

After the dinner was over, Edward planned to go back to his room but was stopped midway by a student: Hermione Granger.

"Professor Bones, congratulations on all your achievements. Who would have thought that studying the dark arts could have such benefit."

"Thank you, Miss Granger. So, how can I help you?"

"Oh, first, I would like to thank you for the gift you gave me at the end of last year."

"Gift? Oh, you mean the Alchemy item that allowed you to practice magic at home without the Ministry of Magic knowing."

"Yes. I spent the entire summer constantly practicing as you told me to. Now, I can find my magic core on my own, and easily control my magic power."

"Wonderful. Not every wizard your age can have the patience to do these boring practices every day-- especially when the early advantages cannot be seen," said Edward approvingly. "So, is that the only reason you came to see me?"

"Hermione hesitated a bit before saying: "Professor, I would like to take your Alchemy class this year."

"Miss Granger, my class is only for the third year and up."

"I know this, but I would like to know if I could take the class this year."

Edward was a little surprised by this request and he looked at her up and down; he could see a patient for knowledge like him but hers was tamer and had no direction.

Meanwhile, Hermione--taking Edward's silence for refusal--hurriedly explained: "During the summer, I've read all the books for the second grade and third grade. Although I could not understand some of the contents, I believe that my knowledge is enough to equal students in the third year.

"Plus, professor, didn't you say that you like to help talented students like me? With your help, I can quickly make up the knowledge that I need for your class."

Edward was momentarily speechless. Since when were 12 years old so cunning?

After pondering for a moment, he said: "I have no problem with you joining my class or helping you with your study. But for this kind of decision, you should probably contact Professor McGonagall to get her approval and deal with the issue of schedule."

"No problem, professor." Then she ran towards Professor McGonagall's office.

--Scene Break--

Late at night, Edward slowly walked towards the second-floor girl's lavatory. As soon as he entered, the ghost named Myrtle was quite surprised. She opened her mouth to say something, but before she could say something, she saw Edward's eyes turn a weird grey color, then she fainted.

When she wakes up in a few hours, she will not have any memories of the past hours--including seeing Edward.

After dealing with her, he used Parseltongue to open the door to the Chamber of Secrets. With his flying ability, he easily reached the location where Salazar Slytherin's massive statue is located.

He then used Parseltongue to control the basilisk. After seeing the large snake creature, Edward straight up looked at it in his eyes without being affected. He was testing the basilisk's magic on himself.

He first used Transfiguration to make a pair of glasses and test the effect. Soon, he concluded that this was able to dramatically reduce the effect of the spell.

Then, he looked at it straight into the eyes while using his massive magic power to try to offset the effect of the spell on him; the result was quite effective.

Following this, Edward took out an animal from his bag: it was a normal tiger. He then asked the basilisk to use his spell on it.

Using his wand to check the petrified tiger, Edward used his wand to check the condition of the tiger.

"Interesting, the basilisk can absorb life energy from his victims. Could this be the reason it can live for so long?"

After that, he also checked the basilisk's body. "It seems that it is true. By absorbing its victim's life energy to replenish his, it can increase his lifespan. However, this might not be the only reason for its long life.

"Anyway, after studying it, I should be able to not only discover its secret but create a basilisk of my own. The last time I tried to create one by hatching a chicken egg underneath a toad-like Herpo the Foul, it was a complete failure."

After doing his initial examination of this powerful magical beast, Edward returned to his quarter.

--Scene Break--

Minister Fudge was walking back and forth in his office; worry oozing out of his pores. A while ago, Dumbledore sent him a letter warning him that the Bones family might be plotting to take his position of Minister of Magic from him.

At first, he was deeply worried about the letter, but soon, a rumor rapidly spread throughout the entire Ministry of Magic: and that was the fact that Dumbledore was not happy about Fudge, and thus planning to run for office.

After acquiring this news, he rushed to investigate it. Compare to Amelia Bones who has never shown any desire for power, he was more worried about the possibility of Dumbledore running for his position. After all, the man's prestige in the magical world was overwhelming.

So, Minister Fudge spent a great deal of time secretly investigating whether this news was correct or not. He secretly spied on all the people Dumbledore was close to him.

However, recently, Fudge has discovered a disturbing fact. While he was guarding against Dumbledore, the prestige of the Bones family--Amelia--to be precise had reached an unimaginable level.

Her level of support among both the ordinary wizard and the people of the Ministry of Magic. He knew that if she ran for the position, his chances of winning were close to nothing. And as shrewd as Fudge is, he guessed that the rumor about Dumbledore was nothing but a tactic to distract him.

While Fudge was deep in thought, someone walked into his office. He reigned in his thought to ask: "How is Dolores? Did you confirm anything?"

A flash of cunningness flashed across her eyes as she said: "I'm sorry, Minister, but everyone seems to be acting normally."

"Is that so?"

"Could it that you are being a little paranoid? After all, there is no evidence to prove that Amelia Bones is preparing to run for the position of Minister of Magic."

"You don't understand. I have an extraordinary sense of these kinds of things. Her recent actions are completely different from normal."

"It does not mean that she is planning to take your position."

"Then, what else could it mean?"

Dolores Umbridge became silent for a moment after hearing. "So, what are your next step of action?"

After pondering for a moment, Fudge replied: "In this situation, my best course of action is to have Dumbledore openly support it. However, given my recent actions, and the rising prestige of Edward Bones, my chances are still dimed."

After a deep sigh, Fudge started writing a letter to Dumbledore. He felt that all the progress he made this past summer was gone.

During his first year as Minister, he was not so confident, as such, he always asked the headmaster for advice. However, in his second year, he was planning on doing things on his own. But now, he was back to asking for help.

Fudge lamented on how difficult it is for him as a Minister of Magic.