

Harry Potter 111

Chapter 111: Identity Exposure

“We must be careful. Peter Pettigrew is a cunning opponent. We shouldn’t underestimate him. I noticed that you don’t even have a wand?!”

Looking at Black’s appearance, Evan couldn’t help but facepalm.

In the course of these events, Black was like an ultra version of Harry.

Well, at the very least, Harry sometimes listened to other people’s advice, but Black completely disregarded them.

Evan noticed a white card that Black had just left on the floor. It was an owl mailing payment confirmation sheet.

The item ordered was a Firebolt and the recipient was Harry Potter.

This was Black’s Christmas gift to Harry. He looked at the astronomical price tag. Evan wondered, this guy had the time and the ability to buy such a valuable product for Harry, but he can’t afford to get a wand for himself? It’s just unbelievable!

“Wand?!” Sirius Black said dismissively. “I don’t need such a thing. I can handle Peter Pettigrew with my bare hands.”

“This is not an issue of strength. He might not be on par with you when it comes to power, but if he goes for an escape, anything could happen, just like 12 years ago!” Evan continued to persuade Black, “We... You must catch him this time. That’s the only way with which you can clear your name.”

“You still don’t get it, kid.” Black roared loudly. “I repeat, I don’t care what others think of me. I don’t care if I’m seen as guilty. I just want him to die. I can’t wait anymore!”

His loud voice shook the dust on the owl’s post office roof.

“I can appreciate your desire for revenge, but at the very least you have to think about Harry. I have heard that you are his godfather. This is your final mission, the last thing that his parents entrusted you with!” Evan still had more, “Do you want Harry to have a “murderer” for a godfather? Do you want him to think that of you? That his father’s best friend sold out his friends to Voldemort?”

Hearing Evan’s words, Sirius calmed down.

His body was trembling gently, with his eyes full of pain.

“In the past 12 years, Harry had a very bad life at his aunt’s house. The Dursley’s don’t like him. You know that.” Evan said softly, “Maybe he’d be willing to live with you, if you manage to clear up your name.”

“James and Lily’s child, living with me...” Tears flowed out of Black’s eyes; he wiped his tears and sobbed. “You’re right. For Harry’s sake, I shall let that rat live on for a few more days.”

“Well, you can come to the Gryffindor common room at eight o’clock tomorrow evening.” Evan said happily. “The goal should not be killing Peter Pettigrew, but rather catching him alive. I’ll make sure that the rat will be there for you. If possible, I’ll catch him myself, in advance.”

Evan still had more to say, and as he prepared to further discuss the details of tomorrow’s plan with Black, Hermione’s voice suddenly came from downstairs.

“Are you up there, Evan?”

“I am, I’ll be down right away.” Evan hurriedly responded, beckoning to Crookshanks on the window sill, who jumped into his arms.

“Who is this girl, your young girlfriend?” Black had a smile at the corner of his mouth.

“No, just my classmate.” Evan hurriedly explained, “You should know her. Her name is Hermione Granger. She’s good friends with Harry.”

“I do know this girl, a beautiful young girl indeed. Judging from your appearance, she looks like she’s your senior student.” Black looked at Evan’s face and saw his embarrassment.” However, I just saw you with her at Madam Puddifoot’s Tea Shop...”

“What I do with Hermione doesn’t have anything to do with you!” said Evan, blushing.

“I was more popular than you in my student days. Many girls wrote love letters to me, but I was not as good as you. I have never been with my senior...”

“Shut up and quickly change back to your Animagus form. Stay here until we leave.” Evan raised his wand and said politely, “Remember, the time is tomorrow night at eight o’clock!”

Evan finished his words and put his wand back in his waist.

He patted the dust off of his body and took Crookshanks down the stairs. He saw Hermione’s little face blushing in the cold and looking at him worriedly.

“I found Crookshanks, Hermione!”

“What is it doing here?” Hermione held Crookshanks. “How did it get to Hogsmeade on its own? It’s so far from school...”

She hadn’t finished her words, when she stopped and looked behind Evan.

Following her regard, Evan turned his head hurriedly. He saw a big black dog walking slowly down the stairs, slouching and acting decently, like a noble gentleman walking into a high-level banquet. It didn’t look a bit like a lonely stray dog.

Damn Sirius Black, getting down and adding to the mess. Didn't he just tell him to stay in the top floor?

"Evan, this big black dog!" Hermione looked at Black in panic, and said in an uncertain tone, "Is it the thing that Harry saw?"

"What thing? I said before, it was just a stray dog!" Evan walked over and tried to kick Black, who leaped to the side, dodging Evan's foot.

His eyes went back and forth over Evan and Hermione, with his mouth showing a really human smile, and looking at Evan with a look that all men knew.

Immediately afterwards, he ran to Hermione, squirting his tongue and shaking his tail and finally starting to look like a normal dog.

"Before I turn you into a slug, get off!" Evan pulled out his wand and gritted his teeth.

"Wait a minute, Evan!" Hermione hurriedly stopped him. She looked at Black in disbelief for a while and suddenly said to him in a whisper, "I always feel that this dog is not normal. Harry said he saw it many times before, from the streets of London, to Hogwarts, and now it's in Hogsmeade. Ordinary stray dogs cannot go so far."

"Maybe it's a coincidence. The stray dog that Harry was talking about, I've seen it. They're not the same."

Because he was so close to Hermione, she kept whispering in his ear and her breath met his skin.

His face flushed with the heat of the moment. His heart was bumping fiercely and his thoughts returned to Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop.

He was one second away from her lips. They still have time; maybe he should go back with her in there and finish what he hadn't done.

"No, Evan! This is definitely not a coincidence. I saw this dog in the vicinity of the forest in the past few days. It was watching Harry's Quidditch practice. It wasn't a different dog." Hermione looked back at Sirius Black.

Black looked at her strangely, and he approached slowly to hear what she was saying to Evan.

"Evan, this big black dog..." Hermione lowered her voice a bit. "I think it's an Animagus!"

"What?!" Hearing Hermione's words, Evan was choked.

Sirius Black, who had just come close, apparently heard the same thing as Evan, and the smile on his face suddenly froze.

Chapter 112: Better Be Honest

Sirius Black vowed that he would never underestimate children again.

Although this young brunette was only 13 years old and looked vulnerable, she was definitely smarter and sharper than most adult wizards.

Black originally wanted to use Hermione's presence to embarrass Evan a bit. Who would have thought that coming out shaking his tail would do nothing but expose his identity?

He realized that the joke that he made, was actually on him.

When hearing Hermione's words, Sirius Black's first instinct was to escape.

Despite their appearance, the two in front of him were no pushovers. First Evan, and then Hermione, each of them was more difficult to deal with than the other.

Black was fully alert as he took two steps back.

Intuition told him that it was better to have little contact with the two.

However, when he saw Hermione pull out her wand again, he stopped in his place.

He couldn't just turn around and run away. Even though he had a good chance of avoiding Hermione's curse, here is Hogsmeade. The shops on both sides of the street are stuffed with heavily armed Aurors. Outside the town, there are hundreds of Dementors waiting for him.

Hermione only needed to yell, to make it almost impossible for him to escape.

Should he pounce on the girl to stun her? Seeing that Evan had his hand on his wand, he quickly dismissed that idea. Three consecutive contacts made him know Evan well enough to realize that he was a really powerful magician. And although he was inferior to him in combat, his overall strength wasn't much worse than his, not to mention the fact that he now has no wand.

Maybe he should behave just like a real stray dog, thus giving himself the chance to slip away.

Sirius Black hurried to give Evan a look, and then he tried to make himself expressionless. He looked at Hermione with his big eyes straight and appeared very silly.

Seeing Black's appearance, Evan sighed feebly.

What a terrible teammate he was doomed with! He clearly told him to stay up and hide, yet he still comes out with no warning exposing his identity to Hermione.

This is the true dilemma. Forget all about catching Pettigrew, getting though Hermione is the real challenge.

"Hermione, this stray dog can't be an Animagus!"

"No, I have a feeling. The third years recently studied Animagus in the course of Professor McGonagall's class. For personal reason, I looked up the matter after I finished my homework." Hermione quickly looked at Evan's eyes, her face got red and she pointed her wand steadily to Sirius Black. She said in a hurry. "Believe me, Evan, this dog is definitely an Animagus."

Seeing Hermione's expression, Evan secretly admired her learning efforts.

"Hermione, since you have read the book we studied carefully, then you know that the Ministry of Magic has made a register with all the wizards and witches who could

become animals. There are detailed records showing what animals that they have managed to become, and the marks that they had on their bodies. There were only seven successful Animagus transformations that were recorded in the past century. This dog wasn't mentioned among them."

"I thought so initially, but he could be an illegal Animagus!" Hermione carried on, "You said to me before, you finished Animagus in the summer. You didn't register with the Ministry of Magic, did you?"

"Yes, but..."

"Evan, what is your Animagus form?" Hermione suddenly asked.

Since the last time she saw Evan's patronus at the Quidditch Pitch, Hermione has secretly been doing a lot of research on Animagus for the whole month.

So now, she has more knowledge on the topic than most wizards.

But she still wasn't sure what Evan's Animagus form was.

She was also unable to confirm any relationship between the Animagus form and the Patronus.

On the last day of summer vacation, she met a black cat. She was always wondering if it was Evan. She has always wanted to ask him this question, and now she has finally gathered the courage required to do so.

"My Animagus form is a black cat. You have seen it before..."

Evan froze! Hermione indeed had seen his Animagus before. Not only did she see it, she also embraced it. Not only did she embrace it, she also...

Obviously, Hermione also remembered all of that. The atmosphere became totally awkward.

Sirius was surprised that the two totally ignored him. He quietly took a few steps back, and Evan and Hermione hardly responded.

The corners of his mouth rose. This scene is so familiar to him; he has seen it countless times with James and Lily.

Love, is the quickest way for one to lose his IQ.

Black knew that Evan and Hermione weren't going to deal with him any time soon.

He quietly turned around, and ran out of the Owl Post Office, disappearing quickly into the street corner.

"Evan, your Animagus, the black cat, that night..." Hermione said, biting her lip.

"Hermione, I don't mind giving you a demonstration of my Animagus transformation, but that dog seems to have run away!" Feeling the awkwardness of the situation, Evan said that to divert her attention.

“What?!” Hermione woke up and realized that the big black dog had disappeared. She said anxiously, “Oh no, Evan! That big black dog, he might be Sirius Black, we should report this to Professor McGonagall.”

“Relax, Hermione, there is no evidence that the stray dog was an Animagus. It’s just your hunch.”

“We can’t risk it. If he’s Sirius Black, then this is probably how he could get into the castle. Professors certainly don’t know that Black is an Animagus, so they will not be prepared for this.” Hermione said seriously “We must tell the professor about this matter. It is very important.”

Yeah, it was really important indeed.

Evan’s mouth showed a bitter smile, if she waited one more day, he could have solved the whole thing.

Without her recognizing him, Black could’ve gone wherever he wanted; he could’ve even gone to Minister Cornelius Fudge’s office without ever being noticed.

Who could’ve thought that this would happen at the last moment?

If Hermione reported this to the professors, forget about entering the Gryffindor Tower to catch Peter, just approaching the castle would be a great hassle.

Knowing Snape, Evan was sure that he wouldn’t even, sleep at night, and even go to the forest before dawn to catch black, if he ever knew his Animagus form.

He should try to stop Hermione, but he didn’t want to lie to her either.

Lies will be exposed sooner or later. Regardless of whether or not they have goodwill behind them, they will hurt her and cause irreparable rifts between the two.

In particular, considering that Hermione had discovered that the black cat that she met on the last night of the summer vacation was his Animagus form, Evan felt that he was better off being honest.

Perhaps, he could consider telling Hermione everything about his plan, Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew. She would surely believe in him.

In this case, he will get another helper and his odds of catching Scabbers would be even greater.

Chapter 113: Convincing Hermione

“You guessed it right, Hermione!” said Evan suddenly. “The dog was indeed Sirius Black. Like you thought, he is an Animagus.”

“What did you say?!” Hermione did not respond, as if she were still digesting the news.

She looked up and saw that Evan was looking at her seriously, not looking one bit like he was joking.

“I said that the big black dog was Sirius Black!”

“Oh my God, I knew it! Incredible, Black was just in front of us!” Hermione’s eyes widened and she said in horror. “Evan, we should tell Professor McGonagall at once. She is in The Three Broomsticks Inn.”

“No, we can’t tell the professor about it.” Evan shook his head. “Black is innocent. I believe him.”

“I can’t believe it!” Hermione screamed and stepped back. She looked at Evan in horror. “Black is supporting Voldemort. He killed thirteen people. He fled from Azkaban and is going now to Hogwarts to kill Harry, and you actually believe him?!”

“Hermione, let me explain!” Evan said hurriedly. “Black just told me upstairs. He was defamed. That year, He didn’t kill...”

“If he was defamed, why didn’t he say so to others? Many of them could’ve helped him!” Hermione didn’t seem to understand Evan, she exclaimed, “Look at what he did, he escaped from Azkaban, and on Halloween, he also broke into Hogwarts Castle and tried to enter the Gryffindor Common room to find Harry. What innocent person would do such things?!”

“Black was looking for Pettigrew. It’s Ron’s rat. He’s an Animagus. Everything was of his doing.”

“You’re crazy, Evan, how could Scabbers be an Animagus!” Hermione’s voice almost went out of control. “It must be Black...”

Hermione’s voice went louder and louder. Two Hufflepuff girls were attracted by it. They were Hannah Abbott and Susan Bones. They curiously looked at Evan and Hermione who were still standing at the door of the Owl Post Office.

Evan had a headache and he was concerned about his future plans. Some things should not be heard by outsiders.

In particular, they shouldn’t be known by Abbot and Bones. Knowing them, Evan was sure that whatever they learned, all students in school would know about it by tomorrow. He didn’t want them to hear what he and Hermione were talking about.

“Shhh, Hermione!” Evan whispered.

However, this was useless. Hermione was still talking enthusiastically about Sirius Black, while Hannah and Susan were getting closer and closer.

Hold on, when men and women quarrel and argue, how do men go about it?

Without even thinking, Evan subconsciously held Hermione’s little hands and pulled her with a little bit of force into his arms, pressing her head against his chest.

Hermione suddenly stopped talking; his arms were tight around her body, her face turned red from top to bottom, and her thoughts drifted far away.

“OH MY GOD!” Hannah and Susan screamed with a squeaking voice, and the two looked at each other with excitement in their eyes.

Evan and Hermione... This is big news!

They hurried to turn around, as though they did not see Evan and Hermione, quickly walking to the far corner. They could not wait to share the news.

Seeing the two of them leaving, Evan breathed a sigh of relief.

He could feel Hermione shivering in his arms, like a warm soft kitten.

Feeling her special scent, Evan was able to feel his heartbeats.

In fact, the two stopped moving and stayed in that position holding their breaths.

A few seconds later, Crookshanks, that was in Hermione's arms, suddenly started to struggle, as it was nearly suffocated by the two.

Hermione started to realize what was happening. She hurriedly pushed Evan aside, gasping for breath with her face all red.

“Hermione?!” Evan opened his mouth but didn't know what to say.

“I'm trying to convince myself to believe you, Evan!” Hermione tried not to think about what had just happened, and the thoughts in her head were all distorted.

“Believe me, Hermione!” Evan looked at her seriously. Going by the protocol, should he now confess?

But before he could speak, he heard Hermione say, “I believe you, but I still can't imagine how he can be an Animagus, he obviously has been living in Ron's house for so long!”

“To be accurate, it's been 12 years! Have you ever seen a rat living for so long?” Evan stopped talking for a second as his mind went back to the main topic. He had to carry on, “Remember, during the summer vacation, in the Magical Menagerie; what did the saleswoman say? An ordinary house rat like Scabbers should'nt live more than three years.”

“But...” Hermione hesitated.

“Do you know Peter Pettigrew?” Evan suddenly asked.

“I do, I checked the data of that year,” Hermione looked pale as she tried to remember, “He was the wizard who had been killed by Black, and the Ministry of Magic awarded him the Order of Merlin, First Class. It is said that all what people found of him was his finger.”

“It's this, you know, Scabbers' front paws are missing a toe!”

“It may just be a coincidence. It might be that it lost it in a fight with other rats or something of that sort...”

As Hermione spoke, her voice lowered. The more they talked, the more it felt suspicious indeed, and the further Scabbers was from an ordinary Rat.

Since the big black dog they saw just now was actually Sirius Black, why couldn't the Rat be Pettigrew?

"Black told me that he was chasing Peter.."

"Hold on a minute, Evan!" Hermione said quickly. "Why did Black chase Peter twelve years ago? It doesn't make sense. Since Voldemort had failed at the time, he should've..."

"Black was not on Voldemort's side, he never was!" explained Evan. "It was Pettigrew who went with Voldemort. He had sold Harry's parents out to him. Black wanted to avenge them so he chased Peter. ."

Hermione did not speak and was trying to absorb the shocking information.

"Black was chasing Peter, and Peter was shouting that it's was black that had betrayed Harry's parents. Before Sirius managed to attack him, Pettigrew blasted the entire street with a spell, killing everyone within twenty feet of him. He then fled to the gutter where other rats were, and black was the one caught by the Auror who had arrived."

"If black hadn't betrayed Harry's parents, why didn't he explain it to others?"

"Because the Ministry did not give him the opportunity to explain, they sent him to Azkaban without trial. And, Black felt that he had killed Harry's parents. After killing Peter, he wanted to go there to atone for his sins," said Evan. "Harry's parents have chosen to use the Fidelius Charm to protect themselves. They wanted to make Black their Secret Keeper. At the last moment, Black suggested that they should make it Peter. You know everything that happened afterwards. That's why everyone thinks Black is guilty."

"So, is Black really innocent?" Hermione said with doubts.

"Yes, Sirius Black was Harry's father's best friend before his death. He's Harry's godfather. He can't hurt Harry!" Evan looked at Hermione. "I know what I said should sound really bizarre, but it is the truth. Will you believe me, Hermione?"

Hermione looked up at Evan and didn't immediately answer.

"Hermione?!" Evan looked with surprise at Hermione, and her maroon eyes went bright.

"Don't ask me this question again, Evan!" Hermione's voice was as strong as steel. "I've just answered it; I'll always believe you, forever!"

Crookshanks, that had been in Hermione's arms, yelped and meowed of boredom. The two were standing there talking for so long that they made him impatient.

In its view, Sirius Black was innocent, and it could not understand why it took Evan so long to convince Hermione.

Besides, what about the confession? Where did that go?

Crookshanks waited for so long, yet it didn't get to see the show. Evan, your confidence, where did it go?!

Chapter 114: Lucius' Christmas Gift

While that was happening, the atmosphere in Malfoy Manor in Wiltshire, England, was tense.

All the House-Elves in the manor were very careful. They looked at the master's drawing room's door in horror, and did not dare to make any sound; fearing that it would disturb their master.

The drawing room is a spacious circular room with a luxurious interior.

In it, there was luxurious furniture, dark green and silver-white in color. It was beautifully organized around a handsome ornate marble mantelpiece with a gilded mirror which has an intricately scrolled frame on top.

Just at the ceiling were two precious crystal chandeliers. The floor tiles were covered with gorgeous carpets. The huge bookshelf that surrounded half the room was full of magic books that were out of print. There were a dozen portraits hung next to them. They are all heads of the Malfoy family.

Beneath the portraits, Lucius Malfoy was looking gloomily at the roating fire in the fireplace. From the look on his face, it was obvious that he was in a bad mood.

He just received a letter. The contents of the letter were very simple. The old folks at the Committee for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures said that they were returning all of the Galleons he had sent before, which meant they were refusing to support his official demand to kill the Hippogriff.

It was unbelievable that they actually rejected the demand of the Malfoy family!

Such a thing used to be unthinkable in the past.

Lucius had originally thought that the politicians of the Ministry of Magic had always been under his own control, relying on the prestige and financial influence of the Malfoy family, giving him the power to do whatever he wanted.

Even when the Dark Lord failed 12 years ago, the Malfoy family's power was not affected at all.

But now, they are rejected?!

Lucius had a bitter smile on his face. He wanted to do something but found himself unable to do anything.

In recent years, the reputation of the Malfoy family was no longer as good as it used to be. And now, his influence is so weak that he cannot even get a Hippogriff killed.

"Damn, it's that damned Dumbledore and those dirty mud-bloods!" Lucius said madly.

In his opinion, this was all schemed by Dumbledore.

Pure blood families were having a hard time and their status has been deteriorating. On the contrary, Muggle-born mud-bloods are increasingly occupying high positions.

Lucius found himself nostalgic to some of the days of the Dark Lord. Although he himself did not feel much affection for Voldemort, the latter's idea was what the pure blood families really needed. They were the noblest, those damn mud-bloods and Muggles should naturally be enslaved by them.

Lucius took a deep breath. He knew he had to keep calm. Although he thought this way, he could not reveal those dangerous ideas.

Judging from the current situation, this does not benefit him at all.

The Malfoy family was able to survive for thousands of years, not relying on a short-term strength, but on unparalleled wisdom.

But he could do nothing, as he waited for his complaint to be rejected!

Since the beginning of this year, after being driven out of the board of governors of Hogwarts School of Magic, the Malfoy family had no face; if this time, he was to be defeated by the rude Hagrid and two mud-bloods, the Malfoy family would really become a laughing stock of everyone.

If they can't reflect their own nobleness and status of power, what is the difference between the pure-blooded wizards and those despicable mud-bloods? !

If a few dumb Mud-bloods can bring the face of the Malfoy family to the ground, then the name Malfoy will soon become as worthless as the pure blood traitor Weasley!

No, no, he can't let this happen! What must he do?

It may be possible to use some hidden power or more Galleons.

Just as Lucius Malfoy was considering the next move, a beautiful black long-eared owl suddenly flew in from the window and interrupted his thinking.

"Damn it!" Lucius yelled in disgust.

Did all the lazy house-Elves in the manor die? How did the owl fly directly into his drawing room?

Or do they all want to leave the Malfoy family like that traitor Dobby?

As soon as he remembered Dobby, Lucius's anger grew at the thought of the hateful house-elf that dared to betray him and his family.

Because of that incident, he was mocked by his friends for a whole year.

Lucius pulled out his wand and he was up to make the reckless owl pay the bloody price.

Yet, he suddenly stopped.

He saw a mark on this owl that meant it came from Hogwarts.

Lucius was a bit curious. Who would write to him?!

It was definitely not Draco. He has other channels to contact him.

Nor would it be Severus. Lucius had never seen him use an owl.

In addition to these two people, Lucius couldn't really think of anyone who would be in Hogwarts and that would contact him at this time. And he didn't know what would be in the letter?

He walked past, took the letter paper on the owl's foot and unfolded it. The handwriting on it was ugly and sloppy and the words were very rude.

On the paper was written: "To Lucius Malfoy, my dear old friend, I am going to give you a big gift at Hogwarts for the approaching Christmas. I hope you will be satisfied and I beg you to help me..."

Lucius frowned, and he couldn't remember when he had such an old friend in Hogwarts.

And what kind of a gift would he prepare for him?!

He continued reading, and a few seconds later, his brow stretched out.

Hogwarts Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor, Remus Lupin is actually a Werewolf!

Looking at the filthy paper in his hand, Lucius's mouth suddenly showed a cold, contented smile.

That was really an unexpected Christmas gift. If all this is true, it is big news.

But this was not enough. If the fact that a tamed werewolf had become a teacher was the only thing making the cover of the Daily Prophet, that could not shake Dumbledore's reputation,

As the greatest white wizard recognized by the wizarding world in modern times, Dumbledore's status and power are beyond imagination.

He is more than just a wizarding school's Headmaster. As an example, last year, the Basilisk attacked students in Hogwarts Castle. After so many attacks, Lucius successfully persuaded other governors to agree to dismiss Dumbledore.

Of course, a Werewolf cannot be compared to a Basilisk; he should also add some oil on the fire. That's the only way that he could make it burn Dumbledore.

But the most important thing is to write personally to the person that sent him this letter and see what he will do.

If both things are successful, then they have good enough odds to get Dumbledore out of Hogwarts.

Nothing is impossible if he prepares well. Even Dumbledore's reputation could crumble.

After all, unlike the Chamber of Secrets' incident, this one was entirely caused by Dumbledore. Compared to that, what's the grief of that dumb Hagrid and the death of his stupid Hippogriff? Lucius's thoughts are now completely revolving around the content of this letter.

Although he didn't know who the sender was, it didn't matter.

All that mattered was the information he gave and what he was willing to do. That's the most important!

As for the sender's request, he could fulfill that with the flick of a finger. He only needs to pay attention to it in time.

Lucius looked at the wall clock, ten minutes to two in the afternoon.

Although he was in a hurry, he still had time to ponder for a moment, and make up his mind silently.

After all, despite the importance of this matter, it isn't in line with the Malfoy family's values to reveal oneself. He should stay hidden behind the scenes to fan the flames, and let others charge forward.

"Bobby!" he shouted.

In a flash, a weak house-elf appeared in the room.

"I'm here, Master," said Bobby in a sharp voice. He looked at Lucius Malfoy in horror, fearing that he was willing to punish him.

"Go get my robe ready, hurry up; I'm going to see the Minister of Magic." Lucius paused and continued, "And, prepare Galleons, the more the better. Besides Fudge, the appetites of my greedy old friends are not small."

He hurried to his desk. Before meeting with Fudge, Lucius was ready to write several letters for old friends who hadn't seen him for a long time. At the same time, he also wanted to tell the news to other pure blood families who were willing to see Dumbledore's collapse.

Chapter 115: Darkness Falls

Before the Hogsmeade Owl Post Office, Evan successfully persuaded Hermione and told her about his plans for tomorrow night.

It was still too early to return to school. He had planned to take Hermione back to Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop and finish what he had started.

The atmosphere there is very good; perhaps he can also take the opportunity to make his declaration.

But Hermione didn't give him any more chances, she kept avoiding going to that place. Whenever Evan mentioned it, she hurriedly opened another topic.

She was visibly very nervous.

She felt like there was a rush of boiling blood in her body, burning her, and getting her cheeks to sting in the cold.

She bit her lip gently; avoiding Evan's scorching eyes that made her heart throb.

Things developed in a way that she had never imagined. When she first looked up on Animagus in the library, she had planned to teach Evan a good lesson if he turned out to be that wicked black cat.

Now she knows it for a fact. On the last day of the summer vacation, she was not just holding this naughty guy in her arms, she also... in front of him...

Her face blushed and she didn't know what to do next. What happened in the Tea Shop and in the Post office made her afraid. She feared that Evan would make another move that would make her heart throb again, or maybe confess to her; she had never thought about an answer.

Although deep down in her heart she had feelings for him, isn't all of this just too fast?

Also, how would she go about telling Harry and Ron about the matter? She felt weird and very embarrassed at the thought of this.

She really liked Evan, but she was not sure whether or not she should enter a relationship with him so quickly.

Maybe it would be more fitting to wait a year or two until fourth or fifth grade.

She heard from Angelina and Alicia that girls in Hogwarts usually start having relationships at that age.

In short, she couldn't get with Evan so quickly.

She took a deep breath, and clenched her fist.

She took a peek at his eyes and suddenly realized how clueless she was when it came to relationships.

If Evan was to ask her to be with him, she didn't even have a clue how to reject his request.

Perhaps she should go to the library to look it up in the books that were there, or maybe she should ask Ginny.

In addition to Evan's issue, the fact that Peter Pettigrew was Ron's rat also made her worry.

Unbelievable, an evil murderer was lurking near them for so long.

For three whole years, nobody noticed anything!

From a sensible point of view, Hermione believed that this information should be reported to Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall as soon as possible, to seek their help. This was the wisest choice.

However, she promised Evan that she would not do that.

She wasn't sure that Evan and Black's plan would succeed. She had a strong feeling of unease. Maybe things would not go as smoothly as they thought.

Seeing Hermione's appearance, Evan, knew what she was worrying about.

He knew what he had to say to divert her attention and alleviate her nervousness.

As for the confession, there was no need to hurry, since the mood had been destroyed. He'll look for opportunities later.

"Hermione, aren't you going to buy Christmas presents? We can go to the store on the other side to take a look" said Evan. "By the way, what are you going to give me?"

"It's a secret, Evan, and you'll know when you get it." Hermione was relieved when she saw Evan getting away from the topic of confessing. She looked happy and smiled. "I won't be buying your gift here, I've been preparing it for a long time and I am sure you will be satisfied."

When she saw Hermione's look, Evan suddenly panicked. He remembered that he hadn't thought about giving Hermione anything.

He had originally intended on sending her a “Spellbook of Practical Spells,” but now it seems to be unfitting.

Since she had to carefully prepare his gift for a long time, it was clearly too shabby to send an ordinary spell book.

Evan thought, what do girls like? Candy? Plush toys or something cute like that?

Knowing Hermione, she would love a book. If it’s going to be that, he just needs to find a better one.

Next, Evan and Hermione wandered through Hogsmeade and bought many things.

Time went by and night fell early.

After four o’clock in the afternoon, the sky began to dim. The young wizards returned to Hogwarts one after another, and the shops on both sides of the street lit up.

In the doorway of Gladrags Wizardwear far from the main road, Evan got out of the cloak.

There was only the two of them in this alley, they didn’t need to worry about him being caught.

“Evan, it’s about time. We should go back to school.” Hermione said satisfied. It was very pleasant to spend the day at Hogsmeade.

“Yeah, I’m really hungry. I really should go back for dinner.” Evan looked up and saw a huge full moon looming in the sky.

He didn’t know what happened to Harry and Ron, yes, and Professor Lupin. He must be hiding in his own office.

“See you in the Grand Hall. I’ll go through the secret passage of the Honeydukes...”

Evan suddenly stopped as he saw a ragged, fierce looking silhouette of a man appearing in the alley, about ten meters away from him and Hermione.

He was immediately alert and he felt a dangerous aura from this person.

Through the dim candlelight in the shop, Evan noticed that the man’s slender limbs were in front of him. His gray hair and beard were knotted together. A torn black robe was very uncomfortably tight on his body, and his dirty fingers had long yellow nails.

He looked extremely excited. He raised his hear and growled.

His voice was weird, and Evan never heard it before. In addition to that, he could smell the strange odor of that man’s body. He smelled like mud, sweat, and ... and without a doubt, there was also a smell of blood!

“Delicious little children, what a great pleasure!” The man saw Evan and Hermione, and suddenly grinned and showed his sharp teeth.

Looking at his eyes, Evan saw danger. He and Hermione were his prey. He hurriedly pulled out his wand.

“Be careful, Hermione!” said Evan.

“What?!” Hermione blinked, not responding.

“This guy looks a bit off, just take out your wand quickly.” Evan put Hermione behind him and shouted, waving his wand. “Stupefy!”

A thick red light flew out of his wand, and the other person’s face was still in shock. He did not expect that Evan would attack so quickly.

The next second, he was knocked up in the air by Evan’s spell and fell to the ground.

He quickly rose, evading Evan’s next spell, and a terrible roar in his mouth.

Seeing the man’s reflexes, Evan’s pupils shrunk. Not only did he not faint when hit with Evan’s Stupefy, he also still had enough strength to avoid his next one.

Evan was sure that his spell wasn’t weak at all.

This only means that the man’s body was just too resistant to it.

Strong beyond imagination, far more than ordinary people, and even beyond the limits of a human being!

Chapter 116: Fenrir Greyback

“Damn, you dare to attack me. I so want to tear your throats off, they look so tasty! The boy can make for a nice supper, and the girl can be the sweet dessert!”

He raised his filthy hand to wipe the bloodstain off his forehead. He then stuck out his tongue and licked the blood off of the back of his hand, slowly, gently, disgustingly. His face showed that he was still craving more.

Seeing that, Hermione’s little face turned pale.

She hurriedly pulled out her wand and approached Evan.

“Go away, this isn’t where you should be. The Aurors and the Dementors are nearby...” Evan’s wand was still pointed at his opponent, and its tip emitted a faint glow.

“Before they rush over, I would be long gone!” The man scratched his teeth with his yellow fingernails and smiled grimly. “You two are just too unlucky. I thought it would take me much longer to find my prey. Ever since I received the letter from him, my companions, those cowards, all went to the Muggle streets. Only I came to Hogsmeade, because I know that a young wizard’s blood is far more mesmerizing than that of a little Muggle.”

Just as he finished his words, a sharp voice was heard. It was that of a man with a black mask that appeared beside him.

“Hurry up Greyback! You only have one minute. I took the risk and promised to come all the way here with you just for Galleons, not to listen to your nonsense. Hogwarts is not too far from here and I don’t want to provoke Dumbledore.” He looked

disdainfully at Evan and Hermione, and said in an anxious, sharp voice. "As for these two, take a bite off each of them, and remember to keep them alive. Along with the Muggles that the others prepared, they should make him satisfied."

A bite off each of them? That doesn't sound very pleasant.

Evan's body was stiff, and his mind was fully focused. The conversation between the two reminded him of someone. That, along with the man's appearance made him almost sure of his identity.

He's Fenrir Greyback, the werewolf that transformed professor Lupin.

As everyone knows, he is, perhaps, the most savage werewolf alive today. He regards it as his mission in life to bite and to contaminate as many people as possible.

He specialises in children... Bite them young, he says, and raise them away from their parents, raise them to hate normal wizards. Thus, they would spread fear and despair themselves. Because of his long-term consumption of human flesh and blood, he always wanted to eat that, even when it wasn't a full moon.

Greyback was Voldemort's most loyal supporter. During the first Wizarding War, he was one of the most deterrent weapons that the Dark Lord had on his side.

Voldemort assigned him to bite those who did not obey him, and such threats often worked.

After Voldemort's fall, Greyback was lucky enough to escape and not be captured in Azkaban. However, because of the Aurors' pursuit, he also hid himself and rarely made any public appearance. Many wizards had even hoped that he actually died.

Obviously, their expectations were completely wrong.

Evan did not know how Greyback suddenly appeared here in Hogsmeade, and unluckily in his and Hermione's way.

First, it was Sirius Black, and now it's Greyback. This year's Hogsmeade has been really busy! They are the most dangerous fugitives pursued by the Ministry of Magic. Fudge certainly would send over another 500 Dementors if ever he knew about all of this.

Moreover, after listening to the man with a black mask next to Greyback, Evan knew that they were clearly plotting something. Does this have anything to do with Voldemort?!

Evan looked at Greyback with vigilance. Although curious, he knew very well that it was not time to study such a man.

No matter what they were plotting, the most critical thing now is to protect Hermione.

"This guy is a werewolf, you go!" Evan kept Hermione behind him. "I'll hold them off and you go find a professor to help!"

Hermione shook her head, although her eyes were full of tears, they were also unwavering.

She did not speak, took her wand and took a step forward, standing in line with Evan, showing her determination to stand by him.

Seeing Hermione's determination, Evan sighed as he knew that no matter what he would say, she could never leave him alone and run away. Just as it was impossible for him to abandon Hermione,

it was out of question for her as well, there was no other way to do this but for them both to hold their ground.

“So be it. On the count of three, we attack together!” Evan whispered. “Make sure that you protect yourself, and remember that if all goes wrong, you should run.”

Just as Evan finished talking to Hermione, they both heard the man with the black mask talking anxiously.

“Hurry up, Greyback. We don’t have time!”

“Shut up, coward!” growled Greyback. “Don’t push me around. You just came to help...”

Halfway through his words, he stopped talking.

He saw a red light coming his way, and he hurried to his right to evade Hermione’s spell.

Just as he wanted to take a breath, Evan’s spell followed.

He fell to the ground to dodge Evan’s spell, but in vain. He was too careless. Evan’s spell had a tricky pathing. He rolled on the ground, but his right leg was eventually hit.

Evan knew that Greyback’s body was very resistant to magic. He didn’t use Stupefy. This time, he used Petrificus Totalus

Under its effect, Greyback’s body turned blue-gray in the blink of an eye, and it became as stiff as a wooden board.

“Damn it! I’m going to kill you!” Greyback screamed, struggled to stand up, and then quickly fell to the ground.

“That’s enough, you stupid werewolf!” The man with the black mask hurriedly took out his wand. “I must have been out of my mind! I only came with you here for Galleons.”

As he said that, he cast a few spells that were sent towards Evan and Hermione.

The rays emitted by his wand were all green, like fireflies. Needless to say, they were all curses, and the two hurried to dodge them.

The masked man took the opportunity to rush over to Greyback wanting to undo the spell.

But Evan did not give him the chance to do so; he hurriedly cast a spell towards him.

He evaded it and attacked the two.

Both sides were launching spells and it was an all out battle.

Although he was stronger than Evan and Hermione, the masked man was struggling to deal with them. And with their joined effort, they were both struggling to cope with him.

After a while, it was impossible to determine who was to win the battle, and the masked man wasn’t getting any chance to undo Evan’s spell.

Over time, he looked very anxious as the situation became more and more unfavorable to him. He screamed anxiously, and that obviously affected his focus, and his following spells flew over Evan and Hermione.

Although it was very exhausting, the two of them clung to their teeth. If they persist for a few more minutes, rescue should arrive eventually.

As the battle went on, it seemed that they might actually be able to capture their two enemies.

Just as Evan thought that the victory was at hand, the situation suddenly turned.

Chapter 117: Evan's Fear

Seeing that his companion wasn't able to get time to undo Evan's spell, Greyback, who had fallen to the ground, suddenly made a screeching roar. His voice was so loud that it shook the clouds in the sky. A huge full moon appeared from behind them.

In the moonlight, his body started to change.

The sturdy shoulders were hunching, and black hair was sprouting visibly on his face and hands, and the dirty fingers curled into sharp claws.

Crookshanks cried uneasily, and its hair was on end.

Evan and Hermione stopped attacking. They stepped back in horror and couldn't believe the transformation the man was having.

No, it was a transformation of a monster.

Greyback's chin was lengthening. His sharp fangs came out, and his black hair grew denser and denser, making him look like a true wolf.

He rose up from the ground as if he was not hit by a Full-Body bind curse.

Greyback's resistance to magic is stronger than that of ordinary wizards. Now that he is transformed into a werewolf, his physical functions have reached a new level. With just brute strength, he was almost immune to all common low-level spells.

His odor became heavier and heavier. Through the gray dirty hair on Greyback's face, Evan saw a pair of yellow crazy eyes. The smell of sweat and blood was over a hundred times more pronounced.

In the cold wind, vapor came through Fenrir's throat.

He raised his dark paws and his neck, and howled to the full moon in the sky. That was followed by a burst of hoarse roars.

"Oh my.." Hermione gasped, looking in horror at the werewolf in front of her.

"Run, Hermione!" yelled Evan. "Run quickly, right now!"

Without hesitation, he grabbed Hermione's little hand and turned to run.

If he was alone, Evan might have tried to stay and fight Greyback.

But he couldn't take the risk of endangering Hermione's life. If he didn't go with her, Hermione, being the girl she was, would've not left him alone.

Faced with Greyback, who was transformed into a werewolf, Evan did not have any chance of winning.

What's more, besides him, there was another dark wizard who was no weakling.

In his situation, escaping is the most sensible choice.

"Enough, idiot! Shut up! Do you want to bring all the Aurors and the Dementors?!" the man with the black mask snapped. "Hurry up and bite them, the two young wizards are fleeing. Go!"

Hearing his partner's words, Greyback made once again a harsh horrific roar, and he rushed out at a terrific speed.

Evan could hear the sound of his enemy's claws getting closer, and he and Hermione struggled to make their way through the snow.

The two leaned over each other, gasping heavily, and trying to bring out all the power they still had. But still, they were getting slower and slower.

"Damn, damn it!" Evan turned, gathering all the magical power of his body in the tip of his wand. He waved it and sent out a silvery light.

This was the most powerful spell he could think of under all that pressure. It was magic that he learned from Tom Riddle during the last semester.

It was a curse similar to Sectumsempra, but much more powerful than that.

As a bolt of lightning crossing the dark sky, the silver arrow-like spell flew over to Greyback with a dazzling light. The latter faced it head on running through. He had lost his mind in that state. Besides the urge to kill, he felt no emotions, not even pain.

Evan's spell passed across his body, going from his chest to his shoulders and drawing a long wound.

Greyback took a step back, and his skin was split open as if cut by an invisible sword. A lot of blood gushed out.

Evan had a glimmer of joy in his heart, but it was extinguished once again.

Greyback was damaged, but that was useless. Before he knew it, his wound healed in the blink of an eye, leaving only a red scar behind. The wound's pungent smell of blood further irritated Greyback, who picked up speed.

Evan remembered the description of werewolves that he read in the book "The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection" written by Quentin Trimble. It was known that werewolves have a strong physique: fast, powerful and explosive. Their attack power is far beyond that of ordinary people. But the thing they had that was most horrible and despair inducing was their amazing vitality. Wound created by ordinary spells and weapons were usually healed within no more of two seconds when it came to werewolves.

"No, no, we can't both run off like this." Evan turned and shouted at Hermione. "I'll hold him back, run, RUN!"

“I’m not going Evan, I’m not!” tears flowed down her cheeks uncontrollably. “I’m staying to help you. There must be something we can do! Let me think, I know for sure, it was on Professor Snape’s paper “Identification and Killing Methods of Werewolves” I know...”

“We don’t have time, Hermione!”

Looking at Greyback who was closing in, Evan had a sense of powerlessness and fear that he never had before. Whether it was when facing young Voldemort, the Basilisk, or the Dementors, Evan never panicked like now.

It’s wasn’t fear for his own safety. It was induced by Hermione’s presence by his side.

Evan felt heartbroken. He had never despised his weakness as much as now. He hated that he could not protect Hermione, he could not protect his precious lover.

In the past, he had far exceeded the level of all young wizards of his age. He had read thousands of magic books and mastered dozens of black magic spells and even had theoretical knowledge of taboo magic. These seemingly powerful things were a joke in front of true power.

Evan originally thought he was fearless. Even when faced with the most evil black wizard, even when facing Voldemort, he could be calm, but now, looking at the werewolf rushing at him, he felt Hermione trembling behind, and he got scared for the first time.

He was afraid of what would come after his falling. He could not imagine it.

If Hermione was bitten by Greyback, she would become a werewolf herself.

If that happens, her only option would be to avoid society just like professor Lupin, avoiding the mainstream, living on the edge of the magic world, relying on stealing and killing to get food, and enduring the blind discrimination of this world. All of that, she would have to face it on her own, wandering on the streets alone.

At the thought of such an image, Evan felt a great pain.

No, he can never let this happen, no way!

“Evan, let’s go to that shop in there!” Hermione’s screams interrupted Evan’s thoughts. “Rescue should come soon. Let’s go to that place. There must be a way to stop him.”

Looking at where she was pointing, Evan saw a shop with an open door at the end of the alley. The place was empty and the staff inside had escaped more than ten seconds ago.

“Yes, Hermione, let’s go there!” Evan decided.

He blocked Greyback’s way with a Cursed Barrier, pulling Hermione forwards and rushing to the door of the shop.

He let Hermione and Crookshanks advance, then closed the shop’s door and waved his wand to lock it.

He turned quickly and resolutely looked at Greyback.

Even if he wasn't that strong, even if he was far weaker than a werewolf, the thought that Hermione was behind him, and the responsibility upon his shoulder fired courage in his heart. He had no more fear.

Since we must fight, let's fight!

Chapter 118: Battle with the Werewolf

Hermione rushed into the shop, and it was empty.

The room was very dark, and Crookshanks jumped to the counter between two thin candles burning half-half. Their light was dim in the dark room.

Next to the candles, there was a cup of coffee that was still steaming hot. The chair in front of the counter was on its back, and a few newspapers were scattered on the ground. That all told, without words, about the haste of the owner's departure.

"Come in, Evan!" Hermione quickly looked around, trying to find something that would help them resist the werewolf. She said anxiously, "Professors will come soon, we must keep on..."

She hadn't finished her words when she heard a loud bang behind her.

She hurried back and saw that Evan didn't follow her in. He actually closed the door behind her.

Hermione was taken aback and immediately understood Evan's purpose behind this: He wanted to protect her. He wanted to stop the werewolf outside on his own!

"No, no!" Hermione's eyes widened suddenly, and she hurried to the door, pushing it in panick.

The store door was not budging as it was locked by Evan from the outside.

"Alohomora!" Hermione gasped violently, she had fear in her heart that she never felt before. She was worried about Evan's safety.

To her, the monster outside was almost invincible.

With Evan staying outside, it won't take the beast too long before he kills him, she could not let that happen. She frantically hit the lock with her wand.

With a click, the door lock was opened.

Hermione used all her power to push it outwards, but it was useless. Although the door was unlocked, Evan blocked it with his own body and she could not make it budge.

Outside the shop, Evan used his thin body to build the last line of defense between the werewolf and his lover.

"Come in, Evan!" Hermione kept on shedding tears, she collapsed and fell to the floor. She shouted with a horrible voice. "Please, come in! Come! You can't deal with that monster alone. You will be killed."

Outside the shop, Evan's back was against the door.

He heard a sore, horrified voice from Hermione. His heart was almost stopping beating. He could feel her hitting the door behind him and wanting to save him

“No, No, don’t let her out!

“This is too dangerous for her, you must protect her.”

Hermione was right, if they can hold Greyback off for enough time, the professors who got the news will eventually come over.

But before that, he cannot let this monster approach her.

This is his responsibility, his duty as a man.

Evan might not be able to explain his actions. All he knew was that when you like someone so much, you must protect them in times of danger.

He took a deep breath and made up his mind.

From now on, this battle was his, alone.

Even if he was shredded by Greyback, even if he became a werewolf, he would never, absolutely never let him pass.

Here is his battlefield. Behind this door is his last line.

Evan held his wand steadily at the approaching werewolf. The light at its tip became brighter and brighter. He waved his wand and cast several spells.

Before the silvery lights shot from Evan’s wand, Greyback did not flicker, and his mouth made a terrible growl. He was hit by a spell, he flew backwards, and then he rose up from the ground rushing over with an even faster pace.

Turning into a werewolf has caused Greyback to lose all his senses.

He is now just a monster who knows nothing but biting and killing; he does not seem to feel any pain.

Evan’s curse left a scar on Greyback. Just like before, it did not stop him.

Instead, it further infuriated him.

He was getting closer, and under the moonlight, Evan was even starting to be able to see his own reflection in the beast’s big yellow crazy eyes.

Greyback rushed over at a terrific speed, and Evan sent another spell that hit him, making him bleed.

By now, he had so blood all over his body that not a single one of his scars could be seen. Yet after being hit by Evan’s spell, he was getting braver and more and more crazy.

This is what werewolves are like. When in their human form, they, like ordinary wizards, can communicate with others in a normal way. Many of them are as gentle and rational as Professor Lupin.

But after transforming, they become the most dangerous magical creatures in the magic world.

In Newt-Scamander's "Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them", werewolves are right at the top when it comes to how dangerous they are. Their danger level is comparable to some other magical creatures such as fire dragons, basilisks, centaurs, quintapedes, chimaeras, and so on...

A werewolf can handle dozens of adult wizards at a time. As their leader, Greyback is the most brutal and fiercest of them. It should be impossible for such a young wizard of the age of Evan to handle him.

The masked wizard on the other hand had stopped attacking. He stood there with his wand and it seemed like he was waiting there to see Evan being shattered by Greyback.

Evan leaned back against the shop breathing heavily, behind him was Hermione crying.

She was still pushing the door, never giving up, and yelling Evan's name even after her voice went hoarse.

In front of them, Greyback was approaching steadily.

Evan stopped his attacks. With his levels of magical power, if he continued to use such spells to attack Greyback, he would be only wasting whatever he had left in him.

He looked as if he had given up completely, but the light at the tip of his wand was getting brighter and brighter.

Evan's eyes were still locking Greyback, as all his magical power was being gathered on his wand.

Since ordinary spells have limited damage on werewolves, he thought of resorting to black magic.

As long as it could protect Hermione, Evan would not hesitate to use the vilest, most taboo spells he could find. He was watching the werewolf getting closer and closer, and he knew he had no way out.

In the biting wind, the bloody monster Greyback rushed over to Evan.

He waved his claws wanting to shred the boy in front of him.

He wanted to tear the boy's throat open. He couldn't wait to taste his blood.

Looking at Greyback getting closer, Evan was motionless. He could smell the pungent odor of blood coming his way. All his body shuddered, but his right hand holding his wand was as steady as rock. He was ready to use a dark magic that he had not yet fully mastered, which would consume all his remaining power. He had one chance to do it, and failure meant death.

He must wait for the opportunity; Greyback must get close enough to him!

Doing this is tantamount to gambling his own life. It was either ripping the werewolf apart, or being torn up himself.

For Hermione's sake, Evan will not retreat. He saw Greyback's deformed, sharp fangs closing in on his neck.

Just then, he jerked his wand up and pointed at the werewolf's head, emitting a deep blue light.

Chapter 119: Hermione's Decision

Evan's wand emitted a blue light, dark blue like the sea!

Greyback, who was about to chomp Evan's neck, suddenly froze. The horrible wolf's face, in addition to the madness, revealed a look of fear for the first time. He felt the threat of death from Evan's curse.

He retreated. Although he was in his transformation, without any glimpse of reason, but instinct told him that he should not be hit by that spell.

He wanted to run away, but he was too close to Evan. Even with the speed given to him by his transformation, he couldn't evade.

Just then, the deep blue light hit him.

Greyback uttered an unprecedented sigh of grief. On his face, the area hit by the spell quickly eroded at a blink of an eye, and the erosion out-paced his healing.

Evan's spell was a corrosive curse!

As one of the deepest and vilest Dark Magic curses, even a tough body of a werewolf can't completely stop its damage.

Last semester, Tom Riddle controlled Ron to use this magic against Evan which ate through the hard marble floor of the auditorium.

The image was still vivid in Evan's memory.

After that, he used Professor Lockhart's approval to borrow the book "Secrets of the Darkest Art", which contained the corrosion spell, and borrowed it from the library's restricted section. He studied the spell deeply and carefully.

With the help of Tom Riddle, Evan fully grasped the curse.

Although this was the first time he used it, and although the magical power he had remaining was insufficient, and although his heart was not evil, in order to protect Hermione, Evan broke through his potential. He bit his teeth as released the curse that accurately hit Greyback.

After releasing this spell, Evan felt that his magical power was quickly depleted.

Sweat flowed down his cheek like pearls falling down from a broken necklace.

He was hit by an overwhelming feeling of fatigue and weakness. Because of magical overdraft, Evan's face turned pale, and it looked that he would faint at anytime.

But he tried to focus and stay awake.

In front of him, Greyback screamed backwards. The wolf's head was bloody and he kept terrifyingly screaming and squeaking.

Evan gasped, leaning heavily on the shop's door behind him, and giving Greyback a cold look. He held his wand tightly in his right hand, afraid to lose his vigilance.

If it was an ordinary person who was hit by this spell, he should've been already dead.

But the man in front of him was a werewolf, the most powerful werewolf. Evan knew that if the damage he dealt wasn't absolutely fatal, Greyback should eventually survive.

Evan didn't expect that he could kill Greyback. It was too unrealistic. He only hoped that this spell would gain enough time for himself and Hermione.

As long as they could wait for rescue to come, this battle is his victory.

Evan tried hard to make himself look like he still had more energy. But in fact, he now had no strength at all, his legs were quivering constantly, and almost all the magical power in his body was lost. If Greyback was to rush over again, Evan would certainly fall.

“That’s enough, stupid werewolf!” the dark wizard, masked in black who had been standing there to watch the show from the back, screamed. “You’re a long-haired bluff who could be defeated by an underage wizard.”

He waved his wand and rushed over to Greyback, treating him with a spell, and Greyback’s screaming stopped.

Evan wanted to stop him. He raised his wand to use Stupefy.

What used to be easy to perform, was now an unbearable burden to him.

A red light flew from across the road and hit Evan.

He felt his body’s muscles starting to become stiff, and all his remaining strength suddenly disappeared.

The wand, which had been held by Evan in his hand, fell to the ground and rolled aside.

His body also fell backwards. Surprisingly, he felt no pain at all. The ground was so soft, comfortable and warm.

No, that is not the ground!

Evan immediately realized that he was in Hermione’s arms.

He didn’t know when she ran out of the store. She was holding him, repeating his name. Besides the redness of her swollen tearful eyes, he couldn’t see half the color of her little panicked face.

I’m fine, Hermione!” Evan said difficultly. “Don’t cry!”

Hermione whimpered, tears falling across her cheeks towards Evan’s face.

She seemed to have a thousand words to say, but she didn’t know what to say. Images from the time that she spent with the boy in front of her, kept rolling through her mind.

At the moment when Evan closed the shop’s door, Hermione thought she lost him forever.

She held Evan tightly in her arms and dared not to let go of him. She feared she would lose him if her arms were ever loosened.

Seeing Hermione’s sad face, Evan wanted to reach out and wipe off her tears, but he didn’t have enough strength for that, he didn’t have strength to breathe. He could only lie quietly in Hermione’s warm arms.

Her tears flowed across her cheeks to fall into his mouth. They were salty, but to him they were so sweet.

If there wasn’t a dark wizard and a werewolf in range, Evan would’ve been at his happiest.

“Get up and bite them, hurry up!” In front of them, the anxious man with the black mask began to urge, “We have wasted too much time. We must get out of here fast.”

Greyback roared and rushed back at them again.

Because of the corrosion curse, the flesh on his face was all exposed.

That, along with his reckless madness and ferocious nature, made him look more horrible than he ever was!

“Go, Hermione, leave me alone!” Evan shouted anxiously.

“I won’t leave. So far, you’ve been protecting me. Now it’s my turn!” Hermione made up her mind and said softly, “I’ll protect you, Evan!”

“Don’t do something stupid. You’re no opponent for that guy!” Evan had an ominous hunch hearing Hermione’s words.

He struggled to stand up, but he had no strength.

But then, his eyes widened as he saw Hermione standing in front of him. She held her wand against the approaching Greyback. Her face was full of panic, but her eyes were so determined. She was ready to block the werewolf with her feeble body.

Hermione knew that she was no opponent of Greyback, but there was only one thought going across her head, and that was giving her all to protect Evan!

“No!” Evan wanted to stop her.

To Greyback’s strong body, hers was like that of a rag doll. Evan could not imagine what was going to happen next.

Chapter 120: Werewolf vs. Dog

Just when both were in despair, thinking that everything was coming to an end, Evan saw a black dog, huge like a bear, emerging suddenly from the side alley.

It was Sirius Black who swung fiercely on the werewolf’s body from the side.

The two men rolled over to the side of the snow. Black caught the werewolf’s neck and pulled it back, keeping him away from Evan and Hermione.

Greyback was madly clawing and trying to tear up the big black dog.

The werewolf and the dog tangled together, their jaws against each-other’s chins, and their claws ripping each other’s skin.

The other three stood aside and were completely overwhelmed by the spectacle. If Evan’s orthodox magic fight against Greyback was impressive, then how about Black’s full-out physical encounter with the werewolf?

The two beat each other in the most primitive of ways, biting each other’s flesh till the point of bleeding.

“Stupid, leave the dog, and go bite the two young wizards.” The dark wizard shouted.

He waved his wand and was ready to separate the werewolf from the big dog on top of him.

But he stopped immediately as he saw a huge figure far beyond the ordinary man rushing in his direction from the alleyway.

It was Hagrid, who shouted the names of Evan and Hermione.

The Dark Wizard shot a stunning spell at Hagrid. Just like it was with Greyback, it shook him slightly, and he yelled.

“Damn, damn!” The Dark Wizard screamed, as he got ready to use “Avada Kedavra”.

Before he could do it, a few red lights came from behind Hagrid, and he had to bow down to avoid the spells.

Evan struggled to raise his head and he saw Professor McGonagall, Professor Flitwick, and the two Aurors from the Ministry of Magic following behind Hagrid.

It was rescue. He and Hermione were saved.

Evan finally was able to settle down. He really got tired and exhausted today, and he had nothing left in him.

It didn't take him long to see nothing but dark.

“Enough, that's enough! I will never cooperate with a werewolf again, NEVER!” The black masked man got up from the ground. He rushed towards Sirius Black and Greyback, rudely, waving his wand.

They were separated and Black wanted to rush back but failed.

The dark wizard immediately grasped his wolf man companion and it looked as if they were turned into a phantom as they vanished.

Black blinked, his body was bruised, and he groaned back, looking at Evan and Hermione. Then he disappeared into the dark corner of the street.

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When Evan regained his consciousness, he realized he had returned to the school hospital. His limbs were like lead, and his eyes were too heavy to lift.

He forced himself to open his eyes and found himself lying in a comfortable bed. He could see Madam Pomfrey at one end of the ward, giving him her back and leaning over the edge of the bed.

Evan moved his head on the pillow. Hermione was laying on the bed on his right. The moonlight shined over her head with her eyes open.

She seemed terrified, and when she saw that Evan woke up, her face was relieved.

Seeing that Evan wanted to speak, Hermione hurriedly put a finger on her lips, and then pointed to the side door of the school hospital. The door was half open, and Evan heard the voice of the Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge from the outside hallway passing through the door.

“This is so shocking and alarming. The werewolf Fenrir Greyback appeared in Hogsmeade. And he actually attacked two students. It was a miracle that neither of these two children died!”

“Fortunately, Mason’s child is very strong. He resisted the monster for a while, if it wasn’t for that...” That was Professor McGonagall’s voice.

“Yeah, Minerva, thanks to Evan!” Fudge agreed uneasily. “Who would have thought that this would happen? When the attack happened, we were actually sitting in the Three Broomsticks Inn nearby.” If it was a graver incident, I can hardly imagine what the Daily Prophet would say tomorrow morning.”

“The Ministry has already been in a mess because of Sirius Black’s jailbreak, and here’s Fenrir Greyback coming to add fuel to the fire. Both of them are the most dangerous wanted criminals at the moment.” Fudge sighed. “And the Dementors, I just saw them. They demanded reinforcements and an increase in their numbers.”

“You will not approve their demand, right Fudge? There are already 200 of these monsters lurking outside Hogwarts. This is not Azkaban. Those horrible creatures are floating everywhere. How are we supposed to teach?!” Professor McGonagall said sharply, “Albus will not agree with this matter.”

“Yeah!” said Professor Flitwick, screaming. “I think we can’t just keep increasing the number of Dementors. They haven’t been of any effect except for spreading fear. They’re not doing anything. Not the capture of Sirius Black, not stopping Greyback. Two months ago, they even tried to get into the school.”

“Just like you, I don’t like them either. But with the current situation, it’s very difficult for me to not approve. Like we did after the Basilisk’s attack during the last semester, the Ministry of Magic must take action to preserve the safety of young wizards who attend school in Hogwarts.” Fudge twisted his body. “I’ll talk to Dumbledore about this and he will agree.”

“There’s nothing to talk about in this matter. I’ve told you about my position concerning this, Cornelius.” Dumbledore’s voice came in. He had just arrived at the school hospital. “Do you remember the conversation we talked before the beginning of the semester? Two hundred Dementors is the limit of what I can accept.”

When he heard Dumbledore’s words, Fudge smiled and he remembered the conversation.

More precisely, it was more like a tradeoff. He agreed to support Dumbledore in hiring a werewolf to become a professor at Hogwarts, while Dumbledore supported his decision to bring the Dementors around the school to help the Ministry of Magic seize Sirius Black as soon as possible.

Looking at Dumbledore's calm face, Fudge was embarrassed. There was a strange feeling in his heart. Even if he was the Minister of Magic, the man he was facing was the greatest white Wizard in the world today. He had nothing to do but accept his choices.

It felt really bad, but Fudge had to admit that he needed Dumbledore's support.

With Dumbledore's prestige, if he had to replace him with anyone else, he knew that it wouldn't be an easy task!