as he looked at the Death Eaters around him who weren't burnt to death and the horrified passersby.

So he took out his wand and waved it around.

"Forget it all."

White light burst out from the tip of the magic wand, and the white light swept across all the people nearby.

The large-scale oblivion curse immediately changed the memories of everyone present. They forgot the existence of the dragon, only remembering that a fire swallowed most of the Death Eaters.

Of course, the leading Death Eaters will not forget, but they dare not take the initiative to speak out, because before Voldemort was fully

resurrected and ruled the wizarding world, the Death Eaters were still the target of the Ministry of Magic's attack. Telling the truth will only expose yourself.

Of course, there is another person who has not lost his memory.

Ye Ting tilted his head and looked at Gabriel behind him.

"Big brother, do you want to use the Forgetting Curse on me too?" Gabriel looked at Ye Ting pitifully, "Please, don't be like this, I promise I won't tell anyone about this."

"Are you sure?" Ye Ting looked at her suspiciously.

"I'm sure!" Gabriel said quickly, "I won't even tell her sister."

"Okay, I will believe you once, if you miss it," Ye Ting frightened, "I will become a dragon and eat you."

"I don't believe it. Big brother must be scaring Gabriel," the little girl said with a small mouth. "Big brother is reluctant to eat Gabriel."

"How do you know that I dare not eat you?"

"Because the older brother was very gentle to me just now. Just now, the older brother turned into a dragon and blocked all the attacks for Gabriel. Then he flew so steady when he flew in the sky. It must be because of Gabriel on his back. Afraid of throwing Gabriel off, right?"

"Ah, yes."

"So I know that Big Brother is reluctant to eat Gabriel, and Gabriel likes Big Brother the most. I will definitely keep a secret for Big Brother."

Um, this little girl, did she grow up eating cute?

The sister is beautiful, and the sister is so cute. Sister Delacour is really foul.

After that, Gabriel began to ask questions on Ye Ting's back.

"Big brother, how did you become a dragon?"

"Big brother, when you were flying in the sky just now, what happened

below, why are so many people screaming?"

"Big brother, how did you meet your sister?"

"Big brother, do you have a girlfriend?"

"Big brother, can I grow up to be your girlfriend?"

"Big brother, do you mind having an extra girlfriend?"

...

Well, the foreword is retracted.

After the Death Eaters' parade was over, the task of finding Busbarton teachers and students became much easier.

Soon, Ye Ting saw a group of people next to a forest. Most of these people were girls. Many of them were wearing pajamas. In addition, there was a big tall woman among them. The crowd stood out from the crowd.

Ye Ting could tell at a glance that she was the headmaster of Boothbarton, the half-blood giant Mrs. Maxim. He had seen her in the previous wizard chess game.

So Ye Ting shouted: "Furong! Lotus Delacour, are you there?"

In the crowd, a beautiful silver-haired girl ran out looking for a sound.

"Ting Ye, it's you, how do you know that I am here?" She looked at Ye Ting with some surprise, but when she saw the little person behind Ye Ting, she immediately screamed.

"Oh, my goodness, it's Gabriel!" She rushed over and hugged Gabriel with Ye Ting. "You found her. I can't believe it. I'm so worried, oh, Gabriel.!" She kissed and kissed the little girl's cheek, and then kissed Ye Ting's cheek again.

Ye Ting could feel that a lot of jealous eyes were cast at Boothbatten's teachers and students.

"Thank you," she put Gabriel down from Ye Ting's back, and said

gratefully to Ye Ting, "It's been a long time since I saw you, you gave me such a great help, I don't know how to thank you anymore."

"It's nothing," Ye Ting looked at her beautiful eyes and shook his head.

"It's all fate, isn't it?"

"Yeah, this is really our fate." Furong met Ye Ting's gaze boldly, her eyes blurred.

"My elder sister is going to grab the eldest brother with me as soon as we meet." Gabrieli pursed her small mouth and whispered unwillingly beside Furong, "Sister is really bad!"

"Gabriel!" Ye Ting and Furong shouted in unison.

Gabriel stuck out her tongue cutely.

Suddenly, in the distant darkness, a huge green sparkling thing emerged.

It jumped up to the treetops and flew into the air.

It was a huge skeleton, made up of countless turquoise star-like things, and a large python emerged from the skeleton's mouth like a tongue. As they watched, the skeleton rose higher and higher, emitting a dazzling light in a cloud of green smoke, like a new constellation against the dark night sky.

Item 0227

The skull mark rose high, like a terrifying neon sign, illuminating the entire woods.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 164:

Screams erupted in the surrounding woods, and even Mrs. Maxim looked flustered.

"What's the matter with them?" Furong looked at the terrified wizards around, a little puzzled.

Young wizards like them have never experienced the era when

Voldemort ruled the wizarding world, so they don't understand what this skull mark represents.

The real name of this skull mark is the Dark Mark. It is a symbol of Voldemort. In that dark age, whenever he or his Death Eaters killed someone, they would leave the Dark Mark on the corpse or house. .

In addition, the Dark Mark is also treated as a Death Eater mark and is burned on the left arm of everyone who joins the ranks of Death Eaters, as a sign of identification.

Whenever Voldemort was strong or appeared around, the mark on the Death Eater's arm would burn like a pain, become clearer, and turn red.

As long as Voldemort presses the black mark on a Death Eater's arm, he can summon other Death Eaters. At this time, they must Apparate immediately and show themselves next to Voldemort and obey the instructions. When a certain Death Eater touched the Dark Mark on his left arm, Voldemort could also feel the call and Apparate to his side.

As soon as Ye Ting explained the issue of the Black Demon Mark to the Furong Sister, he heard a series of puff and puff sounds, and twenty wizards descended from the sky and appeared near them.

Ye Ting recognized that they were both Aurors from the British Ministry of Magic and some other staff, but it was not Scrimgeour who was headed, but Barty Crouch the old.

In the era when Voldemort was fierce, he was the director of the Magic Law Enforcement Department and the boss of the Aurors' superiors, so he was still considered prestigious among the Aurors.

Under the leadership of Crouch, wizards from the Ministry of Magic gathered around.

"Who of you did this?" He asked sharply, his sharp eyes swept back and forth in the crowd, "Which of you has changed the Dark Mark?"

These words surprised everyone present, they were actually regarded as criminal suspects.

"Are you suspicious of us? Batty?" Mrs. Maxim said sharply. "We are all tourists from France. You can't treat us like this!"

"Oh, it turned out to be Mrs. Maxim," Crouch nodded to the half-blood giant. "Yeah. I believe you and the teachers and students of Boothbarton have nothing to do with this matter, but please cooperate with you.

Please don't Leave at will. We are sure that the person who transformed the Dark Mark is nearby."

Then, Batty immediately said loudly to the surroundings: "All the wizards present must stay in place, waiting for the inspection by the wizards of the Ministry of Magic, and before the inspection is completed, no one is allowed to leave the scene using Apparition!"

However, a lazy and casual voice interrupted him.

"It doesn't have to be so troublesome. When the Dark Mark appeared, no one around here had used magic."

"Who is talking!" Barty Crouch, who was questioned, was a little furious,

"Who is questioning the decision of the Ministry of Magic?".

"It's me!" Ye Ting stood up in front of him.

"It's him!"

"That evil star! The one that destroyed the lobby of the Ministry of Magic!"

"Last time I went to see it, the entire lobby was burnt to white ground.

It's terrible!"

"We had twenty or thirty colleagues besieging him, and all of them were sent to Saint Mungo."

Seeing Ye Ting, the wizards of the Ministry of Magic were all shocked, and they immediately started talking.

Several Aurors who had been sent to the hospital by Ye Ting involuntarily stepped back.

"Who are you!" Barty Crouch frowned, staring at Ye Ting and asked,

"How can you guarantee that no one around here uses magic?"

"Me? I'm Ting Ye, a third-year student at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry," Ye Ting stared at him without fear, and said lightly, "As for what guarantee? You can ask the person behind you Those colleagues."

The wizards of the Ministry of Magic immediately rushed to tell Barty Crouch about Ye Ting's series of achievements and achievements.

"That's it." After listening, Crouch looked at Ye Ting with awe and fear. He understood that this is another person who will be of the same level as Dumbledore or Voldemort in the future. On the one hand, he really couldn't offend such a character. On the other hand, a master of magic like Ye Ting said that no one nearby used magic, and his credibility was obviously not low.

"Since Mr. Ye can make this judgment, then we won't waste time here."

He nodded at Ye Ting friendly.

"let's go!"

There was another crackling sound, and the wizards of the Ministry of Magic left their place with apparitions.

"Wow! Big brother is so cool!" Seeing that the fierce wizards had all left, Gabriel immediately adored Ye Ting and threw herself on him.

Furong also looked at Ye Ting in surprise: "They just left? They seem to be... afraid of you..."

"Because I am stronger than them." Ye Ting explained, "Last year Magic wanted to give me some unfair treatment, and as a result, many of them were educated by me."

"That's really..." Furong looked at Ye Ting with some surprise, with a little admiration in her eyes, "You are really amazing, if it were me, I wouldn't dare to do that."

They chatted for a while before Ye Ting left the scene and returned home.

When Furong said goodbye to him, Ye Ting blinked mysteriously at her. "Trust me, the time we meet again must be shorter than you think."

...

The appearance of the Dark Mark has caused a chaos in the wizarding world of Britain.

At the beginning, Voldemort brought considerable darkness to the entire wizarding world. Countless wizards stayed at home and shivered because of fear. Countless wizards were persecuted by Voldemort and Death Eaters. They went crazy and died. The Ministry of Magic almost collapsed. .

Fortunately, the death of Voldemort caused the dark Death Eater organization to fall into silence again. Many Death Eaters were captured into Azkaban. More people were busy separating their relationship with Voldemort, and the wizarding world finally returned to normal.

Today, the Dark Mark appears again. Although it is only a mark, no one wants the wizarding world to return to the era when Voldemort was in power.

In addition, the hundreds of charred corpses left in the camp also greatly troubled the wizards of the Ministry of Magic.

They can vaguely distinguish that these dead wizards are not innocents.

Almost all of them are Death Eaters participating in the parade, or supporters of Death Eaters, but they haven't figured out who made these wizards all there. Died at the same time.

All the witnesses present said that they died in accidental fire or self-immolation, but the wizards of the Ministry of Magic obviously would not believe this conclusion.

However, no matter how they investigate, they get the same answer.

The most useful testimony only mentioned that there was a continuous fire flashing in that sky at that time.

Finally they had to stop this aimless investigation.

What happened that night? The truth of the matter has become more complicated and confusing.

Item 0228

The summer vacation was finally over, and Ye Ting took Hermione and Zhang Qiu on the train to Hogwarts.

Although it was just a simple train to return to Hogwarts, it was a big trouble for the new Quidditch World Cup seeker Zhang Qiu.

After entering platform 9 and 3/4, she was immediately recognized by the little wizards of Hogwarts. All the little wizards were not busy getting on the train, but surrounded her on the platform, just like fans on the plane. Pick up and drop idols in general.

Zhang Qiu was trapped on the platform for half an hour. During this period, she had to shake hands with every little wizard and sign for them.

Those little wizards who got her signature seemed to have got some valuable things. The same, excitedly hid the signature strictly.

It was not until Ye Ting came to the station and separated the crowd with magic that Zhang Qiu, who was sweating profusely, was rescued.

However, this is not the end.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 165:

The three, as well as Zhang Qiu's good friend Marietta, immediately

became crowded outside the cubicle after entering the cubicle. Today, many people like to observe Zhang Qiu and Hermione through the glass, as if at a zoo Observe the animals.

Occasionally, a bold wizard opened the door and asked Hermione and Zhang Qiu for autographs.

Indeed, during this summer vacation, the two girls both showed off, Hermione won the duel competition, and Zhang Qiu was the champion seeker of the Quidditch World Cup, and she was also recognized as the most brilliant in the entire team. Players.

Finally, Ye Ting, who was rather impatient, locked the compartment door with magic. No matter how hard you push it or use the unlocking charm, there is no way to open it, which gives them a trace of purity.

In the small talk, they mentioned what happened in the camp outside the stadium that night.

After that night, Zhang Qiu was immediately picked up home by the parents who hurried to the door, and Hermione also returned home with her, so they did not learn about what happened from Ye Ting.

However, after that night, although the "Daily Prophet" mentioned the accident in the camp and the appearance of certain corpses, the Ministry of Magic was obviously silent about the whole thing that happened at night.

However, Marietta, who was on the scene at the time, only knew the complete truth—her mother worked at the Ministry of Magic and learned some inside information.

"...Those Death Eaters ran away as soon as they saw the black magic.

They apparated one by one, my mother and they had not had time to get close to them and lifted the masks on their faces. However, they caught the Rochess family. , Didn't let those Muggles fall to the ground. Now

their memories are being revised."

Marietta vividly described what happened that night to the other two girls.

"But," Hermione asked curiously, "What do the followers of the Mysterious Man want to do to hang Muggles in the air? I mean, what's the point of this?"

"Meaning?" Marietta said with a laugh, "Miss Granger, you don't understand, that's how they make fun. In the past, when mysterious people were in charge, they killed Muggles half for fun. My mother said They probably drank a few glasses of wine tonight, so they couldn't help but remind us: They still have a lot of people at leisure. They had a nice little party."

Speaking of the back, her tone was disgusting.

"But if they are Death Eaters, why do they apparate as soon as they see the Dark Mark?" Zhang Qiu asked, "They should be very happy to see it, right?"

"If they are really Death Eaters, after the mysterious person loses power, they will do everything possible to avoid being imprisoned in Azkaban, and make up all kinds of lies, saying that the mysterious person forced them to kill and torture others." Really teasing Fei Ju's Ye Ting raised his head and explained, "I bet they are more afraid of seeing the Dark Lord come back than normal wizards. After the mysterious man fell, they denied that they had anything to do with him in every possible way, and lived a normal life again. Life... I don't think mysterious people will be very satisfied with them, what do you think?"

"So... the people who turned into the Dark Mark..." Hermione said slowly,

"Is this to show support for the Death Eaters, or to scare them away?"

"The people at the Ministry of Magic guessed that way, Hermione,"

Marietta said. "But my mother said that only Death Eaters knew how to conjure the mark. She was certain that the person who conjured the mark must have been one before. Death Eater, although it may not be anymore."

The train continued to travel north, and the rain was getting heavier and heavier. The sky was pitch black and the car windows were covered with moisture, so the lanterns were also lit during the day.

There was a quarrel in the cubicle next door, and Malfoy showed everyone Ron Weasley's dress-this semester Christmas, everyone will spend in Hogwarts, and it is said that there is a grand Christmas party, so every little wizard must prepare a dress.

Ron's dress is a very old thing. The lace on the cuffs seems to be moldy, and the style is almost the same as a hundred years ago. In addition, he also mentioned that there will be special events in the college this semester.

"What kind of activity is that?" Zhang Qiu looked at Marietta. Because her mother worked in the Ministry of Magic, her gossiping friend could always bring her some inside information.

However, even Marietta can only spread her hands out: "I don't know what activities will be. When preparing a dress for me, my mother has always been mysterious. By the way, are you ready for the dress? "

"I...I didn't prepare a dress." Zhang Qiu was obviously panicked. She looked at Ye Ting. "Ting said that as a gift for me to get the championship, he is responsible for my dress."

"Mine too!" Hermione blurted out. "He also said that he would prepare a dress for me as a gift for the championship."

The two girls looked at each other in surprise, everyone could see the dissatisfaction in each other's eyes, and then they looked at Ye Ting at the

same time.

Ye Ting didn't expect this incident to be stabbed out now, and he looked a little embarrassed.

"Um... I have designed your dress long ago. It is made by Mrs. Morkin as a tailor. The fabrics are all the best. But it takes a long time and will be delivered to you before Christmas." Ye Tingqian Baba explained, "I just want you to dress beautifully, you know, I still have some confidence in my design."

In fact, it is not a design, but some works taken from the future.

The girls reluctantly agreed with Ye Ting's explanation, but Ye Ting's behavior of sending similar gifts on both sides still made them a little angry. They tacitly planned not to talk to Ye Ting before getting off the car.

The atmosphere in the compartment was immediately embarrassed, only Fei Ju crawling around in the entire compartment as if nothing had happened.

Item 0229

The Hogwarts Express finally slowed down and stopped at Hogsmeade Station in the dark.

The door of the car opened, and there was a rumble of thunder in the air. Hermione wrapped her cloak around Crookshanks, and Zhang Qiu also covered her owl with a robe. They got off the train, bowed their heads and squinted in the downpour. The rain fell hurriedly and violently, as if buckets of cold water were pouring on their heads, until Ye Ting used magic to cut off the raindrops, which made it easier.

In the wind and rain, the little wizards rode in a carriage and set off along the trail leading to Hogwarts Castle, splashing water all the way. However, when they finally came to the dry and bright hall of Hogwarts

from the rain, they were ambushed again, and a big red balloon filled with water fell from the ceiling, on top of Ron, who was standing in the front. exploded.

Twenty feet above their heads, there was the Pepy Ghost who specializes in pranks floating.

He was short, wore a hat with bells and an orange bow tie. He aimed at the target again, the muscles on that naughty wide face tense.

Pippi's mischief was so crazy that even Professor McGonagall couldn't stop him. After Pippi had played enough, the little wizards entered the auditorium.

The auditorium is still so splendid and decorated for Xin Xuesi's banquet. Hundreds of candles floated above the table, shining brightly on the golden plates and goblet. The four long college desks were already full of chirping students.

After the sorting ceremony was over, and after having enough food and drink, it was time for Dumbledore's opening speech.

"Okay!" Dumbledore looked at everyone with a smile, and said, "Now that we have all eaten and drank enough, I must ask everyone to pay attention again. I want to announce a few notices."

"Mr. Filch, the janitor, wants me to tell you that this year, the prohibited items in the castle have added a few more items. They are screaming swimming balls, toothed flying saucers, and combo boomerangs. The entire list includes about 430 Seventeen items can be seen in Mr. Filch's office, and those who are interested can check it."

The corners of Dumbledore's mouth twitched a few times.

He continued: "As before, I want to remind everyone that students cannot enter the forbidden forest on the other side of the venue, and in Hogsmeade Village, students below the third grade are not allowed to

patronize."

"In addition, here, I think it is necessary for us to applaud the two ladies of us."

Having said that, he looked in the direction of the seat at Ravenclaw College.

"The first is Ms. Hermione Granger. In the International Wizarding Dueling Competition held in Paris, France during the summer vacation, she passed all the stages, defeated all the opponents, and won the championship! At the same time, he was the youngest in all previous international Wizarding duel competitions. champion."

There was fierce applause immediately around.

There were cheers from Ravenclaw's seat, and Hermione blushed under everyone's gaze. She stood up, bowed to everyone, and the cheers became louder.

Dumbledore clapped his palms, and the noise immediately stopped.

"In addition," he said loudly, "we also want to congratulate Miss Qiu Zhang, you may all know that in this Quidditch World Cup, she joined the Irish team at the age of fifteen and became them. She is the best seeker of the World Cup and won the World Cup, and she herself is hailed as the best player in this World Cup."

Greater applause and cheers rang out immediately, and someone whistled in Zhang Qiu's direction. Zhang Qiu also stood up and bowed to everyone.

Then, Dumbledore concluded: "Ms. Hermione Granger and Ms. Qiu Zhang conquered the world with their outstanding performance. They are the pride of Hogwarts. What's interesting is that both of them are the pride of Hogwarts. They are girls, and they are all from Ravenclaw College. I have to say, Felius, you are really enviable."

A triumphant smile appeared on Professor Dwarf's face.

"Speaking of Quidditch," Dumbledore continued, "I also regret to tell you that there will be no College Cup Quidditch this year."

"What?" The little wizards were in an uproar, especially Ravenclaw Academy. They thought that with the World Cup champion Zhang Qiu, they would win the Quidditch Cup this semester.

Dumbledore continued: "This is because a large event will start in October and will last the entire school year, occupying a lot of time and energy of the teachers-but I believe you can all have a lot of fun from it. I am very I am happy to announce to everyone that at Hogwarts this year —"

At this moment, there was a deafening thunder, and the door of the auditorium slammed open.

A man stood at the door, leaning on a long cane and wrapped in a black travel cloak. Everyone in the auditorium turned their heads to look at the stranger. Suddenly, a forked lightning flashed across the ceiling, and Hermione gasped.

The lightning illuminated the man's face very vividly, as if it was carved on a piece of rotten wood, and the sculptor had only a vague concept of what the face should be, and the use of a carving knife was not very good. Row. Every inch of skin on that face seemed to be scarred, and the mouth looked like a big slanted opening, but the area where the nose should be raised was missing. And the most frightening thing about this man is his eyes.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 166:

One of his eyes was small, black and shiny; the other eye was big, round like a coin, and it was a bright blue. The blue eye kept moving without

blinking, turning up and down, left and right, completely irrelevant to the normal eye—later, the blue eye turned over and got into the person's head. Everyone can only see a big white eyeball.

The stranger walked over to Dumbledore. He stretched out a hand, and that hand was as scarred as his face. Dumbledore shook his hand, whispered something, and motioned the man to sit in an empty seat to his right.

"Allow me to introduce our new Defence Against the Dark Arts class teacher," Dumbledore broke his silence happily, "Professor Moody." Normally, when the new teacher meets with everyone, everyone will applaud and welcome, but now, apart from Dumbledore and Hagrid, no teacher or student applauds. Dumbledore and Hagrid slapped a few chins, and noticed that the applause echoed lonely in the silent auditorium, so he put down his hands with interest. The others seemed to be stunned by Moody's weird appearance, just staring at him intently. Moody's seemed indifferent to everyone's cold reaction. He ignored the large can of pumpkin juice in front of him, but reached into his travel cloak, took out a curved wine bottle, and took a big sip. When he raised his arm to drink, the cloak he dragged on the ground was pulled up a few inches, and a few inches of wooden prosthetic legs were exposed under the table with a claw-shaped foot underneath.

Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"As I just said," he said, smiling at the many students in front of him—the students were still staring at Mad-Eye Moody. "In the next few months, we will be very honored Hosting a very exciting event, this event has not been held for more than a century. I am very happy to tell you that the Triwizard Tournament will be held at Hogwarts this year."

Item 0230

"The Triwizard Tournament was founded more than 700 years ago. It is a kind of friendly competition between the three largest magic schools in Europe. The three schools are: Hogwarts, Boothbatten and Demster. Lang. Each school selects a warrior, and then three warriors compete in three magic projects. The Triwizard Tournament is held every five years and the three schools take turns to host it. Everyone agrees that this is young wizards from different countries. A great way to build friendship-but later, the death toll was so high that the Triwizard Tournament was interrupted."

"The number of deaths?" Hermione whispered beside Ye Ting, and looked around in amazement.

But most of the students in the auditorium were not as nervous as her, and many people whispered in excitement.

"Over the centuries, people have tried several times to restore the championship," Dumbledore continued, "but none of them were successful. However, the Department of International Magic Cooperation and Magic Sports of the Ministry of Magic believes that we should try again. The time is ripe. We have done a lot of work this summer to ensure that every warrior does not endanger his life."

"In October, the principals of Boothbatten and Durmstrang will lead their carefully selected competitors to come. The ceremony for selecting the warriors will be held on Halloween. An impartial referee will decide which students are most eligible to participate in the competition. The top three cups, to win honors for their school, and individuals can also receive a thousand gallons of prize money."

"I want to participate!" Fred Weasley said in a low voice over the table, and his face was full of excitement at the thought of the possibility of obtaining such honor and wealth.

It seems that he is not the only one who fantasizes about becoming a Hogwarts warrior like him. At every college desk, there were people watching Dumbledore enthusiastically, or whispering excitedly to the neighbors.

But Dumbledore spoke again, and the auditorium became quiet again.

"I know that you are all eager to win the Triwizard Trophy for Hogwarts," he said. "However, the participating schools and the Ministry of Magic agreed that there should be an age limit for this year's competitors. Only those who are over seventeen. Only students aged seventeen years or older are allowed to sign up for consideration. We feel,"

—Dumbledore raised his voice slightly, because some people protested in anger after hearing his words, and the Weasley twin brothers suddenly became angry—"This measure is very necessary because of the competition. The project is still very difficult and dangerous. No matter how many preventive measures we take, students under the sixth and seventh grades will never be able to deal with it. I will guarantee that no student under age will deceive our fair referees to become Hogwar.

Warrior of Cinz."

His blue eyes flashed meaningfully when he glanced over the rebellious faces of Fred and George, "So, if you are under seventeen, I beg you not to waste time applying."

"The delegation of Boothbatten and Durmstrang will arrive in October and spend most of the school year with us. I know that when our foreign guests stay here, you will all behave well. Warm and friendly, and once the warrior of Hogwarts is finally selected, you will support him or her wholeheartedly. Okay, it's not early now. It is very important for you to walk into class tomorrow morning with energy and clarity. Go Go to bed! Hurry up!"

Dumbledore sat down and turned to talk to Mad-Eye Moody. In the dining room, the ping-pong-pong-pong-pong-pong sounded like a crack, and the students stood up one after another, flocked to the two opposite doors, entered the foyer, and returned to the lounge.

Due to his outstanding performance, coupled with the achievement of the Quidditch World Cup champion, Zhang Qiu was selected as Ravenclaw's new female prefect, and he and another boy took the young men back to Ravenclaw's tower.

Before going to bed, Hermione found Ye Ting in the common room.

"I have decided," she said with her head held up, looking at Ye Ting, confidently, "I want to participate in this Triwizard Tournament."

"Really?" Ye Ting looked at her amusedly, "but you are only fourteen years old this year, and you haven't met Professor Dumbledore's requirements."

"There will always be a way," Hermione said. "Although I don't know who the fair referee who judges the Warriors will be? But I don't think it will be Dumbledore. I think a drop or two of ageing agents will work. NS."

"But Dumbledore knows that you are not old enough." Ye Ting reminded.

"Yeah, but he doesn't decide who is a Warrior, right?" Hermione said cleverly. "It seems to me that this referee, as long as he knows who wants to participate, chooses the best from each school. Yes, he doesn't care how old they are. Dumbledore wants to prevent us from signing up."

"You have some truth," Ye Ting smiled and asked suddenly, "What if I personally compete with you for the Warriors?"

Hermione was stunned by this, she obviously hadn't considered the situation.

However, if Ye Ting also participates in the selection of the Warriors, then it is clear that among the students of Hogwarts, he is the only one

who can win in the end-even including the professors, no one can be stronger than him.

However, Hermione just thought about it for a second and then laughed:

"Oh, come on, I don't know you yet? A competition like the Triwizard Tournament, you will definitely comment, 'It's so boring, like a little The children play house.' Then refused to participate, didn't they?"

"You are right, Hermione." Ye Ting looked at the girl meaningfully, "No one knows me better than you."

The words were ambiguous, and Hermione's face flushed immediately.

"That... of course," the little girl insisted on proudly, "so you might as well think of a way for me so that I can participate in it."

It seems that the success of the duel contest really made the little girl more confident.

"But a lot of people died in this match, didn't they?" Ye Ting reminded again.

"Yeah," Hermione said nonchalantly, "but that was years ago, right? And, if it's really dangerous, I can transform into Animagus, I think. Mostly.

There is no danger of hurting a dragon, right."

"That's right."

"What's the name!" Hermione gently stab Ye Ting's stomach with her elbow, "Humph! These are not like what you would say just now. If you had them, they would definitely encourage me to participate in the Triwizard Tournament. Yes, isn't it? You just said that on purpose, right?"

"You found out," Ye Ting pretended to rub his stomach, and said with a wry smile, "I just think it's strange that you are suddenly so active. After all, this is a violation of Dumbledore's regulations."

"Of course I know," Hermione pouted, proud, "but even if I don't mention it myself, someone will take the initiative to mention it, right? It's like

someone encouraged me to participate in a duel match."

"I..." Ye Ting was a little speechless, because he was neither a girl's teacher nor a girl's parent. He himself did not urge the girls to study hard and participate in various activities.

After a long time, he suffocated a sentence, "I just hope you can have a goal and a chance to practice."

"Of course I know you are good for me, and I also know you... to me..."

The girl suddenly kissed him, "Anyway, don't worry, I will try to get the first place this time."

Hermione, who was bold for a while, immediately returned to the lounge.

Item 0231

The next morning, the storm ceased, but there was still a gloomy mist on the ceiling of the auditorium.

When Ye Ting was eating breakfast, a large group of thick blue-gray clouds were rolling over his head.

However, before he had eaten much, Ye Ting realized that there were a lot of people looking for him today.

First is Roger in seventh grade, then Hufflepuff's Cedric Diggory and the Gryffindor twins.

The first two are obviously here to investigate the enemy's situation.

"I heard from the girls this morning," Roger asked mysteriously, "You are not going to participate in the Triwizard Tournament, are you?"

"Yes, I'm not old enough." Ye Ting casually said.

"Oh, I don't think age can stop our genius at all," Roger didn't believe this at all. "Everyone thinks that you must have a hundred ways to get around the age limit."

At this time, Diggory also came over.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, "What am I missing?"

Diggory and Roger are old rivals, and they have a good relationship.

"We just said that Ting is not going to participate in the Triwizard Tournament due to his age," Roger pouted, "This is a ridiculous reason."

"Okay, okay," Ye Ting shrugged helplessly, "My real reason is that the Triwizard Tournament is really no challenge for me, and it has no meaning at all. This is the reason why I don't participate."

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 167:

"Although the reason is very shocking to me, I am willing to believe it."

Diggory smiled bitterly. "We all know that if you participate in the competition, others will definitely have no chance. There is only one place in the Triwizard Tournament."

"Oh, be confident, buddy." Ye Ting patted them on the shoulders, and comforted them without sincerity. "If you work hard, I think you both have a chance to become warriors."

Of course, it's just an opportunity, and the place must belong to my family's Hermione—he murmured in his heart.

However, Ye Ting's words still made them breathe a sigh of relief. As long as Ye Ting did not participate, there were few people who could compete with them throughout Hogwarts.

The two looked at each other vigilantly.

—The biggest competitor is you!

Saying a hasty farewell, Roger and Diggory left in a hurry.

Next to look for Ye Ting's twins from the Weasley family. They will only turn seventeen in April next year. However, being a warrior is a huge temptation for them. However, Ye Ting just perfunctory and just shied away. Don't know how to select.

...

The courses in the new semester are exciting. In Professor Sprout's herbal medicine class, she taught students how to collect the pus from Balbo tubers.

The big, slimy slug, which looked like a black, sticky slug, emerged straight out of the soil. And each one is squirming slightly, and there are many shiny big drum bags on his body, which seem to be full of liquid. Although very ugly, their pus has extremely high value and is the best medicine to treat intractable acne...

In Hagrid's magical creature protection class, he taught everyone how to take care of the fried snails.

They are like deformed, shelled large lobsters. They are gray and slimy, and they look terrifying. Many of their feet are sticking out, and you can't see where their heads are. There were about a hundred in each box, each of which was about six inches long, stacked on top of each other and crawling around, bumping into the wall of the box dazedly.

They also emit a very strong smell of stinky fish and shrimp. From time to time, the tail of a snail will shoot some sparks, and then with a light pop, the snail will advance a few inches.

Of course, other courses are also very interesting, but the most anticipated is the new teacher, "Mad Eyes", Alastor Moody's Defense Against the Dark Arts class.

Not long after coming to school, Moody's got the fear of many little wizards. This was due to his scarred appearance. Even Snape had to avoid the weird and magical eyes, as well as being nervous and always vigilant. Attitude.

However, there are some little wizards who welcome him very much, including Harry Potter and Ron Weasley. This is because on the first day

of school, he turned Draco Malfoy into A ferret was killed because Draco attacked Potter behind his back.

Moody's first class is on Thursday.

After entering the class, Moody's first sentence was: "Take these textbooks away, these textbooks. You don't need them."

This made Hermione a little excited, she felt that this time the teacher would never be a parallel importer like Lockhart.

"Okay," Moody said after finishing the call. "I received a letter from Professor Lupin introducing the course. It seems that you have no idea how to deal with dark magic animals. Little basic knowledge-you have learned to deal with Bogut, Red Hat, Shinkpunk, Grindillo, Kabbah, and Werewolves, right?"

The students murmured their agreement.

"But you haven't learned enough about how to deal with spells—not enough," Moody said. "So I am going to show you the spells cast among wizards. I have a year to teach you how to deal with black. magic--"

Next, he told about three unforgivable curses.

He opened the drawer of the podium and took out a glass bottle. Three **** spiders crawled non-stop inside.

Moody reached into the bottle, grabbed a spider, and placed it on his open palm so that everyone could see it. Then he pointed his wand at it and muttered: "The soul is out of the body!"

The spider swings, turned somersaults, and tap dances from Moody's palm with spider silk, which caused a burst of laughter—only Moody didn't laugh.

"You think it's fun, don't you?" he asked with a rough voice, "if I came to you, would you like it?"

...

The laughter disappeared almost immediately.

"Fully under my control," Moody said softly-when the spider group got up and began to roll around, "I can let it jump out of the window, or drown itself, or jump into you. The throat of a classmate..."

Next is the Heart Drilling Curse. Moody uses the Enlargement Curse to make the spider bigger so that everyone can see it, and then—

"Break out the bones!"

Immediately, the spider's legs all retracted, clinging to the body. It turned over, and at the same time its body twitched violently, shaking from side to side. It does not make a sound, but if it has a vocal organ, it must be screaming desperately at this moment. Moody didn't take away the wand, and the spider began to tremble, twitching even harder—

"Stop!" Hermione screamed, and she couldn't bear to watch.

The last is the killing curse.

Moody raised his wand, pointed it at the spider, and uttered a spell—

"Avadaso Curse!"

A dazzling green light stabbed people unable to open their eyes, and at the same time there was a messy sound, as if an invisible behemoth was flying in the air-at the same time, the spider turned over and lay on his back on the table. There were no scars, but he was undoubtedly dead.

This cruel scene made the little wizards feel very uneasy. Several students tried to resist the shouts they wanted to make, while Hermione was shaking constantly.

Item 0232

Ye Ting knew that this "crazy-eyed man", Moody is not himself, but the child of Barty Crouch the old, played by the young Barty Crouch with compound decoction, he is a fanatical The Death Eater was once locked in the house by his father with the Imperius Curse, but now he has

escaped. The Dark Mark in the Quidditch World Cup is his handwriting, and the real Moody has been imprisoned by him. Up.

There is no doubt that such a course is the evil taste of Barty Crouch Jr., who is frightening the little wizards present.

Now, everyone shuddered. Obviously he had succeeded. He left a deep impression on them. Everyone was in awe of this fake mood.

Although he knows the true identity and purpose of Barty Crouch Jr., Ye Ting is not prepared to expose him, because everything he did is beneficial to Ye Ting's plan. Of course, Ye Ting hopes that Harry Potter can be taken by him. Go to Voldemort and promote Voldemort's resurrection.

However, seeing Hermione look terrified, Ye Ting immediately became a little dissatisfied with the counterfeit.

"Don't be afraid, Hermione." He put down the alchemy notes in his hand and patted the girl comfortingly. "It's just an unforgivable curse. There is nothing terrifying. At least the dragon's magic resistance can make them useless."

"Yes...Is it," Hermione obviously felt better. "I'm not afraid. I just think that the first class will show this. Professor Moody is a bit...a bit too much."

Hermione, as expected, she was not afraid anymore, she still had the thought of being arrogant.

Ye Ting touched her head and smiled, "If you are upset with Professor Moody, let me scare him."

At this time, Moody is introducing the Killing Curse.

"Avadaso's Mantra requires a very powerful magical power as a foundation.-You can all take out your wand, point it at me, and read this spell. I suspect that I will only have a nosebleed at most. But that doesn't

matter. . I came here to teach you how to recite spells."

"Really?" Ye Ting stood up suddenly and looked at Moody. "Do you really want me to try it on you?"

"This..." Moody - no, it was Barty Crouch Jr. looking at Ye Ting and involuntarily stepping back two steps.

He was afraid of Ye Ting, because, that night, he saw Ye Ting transform into a giant dragon and burned to death hundreds of fake "Death Eaters" with a breath of dragon's breath. Don't scurry around.

The defense that had endured hundreds of spells but was undamaged, and the dragon's breath that murdered the wild, even him, a murderous Death Eater, felt terrified.

Now, seeing Ye Ting again, and hearing him say such words, Barty Crouch Jr. was of course very scared. On the one hand, unlike other little wizards, Ye Ting behaved as if it was rumored or witnessed. The strength that came out proved that once he used the Killing Curse, Crouch himself would never be spared. On the other hand, he was also wondering if Ye Ting had discovered something. After all, he was such a powerful wizard, and it was not impossible to discover his secret by any means.

However, seeing "Moody" retreating, Ye Ting went one step further. He took out his wand and continued: "In addition to the life of Avada, the Heart Drilling Curse and Imperius Curse are also okay. Let me give you a try. See if it will affect you."

"You... are... joking... right." As Ye Ting moved forward, he continued to back up, cold sweat dripping from his forehead, "like... Curse, you...you will be sent to...A...Azkaban."

When he talked about Azkaban, he stopped, as if Azkaban's threat gave him strength.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 168:

How ridiculous, a Death Eater who opposes the Ministry of Magic tried to use Azkaban to threaten others.

But at this moment, Barty Crouch Jr. has no choice.

Hearing what he said, Ye Ting smiled slightly and teased: "Didn't you just say, let us recite this spell to you?"

"This is just a joke..." Crouch said dryly, holding his bruised Moody face,

"This is just a joke I made to you."

"This joke is not funny." Ye Ting said coldly, and gave him a meaningful look. "I think the professor should stop making such dangerous jokes in class, otherwise, when will I misunderstand you? It's not good to cause consequences that everyone doesn't want to see, what do you think."

At that glance, Crouch almost felt that he was seen through.

"You...you're right," the fake Moody said through gritted teeth, "Mr.

Ye's...suggestions are very good, you can sit down, Ravenclawga is very..."

Ye Ting nodded in satisfaction and returned to his position. There is still no discussion in the classroom, but everyone's eyes on Moody have changed. It is no longer fear and awe, but disbelief and contempt.

Although everyone knows that Ravenclaw's genius is very powerful, but before that, apart from parallel Lockhart and Quillo, no professor would have expressed fear or favor to Ye Ting because of this.

Yes, this is very, obviously, to please Ye Ting.

When Ye Ting sat down, Hermione immediately chirped in his ear excitedly: "Oh my God, how did you do it, I mean, how did you make Alastor Moody so afraid of you? Yesterday? I checked his information. He is considered the best Auror in modern times. He defeated many notorious dark wizards in battle, and the captured Death Eaters could fill

half of Azkaban's cell. How could a retired Auror face you like this."

Seeing Hermione regaining her vitality, Ye Ting smiled comfortedly and replied casually: "Maybe it's because the last time I went to the Ministry of Magic, I taught them a lesson. The Aurors all know I'm not easy to mess with."

This is of course a rather far-fetched answer. Hermione was a little dissatisfied with such an answer, but no matter how she asked, Ye Ting was perfunctory.

In fact, if it were Moody himself, he would never be so afraid of Ye Ting. He was a tough, brave, and long-time death-tested person.

The turmoil of this incident changed the little wizards' evaluation of their new professor of Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Some little wizards began to think that Moody was bullying and afraid of hardships, and he would be soft when seeing powerful characters, but the little lions of Gryffindor insisted that Moody was just too magnanimous to care about Ye Ting.

However, Ye Ting's prestige among the little wizards is even greater.

There are rumors that Ye Ting is a dark wizard even stronger than the Dark Lord, and a veteran Auror can be terrified just by looking at it.

This is of course a joke, but it reflects Ye Ting's strength in the mind of the little wizard.

All the senior wizards felt fortunate that Ye Ting had announced that he would not participate in the Triwizard Tournament, otherwise they would not be able to compete with such a strong opponent.

Item 0233

Since being threatened by Ye Ting, Barty Crouch Jr. has become suspicious. He deeply suspects that his identity as Moody was discovered by this genius, so he has been at a height for several days. I was nervous

and couldn't even sleep, always worried that Dumbledore would come to him.

However, the real situation gave him a sigh of relief, and Dumbledore did not doubt him.

This situation is either because he thinks too much, or the genius is just skeptical, or for other reasons, he didn't tell Dumbledore the truth. For whatever reason, he is temporarily safe. of.....

However, since then, he has maintained a deep awe of Ye Ting, and has been retreating from him, for fear that he will be offended again, and then his identity will be exposed.

In the subsequent Defense Against the Dark Arts class, he continued the previous routine, allowing the little wizards of Hogwarts to experience the Unforgivable Curse firsthand-of course, only the Imperius Curse, the Heart Drilling Curse and the Killing Curse he would not dare to use .

In class, he asked his classmates to take turns to recite the Imperius Curse. Harry saw that under the influence of the spell, the students made the most abnormal behavior one after another. For example, Dean Thomas hopped around the classroom three times, singing the national anthem. Lavender Broun imitated a squirrel. Neville performed a series of amazing gymnastics movements, which he could never do under normal conditions.

However, he still dared not propose to let Ye Ting come forward to experience the Imperius Curse, and even Hermione Granger did not dare to provoke it. This made the rumors that "Professor Moody was afraid of Ye Ting" among his classmates more real. .

Hermione is actually a little dissatisfied with the current situation. Miss Know-it-all would rather eat the pus of Balbo tubers than miss such a course. Professor Moody's kind of "cannot afford to hide" to her Her

attitude made her very depressed, but she knew that Ye Ting threatened Professor Moody to vent her anger, so she would not anger Ye Ting, so she had to be unhappy all by herself.

It wasn't until Ye Ting promised that she, who could transform into a giant dragon, would not be affected by the Imperius Curse, did she feel much better.

Although the magic resistance of Hermione, Zhang Qiu, and Penello in human form cannot be compared with that in dragon form, magic involving spirit and soul is another matter.

When the time came to the end of October, the schoolwork of the little wizards became more and more heavy. All the students in the fourth grade noticed that the homework they had to do this semester had increased significantly.

According to the professors, they are entering an important period of magic education, and their O.W.Ls exam is approaching-although it was in the fifth grade, the little wizards should now start to prepare.

Professor Bins-the ghost who taught them the history of magic, assigned them to write a paper on the rebellion of the goblin in the eighteenth century; Professor Snape forced them to study the antidote, and they did not dare to take it lightly, because Professor Snape hinted, He will poison one of them before Christmas to see if their antidote works; Professor Flitwick asked them to read three more books in preparation for learning the Flying Curse, even Hagrid. Adding a burden to them.

In this regard, most of the little wizards complained, but there was still good news.

Because a big notice was erected in the foyer:

Triwizard Tournament

The representatives of Boothbatten and Durmstrang will arrive at 6pm on

Friday, October 30th. The afternoon class will end half an hour earlier.

The notice that appeared in the hall had a significant impact on the people living in the castle.

In the next week, no matter where Ye Ting went, people seemed to only talk about one topic: the Triwizard Tournament.

Rumors spread quickly among the students, like highly contagious bacteria: who would fight to be a warrior at Hogwarts, what events will be available in the competition, and what have the students of Boothbatten and Durmstrand have with them different.

Among them, Ravenclaw's Roger Davis and Hufflepuff's Cedric Diggory have the strongest voices. In addition, the little wizards always looked at Ye Ting with regret, as if his decision not to participate in the Triwizard Tournament was a big mistake.

More business-minded senior wizards began to sell ageing agents among younger wizards, and many young wizards who thought they had some strength paid for it. It's as if they are stronger than those senior wizards in addition to their age.

In addition, the castle seems to be undergoing a thorough cleaning.

Several dirty portraits were scrubbed clean, and those who were scrubbed were very dissatisfied with it. They squatted and sat in the frame, muttering glumly, grinning with pain every time they touched the newly exposed pink tender flesh on their faces. The armor in the castle suddenly became shiny, and it no longer creaked when it was moving.

When the gatekeeper Argus Filch saw that a student had forgotten to clean his shoes, he was furious and frightened the two first-year girls into hysterics.

On the morning of October 30th, when they went downstairs for breakfast, they found that the auditorium had been decorated overnight.

Huge silk banners hung on the wall, each representing a Hogwarts college: Gryffindor with a red background and a golden lion, and a blue background with a bronze eagle is Ravenclaw, and a yellow background.

The one with a black badger is Hufflepuff, and the one with a silver python on the green background is Slytherin.

Behind the teacher's desk, the largest banner hangs, on which is the coat of arms of Hogwarts: the lion, eagle, badger, and snake are joined together, surrounded by a large letter H.

That day, the air was filled with an expectant joy. In the class, no one was paying attention to the class. Everyone thought that the people of Busbarton and Durmstrang would be coming tonight. Even the potions class is not as unbearable as usual, because the get out of class ends half an hour earlier.

When the bell rang early, the little wizards returned to the academy's lounge tower one after another, put down their schoolbags and textbooks, put on their cloaks, and then rushed down the stairs in three and two steps to the hall.

The deans of the college are ordering their students to line up.

They filed down the steps and stood in line in front of the castle. It was a cold evening with fresh air. The night was approaching, and a white, translucent moon had hung over the Forbidden Forest.

The little wizards are excitedly discussing how the people of Busbarton and Durmstrang will come here.

As the prefect, Zhang Qiu stood at the very least. She looked at her watch, looked at the driveway leading to the front door, and asked her companions back, "How do you think they will come? Do you take the train?"

"I don't think so," Hermione said.

"How come? Flying broomstick?" Zhang Qiu guessed, looking up at the starry sky.

"I don't think...from such a far away..."

"Door key?" Marietta interrupted. "Or they can apparate-maybe in their place, people under seventeen are allowed to apparate too?"

"No Apparitions are allowed in the Hogwarts field, I remember I reminded you." Zhang Qiu said.

They scanned the venue with excitement, but they didn't see any movement. Everything is silent and quiet, no different from usual.

When the girls were a little impatient, Ye Ting suddenly said, "If I guessed correctly, they are here."

Do you like this site? Donate here:

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 169:

Item 0234

"Yes, they are here," shouted Dumbledore, who was standing in the back row with the other teachers.

"Where?" Many students asked eagerly, looking in different directions.

"There!" shouted a sixth-grade student, pointing to the sky above the Forbidden Forest.

A behemoth, much larger than a flying broomstick--or a hundred flying broomsticks--is hurriedly flying across the deep blue sky, flying towards the castle, gradually getting bigger and bigger.

"It's a dragon!" a freshman screamed, so excited that he didn't know what to do.

"Don't be stupid... it's a house flying!" Dennis Crevy said.

Dennis's guess is closer.

When the black behemoth passed over the treetops of the Forbidden

Forest and was illuminated by the light of the castle window, they saw a huge pink-blue carriage flying towards them. It was the size of a house, and twelve winged horses flew into the air. They were all silver-maned horses, and each horse was about the size of an elephant.

The carriage flew lower and was landing at an extremely fast speed. The classmates standing in the first three rows hurriedly backed up-then, there was a loud noise, I saw the horses' hooves banging on the ground, all of them. The dishes are so big. In the blink of an eye, the carriage also landed on the ground, shaking on the huge wheels, and at the same time the golden horses shook their huge heads, and their big red eyes were spinning round and round.

There was a coat of arms printed on the door of the car, two golden wands crisscrossed, and three stars appeared on each of them. It was the school badge of Boothbatten.

The next moment, the car door opened.

A boy in a light blue robe jumped out of the carriage, bent down, fumbled for something on the carriage floor, and then opened a golden spiral staircase. He leaped back respectfully, and saw a shiny black high-heeled shoe sticking out of the carriage-this shoe was the size of a small sleigh used by children-and a woman appeared immediately behind him.

Big, the same as a little giant.

In this way, it is self-explanatory why the carriage and those silver-maned horses are so big. Several people gasped in shock.

The woman got to the bottom of the steps and was turning around to look at the waiting crowd with wide eyes. When she walked into the light shining from the hall, everyone found that she had a very handsome olive face, a pair of black and watery eyes, and a very pointed nose. Her hair was combed behind her head and twisted into a shiny bun at the base of

her neck. She was wrapped in a black forged dress from head to toe, and there were many luxurious opals shining on her neck and thick fingers. Dumbledore began to applaud, and the classmates slapped their hands. Many people stood on tiptoes, trying to see the woman more clearly. Her face relaxed, a graceful smile opened, and a gleaming hand stretched out and walked towards Dumbledore. Although Dumbledore was also tall, he barely bent over when kissing this hand.

"She is really tall." Hermin sighed. "Apart from Hagrid, I have never seen anyone as tall as her."

"Of course." Ye Ting explained, "This is the headmaster of Boothbarton, Mrs. Maxim. Like Hagrid, she is a hybrid giant, so she can have this height."

"Oh, a half-blood giant actually became the principal of Boothbat's School of Witchcraft and Wizardry," Hermione looked at her admiringly. "I heard that Boothbatten is the only magical academy in France. The famous alchemist Ni But Le May graduated from Boothbarton, and Mrs. Maxim is really amazing."

It's reasonable for Hermione to worship her. Wizards have always been arrogant. They look down on any magical creatures other than them, especially giants with low intelligence. Therefore, as a hybrid giant, Hagrid has always been treated by those staid and pure. The wizards of the blood family held prejudices. In this case, Mrs. Maxim's ability to become the principal of a magical academy was indeed a remarkable achievement.

"Actually, you don't have to envy her," Ye Ting touched Hermione's head and said with relief. "In fact, as a Muggle-born wizard, you are now stronger than most wizards. I believe you in the future. The results will definitely be greater than that of Mrs. Maxim."

"Don't keep touching my head," Hermione didn't buy it, but shook her head impatiently. "I'm not a kid anymore. Also, you were actually complimenting yourself just now?"

--you caught me.

After Mrs. Maxim, about twelve or three boys and girls have got off the carriage and are standing behind Mrs. Maxim at the moment. Judging from their appearance, they are all about eighteen or nineteen years old, and all of them are trembling slightly. This is not surprising, because the robes on them seem to be made of delicate silk, and no one wears a cloak. Several students covered their heads with scarves or turban cards. They all stood in the huge shadow cast by Mrs. Maxim, looking up at Hogwarts, with a wary look on their faces.

However, among them, Ye Ting recognized Sisters Furong and Gabriel at a glance, and the beautiful silver hair of the mixed-race Veeva sisters was actually quite obvious.

He nodded to them. Because Ye Ting stood farther forward, he was also very outstanding in appearance and temperament. The sisters spotted him all at once and smiled at him immediately.

However, Zhang Qiu keenly discovered something wrong.

"You don't know anyone in Boothbarton, do you?" She asked Ye Ting tentatively.

—How do I answer.

".....Yes."

"Are they... girls?"

—Why are you so smart?

"If you don't speak, even if you acquiesce in yourself."

"Although I don't know how you met, but let me know about it later, the girls who can be met by Ting must be very good."

—The tone is still as gentle as ever, but I always feel that there is something meaningful behind it. When did Xiao Zhangqiu learn to have a black belly?

Inexplicably, Ye Ting felt a touch of danger-of course it was impossible, but he did spend a lot of energy to comfort the girls around him.

Especially when Zhang Qiu is like this, he has only been confirmed for almost two months. It is when the girls are most addicted to love and applauding. In these two months, they have to go to their home in Hogsmeade almost every weekend. Applause, sometimes even sneaking into the secret room occupied and transformed by Ye Ting.

Although the girls were mentally prepared for Ye Ting's love, but at this time, the appearance of the Furong sisters caused Zhang Qiu, who was sensitive, to react a bit fiercely, which was quite normal.

On the other side, Hagrid took over the task of taking care of the Pegasus, and Mrs. Maxim led the students into the castle.

The next step is to wait for Durmstrang College.

Item 0235

After Boothbarton's people left, the teachers and students of Hogwarts still stood there, waiting for the arrival of the Durmstrang delegation.

They were shaking slightly with the cold, and most of them looked up at the sky eagerly. There was silence all around for a while, only the sound of Mrs. Maxim's giant horse snorting and stomping hooves. at this time--
"Did you hear anything?" Hermione asked suddenly.

It was a very loud and weird sound floating towards them from the darkness: a suppressed rumble and sucking sound, like a huge vacuum cleaner moving along the riverbed...

"In the lake!" someone shouted and pointed to the lake, "Look at the lake!"

Standing on the **** of the lawn overlooking the field, they could clearly see the calm and dark water surface-but the water surface suddenly became no longer calm. There was a commotion under the water in the middle of the lake, huge splashes of water turned up on the surface of the water, and the waves rushed against the damp lakeshore—then, in the middle of the lake, a large whirlpool appeared, as if a huge plug suddenly came from the bottom of the lake. Was pulled out...

A black long rod-like thing slowly rises from the whirlpool, with sails and rigging hanging on it...

"It's a mast!" Hermione said.

Slowly, in a magnificent manner, the big ship rose out of the water, shining brightly in the moonlight. It looks weird, like a skeleton, as if it were the remains of a sunken ship that had just been salvaged. The porthole shone with dim, misty light, and it looked like ghost eyes.

Finally, with the sound of splashing water, the big boat came out completely, bumping on the undulating water surface, and began to sail towards the shore of the lake. After a while, they heard a plop, and an iron anchor was thrown into the shallow water, and then there was a slap again, and a wooden board was placed on the shore of the lake.

The people on the boat were going ashore. From a distance, they were tall and tall, but when they got closer and walked down the lawn into the light of the hall, people realized that they looked very big. , Because they are all wearing a kind of fur cloak, the fur on it is unkempt and tangled.

But the man who led them to the castle wore a different kind of fur: silvery white, silky and smooth, much like his hair.

"Dumbledore!" the man yelled enthusiastically as he walked up the slope.

"My dear old buddy, how are you?"

"Excellent, thank you, Professor Karkaroff." Dumbledore replied.

Karlov's voice was mellow and sweet. When he walked into the light from the front entrance of the castle, they saw him as tall and thin as Dumbledore, but his white hair was short, and the ends of his goatee were curled on the ends, not completely covering them. His thin jaw. He walked up to Dumbledore and shook hands with Dumbledore.

"Dear old buddy Hogwarts," he said with a smile looking up at the castle- his teeth were yellow, and despite the smile on his face, there was no smile in his eyes. They were still cold and sharp. "Come on. It's great to be here, great... Victor, come here and get warm... Don't you mind, Dumbledore? Victor has a bit of a cold..."

Karkaroff motioned to one of his students to come forward. When the boy passed by, the little wizards caught a glimpse of a striking hooked nose and two thick, black eyebrows. Many people recognized the figure.

"It's Krum!"

The little wizards at Hogwarts exclaimed. Many people knew him because he was the seeker of the Bulgarian team in this Quidditch World Cup, and the Bulgarian team could get the runner-up to a large extent. Count on his outstanding performance.

Karkaroff seemed to enjoy such an exclamation. Viktor Krum was Demstrang's signature, so he just mentioned Viktor's name specifically.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 170:

The same goes for Durmstrang's classmates, who seem to disdain the way the little wizards at Hogwarts worship Krum.

However, Dumbledore just smiled nonchalantly, but Hermione on the other side was a little unhappy.

"For God's sake, he's just a Quidditch player." She looked at the fanatical little wizards around her, curled her lips and said, "They used to surround

the autumn like this, but now they have changed their goals. Well, that Victor is just a defeated opponent of Qiu, you say yes, Qiu."

"Haha," Zhang Qiu smiled helplessly, "Yes...Yes, but I think they are pretty good like this, at least they won't be around me."

"How can it work?" Hermione was a little angry at the humiliation of her classmates, especially Malfoy in Slytherin and Ron in Gryffindor. Seeing their flattery, she even wanted to lick Victor. Boots.

"Right," Hermione thought on a whim, and gave Zhang Qiu a push. "Go and say hello to your defeated general."

Zhang Qiu staggered forward. As the prefect, she was already at the forefront of the team, and now she stands out.

At this time, she immediately attracted everyone's attention. The professors and Durmstrang's students all looked at her, the chattering stopped, and the scene suddenly fell silent.

Even with the baptism of the World Cup, this sudden situation still made her a little embarrassed.

"Hi," she waved dryly, "Welcome everyone from Durmstrang to Hogwarts, and, long time no see, Victor."

In the World Cup finals, Zhang Qiu used her strong flying skills and keen response to make Krum suffer a big loss, causing him to fall off the broom twice, which gave him a crushing opponent all the way to the final. Krum was quite impressed.

Now that he saw this beautiful girl again, this opponent who even felt a little terrible, even though he had been prepared, Krum was still taken aback. He involuntarily stepped back two steps, and his whole body was aching.

In the eyes of others, this is a manifestation of fear.

In fact, Zhang Qiu is more famous than Krum. On the one hand, she is

younger than Krum, is still a woman, and has stronger skills. On the other hand, in the duel with Krum, she and her The teams are all winners, which makes Zhang Qiu far more fans all over the world than the other.

Of course, the little wizards of Hogwarts admired Zhang Qiu even more, but because they bowed their heads with Zhang Qiu and didn't look up, the little wizards were already quite familiar with her, and this just happened.

Now, the scene is even more lively. This time, the little wizard of Durmstrang began to yell and cast a look of worship at Zhang Qiu, and even Hogwarts was also talking about it.

"My goodness, it's that talented girl, the Irish team's seeker, Cho Chang."

"Is that the seeker who defeated Krum?"

"She looks much younger than Victor."

"Look, Victor just stepped back, just after seeing her!"

"Isn't this taken for granted? After all, it is a defeated opponent."

"And that girl even made Victor fall from the broom to the ground twice in a row. I dare say that Victor has never suffered such a big loss!"

"It's amazing."

Such remarks obviously made Karkaroff's face very ugly. In front of Hogwarts, his tactics of increasing momentum through Victor failed for the first time, and what made him even more angry was that it seemed Demster. Lang's students have become traitors.

"Huh! Let's go in." His smirk had disappeared, and he said sternly.

"Okay, please inside, old friend." Dumbledore still smiled.

Item 0236

When the teachers and students of Hogwarts walked into the auditorium with the people of Durmstrang, the enthusiasm for Krum among them

had disappeared a lot.

But there are exceptions. Draco Malfoy still wants to get close to Krum. He hates and fears Ye Ting, so he hates Zhang Qiu, who often stays with Ye Ting. Therefore, he is the runner-up. Krum, the seeker, became the object of his admiration.

Ye Ting and the others walked over to Ravenclaw's table and sat down. Boothbatton's classmates had already chosen a seat at their table. After they sat down, they looked around the auditorium with a gloomy expression on their faces.

On the other side, Victor Krum and his Durmstrang alumni were already seated at the Slytherin table, and Malfoy, Crabbe, and Gore were triumphant. Durmstrang's classmates took off their students' fur cloaks while looking up at the dark, starry ceiling with interest. Two of the students also picked up the golden plate and the goblet, and held them carefully, obviously very interested.

At this time, on Boothbarton's side, the Furong sisters, who had been wrapping their faces in scarves and turbans, had already put down the packaging that concealed their appearance, revealing their faces and all their silver hair.

The appearance and magical charm inherited from Veeva immediately attracted the attention of all men.

Many boys' faces flushed red, and they opened their mouths as if they wanted to talk, but they only made some strange little noises, as if their throats were stuck, so they had to open their eyes and stare at her, as if they had never seen them before. Same as a female classmate.

"She's a veel!" Hermione said in Ye Ting's ear, "at least it's a mixed-blood veel, otherwise it's impossible for everyone to stare at her like an idiot. I remember that veel can't affect you, right."

Of course, her words seemed a bit sour.

In the next moment, her jealousy almost broke out.

The elder sister among the pair of mixed-race Veeva girls, Furong suddenly stood up, walked to Ye Ting, embraced him passionately, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Long time no see, Ting," she looked at Ye Ting with blue eyes, and said with a smile, "have you already known that there is a Triwizard Tournament? I still remember what you said before you left. At Hogwarts, I was really taken aback."

"Of course," Ye Ting replied with the same etiquette under the eyes of the boys jealously trying to kill, "and I'm sure you will come to Hogwarts as one of the representatives to participate in the Triwizard Tournament." Zhang Qiu rolled his eyes at Ye Ting, and Hermione squeezed his thigh under the table.

"Oh, thank you for your compliment," Furong seemed to notice their little actions, and smiled more movingly, "but if you participate in the Triwizard Tournament, we will all run for you, and you will give way in the competition. Mine, right?"

"Then you can be very happy," Ye Ting said while moving his leg quietly,

"I am not going to participate in the Triwizard Tournament."

"That's right, how can you get interested in the Triwizard Tournament? After all, you are what I like..." Furong deliberately said ambiguously, "In addition, thanks to you last time, Gabriel missed you very much. Woolen cloth."

"Yes, big brother, it's been a long time." Beside her, a silver-haired loli who was one size smaller than her stood up and gave Ye Ting another hug and kiss on the cheek.

Ye Ting felt that if the gaze could kill people, at this moment, the boys'

jealous gaze could kill the dragon, and the white eyes of Hermione and Zhang Qiu could also turn the entire auditorium into flat ground.

This deep resentment...

Next, Sister Delacour's behavior became more bold. Lotus politely said a few words with Anthony Goldstein and Terry Bout who were sitting across from Ye Ting. The two boys were like goose-headed geese.

Obediently gave up the position.

So they sat grandiosely opposite Ye Ting.

Before the reception, Filch, the janitor, added four chairs to the faculty seats. After all the students entered the auditorium and took their seats at the tables of their colleges, the faculty members came in, and they filed to the main guest seat and took their seats. Come down. At the end are Professor Dumbledore, Professor Karkaroff and Mrs. Maxim. As soon as the Bussbarton students saw their principal appear, they quickly stood up. Several Hogwarts students couldn't help but laugh. But Boothbarton's representatives did not appear embarrassed at all, and they did not sit down again until Mrs. Maxim sat down on Dumbledore's left hand.

Dumbledore remained standing, and the auditorium gradually became quiet.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, ghosts, and-especially-distinguished guests," Dumbledore said, looking at the foreign students with a smile, "I welcome you with great joy. To Hogwarts. I hope and believe that you will feel comfortable and happy here."

The plates in front of everyone were again filled with food as usual. The house elves in the kitchen seemed to do their best, because today there are more foreign dishes than usual.

Others Ye Ting didn't know, but Sister Delakul must have been happy at Hogwarts, because at the banquet, they were talking and laughing with

Ye Ting while eating and drinking, and the laughter almost never stopped.

By Ye Ting's side, Zhang Qiu and Hermione looked at each other angrily, and communicated silently.

"Where are these two women coming out of here?" This was Zhang Qiu's eyes.

"I seem to have heard him say that I met a mixed-blood Veeva at a wizard chess game." This was the look in Hermione's eyes.

"They look so beautiful!"

"It's a mixed-blood Veeva after all."

"And it's still a sister!"

"It feels dangerous!"

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 171:

"It is indeed a formidable opponent."

"No, we have to be vigilant."

"Yes, we have to form an alliance!"

"You can't let these two inexplicable women succeed!"

Unconsciously, the two girls reached a consensus, which is really gratifying.

During the banquet, the two seats that had been vacant had just been filled. Ludo Bagman sat on the other side of Professor Karkaroff, and Mr. Crouch, Percy's immediate superior, sat beside Mrs. Maxim.

In fact, since the end of the World Cup, Ye Ting hasn't seen Ludo Bagman for a long time. It seems that he has lost a lot of money in the game he played at the bank. He is running away from debt, Ye Ting still remembers. , But he owed himself, Hermione and Penello a large sum of Jin Jialong.

With Ye Ting's ability, Ludo Bagman is absolutely impossible to escape this debt, maybe he will have to raise money to repay this debt in the second half of his life.

Item 0237

When the golden plates were cleaned again, Dumbledore stood up again.

A feeling of excitement and tension seemed to permeate the auditorium.

The little wizards also felt excited, and didn't know what the show was below. Many people leaned forward and stared at Dumbledore intently.

"This moment has finally arrived," Dumbledore said, smiling at the suppressed faces. "The Triwizard Tournament is about to begin. I want to explain a few words before I bring the box in—"

"—I want to explain the procedures of our school year. But first, please allow me to introduce two guests, because there are still people who don't know them. This is Mr. Barty Crouch, Director of the Department of International Cooperation at the Ministry of Magic."

There was sparse applause in the auditorium.

"This is Mr. Ludo Bagman, Director of the Sports Department of the Ministry of Magic."

The applause to Bagman was much louder than to Mr. Crouch, perhaps because of his small reputation as a batsman, or perhaps just because he was so kind. He waved his hand happily to express his gratitude, and when Barty Crouch's name was introduced just now, Crouch neither smiled nor waved.

"In the past few months, Mr. Bagman and Mr. Crouch have worked tirelessly to arrange the Triwizard Tournament," Dumbledore continued.

"In addition, we have a special guest to invite. This guest is me, but I am honored that both Mr. Barty Crouch and Mr. Ludo Bagman agreed to let this young man participate in the work of the Triwizard Tournament as a

guest. He is us. The famous genius-Mr. Ting Ye."

Although Ye Ting had already proposed that he would not participate in the Triwizard Tournament, Dumbledore still made this suggestion because it was a constraint on Ye Ting, lest a good match would become a joke.

After all, Ye Ting's strength has reached the point where he can compete with himself, and joining such a master in the Triwizard Tournament is completely crushing the game.

After he finished speaking, the eyes of the little wizards from the three academies all turned towards Ye Ting.

The difference is that the little wizards of Hogwarts look with admiration, pride and relief, while the little wizards of Boothbarton and Durmstrang are all unconvinced. They don't understand Ye Ting. So all are questioning why this boy can become a member of the Triwizard Tournament at a young age.

Under the eyes of everyone, Ye Ting stood up calmly and nodded at everyone.

Dumbledore mentioned this to him privately, and he agreed.

Because, in this Triwizard Tournament, he has his own things to do.

He knew that Barty Crouch, Jr., disguised as Moody, would secretly sign up for Harry Potter, and would secretly take care of the game trophy.

His purpose is to make Harry Potter be teleported to the graveyard after touching the trophy, and then use him to resurrect Voldemort.

After Voldemort is resurrected, he will fight Harry Potter in the cemetery, and Ye Ting is going to achieve some of his goals there. In this way, even if Dumbledore does not give him the position, he will find a way. Secretly sneaked into the final scene.

So, when Dumbledore offered the invitation, he promised it smoothly. He

was able to implement the plan openly and take care of Hermione during the game. Why not?

After Ye Ting sat down, Dumbledore continued to introduce.

"The above three-Mr. Crouch, Mr. Bagman, and Mr. Ye will join me, Professor Karkaroff and Mrs. Maxim to form a jury to judge the efforts of the Warriors."

Upon hearing the word "warrior", the students seemed to be more attentive. Dumbledore seemed to notice their sudden silence, and saw him smile slightly and said, "Mr. Filch, please bring the box up."

No one noticed that Filch had been lurking in a corner of the auditorium just now. At this moment, he was walking towards Dumbledore, holding a large wooden box inlaid with jewels, which looked very old. The classmates watched dreamily and talked enthusiastically.

"Mr. Crouch and Mr. Bagman have carefully reviewed the specific items of this year's Warriors game," Dumbledore said-at this time Filch carefully placed the box on the table in front of him. "They also Many necessary arrangements have been made for each project. There are three projects, which will be carried out at different times throughout the school year. They will test the warriors in many different ways...test their magical talents-their courage and their reasoning Ability-of course, and their ability to overcome danger..."

Hearing the last sentence, the auditorium became silent, and it seemed that everyone had stopped breathing.

"You already know that there will be three warriors participating in the competition," Dumbledore continued calmly, "representing a participating school. We will rate them according to the quality of each event they completed. After the three events are over, The warrior with the highest scoring will win the tri-final cup. The person responsible for selecting the

warrior is an impartial selector, and it is the Goblet of Fire."

Having said that, Dumbledore pulled out his wand and tapped the lid of the box three times. The lid slowly creaked open. Dumbledore reached in and pulled out a large, rough-cut wooden goblet. The cup itself was not eye-catching at all, but it was full of blue and white flames.

Dumbledore closed the box and put the cup on the lid so that everyone in the auditorium could see it clearly.

"Every student who wants to run for the Warriors must write his name and school name on a piece of parchment and throw them into this goblet," Dumbledore said. Sign up within four hours. Tomorrow night, the night of Halloween, the goblet will select the names of the three students from the three schools it thinks best. Tonight, the goblet will be placed in the hall, and everyone willing to participate It is accessible to all students in the campaign."

"In order to avoid the temptation of underage students," Dumbledore said, "After the goblet is placed in the hall, I will draw an age boundary around it. Anyone under the age of seventeen cannot cross this one. Boundary."

"Finally, I want to remind everyone who is going to participate in the campaign to pay attention to this competition is not a trifle, don't take part in it rashly. Once the Warriors are selected by the Goblet of Fire, he must stick to the game to the end. Who will take himself? Throwing his name into the cup actually forms a magical contract that must be observed. Once you become a warrior, you are not allowed to change your mind. Therefore, please think twice and find out that you really want to participate in the competition. Put your name in the cup again. Okay, I think it's time for everyone to sleep. Good night everyone."

Item 0238

When everyone left the hall, there was a small conflict at the door.

When passing the gate, Karkaroff, the principal of Durmstrang, accidentally saw Harry Potter, and he was immediately stunned. He stopped and stared at Harry as if he didn't believe his eyes.

Durmstrang's students followed behind the principal, and they all stopped.

Karkaroff's gaze slowly moved to Harry's face, staring at the scar.

At this time, an angry voice came from behind him.

"Yes, that's Harry Potter."

Karkaroff turned around abruptly. Mad-Eye Moody stood there, his heavy body leaning on the cane, his magical eye glaring at the headmaster of Durmstrang unblinkingly.

His face turned pale, showing a terrible expression of a mixture of resentment and fear.

"It's you!" he said, staring at Moody in a daze, seemingly not sure that he really saw him.

"It's me," Moody said gloomily, "unless you have something to say to Potter, Karkaroff, or go ahead. You blocked the doors."

Professor Karkaroff said nothing, he waved his hand and led his students away. Moody stared at him until he could no longer see. His enchanted eyes stared at Karkaroff's back, and his mutilated face showed an expression of extreme disgust.

But Barty Crouch the elder watched the farce blankly, saying nothing.

Behind them, Ye Ting almost laughed out loud.

In his eyes, this scene is really funny.

Karkaroff was a Death Eater and was captured by "Mad-Eye" Moody after six months of pursuit and sent to Azkaban. Karkaroff was already on trial after Voldemort's fall and faced Azkaban's life imprisonment, but he

reached an agreement with Crouch, the former director of the Magic Law Enforcement Department, to confess other Death Eaters on the Magic Law Council. His name was used as a condition to release him from prison.

After that, he went to Durmstrang to teach black magic and became the principal.

Since Karkaroff was arrested by Moody's, he was very afraid and hated Moody. Ye Ting believes that Dumbledore invited Moody to be the teacher of Defense Against the Dark Arts this semester for this reason—for Monitor Karkaroff.

However, in fact, this fake Moody was transformed by Barty Crouch Jr., Barty Jr. is an avid Death Eater, so he hates Karkaroff as a traitor.

But Barty Crouch the old didn't know each other across from his child.

When he found out that his son was a Death Eater, he used the compound decoction to exchange identities between his seriously ill wife and Barty Crouch Jr. He died, and used the Imperius Curse to control his behavior after his son was rescued from Azkaban.

However, in the Quidditch World Cup, his son escaped through the chaos and broke through the limits of the Imperius Curse, and infiltrated Hogwarts instead of Moody.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 172:

In addition, apart from being Moody's former boss, Barty Crouch the elder had a judicial deal with Karkaroff. It was he who released Karkaroff from Azkaban, so between them The relationship is also a bit awkward, so he can only watch their contradictions without interfering.

Here: The criminal who was released from prison and the Sir who once arrested him, the undercover and twenty-five sons, the father and son who turned against each other, the criminals and politicians who traded

behind the scenes, the boss and the subordinates...all the relationships were all in the body of the three people. , If Harry Potter is a gangster movie or an ethical drama, then he will be able to make up a 500,000-character 52-episode drama of intrigue.

The next day was Saturday, and Hermione took Ye Ting to see the Goblet of Fire early in the morning.

Generally speaking, students go to breakfast very late. However, Ye Ting and Hermione were not the only ones who got up much earlier than usual on the weekend. When they went downstairs and entered the hall, they saw more than twenty people surrounded there, some of them were still eating bread, and they were all carefully looking at the goblet of fire. The cup is placed in the center of the hall, on the stool where the sorting hat is usually placed. A thin gold line was drawn on the floor, ten feet long on each side, enclosing the cup.

"Did anyone put a name in it?" Hermione asked a third-grade girl.

"Yes, all the representatives of Durmstrang," she replied, "but I haven't seen anyone at Hogwarts sign up yet."

"Someone must have thrown the name in while we were asleep last night." George Weasley came out, "If it were me, I would do it... I don't want everyone to see it. If the cup rubbed your name into one Throw it out, what a shame!"

"So, how should I put my name in?" Hermione looked at Ye Ting.

"Age line!" Fred Weasley said, his eyes gleaming. "That's easy to do. You can definitely be fooled by ageing agents, right? As long as your name is in that cup, you will be happy. Just laugh-it can't tell who is seventeen and who is under seventeen!"

"They were right." Hermione suddenly realized, "The Goblet of Fire itself can never tell the age, otherwise the professor would not add an age

limit."

"In fact, we have succeeded!" Fred said triumphantly.

"What succeeded?" Ye Ting asked.

"Aging agent," Fred said, "we just drank it."

"Drink one drop per person," George said, rubbing his hands in joy, "we only need to grow up for a few months."

"This method of using ageing agents is too obvious," Ye Ting reminded blankly, "Dumbledore will definitely think of this in advance, and he can't help but prevent it."

However, the twins' enthusiasm was not extinguished by his reminder.

"Are you ready?" Fred said to the other two people shaking with excitement, "Then, come on—I'll go in first—"

He took out a parchment note from his pocket with the words "Fred Weasley-Hogwarts" written on it.

He walked straight to the edge of the age line and stood there, shaking on tiptoes, like a diver preparing to jump off a fifty-foot platform. Then, under the gaze of every pair of eyes in the hall, he took a deep breath and crossed the line.

For an instant, everyone thought Fred had succeeded—George must have thought so too. He yelled triumphantly and jumped forward with Fred—but then, there was a sizzling sound. , The twins were thrown out of the golden circle, as if an invisible shot putter had thrown them out.

They fell painfully on the cold stone ground ten feet away, and they were humiliated beyond the physical pain. With a loud popping sound, the same long white beard appeared on the jaws of the two people.

The people in the hall roared with laughter. Even Fred and George got up and couldn't help laughing after seeing each other's white beard.

"I reminded you." said a low, amused voice, and everyone turned their

heads to see Professor Dumbledore coming out of the auditorium.

He looked at Fred and George, his eyes gleaming, "I suggest you both go to Madam Pomfrey. She is already nursing Miss Fawcett in Ravenclaw and Sa in Hufflepuff. Mr. Moss, they are also determined to increase their age a bit. But I must say that their beards are far less beautiful than yours."

Item 0239

After George and Fred left, some Hogwarts little wizards finally made their name.

The first is Angelina John. She is a tall, dark-skinned girl who is a chaser for the Gryffindor Quidditch team. She successfully threw her name into the Goblet of Fire, causing cheers.

In addition, it was mentioned that Wallings of Slytherin got up early in the morning and threw his name in. He is a big guy, who looks like a sloth.

After a while, the Bussbarton students came in through the front door from the field, and Hermione discovered that among them was the sister of the mixed-race Veeva sisters. Those around the Goblet of Fire stepped back, let them pass, and watched eagerly.

Mrs. Maxim followed her students into the hall and ordered them to line up. One by one, Bushbatten's students crossed the age line, throwing their parchments into the blue and white flames. When each name was thrown into the flame, the flame quickly turned red, and sparks burst out.

After Furong finished casting her name, she saw Ye Ting among the onlookers, and she happily leaned forward.

"Good morning, little referee." With a smile in her eyes, she seemed to be very happy to see Ye Ting. "If I become Busbarton's representative, you must take care of me in the arena."

"Don't worry, I can guarantee that you will never die on the court," Ye Ting said jokingly, "Also, I am actually not young anymore."

The old driver seized the opportunity and drove a wave of cars.

However, Furong immediately understood. She is indeed a French and mixed-race Veeva. Although she has no personal experience, she still understands it very well.

"You..." Furong was a little blushed by Ye Ting's words, she gave Ye Ting a light hammer, "You're really too much, you don't even have to say this to a girl."

"I thought we were very familiar." Ye Ting shrugged innocently.

The intimate conversation between the two of them not only made Hersen dissatisfied, but also angered several young people in Boothbatton.

These boys and Fleur are in the same school and have been pursuing her for a long time. However, looking at the entire Busbarton, no one has been able to take down this stunning mixed-blood Veeva in the past few years, and even one has an ambiguous relationship with her. It's just that there are no close boys.

However, nowadays a boy from a foreign school can be so close to Furong, and they also found that there are several beautiful girls from Hogwarts beside this boy, who at first glance is the more flowery kind. How can this be tolerated?

The tempers of several of the boys behind Furong have been exploded.

"Hey! Don't think that you are a referee. It's great." One of Busbarton's boys blurted out, "What is it to pretend to be superb?"

"I think he just relied that he didn't need to participate in the selection of the Goblet of Fire, nor did he have to play, so he was just blowing up the atmosphere." Another boy sneered, "So that he would not expose his

weak strength to the Goblet of Fire. ."

"Enough, Maxwell, Stein," Fleur accused loudly and angrily, "You don't understand Ting, so don't talk about it anymore."

"You must have been deceived by him," the boy named Maxwell said triumphantly, as if he had discovered the truth, "You don't know, some people are very deceptive, I Guess his strength is definitely not strong, but he is usually bragging. The Goblet of Fire will select contestants based on his strength. He must be afraid that his true side will be exposed, so he will find a relationship as a referee."

His remarks made all the little wizards present, whether from Hogwarts or Busbarton, look at him.

He was obviously a little proud of being noticed by so many people.

However, what he didn't know was that unlike the little wizards of Boothbat, the little wizards of Hogwarts looked at him not with approval, but with pity and contempt.

Everyone at Hogwarts knows that Ye Ting has never been too polite to those who provoke him. Malfoy in Slytherin is the person who hates Ye Ting the most in Hogwarts, but since being in front of Ye Ting, he has been very good." After several times of education, he began to avoid staying in the same place with Ye Ting as much as possible, and he was trembling in front of Ye Ting.

They were already expecting how Ye Ting would treat these two Boothbatten boys.

However, what they didn't expect was that Ye Ting just said lightly:

"Rather than caring about me, it's better to care about whether you can participate in this game."

Then there is no more text.

How is this possible?

The little wizards are very strange.

This is totally inconsistent with Ye Ting's character.

At this time, Mrs. Maxim had already stood up, and she severely criticized the two boys.

And Furong also hurriedly said to Ye Ting: "Oh, Maxwell Stein doesn't know you, doesn't know that the sky is high and the earth is thick, so that's why he said this. You shouldn't care about them in general, okay?"

The two of them knew Ye Ting's strength, so they didn't believe such remarks at all.

At Mrs. Maxim's request, the two of them apologized to Ye Ting, but they looked like they had won a big battle-after all, in their eyes, Ye Ting was persuaded and acquiesced in what they said.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 173:

Ye Ting nodded and did not speak.

Everything seems to have passed.

However, after a while, it was the turn of the two boys to throw notes.

The Maxwell boy held his head high and walked to the Goblet of Fire proudly like a big cock.

Who knows, just like the encounter between George and Fred just now, when he passed the age line, he seemed to hit some wall, and then threw him out with a strong force and hit the wall.

This is entirely a manifestation of substandard age.

"How could it be possible!" He exclaimed, and endured the pain all over his body and got up from the ground. "I obviously passed my seventeenth birthday five months ago."

He walked over again without believing in evil, and was thrown back to the same place in the same posture.

"There is a problem with this line!" Maxwell scolded, "Hogwarts is partial to their own people and wants to pre-eliminate powerful opponents."

This remark caused a boo, and his accusation against Ye Ting just now caused the hostility of the little wizards of Hogwarts. If the powerful Ye Ting is weak in their mouths, then they have lived in the shadow of Ye Ting for a long time. what is it then?

Suddenly, Furong blurted out.

"Ting, you can't do this, right?"

"Are you kidding me." Ye Ting shook his head and denied, "He obviously made a false report of his age. I can't change his age."

However, Furong's words aroused discussion among the little wizards.

"If he did it, it is indeed possible."

"Didn't he just say, 'Rather than caring about me, let's care about whether you can participate in this game.' Is this sentence? There is already one person who has lost his qualifications."

"In this way, it's really possible."

Mrs. Maxim stepped forward, grabbed Maxwell, who was about to start the fifth attempt, and checked him.

"It's strange, you are indeed seventeen years old," she couldn't understand what had happened, "and, no one has ever used age reducing agents on you."

In desperation, she had to let the hapless boy wait aside, and then arranged for the next person to come forward and try.

The next one is Stein.

He saw the encounter with Maxwell just now. Although he didn't believe that all of this was done by Ye Ting, he was cautious and slowly approached the age line.

However, when he touched the line, the same encounter immediately

appeared to him.

Although it was only a light touch, Stein was still bounced out as if he had been electrocuted, and hit the wall.

Now, the truth is already obvious.

Item 0240

In Hogwarts, and even in the upper echelons of the entire British wizarding world, there are rumors that Ye Ting was already comparable to Dumbledore in magical attainments when he was only fourteen years old.

However, for most people, this is just a rumor.

They believe that Ye Ting's talent must surpass Dumbledore, and they believe that Ye Ting can indeed compete with Dumbledore in some respects, at least not too far away, but if Ye Ting and Dumbledore are truly to be compared Putting Lido together, they would still think that Dumbledore must be better than Ye Ting.

However, what happened today made them doubt such judgments and made everyone start to reassess Ye Ting's true strength.

On this morning, when Bussbarton's students lined up to throw their names into the Goblet of Fire, two of the boys provoked Ye Ting and were immediately punished.

The two boys, obviously over 17 years old, were stunned that they couldn't cross the age line set by Dumbledore. The result of repeated attempts was only to be bounced off by the age line.

This is nothing, because it can be done in many ways, such as prescribing drugs on two boys, whether it is an age increasing agent or an age reducing agent, a similar effect can be achieved in front of this line- because for cheating People, age limit will not hesitate to punish them.

However, the problem is that there is no trace of spells or potions on the

two boys.

Then there is no doubt that the problem lies in this age line.

This is a bit weird.

As we all know, the magic used by most wizards is closely related to him.

After many wizards release their spells, no matter how powerful the wizard's mana is and how long the spell lasts, if no special treatment is done, as long as the wizard dies, the effect of the spell will disappear.

relatively. Because of this connection, it is almost impossible to modify the magic released by other people internally-of course, it is another time to overwrite the effect with a stronger method, or use an anti-curse to eliminate it. thing.

However, when Dumbledore came to check in a hurry, he discovered that his age line was not known when it had been revised. Nowadays, it will not only bounce off people who have not reached the age or cheat, but also Prevent a few specific people from entering the line.

Needless to say, the person who secretly changed the age line was Ye Ting.

However, what surprised Dumbledore the most was that this modification was not a brute force attack at all, but an internal modification made through loopholes. The effect was as if the user of the spell had modified it himself.

Dumbledore had never seen such a method in his life.

Think back then, he fought against Grindelwald, and then confronted Voldemort. The power of these opponents is all that their powerful mana has been exquisitely used for black magic, and the confrontation between them is also fighting against magic. , And then there is a trick to the opponent's spell. Facing the opponent's curse, their reaction is to fight against the curse or other curses, or they just find a way to avoid it. No

one has ever thought of changing the opponent's curse from the inside to achieve the effect they want.

This is exactly what hackers use.

This is no wonder, after all, there are few wizards who are proficient in magic and computers like Ye Ting.

Ye Ting, who had learned software in the previous life, originally planned to ride the Internet tide and use his foresight to dominate the Internet industry. Who ever thought that he actually came to the world of Harry Potter?

Therefore, he was deeply influenced by programmers' thinking. After learning magic, he paid the most attention to ancient magic texts-just as programmers value instruction sets, programming languages, and so on.

He stubbornly thinks, what mana? What potion? All spells are just appearances, and magic texts that involve fundamental rules are the true power of magic.

Of course, unlike programming languages, magic is magic, which is quite ideal in many places, but even magic has its own set of magic logic.

For this set of logic, most wizards can only be regarded as knowing it, but Ye Ting has to know why.

Such research also led him to modify the magic released by others.

Of course, such a technique is useless in battle. After all, in that kind of flashlight situation, who has the time to slowly modify the enemy's spells?

But outside of combat, this technique is very useful.

Just like now, all the professors in Hogwarts, including Dumbledore himself, couldn't change the magic back. Forcibly modifying it would only cause the entire magic to fail.

In the end, under the gazes expected by Mrs. Maxim, Bussbaton's

classmates and other professors, he could only shook his head helplessly.

"Mr. Ye's changes are really delicate," he shook his head helplessly, "I seem to understand how he did it, but even I can't get the two of them into the line."

"How could this be?" Mrs. Maxim couldn't believe it. "You are Dumbledore. Of course I know Mr. Ye is a very powerful wizard, but he can't be so strong, right?"

"No, you are wrong," Dumbledore looked at her seriously, and explained, "You still underestimated his genius. Even I can only overwhelm him in experience, but in terms of the ancient magic Wen and the study of the spell itself, he has greatly surpassed me."

"What should I do?" Mrs. Maxim was at a loss. "Could it be that Maxwell and Stein can't get close to the Goblet of Fire?"

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 174:

"That's not true. After all, this age line is my magic. As long as I cancel it and draw another line, they will be able to get in."

"That's fine." Madam Maxim was relieved, he only cared about whether his students could throw their names into the Goblet of Fire.

But this is not what other professors care about.

"But the key point is here." Professor Flitwick said loudly, "After he modified, this magic will still be controlled by Dumbledore, which is equivalent to that he is really just modifying, not destroying and rebuilding. "

He looked at Ye Ting excitedly, "Child, you have created a great technique!"

"I think if this happens, the goblins of Gringotts should be upset."

Karkaroff smiled, "All the anti-theft secret magic is useless in the face of

such skills."

"That's not true," Ye Ting shook his head, "At least not many people can learn this technique."

"I can prove it," said Professor Bathside Babbling, who teaches ancient magic. "There are fewer and fewer young people willing to study ancient magic. , The prerequisite for reaching the level of Mr. Ye is to have considerable proficiency in ancient magic texts. At this point, even I may not be able to do it."

Item 0241

So the professors gathered around Ye Ting and praised, and the little wizards next to them were dumbfounded. Although they could understand the specific meaning of each word the professors said was the specific meaning of these words together, they were confused. They couldn't understand such a profound theory at all, and in the end they only heard the professors' admiration for Ye Ting.

In the end, with the help of Dumbledore, Maxwell and Stein succeeded in throwing their names into the Goblet of Fire, but after throwing their names in, they immediately left desperately.

Before, they had been ranting about Ye Ting, thinking that Ye Ting was just a vain, but what happened afterwards made them ashamed and wished to disappear immediately.

It turned out that the people they had been mocking were actually no longer in the same level as them-even Dumbledore was ashamed of him. Their previous behavior was completely like a clown. It was clearly that they were the weakest, but they wanted to speak loudly in front of the real strong.

At the same time, not only the little wizards of Hogwarts saw Ye Ting's power again, but the little wizards of Boothbatten and Durmstrang also

gained a lot of knowledge.

Only then did they understand why Dumbledore had to arrange the boy as a guest.

This is actually a kind of protection for them, after all, competing with such a monster in the same arena, basically there is no possibility of victory.

However, at the same time, the Triwizard Tournament does not seem to have a champion, and it does not appear to be that attractive.

What about even winning the championship? Now they have seen such a peer, and the champion of the Triwizard Tournament is just pediatrics in front of him.

In this way, this champion seems a bit dull.

Of course, this is just that, although the champion can't be seen in front of Ye Ting, it can prove it anyway. It is below one person and above 10,000 people in the same age.

Moreover, the prize money for the championship is 3000 gold gallons, which is not a small sum even for a rich family like Draco Malfoy.

After the professors and Boothbarton teachers and students had all gone, the little wizards of Hogwarts surrounded Ye Ting enthusiastically and asked him questions.

These people are mainly little wizards under the age of 17. Although they did not understand most of the conversations of the professors just now, they still heard one thing, that is, Ye Ting modified Dumbledore's age-line magic, and only then did the two Boothbarton's stupid stands out of the line.

They felt that since Ye Ting could block wizards over the age of 17 from the line, he could allow wizards under the age of 17 to enter the line, and this was their opportunity.

After all, no one does not want to be selected to be the Warriors of the Triwizard Tournament, even Harry Potter.

However, their request was rejected by Ye Ting.

"I'm a referee," he said abruptly, "As a referee, how can I help others cheat?"

What were you doing just now?

Many people complained like this in their hearts, but he didn't dare to speak out.

"Is it true that you can't become a warrior before you reach the age of 17? This is too unfair." Ye Ting's roommate, Michael Kona, complained loudly.

"That's not right." Ye Ting retorted, "Actually. If you cross this line by your own means and throw your name into the Goblet of Fire. You still have a chance to become a warrior. After all. The age limit of 17 is only Deng Bu. Lido added it, and the real choice is the Goblet of Fire."

"So, can you tell us how to cross this line?" Potter asked loudly among the crowd. "Although you can't help us by yourself, you can always make suggestions. If it were you, how would you cross it? That line?"

"My method is too complicated for you." Ye Ting said, "but there are actually simpler methods. For example, you can ask senior students to put your name in for you."

This made many people suddenly realize that this method does sound reasonable, after all, I have never heard that the age line or the goblet of fire can tell whether the person who put the name in is the same person as the name on the note.

Immediately some people began to eagerly try, they began to rack their brains in their personal relationships to find a senior student who was not prepared to participate in the Triwizard Tournament, and was willing to

take the risk of putting his name in for him.

"However, there is one more question." Hermione said suddenly, "I think the standard for selecting people in the Goblet of Fire should be based on the strength of the person who puts in the name. In this case, you want to let your name be in the election, the person who casts your name must have a certain level of strength, but why don't such people participate in the competition by themselves?"

Hearing this, the little wizards were all stunned.

Yes, if one can become a warrior by himself, then why should he help others to vote for their names?

Looking at it this way, this loophole is not so easy to drill.

So they looked at Ye Ting again, hoping that he could come up with another idea.

"In this case, there is only one more dumb way." Ye Ting shrugged and continued, "Since you can't cross this line, then find a way to get around. It doesn't matter whether you fly from the sky or dig a hole in the ground, as long as you don't touch it. This line will not end."

In fact, this is also a bad idea. After all, Dumbledore's age line is said to be a line, but in fact it still has a certain range of action. Otherwise, wouldn't it be possible to break through the age line with just a jump?

According to Ye Ting's judgment, anyone who wants to break through the restrictions by flying or digging tunnels must either break through the ceiling and airborne, or dig deeper than the secret room.

But the little wizards didn't know this. Ye Ting's analysis was obviously justified and well-founded, so they were all excited like Feng Gui, thinking that they had the opportunity to become the warriors of Hogwarts, in the arena and the other two academies. Compete against each other, then defeat two opponents, win the championship, get three

thousand Jin Jialong, and embark on the pinnacle of life...

Looking at the fanatical little wizards, especially the excited Harry Potter among them, Ye Ting shook his head helplessly.

This group of people neither knows what kind of shady behind this game, nor what the end of the Hogwarts Warriors in the original book.

In the original book, the Hogwarts warrior Cedric Diggory really died in the game.

Ye Ting agreed to be a referee for this reason. After all, in his opinion, Hermione's current strength absolutely surpasses Diggory and the little wizards of Boothbatten and Demstrang. She will definitely be able to participate in the competition and win the championship. With Ye Ting, Hermione would be able to see their future enemy in advance, and she would not die while she was mentally prepared.

And Harry Potter? His fate is hard to say...

Item 0242

Ye Ting and Hermione left the scene, and these little wizards were about to show their magical powers here.

The next day, Filch had to get busy, because he had to face hundreds of sabotage little wizards.

These little wizards did everything possible to get to the sky and earth in order to bypass the age line.

Some people used the Levitating Charm, and some people used the flying broomstick, but without exception, they all seemed to hit a transparent wall and were bombed out.

However, no one doubted Ye Ting's method. Some people thought that he was not flying high enough, and some people thought it was reliable to dig tunnels.

Those who desperately needed to take the flight route failed several

times. After paying the price of three or four little wizards being sent to see Madam Pomfrey, they finally realized that they had to fly higher than the ceiling, so someone came. On the top of the building, the goblet of flame is vertically upward.

They found that there is no age limit here—the range of influence of the age line is not so high, so they started to cast spells on the roof, wanting to destroy the roof, and enter the age line from the top.

Of course, people who want to dig a hole in the ground can't directly dig in this hall. After calculating the position, they walk around to the next room, find a place where no one is passing by, and there is no picture monitoring, and then start to face the floor.

So on this day, Filch was going crazy. He did not know that he caught a group of little wizards digging holes nearby. These little wizards not only damaged the floor, but also made the corridors and classrooms dirty, making him dirty. Had to spend a lot of time to clean up.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 175:

Moreover, there were too many little wizards digging holes in the ground. He caught one batch after another. The enthusiasm for becoming a warrior made the confinement lose its deterrent. What made him even more embarrassed was that someone tried to enter from the roof. For a dumb gun like him, going to the roof to catch people is embarrassing him.

In the end, things got to Dumbledore, and Dumbledore, who was dumbfounded, had to cast the spell again, and the age line became a circular transparent wall, which stifled the enthusiasm of the little wizards.

After all, the circular omni-directional barrier can't be broken through by

clever tricks.

This turmoil has come to an end.

However, at noon that day, the accident happened again.

Dumbledore suddenly realized that his age "line" had been destroyed by violence.

But when he rushed to the scene wearing his clothes, he didn't find any traces of magic, and he didn't even understand what kind of magic caused his magic wall to be completely destroyed.

But judging from the traces left, the magic wall seemed to have been breached by a powerful physical attack, and the defensive effect of the wall was barely exerted.

But how is this possible? How could anyone break through such a magical defense through physical means?

After all, magic itself acts on rules and concepts, so under the same conditions, physics has little effect on magic, and the effect will be very poor, because no one can fight against the rules, only magic can fight against magic.

This is like, the function of the Disarming Curse is to disarm, and it will take effect on what is judged to be a "weapon" "held" by the target, even a tank, a missile, or even an aircraft carrier will be disarmed.

In the same way, only magic and the soul itself can fight the killing curse.

That is to say, even if it is a whale or a dinosaur, without a powerful magic resistance and soul, it will fall down with a killing curse.

Therefore, it was impossible for Dumbledore to think about physically breaking through the wall.

However, this incident really happened before his eyes.

In the end, Dumbledore, who didn't understand it, had to rearrange it and increase the physical defense of the protective cover.

In fact, it was Miss Hermione Granger who caused all this.

Like Ye Ting, she could not modify Dumbledore's curse with superb skills and magical proficiency, nor could she fool the magic wall and fish in troubled waters with superb confusing spells.

However, she has Animagus.

Today, the dragon she can turn into can exceed six meters at most. Such a dragon not only possesses great power, but also has great magic resistance.

So, when there was no one, she turned into a dragon in the hall, used her strength to forcefully break through Dumbledore's magic, and then threw herself into her name.

Although it is very difficult to break through the wall by strength alone, it is an exception in the case of magic resistance.

Especially the magic resistance of the dragon level.

This is like the defense of a wall of 100. Although this wall is not specifically designed to block physical attacks, even if it has a power of 100, since it is a physical attack without mystery, it cannot affect magic at all, so the damage to the wall is $100 \times 0 = 0$ —of course, the real situation is not so exaggerated as 0. After all, there is no pure physical attack in a magical world, but the mystery of ordinary physical attacks is infinitely close to 0, which is really 0...

The magic resistance is different. Even if the magic resistance is 1, it can also affect the magic. $100 \times 1 = 100$, not to mention that the dragon's magic resistance is more than one point.

Therefore, although Animagus could not deceive the magic wall, Dumbledore's magic could not stop her at all, she just broke through in such a grandiose way, and then put her name into the goblet of fire. Estimating this, even Dumbledore did not expect it, just as he did not

expect Barty Crouch Jr. to sneak into Hogwarts and then help Harry Potter put his name into the Goblet of Fire.

His magic only protects against little wizards under the age of seventeen, but neither protects against cast names or dragons.

...

That night was a Halloween party, and more importantly, the warrior's announcement ceremony. All the little wizards came to the auditorium early.

Even Hermione is no exception. Although Ye Ting has repeatedly promised that with her strength, it is impossible for anyone to be stronger than her, but she is still a little uneasy.

When they walked into the candle-lit auditorium, it was almost full of people. The Goblet of Fire has been moved. It was now standing in front of Dumbledore's empty chair on the staff's desk. Fred and George-with their jaws bare again-seemed to have embraced their failure with pleasure.

The Halloween dinner seems to be much longer than usual.

Maybe because it was a banquet two days in a row, Hermione didn't seem to like the hearty and well-prepared dishes as usual. The people in the auditorium kept looking up, and every face showed anxious expressions. Everyone was fidgeting, standing up from time to time to see if Dumbledore had finished eating. Like them, Hermione could not wait to finish the food on the plate quickly, and quickly know who was selected as the warrior. She was very worried that her name was not pronounced in the end.

Item 0243

Finally, the golden plate returned to its original spotless state, and the voice in the auditorium suddenly rose a lot. Immediately, Dumbledore

stood up, and the auditorium suddenly became silent again. Karkaroff and Mrs. Maxim on both sides of Dumbledore looked as nervous and expectant as everyone else. Ludo Bagman smiled and blinked at the students in the various schools, while Mr. Crouch was uninterested and bored.

"Well, the goblet is about to make a decision," Dumbledore said. "I guess it will take another minute. Listen, after the names of the warriors are announced, I hope they will go to the top of the auditorium and walk along the faculty. The table walked over and entered the room next door—"He pointed to the door behind the instructor's desk,—"they will get preliminary instructions there."

He took out his wand and waved it sharply. Immediately, except for the candles in the pumpkin lanterns, the rest of the candles were extinguished, and the auditorium suddenly fell into a half-bright and half-dark state. The goblet of fire now emits a dazzling light, which is brighter than anything in the entire auditorium, and the blue-white flame that shoots sparks is a bit dazzling. Everyone is watching, waiting...a few people keep looking at the watch...

"Almost." Someone whispered.

The flame in the goblet suddenly turned red again, and crackling sparks burst out. Then, a tongue of fire leaped into the air, and a piece of scorched parchment flew out of it—everyone in the auditorium held their breath.

Dumbledore caught the parchment and held it far away so that he could read the words clearly in the light of the flame. At this time, the flame returned to blue and white.

"Warrior of Durmstrand," he said in a clear and powerful tone, "It's Victor Krum."

Applause and cheers swept the entire auditorium.

Victor Krum got up from the Slytherin table and walked towards Dumbledore listlessly. He turned to the right, walked along the staff's desk, and entered the next room through that door.

"Awesome, Victor!" Karkaroff roared like a bell, and despite the loud applause in the auditorium, everyone could hear his voice, "I know you are destined to be a warrior!"

The applause and conversation gradually subsided. Now everyone's attention was focused on the goblet again, and after a few seconds, the flames turned red again. The second piece of parchment was pushed out of the cup by the flame.

"Warrior of Boothbarton," Dumbledore said, "It's Fleur Delacour!"

The mixed-race Veveva stood up gracefully, flicked her shiny silver hair, and walked lightly between the tables of Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff.

"Oh, you seem to have known it a long time ago." Hermione said amidst the noise, "you know her strength well."

This was a bit sour, Ye Ting touched Hermione's head comfortingly.

When Fleur Delacour also entered the next room, the auditorium became quiet again, and the silence was filled with intense excitement that could be tasted. Now it's the turn of the warriors of Hogwarts...

At this time, the goblet of fire turned red again, sparks splashed, and the tongue of flames shot high into the air, and Dumbledore drew a third piece of parchment from the tip of the tongue.

"Warrior of Hogwarts," he looked at the note seriously, as if he had found something wrong, and then said aloud after a while, "It's Hermione Granger!"

After the name was pronounced, the little wizards were silent.

"How is this possible? She is not up to the required age!" Someone in the

crowd said loudly. It was Ron Weasley who was speaking, and everyone heard him.

This was indeed a surprising result. Everyone knew that Hermione was only in the fourth grade, and three years before she was seventeen.

For a time, many people began to agree with Ron. Most of these people were Hufflepuff and Slytherin's little wizards. The little snakes simply can't stand a wizard with pure Muggle origin like Hermione, while the little badgers believe that their male prefect Godric Diggory should be made a warrior.

In addition, Ravenclaw's Kitty Hawks cheered. Some of them began to refute Hufflepuff and Slytherin loudly. The Kitty Hawks knew Hermione's strength too well, not to mention that Hermione had always maintained it. In terms of perfect scores, it means that every school year, Hermione will get a few hundred points for Ravenclaw in class.

The questioning voices of other little wizards did not make Her very sensitive. This is what she learned from Ye Ting-instead of struggling to argue with others, it is better to use her strength to convince people. The noise went on for a long time, and after a long time, Dumbledore calmed everyone down and listened to him.

"I know that some people have doubts about the candidate of the Goblet of Fire Warriors." He said loudly, "But in fact, there is only one criterion for the Goblet of Fire Warriors, and that is strength. Although I set a 17-year-old limit on the Warriors, But Miss Granger is able to break through my limitations, that is her ability. The Goblet of Fire finally selected her as the Warrior of Hogwarts, only to prove that her strength is stronger than any other candidate. In fact, we all know that Ge Miss Ranjie once won the international wizard duel contest, so I have no doubt that she has such strength."

Do you like this site? Donate here:

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 176:

Almost all the little wizards were persuaded by Dumbledore's words.

They had to admit that Miss Granger's strength was counted throughout Hogwarts. At least until now, few little wizards can. Completely used the guardian **** spell, so quickly. They spontaneously cheered for Hermione Granger.

Hermione, who was recognized, smiled and beckoned to everyone, and then walked out of the crowd and entered the next room.

"Great!" When the noise finally subsided, Dumbledore exclaimed happily,

"Well, now our three warriors have been selected. I know I can trust all of you, including Boothbarton and The other students of Durmstrang, you will definitely support your warriors with all your strength. By cheering on the warriors, you will also make a great contribution to this event—"

But Dumbledore stopped talking suddenly, and everyone could see what attracted his attention.

The flame in the goblet turned red again. Sparks splashed out cracklingly.

A long tongue of fire suddenly jumped into the air, and another piece of parchment was raised on it.

Dumbledore stretched out a slender hand subconsciously and grabbed the parchment. He held it far away, staring at the name written on it. After a long silence, Dumbledore stared at the note in his hand, and everyone in the auditorium stared at Dumbledore. Then Dumbledore cleared his throat and said aloud--

"Harry Potter."

Item 0244

Harry sat there, realizing that everyone in the auditorium had turned

their heads and looked at him. He was stunned, his mind was blank. He must be dreaming. He must have heard it wrong just now.

There was no applause. A buzzing sound began to fill the auditorium, as if countless angry bees were singing. Some students also stood up, in order to see Harry more clearly, and Harry sat stiffly in his seat, as if frozen.

Professor McGonagall stood up in the main guest seat, walked quickly past Ludo Bagman and Professor Karkaroff, and whispered eagerly in Professor Dumbledore's ear. Dumbledore listened and wrinkled slightly. Frowned.

Harry turned to look at Ron beside him. He saw that the classmates at the long Gryffindor table behind them all opened their mouths and stared at him.

"I didn't put my name in." Harry said blankly. "You know I don't."

They were also at a loss, staring at him blankly.

In the main guest seat, Professor Dumbledore straightened up and nodded to Professor McGonagall.

"Harry Potter!" he shouted again, "Harry! Please come here!"

"Go," Ron urged in a low voice, pushing Harry lightly.

Harry stood up, stepped on the bottom of his robe, stumbled slightly. He followed the passage between Gryffindor and Hufflepuff's tables. He felt that the road seemed extremely long, and the guest seat seemed always so far away. He could feel hundreds of eyes staring at him, as if each eye could not be a searchlight. The buzzing discussion grew louder and louder. It seemed that a full hour had passed before he finally walked to Dumbledore, and he felt all the teachers' eyes fixed on him.

"Well... go to that door, Harry." Dumbledore said, without a smile on his face, then he looked at Ye Ting again, "Mr. Ye, you are our special guest,

too One of the referees, please come too, we need your help."

Ye Ting walked along the staff's desk, through the door, and out of the auditorium. He found himself in a small room with portraits of wizards hanging on the walls on both sides. In the fireplace opposite him, the fire was burning vigorously.

When he entered, all the faces in the portrait turned to look at him. He saw a crumpled witch whizzing out of her picture frame and got into the next picture frame, on which was a witch with a walrus beard. The wrinkled witch began to bite his ears quietly.

Victor Rum, Hermione Granger, and Fleur Delacour all surrounded the fire. When Ye Ting walked in, Furong Delacour and Hermione Granger both turned their heads. When they saw Ye Ting, they showed surprise expressions.

"You are here, Mr. Referee." Furong stepped forward and greeted Ye Ting, "To be honest, did you secretly help your little girlfriend? She is not seventeen years old! "

Of course, this was a complete joke, and she was not angry because Hermione was not old enough.

"Of course I didn't help her," Ye Ting shook his head, "It all depends on her own efforts."

"Well, I'm really proud of her." Furong pretended to be sad, "Is he already a family?"

"No...No," Furong's teasing made Hermione stutter. She is not used to her relationship with Ye Ting being made known to everyone, "I...we are just ordinary friends."

"Is it just an ordinary friend?" Furong suddenly smirked. "If that's the case, you don't mind if I start pursuing him, I'm not welcome."

"No!" In this respect, Hermione was not Fleur's opponent at all, and she

was flushed with amusement all at once.

"Okay, Furong." Ye Ting smiled helplessly, "Don't bully Little Hermione, I'm here for business." ("Don't call me Little Hermione!")

"Okay, okay, I'm not talking about the head office, you are really partial."

Fleur stopped teasing Hermione and asked instead, "Do they want us to go back to the auditorium?"

She thought he was coming in to spread the word.

However, Ye Ting had not yet begun to explain what had just happened, and another person walked in outside the door, Harry Potter.

There was a rush of footsteps behind, and Ludo Bagman walked into the room. He grabbed Harry by the arm and pulled him forward.

"It's weird!" He squeezed Harry's arm hard and muttered in a low voice,

"It's absolutely weird! Two gentlemen...madams," he walked to the

fireside and said to the other three people, "please allow me to introduce

Now-even though it seems incredible-this is the fourth warrior in the Triwizard Tournament!"

Victor Krum straightened up and looked up and down Harry, with a gloomy expression on his face. Hermione looked at a loss. He looked at

Bagman, and then at Harry, thinking he must have not heard what

Bagman said. Fleur Delacour shook her long hair, smiled, and said, "Oh, this joke is very funny, Mr. Bagman."

"Joke?" Bagman repeated, somewhat puzzled, "No, no, absolutely not!

Harry's name just came out of the goblet of fire!"

Krum's thick eyebrows frowned slightly. Both Hermione and Furong frowned and looked at Ye Ting.

Ye Ting nodded to them to confirm.

"But this is obviously a mistake," Fleur said proudly to Bagman, "but there is already one player at Hogwarts. It's Miss Granger, isn't it?"

"Yeah... it's really surprising," Bagman rubbed his smooth chin and looked down at Harry with a smile. "But you also know that the choice of the match is determined by the Goblet of Fire, since his name is It sprayed out of the goblet...I mean, I think that since this point has been reached, it is not allowed to escape...The regulations are very clearly written, you must follow...Harry must do his best —"

The door behind them was pushed open again, and a large crowd rushed in: Professor Dumbledore, followed by Mr. Crouch, Professor Karkaroff, Mrs. Maxim, Professor McGonagall, and Professor Snape. . Before Professor McGonagall walked up the door, hundreds of students buzzed in the auditorium next door.

Madame Maxim straightened her burly and tall body. Her handsome head touched a chandelier full of candles, and her huge breast in black satin clothes was undulating violently.

"What the **** does this mean, Dumbledore?" she said arrogantly.

"I want to know this too, Dumbledore," said Professor Karkaroff-with a cold smile on his face and blue eyes as cold as ice cubes. "There are two warriors at Hogwarts. I don't remember someone telling me that there can be two warriors in the host school—Isn't I carefully looking at the regulations?"

He gave a short laugh, in an unpleasant voice.

Item 0245

"It's impossible," Mrs. Maxim said, with her big hands wearing many gorgeous opals resting on Fleur's shoulders. "There can be no two warriors at Hogwarts. This is extremely unfair."

"In addition, I think there is a problem with your other candidate,"

Karkaroff said, still with a cold smile on his face, and the chill in his eyes deepened. "In our impression, your age boundary is We can exclude

underage competitors, otherwise, we will certainly bring more candidates from our school."

"This matter has nothing to do with Miss Granger." Ye Ting glanced at Karkaroff and suddenly said, "I can prove that Miss Granger broke the age limit with absolute strength."

Before that, he had been very silent, because he who knew all the truth felt that there was nothing to say, but when his voice rang, it attracted everyone's attention, and no one could ignore his opinion.

Karkaroff didn't care much about Ye Ting's words. He didn't see the scene in the morning with his own eyes. He didn't know Ye Ting's greatness. He wanted to refute his words loudly and point out that he was just a child. It couldn't prove that Hermione was a qualified candidate, but when he looked into Ye Ting's eyes, his heart suddenly became cold, as if he was being stared at by something dangerous.

In that look, he felt a tremendous pressure. At that moment, he even felt that it was not a little wizard who was only fourteen years old, but a giant dragon.

--What's going on? It's just a kid, why?

Karkaroff suddenly thought of the rumors he had dismissed before, and now he really began to believe that the kid was a master of the same level as Dumbledore.

So he immediately changed what he said.

"Okay... OK, miss Granger." He decisively denied his initial point of view, "Then what's the matter with Harry Potter? I don't believe he can do this, too. Wouldn't it be you guys starting a small stove for him?"

As expected, he was a former Death Eater who had betrayed his colleagues, and he was quite decisive.

"I can only blame Potter, Karkaroff for this," Snape said softly, his dark

eyes flashing hostility, "Don't blame Dumbledore, it's all Potter's insistence on breaking the regulations. He has never After school, I continued to violate school rules—"

"Thank you, Severus." Dumbledore said categorically. Snape closed his mouth, but his eyes still flashed maliciously through his greasy black hair.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 177:

Professor Dumbledore looked down at Harry now, and Harry looked at him as well, trying to understand the eyes hidden behind the half-moon lens.

"Did you throw your name into the Goblet of Fire, Harry?" he asked calmly.

"No." Harry said. He was clearly aware that everyone was watching him closely. Snape made a voice of disbelief impatiently in the shadows.

"Did you ask an older classmate to help you cast your name into the Goblet of Fire?" Professor Dumbledore ignored Snape and continued to ask, "I remember Mr. Ye mentioned this method."

"No." Harry said excitedly. At this time, he suddenly began to envy Hermione, because he was also under the age of 17. But had to face such a question.

He regretted that he hadn't had a good relationship with this boy before—he had to admit that some kind of envy and jealousy made him lose a fairly reliable friend.

Of course, if Ye Ting knew his thoughts, then he would definitely laugh at Harry's whimsical.

"Ah, he must be lying!" Mrs. Maxim said loudly. Snape shook his head and pursed his lips.

"He can't cross that age line," Professor McGonagall said sharply. "He doesn't have that kind of strength. I believe we all agree on this point—" "Dumbledore's line must be wrong," Mrs. Maxim said, shrugging her shoulders.

"Of course, it's possible," Dumbledore said politely.

"Dumbledore, you know you didn't make a mistake!" Professor McGonagall said angrily. Harry has not persuaded senior students to do this for him, and I think others should believe this too!"

She glared at Professor Snape very angrily.

"Mr. Crouch, Mr. Bagman... and Mr. Ye." Karkaroff said slickly, apparently reluctant when he said the last name, "The three of you are our-uh-objective referees. . You must also think this matter is extremely inappropriate, don't you?"

Bagman wiped his round baby face with a handkerchief and looked at Mr. Crouch in a blink of an eye. Mr. Crouch stood outside the aperture of the fire, his face half hidden in the shadows. He looked a little weird, and the dark shadow on that half made him look a lot older, and he looked a little bit like a skeleton. But when he spoke, his voice was still as hard as usual.

"We must abide by the regulations. The regulations clearly stipulate that anyone whose name comes out of the Goblet of Fire must participate in the Triwizard Tournament."

"Hey, Batty memorized the regulations so thoroughly." Bagman came to look at Ye Ting again.

"I am not familiar with the regulations, so I don't have any comments." Ye Ting said lightly.

"That is two votes in agreement and one abstention." Bagman said, with a smile on his face, and looking at Karkaroff and Mrs. Maxim, it seemed

that the matter had been resolved successfully.

"I insist that my other students re-register." Karkaroff said. His voice was no longer smooth, his smile disappeared, and the expression on his face was extremely ugly, "You must put the goblet of fire out again, and we will continue to add names to it until each school produces two warriors. This way. It's fair, Dumbledore."

"But Karkaroff, I'm afraid that won't happen," Bagman said. "The Goblet of Fire has just been extinguished-it won't reignite until the next Championship -"

"—Drmstrand will never participate in the next competition!" Karkaroff was furious. "We have had so many meetings and after so many negotiations and consultations, I didn't expect such a thing to happen again! I just want to leave now!"

Mrs. Maxim also showed a look of approval. In this regard, she was on Karkaroff's side.

Although the referees agreed unanimously for the fourth Warrior's entry, if two of the three participating academies disagree, then the game will not go on.

At this time, the discussion reached a deadlock.

Item 0246

"The threat of bluffing, Karkaroff!" a voice snarled by the door, "You can't leave your warrior now. He must participate in the game. They must all participate in the game. As Dumbledore said, this is by It's bound by a magic contract. It's good for you, isn't it?"

Moody just walked into the room. He limped towards the fire, and every time he landed on his right foot, he made a very loud crash, hum, hum.

"Advantageous?" said Karkaroff. "I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean, Moody."

He tried his best to make his tone look contemptuous, as if he didn't dismiss Moody's words at all, but his hands exposed his heart, and they involuntarily clenched into fists.

"Really?" Moody said softly. "It's very simple, Karkaroff. Someone put Potter's name in the goblet, and he knew that if the name was squirted out, Potter had to participate in the competition. ."

"Obviously, that person wants to give Hogwarts two chances!" Mrs. Maxim said.

"I agree with you, Mrs. Maxim," Karkaroff said, bowing to her, "I want to file a complaint with the Ministry of Magic and the International Federation of Wizards—"

"If anyone has a reason to complain, it's Potter," Moody said gruffly, "but... it's interesting... I didn't hear him say a word... Maybe someone wants Potter to die for it."

After he finished speaking, there was an extremely tense silence. Ludo Bagman looked very anxious, his body was moving up and down uneasy, and his mouth said: "Moody, you old guy...how do you say such a thing!"

"We all know that if Professor Moody did not find six people trying to murder him before lunch, he would think this morning was wasted."

Karkaroff said loudly, "Obviously, he is also teaching his students to be suspicious, old man. Think someone is going to murder yourself. As a Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, this quality is really rare, Dumbledore. But there is no doubt that you have your own considerations."

"Why, I was born out of nothing?" Moody yelled, "I have feelings, eh? The one who threw the boy's name into the goblet is definitely a wise wizard..."

"Oh, what proof do you have for this?" Madam Maxim asked, raising both

big hands.

"Because they deceived a magical object with a very powerful spell!"

Moody said, "To blind the goblet so that he forgets that there are only three schools participating in the competition. This requires a particularly powerful confusing spell..."

"You seem to have used a lot of brains on this matter, Moody," Karkaroff said coldly. I wonder if you receive a birthday gift with a pretending basilisk egg in it, no matter if it is smashed to pieces, and then realize that it is a travel alarm clock. Therefore, if we You can understand without taking your words completely seriously..."

"There are indeed people who use pure and harmless activities to achieve their own goals," Moody retorted in a threatening tone. "My job is to think about the problem according to the black wizard's thinking.

Karkaroff-you shouldn't forget. ..."

"Alastor!" Dumbledore warned.

Moody was silent, but still looked at Karkaroff very resentfully-

Karkaroff's blush was as if on fire.

"In fact, someone can prove this," Dumbledore looked at Ye Ting and said to everyone. Following his gaze, everyone looked at Ye Ting. "In fact, in this respect, Mr. Ye is the only It's an expert. Although I have already mentioned it, I have to say that he has surpassed all of us here in the study of magic spells and ancient magic texts. Therefore, Mr. Ye, as a referee, you can help check Why can the Goblet of Fire spit out the fourth name?"

"Unshirkable responsibility," Ye Ting nodded, and walked to the goblet of flames, pointed his wand at the goblet of flames, closed his eyes, and muttered something.

Everyone looked at him expectantly, and Harry had the greatest

expectation. He extremely hoped that Ye Ting would understand what had happened, so as to settle the wrongs for him.

After about a minute, Ye Ting opened his eyes. He put away his wand and nodded at everyone.

At this moment, Moody was obviously a little uneasy.

"It is indeed the effect of the Confusion Curse." Ye Ting looked around and took a deep look at Moody, making him shudder—at that moment, he even tightened his muscles, ready to escape at any time, and he felt that he was affected by the opponent. See through.

However, Ye Ting's words afterwards made him breathe a sigh of relief.

"Although I don't know who did it," Ye Ting looked away and continued,

"But this is indeed a powerful confusion spell. This spell replaced the original spell on the Goblet of Fire, turning the three academies into four.

A college, and Potter is the only candidate for the fourth college. This ensures that his name will be selected. In fact, this choice is correct.

Although the person who put the name for him is strong enough, it is obviously not enough. In order to let Miss Granger lose the election."

His words made Harry Potter and Moody sigh of relief. Of course, at the same time, Ye Ting's level of danger in Moody's mind once again

increased, because he really couldn't understand why this person could escape from the flames. Finding so many clues in the cup, his hand is unheard of in the entire wizarding world. If such an ability is mastered by the Auror, then the dark wizard will have no way to survive.

"Ah, thank you for your analysis, Mr. Ye," Dumbledore cast an admiring look at Ye Ting, "I have to say it again, your skill is really amazing. In the spell just now, I only heard Including flashback curses, reappearance curses, and magic detection curses, I have not figured out the others at all, what are you..."

"Albus!" Professor McGonagall shouted again, "this is not the time to discuss this."

"Well, let's get down to business," Dumbledore said to everyone gathered in the room. "We don't know who caused this situation, but in my opinion, we have no choice but to accept it. Hermione and Harry was selected to participate in the competition. Therefore, they must..."

"Ah, but Dumbledore—"

"My dear Mrs. Maxim, don't you believe Mr. Ye's analysis?"

Dumbledore waited, but Mrs. Maxim couldn't speak anymore. Of course, she couldn't believe Ye Ting's analysis, so she just stared angrily. And she was not the only one showing dissatisfaction. Snape also looked angry; Karkaroff's face was blue.

But they all just dared not speak.

Obviously, although some people were reluctant, everyone accepted the setting of the four warriors.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 178:

Harry breathed a sigh of relief, because he was no longer the target of suspicion, and now he even wanted to give Ye Ting a big hug.

Item 0247

After figuring out the truth, there is not much left.

Subsequently, Barty Crouch announced some matters of the game.

The first event of the Triwizard Tournament will be held on November 24th and will be completed in front of other students and the referee team.

When completing the competition, the Warriors shall not request or accept any help from their teachers. When the Warriors faced the first round of challenges, the only weapon in his hand was his wand. After the

first project is over, they will learn about the second project.

After that, the referee, the three principals, and the warriors all left the room. It can be seen that although Mrs. Maxim, Professor Karkaroff, and the other three warriors accepted the result, they were obviously still very unhappy.

For the two warriors of Hogwarts, Harry and Hermione, the next few days will be their most difficult days at Hogwarts.

Harry began to have to face the scorn and ridicule from Ravenclaw and some other school wizards at any time. In addition, although the Ravenclaws have always got along well with the Gryffindors, because of Harry, now Suddenly became indifferent to them all.

The attitude of the Ravenclaws is easy to understand. They want to support their warriors. And the Slytherins also carried out his vicious insult to him-he was extremely unpopular with them, and always has been like this, because he represented Gryffindor many times in Quidditch and College Cup competitions. Defeated Slytherin. But beyond Harry's expectation, he had hoped that Hufflepuff's classmates would support him like Hermione, but he was wrong.

Most of Hufflepuff's classmates seemed to think that he had used a trick to coax Goblet of Fire into accepting his name, and couldn't wait to earn more fame for himself.

In addition, there is another fact: Hermione does look more like a warrior than him, because she maintains a perfect score in all subjects every academic year. The Dementor protected the entire school's classmates, defeated many adult wizards during the summer vacation, won the international wizard duel contest, and even caught a dark wizard on the field.

Although Hermione is not old enough, this series of records is enough to

prove her ability.

These prejudices were actually not enough to defeat Harry. I remember that in those few months in the second grade, many students in the school suspected that he had attacked his classmates. At that time, his life was almost as sad as it is now. But Ron was on the side with him at the time. Harry thought that as long as Ron was still his good friend, he could deal with other students in the school no matter what. But now, even Ron doesn't believe what he said, thinking that he used some conspiracy and tricks him. Being fools, the two good friends almost broke off their friendship.

In the original book, they also had a friend, Hermione Granger, who was in the middle to lubricate and mediate. However, because of Ye Ting, Hermione entered Ravenclaw, and her relationship with them was just ordinary classmates, which made this friendship precarious.

At the same time, Hermione was not feeling well.

Of course, unlike Harry, Hermione is regarded as a genuine warrior by everyone, enjoying the support and pursuit of the entire Hogwarts, even Slytherin, who hates her from Muggle, started to suppress Potter. Support for Hermione.

However, Hermione herself did not like to be so pushy. After the initial excitement, she was already bored, because this kind of worship completely disturbed her normal study and life. There have been more than once people suffering at breakfast. Begged Hermione to sign their schoolbags.

In addition, after she became a warrior, she immediately became one of the most popular among girls. The boys appeared next to her like a mad bee, wave after wave, which made her annoying, and Ye Ting had already been more than once. Hanging some annoying suitors in the

corridors with fuchsia clocks still failed to stop the craze.

"They don't really want to pursue girls at all," Hermione complained to Ye Ting. "They just think it's a cool thing to have a girlfriend as a warrior."

"Actually, I think so too." Ye Ting replied teasingly.

After lunch one day, Hermione and Ye Ting found a farce in the hallway.

The Slytherin students blocked Harry Potter outside the auditorium.

Everyone had a big one on the front of their robes. badge.

The badges were all printed with the same text, and the bright red letters gleamed in the dim light of the underground corridor, like a fire:

Support Hermione Granger——

The true warrior of Hogwarts

"Who made this!" Hermione immediately yelled excitedly when she saw the badge.

"Well, I don't know yet. You liked this." Ye Ting touched his chin pretentiously. "But this badge is not very well designed, or I will redesign one for you as a support for Miss Granger. Will' sign."

"Who would like this thing!" Hermione spit out loudly. "This badge is too shameful, and what kind of messy association is the "Miss Granger Support Club"?"

"This is just established, don't you like it?"

"Don't make a fuss with you~"

In the hallway, seeing Harry approaching, Malfoy headed by the Slytherin said loudly, "Do you like it, Potter? They have other tricks-look!"

He pressed the badge **** his chest, the words on it disappeared, and then another line of words appeared, shining with green light:

Potter Poop

The Slytherins laughed weirdly. Each of them pressed their badges, and

in the end the dazzling line of words flashed everywhere around Harry-Potter's stinky shit.

"Oh, very interesting," Hermione commented, looking at the Slytherins sarcastically, "It's so witty..."

Halfway through, she made herself amused.

Then, under their noses, Harry and the Slytherin snakes began to fight.

Harry's spell hit Gore's face, and Malfoy's hit Harry. Gore screamed loudly and covered his nose with his hands, one by one ugly boils were emerging from his nose—Harry moaned nervously, and covered his mouth tightly.

The farce attracted Snape, and to avoid trouble, Hermione immediately pulled Ye Ting away from here.

"Oh, I think all of this might be unfair to Harry." On the way back to the Ravenclaw Tower, she said embarrassingly, "It's obvious that Harry didn't throw his name into the Goblet of Fire by himself, but deliberately became a warrior. Yes, but everyone bullied him like this..."

"Don't be stupid, little girl," Ye Ting glanced at her and reminded, "This game itself will not be fair. In fact, the three warriors come from three colleges, and the teachers in each college will help their students.

Cheating, this is also the tradition of the Triwizard Tournament. In fact, because the competition requires the help of the Ministry of Magic, some people will definitely learn about the project in advance. I can guarantee that within a week, Fleur and Krum will definitely be in advance. Know the event of the game."

Ye Ting's words once again shook the girl's three views, and she understood a little bit that this world is not that simple.

Chapter 0248 Rita Skeeter

In the afternoon, Ludo Bagman sent a summoning order, and all the

warriors must take pictures together.

Ye Ting took Hermione to the concentrated place. This was a smaller classroom. Most of the desks were pushed to the back of the classroom, leaving a large open space in the middle. But there are three desks facing each other, placed in front of the blackboard, covered with a long piece of velvet. Behind the velvet-covered desk, there are five chairs, one of which sits Ludo Bagman. He is talking to a witch that Harry has never seen before. The witch is wearing a magenta dress. robe.

Victor Krum had a sullen face as usual, standing in a corner, not talking to anyone. Furong was sitting on a chair. When she saw Ye Ting coming in, she immediately laughed happily. She kept shaking her head, making her long silver hair flash with dazzling luster. A big-bellied man was holding a **** camera with a slight smoke in his hand and was staring at Furong from the corner of his eye.

When Ye Ting arrived, Ludo Bagman took the initiative to stand up and greeted Ye Ting respectfully. He knew clearly that he still owed Ye Ting a lot of Jin Jialong.

Another woman looked very surprised when she saw Ye Ting, and she leaned forward immediately.

"This is Rita Skeeter," Ludo Bagman pointed to the witch in magenta robe, and proactively introduced. "She is writing a short article about the competition for the Daily Prophet. ..."

Her hair was made into delicate, stiff, weird curls, which matched her face with a big chin, and looked particularly awkward. She is wearing a pair of glasses studded with jewels. The fat fingers are holding the crocodile leather handbag, and the nails are two inches long, and they are all red.

Ye Ting certainly knows Rita Skeeter, but she is a well-known

unscrupulous reporter who often tells the truth for the sake of sales.

"Oh, are you the famous Mr. Ting Ye?" Rita Skeeter eagerly approached Ye Ting, "I've heard of your name a long time ago, and I won the wizard chess game from you. I've always wanted to give you an exclusive interview since the championship, but I have never had a chance. After that, you have made a lot of achievements, or we..."

"No, Miss Rita, I don't want to do an interview." Ye Ting waved his hand in disgust, as if he saw something disgusting, "Go finish your task, Miss Skeeter, and don't Edit me in your notebook again, or I will teach you a lesson next time."

Ye Ting snapped his fingers as he spoke, and Miss Skeeter's shorthand notebook immediately burned, and the few pages of press releases she had just finished writing with the automatic recording quill immediately turned into fly ash—then it was a paragraph about Ye Ting's news, Skeeter started writing about it as soon as he saw him.

Miss Skeeter wanted to openly complain, but found that she couldn't say anything. At some point, she had already been hit by Ye Ting's forbidden curse.

"Don't sympathize with her, because her pen and that nonsense mouth won't let you go." Looking at the puzzled eyes of Hermione and Furong, Ye Ting explained, "This woman likes to tell the truth, dig into other people's privacy, and then She made it up and published it in the Daily Prophet. Everyone liked to read what she wrote, because others suggested happiness to others' suffering. In fact, it was written to the Prophet by Rita Skeeter. The daily reported that many people would end up miserably. Some people could not find a job because of this. Another person received letters from countless people, and in the end that person committed suicide."

Fleur and Hermione looked at each other before they let go of their thoughts of pleading for the female reporter.

And the fat man holding the camera in the corner saw what happened to the reporter and immediately put down the camera he was about to raise.

This camera is much more expensive than Skeeter's notebook. He can guarantee that when he took pictures of Ye Ting At that time, the opponent must dare to use the wandless cast to make his camera suffer the same end as the notebook.

Without the interference of the reporter, Ye Ting chatted with Furong and Hermione. The two girls were a little bit tit-for-tat, but it was Furong who was bullying Hermione and had a great time.

After a while the door opened again, and the last warrior, Harry Potter, was taken into the classroom.

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 179:

Bagman saw Harry suddenly, stood up quickly, and jumped forward.

"Ah, here he is! The fourth warrior! Come in, Harry, come in... There's nothing to worry about, just the ritual to test the wand—"

"Check the wand?" Harry asked nervously.

"We must check whether your wand is fully functional and in good performance, because in future competitions, the wand is your most important equipment." Bagman said, "The expert is upstairs, with Dumbledore. Then take a few photos. This reporter lady will arrange everything."

He pointed to Rita, but the other party didn't say a word, the scene was a bit awkward.

The female reporter is still fighting Ye Ting's banning curse.

Bagman had to look at Ye Ting pleadingly, and Ye Ting shrugged and

lifted the silence.

The reporter who was finally able to speak gasped out and looked at Ye Ting fearfully. She finally knew why Ye Ting had been free from reporter harassment and various reports after winning the championship.

After a while, she was relieved.

"Maybe it's not a small article, Ludo." Rita Skeeter said, staring at Harry. Since Ye Ting could not be reported, the relationship between the two girls and Ye Ting seemed to be good, and it was impossible to report. She met again with Victor Krum, which meant that the only boy who could do it now was the little boy.

"Before we start, can I talk to Harry a few words?" she asked Bagman.

"One of the youngest warriors, you know... to add some color to the article."

"No problem!" Bagman said loudly, "It's—I wonder if Harry objected?"

"Well—" Harry said.

"Great." Rita Skeeter said, and in the blink of an eye, her bright red claw-like fingers grabbed Harry's arm with incredible strength. She dragged him out of the room.

Ye Ting laughed a little smirkingly, presumably Miss Skeeter would do a huge torture on Harry - especially when the reporter was facing countless news materials but bumped into a wall and had nowhere to start.

Moreover, Harry herself is also a person with a lot of stories, especially in line with Miss Skeeter's standards for compiling news. It is estimated that this time, she will gain a lot.

It took a while before Harry returned to the room under Dumbledore's leadership, but during this time, Miss Skeeter had compiled an evocative and tragic history for him.

Item 0249

The other warriors were already sitting on the chairs by the door. He hurried over and sat next to Krum, looking at the velvet table in front, where five of the six referees were already seated-Kakalo. Professor Fu, Mrs. Maxim, Mr. Crouch, Ludo Bagman and Ye Ting.

Rita Skeeter found a corner and sat down. She secretly took out the roll of parchment from her handbag, spread it on her knees, slapped the tip of the shorthand quill, and put the pen upright again. On parchment.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Ollivander." Dumbledore sat down on the referee's bench and said to the Warriors. "He will check your wands to make sure they are in good condition before the game."

"Miss Delacour, will you come first, okay?" Mr. Ollivander said, walking to the clearing in the middle of the room.

Fleur Delacour walked to Mr. Ollivander lightly and handed him his wand.

"Um..." he said.

Like playing with a baton, he made the wand spin between his slender fingers, and the wand ejected many pink and gold sparks. Then he put his wand close to his eyes again, holding it carefully.

"Yes," he said softly, "nine and a half inches... strong... made of maple... it contains... oh, my goodness..."

"Contains a Veela hair," Fleur said, "It's my grandma's hair."

"Yes," Mr. Ollivander said, "Yes, of course, I have never used Veeva hair myself. I think a wand made of Veeva hair is too sensitive and capricious... But everyone I have my own hobby, since it is suitable for you..."

Mr. Ollivander stroked the wand with his fingers, apparently checking it for scratches and bruises. Then he whispered: "The orchid is in full bloom!" A bunch of flowers bloomed on the head of the wand.

"Very good, very good, in good condition," Mr. Ollivander said, gathering the flowers and handing them to Fleur with the magic wand. "Miss Granger, it's your turn."

Fleur returned to her seat lightly, and smiled at her when she passed Hermione.

Hermione pursed her mouth as if fighting back and snorted.

"Ah, this is my product, isn't it?" Mr. Ollivander said as Hermione handed the wand over, more excited than before. "Yes, I remember it clearly.

There is one from an Australian The nerve removed from the egg white eye...must be five or six feet long. Ten and three quarters of an inch...the vine is made of wood...good elasticity. It's in excellent condition...do you take care of it regularly?"

"Just wiped it last night." Hermione said, grinning.

Hearing her words, Harry looked down at his wand, which was covered with fingerprints. He grabbed a corner of his robe from his knee, trying to wipe his wand clean. Several gold stars appeared on the head of the wand, Fleur Delacour gave him a very arrogant look, and he had no choice but to give up.

Mr. Ollivander sprayed a string of silver-white smoke rings from the head of Cedric's wand. The smoke rings floated from one end of the room to the other. He expressed satisfaction and said, "Mr. Krum, it's your turn. "

Victor's wand is a product of Grigovich. The material is hornbeam. It contains dragon's heart tendons. It is much thicker and very rigid than what people usually see. It is ten and four quarters in length. One inch. Ollivander used the Bird Curse for this experiment.

The wand of the hornbeam made a loud bang, like a pistol firing, a flock of birds flew out from the head of the wand with flapping wings, and flew into the faint sunlight from the open window.

"Very well," Mr. Ollivander said, and handed the wand back to Krum.

"There is one last...Mr. Potter."

Harry stood up, passed Krum, and walked towards Mr. Ollivander. He handed over his wand.

"Ah, yes," Mr. Ollivander said, a pair of light eyes suddenly gleaming with excitement, "Yes, yes, yes. I remember it clearly."

Harry was also fresh in his memory, everything seemed to happen yesterday...

His wand is made of holly wood, eleven inches long, and contains a phoenix tail hair. At that time, Mr. Ollivander was very surprised to see how handy Harry looked when he fiddled with the wand. "It's amazing," he said, "It's amazing." When Harry asked what was so amazing, Mr. Ollivander explained that the phoenix feather in Harry's wand and the feather in Voldemort's wand were pulled off from the same bird.

Mr. Ollivander spent much longer checking Harry's wand than others. In the end, he let the wand spray a puff of wine, then handed the wand back to Harry, announcing that it was in very good condition.

"Thank you," Dumbledore said, standing at the referee's table, "Now you can go back to class — maybe it's more convenient to go straight to dinner, anyway, they will be over soon —"

Harry felt that something went well today. He stood up to leave, but the man with the black camera jumped up and cleared his throat.

"Photo, Dumbledore, take a photo!" Bagman exclaimed excitedly. "The referee and the Warriors have a group photo. What do you think, Rita?"

"Um-well, take a group photo first," Rita Skeeter said, looking at Harry again. "Maybe I'll take a few more solo photos later."

The photography took a long time. No matter where Mrs. Maxim stood, she blocked others, and the room was too small for the photographer to

stand far away and put her in the lens; in the end she had to sit down and everyone else stood around her. Karkaroff kept running his fingers around his goatee, trying to curl it up. As for Krum, Harry thought he was accustomed to such things, but he did not expect him to hide behind everyone. Both Furong and Hermione wanted to stand beside Ye Ting, but the photographer seemed to be particularly active in getting Furong to stand in front, but Rita Skeeter always caught up and pulled Harry to a more prominent position. Then, she insisted on taking solo photos of the warriors one by one. It took a long time for them to finally get out.

Before leaving, Ye Ting checked Rita Skeeter's manuscript again. The hapless journalist hurriedly tore a few pieces of paper to shreds. This time he handed out the notebook tremblingly, presumably secretly writing again. Something about Ye Ting was afraid of revenge.

Harry watched this scene very refreshingly. He was very happy that Miss Reporter had a nemesis. However, until Ye Ting left, he did not succeed in saying please Ye Ting to warn Rita not to report on his past.

In fact, Ye Ting neither used the fuchsia clock with Rita nor burned her notebook. In fact, he did not do anything with Rita, which made the female reporter breathe a sigh of relief, and then she became proud again. , Because she felt that the boy was doing this because he was scrupulous about Dumbledore, and she immediately felt that she had a backing.

However, when she was about to write again, she suddenly realized that she could not remember what to write, and she had forgotten all the news collected today.

She immediately understood that this was Ye Ting's revenge. He did not physically torture her, but when he left, he used the Forgetting Curse to erase a piece of her memory and made her forget the news of the day she

had collected. For reporters like Miss Skeeter, this is the greatest punishment.

Item 0250

Ye Ting's Forgetting Curse on Rita Skeeter is still very effective. Since the manuscript was burned by Ye Ting once before, there are not many news on the day that can be used. In the end, it was published in the Daily Prophet about the three-strong hegemony. Sai's news focused on Harry. The article was published ten days ago, and every time Harry thought about it, he felt a hot and uncomfortable humiliation in his heart. Rita Skye wrote that he said a lot of terrible things, which he remembered never saying, let alone in that broomstick.

I think my parents gave me strength. I know that if they can see me now, they will be very proud of me...

Yes, sometimes at night, I still cry for them, and I don't feel ashamed to admit this...

The God of All Realms Starts with

Harry Potter Chapter 180:

I know that nothing can hurt me in the game, because they guard me in the dark...

Not to mention, Rita Skeeter not only turned his fuzziness into a lot of disgusting tirades, but also asked other people what they thought of him.

Harry finally found his first love at Hogwarts. His close friend Colin Crevey said that Harry is inseparable from a boy named Ron Weasley, but he has a normal relationship with all girls.

Perhaps it was because he had lost his parents since he was a child, and only a boy's strong arms can give Harry a sense of security, so it is understandable that he would like a boy. Mr. Weasley was born in the pure-blooded Weasley family, and there are many brothers in the family,

but Harry Potter is the one who has the best relationship with him.

Ever since this article appeared, Harry had had to put up with people—mainly Slytherin students—quoting from the article and mocking you as he passed by.

"Do you want a handkerchief, Potter, lest you cry in the transformation class?"

"Potter, where is your inseparable first love?"

"Do you need a strong arm? Potter?"

Even Ron's sister, Ginny, looked at him with unwillingness and disappointment.

However, the only useful aspect of this report is that it facilitated the reconciliation of Harry and Ron. Of course, even after the reconciliation, the two dared not get too close to each other, because someone would always point them.

Worthy of being a big corrupt country.

This report once became the source of happiness for many little wizards.

Even Ye Ting had to praise Rita Skeeter for a beautiful job.

Ron and Harry are fucking...it doesn't seem to be a problem.

In addition, Ye Ting also found a big problem, that is, Krum seemed to like Hermione just like the original book.

It was Zhang Qiu who raised this point. After dinner one day, when Ye Ting, Zhang Qiu and Hermione returned to the lounge together, Zhang Qiu brought up this topic.

"Hermione, do you know?" Zhang Qiu hesitated and said a little gloating when the three walked out of the auditorium, "As far as I know, there seems to be someone who has a good opinion of you."

"Who is it again?" Hermione asked impatiently. During this period, many fools have pursued her because she is a warrior.

"It's Krum."

"Warrior of Durmstrand? Why don't I know?" Hermione said differently, and even Ye Ting looked at Zhang Qiu.

"It is said that he often goes to the library and listens to your class."

Zhang Qiu said, looking at Hermione with a smile.

Ye Ting and Hermione immediately remembered Krum, who often stayed at the back of their classroom. They thought Krum was just purely curious about the Hogwarts course.

Thinking about it now, the frequency with which he listened to their classes was indeed strange.

"He doesn't look good at all! I don't like him at all, oh, I heard other people talk about him, and many girls like his reputation. Is it just the fable of stealing chickens?" Hermione glanced at Ye Ting, and after realizing his unhappy look, she immediately expressed that she didn't have much favor with Krum.

"It's Ronsky's fake action." Zhang Qiu smiled, covering her mouth. She also didn't catch a cold at this. Krum used this trick on her once, at the cost of Krum falling off the broom.

They were talking, and suddenly they ran into Harry as they walked a corner.

Harry's expression was a little rushed, he was obviously on the way, but when he saw them, Harry's eyes lit up.

"Hi, Hermione," he said breathlessly, "Am I looking for you?"

"You? Want me?" Hermione folded her arms and looked a little defensive.

"You don't want to say the same things to those idiots, do you?"

"Idiot? Say the same thing? No!" Harry was a little dazed, but quickly returned to the subject, "I have something important to tell you, very important."

"Oh? What's the matter?" Hermione looked at him suspiciously.

"Yes..." Harry looked at Ye Ting and Zhang Qiu next to Hermione. He hesitated for a while. After thinking about the identity of the referee Ye Ting, he finally made up his mind to say, "That's it..."

He leaned forward, lowered his voice, and said, "I saw it. The first item is Fire Dragon."

"What?" Hermione stared at him carefully.

"It's a fire dragon," Harry said quickly, as people around passed by.

"There are four, one for each of us. We must pass by them."

Hermione stared at him blankly, then at Ye Ting. Unlike the horror Harry felt when he saw the fire dragon, Hermione's brown eyes flashed with excitement at this moment, which made Harry a little bit unbelievable.

"Are you sure?" Hermione said in a low voice.

"Absolutely," Harry said, "I saw it with my own eyes."

"How did you find out? We shouldn't know..."

"Just leave it alone," Harry said quickly—he knew Hagrid would be in trouble if he told the truth, because Hagrid showed him. "I am not the only one who knows. Fleur and K. Rum knows now too—Mrs. Maxim and Karkaroff have seen the dragon."

"Why are you telling me?" Zhang Qiu asked, but Hermione obviously believed Harry.

"That's... fair, isn't it?" He said to Hermione, "and, I don't know how to deal with the fire dragon, I think you must have a way, or Mr. Ting Ye will have a way."

"Yes, of course I have a way," Hermione said with her head held up, looking a little proud. "But my way is a little bit special. You can't do that. I'm sorry."

"Oh, is that right, too, after all you have..." Harry lowered his head,

looking a little disappointed, "but congratulations on passing the first level."

He turned around, ready to leave, but Ye Ting stopped him.

"You just did a very decent thing, Potter." Ye Ting said, "So, let me give you a hint. Actually, it is not difficult to deal with the fire dragon. Just give full play to your strengths. Magic has nothing to do."

After speaking, Ye Ting left with the two girls, leaving behind a confused Harry.

Item 0251

According to Ye Ting's hint, Harry finally found a way to deal with the fire dragon.

He thinks he has no strengths, but when it comes to things that have nothing to do with magic, then he plays Quidditch well, at least he is an excellent trapeze.

However, Harry still remembers the rules of the first game in the Triwizard Tournament, that is, only one magic wand can be carried in the competition. Flying broomsticks are not among the allowed items. In this case, he still cannot play to his advantage. .

Regarding this question, his good friend Ron Weasley woke him up.

"Actually, you can use the Flying Curse in the game to summon your flying broomstick."

Unlike Harry, Ron had lived in a wizarding family since he was a child, so he was still familiar with common spells like Fei Lai, and he naturally thought of this method.

The first game of the Triwizard Tournament started at noon the next day.

By the next morning, the school atmosphere began to become very tense and excited.

All morning. Harry didn't even go to class, he locked himself in a lounge

and practiced the flying curse constantly. In the room, Harry concentrated all his thoughts, forcing all kinds of things in the room to fly towards him.

Before noon, he barely mastered the spell, at the cost of piles of debris on the ground: books, quill pens, a few overturned chairs, an old set of gobstones, and Neville's toad Rifle... ..

Hogwarts, classes were suspended at noon, so that the whole school students had time to go to the playing field.

After lunch, Ye Ting took Hermione to a bush near the Forbidden Forest.

A tent was set up there, and the four dragons needed for the game were also kept nearby.

They were the last to come to the tent, Fleur Delacour sitting on a low wooden stool in the corner. She was not as calm and composed as usual, her face was very pale, and she looked sick. Victor Krum looked more gloomy than usual, and Harry Potter was pacing back and forth.

After Ye Ting walked into the tent, Harry gave him a dry smile, because his suggestion enabled Harry to successfully find a way to deal with the fire dragon. Furong immediately stepped forward, leaned to Ye Ting's side, and asked him for comfort, watching her like that, wishing her whole body to squeeze into his arms.

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

Его статус: идёт перевод

<http://tl.rulate.ru/book/100904/4183437>