Harry Potter 131

Chapter 131: Girls' Minds

"Only people who are truly intelligent can make the right choice!" As soon as Malfoy finished his words, a squeaky voice came from within the Ravenclaw crowd.

Evan's heart moved. Of all the people he knew, there was only one who would talk like this.

He saw a pretty girl with straggly, waist-length, blonde hair walking out of the crowd. She was wearing a Ravenclaw coat, and a pair of eye-catching radish earring on her ears, and indescribably quirky temperament.

It was Luna!

She did not reach professor Lupin like the others before her, but instead she walked up to Evan and looked at him with her protuberant eyes.

Her silver-gray pupil gave her a mysterious sense of serenity.

Evan was surprised, and didn't know what she was up to in front of him. Over a year of contact made him really familiar with Luna, but he was never able to guess whatever was going on inside that pretty girl's head.

Unlike ordinary wizards, Luna has always had many eccentric beliefs. She always saw things differently from others. That's what made her so unpredictable.

"Intelligence is the greatest asset of mankind! Evan, I want to say that you are the wisest wizard I've ever met, so I believe what you said." Luna said earnestly, "I believe you, and I believe in Professor Lupin!"

"Thank you!" Evan suddenly felt awkward, as he saw unprecedented trust from Luna.

"My mother once said that often, only a few know the truth!" Luna continued. "There are some truths that many cannot understand throughout their whole lifetime. People are easily confused by appearances, and they usually ignore the more important essence. Just like most people believe that there are no such things as the Blibbering Humdinger or the Crumple-Horned Snorkack."

"That's because they are things of fiction!" Malfoy looked at Evan and Luna and said dismissively. "Brilliant, now he has the trust of that lunatic!"

Evan didn't have time to deal with Malfoy, because Luna suddenly extended her arms and embraced him!

His eyes widened as his body felt her softness; he knew that his face must've gone all red.

Luna seemed to have a misunderstanding. Whenever a Gryffindor embraced professor Lupin, they would say loudly that they trust him.

She might have understood that when trusting someone, you must embrace them.

So she embraced Evan who went all embarrassed. He actually didn't know how to explain to her that in fact, she didn't need to do such a thing.

Fortunately, there was nothing unusual about Luna's expression. It looked like what she had just done was trivial matter. She embraced Evan, and then turned to professor Lupin, looking at him closely in his werewolf form. There was no fear on her face, only curiosity.

Under the girl's gaze, Lupin shivered slightly.

He bent down as he did for the Gryffindor students to let Luna hug him.

But she did not do that. She actually reached out and gently patted on Professor Lupin's head. It looked like she saw the werewolf as a cute puppy.

Although Luna looked crazy, she was the only non-Gryffindor young witch willing to trust Evan and Professor Lupin.

After a short silence, just as Evan thought it was all over, another girl came out of the Ravenclaw crowd.

She bit her lip and looked blushingly at Evan.

Like Luna, it seemed that she believed in Evan who was trusting Professor Lupin.

She had supple black hair, and her temperament and Luna's were on two different extremes. She didn't have her serene disposition, but she had a graceful beauty. With her faint smile, she looked very comforting.

Cho Chang came out of the crowd. She gave Evan a sly look, and her face was red. He didn't know what she was thinking.

Seeing her expression, Hermione immediately felt inexplicable hostility.

Her girl instinct told her that Cho liked Evan, and she remembered the fact that in this morning, she invited him to Madame Puddifoot's Tea Shop.

She turned around and saw both Evan and Harry staring at Cho.

Hermione had to admit that she was indeed very beautiful. She should be the type of all boys alike.

Compared to her, Hermione felt she was a lot less beautiful. She started feeling worried. If she was Evan, she would also choose Cho…

Although the current situation was grim, she couldn't help but to think about this.

Evan had no idea about what was going through Hermione's mind, but he was keenly aware that she looked different.

She didn't look quite the same as soon as Cho came out.

Evan understood that girls' minds are too difficult to comprehend. Unpredictable as the weather, sometimes they're smiling like a sunny day, and next thing you know, they become as gloomy as the cloudiest of winter days.

After all, he doesn't know what bad he committed.

And it wasn't just Hermione. On the opposite side, Cho Chang's behavior also made him suffer.

Looking at her, it seemed like she wanted to hug him as well, just like Luna!

Luna's hug was more than enough for Evan. If he would be hugged again by Cho, he didn't know what Hermione would think.

Besides, Professor Lupin is the one who should have the attention here.

But if Cho really came over, he had no idea about how to turn her away.

After all, when a normal boy is faced by a girl throwing her arms around him, how should anyone expect him to say no?!

In fact, she was as confused as Evan. She was hesitant to go over, but she ultimately opted not to.

Unlike Luna, she didn't just respect Evan. To her, a hug doesn't just represent trust.

The way she saw things, embracing a boy in front of all the students in the school sounds actually more frightening than embracing a werewolf.

She sighed and gave up on the idea. She quickly walked up and hugged Professor Lupin, whispering a few words in his ears.

Seeing that she didn't come, Evan was relieved.

After Cho Chang, Percy's girlfriend Penelope Clearwater and Cedric Diggory from Hufflepuff also stepped forward to embrace Professor Lupin.

The two of them were leaders of their respective Houses: Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff. So following their leads, more and more young wizards and witches came to embrace and comfort Professor Lupin.

Looking at the long queue in front of him, Lupin was extremely pleased. Ever since he became a werewolf, he never thought he would get so much trust.

At the same time, a sense of guilt and remorse took over his heart.

He knew that he had to leave Hogwarts. He wasn't worthy of such unconditional trust. If it wasn't for the Wolfsbane potion, he was likely to bite anyone of them after transformation. He should never let such a thing happen.

With so many people choosing to trust him, Lupin felt unprecedented satisfaction.

However, a werewolf is doomed to be lonely, and destined to live on the edge of society.

Chapter 132: Ron's Accusations

The students lined up and came forward to embrace Professor Lupin. Everyone embraced the werewolf.

Such a seemingly simple action did not just represent their great courage; it also was a sign of trust.

They whispered to Professor Lupin and spoke words from the depths of their hearts. Many students were moved bursting into tears.

Only Ron and Slytherin students stood still giving the cold shoulder as if they had nothing to do with them.

"This is moving and all, but what does this tell us?" Lucius said softly. "All I saw was a group of fools who were not afraid of being killed by a werewolf."

"You just said you needed a proof. Here it is!" Harry looked at Lucius and shouted, "What else do you want? Professor Lupin is obviously innocent; he did not attack us at all. He is safe."

"Tut-tut, stupid kid, if I were you, I wouldn't think so. Werewolves are not trustworthy." Lucius looked at Harry disdainfully, and said with a smirk, "He didn't bite you for now. Probably because he is full, or..."

"Or because there are so many people here that it affects his appetite." Snape followed Lucius, gloomily. "We all know that, like a real wolf, werewolves have the habit of killing lonely preys."

He looked at Lupin with malice, and his small black eyes sparkled.

"Severus..." Dumbledore gently reminded.

"I know you trust him, Headmaster!" Snape didn't look at Dumbledore. His gaze was fixed on Lupin, and he said in a very disgusted tone. "But he has betrayed your trust, although he took the Wolfsbane potion tonight, because of the nature of the werewolf, he still could not help but attack the students, Weasley can prove it."

"I can prove that this werewolf tried to attack me..."

"Ron, do you know what you're talking about!" Harry looked at Ron angrily, clinching his fists as his body trembled.

"I'm just telling the truth, Harry!" Ron didn't look at Harry's eyes. He turned his head to the side and continued in a dull, monotonous voice. "That werewolf is untrustworthy. It may hurt us. We can't risk it!"

"Unlike other werewolves, Professor Lupin is innocent!" Harry shouted, Ron's words made him shiver, he gasped heavily. "We proved it, we just embraced him. We..."

"Just a bunch of brave fools!" Lucius sneered. "You may not even know that a werewolf riot is taking place outside the school tonight. You may not realize the seriousness of this incident. But as a student's parent, I absolutely do not agree that a werewolf continues to stay in Hogwarts. What do you think, Minister?"

"Oh, I think what you said makes sense. Dealing with werewolves, we must be careful, especially in this current situation, we can't take risks anymore." Fudge said, "I'm sorry, Lupin, we must take you away!"

Fudge's words fell like a final judgment. Professor Lupin trembled. Harry looked extremely frustrated. He couldn't believe this decision.

"You can't take Professor Lupin away. He didn't attack anyone!" Harry shouted, and he hurriedly stood before Professor Lupin.

Behind him, other young wizards came up one after another.

"I'm sorry, kids, I know you all believe in Lupin!" Fudge said hesitantly. "But he is a werewolf after all. Some people in the school don't believe in him. Someone even accused him of attacking students. We can't ignore any accusations!"

As he spoke, he turned around and looked at Ron standing at the corner.

"Mr. Weasley?" asked Fudge in an uncertain tone.

"Yes, this werewolf attacked me!" Ron whispered back, "I'll formally file a lawsuit to the Ministry of Magic."

"You are lying! Prof. Lupin is innocent!" That was the last straw; Harry's voice came up violently. He mumbled reluctantly, and his tears flowed out of control.

"As I said before, I'm just telling the truth."

"Very well, Mr. Weasley! With regard to your accusations, the formal acceptance of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement will be sent to you tomorrow. We must now hurry up and go back. This evening has been really terrible!" continued Fudge "There is still a werewolf riot waiting for me to deal with. Fortunately we caught one of them."

"No!" Harry quickly stopped Fudge and tried to make a final effort.

Fudge took a step back and stared at Harry and the other young wizards standing in front of Lupin.

"Keep off, Potter! You've caused enough trouble already!" Snape shouted. "We are saving you from this werewolf!"

"I'm fine; I don't need your salvage!" Harry gasped, reluctantly shouting, "I don't know what happened to Ron tonight, but I can prove that Prof. Lupin is innocent. He had one hundred chances to hurt me this year! I have been alone with him for many times and I learned from him how to resist Dementors. If he wanted to bite me or kill me, why didn't he do it back then?"

"Don't ask me about a werewolf's mind." Snape pulled his out wand and said sharply. "I repeat, move away, Potter!"

Harry did not speak. He stood with his arms wide open in front of Professor Lupin and showed his determination with actions.

Evan, Hermione, and other young wizards also took a step forward and looked firmly at Snape.

"All right, Snape!" Fudge said franticly. "Don't blame them. These children have experienced very terrible things today. Greyback has just attacked in Hogsmeade. They now find themselves before their most trusted professor transformed to a werewolf. These things are sure to disturb them…"

"Hold on, Minister!" Evan hurriedly said. "I think Ron's allegations are invalid. It may be because…"

"Evan, about that matter, I want to talk to you alone!" said Dumbledore suddenly, interrupting Evan's words.

Evan blinked and looked at Dumbledore in astonishment. He clearly hadn't said anything yet. What did the Headmaster want to talk to him about?

Or rather, did he already know that Ron was being controlled?!

Chapter 133: Wings of a Butterfly

Ron's behavior this evening has been extremely bizarre. Evan has had this feeling about him before.

In the Gryffindor Common room last year, something similar happened!

Evan was almost certain that Ron must be under the Imperius Curse, he was controlled to frame Professor Lupin.

Evan intended to tell the matter out. Dumbledore was there. He could check it and find out whether what Ron said was from his own will or not.

He didn't expect that his exposure of the possible plot would be interrupted by Dumbledore.

What the Headmaster meant was obvious. He did not want Evan to expose this matter, and he wanted to talk to him about it alone.

Evan wondered what Dumbledore really wanted.

What was he going to talk to him about? Did he know that Ron had been controlled? Or did he have any other plans?

Evan looked at Dumbledore whose eyes were on Ron and he didn't know what was going through his mind.

Seeing Dumbledore's appearance, Evan did not have the heart to pay attention to what Harry, Hermione, Fudge, Snape, and Lucius were saying. His thoughts drifted further and further.

If Ron was really being controlled, who would be the one pulling the strings?!

Lucius Malfoy? Evan shook his head. Lucius did not have a chance to contact Ron. Besides, with Malfoy's character, he might be the type to hide behind the scenes to fan up the flames of trouble and make the plot, but he would certainly not charge into the scene himself in any case.

As for Snape, it couldn't be him. Yes, he did hate professor Lupin because of their student years; but he was never the type of person who would control a student.

Evan squinted, who would it be? Who would be able to get in touch with Ron and use the forbidden Imperius Curse?!

"Hold on a second, can't Peter Pettigrew be the one behind the scenes?!" Evan suddenly realized that he didn't know much about Peter.

After all, he had an image of him as a very timid, cowardly, humble, inferior and stupid man.

But is that really the case?

After all, his deeds speak for themselves. For the sake of strength and status, he sold his best friend out to Voldemort. He hid his renegade status for many years, not to be found by Dumbledore until it was too late. He had escaped from Sirius Black's hunt. He was able of bearing humiliation hiding as a rat for as long as twelve years. He came back to find the lost Voldemort by himself alone; and to help him resurrect, he had the guts to cut off his own hand as tribute.

While he was thinking about what Peter did, Evan suddenly noticed that all his back was soaked by cold sweat.

It all proved that Peter was not as weak as he looked. He was a tough, sly and very cruel opponent.

Not only to others, but also to his best friend; and furthermore, he was even cruel to himself.

Evan had a bad hunch. He actually realized that he had been relying too much on his prejudices and wasn't being careful enough with Peter Pettigrew. He never thought of how he would react.

What he was facing is not the plot that has been set in the book, but a living person that has his own thoughts.

Evan concluded that he really needed to talk to Dumbledore.

Although Black did not allow him to tell the professors about this matter, he thought that he should at least tell the Headmaster.

In his original plan, once he had contact with Black, he would immediately tell Dumbledore about Peter being an Animagus.

This was the safest way. As long as Dumbledore gets involved, there should be no bad incidents.

It's true that he knew the plot, but the enemy was not a fool who didn't know how to react.

Whether they were Voldemort, Malfoy or Peter, all of them were tough opponents and evil Dark wizards.

"This is harder to deal with than I originally thought."

He remembered the Chamber of Secrets incident of the previous year. In the book, Tom Riddle controlled Ginny. He was bent on contacting Harry and wanted so bad to know how he had defeated his older self, Voldemort. However, due to Evan's arrival, Ron was the one to receive the diary. With that, Tom Riddle had more knowledge on Harry, and things went really different.

And it wasn't just that. Evan himself tried to use all ways possible to get rid of Riddle and purify Hogwarts as a whole. Indeed, it seemed that the problem was solved. But that made the changes happening to the timeline become more prominent.

Evan realized that he had always ignored that in order to be able to predict how things go, his plans should not interfere with the original story.

However, even if he tried to do so, it wouldn't have worked. Any change that might seem trivial can cause dramatic repercussions.

A gentile flap of a butterfly's wings can eventually cause a hurricane.

Moreover, he had done a lot of things differently this year as well. It was impossible that Peter Pettigrew would just sit there without reacting. He didn't do anything silly like in the original timeline. No, he had taken control of Ron. Who knows what kind of conspiracy he's hiding?

"Professor!" at the thought of this, Evan hurriedly looked at Dumbledore.

"Evan, you can go to my office in a minute. About that question you asked me last time, I have a very interesting idea!" Dumbledore glanced at Evan and said calmly, "You will be interested, I promise!"

"I have to remind you, Dumbledore!" Lucius had a cold smile on his face. He looked at Lupin in a malicious manner. "Before you talk to your students, what we need to discuss first is the werewolf!"

"That's right!" said Dumbledore happily. "I just want to say this. Do you have any suggestions?"

"I don't think it's a suggestion, I think everyone has just heard Mr. Weasley's accusation. As a parent, I think this dangerous werewolf should no longer stay in Hogwarts. We should immediately get him back to the Ministry of Magic. I think it is necessary to judge his guilt through the Wizengamot."

"I think the same as you, Lucius!" Fudge agreed. "The current bad situation is enough to start the Wizengamot's special trial process. I hope you can go back with us, Lupin. We will give you a fair trial. If you can prove your innocence, we will let you go without objection!"

"No, Professor Lupin is innocent and he will not go with you," Harry shouted hoarsely.

He still refused to budge, and he felt that his tears were running dry.

It was the same for the other young wizards. They clung closely together and stood in front of Professor Lupin making a human wall.

Seeing how they were, Fudge looked back at Dumbledore embarrassingly and asked for help.

Dumbledore had not spoken yet. Professor Lupin who had Harry standing in front of him, gently pushed him aside.

"Professor!" Harry shouted miserably.

Lupin did not turn to look at Harry. He quietly walked beside Fudge. He knew he had to leave and quit Hogwarts. He tried not to let his tears flow out.

Perhaps that's his fate as a werewolf.

Chapter 134: The Departure of Professor Lupin

Lupin did not look back. He knew that Harry, Evan, Hermione and other children must be looking at him.

All he could do was holding his tears.

Legend has it that the ferocious and terrifying werewolves can only get endless bleakness and inarticulate desolation.

Everyone looked at the lonely figure of Professor Lupin, and many of them cried.

Evan couldn't dare move as Hermione and Ginny were crying over his shoulders.

Although he knew that Professor Lupin should be fine, he was affected by the surrounding sad mood and he still felt sour.

Nobody knew who started it, but before they knew it, practically all the young wizards were whispering Professor Lupin's name. As they were moving from the scene, they all had a feeling that it was the last time they would see him.

If he's proven to be guilty with the charge of attacking Ron, he would have to spend the rest of his life in Azkaban.

"Professor!" Harry shouted miserably, and he rushed to grab Professor Lupin.

Remus stopped, his body shook slightly, but he still didn't look back.

"Let go, Harry!" Evan walked over and said gently.

"No!" Harry whimpered, and he saw Dumbledore coming beside him.

"You've done a very good job, Harry!" said Dumbledore calmly, his gaze moving slowly across the faces of all the young wizards behind Harry, and his voice was extremely gratifying. "And you all, I'm very proud of the efforts of every one of you on this evening, and I think Remus also feels the same. Let me deal with the rest of this matter."

Harry shook his head stubbornly, and he was about to say something, but he stopped. It was professor Lupin. He turned around and hugged him again.

The two people stayed like that silently for a minute. No one spoke. Even Lucius and Snape did not urge them.

Then Lupin let Harry go and stood up.

Dumbledore walked past and patted his shoulder. They went out of the office together with Fudge, Lucius and Snape.

"Okay, Lupin's matter is handed over to the Headmaster. It's too late. Now you should go back to your respective Common rooms!" Professor McGonagall twiddled her nose and her eyes were red.

Next to her, Hagrid was crying loudly and Professor Flitwick wiped his tears off with his handkerchief.

Everyone left one after another. When they passed by Ron, they looked at him with deep contempt.

Even Percy, Fred, George and Ginny; they were no exceptions, especially Ginny. The young girl was weeping uncontrollably. She couldn't believe that Ron would accuse Professor Lupin.

Ron stood there quietly, unmoved.

Just then, unexpectedly, Harry suddenly approached him.

Just as everyone was guessing what he was intending to do, Harry took a hit at Ron's face punching him brutally.

Ron was brought to the ground, and the office became a mess.

Malfoy smiled with pride, staring at Harry and Ron maliciously. It was a wonderful day. He didn't know what his father had plotted, but he looked down on the two guys he hated the most and watched them scuffle together. That was simply the best Christmas present he could ever get.

The only one missing was that Mud-Blood Mason.

"Potter, stop it!" Professor McGonagall shouted harshly, and went to separate them.

However, she did not need to do that. Harry did not beat Ron any more.

He just stood and looked at him with cold, terrible eyes!

"Give me a reason. Why?" Harry shouted to Ron. "Tell me, why?!"

Ron didn't answer Harry. He didn't say a word. He stood up, keeping his head down and not looking at anyone.

Hermione looked at him with tears in her eyes and her face was full of worry.

The image she was looking at felt awfully familiar. She also thought of what happened in the Common room last year when Ron was up to attack Evan. It felt exactly the same as now.

Ron is too abnormal. Maybe he's not…

"Evan, I got it…" Hermione hurried to Evan and said breathlessly.

"Don't say it here!" Evan hurriedly reached out to cover Hermione's mouth. He knew what she was going to say.

She must have found out the fact that Ron was under control. But exposing things now, although it might rescue Professor Lupin, it could also scare Peter Pettigrew away. And if this were the case, there would be no way to help Sirius Black clear his name.

Evan also was thinking that Dumbledore should have concerns in that regard, although he couldn't think of a way for him to know about Black and Peter.

But anyway, now is not the time to panic. He has just found out that Peter was not in this office, and that the cunning guy didn't take part in this evening's events.

Although Peter was not there, Evan still had to be careful facing the controlled Ron.

He peaked at him rapidly, and it didn't seem that he was concerned, nor was he looking at him and Hermione. Evan felt a little relieved. If they accidentally get exposed, Peter Pettigrew would run away. Before doing anything, he had to see what Dumbledore had arranged.

"Evan?!" Hermione blushed and removed Evan's right hand from her face.

Looking at her, Evan was also a bit embarrassed. He was anxious as what he just did seemed a bit bold.

He gulped as he intended to withdraw his hand, but before he knew, feeling her tension, he moved without thinking. His hand fell from near her mouth just to hold her cold hand naturally. She struggled for bit, as her hand was held tightly by Evan. Her face blushed even more.

Hermione's thoughts drifted further and further, and she began thinking again about the question she had after seeing Cho Chang…

She had no time to check if Ron was really being controlled. Actually, no one but herseemed to realize that he was just too abnormal.

Actually, no one was blaming Harry for what he did to him. They all thought that he had the right to be so angry.

Not even Fred and George did. They walked over and patted Harry's shoulders, not looking at Ron, as if he had never been their brother.

No one understood what had happened to Ron, nor did they understand what difficulties he had.

No one thought about these things. As Ron said just a while before, they only believed in their own eyes. They saw that Ron had betrayed Professor Lupin, sold out Gryffindor and betrayed Hogwarts. Even Slytherin students looked down on him.

"Okay, Potter!" Professor McGonagall came over and stood between Harry and Ron. "I know you're sad, but this can't solve anything! You should trust Dumbledore, and Remus will be fine."

Like everyone else, she did not look at Ron, as if he did not exist.

"I know, Professor!" Harry wiped his tears off and said, "I believe in the Headmaster!"

"We all believe in him. Dumbledore has never let anyone down." Professor McGonagall sighed and said slowly. "There were so many things happening tonight. Do you and Weasley need to go to the school hospital?"

"I'm fine; I'm not going to the hospital!" Harry shook his head. He didn't feel anything wrong except for anger.

"Me too!" Ron whispered, as if he were a wooden man. He had no response to Harry's punch.

"Well then, hurry to go back to sleep!" Professor McGonagall turned and looked at Evan and Hermione. "Mason, Granger, you need to go to the school hospital for treatment. I promised Poppy to get you back there."

"Wait a minute, Professor!" said Evan. "I want to go to Professor Dumbledore's office. He seems to have something to say to me. Can you lead me through?"

"If there is anything, you can say it tomorrow, what you need now is bed rest." Professor McGonagall frowned. She saw Evan looking at her as if begging and she puffed. "Well, I will take you, but you'd better hurry up. We can't linger too long."

Chapter 135: The Sorting Hat Is Never Wrong

Professor McGonagall took Hermione back to the school hospital, and Evan walked into Dumbledore's office alone.

Like last year, the Headmaster's office was very interesting. Fawkes, the phoenix looked at him graciously. A table not far was full of magical props, and Evan had no idea what they were for. The curious silver instruments were whirring and emitting little puffs of smoke.

Before coming in, Evan heard voices in the office. It was a heating discussion about the events of the night. Evan thought it was Dumbledore and Fudge, but when he came in, he discovered that there was no one in the office.

What were just talking were portraits of wizards and witches hung on the surrounding walls. They were former headmasters and headmistresses of Hogwarts.

Unfortunately, Evan didn't see the Four Founders' portraits amongst them, or else he could ask Gryffindor about his treasure key, the legendary magical item hidden in the Forbidden Forest and what it was.

The old headmasters and headmistresses were snoozing gently in their frames, but Evan noticed that some of them occasionally secretly opened their eyes, looked at him, and then immediately closed them, for fear of being discovered.

Evan did not focus on them. He noticed a shabby, tattered wizard's hat on the shelf, the Sorting Hat.

He hesitated for a moment. There was always a question in his heart that he wanted to ask it about. Now was a rare opportunity to do so.

He went over, lifted the hat from its shelf, and lowered it slowly onto his head. It was much too large and slipped down over his eyes, just as it had done the last time he'd put it on.

"Long time no see, Evan Mason!" a sharp voice whispered. "Do you seem to have something in your mind?"

"Yes, there are things I don't understand. About the Sorting ceremony, I was curious as to why Peter Pettigrew had been…"

"… assigned to Gryffindor, is that the question?!" the hat said softly. "My duty is to sort the young wizards into the right House according to the wishes of the four founders. For more than a thousand years, I have seen so many young wizards. Some of them were kindhearted, some were ambitious, some were talented, and some were… but you have to know that during the Sorting ceremony, In addition to these inherent qualities, the young wizards' choice is also a crucial factor."

"So, Peter himself asked to enter Gryffindor?"

"That child wanted to go to Gryffindor and find the courage he'd never had." The Sorting Hat said, "But in fact, he didn't need to look for it. Courage had been buried deep within waiting for him to look into his heart. When he becomes able to lower his head, he would find what he has been looking for."

"But he did not do that. What he did later was not fitting of a Gryffindor."

"Don't doubt! I'm never wrong. The magic of the four founders allows me to see through people's hearts. My job is to assign the people to the right House." Said the smart hat, "However, it doesn't necessarily guarantee that the House will be suitable for him, nor can it guarantee that he will not take a detour later."

"What about me?" Evan hurriedly asked. "You didn't ask for my opinion at all. You know, I had planned to be in Ravenclaw, but you sorted me into Gryffindor."

"Is that really true? Is that what you really wanted?" The patched Sorting Hat made a laugh. "Yes, like Harry Potter, the two of you are not particularly easy to sort, but I still maintain my sayings, I'm never wrong. Gryffindor can help you achieve your dream."

Evan was stunned! What is his dream, learning more magic? Defeating Voldemort? Or is it becoming a great white wizard like Dumbledore?

He was lost in his thought. He still wanted to have a few words with the hat, but he heard someone coming in. He hurriedly took it off and put it back in place.

The office door opened and Dumbledore came in with a heavy look.

"Professor!"

"Sit down, Evan!" said Dumbledore, pointing to the chair at the desk. "I need to talk to you, but it will have to be short. I don't have much time. Cornelius is waiting for me in the hall. We have to go to the Ministry of Magic tonight to deal with the werewolf riot and Remus's charges."

Evan sat down. He gathered his thoughts to make sure that nothing he wants to say is missed, and the steps to use Occlumency.

"First of all, I must ask you, Evan, is there anything you would like to tell me?" Dumbledore looked closely at him and his ten slender fingers touched together. He said gently, "Anything!"

"I do have something to tell you, Professor!" Evan nodded and said slowly. "But before that, please allow me to ask a question. You just discovered that Ron was being controlled, didn't you?"

"In fact, in that office, I believe I am not the only one who has noticed Mr. Weasley's anomaly." Dumbledore said mildly, "What he did this evening was so obvious. It was as clear as candlelight in the dark!"

"Well, do you know who's controlling him?"

"Although many people think that I know everything, but I am not omniscient as it is rumored!" Dumbledore sat in the high chair behind the table; and he stared at Evan with his light blue, penetrating eyes. "I have a few possible ideas, but I still want to hear your opinion!"

"I suspect that Peter Pettigrew took control of Ron!" Evan looked away, trying not to look at Dumbledore.

Although he was willing to report some things to the Headmaster, he didn't want to reveal all the information he had.

"Peter Pettigrew, that's really a surprising answer."

Despite his words, Dumbledore didn't seem to be too surprised, as if everything was within his expectation.

"This afternoon, Hermione and I have met Sirius Black at Hogsmeade. He told us that Pettigrew sold Harry's parents out to Voldemort, and that he did not die. He was an Animagus. He is now Ron's rat."

"Animagus?! This is important information!" Dumbledore closed his eyes and mused. "Evan, your information verifies my conjecture. To be honest, I didn't really pay much attention to Peter Pettigrew. That's my fault; I could've prevented that child from falling to what he did today."

Evan waited for him to continue, but Dumbledore seemed to fall into memory and did not speak.

Chapter 136: Dumbledore's Expectations

The room suddenly quieted down, and the figures on the walls opened their eyes to check what was going on.

Evan and Dumbledore sat silently at the ends of the table, neither of them spoke.

Dumbledore closed his eyes and no one could figure out what he was thinking; Evan looked like he was staring at the curious silver instruments on the table that were emitting little puffs of smoke.

But in fact, he was thinking about Peter Pettigrew. Peter was in Hogwarts. With Harry's father James Potter, Sirius Black, and Professor Lupin, they were a small group of four, just like himself now with Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

The relationship between the four of them was very good, but due to Peter's betrayal, the other three's fate was very tragic.

Dumbledore has just said that that was mainly due to his fault. What did he mean by that?

Was it just simple regret or was there something deeper?

Evan waited a while and saw that Dumbledore was still not talking. He had to try and say, "Although I don't know how it all went down, Professor! But I don't think you need to blame yourself for Pettigrew. We all choose our own paths, and we all have to walk down those paths and bear the joy and sorrow that they bring. If one loses his path, he'd have only himself to blame!"

"Though it is true, but as an elder, before you walk, I should help you as much as possible and guide you to the right direction. That is my duty!" Dumbledore opened his eyes and continued, "You must know that choosing the right path is much more important than the effort put into walking! Peter Pettigrew initially wanted to find courage, but he eventually lost his way in his pursuit of power."

Evan was startled as what Dumbledore just said was not much different from what he heard from Luna last year.

"Evan, when are you and Sirius going to start?" Dumbledore asked all of a sudden.

"At eight o'clock tomorrow evening, he will come to Gryffindor's Common Room. I plan with him."

"Well, you only need to do what you think you should, and leave the rest up to me!" Dumbledore didn't ask Evan for any more details.

"Wait a minute, Professor!" Evan hurriedly said. "I don't understand. Why don't we just proceed directly to catching Peter? He's in Ron's bedroom right now. Ron is still under his control. I think the sooner we act the better!"

"That is indeed a good suggestion. But sometimes, simple and effective methods are not suitable for dealing with complicated issues." Dumbledore looked at Evan and said calmly, "What's worrying me more than Black and Peter right now is Ron!"

"You're worried about Ron?!" Evan said. He didn't understand what Dumbledore meant.

If he was so worried about Ron, why didn't he just interfere when they were in Lupin's office? Why didn't he tell Ron that he was under the effect of the Imperius curse?

And now, he doesn't want to go straight to catch Peter and rescue Ron!

"As I just said Evan, I made mistakes when dealing with Peter. Some mistakes we commit are one that we never get the opportunity to correct, but they still leave important lessons behind for us so that we never commit them again." Dumbledore said, "I don't want Ron to become another Peter."

"Professor, you mean…"

"The best way to fight back the Imperius Curse is not finding out about it. It is having the strong will to resist its invasion." Dumbledore looked at Evan, "Unlike you and Harry, Ron doesn't have enough willpower. I hope that the two of you can help him."

"Help Ron?" Evan repeated. "What do you need me to do?"

"You just have to do what you think you should." Dumbledore looked at Evan's eyes. "Along with Tom, you are the best young wizard I've ever met. I believe in you."

"Okay, I'll try!" Evan sighed.

Looking at Dumbledore, he knew that he had been already counting on him. It is no wonder that he focused on Peter Pettigrew and blamed himself for what happened with him. He was waiting for Evan here, hoping that this conversion would end up with them talking about saving Ron.

Evan sighed as things seemed to have become more and more troublesome. All he thought he needed to do was catching Peter Pettigrew and clearing Black's name. Now, in addition to those things, he also must help Ron resist the Imperius curse.

In his opinion, this was making things more risky. It complicates simple issues, and makes accidents more probable.

Although Dumbledore had said that everything else could be left to him, Evan still felt bad about this.

Peter Pettigrew was not a simple opponent. He has to be cautious! However, since it's Dumbledore who's asking him, he had no way to refuse.

Besides, what Dumbledore said makes sense. Evan can't just watch Ron become a Dark wizard selling out his best friends to Voldemort just like Peter, and then end up probably dying at the hands of his new master. Yes, maybe he doesn't have much affection for Ron, but for Harry, Hermione, and the Weasley's sake, he cannot just watch as Ron continues to fall.

This is the second time that Ron is being controlled, it seemed like there was no guarantee that he won't just be controlled by other Dark wizards.

As an extremely evil Dark Magic, the Imperius Curse definitely leaves its permanent marks on its victim's soul. The more times it's used on Ron, the less he'll be able to resist it in the future. And Ron wasn't becoming an idiot because of the curse; it was actually making him look more like a Dark Wizard!

Judging from the storyline that he knows, with the return of Voldemort, the situation in the next following years should get increasingly grim.

"Hold on!" Evan thought, "Why should I wait for Voldemort's return before thinking of ways to defeat him?

After all, that just seems like the most dangerous way to think. Over two years of experience made Evan convinced that relying on the original storyline to predict what's going to happen is no longer a safe bet.

Yes, he did know how the events developed in the original story, but that's not the case for his life as well. Every word you say, everything you do, has either a good or bad impact on the people around you. They will also react and things will go differently.

Peter Pettigrew is a perfect example: In the original story, he never controlled Ron.

And compared to Voldemort, he is nothing.

Perhaps, after dealing with this year's incident, he should face the future less passively.

After all, he was doomed to change the future anyway. He had to catch Peter Pettigrew and clean the name of Sirius Black. So why not go all out and try to prevent Voldemort's return from ever happening?

Chapter 137: Howlers to the Headmaster

Because of Professor Lupin's issue, the mood in the castle was gloomy.

Evan didn't know how many other people couldn't sleep on that night. Anyway, he didn't get good sleep himself.

Hermione who was lying in her bed beside him seemed to be the same. She kept turning all night worrying about Lupin and Ron.

In the second half of the night, Evan was awakened by a nightmare again.

He sat up in the middle of his bed, and through the dim candlelight in the hallway, he stared at the snow fluttering outside the window.

He thought of his discussion with the Headmaster. He did not know if his Occlumency worked. However, the discussion was dominated by Dumbledore anyway.

Also, he had no idea about the Headmaster's plans.

Evan was not convinced by his reason for not capturing Peter Pettigrew directly, which was to allow him and Harry to help Ron resist the Imperius curse. But doing that is just too risky.

As a masterful strategist, Dumbledore must be hiding something else that he did not tell Evan about.

He sighed! No matter how much he thought, he couldn't figure out what that was. But the only thing he was sure about was that Dumbledore had him included as a part of his plan to defeat Voldemort because of his relationship with Harry and his outstanding performance over the past two years.

Well, if he just can't understand it, he's better off not thinking about it!

Dumbledore had his strategy, and Evan should just work with his own plan.

He was no toy for Dumbledore to manipulate at will, and then ultimately become another sacrificial lamb of his confrontation with Voldemort.

Evan was prepared to act according to his own mind. He wanted to change his destiny and everyone's fate.

No matter what, he will not sacrifice Sirius Black, Fred, Colin, etc… nor will he just stand and watch Hermione marry Ron. All these things must be changed, and he's going to start with Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew.

"By the end of this year, I'll prevent Voldemort from returning and I'll become much stronger…"

Evan was thinking that, and his eyelids were getting heavier.

The battle with Greyback made him terribly tired and completely exhausted. After a few moments of determination, he fell back asleep.

The following morning, Evan was awakened by a tremor inside the castle.

"What happened?" He hurriedly got out of his bed and held his wand in his hand.

"I don't know!" Hermione shook her head as she just woke up.

"Both of you better not move! Lie back in your beds!" Madam Pomfrey came in from the outside looking worried. "I knew these voices would wake you up. It's terrible, a huge mess outside."

"Why?"

"It's because of Lupin, that poor man!" Madam Pomfrey handed Evan the latest issue of the Daily Prophet and said, "Look! Now almost everyone knows that he is a werewolf."

Evan hurriedly looked down at the newspaper in his hands and Hermione joined in. The whole issue was dedicated to report the news about the previous day's werewolf riot, events, casualties, in-depth analysis, etc., as well as articles criticizing Fudge and the Ministry of Magic.

The worries and anger started building up back when Sirius Black escaped from prison all of a sudden.

The one who took most of the blame was Cornelius Fudge. People were extremely enraged with the Ministry.

And along with Fudge, Dumbledore was also criticized. Although the wording on the Daily Prophet was more subtle, many people, especially parents, were deeply shocked by the fact that he had hired a werewolf. The Pure-Blood families, led by Malfoy, collectively went as far as asking him to resign.

In short, both Fudge and Dumbledore were under a lot of pressure and the situation was really bad!

As for professor Lupin, being the only werewolf caught by the Ministry, many wizards called for his immediate sending to Azkaban. Many even suggested that he should be sentenced to death or left for the Dementor's kiss to deal with him.

Reading that paragraph in particular, Hermione's face went pale.

She remembered what professor Lupin once said about those who were kissed by a Dementor, and how they would become walking dead with their souls lost forever.

If that was to be his fate… Hermione didn't want to imagine such a thing.

Just as she was going to talk to Evan, another heavy tremor hit the castle. It was like an earthquake. Even the walls were trembling.

A few seconds after the shock, a loud and wacky echo came from below, sounding like…

"What's that voice?" Hermione raised her head and asked worriedly.

"Yeah, that's a Howler! Since the morning, owls have been constantly bringing the parents' letters to the school. It's been terrible!" said Madame Pomfrey, "While each professor had his fair share, most of them were directed to the Headmaster."

"Howlers sent to the Headmaster?!" Hermione didn't seem to have a reaction to that, "Where's Professor Dumbledore?"

"Who knows?! He hasn't returned since he left last night," said Madam Pomfrey, worried. "He must be busy with these matters about werewolves and Professor Lupin. Although he isn't in Hogwarts, letters are still coming endlessly. They're about to flood the Great Hall!"

Right as Madam Pomfrey finished her words, Harry entered the ward.

He looked bad, depressed, and distracted, and had heavy dark circles under his eyes.

"Good morning, Evan! Good morning, Hermione!" Harry said weakly.

"Good morning, Harry! Your face looks very bad!" Hermione looked anxiously at his face.

"It's really bad. If you saw that scene in the Great Hall, your face would look just as bad as mine!" Harry sat down on the chair next to Evan's bed and said, "Snape and Malfoy's plot had succeeded. At breakfast, hundreds of owls arrived with Howlers, all accusing Dumbledore and Professor Lupin! You didn't see the disgusting look on the faces of Malfoy and the rest of the Slytherin students!"

"But with their exception, everyone believes in Professor Lupin's innocence!"

"It's no use. No one wants to believe us! All the adults are listening to Ron's nonsense. Accusing Professor Lupin of attacking the students…" Harry said angrily, "I really want to beat him up until he gets back to his senses!"

"Harry, there must be some misunderstanding with that!" She said worriedly, "Ron is…"

She stopped. When Evan came back last night, he told her about his conversation with Dumbledore. She knew that Ron must've been so abnormal last night because of that spell.

She wasn't sure if she could talk about it, the plan between Evan, Dumbledore and Sirius Black!

Chapter 138: Plan Begins

"Don't make up excuses for that guy, Hermione!" Harry shouted. He felt a blaze of anger burning in his chest. "I've seen it long ago. Like Sirius Black, he used to be my father's best friend, he is still my godfather, but who could have thought that in the end he would sell my parents out to Voldemort? Ron and Black are the same, I always thought Ron was my best friend, but he betrayed me last night and betrayed Professor Lupin!"

Because he was too agitated, Harry's body was trembling all over.

To his eyes, what Ron did last night was not that different from what Black did to his parents twelve years ago.

He sold him and professor Lupin out to Snape and Lucius Malfoy!

Such a deed is absolutely unforgivable!

"Harry, Black didn't betray your parents, he…"

Hermione had not yet finished her words, and she was abruptly interrupted by Harry. He said violently, "You don't know anything, Hermione! Yesterday morning, Professor Lupin told me everything, Twelve years ago, it was Black who sold my parents out to Voldemort. He also killed…"

"Peter Pettigrew!" Evan whispered.

"Yes, that's him!" Harry moaned, and he turned to look at Evan and continued, "Peter was my father's good friend before his death. He went to Black to avenge my parents, but he was no opponent for that despicable villain."

"He's not as noble as you think," said Evan slowly. "He did not avenge your parents. In fact, Peter is not dead."

"What?!" Harry looked up in confusion.

He did not understand what Evan meant. How possible could it be that Peter Pettigrew was alive!

"You heard me well, Harry!" Evan raised his head and looked around. Madam Pomfrey returned to her office. Only the three of them were in the ward. He said in whispering. "Yesterday afternoon, Hermione and I met Sirius Black in Hogsmeade…"

Evan told Harry the whole truth of the incident of Black and Peter.

Now that Dumbledore knows about this matter, there was no longer a need to hide the truth from Harry.

He only had to be careful so that Ron wouldn't know about it. Now that Dumbledore doesn't just want them to catch Peter, but also wants them to help Ron resist the Imperius Curse, he felt that it was an impossible mission without Harry's assistance.

"Peter is still alive; he is actually Ron's rat!" Harry couldn't believe it when he heard Evan's words.

It was absolutely unthinkable and completely different from what he heard from Professor Lupin.

"Yeah!" Evan lowered his voice again. "And he is still controlling Ron. That's why Ron was acting so abnormal last night and that's also why he accused Professor Lupin!"

"What?" Harry immediately stood up, and he said eagerly. "It's no wonder that I have always felt that Ron had something wrong. I remember that he was controlled by Tom Riddle last year. He must have been under Peter's control all this time. That's why he sold Professor Lupin out. We must save him."

Harry had his doubts about what the two said to him, but that was only until he heard that Ron was being controlled.

Deep down inside, Harry never could believe that Ron would betray him.

Everything became clear, Peter is the ultimate culprit. It was him who killed his parents and framed Sirius Black in Azkaban for the past 12 years. Now he has again framed Professor Lupin by controlling his best friend.

It was simply unforgivable. All old and new grudges melt together and Harry felt an unprecedented hatred flowing all over his body.

He must catch Peter Pettigrew. He wants to avenge his parents. He wants to clear Black's name and he will save Ron.

"Hold on!" Evan hurriedly stopped Harry. "We can't just rush over like this. It's very easy to have an accident and give Peter the opportunity to escape. I talked to Professor Dumbledore last night. We'll catch Peter. But at the same time, we must also help Ron resist the Imperius curse. If he does not wake up on his own, this black magic will affect his soul!"

"What should we do to save Ron?" said Harry eagerly.

"If you simply want to undo the curse, there are many ways." Evan thought for a moment and continued, "But if you want the cursed man to wake up, there is only one way. That is relying on his own willpower. His willpower must be strong enough."

"Strong enough?!" Harry repeated his expression, puzzled. "What should I do?"

"I don't know exactly how to go about it." Evan sighed. "Perhaps, before we catch Peter, we can try saying something to Ron. Then Ron will have to choose between us and Peter Pettigrew! I believe he can wake up on his own. When the Basilisk was about to attack Ginny last year, Ron broke free of Tom Riddle's control."

"Evan, will Dumbledore help us?" Hermione asked worriedly.

"Maybe, he will!" Evan murmured.

In fact, he had no idea about the Headmaster's plan, nor was he sure what he meant when he said last night "Leave the rest up to me!"

Did he mean that he would protect them secretly? This looks like Dumbledore's style. In Harry's first year, to make Harry stronger, he turned a blind eye to all of Quirrell's abnormal behaviors, but he silently watched over Harry and his two friends without their knowledge.

Dumbledore is not currently in Hogwarts, perhaps deliberately to give Pettigrew a fake sense of security.

"Dumbledore will come out to help us at the crucial moment. Before that, Black and I already made a plan." Evan looked at Harry and Hermione. "Now, we just need to make sure that both Ron and Peter would be in the Common room."

"When I left this morning, Ron was still in bed." Harry said, "Remember that today is the first day of the Christmas holidays. Everyone else is going home for the holidays. There will only be four of us in the Gryffindor Tower."

They nervously waited throughout the time that followed. The three of them looked over the plan's details again and again.

Madam Pomfrey examined both Evan and Hermione and waited until lunch, before allowing them to leave.

Chapter 139: Unhappy Lunch

Evan, Harry, and Hermione left the school hospital. When they arrived at the Great Hall, they found that the long tables used by the four Houses were moved to the wall. Only one square table four twenty people, was available in the center of the room. Those who decided to spend the Christmas holidays in the castle this year were sitting around the table.

Evan did not see Dumbledore. His seat was empty.

Apart from him, Professor McGonagall, Snape, Flitwick, and Hagrid were all there, as was the caretaker Filch.

Filch had already taken off his usual brown coat and wore a very old and quite outdated tuxedo. Next to Professor Flitwick were two very nervous first-year students, both from Ravenclaw; on Snape's left was a sixth-year student from the sinister Slytherin House.

There was also Ron, sitting alone at the very end of the table. No one wanted to be near him.

Harry hesitated for a moment and walked over to Ron, his face full of worry.

Evan hurriedly pulled Harry. He couldn't just go over. Because of what happened to Professor Lupin last night, Harry had to have a normal reaction. It should look like he hates Ron.

If he was to get close, he would beat the grass and frighten away the snake. That's to say, Peter Pettigrew is a sly opponent and they have to be careful.

The three of them looked at each other, away from Ron, and sat down side by side with Hagrid.

Apart from the erratic smiles on Snape's mouth, the mood around the table was very heavy and depressed; it didn't look much like Christmas. Everyone was eating lunch silently and nobody spoke until…

"Evan, Hermione, how are you two?" asked Hagrid with a gloomy face.

"Don't worry, Madam Pomfrey said we're okay. We just need to…" Before Evan finished his words, he saw three owls flying into the Great Hall.

They had three red envelopes in their mouths, and they flew straight to Dumbledore's empty seat.

"That's enough! Those Howlers, they've been screaming ever since the morning!"

Professor McGonagall stood up. She looked furiously at the three Howlers that the owls threw on the table. The corners of the envelopes were burning slowly.

She pulled out her wand and waved gently to them.

Three blue flames sprang up on the red envelopes, tuning them to ashes in the blink of an eye, and sparing those around the table from their horrible sounds.

"Unbelievable, unbelievable!" said Professor Flitwick in a sharp voice, "Are all these people mad?! They actually sent Dumbledore Howlers. I haven't seen such insanity for years."

"Stupid owls, and equally stupid Howlers!" Snape smirked.

"I noticed that all these Howlers were sent by parents of students from your House, Severus?!" Professor McGonagall said with a grin.

"Thank you for reminding me. I didn't notice that before!" Snape had a grim smile on his lips. "But, I can understand why the parents of the students did so. In my opinion, what the Headmaster did was really improper. Who would have thought that the school professor could be a werewolf? And who would have thought that this tamed werewolf would attack his own students? With this lesson, I believe that the Headmaster will definitely be very, very careful when employing staff members in the future!"

"Professor Lupin is innocent!" Harry looked at Snape angrily and shrieked helplessly. "He didn't hurt anyone, he…"

"Quiet, Potter! Five points from Gryffindor." Snape turned to look at Harry and smiled. "I don't want to know about what's between you and that werewolf, but I have to remind you watch your tone. Don't yell at me like an uneducated wolf cub!"

Harry sat down sulkily, and forced himself not to look at Snape.

"Don't worry, Harry! With Dumbledore in there, Professor Lupin will be all right." Hagrid whispered consoling him. But he didn't look very confident. "It's been really awful; I can't count how many owls came before these three with Howlers. They've been coming in steadily!"

"It was like this the whole morning?" Evan asked surprised.

"Yes, you and Hermione weren't there at breakfast so you didn't see that scene. In front of the entire school, more than 400 Howlers exploded at the same time!"

"I told them just now." "Harry said weakly." Hagrid, is there any news from Dumbledore or Professor Lupin?

"There is indeed a bad news," said Hagrid hesitantly. "I just heard that the Ministry is preparing to send Professor Lupin to Azkaban directly!"

"How could they do such a thing without trial?!" Harry glanced at Ron and his eyes quickly shifted back. He whispered, "Ron's accusation is obviously ridiculous. Professor Lupin will be proven innocent."

"I know; it's all Lucius Malfoy. That guy has been playing tricks all along!" Hagrid replied angrily. "Not that I don't believe in Lupin, but if it was me, I'd rather die than go to Azkaban again."

" Is it dreadful there, Hagrid?" Hermione asked cautiously.

"You can't imagine it. I'd been there, fifty years ago, for a couple of months when I was wrongly accused of using the Acromantula to kill a student in the Chamber of secrets." Hagrid said calmly, "Nowhere is that bad, I thought I was going insane, with all sorts of terrible things going through my head. The day I was dismissed from Hogwarts was the day my father died..."

"Because of the Dementors?!"

"Yes, you've seen those monsters this year, but you probably haven't seen thousands of them together, the feeling of horror..." Hagrid closed his eyes and the painful memories showed on his face. "Azkaban prison was built on a desert island far away from the coastline. The island is full of Dementors. If you stay long enough in there, you would no longer know who you are or what it means to live. I still remember that I often wished I would sleep and never wake up when I was alone. When they released me, it felt like I've been revived, and I remembered who I was and why I wanted to live once again. That is really the most wonderful feeling in the world. I Remember the Dementors did not want to let me go."

"But you weren't proven guilty! "Said Hermione.

"Guilty?!" Hagrid grunted angrily. "Do you really think that they value such a thing? They don't care. They've already got 500 people there, and they've been sucking happiness out of all of them. They don't care about who is guilty and who is not."

Hearing Hagrid's words, Harry felt sick to his stomach and was in cold sweat.

"Don't worry!" Seeing Harry and Hermione's face, Evan hurriedly said, "Professor Lupin will not be sent to Azkaban. Tonight, we're going to prove his innocence. "

Harry did not speak, he was still thinking about Azkaban.

Suddenly, he remembered that Sirius Black had been held there for twelve years. It must have been terrible for him.

Chapter 140: Sybill Patricia Trelawney

Just as Evan, Harry, Hermione and Hagrid were talking about Azkaban; the Hall's door was opened again.

Professor Trelawney came in and she glided over to everyone, as if she was on roller skates.

She wore a green dress decorated with metal round discs, making her look more like a shiny oversized dragonfly.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen!" said Professor Trelawney, using her most misty, ethereal voice. "I have been looking at my crystal ball in the tower. To my surprise, I saw myself abandoning my lunch to take part in your meal. How could I refuse the urge of fate? I immediately came out of my building so I sincerely ask you to forgive me being late…"

No one spoke, and everyone looked at her in surprise.

Evan noticed that Professor McGonagall's mouth was tight and her face became even heavier.

Professor Trelawney did not sit down directly. She turned half a turn around the table, putting invisible pressure on everyone. She stood for a long time behind Hermione, Ron, Harry, and Evan. Her big eyes were wandering all over the table.

Suddenly, she screamed!

"What's wrong, Professor?" asked the first year student in front of her uneasily.

"Dear child, you can't believe it. I saw…" Her eyes were just staring at Evan. Her expression was as if he had died.

"Sit down, Sybill!" Professor McGonagall suddenly interrupted her. "Those owls and Howlers were disheartening enough. You don't need to put more pressure on everyone!"

"I can't sit down, Minerva!" Professor Trelawney seemed to have just noticed Professor McGonagall. She said panicking, "I can't do that. If I sit down, we'll be thirteen around the table! There's nothing more unlucky than thirteen! Never forget, if thirteen people eat together, the first one to stand up after the meal will be the first to die!"

"We're willing to take that risk, Sybill." Professor McGonagall said impatiently. "Sit down, it's Christmas Holyday!"

Professor Trelawney hesitated and then she sat down next to Evan. He had a bad feeling about that and he could feel that she had deliberately chosen that spot. She was looking at him with her big crazy eyes and seemed to have something to say to him.

There was no need to guess, it certainly won't be good!

Knowing her, what she had to say to him was definitely something ominous and mysterious.

Evan tried not to look at her, so he focused his attention on the plate in front of him. The situation was already troublesome enough. He did not want to take Professor Trelawney's curse before this evening's action.

"Dear......"

"Do you want cow tripe, Sybill?"

Professor McGonagall once again interrupted her as she put a serving spoon into the nearest big bowl.

Professor Trelawney ignored Professor McGonagall. She looked at Evan and then looked up around. She asked softly, "I didn't see our dear Headmaster and Prof. Lupin. Where have they gone?"

"Obviously, everyone knows what happened in the castle last night! I also know where Albus and Lupin are now!" Professor McGonagall raised an eyebrow and said impatiently, "Even if no one told you, you must have known it, didn't you?"

"Of course I know!" Professor Trelawney looked at Professor McGonagall indifferently. "But people don't show off that they know everything. I often behave as if I don't have this gift. That way, people will not feel nervous."

"That explains a lot." Professor McGonagall said bitterly, "What is that gift?"

"If you have to know, Minerva!" Professor Trelawney's voice suddenly became less blurred." Two months ago, I had already seen the poor Professor Lupin's ending from the crystal ball. He stood alone in a place full of fear and despair. "

Obviously, the place in her words referred to the Azkaban Wizard Prison.

That place is full of Dementors, all there is in there is fear and despair. Hearing her words, everyone gasped. She seemed to have predicted the tragic outcome of Professor Lupin. He would spend the rest of his life in Azkaban.

Apart from Snape's mouth that was still smirking; the others' faces were getting heavier.

Harry looked at Professor Trelawney awkwardly; he rarely argued with her. Maybe he thought it was not worth it.

Throughout the semester, Professor Trelawney was prophesying death for him, but nothing happened. Harry was used to it.

And now, predicting that Prof. Lupin was to spend the rest of his life in Azkaban was like child-play to her.

Evan heard Harry and Hermione discussing Azkaban with Hagrid quietly. They asked him for further details about the prison and tried hard to imagine Professor Lupin and Sirius Black being locked up there, and then the topic turned to the hippogriff Buckbeak and Hagrid's plans after Christmas.

Evan turned around and didn't look at Professor Trelawney next to him. He listened to Harry's conversation absentmindedly.

Harry and Hermione seemed to be desperately looking for words to divert attention away from Ron.

Apart from the three of them, no one around the table spoke and the mood was gloomy.

That was definitely the most unpleasant meal Evan had ever had. He ate up the contents of his plate as fast as possible. He whispered something to Harry and Hermione, refraining from taking a look at Professor Trelawney.

Fortunately, until the end of lunch, Professor Trelawney's behavior was almost normal.

About ten minutes later, Ron was ready to leave the table.

Evan, Harry, and Hermione looked at each other and quickly stood up.

"Oh my God! You four people, who was the first amongst you to leave their seat? Who?" Professor Trelawney suddenly screamed.

"I don't know!" Ron said in a low voice.

"I don't think it makes any difference!" Professor McGonagall said coldly. "That is unless there is a crazy axe killer waiting outside the door to cut off the head of the one who's first to leave."

Everyone smiled a bit. Professor Trelawney talked no more and looked greatly offended!

She looked at Professor McGonagall contemptuously, grabbed a bottle of sherry from the table, and left the Hall without looking back.

She was followed by Ron. Evan, Harry and Hermione also hurried to follow up. According to the plan that the three discussed in the school hospital this morning, the first step was talking to Ron. While inquiring intelligence, they would strive to keep Ron and Peter in the Gryffindor Common room.