

## Harry Potter 101

### Chapter 101: Snape's Jealousy

The black lines on the Marauders map together formed every detail of the Hogwarts castle and grounds. Tiny ink dots were moving around it, each labeled with a name in minuscule writing.

Evan leaned forward, holding his wand firmly in his right hand.

He gathered all the magical power in his body because of the immense tension; he could almost hear the sound of his own heartbeat. He was waiting for the name of Peter to appear.

And then, BANG!

The rat suddenly ran out of Ron's pocket. It jumped to the table knocking Ron's plate and milk cup over. A lot of milk was spilt and went in the map's direction. Harry hurriedly took the map.

Ron hurriedly stood up and wiped the table, but more plates were knocked to the ground.

Minced meat, butter, bread, dishes, and milk were splattered everywhere, and Evan, Harry, and Hermione hurried to their feet.

While the panic, Scabbers quickly jumped on the floor and ran outside the Common Room.

"Oh, Scabbers!" Ron took to steps towards his direction.

Evan's eyes were locked on him tightly and his hand firmly held his wand. He was ready to petrify him, but this was useless. When he took his wand from underneath his cloak, his arm was stumbled upon by Ron accidentally.

Ron wanted to go after Scabbers, but he was tripped over by the chair, and he brought Evan down along with him.

By the time Evan raised his head again, Scabbers had already disappeared.

"Damn it!" Evan waved his fist and put his wand back on his belt.

He knew that he had missed a great opportunity to catch Peter. Fortunately, he didn't cast his spell and his hand motion when lifting his wand was very subtle, it shouldn't have been detected. Peter who was focused on running shouldn't have been able to realize what he was doing. If had had noticed it Evan should be in a pinch.

But since Peter shouldn't be alarmed about him, Evan shouldn't be worried.

After all, as long as he has the Marauder's Map, he doesn't have to get in touch with Sirius black. Catching Peter Pettigrew was just a matter of time. He could run, but he couldn't hide.

"Evan, Ron, what are you doing?" said Hermione anxiously. She stepped forward and lifted Evan. Her face was very heavy. She obviously remembered what had happened in the common room a month ago. She became afraid that Evan and Ron would fight again.

"I'm okay. I accidentally got knocked over by a chair!" Ron hurried up and patted the dust on his clothes, saying: "I'm going to look for Scabbers. I don't know what happened, he just suddenly went out."

"Don't worry, Ron, I think..." Harry didn't finish his words, when he suddenly froze and stopped talking, and his eyes stared across Evan's shoulders.

It was Snape. Harry quickly stepped behind Evans who heard him whisper "The game is over!"

"Potter, what are you doing?" Snape walked over with a sullen face. His eyes wandered between the four of them turns and were finally locked in on Harry.

"Nothing. Ron's mouse accidentally knocked over his milk glass. We're cleaning it up," Harry said anxiously.

"Is it?!" Snape's voice was full of suspicions. "Aren't you just conspiring on how to violate school rules?"

"No." The four of them shook their heads in a hurry.

"Don't think I don't know what's going on inside your blind and arrogant Gryffindor heads. The Philosopher's Stone, the Chamber of Secrets, and the Basilisk. What are you going to do this year? catch Sirius Black on your own?" Snape's mouth had a familiar sinister sneer. "That's it isn't it? Everyone in the Ministry of Magic has been trying hard to make sure that the famous Harry Potter is not attacked by Sirius Black. But the famous Harry Potter himself just keeps on breaking the law, making all these ordinary people worry about his safety. He doesn't care about them. He doesn't consider the consequences at all. He is definitely going to catch Black alone."

"I don't understand what you're talking about!" Harry's face looked oblivious. Why did they all think that? Whether it was Mr. Weasley, Malfoy or Snape, they all thought he would go looking for Sirius Black. Why did they think that he wanted that? There must be something that he does not know.

"You don't understand?!" Snape murmured, dismissively. "Potter, what did you hide under your cloak just now?"

"Nothing." Harry tried to hide his emotions.

"You are lying. I see clearly what you put in there."

Snape's eyes wandered again between them, finally staring back at Harry's eyes.

Like when coming into contact with a Hippogriff, Harry tried not to blink.

Snape originally intended to use his momentum to oppress Harry into telling the truth, but when he saw Harry's emerald green eyes, he fell into memory.

The atmosphere was a bit bizarre. The two just stared at each other and nobody spoke.

Seeing how they were like, Evan was speechless. It is said that Harry's eyes are very similar to his mother's. Was Snape just remembering Lily?!

"Professor, we..." Hermione tried to explain.

"Quiet, Granger!" Snape regained his composure, and his eyes turned back to Harry's face, his expression turned into disgust. "Why are you being so much like your father, Potter!"

"What?!" The group looked at Snape with surprise.

"James Potter, he was also extremely arrogant, and his little talent on the Quidditch field also made him think that he was better than other. He and his friends and admirers were just strutting around the castle all day." Snape's eyes glew "Both of you are just terrible."

"My dad wasn't a strut!" Harry said without thinking, it was too late to shut up. "He isn't one, and neither am I."

"Your father also didn't obey the rules" Snape continued. He leaned forward, and his thin face was full of malice. "He thought that rules are for lesser people to obey, not for the Quidditch champion. The cup person made it, he was so full of him..."

"Shut up!" Harry shouted suddenly. He had never been so angry.

"What do you want to say to me, Potter?" Snape's black eyes flashed dangerously.

"I told you to shut up and say nothing about my dad!" Harry shouted. "Don't think I don't know anything. Dumbledore told me the truth. My dad saved your life. If it weren't for him, you wouldn't be able to be standing here!"

Hearing Harry, Snape's yellow skin took the color of bad milk.

"I can't deny that he saved me, but did the Headmaster told you why your dad saved my life?!" he whispered, "Or did he think that the details were too harsh for the precious ears of Potter to hear?"

Harry bit his lip and the others in the Grand Hall looked at both of them in panic.

"I don't want you to keep carrying a wrong image about your dad, Potter." Snape twisted his terrible smile. "Dumbledore must not have told you all the details. Let me complete the story. Your Saint of a father and his friends had pulled a very funny prank on me. If your father did not flinch at the last moment, I would've died. Nothing he did could be labeled as brave! He saved me to save himself. If their prank was completed, Hogwarts would've expelled him with his stupid friends."

Snape's untidy teeth were exposed, his eyes quickly glanced at the teacher's seat, and Professor Lupin was sitting there.

Harry gasped and the situation seemed to return to where it started. The two men looked at each other with their eyes open. No one was willing to show weakness.

“Professor, I’m sorry to interrupt your wonderful memory.” Evan’s voice came at the right time. “But I think that at this moment and on this occasion, it seems somewhat inappropriate to recall these things. Don’t you think?”

Snape raised his head as he heard Evan’s words.

He seemed to realize what he had just said, and when he saw almost all the students are watching them, his face became more and more gloomy.

Chapter 102: The Marauder’s Map Controversy

“Turn over what’s in your pockets, Potter!” Snape suddenly snapped.

Harry did not move, and his friends roared in his ears.

“Professor, we...”

“Shut up, Mason! Shut up, Granger!” Snape shouted angrily. He looked really pissed off.

“Severus, I don’t think it’s necessary to yell at these children.” Professor Lupin came over and said softly, “They didn’t violate any school rules.”

“There was no violation of school rules?!” Snape’s anger seemed to have grown even more. He smirked. “That’s because you don’t know them well enough. I don’t know how many of them have... Ah! I have forgotten that you were just like them, or worse!”

“Severus...” Professor Lupin frowned.

“Enough, Lupin, don’t scrutinize my education methods. You say they don’t violate school rules? Then I shall prove it to you.” Snape turned and shouted again at Harry. “Turn over what’s in your pockets. Come out, or we’ll go straight to the headmaster! Turn it over, Potter!”

In the great hall, all the students were stunned looking at them.

Evan saw Fred and George who heard the news and rushed in. Both of them were carrying large eggs and thinking about throwing them out.

Looking at their faces, it was clear that they knew that the map was in Harry’s pocket. If it is discovered by Snape, the consequences would simply be unimaginable.

Evan hurriedly shook his hands at Fred and George, pleading them not to act rashly. Throwing large eggs in the great hall to divert Snape’s attention was a terrible idea.

Even if it succeeded, daring to do such a thing would bring them great misery.

Evan gently pushed Harry and asked him to follow Snape’s order.

They clearly were unable to confront the teachers. Again, Evan was thinking that there was absolutely no need to worry about this matter, because James Potter and his friends have probably made the map in such a way that their rival Severus shouldn't be able to use it.

Harry saw everyone staring at him, and he was filled by fear.

He slowly took out the contents of his pocket. Besides some candy, he only had the map.

Seeing the map, Lupin showed a strange, mysterious expression on his face.

Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione did their best to calm themselves. They watched Snape immediately pick up the map.

In the following few seconds, Hermione was so nervous and her cold little hands clung to Evan's arm.

"What is this, a small piece of blank parchment?!" Snape turned the parchment over and looked at them. "Potter, you certainly don't need such an old parchment. Why don't you throw it away?!"

He took out his wand and gently waved it. The point of the stick emitted a little blue flame. His left hand was holding the map and slowly moving it toward the flame.

"Don't!" Harry said quickly.

"Aha!" Snape's long nose fluttered and said with a sneer. "Why do you need such a blank parchment, or is it something else? A letter... perhaps; written with invisible ink? Or, is it a way to enter Hogwarts without being detected by Dementors?"

Harry blinked and Snape's eyes were brighter.

"Let me see, let me see..." he muttered, taking out his wand and smoothing the map out on the table. "Reveal your secret!" he said, touching the wand to the parchment.

Evan looked closely at the map, but nothing happened. He noticed that Harry was too nervous, clenching his hands to stop them from shaking.

"Show yourself!" Snape tapped the map with his wand.

The map was still blank. Harry and his friends were relieved and everyone's heart is back from their stomachs.

"Professor Severus Snape, master of this school, commands you to yield the information you

conceal!" Snape said, hitting the map with his wand.

As though an invisible hand were writing upon it, words appeared on the smooth surface of the map.

"Mooney presents his compliments to Professor Snape, and begs him to keep his abnormally

large nose out of other people's business.”

Snape froze. Harry stared, dumbstruck, at the message. But the map didn't stop there. More writing was appearing beneath the first.

“Mr. Prongs agrees with Mr. Mooney and would like to add that Professor Snape is an ugly git.”

It would have been very funny if the situation hadn't been so serious. And there was more...

“Mr. Padfoot would like to register his astonishment that an idiot like that ever became a professor.”

Harry closed his eyes in horror. When he'd opened them, the map had had its last word.

Mr. Wormtail bids Professor Snape good day, and advises him to wash his hair, the slimeball.”

No one knew what to say, it was so quiet that the falling of a needle could be heard.

Everyone saw that Snape's face was heavier than ever before. They were all waiting for him to be furious.

“It turned out to be this way, it was like this, I should have thought ...” Snape said softly, and he seemed to finally realize what this parchment was.

Evan noticed his expression, he was looking at Harry, with his mind clearly absorbed by the past. His memories were definitely no good, as his face only showed anger and disgust.

The atmosphere was depressing, but he quickly came back to the present.

The following second, Snape quickly turned and looked at Professor Lupin. His face was full of anger.

He said with an extreme disgust. “Lupin, what do you think this is?”

Snape pointed at the parchment, on which the words of Messrs. Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot, and Prongs were still shining. An odd, closed expression appeared on Lupin's face.

“This parchment is plainly full of Dark Magic. This is supposed to be your area of expertise, Lupin. Where do you imagine Potter got such a thing?”

Lupin looked up and, by the merest half-glance in Harry's direction, warned him not to interrupt.

“Full of Dark Magic?” he repeated mildly. “Do you really think so, Severus? It looks to me as though it is merely a piece of parchment that insults anybody who reads it. Childish, but surely not dangerous. I imagine Harry got it from a joke shop —”

“Indeed?” said Snape. His jaw had gone rigid with anger. “You think a joke shop could supply him with such a thing? You don't think it more likely that he got it directly from the manufacturers?”

Chapter 103: The Secret Behind the Marauder's Map

Harry, Ron and Hermione didn't understand what Snape was talking about. Nor, apparently, did Lupin.

"You mean, by Mr. Wormtail or one of these people?" he said. "Harry, do you know any of these men?"

"No" said Harry quickly.

"You see, Severus? It seems to me that this is a product of Zonko's Joke Shop." Lupin turned to Snape.

"It's us!" Fred and George rushed in from the crowd. They explained to Lupin and Snape. "We bought this Parchment a few years ago from Zonko's Joke Shop. We have just given it to Harry."

"Very good, everything has been cleared up then!" Prof. Lupin said with pleasure. "Harry did not violate the school rules. He just showed this prank parchment to his friends in my opinion, and he just didn't want the teacher to know about thi..."

"Lupin!" Snape took a step forward and whispered. "Don't play dumb. You and I both know what this parchment is."

"Yes obviously, I said just now that this is a mischievous product. Whoever wants to read it will be insulted." Professor Lupin blinked.

"Not this, I've seen it before..."

Snape suddenly stopped talking and looked indignantly at Lupin.

Although he had seen this parchment more than once in the hands of James Potter back when they were students, he really did not know what this parchment was or what it was for. Its four makers made sure that it was kept a secret.

Since Lupin doesn't want to talk about it, there was no point in continuing this stalemate. Snape also didn't want his past as a youngster exposed in front of the students.

"Very good, very good, Lupin!" Snape turned back to his usual unpleasant tone. He grinned and said: "I suddenly remembered that it was just a full moon tonight and I hope you will be home alone. Don't forget to lock the door! By the way, I'll send you your medicine. Later, we can talk about the pleasant topic of this parchment."

Snape looked at Lupin with an unpleasant gaze. He deliberately stressed on the words: at night, full moon, and lock the door, as if he was giving everyone a hint.

"No problem, my door is open to you at any time, Severus!" Professor Lupin said briskly. "And thank you for your potion."

“You’re welcome.” Snape’s face was not smiling; he looked fiercely at Lupin, Harry, and Evan, and continued, blinking, “I made a full pot, if you still want more, just tell me know.”

“I started taking it a week ago, and a little bit more this afternoon should be enough!” Prof. Lupin turned to look at Evan and the rest of his group. “Harry, Evan, Ron, Hermione, come with me, I have something to tell you about the homework that I gave...”

Professor Lupin took two steps forward and seemed to think of something. “Severus, I’ll take this away. You don’t mind?!”

Snape didn’t speak, but from his gloomy face, one could know that it bothered him.

Lupin pretended not to see Snape’s expression. He quickly approached and took the map, folded it and tucked it inside his robes.

Evan and the three of them walked behind Prof. Lupin and left the Grand hall. None of them dared to look back at Snape.

When they reached the lobby, they dared to speak.

“Professor, we...” Harry said quickly, apparently, he seemed to want to get the Marauder’s Map.

“I don’t want to hear explanations. Harry!” Lupin looked around the empty lobby. Other students were still behind in the grand hall. There were no other people besides them. He said in a low voice, “In fact, I just learned that this map was Many years ago, confiscated by Mr. Filch, I know this Parchment”

Harry and Hermione looked at him with great interest. Ron looked down and wondered what he was thinking, and Evan couldn’t bury his head in his arms.

Professor Lupin was not just know the map, he was one of its makers.

Harry’s luck was terrible. It was useless once it was handed. Professor Lupin would never give the map back to Harry.

“I don’t want to know how you got it. To my surprise, you didn’t plan to hand it over, especially with Sirius lurking around the castle!” Lupin turned to Hermione. “What you did was wrong, Hermione. I thought that unlike them, you would be more sensible. ”

“Don’t blame Hermione. She just told me to hand it over.” Harry asked curiously.

“Professor, how do you know this map?”

“This is not something you should know, Harry.” From Lupin’s face, it was clear that he did not want to say more on this topic.

“Well, then why did Snape think that I got it from its maker?” Harry continued to ask.



“That was because...” Lupin hesitated. “Because the person who made the map may want to seduce you out of school, they think it would be fun.”

“Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot, and Prongs” Evan interrupted.

It turned out that after the four of them graduated, this map fell into Filch’s hands. This was the reason why it stayed within the school’s perimeters.

This makes it look like James Potter, Sirius Black, Peter Pettigrew, and Professor Lupin back in their schooldays must have been as mischievous as Fred and Goerge are now, also making Filch feel a headache.

“Yes, that’s them.” Lupin nodded.

“Professor, do you know them?” Harry asked, looking impatient.

“We have met before.” Lupin answered shortly and looked at Harry more seriously than usual.

“Wait a minute, Professor, about this map.” Evan asked hastily. “If you know it, then you must know how it was made?”

“Oh, it requires a very deep knowledge of magic, not appropriate to your age...”

“Professor, I don’t want to know the specific way to make this map.” Evan continued, “Just tell me how those four were able to make it. I think they needed a source of great magical power.”

Professor Lupin looked at Evan in astonishment. Harry, Ron, and Hermione also looked at him in surprise, wondering why Evan suddenly asked such a question.

#### Chapter 104: Legendary Magical Items

That was indeed what Evan most urgently wanted to know. Other information, such as the identity of Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot, and Prongs, or the relationship between Professor Lupin and Sirius Black, the truth of Black’s escape, etc, he already knew all of that.

What he doesn’t know right now is the Marauder’s Map making method. Well, not everything about that. After all, the production principle and the magic knowledge involved with making it are things he can find in books in the library.

But the most crucial thing was the method with which Professor Lupin, James Potter, Sirius Black, and Peter Pettigrew got the magical power necessary to make it.

From what happened with Snape a short while ago, it was obvious that the Marauder’s Map was endowed with thoughts,

About the other two magical objects that have thoughts, one of them is the Sorting Hat made by the Four Founders of Hogwarts. Each of them had a lot of magical power. They also possessed a lot of profound magical knowledge that had been lost, so it was normal that they would be able to integrate their thoughts into the Sorting Hat.

As for Voldemort's Horcruxes, killing was the source of their power. Only the power of death is strong enough to make one's soul split.

The Marauder's Map is not comparable to the Sorting Hat or the Horcruxes, but it also possessed its own thoughts.

Like what Evan had previously speculated, Professor Lupin and the other three must have obtained some source of magical power to create the map and complete their own Animagus transformation.

There are many ways to do this: taking a lot of magical potions to increase a person's magical power to an unimaginable level, or using the help of a powerful magic item.

For example, the Elder Wand in Dumbledore's hands has this ability!

"Professor?" Evan whispered to Lupin.

"Oh, they had found that place in the Forbidden Forest... They needed to get their approval to go in... In short, it is dangerous. It isn't something that you should not know at this age. "Professor Lupin said ambiguously, "What you should do is to follow the school rules and not expect me to cover up for you again."

Hearing his words, Evan was lost in thought.

"There is obviously something hidden in the forest that I do not know about. It is probably a very powerful magical item."

Judging from Lupin's expression and reading between the lines, that place or thing should be very dangerous.

What could it be?

At the beginning, Evan thought that it was Dumbledore's Elder Wand. It does not seem to be the case anymore. Lupin and his friends should have made the Marauder's Map behind Dumbledore's back.

In addition to the Deathly Hallows, there are many other powerful magical items.

For example, the legendary Philosopher's Stone, the Sword of Gryffindor, the Gordian Knot, the Stonehenge... Evan also remembered that he had seen a Book of Magic dedicated to this topic, which recorded a lot of similar legendary magical items.

Each of them is very powerful, with strong magical power and once existed in real life, leaving a wonderful epic legend behind in the history of magic.

Unfortunately, the vast majority of them are lost in the long river of history.

The remaining few pieces, such as the Stonehenge, were also collected and studied by the Department of Mysteries and were top secret in the Ministry of Magic.

Of course, those legendary objects that have been lost did not really disappear, because magical objects of this caliber are almost impossible to damage.

They are likely to be hidden somewhere or inherited as family heirlooms in certain pure blood wizard families, but no one knows their locations.

It is like the three of Deathly Hallows. They are gifts given by Death to the three brothers. It is said that the man who possesses all the Deathly Hallows becomes master of death itself.

The three Deathly Hallows are legendary magical items. They are also believed to have been lost in the book that Evan read.

But in reality, the Elder Wand was in Dumbledore's hands and the cloak was in Harry's.

The Resurrection Stone was made into a Horcrux by Voldemort.

Judging from the current situation, there is a good chance that the Forbidden Forest hides a legendary magical item. Like the Elder Wand, it can provide a lot of magical power for a wizard.

It seems that they needed to go to the forest to check it out.

In addition to that, Professor Lupin just mentioned that they had to get "their" approval to go in. "Their"? What does that refer to?!

What strange creatures are living in the forest?

In addition to knowing that there are Centaurs, Acromantulas, unicorns and hippogriffs, there are other magical animals that Evan knew nothing about.

And this phrase reminds him of the four founders and the secret treasure keys that they have left.

Evan remembered the last sentence of the golden writing behind Godric Gryffindor's statue: "The key to unlocking the treasure is the courage buried deep in your heart. You need to get recognition of his proud followers!"

The followers, and the ones Professor Lupin has just mentioned, could they be the same group of people? The common thing between them is the need to get their recognition.

If they were the same people, wouldn't the legendary magical item in the forest be the key to Gryffindor's treasure?

All seems to fit together. This explains why such a powerful magical item is hidden in the school's forbidden forest, without Dumbledore doing anything about it.

"You guys must abide by the school rules and shouldn't sneak out of school. The current situation is particularly grim. I can't allow you to underestimate the Dementors or get other misunderstandings. Although Evan's corporeal Patronus can resist them, the most horrible thing about these monsters is the..."

"Dementor's kiss?!" Hermione whispered.

"Yes, Hermione!" Lupin's face showed a little smile. "That's the most horrible and powerful weapon of the Dementors. They only use it at the end and the worst. They will put back their hoods before those that they want to destroy..."

"What is under the hood, Professor?"

“No one knows. I think there will always be something like a mouth under the hood because they clamp their jaw around the victim’s mouth and consume his or her soul.”

Harry suddenly thought of the terrifying image he saw on the Quidditch pitch through the Dementor’s hood before he fainted.

“If it is really done, it will be worse than death.” Lupin said, “You can exist without your soul, you know, as long as your brain and heart are still working. But you’ll have no sense of self anymore, no memory, no...anything. There’s no chance at all of recovery. You’ll just exist as an empty shell. And your soul is gone forever.. lost.”

No one spoke. Everyone was trying to portray the fearful picture in his mind and thinking about having his soul consumed through his mouth.

“You guys must be careful not to think that you’ve driven away the Dementors and take them lightly,” Lupin continued. “What happened last time on the Quidditch pitch made them very unhappy. I just saw from The Daily Prophet that the Ministry of Magic had promised the Dementors that they would get to do it after they catch Black.”

“That’s what he deserves,” Harry said suddenly.

“Do you think so?” Lupin asked softly. “Do you really think anyone deserves this?”

“Yes!” said Harry. “I heard everyone say he was the most evil black wizard under Voldemort’s hand. He killed a lot of people!”

“Among all those who were finally confirmed to be Death Eaters, Sirius Black was the last one I ever expected!” said Lupin. “I used to think I knew him well. He was very dangerous, more than what you’d ever think....”

Professor Lupin stopped and seemed to suddenly realize something.

“Wait a minute, Harry, you didn’t plan to use the map to find Sirius Black?!” he said in a serious tone.

Harry’s expression was full of surprise when he heard Lupin.

So strange, why does everyone think he would take the initiative to find Sirius Black?

First, it was Mr. Weasley, then Malfoy, and then Snape. Now even Professor Lupin thinks so.

Are all four of them mental?

Why would he go behind someone who wants to kill him? Is there anything he does not know about it? This is really too suspicious.

Chapter 105: Hidden Truth

“Professor, why would I want to find Black?!” Harry asked slowly in a skeptical tone. “He escaped from Azkaban to kill me, didn’t he? He came to find me and get his revenge for Voldemort, isn’t that the case?”

“Yes, that’s the way it is.” Prof. Lupin’s expression was somewhat unnatural. He subconsciously avoided Harry’s gaze.

“But that is certainly not the whole truth. I can feel that you are hiding something from me!” Harry continued staring at Professor Lupin.

“There’s nothing at all.....”

“Professor, I’m not a child anymore!” Harry said quickly, “You once told me that you were my father’s friend, and that you were also very familiar with Black. You must know something! Why does Black want to kill me? Why do you want me not to look for him?”

Hearing Harry, Professor Lupin went silent for a moment, then said: “Harry, there are things that I shouldn’t tell you. I don’t have such qualification.”

“So you just avoid me and say nothing, as if I were a fool!” Harry took a deep breath and said in a lost, sad voice. “Professor, when the Dementors approached me, I saw and heard something, you know?”

Professor Lupin shook his head and looked worried.

“I could hear my mother screaming and entreating Voldemort. If you heard my mother screaming like that before being killed, you wouldn’t forget it.” Harry’s eyes were red “I can feel it, Professor; Black has something to do with my parents’ death! Malfoy once told me: “If I were you, I would choose revenge. I would find him by myself!”...”

“Harry, Malfoy was talking nonsense...” Hermione said worried.

“No, he must have known something.” Harry shouted, looking back at Professor Lupin. “Please Professor, tell me the truth, for my parents!”

Professor Lupin’s expression was very sad. Harry’s words greatly touched him. He looked at Harry and vaguely seemed to see his former friend, James.

“I need to talk to you alone, Harry!” Lupin sighed. “You’re right. We shouldn’t keep it from you. If his son doesn’t know about Sirius, James will be disappointed.”

Lupin led Harry to his office. Evan, Hermione, and Ron stood in the dark hall following them with their eyes anxiously.

“Evan, what do you think Professor Lupin would say to Harry?” asked Hermione.

“Anything about his parents’ past is possible.” Evan thought for a moment and didn’t know how much Lupin was going to tell Harry. He was afraid that Harry wouldn’t take it well at that time.

“Well, can you wait for Harry in the Common room? I still feel that there’s something wrong.” Hermione said in an uncertain tone. “Ron and I will go to Hogsmeade to buy everyone’s Christmas gifts.”

“I’m going to look for Scabbers!” Ron, who hadn’t spoken yet, suddenly talked, with a dull and monotonous tone.

“Ron?!” Hermione wanted to tell Ron not to worry about his rat and that it would be back by itself.

But when she saw Ron’s appearance, she hesitated and said nothing.

Because of Crookshanks, she felt very awkward dealing with the rat’s issue.

“I’m going to look for Scabbers!” Ron repeated again, not caring about Evan and Hermione’s reaction, he then went back to the tower.

Under the torchlight, his silhouette seemed extremely gloomy and strange.

Evan frowned and looked at Ron. The latter’s behaviour was too unusual today. Whether it was when facing Snape or Professor Lupin, he was too calm and different from the Ron that he knew.

And how did Ron know that the parchment was the Marauder’s Map?!

“What’s the matter with Ron?!” Hermione said in surprise.

“I can’t go to Hogsmeade alone. There are so many things to buy. I won’t be able to handle it!”

“If you do not mind, I can accompany you, Hermione,” Evan suggested.

“No, Evan, you will be discovered by professors.”

“I don’t think so. I’ve been there many times and I’m very familiar with the Hogsmeade stores. I just have to avoid being noticed by Filch.” Evan picked up the schoolbag in his hand. “Moreover, Harry’s invisibility cloak is still here.”

“But...”

Hermione was hesitant. She knew that Evan had been to Hogsmeade many times before, and that unlike Harry, Evan didn’t have to worry about Sirius Black and the Dementors.

Since there was not much risk, and he would not be discovered by professors, it seemed that she had no real reason to oppose it.

Although it might violate school rules, Hermione was no longer as strict as she used to be when she first entered school. After all, she couldn’t even count the times that she violated the rules herself.

Hermione's also had a strange feeling deep down in her heart that she could not tell.

She hoped that Evan could accompany her to Hogsmeade, especially on Christmas Eve.

"I'll take the secret passage beneath the one-eyed witch statue on the third floor, Hermione." Evan said in a relaxed tone. "The secret passage leads to the Honeydukes Sweetshop. You can wait for me there. See you soon!"

Evan left the hall and quickly walked behind the one-eyed witch statue on the third floor. He looked around in the hallway and didn't find any one besides him.

"Dissendium!" Evan gently knocked on the stone witch.

The hump on the statue immediately opened just wide enough for a small person to slide down to the hidden passageway.

Evan climbed into the hole and then moved forward.

Compared with this narrow secret passage, he preferred the more spacious one behind the large mirror on the Fourth floor. He passed through that passage to Hogsmeade last semester.

But just a few days after the start of the school year, Fred and George told him that the secret passage collapsed and was completely blocked. Now, among all the routes in the castle that lead to Hogsmeade, the one he's taking now was the only one left that's unknown to Filch.

Evan slipped a long way forward. This road was just like a stone slide. Then he fell into a cold, damp land.

He stood up and looked around, and found only darkness.

"Lumos!" Evan raised his wand.

The path in front of his eyes was curved, it was no different from a rabbit's tunnel.

Evan hurriedly walked, and because of the unevenness of the ground, he was staggering from time to time. He held his wand in front of him all the way.

About an hour later, Evan reached the bottom of a broken stairs, and found that the stone steps stretched out to where he could not see.

He rested for a while, gasped, and began to climb upwards. One hundred, two hundred steps, Evan climbed the stairs, putting all his attention on his feet. After over three thousand steps, he slammed into something hard.

It was a floor door. Evan pushed it open and climbed out.

When he came out of the floor door, he smelled a strong odor of blood, as if there was a dead body hidden in the cellar.

Chapter 106: Cho Chang

Evan hurriedly pulled out his wand and looked around vigilantly.

The room was full of chairs and boxes that surrounded him, and not far away from where he was, there was a wooden staircase leading upstairs. He could hear the voices of several people above him, a bell ringing, and the creaking of the opening and closing of doors.

In the cellar, the sweet smell of candies mixed with the pungent odor of blood made Evan feel nauseous. He cautiously approached a wooden box beside him.

The closer he was, the stronger the odor was!

He was about to open the wooden box when he heard footsteps going downstairs and a woman shouting.

“Honey, take another bucket of Jelly Slugs. We’re about to be out of stock!”

“I know.” A man came downstairs.

Evan hurriedly turned around and he saw a bald middle-aged man walking down.

It was Mr. Ambrosius Flume, the owner of the Honeydukes Sweetshop. He walked into the cellar and suddenly froze. He was surprised to see Evan standing in front of him.

“Hello, Mr. Flume,” said Evan softly.

“It’s you, Evan, you scared me. I thought it was someone else in our warehouse.” Flume sighed and patted his chest. “What are you doing with your wand?”

“I smelled an odor of blood...” The wand in Evan’s hand did not drop.

“Oh, you have already smelled it!” Flume said hastily. “I was intending to talk to you about it. I want you to publish an ad for our newly developed candy.”

“An ad?!” Evan looked at him strangely.

Flume walked over and opened the wooden box next to Evan and it was full of Blood-Flavoured Lollipops.

Evan was a bit embarrassed. The odor of blood he had smelled was that of this candy. He went too quickly for his wand. Fortunately, no acquaintances were there.

“We don’t think it’s too much for our new product bloody lollipops.” Flume frowned and said, “I sometimes don’t understand your taste, young wizards. It was the most requested flavor in our last poll.”

“Are you sure this is not for vampires?”

“Of course not! I thought this candy would be cool!” Flume continued. “But virtually nobody bought it. The stock of these bloody lollipops is almost backlogging the entire warehouse. I need your help, Evan. The last time, the propaganda on the Cockroach Clusters was very effective.”

Evan remembered his first advertisement for Honeydukes in the last semester. The Cockroach Clusters were piled up in the warehouse and never bought. But now after the ad, there are still some people in the school who say they kept eat that stuff until today.

“I’ll help you, Mr. Flume!”



Evan could not understand the fact that even though the Honeydukes traditional sweets are clearly popular and well received, they have kept developing these unorthodox new products.

Anyway, when he heard Evan words, Flume was so happy that he packed a lot of Blood-Flavoured Lollipops and gave them to him.

When Evan climbed out of the cellar with those almost un-eatable candies, he saw the Honeydukes store full of Hogwarts students.

There were so many people around that he couldn't see where Hermione was.

Evan walked between them, trying to find Hermione from one shelf to another. Suddenly, at the corner of a chocolate-covered shelf, he accidentally bumped into a girl and knocked her candies into the ground.

"Excuse me!" Evan lowered his head and picked up her sweets. He looked up just to see a beautiful girl standing in front of him.

The girl had long, shiny, dark hair. She was wearing a Wizard's robe from the Ravenclaw House with a smile on her face that gives off a feeling of kindness and comfort.

"I was too absorbed in choosing chocolate. Are you okay?" The girl smiled at Evan.

"Hello, I'm Cho Chang from Ravenclaw."

Evan was shocked. It turned to be Cho Chang, and she was indeed very beautiful. No wonder that Harry, the guy who so hard to move, was so attracted to her.

"Oh, hello, I'm Evan Mason, from..."

"I know you!" she blushed saying and she hurried to explain. "I've heard from Luna that you have a newspaper and I've got a subscription for each issue. I think it's very helpful, and... In short, all Ravenclaw girls are talking about you."

The atmosphere was a bit embarrassing. Evan didn't know that he was so popular with girls.

"I've heard of you, too. You're Ravenclaw's Seeker!" Evan had no words to say. In addition to this information, he only remembered that Cho Chang was the girlfriend of Cedric Diggory. After the guy died, she and Harry had a fruitless short relationship.

Although her emotional experience is relatively rich, he has to admit that Cho Chang is really beautiful.

"Do you like Quidditch too?!" Cho seemed to be happy to find a common topic with Evan. "I have watched the game between Gryffindor and Hufflepuff. Your team is very strong, especially the Seeker Harry Potter; he is very fast."

"But we still lost to Hufflepuff," continued Evan. "I heard that in the last few days, you beat them!"

“It was just a fluke. Their Seeker Cedric is also very good.” Cho paused. “However, the rest of the Hufflepuff team is not on his level. The score would have been in Gryffindor’s favor if you didn’t meet the Dementors...”

“Yeah!” Evan nodded, even though he didn’t really know what she was talking about.

This is a rare opportunity to get in touch with such a beautiful girl. He was there, endlessly talking about Quidditch even though he had no interest at all in this stuff.

“I was almost desperate when we faced so many Dementors. Fortunately, your Patronus brought hope back to all of us!”

In Cho Chang’s mind, came out the picture of the thin boy facing over a hundred Dementors on his own. That feeling... she would never forget it.

“Evan, are you free?!” She hesitated for a moment then she said, “We can go to the tea shop outside and sit for a while. I want to ask you about the use of the Patronus Charm. Is there any trick to learn it? No matter how hard I tried, all I manage to do is just making my wand shine a little bit.”

There was indeed a trick to casting the Patronus Spell, and Evan was also willing to have an in-depth conversation about it with her.

Afterall, Cho Chang invited him herself, he would be too stupid if he didn’t understand what was going on.

But, he saw Hermione just entering Honeydukes and looking for him with a smile. When she saw Cho with him, she looked very alert.

Choosing between these two beauties is really hard.

Deep down in his heart, Evan still preferred Hermione. With Cho, it was just her stunning beauty that stunned him.

There was nothing else he could think of! Or maybe...

Evan looked again at the girl in front of him. Is that really the case?

Chapter 107: Madam Puddifoot’s Tea Shop

“I’m sorry; my friend is waiting for me there!”

When she turned to where he was looking, Cho Chang saw Hermione standing in the doorway.

“Oh, well, I’m glad I’ve met you.” Cho looked a bit disappointed. She said in a gentle tone, “Goodbye, Evan!”

“Goodbye!” Evan waved.

“Who is that girl?” Hermione came over and looked suspiciously at Cho’s back.

“Her name is Cho Chang and she’s a fourth-year Ravenclaw student. I just accidentally knocked her over. I helped her pick up her candies, and she invited me to the Madam Puddifoot’s Tea Shop across the street.....”

“Madam Puddifoot’s Tea Shop?!” Hermione repeated it in a low voice, with her eyes narrowing. “She looks beautiful!”

“Yeah, she’s really pretty...”

Evan felt that something was wrong. He hadn’t finished his words yet, but Hermione, who was standing in front of him, suddenly looked a bit sad.

“Cho looks really good, but she’s not my type.” Evan said cautiously. “To me, you are always the most beautiful, Hermione!”

When she heard him, Hermione blushed and the tense atmosphere softened.

“This is so unlike you Evan!” Hermione said in a serious tone, but her face grinned. “You must have learned this from Vicky.”

Vicky Frobisher is Evan’s roommate and a handsome boy. He goes around chasing girls a lot, and has bad grades.

“I really think so.”

Evan looked at Hermione seriously, thinking hard and trying to remember Vicky’s tricks that he pulls off when talking to girls every night before going to bed.

“Okay, I’ll believe you for the time being.” Hermione was embarrassed and tried to avoid Evan’s eyes.

The mood was awkward. Evan remembered that Vicky had said that such moments are crucial, and that he should use them to win the girl’s heart. He must not give her an opportunity to sidestep.

But what should he do next?!

Before crossing over, Evan had no romantic expertise. He had no time to think about such a thing with all the studying and exams he had.

Even if he liked a girl, he would just look at her from afar.

Facing Hermione, Evan didn’t know what to do, but he knew he needed to say something!

“Hermione, I...” Evan gathered his courage.

“Wait a minute, Evan!” Hermione seemed to have realized something and her eyes that were dodging Evan’s regard gazed back at him. “You’re too careless. You haven’t been allowed to Hogsmeade by the school. If you’re discovered, then you’d be.....”

“Don’t worry, I don’t think that Cho is the kind of person who would go tell on me.” Evan blinked, and the momentum and atmosphere that he had built up all collapsed in a second.

“Of course she wouldn’t, but what would you do if you were seen by Malfoy? You would be in big trouble, especially since we just offended Professor Snape in the morning.” Hermione said worriedly. “Hurry up; you should put on Harry’s invisibility cloak.”

Evan realized that Hermione was right. Right then, he saw from the shop window the trio of Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle. He quickly took out the invisibility cloak from his back and put it on his head.

Right when disappeared, he heard Malfoy’s voice getting close.

“This year’s Quidditch Cup belongs to Slytherin. Who would have thought that Potter would be so afraid of the Dementors? The next time they have a game, the three of us could just come in with Capes and scare him, he would fall off again and they’d have to install a parachute on his broomstick!”

Crabbe and Goyle snickered, Malfoy smirked. He felt better about what he said when he suddenly saw Hermione standing alone in the corner, and had a malicious smile on his pale face.

“In addition to that incident, my dad will attend a hearing organized by the Committee for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures in January to tell its members that I couldn’t move my arm for three months!” Malfoy deliberately raised his voice. “I really hope I’ll be able to take part of it when it happens, so I could see that stupid furry behemoth trying to defend that creature: It’s not harmful! Really, it’s safe!”

“Let’s go, Evan!” Hermione ignored Malfoy.

She knew that he was just talking nonsense. With their recent efforts, both Hagrid and Buckbeak should be fine. There was no need to answer Malfoy.

Because of this, Malfoy must actually be Mad.

He squinted as Hermione walked past him. He seemed to have wanted to stop her, but he hesitated and did nothing.

Hermione was on her own here, with neither Evan nor Harry nor Ron by her side. Malfoy didn’t want to look like he was bullying a girl.

“Think about it, when they cut off that stupid big-headed Hippogriff’s head, I think he’d cry, ha-ha!” Malfoy deliberately said that, looking at Hermione’s back as she was leaving.

Hearing Malfoy’s laughter, Evan was in rage. Then he saw a barrel of Jelly Slugs on the side and suddenly had an idea.

“You open the door and wait for me a bit!” Evan whispered to Hermione.

This opportunity is too good to be missed.

He walked quietly behind Malfoy, aimed at his butt, pulled his foot back, and then kicked back with all he had!

Next thing you know, Malfoy was upside down with his head in the Jelly Slugs' barrel. The green juice was splattered everywhere.

His legs were struggling and he was screaming inside the barrel. Crabbe and Goyle looked at each other in panic, and then went to try to pull him out.

The scene was a mess, and everyone in the shop looked at him in surprise and wondered why he would stuff his head into the slug barrel. After all, even if he likes that Candy so much, there's no reason for him to take it so far!

Ignoring the chaos behind him, Evan ran out of the Honeydukes Shop laughing, and thinking of how happy Harry and Ron would be when they hear about this. Unfortunately, Colin wasn't not there. Otherwise, this would've made the cover of next week's newspaper.

"You shouldn't have done that Evan!" Said Hermione, while laughing and being worried at the same time. "If Malfoy finds out you're here..."

"I have the invisibility cloak on, Hermione. He can't see me. No one will know that it's my doing." Evan shivered, and noticed that he wasn't wearing a coat. "We need to find somewhere to go. How about the Three Broomsticks Inn? Butterbeer would be perfect in this weather!"

"It's better not to go there. That shop is so popular. Malfoy could also go there. We'd better go to Hog's Head Inn or..."

Across her thick scarf, Hermione suddenly saw a small teahouse on the corner that she had never noticed before. The sign on the outside read "Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop".

She still remembers what Evan said just now. Ravenclaw's Cho Chang just asked him to go there. Perhaps she should also have a look.

(Translator Note: Vicky Frobisher is actually a girl! She was Gryffindor's Quidditch Keeper at some point in time.)

Chapter 108: Contact with the Stray Dog

"We can go there!" said Hermione, pointing to Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop and squinting. "This shop seems to be... very special!"

"Are you sure?!" Evan looked at the tea shop with surprise.

If it hadn't been just mentioned by Cho Chang, he would have never noticed this place. It was full of pink, pretty girlish ornaments, with cheesy lace, and Evan doubted the owner's taste.

"Of course I'm sure, hurry up and go in, Evan; I don't want other people to think I'm just standing alone in the snow." Hermione said, "It looks like it's cubicle inside, you shouldn't worry about being discovered, and you will be able to take off the cloak."

Evan and Hermione crossed the street and entered the small Tea Shop.

There was a sweet scent in the air. The tearoom was small and misty. It seemed that everything was decorated with frills or bows. Over every small round table was flying a golden cherub, and from time to time, it threw pink confetti over the people below.

They sat down at the only remaining round table, next to the steamed up window.

Next to them was a big Christmas tree. Through the gaps between the leaves, a fifth year Hufflepuff boy could be seen. He was with a beautiful blond girl and they held hands.

Evan was a bit uncomfortable and Hermione too.

They seemed to have just discovered that there were only couples in the place, all holding hands.

“What do you take?” A middle-aged stout woman with a shiny black bun squeezed herself through the two tables.

“Two cups of coffee, please!” said Evan.

As he raised his head, his face was sprinkled with pink confetti by the golden cherub in mid air.

While waiting for coffee, Evan noticed that the couple next to him began to kiss each other over the sugar bowl between them. He stuck his lips together and really wished they didn’t do that.

Hermione apparently noticed it as well. She turned her head and looked at Evan’s eyes, and then they looked away from each other in panic.

The atmosphere was very embarrassing. Evan was focused on not messing things up.

But he couldn’t hold his imagination. He felt that the couple in front of them was making a model that Hermione would soon want to emulate.

He was not sure if he wanted to do so. He and Hermione have not yet reached this point.

According to the protocol, shouldn’t the two confess to each other before doing such a thing?!

Evan said to himself: “I really like Hermione so much. Besides, since she invited me to come to this Tea Shop, shouldn’t that be a hint?”

If so, should he take the initiative?!

Hermione’s cheeks were so red, so lovely, just like a ripe apple, that anyone could not help but take a bite.

“No matter what, get over it!” Feelings of fear and excitement soared, and Evan was determined to swallow it.

His body leaned forward slightly, reached out and held Hermione’s cold hands, and they instantly stopped breathing.

Hermione trembled slightly and seemed to want to pull her hands back, but she immediately stopped and let them go. Her face never looked so red.

Her eyes blurred and looked at Evan. The sweet smell in the air almost stopped her brain from thinking.

She saw Evan's body coming over, as if he was to do something. She wanted to dodge backwards, but her right hand was tightly held by his. Hermione's body trembled slightly; although this was not the first time she had her hands held by Evan, this time was exceptionally electrifying.

Hermione couldn't remember the precise moment in which this boy had taken her heart. Perhaps it was last year, when he protected her from the basilisk; or this year, when he faced over one hundred Dementors, in a time of fear and helplessness, or...

Before now, she had heard of this Tea Shop from other girls.

The appearance of Cho Chang gave her an inexplicable feeling of threat. She used to think that it was just an ordinary meeting place. She did not expect that everyone would be there....

She knew what Evan was going to do next, but she didn't feel offended at all. Yet, wasn't it too soon for that?

Her palms were all sweaty, and her heart thumped and flopped. She should stop Evan. They shouldn't do it, but she didn't have any strength.

She saw Evan getting closer and closer, and she could feel his breath.

The distance between the two of them was getting shorter and shorter...

Just as Evan's lips were about to touch Hermione's, Madam Puddifoot came over with two cups of coffee.

They hurriedly split up like kittens that had done something bad. The action of their movement was so big that they nearly turned the table over.

Madam Puddifoot said nothing, but the unfathomable smile on her face caused them to be embarrassed.

Evan's face was hot and he turned to look at the window.

Just then, through the thick water vapor, he saw the Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge, Professor McGonagall, Professor Flitwick, Hagrid and two Aurors that he did not recognize proudly walking across the street. They six of them marched hard in the snow, and it seemed that they were going to the Three Broomsticks Inn across the street.

Evan hurriedly glanced at them and his attention was completely drawn to two short figures beside them: a big black dog and a ginger cat gliding through the street: they were Sirius Black and Crookshanks. .

It was not surprising that Black was so bold that he appeared blatantly in Hogsmeade, and they passed by Professors Fudge, McGonagall, Flitwick, and Hagrid.

Black stopped and looked guiltily at the back of Fudge and the two Aurors.

"Oh, that's Crookshanks. What is it in Hogsmeade for?!"

Looking at where Evan was staring, Hermione saw Crookshanks through the window. She did not see Sirius Black because of her viewing angle.

"Wait, Hermione, I'll go and bring it back!"

Evan hurried up, and under the astonished eyes of Hermione and Madam Puddifoot, opened the door and rushed into the blizzard outside.

He didn't know why when he thought of Ron's recent unusual behaviors; he felt a sense of unease. Although he had a plan, it would be nice if he could contact Sirius Black before that.

On the street, the shadows of Black and Crookshanks disappeared on the corner of the street, leaving two rows of shallow and deep footprints on the thick snow.

Evan followed the footprints and came to the Owl Post Office. The inside was gloomy. There were owls on the shelves, at least 300 of them, ranging from common Great Grays to palm-sized Scops owls. They shouted low.

Besides the owls, there was no one in the shop.

Black and Crookshanks seemed to be on the second floor, where there were the Post owls which were trained to bring postage from a distance.

Evan pulled out his wand. The post office had only one door. If he enters there, Black wouldn't have anywhere to go.

Evan did not know why Black had to send a letter, but it was indeed a good opportunity to make contact with him.

#### Chapter 109: Lonely Avenger

Evan climbed up the dark stairs to the second floor, and the old black wooden floor creaked under his feet. From time to time, owls hovered over his head.

The layouts of the post office on the second and first floors are similar. There were owls everywhere. On the shelves under them, there were codes of various colors.

Crookshanks was lying on a semi-circular balcony. When it saw Evan, it purred with satisfaction.

Hold on, where is Sirius Black?!

Evan suddenly realized what was happening; he quickly turned around, and behind him in the shadow of the hallway, a black figure rushed out.

Right then, Evan was thrown to the ground and splashed with dust.

Several gray long-eared owls spread their wings and flew higher, in fear of the scene of Evan and the big black dog on top of him.

Sirius Black leaped swiftly and took the wand from his hands.

His body was quickly morphed in mid air, and when he fell back on the floor, Evan saw a middle-aged man who looked exactly the same as the one wanted by the Ministry of Magic: his filthy, tangled hair was hanging down to his elbow. In the dark pupils of his eyes, there was no light at all, and his waxy skin clung to his face's frame making him look more like a skeleton.

"You've been too careless, kid!" Black held Evan's wand tightly and grinned showing his yellow teeth. "Don't resist. Since you're a friend of Harry, I'll only use the Obliviate Charm on you and wipe out all the memories about me from your head."

Black's voice was low and hoarse. It sounded like he hadn't spoken for a long time.



“Listen, I need to talk to you, Sirius!” Evan whispered. “I’m not going to resist. You can keep my wand if it makes you feel safer.”

“Huh, safety means nothing to me!” Black smiled with a ridiculous sneer. “If you, like me, were locked in Azkaban for twelve years, and like me, were tortured by hundreds of Dementors day and night, with your head full of the darkest memories, and enduring the suffering made by the loss of your best friends that’s frying your mind; if you’ve endured all of that, you’d also forget all about fear and safety.”

“That sounds really bad,” Evan said worried.

“Do you know how I got through it?!” Black’s expression suddenly became ferocious. “It was revenge. It was the power of revenge that kept me sober. That’s how I didn’t become a walking corpse like everybody else in there.”

“Maybe I can help you get your vengeance.” Evan sat up from the ground.

“Help me?!” The smile on Black’s face became even more pronounced. The wand in his hand pointed steadily at Evan. “I don’t think so. You’d better be honest and not play tricks with me. I’ve been observing you for the past few months since our first meeting in Muggle World in August. I know that your skills are actually amazing. I wasn’t near that strong at your age.”

“Thank you for the compliment. If I were as powerful as you said, I wouldn’t have been in this situation right now!” Evan paused and continued, “But I do want to help you. You remember when we met at the edge of the forest for the second time on Halloween’s eve. I covered for you so you could flee; otherwise you would’ve been discovered by Professor Lupin!”

Evan secretly gathered magical power. Since he saw Tom Riddle’s use of Ron’s broken wand to release the curse in the last semester, he has been studying Wandless Magic.

Although he found many theoretical books on this topic were, the actual process was extremely difficult. Evan had to practice for nearly a year, but he could not control well his magical power and all he was able to make was light that’s even less impressive than the doing of a young wizard with his wand.

Such a light was of no value in actual combat.

But perhaps, it could distract Black if it took him by surprise.

Evan had to be careful. If communication fails, he’ll have his back against the wall. He did not want to be turned into an idiot by Black’s Memory charm.

“If it weren’t for you, I would have never been discovered.” Black hummed and the wand gleamed slightly. “And I don’t need anybody’s help!”

He waved his wand, but Evan was faster than him.

His Magic spouted out, and a dazzling white light flew by like a lightning bolt, Black closed his eyes subconsciously.

Hundreds of owls rose into the sky and the whole second floor was in chaos.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Evan stood up from the ground and he slammed into Black. Although he was short and thin, far from his tall opponent Black, but it was a fast dash and Sirius did not have his guard up.

Black didn't raise the wand in time. One of Evan's hands fastened over his wasted wrist, forcing the wand tips away; the knuckles of his other hand collided with the side of Black's head and they fell, backward, into the wall.

The heavy impact finally brought Black back to his senses. The wand in his hand sent a jet of sparks into the air that missed Evan's face by inches; the latter felt the shrunken arm under his fingers twisting madly, but he clung on, his other hand punching every part of Black it could find.

But Black was far stronger than him, and his free hand had found Evan's throat.

Just as Evan felt desperate, Crookshanks that was crouching on the balcony suddenly jumped to join the fight. His stuck his two front paws deeply into Black's arm.

Black grunted and let go of Evan. He wanted to throw Crookshanks off, but he did not succeed. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Evan took a few punches at Black's stomach, and the latter was in pain. He curled up loosening his hand and releasing his wand.

Evan grasped his wand and quickly stood up. He pointed it at Black's chest and looked down at him.

Black sprawled across the wall with his limbs spread out, and his thin chest swelling quickly.

"Good job, Crookshanks!" Evan gasped.

Crookshanks meowed softly and jumped back onto the window's balcony, as though he had finished a trivial matter. The owls in the air came back.

Evan looked at Black. He could vaguely see the handsome man that he used to be in his faint fallow face. Twelve years of prison life have made his character cold-blooded. Before killing Peter Pettigrew, he will not believe anyone, nor will he need any help.

As a lonely avenger, he will use his own power to seize Peter.

He's not as good as a cat in trusting others.

"I've underestimated you. You are much better than I thought. Wandless Spell! I haven't seen a Wizard with such skill since a long time." Black's lips hung up again with his sarcastic sneer. "What do you intend to do, hand me to the Aurors of the Ministry, or to the Dementors?!"

"I repeat, I just want to help you, whether you believe it or not!" Evan wiped the blood from his mouth and there were a few sparks on the tip of his wand. "But if you like this way of conversation, we shall communicate well."

“Speaking of that, I really want to thank you!” said Black calmly. “I thank you for to the Hogwarts Magic News that you run. When Fudge visited Azkaban, he gave me an issue. There were photos of him giving special awards to several of you. On the front page of the newspaper, on the boy’s shoulder, I immediately recognized him. I saw him so many times transforming. He was still alive. He was actually in Hogwarts, near James and Lily’s son... That night, I escaped from Azkaban because I knew I had to kill him. That’s the only way I can make up for my mistakes, even if I had to face death.”

Black’s body trembled slightly, and his voice was full of sorrow.

Chapter 110: Evan and Black’s Deal

“I’ve been in jail for murder, and I’m coming back here to commit it again!” Sirius shouted. “I’ll kill him with my own hands. I’ll avenge James and Lily!”

“You can’t do anything in your present state...” Looking at Blake’s appearance, Evan quietly shook his head.

“It’s useless to say more. You’ve won, turn me in, go ahead!”

Black closed his eyes weakly and his head leaned back against the wall. He was completely decadent like never before.

Suddenly, his eyes snapped open again; he flew into a rage and shouted reluctantly. “That boy who lives in the same bedroom as Harry, the Weasley boy, that boy’s rat is an Animagus, he is Peter Pettigrew!”

“Peter Pettigrew?!” Evan blinked.

“Believe me, you’re also an Animagus, you just have to take a closer look at that rat, or use the Animagus reversal spell on him...” Black suddenly stopped and said, “You must think I’m Crazy, don’t you?”

“To be honest, you don’t look any different from a mad man right now.”

“I’m sure that you’re confused. Do you know who Peter really is?” Black suddenly burst into a grin. His smile was filled with hatred. “Let me tell you, let me tell you about the true face of that hero in people’s eyes. When we were in Hogwarts...”

Evan did not say anything. Looking at Black’s appearance, he knew that he wanted to recall his past student days, and Evan did not mind listening to this hidden history.

However, it is not the right time, nor is it the right occasion.

Here is the Owl Post Office. There may be other people coming in at any time. Before all the truth was to be revealed, he did not want people to misunderstand them and didn’t want to be linked to Black.

Besides, Hermione was still waiting outside for him. He couldn’t stay here much longer.

“I’m sorry to interrupt your memories. Sirius, we’ll get into the subject as soon as possible. About Pettigrew, he is Ron’s rat. I believe you!” Evan said quickly. “Actually, I know lots of things about him.”

“What?!” Black’s eyes widened and he suddenly screamed with excitement. “How much do you know about that man?!”

“A lot! Definitely more than you think. Of course I still need you for more details, but not here!” Evan said in a relaxed tone. “And, you’d better lower your voice, unless you really want to draw Aurors and Dementors’ attention.”

“What did Lupin tell you about Peter?!” Black said in a low voice, his face full of suspicious looks. “No, he wouldn’t say anything about us; maybe Dumbledore, it’s so much like him, but if it were to be really him, you wouldn’t be standing here alone right now.”

“I investigated the events of that year, what happened before you were arrested, and what you did in school was no secret,” Evan said, blinking. “To be honest, the only thing that makes me curious is the Marauder’s Map, where did you get enough magical power to make it? I heard from Professor Lupin that you got help from a certain item in the Forbidden Forest. That place needs the approval of certain creatures to get in. Who are they?”

“It’s the Centaurs; the Centaur colony in the Forbidden Forest was hiding some kind of treasure left by Godric Gryffindor. That stuff can provide a Wizard with a lot of magical power.” Black was excited again. “I can take you there, and help you get the Centaurs’ approval, but getting that thing depends on whether or not you can pass that final test. In exchange, you only need to bring Peter Pettigrew to me!”

“Deal!” Evan said hurriedly.

He listened to Sirius Black’s statements, and combined them with the information he already had.

If there isn’t any misshapen, the legendary magical item hidden deep in the Forbidden Forest with the Centaur colony should be the key to Gryffindor’s secret treasure.

Yet, he didn’t know how to get the Centaur’s approval, nor did he know what the final test was?

This will certainly not be simple, or else Black would have taken it long ago. Since all four of them have failed, Evan is not sure that he will succeed. However, he will not give up this opportunity to try. Besides, he originally intended to help Black.

“You go back and grab that rat, no, no, it’s too risky. Peter is weak, but he’s an adult Wizard. It’s not safe for you, a young Wizard to handle this. You just help me get into Gryffindor’s common room. All the rest will be left for me to solve.”

“I have a better idea. Why don’t we tell the professors about this?”

“Tell them?” Black shook his head. “Besides you, who else would believe me? They think that I betrayed James and Lily, and then killed Peter Pettigrew and twelve innocent Muggles. They all think I am crazy and no one will believe me.”

“I don’t know about the others, but Professor Dumbledore and Professor Lupin would still believe you.”

“No, I can’t take such a risk. Now that they don’t believe in me, I can’t trust them, especially Lupin, he... In short, it’s my own fault that I’m alone. I should solve this by myself!” Black stubbornly said, “I convinced James and Lily to let Peter Pettigrew be their Secret Keeper. They were killed because of my foolishness; it is entirely my fault. I must kill him myself to avenge James and Lily!”

Black was talking; tears flowing uncontrollably down his skinny cheeks.

“Okay, okay!” Looking at Black, Evan had a headache.

Black’s decision increased the difficulty of the whole problem by several times. He stubbornly believed that the death of James and Lily was entirely his fault. In order to preserve his pride and self-esteem, he wouldn’t accept any help in accomplishing his revenge.

It was as if he preferred to stay in Azkaban for twelve years to make atonement, rather than defending himself.

Not only could he not defend himself, but he also felt it wasn’t worth it!

No wonder he did not seek Dumbledore’s help after his escape from prison; it’s no wonder that he hadn’t tried that for so long.

Even if this deal with Evan was somewhat of a compromise, he is forced to do so.

In Black’s eyes, Evan was helping him catch Peter Pettigrew, and he was helping him to get the Centaurs’ approval in return. The whole thing was more like a transaction than help.

“The password to enter the Gryffindor common room is “Strange Skins”. Sir Cadogan will let you in.” Evan continued, “But I suggest you wait one more day, as the semester will be over tomorrow.” I have confirmed that this Christmas holiday, only four Gryffindor students will be in Hogwarts: Harry, Ron, Hermione and me.”

“Hmm, the typical weak thinking, I wonder if you’re really a Gryffindor?!” Black was completely dismissive of Evan’s advice. “For this day, I’ve been waiting for twelve years. I will not wait any longer; I’ll do it tonight!”