

Harry Potter 141

Chapter 141: Crookshanks and the New Password

Evan, Harry and Hermione stepped out of the Great Hall. Actually, there was no crazy axe killer in the hallway.

Professor Trelawney and Ron disappeared around the corner. She went in the direction of the basement, while he followed the stairs back to the Gryffindor Tower.

“We’d better hurry up!” Evan said hurriedly, he noticed that the stairs leading to the second floor were moving.

The three of them were just one step too late. When they arrived, the stairs had already moved and they had to turn around. That slowed them down and got them five minutes behind Ron.

Right when they entered the Gryffindor tower, Evan noticed a ginger figure coming out from the shadow.

It was Crookshanks, which had a white piece of paper in its mouth.

When it saw the three of them; it came closer, purring and strangely meowing.

Hermione picked the paper up, looked at it curiously and said: “Crookshanks, where did you get this paper? What’s written on it?”

Evan and Harry were curious, they looked together and found that a few letters on the paper were wiggling to form together: “Scurvy Cur”!

“I don’t understand. What does that mean?” Harry said strangely.

“That’s very rude! Maybe it’s some prank made by a student!” Hermione said with a frown. “Crookshanks; didn’t I tell you not to pick up random stuff?”

Crookshanks meowed and purred lazily in Hermione’s arms.

Evan didn’t speak. Looking at the dirty little piece of paper, he had a peculiar feeling. Knowing Crookshanks, that clever little pet was no ordinary cat. It shouldn’t be picking up useless notes for no reason.

Scurvy Cur, is that really just a simple prank?

Still, someone had deliberately written this note to Crookshanks, hoping it would deliver it to them.

On their way, they discussed the matter of the paper for a while. When they reached the portrait hole they found Sir Cadogan enjoying a Christmas party with a couple of monks, several previous headmasters of Hogwarts and his fat pony. He pushed up his visor toasted them with a flagon of mead.

“Merry — hic — Christmas! Password?”

“Oddsbodkins!” Harry said to Sir Cadogan.

“Wrong password, that’s not it!” Sir Cadogan came to him immediately, pulling his big, outrageous sword out of its sheath and violently shrieking and shouting, “Are

you prepared to do it? Into this room behind me?! I will not let you in. Stand and fight, you mangy cur!" yelled Sir Cadogan.

"Shut up!" said Harry, puzzled. "How could the password be wrong? It was that just this morning."

"I just changed it and I have notified you of the new password!"

"But we don't know it! Let us pass, we're in a hurry."

"No! I won't let you in, not without the correct password." Sir Cadogan shouted, "Draw your sword you filthy cur! Face the wrath of Sir Cadogan, I'm going to defeat you! Otherwise, I'll be dying bravely in combat!"

Harry looked helplessly at Sir Cadogan. Facing such a madman, he was completely helpless.

"Perhaps he told Professor McGonagall the new password and we should go back..." Hermione said with some doubt.

"Hold on a second, the words on that piece of paper!" Evan suddenly remembered.

"What?!" Harry turned and looked at him strangely.

"The words on the paper may be the new password." Evan said to Sir Cadogan, "Scurvy Cur!"

"And the same to you, sir!" roared Sir Cadogan, as the painting swung forward to admit them.

There was no one in the deserted Common Room.

"This is stupid; this guy just keeps on changing those ridiculous passwords all the time!" Harry was the first to enter the room and said angrily, "This time he's actually giving the cat the new password, if we didn't meet Crookshanks, we would've..."

"That piece of paper could not have been written by Sir Cadogan!" Hermione said.

"He is a portrait. How can he write?!"

"Who else would it be?"

"It must be Ron!" Evan narrowed his eyes and analyzed." Sir Cadogan actually just said it; he said that he had notified us of the password. There are only four Gryffindor students in the castle, and all three of us didn't know about it. So yeah, it can only be Ron."

"But why would Ron write the password on a note? Isn't that too weird?!"

Hermione looked worried. She looked around and whispered, "Evan, what is that guy going to do?"

“I don’t know!” Evan shook his head. He felt it was really strange, and he couldn’t understand why Pettigrew would do such a thing.

Why would he write down the new password and then hand it to Crookshanks?

No matter how he looked at it, it was meaningless, too dumb, and even too dangerous for Peter Pettigrew to do such a thing!

He knew too well that Black was looking around Hogwarts for him. He even broke into the castle and tried to enter the Common Room back on Halloween Eve. He couldn’t do it back then because he had no password. Now, it’s one of two possibilities: it’s either that Pettigrew made Ron write the note and then it was found by Crookshanks; or, he deliberately gave it to the cat himself.

It was too strange. Pettigrew should know well the relationship between Crookshanks and Sirius Black. The cat had been chasing him in his Animagus form for the past 6 months!

But now he gives him the password, meaning that he was giving it to Sirius Black!

In other words, Peter actually wants Black to enter the castle!

Evan had a bad feeling about this whole matter. What does Peter want to do? Last night, Ron accused Professor Lupin of attacking him, and from that moment on, everything has been just too different from the original storyline and progressing in a really unpredictable way. All of these changes were beyond Evan’s control.

Evan tried to think of the whole matter from Peter’s perspective: He first controlled Ron and framed Professor Lupin, and with that, he managed to get professor Dumbledore away from the castle. Now, he’s taking that opportunity to bring Black inside!

This all was obviously too abnormal. After all, Pettigrew had been hiding from Black all this time! Why get him into the castle now?

Evan suddenly remembered that Peter couldn’t have known about his plot with Black, and shouldn’t actually know that Black was coming to the castle tonight. It means that he wanted Black to come into the castle and into the Gryffindor Common Room.

He is not mad, he has a new plot!

Chapter 142: A True Prophecy

Peter Pettigrew cannot be just mad. He is definitely plotting something!

They have been trying to catch Peter, but from the current situation...

Evan finally understood, wouldn’t Peter also want to capture Black?! Dumbledore was not at Hogwarts this evening, but Snape was there. Peter knew that Snape was against Black and he was ready to take advantage of it.

Just make Snape know about the news that Black will be sneaking into the castle this evening, and there will be no need for Peter to do it with his own hands. Snape will take care of everything. After all, with how much the latter hates black, he might just make a first and turn him in to the Dementors outside the castle himself, rather than bringing him for trial.

If black is gone, no one will ever know that Peter Pettigrew is still alive. No one would ever be able to prove that he had sold Harry’s parents out. Then, he can actually reappear publicly in a grandiose

manner, telling everyone that he has been enduring humiliation for 12 years at a rat, sticking by Harry's side, silently protecting him from Black's harm...

Evan's back was soaked in cold sweats. That was terrible!

That must definitely be Peter Pettigrew's plot. Ever since last night, when the identity of Professor Lupin as a werewolf was revealed to everyone, the plot had already begun.

Even without their plan, this evening, Peter will lure Black to the castle!

Evan forced himself to calm down. It stands to reason that Peter Pettigrew could not know when Black would come. After all, even if he passed him the password through Crookshanks, Black won't necessarily be acting according to his plan. So Peter Pettigrew would need to keep Snape in the Gryffindor Common Room.

This was too unrealistic. Unless, if he can keep up with Sirius' moves.

There are many ways to do this, but for Pettigrew, the only one practical was...

"The Marauder's Map!"

Evan suddenly realized that he had been ignoring this magical item that can locate all people in the castle!

When Professor Lupin confiscated the Marauders map yesterday, Ron was also there. Peter must know that it had been in Professor Lupin's possession. He then made Ron go to Lupin's office. He must've been there to find the Marauder's map!

"Ron?!" Harry shouted.

The three of them stood in the bedroom's doorway. Inside, through the faint light coming from outside the window, Evan saw Ron lying on his back over his four-poster bed. It looked like he was asleep, with the curtains around the bed being put down.

He could feel that Peter Pettigrew was hiding in Ron's jacket pocket. Maybe he didn't get the chance to take the map, maybe he didn't find the time. He couldn't just search the office in front of everyone in the school, so the map must be in Professor Lupin's office.

Evan hurried to turn around, as long as he finds the Marauder's map before Peter Pettigrew, there won't be any bad incidents this evening.

"Evan, what are you doing?" Hermione said in panic.

"I'm going to Professor Lupin's office to find the Marauder's Map!" Evan said in a low voice.

"I'll also go with you..."

"No, you and Harry stay here to watch Ron!" Evan looked at Hermione and told her with unease. "Remember, until I come back, be careful!"

"I know, you too!" Hermione hesitated, then quickly stepped forward to embrace Evan.

He held her tightly and felt her warmth in his arms, then turned and left the Common Room, rushing to Professor Lupin's office as fast as he could. He went down the winding staircase, and all he thought about was the Marauder's Map.

At the corner of the fourth floor, he and Professor Trelawney bumped into each other heavily.

She seemed to have just returned from the kitchen. She had the smell of Sherry all over her body. She also had two bottles in her hand. She was knocked to the ground when hit by Evan.

"Be careful and watch where you are going!"

"I'm sorry, Professor!" Evan hurriedly helped her up.

"Aaah, it's you, my dear child!" Professor Trelawney clutched Evan's arm tightly, and she suddenly approached, her enormous eyes watching him, whispering in a vague voice. "My dear, I found that the signs on you are becoming more and more clear..."

"Thank you, Professor! I'll be careful." Evan broke away from her, and the heavy smell in her body made him uncomfortable.

"No, you don't understand!" Professor Trelawney murmured, "Disaster, misfortune, getting closer..."

Ever so fittingly, a cold wind blew, and the nearby candle that was lighting up the surroundings was blown out!

The dim corridor became even gloomier. In the darkness, Evan could only see Trelawney's vague figure.

"It's death, my dear!" Professor Trelawney's voice was like a whisper, intermittent, and faint. "It's coming, getting closer, and it's hovering like a vulture above your head. It's getting lower and lower, it's just above the castle!"

Evan did not speak, he looked around uneasily, and he did not want to be seen in such an embarrassing scene by others.

Fortunately, only the two of them were in the corridor.

Professor Trelawney did not stop talking. Listening to her words, Evan began to feel someone would die in the castle soon.

This is definitely not good news. Will it be Sirius Black, or...

Of course, to Evan, she's probably just saying nonsense.

"My dear, will you choose Divination class next year?" asked Professor Trelawney suddenly.

"Maybe I will!" Evan whispered.

In his heart, he secretly decided that he would never choose Divination class. That woman would scare him to death in no time.

From the first day he met her, he never heard a happy prophecy from her.

“You are the same as Potters’ child; you’ve never got good seers. The halo on your head is very small!” said Professor Trelawney. “But both of you are very ideal prophetic objects. The signs are clearer on both of you than they are on others.”

She seemed to be praising him, but Evan was not sure if he should be happy.

It’s only with death prophecies that omens of fate are clear. That is really an unfortunate trait.

“Professor, I have some urgent things to do. I must go!”

Evan turned and left, but a loud, hoarse voice suddenly spoke up behind him.

“It will happen soon!”

“I’m sorry, Professor! What did you say?”

Evan quickly turned around and he saw Professor Trelawney as if she had turned to a completely another person. She leaned against the wall, her body went rigid, her eyes were unfocused and her mouth sagging.

Evan’s heart was thumping. Was he about to hear a prophecy? A true prophecy?!

Chapter 143: Chosen by the Dark Lord

The chilly wind blew over the castle, and Evan could hear its howling sound.

In the dusky, narrow corridor, the atmosphere became strange.

Professor Trelawney stood before Evan, her body trembling slightly, and her eyes started to roll. She looked as though she was about to have some sort of seizure.

Evan was not sure whether he should go or not. As he was hesitating, Professor Trelawney began to speak again. Her voice was still hoarse, nothing like usual.

“The Dark Lord Is coming back, but he is unusually weak. He will personally mark the chosen one for this purpose. That Dark Lord will rise again with his servant’s aid, greater and more terrible than ever before. It shall happen soon! In the dark Temple full of taboos, his old Black Magic will be...”

Professor Trelawney’s head fell forward onto her chest. She made a grunting sort of noise. Then, quite suddenly, her head snapped up again.

“I’m sorry, dear boy!” She said dreamily, “I must have drunk too much sherry, you know, alcohol makes my brain drowsy, I drifted off for a moment!”

Evan was still standing there staring at her, thinking in his mind about what she had just said.

“Is there anything wrong, my dear?”

“Professor, you just made a prophecy.” Evan hesitated and continued, “You told me that the Dark Lord was going to rise again and it was stronger and more terrible than

ever before, because he personally marked a chosen one, and that this chosen one will help him..."

Professor Trelawney looked thoroughly startled.

"The Dark Lord? He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named? My dear boy, that's hardly something to joke about... Rise again, indeed..."

"Yes, you did mention the Dark Lord and his old Magic." Evan frowned.

Professor Trelawney's prophecy was clearly not finished. What he has gathered so far, is that from the information that is currently known, Voldemort will use his old Dark magic to mark a person, and this person will help him to rise again. What is this magic? Who is the person he wants to mark?

Also, she mentioned the place where this thing is going to happen. Where is this dark temple full of taboos?

"I think you must have dozed off too, dear!" said Professor Trelawney. "I would certainly not presume to predict anything quite as far-fetched as that! We all need to get sober."

Professor Trelawney stumbled away and disappeared into the corner of the hallway.

Evan did not move, he was still standing there, thinking about what she had just said.

Unlike Prof. Trelawney's usual prophecies, if this one is true, then it provides a very large amount of information, and it also foreshadows what's forthcoming in the future. Voldemort must be planning something.

According to what he knows about the original story, Voldemort will be getting help of his servants Peter Pettigrew and Bartemius "Barty" Crouch Junior next year. They'll be using his father's bone, Peter's flesh, and Harry's blood to get him back.

But according to Prof. Trelawney's new prophecy, things will be taking a completely new different path.

First of all, the prophecy mentions that the Dark lord will return, but abnormally weak.

His return this time maybe the same as when Harry was a first year, affixed to Quirrell's head; or with the help of Pettigrew and Barty Crouch Junior, perhaps...

As long as Voldemort is willing to return, anything can happen.

Evan initially intended to use his advantage of knowing the storyline to undermine the return of Voldemort by catching Peter Pettigrew and Bartemius "Barty" Crouch Junior. That way, he could make sure that the following year's event would never happen.

But from the current situation, it seems to be useless, and that Voldemort was still returning!

Also, Professor Trelawney just mentioned: The Dark Lord would personally mark the chosen one. With his help, he will rise again and be stronger and more terrible than ever before!

Who is this chosen one?

Evan didn't have a clue; so many people are willing to follow Voldemort.

For example, there's the weirdo, Peter Pettigrew. There's also Voldemort's loyal servant Barty Crouch, the ambitious opportunist Lucius Malfoy, anyone seeking strength like Quirrell, the werewolf Fenrir Greyback who loves the darkness itself, and many more...

If they would get the chance, any of these would be willing to help Voldemort rise.

He just might choose one from them, marking him while passing his strength off. Knowing the Dark Lord, his followers would actually take pride in the act.

However, this matter is far from being so simple. Professor Trelawney mentioned in the end that it was going down in the dark temple full of taboos, and that the Dark Lord was going to use his old magic...

What is that place? What's that Magic? With his current knowledge, Evan can't associate them to anything he already knows.

Needless to say, Voldemort had a great wealth of magical knowledge. He mastered a lot of dark magic, some of which not even known to Dumbledore, let alone Evan whose knowledge is mostly obtained from the library.

As for the dark temple full of taboos, that sounds like an extremely evil place.

Professor Trelawney's prophecy wasn't complete. Evan could not imagine. Where is this dark temple full of taboos? What kind of person would appear in that evil place?

What Professor Trelawney said was too vague, and Evan had to be careful.

A prophecy is in itself an illusory thing. The difference between its meaning and his interpretation could have heavy impacts on the future.

For example, the Prophecy the Professor Trelawney made twelve years ago, the one that had decided Voldemort's and Harry's fates, that one made Voldemort rush to face Harry as he didn't hear its entirety. He thought he had a huge advantage over the little baby, but it all ended up with him spending over 12 years as a fugitive.

Evan thought it over and never found any clue.

He decided to tell Dumbledore about this prophecy. He should be very interested in it.

The most urgent thing he needs to do right now is seizing Peter Pettigrew and to not allow his conspiracy to succeed or him to escape again. If such a thing happens, this vague future he's thinking about would only become even grimmer.

Chapter 144: What's in the Wardrobe

Evan thought about the prophecy as he went down the stairs. With that prediction, he started considering taking Divination next year!

Professor Trelawney wasn't usually that reliable. She was more of a vulgar liar always making up some tragic predictions about her students. But once she enters her real prophetic state and makes a prophecy, her words become crucial in the development of all future events.

According to her teachings, the signs of fate should become clearer with the approaching of Voldemort's return.

Evan must maintain constant contact with her to ensure that he'd be the first to know the new predictions.

Five minutes later, he came to the door of Professor Lupin's office. There was no one in the narrow corridor on the third floor. Even the portraits in the hallway were empty.

The third floor was much colder than the rest of the castle. Evan couldn't find out where the bleak wind was blowing from there, making it particularly gloomy. He then thought that perhaps it was because Voldemort's relationship with the Defence Against Dark Arts course, these rooms were also a little dark, as if all the misfortunes were to happen on this floor.

"Aberto!" He pulled out his wand and gently knocked on Professor Lupin's office door.

With a click, the door was opened. All the furnishings inside the house were the same as last night, but the atmosphere was colder and cheerless.

Evan waved his wand and ignited the fireplace. The warm flames dispelled the coldness. The green monster, Grindylow, was soothing its limbs in the large water tank at the corner. It floated on the water and continued to bubble upwards. After seeing the light, it immediately buried itself in a mess of plants in the corner of the tank.

Although it is not very good to search through other people's things, Evan believed that Professor Lupin would forgive him after knowing his reasons. He stood in front of the fireplace and carefully checked the room out. There were few places where things could be hidden, and it did not seem to be a particularly difficult task to find the Marauder's Map.

But in reality, that wasn't even close!

Ten minutes later, Evan still did not find the parchment.

He had carefully searched Professor Lupin's desk, and he found nothing except for a few missing teacups, an old-fashioned kettle, textbooks, and after-school students' assignments.

Prof. Lupin certainly wouldn't take the map away. Since it was not on the desk, then it might be placed elsewhere.

Evan's eyes went to the old wardrobe next to the tank, where the teachers put extra robes.

He walked to it, but it suddenly shook and slammed against the wall.

Evan was shocked. He raised his wand against the old wardrobe and didn't know what was inside. He cautiously opened its door and there was nothing except a worn, almost faded, small suitcase and two extremely old, patched wizard robes.

From these things, one can see just how tight Prof. Lupin's financial situation was.

No one wants to hire a werewolf. He had been wandering alone. Even the only two sets of robes left on his body were fifteen years old. Evan vaguely remembered seeing Professor Lupin when going through Harry's album. He was attending the Potters wedding.

It was so pitiful, Evan sighed. He simply stepped forward and found the map in a robe.

It was exactly the piece that Professor Lupin wore yesterday. Evan has never been so happy before. The old wardrobe in front of him shook again. This time, he noticed the location of the robe's dangling. He lowered his head and found a small compartment under the wardrobe.

He hesitated and pulled the door open. It was very dark and something seemed to be hidden in it. It was like...

Evan took two steps back in a rush, gasping and his eyes wide open.

“This... This is impossible!” He just saw a face in the wardrobe.

Hermione’s face!! !

It was not her familiar smiling face, but a face full of fear, bloodied, and as pale as a dead man’s face.

That was terrible. Evan never expected to see such a thing. The feeling of fear rose from the depths of his heart. He gulped, and his whole body was in sweat. His right hand that was holding his wand trembled slightly. He wanted to become sure of what he saw, but was afraid to see that face again.

He took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down.

This fact is too absurd. How could Hermione run to be there in Professor Lupin’s wardrobe? She clearly stayed with Harry in the Gryffindor Common Room upstairs and had just embraced him.

Could it be that Hermione was dead and her body was cut into pieces and hidden in the castle?! And the one who has been in contact with him is actually someone pretending using the Polyjuice potion? Or is it that Professor Lupin has a special appetite and he hid Hermione’s face in his wardrobe?!

Evan shook his head hard to sway those absurd ideas.

“Lumos!” he muttered softly, and the tip of his wand glowed brightly, lighting the dim office completely, and he was ready to go and confirm what he saw.

He has not acted yet. He saw Hermione crawling out of the old wardrobe in a strange posture.

In the strong light, Evan clearly saw a grinning smile on her lips, her face was cold, and her body was all bloody.

She was approaching him. Because of her injuries, she took every step with extreme difficulty.

Evan stepped back and involuntarily tightened his wand.

“Hermione?!” he tried to shout, but his voice was so low that he couldn’t hear himself.

There was no response from her. She was still getting close to Evan and her body was stiff like a walking corpse.

“No, you’re not Hermione! Don’t come any closer!” Evan suddenly shouted, and his body’s magical power gathered at the tip of his wand.

Hearing him, “Hermione” stopped suddenly. Regardless of what she was, she seemed to feel the danger from the wand in Evan’s hand.

The next second, her body began to deform.

When Hermione disappeared, her body was shrunk into what seemed like a black dot in the air, and then a stout humanoid monster appeared in front of Evan, who saw him with long black hair.

Further up, it was a ferocious, terrifying head! It was Fenrir Greyback, the werewolf that attacked him and Hermione yesterday in Hogsmeade.

His eyes were full of blood and madness. They looked a 1000 times more terrible and fierce than Hermione's.

But Evan didn't feel scared. He didn't know why. He suddenly wanted to laugh.

He knew exactly what it was. It was a Boggart!

Harry told him the other day that in order to help him practice the Patronus spell, Professor Lupin found a new Boggart in Filch's filing cabinet. They had been using it to simulate Dementors.

Chapter 145: Peter Pettigrew

"I'm not afraid of werewolves, nor am I afraid of Greyback!" Evan whispered. "The reason why that guy got me scared yesterday was because I was afraid I couldn't protect Hermione."

Evan's inner fear was not the danger itself!

In fact, he fears that when danger comes, he will not be able to protect the people he wants to protect. This was his greatest worry.

Yesterday in Hogsmeade, he was afraid that Hermione would be hurt and bitten by the werewolf.

Since she wasn't here right now, he had no such worry.

Evan's calmness made the Boggart perplexed. With a bang, its body began to change again, and it wanted to take on the form of what Evan really feared.

Evan did not act. He looked at it with interest and wanted to see what it could become.

A moment later, a tall, thin man emerged, whiter than a skull, with wide, livid scarlet eyes and a nose that was flat as a snake's but with slits for nostrils. All over and out his body, his cold chilling temperament was overwhelming.

Evan was a bit surprised that this Boggart turned into Voldemort.

Voldemort's face was cruel and proud; his bright red eyes stared at Evan.

The air seemed to be thinning all at once and the atmosphere was getting heavier. Evan did not shy away. He didn't even blink an eye. He looked back at Voldemort's eyes and looked calm and indifferent. Perhaps it was because he knew that the one he was facing was a Boggart, but there was not much fear in his heart.

The two looked at each other for a moment, until Evan was bored.

There was no point in what the Boggart was doing. The one before Evan was not Voldemort, but a weak little monster.

He hoped that whenever he would meet the real deal, he'd be still able to look into his eyes as fearlessly as he does now.

"Riddikulus!" Evan gently waved his wand.

The evil and murderous Voldemort turned into a funny clown, with a ridiculous hat on its head. It had large clown suit with red and green paint on its face. Its two large eyes were black like those of a panda. It was a scene to be laughed at by anyone.

Evan's lips were raised slightly, revealing a smile.

If Voldemort knew he had turned him into such a look...

It was so funny that he didn't know what he was going to do with it. He looked at it for a while and was ready to take care of this Boggart, when suddenly, he had a strange feeling, he felt danger.

Evan didn't even think about it, and he fell to the ground by instinct. Before he knew it, a red light brushed his body as it flew past him, hitting the Boggart in front of him.

With a bang, the Boggart flew backwards and fell heavily on the floor.

its form was lost in mid-air, and Evan saw the clown Voldemort, that had only half its body left, and struggling to escape to the old wardrobe compartment as fast as possible. Because of the excessive force, the entire wardrobe was making a buzzing sound

Evan did not have time to take care of this fleeing Boggart. With the help of the tracing potion, he felt that the man was standing behind him.

He turned around quickly and took a few steps back, his wand close to his chest, and he was fully vigilant.

Before him, a hideous middle-aged man was standing in front of the door of Professor Lupin's office.

The man was really short, not even much taller than the young Evan himself. His thin pale hair acquired a large bald patch. He looked as though he was an obese man who had lost plenty of weight in a short time.

He had grubby skin, small watery eyes, and a pointed nose, all of which were lingering attributes of his Animagus rat form.

Almost instantly, Evan recognized him: It was Peter Pettigrew that just attacked him!

He must have taken the opportunity to sneak up on him while he was too focused on the Boggart.

His eyes quickly looked at the door behind Pettigrew. That door that was initially open was now closed tightly.

Evan could not help but to hold his wand in his hand, but he didn't understand why Pettigrew appeared here. Arguably, shouldn't he be staying with Ron in the Common Room upstairs?! Did he just come here like Evan for the Marauder's Map?

He tried to look as confused as possible, as if he had never known Peter.

But on the other side, Pettigrew's face looked horrified. He didn't think that Evan would be able to escape his curse. It was at point blank and yet, he was able to avoid it unexpectedly. If this was no coincidence, then this child's fighting instincts are absolutely terrible and way beyond anything he had imagined.

Seeing Evan staring at him, Peter hurriedly hid his wand behind his back.

Evan recognized it, it was Ron's. On the last day of summer, He had shown it to Evan and Harry at the Leaky Cauldron. He remembered that the wand was made out of willow, was 14 inches long, and had unicorn hair core.

"Dear child, are you okay?" Peter said with a panicky, uncomfortably shrieking voice. "It's terrible! I just saw that who should not be named!"

"It was just a Boggart. Maybe Lord Voldemort is what my heart fears the most." Evan's wand was pointing steadily at Peter and he asked gently, "Who are you? How come I've never seen you before in the castle?"

Hearing Voldemort's name, Peter was shaken, and his face looked even more alarmed.

He looked at Evan's confused face; it didn't look like the kid knows him. Pettigrew hesitated, holding his wand hidden behind his back, and he was thinking about whether he should just stun the boy who had just taken the Marauders Map, or take it from him with words.

Remembering how Evan responded to his last curse, Peter decided to adopt the more secure approach.

He couldn't take any risks. Regardless of Evan's actual level, the fight should make a noise. Being heard should be really bad for him.

Before catching Sirius Black and getting him killed, he shouldn't get exposed. He must wait patiently and wait for his foe, just like it was twelve years ago, when it ended by him being eventually chosen as the secret keeper.

Pettigrew looked at Evan again and nodded with satisfaction. His heart fell back to its place. He had managed to fool Dumbledore, James, Lily, Black, and Lupin. This one was just a child. No matter how smart he was, he'd never see through his disguise.

That's all he needs to do. After all, what everyone thought was that he had been killed by Sirius when trying to avenge James and Lily.

He was a Hero, but not dead. And he's back now to save Harry and his young friends from Black's claws.

"Who are you?" Evan asked gently.

"Peter Pettigrew, my dear child!" he had a strange smile on his lips. "I'm glad to meet you!"

Chapter 146: Peter's Lies

Although Peter said that he was, Evan wasn't glad to see him at all.

In his plan, Pettigrew and him shouldn't meet at that time, but a few hours later, at the time of his victory. Sirius Black, Harry, Hermione and others would be present. But now, he is meeting Peter alone.

Evan quickly thought about the situation, he might be able to take the risk of trying to defeat Peter right now. But that way, he won't be able to guarantee that he would not escape.

It would be so terrible if he could flee away in his Animagus form.

Evan was ready to communicate with him, while looking for an opportunity to attack or trying to gain time. Harry and Hermione know that he has come to Prof. Lupin's office. If he doesn't come back to them, they will certainly come to him with Sirius after he enters the castle.

So be it! As none of them was sure of winning the duel and both wanted to communicate, the unimaginable suddenly happened in Professor Lupin's office: the two people who were obviously on the alert to the extreme suddenly began to chat happily together and the initially tense mood seemed to be relaxed.

But in reality, both of them were clasping their wands secretly, and their minds were highly focused with no slack.

"Peter Pettigrew?!" Evan said in astonishment. "I've heard of you. You are the wizard killed by Sirius Black twelve years ago, aren't you?!"

"Yes, that's me!" Finding out that Evan knew about that gave Peter a sense of satisfaction. This would save him a lot of trouble. He had a strange smile on the corner of his mouth and asked, "Aren't you Evan Mason, dear boy?"

Evan nodded briefly as in telling him to carry on.

"You know, Evan!" Peter drew a glance at the wand in Evan's hand, and quickly moved his eyes elsewhere as though he didn't notice Evan's hostility towards him, and continued, "That year, Black sold Harry's parents James and Lily out, then he wanted to kill me, but he did not succeed and I ran away at the last minute."

"But, everybody said that you were killed?" Evan said slowly.

"I didn't die. I was just hiding away." Peter's voice trembled and he looked at Evan tearfully. "I had to do that. After all, I caught Black. I personally sent him to Azkaban. That madman must have hated my guts."

"hiding?!" Evan looked at him strangely. "Since Black had been caught, why did you hide, you've even been hiding for twelve years?!"

"You don't understand, dear boy! "The voice of Pettigrew was sharper than before." I had to hide. Black defected to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. The latter taught him some tricks. He had Dark Magic that we could only dream of. His Magic is very evil and strong. I'm no opponent for him! "

"Evil and strong Magic?!"Evan squinted." You mean Voldemort..."

"Don't mention this name!" Peter Pettigrew was pale, as if Evan had lashed him with a whip. He wiped his sweat off his face with his sleeve and continued, "In a word, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named gave Black a lot of Dark Magic. That is why he escaped from Azkaban. "

"Well, since you hid, why did you suddenly appear in the castle now?" Evan said flatly.

“I’m here to save you! “Peter Pettigrew took out the wand from behind his back. His face was full of grin; it looked very distorted and ugly.” We all know that Black escaped to kill Harry. He wants to avenge You-Know-Who, I cannot let his conspiracy succeed. I must stop him. Even at the risk of further danger, I will not hesitate to, because I was Harry’s parents best friend before they passed away. Before that tragic incident happened, they had entrusted their child to me...”

Looking at Peter Pettigrew’s appearance, Evan felt sick. .

Twelve years ago, he had sold his friends James and Lily out to Voldemort, making Harry become an orphan; he got Sirius Black framed and had him spend twelve years in Azkaban; just yesterday, he also controlled Ron to reveal Professor Lupin’s werewolf status and accuse him of assaulting his students.

Now, he wants to continue to deceive him and use Harry to slander Sirius Black again. Can a man be so shameless to speak out with such words?

Evan took a deep breath and resisted the urge to beat Peter Pettigrew. His heart was full with anger. He really felt bad for Harry’s parents, Sirius Black, Prof. Lupin, and all those who had been sold out by him. At Hogwarts, they obviously took Peter as a friend.

But this man has his own selfish interests before all. He betrayed them. He is the chief culprit of their tragic fates.

The muttering of Peter Pettigrew made Evan upset, his right hand held his wand tightly and he said bluntly. “So; you really have a good heart!”

“Believe me, Evan! It was my effort that got Black captured and it was I who put him in Azkaban!” Pettigrew continued. “I’m here to save you. You just have to...”

“You haven’t Said, how did you get into the castle?” Evan interrupted. “There is a strong protective magic around Hogwarts. No one can come in.”

“This is not a problem for me. You know...” Peter’s eyes once again looked at Evan’s hand holding his wand firmly. He hesitated and said, “I’m an Animagus!”

“Animagus?”

“It is a spell that can turn a wizard into an animal!” Pettigrew lowered his voice, and didn’t want anybody to hear what he was going to say next. “My Animagus form is a Rat, I’m Ron’s pet, Scabbers. Over the years, I’ve been around you, protecting you day and night. ”

“Protect us day and night, as a rat?!” Evan sneered. In addition to eat, he did not know what a pet rat could do, he continued, disdainfully, “So you are Scabbers!! It’s amazing to me that a person would endure spending 12 years as a rat.”

“I had to do that. I’ve long guessed that Black will come out. I must protect you.” Pettigrew licked his lips, looking eagerly at the Marauder’s Map in Evan’s hand and

said, "Believe me, son! Counting it out, it's almost two years since we met. You've held me before, and you fed me. Remember that, a few days ago, you even made a rat tonic for me. "

Evan nodded and he was glad that he did it.

If it weren't for the bottle of a tonic supplement with tracking agents, he probably would've become a corpse now.

Chapter 147: Future Star of the Magic

The wand in Pettigrew's hand pointed at Evan. And he said what he could say, he even revealed that he was an Animagus, but the thin black haired boy before him was not moved.

He seemed to be skeptical about him. Peter knew that it was too sudden.

According to the original plan, he should have been re-emerged in front of the crowd after Sirius Black was kissed by the Dementors. At that time, he could tell others how he had planned for all of this behind the scenes. He revealed Lupin's evil werewolf identity, and he introduced Black into the castle and plotted to catch him.

Half of his plan was successful. Lupin had been removed. Even the pesky Dumbledore was not at Hogwarts. According to the agreement, Lucius Malfoy would detain him in the Ministry of Magic. .

Now, the only troublesome guy left was Sirius Black.

For most people, trying to catch Sirius Black seemed to be a very difficult matter. The Dementors and the Aurors of the Ministry of Magic spent more than half a year, without even meeting Black's shadow.

However, for a smart person, it is a piece of cake.

Peter Pettigrew smiled proudly. He thought that he will seize Black, that reckless, stupid dog. He doesn't even have to use his own hands. He will just attract him into the castle and tell Snape his whereabouts. Because of the hatred that had built up during their school days, Snape would be very willing to help him eliminate Black.

Everyone was just like puppets; and all the strings were in his hands.

According to Peter Pettigrew's plan, when everything is over, he will appear on the scene.

It should be an endless honor that awaits him, not a suspicious twelve-year-old boy.

Under Evan's burning gaze, Pettigrew felt a little irritated. His eyes were fixed on the Marauder's Map in the boy's hand. His plan went smoothly. He now only needs this map. Whenever he gets it, he can know Black's whereabouts.

He eventually planned to talk his way out with the kid which should save him a lot of trouble.

But judging from the current situation, this does not seem to work. The kid in front of him is skeptical. He's unlike Ron, whom he can easily manipulate; and unlike Harry, who can be influenced by impulsive emotions.

In fact, Evan is different from all the young wizards Peter had ever seen. He had his own vision.

In Pettigrew's eyes, Evan was like Dumbledore, an exceptional Gryffindor. He has almost all the qualities required by the four Houses: Gryffindor's bravery, Ravenclaw's intelligence, Hufflepuff's hard work and also Slytherin's cunning.

When these idiosyncratic qualities are concentrated in one person, He's destined to be a tough opponent.

Although Evan now looks harmless to humans and animals, as a pet rat that was next to him, Peter Pettigrew knew what Evan has done since he entered school.

For a freshman who has just entered the school for less than two years, it is incredible to be able to do such things. Even him as an adult cannot do many of them now.

With a boy's body, he did a lot of mighty work. Even James Potter and Sirius Black couldn't match him. Perhaps only Dumbledore and the Dark Lord could do those things during their school days.

At the thought that Evan might grow up into such a beast, Peter was so nervous that he suffocated and even felt breathless.

He grasped his wand in his hands, since he had to do something; he'd better surprise him and take the initiative.

While the boy is still hesitating, it is better for him to seize the opportunity and defeat him in one fell swoop.

Peter Pettigrew was suddenly distracted. He was considering how he should deal with the boy. The Memory Charm is a good spell, but it is not safe. Maybe he should give him the Avada Kedavra curse!

Then he can leave him there, and when his body is discovered, everything would be over!

Everyone would think that Sirius Black or Lupin killed him. One of them is an evil Dark wizard, and Voldemort's most powerful man; the other is a ferocious werewolf, who attacks his students in order to satisfy his bloodthirsty instincts on a full moon night.

As long as there are the two of them, no one would suspect him.

No matter how outstanding and talented he is, Evan is still just a child, and certainly no opponent of him

An immense talent is meaningless unless one grows up to see its potential.

"Dear child, please believe me." Peter Pettigrew's small eyes stared at Evan tightly. He covered his wand with his body, and said, pitifully, "The situation is very urgent; Black may break into the castle at any time. I'm here to save you."

"Well, I believe in you!" Evan suddenly said, "What do you need me to do?"

Peter seemed to be stunned for a moment; he did not expect him to say so.

"It's very simple. You just need to give me the Marauder's Map!"

"Is it this thing?" Evan raised the parchment in his hand.

“That’s it!” Peter looked eagerly at the map and yelled, “Give it to me, Evan! With its help, we can join our forces together and catch Black. It is a shortcut to success. All the people will praise you, and you will get an unprecedented honor.”

“Really?!” Evan closed his eyes and seemed to be immersed in the future that Pettigrew talked about.

“Think about it, Black escaped to kill Harry. You caught him and you saved your friend.” Peter Pettigrew took a step closer to Evan, and in a bewitched voice he said, “What a man who is even greater than the Savior, how would people describe you, THE FUTURE STAR OF THE MAGIC WORLD!”

“The future star of the magic world!” Evan repeated, opening his bright eyes, firmly looking at Pettigrew, a smile appeared on the corner of his mouth. “What you said was great and it was really exciting. But unfortunately, you’ve missed a point, a crucial point.”

“What?!” Pettigrew was surprised.

“You neglected...” Evan said slowly, with unprecedented confidence in his voice. “I’m not the same as you, Peter! I will not sell innocent people out for my own benefit, for my strength. Nor will I betray my friends! I will rely on my own efforts to become a great wizard!”

“Great wizard?!” Peter seemed to have failed to respond.

“Yes, even greater than Dumbledore and Voldemort.” Evan said, throwing the Map aside in the flaming fire.

Chapter 148: Evan’s Nerves

“NO!” Shrieked Peter Pettigrew in horror. He saw Evan throwing the Marauder’s Map into the fire.

He rushed subconsciously and reached for the map.

This map was the key to Sirius Black’s capture; he couldn’t let it get burned.

So he grabbed the parchment. In the fire’s glow, the expression on his face twisted; greed, chock, lowliness, joy and other emotions merged together, and looked ugly.

While Pettigrew was absorbed by the map, Evan waved his wand and shouted, “Stupefy!” A red light emerged from the tip of his wand and hit Peter Pettigrew.

The latter rose from the ground, bumped into the wall, and then slid to the floor. He lost his consciousness, lying there motionless and the wand in his hand rolled aside.

Evan gasped, he walked over to get the Marauder’s Map back.

The room calmed down again, and the Grindylow got out of the weeds looking at them in amazement. Evan pointed his wand at Pettigrew, its tip issued a snake-like belt that entwined Peter's neck, wrists and ankles, and it wrapped him tightly.

A few minutes later, Pettigrew woke up.

"What do you mean by this, dear child?" Peter said trembling. He was surprised looking at his rope in horror, and his breathing almost stopped.

"Obviously, we both understand what this means." Evan pointed his wand at him. "You were going to attack me, I did it first."

"I don't understand what you are talking about!" Peter looked at Evan as if being kind. The sweat ran down his cheeks. "There must be some misunderstanding. Just now, I was helping you to get the map..."

"Don't you understand?! The Marauder's Map was just a bait. I deliberately threw it into the fireplace. And as I expected, you really got hooked." Evan looked at Peter and said scornfully, "Otherwise, I was not sure if I could knock you down with the Stunning Spell."

"Seeing you doing that, of course I would rush ahead. I can't watch you destroy this map!" Pettigrew screamed "Dear Evan, you may not know that I made it!"

"I was not as ignorant as you thought, Mr. Peter!" Evan swayed the Marauder's Map in his hand and continued, "You are only one of the Map's makers. Besides you, there were three other people: Moony, Padfoot, and Prongs."

"The three of them are my friends, and we made it together." said Peter with no self confidence; he avoided Evan's gaze and his face was full of sweat.

"Friends?!" Evan's wand issued a few sparks. An unprecedented anger rose from the depths of his heart. "Do you really see them as friends? Or just props for profit, ready to be sold?"

"I don't know what you are talking about!" Peter said in panic, and he looked uneasy at the wand in Evan's hands.

Things had developed in a way that completely exceeded his expectations. He felt really bad.

He could feel that the boy in front of him surely knew the truth about what happened on that year. No matter what he told him, it wouldn't go well for him.

"It seems like I need to make it clearer." Evan looked at the cowardly Pettigrew. "You are Wormtail. Moony is Professor Lupin, Prongs is Harry's father, James Potter, and Padfoot is Sirius Black!"

“Sirius Black!” Peter Pettigrew was like a drowning man; hanging to the last straw. He shouted with a sharp, thin voice. “I just said, Evan! Black sold James out to that man. He also tried to kill me, we both know that. He wanted to kill Harry first, for that man’s sake..... ”

“It’s Voldemort!”

Hearing this name, Peter Pettigrew shivered and looked as if he could faint at any moment.

“What, afraid to hear your old master’s name?!” Evan laughed. “Give up, Pettigrew! Since I was first to find the map, your conspiracy tonight is doomed to fail.”

Peter did not speak, his gaze cruising between the wand in Evan’s hand and his wand on the floor.

“For me, the Marauder’s Map is just a good magical prop, but it is an essential thing for you to catch Sirius Black this evening.” Evan continued, “If you don’t have this map, how can you tell Snape that Black is in the castle? Snape is not Lucius Malfoy. With his character, he is not likely to trust a person who was in the dark. He could not possibly believe you. Oh and if he finds out anything about what happened that year, he might just kill you with his own hands!”

“That was indeed my initial plan, Evan! Black is a powerful Dark wizard, and if you rush at him, that can be dangerous. So I wanted to use Snape to get an edge!” Peter said eagerly. “If you don’t like it, we can change the method. We don’t need Snape. We two can join our forces, take down Black together, and we can share all the honor. Perhaps, like me, you’ll get the Order of Merlin. ” ”

“Like you?! Evan laughed,” like you, living as a rat for over 12 years?! ” ”

“No! “Pettigrew screamed,” Now the situation is completely different, we do not have to worry about Black’s revenge, a few days ago I saw “The Daily Prophet”, when we catch him, the Dementors will get rid of all the troubles and they will use their Kiss against Black. Then, he will be an empty shell, with no soul, a corpse, not ...”

“Do not say anymore, you make me feel sick!” Said Evan in disgust and the tip of his wand issued a few sparks. “I’ll tell you the truth, I’ve met Black before. He told Harry, Hermione and me everything about that year. You don’t need to keep the act up anymore. This farce is over.”

“Listen to me, Evan!” Peter was trembling, and out of breath, “I don’t know what Black told you, but what happened that year was not what you imagined.”

“I’m no idiot. I can recognize who is telling the truth.”

“We need to talk about this, Evan!” said Peter Pettigrew, gasping and yelling. “What about doing this? Catch Black. And the honors are all yours. I don’t want anything.

And there's no need to worry about Harry and Hermione, I can use the Memory Charm or the Confundus Charm on them. No one will know..."

"Shut up!" Evan kicked Peter Pettigrew so hard that he could not even believe himself, "Don't get on my nerves, otherwise I will kill you with my own hands! And I'm telling you again. What you call honors doesn't mean anything to me."

Chapter 149: Gryffindor's Test

Peter Pettigrew screamed, tumbling back and forth on the floor.

Evan was surprised to see that Pettigrew started crying. That looked terrible: He looked like an oversized bald baby shivering on the floor.

"Listen to me, Evan! You are a smart kid..." Peter whispered.

He struggled up to Evan, shaking forward, grabbing the edge of his robe.

"You said enough today, Peter Pettigrew!" Evan pulled his robe out of Peter's clutch; he stepped back and retreated to the office door. "If you have anything more to say, you can wait for a while and tell Dumbledore and the Aurors of the Ministry of Magic. I think they will be interested."

"No, no!" Peter murmured. "It was Sirius Black...."

"Of course, if you are innocent, they will naturally let you go." Evan looked at him, "But if you are found guilty, you will get what you deserve. The Dementors outside the school are already too impatient. Maybe they will give you a kiss..."

Hearing "the Dementors" and "the Dementors' kiss", Peter Pettigrew's face paled instantly, it was as if it was drained out of blood.

"Let me go, boy!" Peter begged. "You gain nothing out of doing this. Don't you want to be a powerful wizard? I will help you. I know a secret, that thing with its magical power; it is in the Forbidden Forest. I know how to get it."

"If you mean the Magical item left by Gryffindor hidden in the Centaur colony," Evan said slowly. "It's a shame that Black promised to take me there before you."

"Without my help, you won't succeed!" Peter said hurriedly. "Even after a thousand years, the guardian magic that Gryffindor exerted is still active. You must overcome your deepest fears in the depths of your heart and pass the final test to get that thing. The magic is so powerful that no one could succeed. But I know a way, a shortcut. The Dark Lord told me, I can..."

"You can't just take shortcuts to everything, Pettigrew!" Evan looked at Peter with some pity, and with an incredible confidence in his voice he said: "If that is the test that Gryffindor has left, then I believe I can overcome it."

“Wait a minute, I have another...”

“We have wasted too much time. After handing you over to the professors, I have to reach for Sirius Black, to save Ron and go to the Great Hall for dinner. So many things are waiting for me to be done; I’ll end this as soon as possible. Let’s see where Professor Dumbledore is. He may have come back! “Evan pointed at the Marauder’s Map with his wand.” I solemnly swear that I am up to no good. ”

With Evan’s words, thin ink lines began to spread like a spider’s web on the Marauder’s Map.

On the Map, green and black lines, elaborately showed every detail of the Hogwarts castle and grounds. It had tiny ink dots moving around it, each labeled with a name in minuscule writing.

Evan looked at Dumbledore’s office first, and it was empty. He looked down and most of the people who stayed at Hogwarts for Christmas were gathered in the Great Hall. It was time for dinner, but Evan didn’t see Harry, Ron, and Hermione. He quickly moved to the Gryffindor Tower . He scanned it, and found that Harry and Hermione were there, and in front of them was Sirius Black.

As Sirius Black entered the castle, he should take Peter to him right away.

Hold on, where did Ron go?!

Evan looked around the map, but he didn’t see Ron anywhere.

A moment later, in the third floor of Professor Lupin’s office, where he was, he suddenly saw that there was another person besides Pettigrew and himself, standing in front of the door, outside the office...

.....

In the Gryffindor Common room, Evan had just left, and Crookshanks also contacted Sirius Black with the new password.

Now, only Harry and Hermione are still here, they were standing outside the third-year boys’ dormitory.

“Ron? Harry shouted in fear.

No one responded. Harry and Hermione looked at each other. Both of them thought Ron was asleep.

But when he turned back, he found Ron lying on the bed, staring at them with open eyes.

In the dim bedroom, Ron’s appearance was extremely strange and the atmosphere was terrible.

After a while, Hermione said timidly, “You seem to be sick, Ron?!”

“I’m fine!” Ron responded stiffly, and he got out of bed.

Harry and Hermione looked at each other again and saw the worry on each other’s faces.

“No, you look bad. You should go to Madam Pomfrey. She will help you.”

“I don’t need any help. I’ve never been as good as I am now.” Ron came over to them as if he was leaving the room.

“We need to talk to you!” Harry reached out and stopped Ron. He exclaimed. “I have something to tell you about what happened last night.”

Harry’s anger turned to worry after knowing that Ron was being controlled.

The only thing he wanted to do was to awaken Ron. He also remembered Evan saying that the best way to resist the Imperius Curse was a strong will. As long as his willpower is strong enough, he can resist the curse’s invasion.

When a man is a victim of the Imperius charm, he would feel a blank in his mind and become very happy. Then, there will be a voice asking the cursed person to do something. As if hypnotized, the cursed man enters a subconscious state, and he subconsciously obeys the caster’s orders.

But this is not absolute. The cursed person can still receive all the information from the outside world. That information could have an impact on everything he does. If these things seriously touch his heart and make him feel rebellious, then he will take the initiative to resist the Imperius Curse, and weaken its power to a great extent.

“Ron, I know!” Harry gripped Ron’s shoulder with both hands and looked at him in distress, and he shouted, “I know. I know all about it. I don’t blame you for what happened last night. I shouldn’t have punched you by the end. You’re also...”

“What happened last night?!” Ron lowered his head and repeated that slowly, in a monotone voice. “You can understand that was the best thing to do, Harry! Last night, I saved you, I saved Hermione and everyone. Once the werewolf is allowed to enter the castle, the consequences would be unimaginable.”

“Professor Lupin is innocent, he will not attack anyone.” said Harry panting. He shook Ron vigorously and sadly wailed “Please, Ron! Just wake up. You shouldn’t be like this.”

Chapter 150: Hero

“What am I supposed to be like?!” Ron looked at Harry coldly.

Harry was stunned. He didn’t know how to answer him. Tears ran down his cheeks and flowed out of control.

“Ron!” Hermione shouted softly, and crystal tears were swirling in her eyes.

Her memory went back to Ron’s accusation that Crookshanks had eaten Scabbers. It was also in the Common Room that afternoon. Ron had also looked terrible back then. He first criticized her and then fought with Evan. Ron was very unusual at the time, but his current expression made Hermione feel stranger than ever.

“I saved you last night. I discovered the vicious werewolf. I’m your hero!” Ron didn’t look at Hermione. He stared at Harry tightly, and revealed an unprecedented resolution in his dull voice.

“Hero?!” Harry and Hermione groaned, wondering why Ron said so.

“Yes, I’m a hero! But you’re telling me now, I shouldn’t be like this?!” Ron didn’t look like he was being controlled by the Imperius Curse; he looked as someone feeling injustice. He shouted angrily “How do you think I should be? Should I innately be a foil to the famous Savior? A lowly, coward follower, with a dispensable and comical existence?!”

“Ron, I’m not...” said Harry sadly.

“Enough, Harry!” Ron broke away of Harry’s hands. “I don’t have anything to say to you. I know you all look down on me! Who I really am, I will prove it to you with practical actions. I will personally catch Sirius Black. I want to accomplish things that no one else has done.”

“Catch Sirius Black?!” Hermione stepped back half a step, looking scared, a vague feeling rose from the depths of her heart, she panicked and asked, “What do you want to do?”

“To do what a hero should do!”

“I won’t let you leave before you wake up.” Harry grabbed Ron’s robe again. “Sober up, Ron, think about our last three years...”

Harry didn’t finish his words yet, and two sturdy red lights flashed across the Dormitory, hitting Harry and Hermione respectively with a bang! The two fell down and laid motionless on the ground. Seeing Harry and Hermione fainting, Ron seemed hesitant. He moved towards them a little but then stopped immediately.

“Come on, dear child, my merciful Master!” A sharp voice suddenly rang in the room. “It’s time to accomplish what we should do! Both of them just passed out. After we catch Black, they will know your greatness. ”

.....

In Professor Lupin’s office, Evan saw from the Marauder’s Map, Ron actually standing on his own behind him. He hurried back, but it was too late. Just as he turned, the office’s door was smashed open, and Ron rushed in clumsily, with strong inertia, and threw himself on him.

The two people fell to the ground, tussled and entangled in everything.

Evan wanted to use magic, but Ron did not give him a chance.

He gripped Evan’s right hand closely, with a terrible force, and completely ignored his own safety.

He seemed more like a sandbag that feels no pain, and Evan couldn’t get rid of him.

His wand emitted a few rays of light outward, shattering the water tank in the corner, and the Grindylow fell on the floor dying.

“Let’s loose hands, Ron! Evan exclaimed angrily, “Do you know what you’re doing?”

He saw that Peter Pettigrew, not far away from him, was deforming. Peter's body quickly shrank into a rat's shape.

He was getting rid of his magical bondage, and the tightly tied rope began to slide off to one side.

"This is bad!" Evan hurriedly forced Ron away with his knees, and gave him several hard punches with his free hand.

Ron swayed for a while because of the pain, and ducked aside.

Evan took the opportunity to point his wand to him. The light flashed across. Ron flew out and hit the wall behind him.

Before he could turn to look at Pettigrew, a red light had flown from side to side.

With a bang, it slammed into Evan's hand. His wand drew a parabola in the air and landed at Pettigrew's feet.

"Dear child, this farce should really end!" Peter picked up Evan's wand with a dreadful expression on his face. "And at its end, I WIN!"

Evan said nothing. He saw Ron crawling again, his face full of bruises.

"Tut tut, look at your wand." Pettigrew stroked Evan's wand, like a child with a new toy, with a cheerful smile on his face. "Well maintained, more beautiful than my little master's."

Peter returned the other wand to Ron, and pointed Evan's at him.

"Evan, I'll give you another chance. You just have to..."

"You can change your face really fast, Peter!" Evan interrupted, dismissively. "You've just been kneeling on the earth, begging me, willing to give everything for a new life, but now it turns out to be like this."

"Because I am a smart person, smart people can often laugh at the end." Peter Pettigrew said with a weird smile, "It was fifteen years ago. My three stupid Gryffindor friends, all of whom were brainwashed by Dumbledore, were going to fight against the Dark Lord. What's the advantage in doing that? "

"So, you betrayed them and became a traitor!"

"Don't say it so bluntly, I just chose the strong side to lean on." Peter carried on, "Let me tell you, Evan! For small people, the most important thing is to choose the strong side to get the best benefit. The Dark Lord's power is something you can never imagine."

"Strong power?! It sounds like a Slytherin's tone." Evan said quietly, "I heard the Sorting Hat saying that you asked for Gryffindor back in the day, and that you were trying to find the courage you didn't have. "

“That’s what my mother expected out of me. My father was a brave and fearless Gryffindor.”

Peter closed his eyes and it looked like he was remembering.

“But you’ve let your mother down!”

“I don’t think so; I compensated her with the Order of Merlin, first class.” Peter said slowly, “As I grew older, I gradually figured out everything, my mother does not want me to be brave like my father. She needs honor that can make her feel proud.”

“But those honors are not yours, you’ve deceived everyone!”

“Does that make a difference?!” Pettigrew laughed. “As long as I am a hero in other people’s eyes, that’s more than enough!”