

Harry Potter 151

Chapter 151: Ron's Resistance

"Young people are always silly, Evan!" Peter stared at Evan greedily, and said in a bewitched voice. "You don't understand the power of the Dark Lord. But I'm still on my word. You are a clever child, if we both join forces..."

"I would rather die than betray my friends; nor would I frame innocent people for profit."

"Then we have nothing to talk about!" Peter said with disappointment. "I haven't seen such a fine wizard like you for a long time. I had intended to help you, to help you get unimaginable power and honor!"

"Those things you value are actually meaningless!" Evan turned his head and refused to look at him.

"I don't think so! Well, since you don't care, I have to give this honor to the people who need it!"

His small watery eyes looked at Evan trying to know what he was thinking, and then they turned to Ron. He said, "Come on, dear young master! Those honors are yours. Just catch Black and you will become a hero with a great reputation."

Hearing Pettigrew's call, Ron picked up the Marauder's map off the ground.

"Wake up Ron!" Looking at Ron's figure, Evan clenched his fist and shouted angrily. "Come on, don't listen to this guy. He killed Harry's parents. Now he wants to frame Black and Professor Lupin. You can't help him. Do you want Harry to hate you for the rest of your life?"

Hearing Harry's name, Ron hesitated.

He stood there, pain showing on his face, and he was resisting the Imperius Curse.

"Come on, Ron!" Evan screamed. "Think of Harry, think of Hermione, think of everyone. We are all waiting for you. You don't need to prove anything. You're the best already!"

"Evan, Harry, Hermione, and everyone..." Ron murmured.

He looked even more in pain, but his eyes were clearer.

It was visible that the Charm effect on him was getting weaker. At that moment, Evan even thought he was successful.

But Peter's shrill voice rang again. "My dear young master, do you still remember what you said to me that night? Those whom you thought were friends, have always treated you as a follower, as a joke. They don't care about you at all!"

Evan saw a strange ethereal glow flashing from the tip of the wand in Peter's hand.

"Remember?!" Peter, with a strange smile on his lips, said with a screech, "You want to let those who look down on you repent and make them pay the price."

"Yes, I want them to regret it! I want them to pay!"

Ron turned to Peter, and his painful expression calmed down.

His eyes that were getting clearer had returned to being dull and sad.

"Stop it Pettigrew!" Seeing Ron's face, Evan's chest was full of anger. He gritted his teeth and shouted, "Don't use my wand to cast these dirty spells. Don't use your evil, despicable magic to control Ron."

He wanted to rush at him, but Peter quickly turned his wand and pointed it at him.

"You don't know, Evan!" Peter said softly. "Just like James, Sirius, and Remus, talented wizards like you will never know what we think. You will not know the pressure and pain caused by your unconsciously flaunting behavior to your fellow mediocre peers."

In the quiet office, only Pettigrew's shrill voice could be heard.

"Ron has had enough with you, Harry and Hermione. Like me in that year, I had enough of James, Sirius and Remus!" Peter continued, "In order to get their approval, like a fool I was willing to complement them and even risked my life to protect Lupin by learning Animagus. But what did I get? They never treated me as an equal friend. I was just their cowardly companion! Ron is just like me..."

"Ron is nothing like you!" Evan looked at Pettigrew furiously. "He'd never sell us out! He's just being controlled by your Imperius Charm!"

"Do you really think so? Do you know what Ron thinks of you, Harry and Hermione?" Peter said slowly, "Here's a fact, I'm no Dark Lord, I'm not that proficient with this spell, and I don't have that much magical power. But Ron would never be able to get rid of my Imperius Charm. You know why?"

Pettigrew looked down on Evan and his lowly cowardly expression was getting more intense.

"Because what I've made him do is exactly what he had always wanted to do. I'm not controlling him; I'm helping him achieve his desires!"

Peter looked closely at Evan, hoping to see his eyes flooding with despair.

For a moment, he even saw James, Sirius and Remus in this kid. Those three used to be his best friends. He'd always wanted to tell them about how he really felt, and to watch their reaction, but never had the courage.

Now, none of that matters. This boy is so similar to James and Sirius. As long as Pettigrew manages to see his pain, he can feel healed inside.

However, Peter was immediately disappointed, as Evan wasn't even looking at him.

Evan was looking at Ron. He calmly said, "Ron, I know you've been under pressure for a long time! I know, you might not be regarded as the "best". But we've always seen you as our best friend. For Harry, Hermione, myself, and everyone, that is the case.

Believe me, you're nothing like Pettigrew. When you've been under Voldemort's Imperius Charm last year, you've managed to break through it to protect Ginny! Remember what Dumbledore said about that? Many excellent adult wizards would never be able to do such a thing! We're all proud of you, Ron! You're unique. Please wake up for yourself, for your family and for your friends. I believe you can get rid of Pettigrew's control. You can..."

"Enough!" Evan's actions disappointed Peter, who felt unprecedented emptiness within his soul.

His eyes were blurred, and he suddenly felt he wanted to cry. James, Sirius and Remus would've probably been just like this boy. He'll always be a failure, succeeding at nothing! Even with betrayal, he fails to impress. He's been a lowly loser all along.

"Ron won't wake up. This is a waste of time." Peter wiped his eyes and shrieked, "I see through you. You self-righteous people should pay for your contempt. Ron, let's go back to our plan. Just get Black caught, and everything will end."

Peter drew his wand, and Ron walked out with the Marauder's map, turning a deaf ear to Evan's screams.

"By just telling him of Black's position, I'll guarantee getting Snape's help. Tomorrow, I'll be able to re-emerge as a guardian angel, as a success, a Hero! And those brilliant friends will all be dead!" Peter pointed Evan's wand at him, and his eyes had a strange light in them. "As for you Evan, do you want to know how I'll be dealing with you?"

"Obliviate I guess?!" Evan gently moved his tense body.

He might try use the trick he used against Black yesterday.

"No, I'm not that idiot Lockhart! The Forgetfulness Charm is reversible." Pettigrew licked his lips and cruelly said, "Dumbledore is around, I must be careful! I believe, Avada Kedavra should be my safest bet. No dead man ever revealed a secret! Goodbye Evan!"

He said that, shaking his wand gently, and a deep green light flashed.

Chapter 152: Tom and Jerry

The green emerged from the tip of Evan's wand, but then immediately disappeared.

Pettigrew looked at the wand in his hand. He could feel that it was resisting him, and his magic didn't work.

"Damn, even a freaking wand looks down on me!"

Peter screamed, covering the wand with both hands, and putting all his magical power through it. He wanted to force it to kill its master.

But right then, he felt an unfamiliar, horrible magic coming back at him from the wand.

Pettigrew stopped. He was scared. His eyes widened like never before and he stared blankly at the wand in his hand. He couldn't believe that he actually felt strength comparable to that of the Dark Lord coming out of it, bringing him down to his knees.

"This is just not possible. What is this wand?!"

Peter Pettigrew looked up in horror hoping to get an answer from Evan.

But he saw nothing but a dazzling white light coming at him, just like a lightning bolt.

It was Evan's wandless spell!

Pettigrew closed his eyes subconsciously. He squealed, and felt like he was stunned.

Evan took the opportunity to jump at him. He didn't know why Peter gave up on using the Killing Curse. But that was a window that he gladly took. He grabbed Peter's arm that had the wand and put all of his strength into grabbing it. The two wrestled silently, and as sparks came out of the wand, Peter's hand reached Evan's throat.

Since magic wasn't working, he decided to kill the boy in an even more brutal way.

With a bang, the office door was opened once again and Harry and Hermione rushed in.

"Harry, Hermione!" Shouted Evan!

"Evan, we're here!" Hermione, with tears in her eyes, panicked as she looked at the two who were tangled up on the ground, and looked sadly at the scarred Evan.

She waved her wand and used magic to separate them.

A red light hit Peter, who left Evan and flew backwards.

"You filthy traitor, let go of Evan, let go of Ron..." beside Hermione, Harry was also waving his wand. Compared to Hermione's panic and distress, Harry's eyes were full of rage. He furiously attacked Peter Pettigrew, and several red lights flew past Peter's body and flew over.

Pettigrew gasped, ducking on the ground.

He wanted to fight back, but from the moment the wand didn't obey him as he wanted to kill Evan, fear overcame his heart, as he didn't know what kind of magic was coming out from Evan's wand.

He was really scared. He couldn't face the 3 alone, and he didn't understand why Harry and Hermione were here. They should be in the Gryffindor Common Room, watching Sirius getting caught by Snape in helplessness and despair.

But both were here, so something unexpected must've happened.

Maybe it was that Ron didn't find Snape, or maybe Snape did not believe him. In short, since the two were here, Black should be following soon.

As soon as he thought of Black, Pettigrew felt nervous and almost choked.

He couldn't believe that the plot he's been working on for so long had failed. He had to run away. He couldn't let that madman Black catch him. Knowing him, once he seizes him, he'd surly tear him up to pieces.

"No!" Peter yelled loudly.

Before Black comes, he must seize the opportunity to escape, as he did twelve years ago.

Pettigrew left Evan's wand far aside. He rolled to dodge Harry's next attack. His body was rapidly deformed and shrunk. He turned into a Rat under the eyes of the panicking Harry and Hermione.

Evan picked up his wand and hurried to send a Stunning Spell at Peter. However, the Rat's size was too small. He wiggled his way around the curse easily, and went straight beyond the furious Harry. At his fastest, he ran out of Professor Lupin's office.

Evan hurriedly put his wand back on his waist and flew towards Pettigrew.

He turned into a black cat and made a beautiful black arc in the air. Peter rushed out of the office. Evan heard Harry and Hermione shouting behind him, but he now ignored all of that. His mind was blank, and the only thought within it was catching Pettigrew.

Peter and Evan, a gray rat and a black cat.

The two, one chasing the other, started an unprecedented chase through the Hogwarts castle.

They passed through the narrow, dark hallway, past the swiveling staircase, and reaching the Grand Staircase. Peter Pettigrew was very familiar with the secret passages in the castle. More than once, he would just suddenly disappear in front of Evan's eyes. But that was futile. Evan followed him with the help of the tracing potion.

The two rushed and knocked down the talking armor and ornaments of the Hallway to the ground. Along their way, all the ghosts and portraits on the walls were surprised to see them. For centuries, the castle had never witnessed such a surprising scene.

Pettigrew looked back at Evan from time to time. He did not imagine that the young boy would be an Animagus.

He couldn't imagine himself being captured by Evan. He just admitted everything and the boy would certainly hand him over to Black. Or worse, he might give him straight to the terrifying Dementors outside.

"Waiting for you is a Dementor's kiss!"

At the thought of that, Pettigrew felt devastated and had to escape, but he was unable to get rid of Evan.

But right then, on the staircase of the second floor, Peter stopped all of a sudden. He could feel that something was approaching, and he took back a few steps trembling. He saw a black, furry, large dog suddenly rushing out of the dark corner.

It's Black!!!

He stared at his fangs, and his red eyes watching him. Behind him, was the ginger Crookshanks.

“NO!” Seeing Black, Peter issued an unprecedented scream.

All the hair on his Rat’s body stood up. He ran faster than ever, going down the stairs, and not returning to the hall.

He couldn’t stay in the castle. He was going to the Forbidden Forest. That was his only hope for escape.

Just as Peter was about to step out of the castle’s gate; a white light, like a barrier, flashed across.

Evan was surprised to see Pettigrew being blown backwards.

How could that be?!

Evan hurriedly turned his head and blinked. Behind a curtain, he saw an unexpected figure.

Chapter 153: Strange Feeling

Peter Pettigrew was sprang back heavily and fell to the ground.

He didn’t understand what was going on. Things were too weird this evening.

The gate of the castle was clearly open and there was nothing in front of it, but he couldn’t go through it, as if there was an invisible wall blocking it.

Pettigrew shook his head to dispel the dizziness. But before he could do anything, Sirius Black turned into a giant black dog, leaped up and slammed down from the stairs. With his front paws, he pressed heavily against his body.

Pettigrew quickly rolled backwards and shook violently in despair.

He felt the warmth of Black’s body. He saw the one-inch-long sharp teeth, and those eyes that were filled with hatred and anger.

Bang!!!

Black rolled over Peter’s body with a surge of wrath and powerful force.

Pettigrew felt that his ribs were broken. He resisted the pain, stood up and was ready to escape again.

Before he could do anything, a hand came from the side and Evan grabbed him. Peter struggled, but it was useless. Evan firmly grasped his long, bald tail and he could not escape. Crookshanks jumped over to Evan’s shoulder and meowed low.

“You caught him!” Harry, Hermione, and Ron rushed down the stairs panting.

Harry had the Marauder’s Map in his hand and his face was full of joy. Hermione looked at Evan worried, and Ron looked at Peter with a dull gaze.

“How did you get here, Evan? I thought you and Professor Snape...” Hermione came to embrace Evan.

Evan blinked and couldn’t understand what Hermione was saying.

Why did she mention Snape? He obviously did not meet him. Looking at Harry and Hermione's excitement, Evan felt a little weird. It was too strange that Harry and Hermione had apparently saved him in Prof. Lupin's office. How could they be with Black and Ron?

Evan looked at both of their expressions, and he didn't understand anything at all. Besides, the figure that he had just seen behind the curtain...

Before he could perceive what was going on, he heard Black's angry roar.

"Give him to me, boy! Give me that rat!" Sirius Black has returned to his adult form. He rushed to Evan.

"I'm going to kill him!" he shouted furiously, his eyes full of hatred staring at Peter hard, his face twisting distorted, revealing a terrible longing.

Looking at Black's appearance, Peter Pettigrew squealed like a pig, constantly twisting, his small black eyes seemed to bulge out. He tried his best to bite Evan's arm, trying to escape.

Evan pulled out his wand and threw Peter out.

His wand glowed blue-white, and for a moment, Peter hung in the air, his gray little body wriggling wildly, then he fell down heavily.

Then another light came out of the wand, and it looked like the fast sprouting of a magical tree.

A head appeared on the ground and limbs stretched out. Eventually, a man was standing where the rat used to be.

Peter Pettigrew winced and looked at the five in front of him panting powerlessly.

"Sirius!" said Peter in a low, trembling voice, panic-stricken. "My dear, old friend!"

Black did not respond, and he showed his anger with actions.

While Peter was screaming, he rushed forward with great strength and almost shredded him. Harry and Evan hurried to separate the two of them.

The blood flowed out of Peter's mouth, and his pale face was full of big beads of sweat.

He shivered behind Evan and Harry, panicking. His eyes looking away from Sirius Black, quickly glanced at the others, paused for a moment on Evan and Ron, then looked at the open gates of the castle. There was obviously nothing there, so why couldn't he just get out through it?!

"You are Peter Pettigrew, the guy who sold my parents out to Voldemort and killed them??" Harry pointed up at him with his wand and said angrily.

"I haven't, boy!" Peter stared at Harry with disorientation. Harry was just in the office and he clearly attacked him. Now why did he say this, as if there was still a doubt? He didn't understand what was going on. But instinctively, that inspired him what to do. He screamed pointing at Black with his broken right hand, pointing at him. "It was his murder, he killed James and Lily. He is going to kill me again. He is Voldemort's spy!"

“How dare you,” he growled, sounding suddenly like the bearsized dog he had been. “I, a spy for Voldemort? When did I ever sneak around people who were stronger and more powerful than myself? But you, Peter, I’ll never understand why I didn’t see you were the spy from the start. You always liked big friends who’d look after you, didn’t you? It used to be us... me and Remus... and James...”

Pettigrew wiped his face again; he was almost panting for breath.

“Me, a spy... must be out of your mind... never... don’t know how you can say such a...”

“Harry, I just told you in the Common Room and in front of Snape that it was my advice that made James and Lily trust that guy as their Secret Keeper!” Black hissed, so venomously that Pettigrew took a step backward. “I thought it was the perfect plan... a bluff... Voldemort would be sure to come after me, would never dream they’d use a weak, talentless thing like you...” He closed his eyes and instantly opened them and glared at Peter. “It must have been the finest moment of your miserable life, telling Voldemort you could hand him the Potters.”

“Absurd ! You’re insane!” Peter mumbled. “I didn’t do it.”

“Don’t pretend. We know everything. You killed my parents. You framed Sirius Black!” Harry shouted, his face covered with tears. “Now you come back. You Framed Professor Lupin; and Ron, you controlled him with the Imperius Curse.”

“Don’t listen to Black, Harry! He’s a murderer; he is a madman.... ..” Peter turned to Harry and pleaded, “I admit that I took control of Ron. It was me who revealed Lupin’s werewolf status. What I did was not proper, but I did it for your safety. Lupin and Black are very dangerous! Believe me, Harry! I’m helping Ron and helping you!”

Peter dipped on the ground, shaking out of control.

Evan noticed that Ron, who was standing behind Harry, had moved. So he was immediately vigilant and pointed his wand at him. Ron’s face was full of confusion and everything that happened in front of him seemed to touch him very much. Just like in Professor Lupin’s office just now, he was resisting the curse. It looked like he was about to succeed.

Seeing Ron’s expression, Evan hesitated for a moment and did nothing. He decided to just observe.

If Ron can overcome the Imperius Curse on his own, it will be very good for him.

Things have progressed to this point. Although there were many strange things that have not been made clear, this year’s event is destined to an end.

If Ron could succeed in resisting the Curse with his own will, that would be the perfect ending.

Chapter 154: Harry’s Choice

“Children, I’m helping you, I’m protecting you from harm!” Peter mumbled, pleading. “Don’t listen to Black, that madman wants to kill me!”

“Protecting us?! This is ridiculous; you didn’t say that in Prof. Lupin’s office just now.” Evan whispered. “Do I need to remind you, Wormtail? Here’s what you were going to do with the four of us. You first used the Imperius Curse to control Ron, you planned to use the Memory Charm against Harry and Hermione, and you just wanted to kill me with the Killing Curse. That’s the way you’ve been protecting us, isn’t it?!”

“God!” Hearing Evan’s words, Black, Harry, and Hermione exclaimed.

They looked at Peter’s eyes, and whatever compassion they had for him in their hearts was gone. All that remained was horror and anger.

“How could you do this, filthy fellow?! How did you dare to treat these kids like that?!” Black growled wildly, he shook and he rushed toward Peter again.

“No, don’t come over!” Seeing Black, Peter’s face paled.

He knelt on the ground, hurriedly crawling forward on his knees to reach Evan, his hands clasped together, as if he was crying, and praying.

“Evan, Evan, there must have been some misunderstanding between us. Although I said those things, I didn’t do anything, did I?!” Pettigrew cried out. “Believe me; what I have just said to you was just to make you understand, for...”

“I already know!” Evan squinted, looking at Peter, “Controlling Ron with the Imperius Curse to frame innocent Prof. Lupin, and after getting the Marauder’s Map, notifying Snape to catch Sirius Black. You secretly contacted Lucius Malfoy and other pureblood families who were dissatisfied with Dumbledore, allowing them to join forces to control public opinion and exert pressure on the Ministry of Magic thus giving you the proper playing field and helping you make up for any unreasonable loopholes. When it’s all over, you’ll be able to reappear as the hero who captured Black and protected Harry, and all the other young wizards.”

“No No, not...”

“You don’t need to tell me anything, Pettigrew! And don’t touch me with your dirty hands!” Evan avoided Peter and walked up beside Hermione.

Hermione looked scared and her body was trembling slightly.

Evan gently held the girl’s cold little hands. Feeling the warmth of Evan’s palm, Hermione gradually returned to peace.

Looking at the boy beside her, although his body was not particularly strong, Hermione felt inexplicable relief. She had a feeling that as long as Evan was here, no matter how crazy things would get, it shouldn’t make her feel the slightest wavering in her heart.

“Good girl, smart girl, you can understand, help me, you will not let them ...” As Evan rejected him, Pettigrew looked at Hermione.

He seemed to want to come over, but he saw that Evan was standing beside Hermione and pointed at him coldly with his wand. He was afraid. He hesitated backwards, his body shaking uncontrollably, and he slowly turned his head to Harry.

“Harry, Harry, you are really like your father, like he was...”

“How dare you to say this to Harry?!” Black shouted. “How dare you face him? How do you dare to mention James in front of him?”

“Harry!” Black’s roar made Peter more frightened. He sped up, crawling forward with his knees to the kid, opening his hands, whispering, weeping and begging, “Harry, James and Lily wouldn’t let me be killed, they would understand! They would be merciful to me!”

“But I’ll never know how they would think, they were both killed by you!” said Harry sadly.

He wiped his tears hard, but the tears kept flowing out of control.

“No, I won’t!” Harry said, as if he had sentenced Peter to death.

Peter sobbed; his face’s skin was all tangled and contorted together. It looked terrifying and weird.

“It’s time to end all of this; I’ll kill you to avenge James and Lily!”

Sirius Black walked over, rolled up his sleeves, and there was a glimmer of joy on his thin face.

“No, Sirius! I’m Wormtail, I’m your friend, and you’re not...” Peter struggled to hold Black’s robe tightly.

“Get out of the way. I don’t need you touching it. My robe has enough filth!” Black kicked Peter away.

“I know, I admit, I was really confused, but you have to think about it. What could I do? You don’t know the Dark Lord and his powerful weapons, you can’t even imagine it. I was scared, Sirius!” said Pettigrew, trembling. “I have never been as brave as you, Remus, and James, but believe me, I never did it intentionally, and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named forced me.”

“Don’t lie!” growled Black. “Before James and Lily died, you had been sending him information. For a year, Dumbledore suspected that there was a spy among us, but James and I supported you in front of him. I was blind, and I even suspected Lupin!”

“You don’t understand. You-Know-Who was interfering anywhere. I couldn’t do anything!!!” Pettigrew gasped. “Besides, what’s the advantage of rejecting him?”

“Well, what’s the advantage of fighting against the most vicious, wicked man in history?!” Black’s face showed a fearful rage, “to save innocent Lives, Peter!”

“You do not understand!” Pettigrew lamented, “He would have killed me, Sirius!”

“Then you’re damned!” Black shouted, “It’s better to die than to betray a friend, as we would have done for you.”

“No, I can’t die. There are so many things waiting for me to do. I haven’t got what I deserve...” Pettigrew screamed, but this simply couldn’t prevent Black from approaching him.

Black walked step by step toward Peter, and each step meant that Peter was a little closer to death.

Ron looked pale and watched everything that was happening before him. That touched him so much that he seemed to be able to break free from the control of the Imperius Curse.

Pettigrew pleaded helplessly, and Hermione turned her face away and gently rested on Evan’s shoulder.

Looking at the frantic Black, Evan hesitated.

In his opinion, it was quite inappropriate to let Black kill Pettigrew. They should give Peter to Dumbledore and the Ministry of Magic to let them judge him and make him pay the right price for what he did. That was the wisest thing to do.

But Evan did not move. He saw Harry stepping out. In dealing with Peter, he had a more right to speak than him.

Harry ran up and stopped in front of Pettigrew. He gasped and said, “Sirius, you can’t kill him!”

“Harry, do you know what you’re doing? This scum has caused you to lose your parents. !” Black growled. “This despicable filthy bastard could watch you die without feeling anything. You heard what he had just said. His own stinky skin bag is more important to him than your family’s life.”

“I understand!” Harry gasped. “He killed my parents. He framed Professor Lupin. He took control of Ron and he tried to kill Evan. I will never forgive him for doing all these things, never! But you can’t kill him, Sirius. I don’t think my father would want his best friend to kill anyone! Especially, such a worthless person!”

Chapter 155: Black’s Expectations

“Thank you, Harry! Thank you for saving me. James would be proud of you...” Peter Pettigrew gasped, and opened his arms to hold Harry’s knees.

“Don’t mention my dad’s name, you’re not worthy of it!” said Harry spitting on the ground, and throwing Peter’s hands off him in disgust. “Get off me. I’m not doing this for you. I’m doing it for Sirius! I don’t want him to become a killer because of you!”

“Harry!” Black looked at Harry, with no anger, and he looked calm for the first time.

Harry looked back at him. No one but Peter moved and no one made a sound. Pettigrew clutched his chest, panting and gasping for breath.

“You’re the only person who has the right to decide, Harry!” Black looked with great relief, as if looking at his old friend James, he slowly said, “But before making any decision, I hope you would think it over and consider carefully what he has done!”

“I know, he did a lot of bad things that I will never forgive. He should pay for what he did. For that, we can hand him over to Dumbledore or to the Dementors! He can go to Azkaban. If anyone deserves that place, he does!”

Little Peter, panting behind, hearing “Azkaban”, and hearing “Dementors”, his pale face was bloodless. He remembered that he had just talked to Evan in Lupin’s office. The Dementors would not let him off. They would certainly give him a kiss!

That is the worst fate possible, worse than death.

From then on, his soul would be irretrievably lost. He would live in a dead body and will always be the Dementors’ food in the terrible Azkaban.

No, he cannot let this happen!!!

Pettigrew had a flash of resoluteness in his eyes. He couldn’t allow himself to be caught and sent to the Dementors. He had to flee.

Twelve years ago, he paid a finger to escape from Sirius Black; he could also escape this time, whatever the price.

He touched Harry’s robe and hesitated.

His eyes peeked at the open gate of the castle. He had a great chance. Outside was the Forbidden Forest. It was very suitable for hiding in his Animagus Form. Besides, Dementors were not far away. They were stationed at the wall, and they did not know that Black was innocent.

If Black ever went out, they would catch him instantly, and even proceed directly to giving him the kiss.

“I haven’t lost yet. If I can just run out of this door..”

Pettigrew thought of the magical barrier that had just blown him back, as Evan’s wand that did not listen to his orders; he did not understand what was going on. It was beyond his reach, but he had to try again.

Maybe he can kidnap Harry to flee with him!

That magic on the portal might only work when one person passes through. Perhaps if someone is with him, they would both go out.

Peter gripped Harry’s robe tightly. He hesitated and did not act immediately.

He was too close to Evan and Black, and he was not fully confident; if Harry struggled, if he didn’t get his wand as soon as he tried, the consequences would be disastrous.

A moment later, Pettigrew saw Ron standing beside the door. Ron’s face was as pale as his, full of pain and confusion.

Peter knew that Ron was trying to resist the Imperius Curse, but he had not yet broken away from his control.

His eyes were fixed on the wand in Ron's hand. He needed that wand. It was his only hope.

While Pettigrew was making up his mind, the conversation between Black and Harry continued.

"Do you know what it means to turn Peter in instead of killing him directly?"

"I know!" Harry said, "That means you become free!"

"Yes" Blake hesitated and said, "I do not know if anyone ever told you, Harry, I am your godfather!"

"Evan told me!" Harry said softly.

"That kid knows everything. This time, I could catch Peter thanks to him. I really owe him too much. I'll try to repay him!" Black thought about the words that Evan had said to him in the Owl Post Office, yesterday. He said indifferently, "But Harry! There is one thing I must tell you about. I am your godfather. Your parents have assigned me to be your guardian if anything happened to them.... "

Evan, Harry, and Hermione were waiting for Black to carry on. They all had a hunch on what he was about to say

Under their gaze, Black was hesitant. He never seemed to be so nervous.

"Think about it, Harry! Once my name's cleared... if you wanted a... a different home... you can..." Black looked at Harry. "I'll understand, of course, if you want to stay with your aunt and uncle."

"What ... live with you?" Harry looked at him closely and couldn't wait to say, "Leave the Dursleys?"

"Of course, I thought you wouldn't want to," said Black quickly. "I understand, I just thought I'd..."

"Are you insane?" said Harry, his voice easily as croaky as Black's. "Of course I want to leave the Dursleys! Have you got a house? When can I move in?"

"You want to?" he couldn't believe what Harry said. "You mean it?"

"Yeah, I mean it!" Harry replied. "This is something I have always dreamed of."

When he heard Harry, Black's gaunt face broke into the first true smile Evan had seen upon it. The difference it made was startling, as though a person ten years younger were shining through the starved mask.

.

Everything was over. That was probably the best outcome possible for this year's event.

They caught little Peter and they saved Black. In the summer vacation next year, Harry could move and live with Sirius. As for leaving the Dursleys and its effect on the Blood Protection given to Harry through his mother's sacrifice, that's something for Dumbledore to worry about.

Everything seemed to have been perfectly resolved, except that Ron did not break away from the Curse yet.

The conversation moved Ron very much, but it seemed that it was not enough. It did not help him strengthen his willpower sufficiently to resist Peter's control.

Evan sighed. If Ron does not succeed this time, it means that he might still be controlled by Voldemort or other Dark wizards over the next few years. He had to be careful with him. This time being controlled by Peter is already a lesson! Once Ron has any unusual behavior, he must act decisively.

Evan's eyes turned to Ron, who was standing by, and he was ready to use the counter-curse on him.

But he suddenly realized that Ron had imperceptibly walked from the corner where he was standing before to Peter Pettigrew's side.

In that position, he was like a human shield, completely blocking everyone's wands against Peter.

Evan had a bad feeling, but he had not reacted yet, when Peter Pettigrew who had been kneeling on the ground, suddenly stood up...

Chapter 156: What a Friend Is

Pettigrew suddenly caught Ron from behind. No one expected him to do such a thing; he was too close to him.

Ron did not evade him; he stood there with his face pale, allowing Peter to seize him.

As Pettigrew grabbed his wand, he was like a rag doll, not doing anything to stop him.

The warmth brought by the scene between Black and Harry was instantly washed away. The mood became tense again, and Harry and Hermione hurriedly aimed their wands at Pettigrew.

"Ron!" said Hermione worriedly, looking at them in tears.

"You dirty coward, let go of Ron!" Harry shouted angrily.

Evan did not speak, but the tip of his wand shined brightly.

That was him gathering magical power. He stared closely at Peter, looking for an opportunity to shoot.

"Peter Pettigrew, You filthy bastard, you miserable coward, let go of that boy!" Black roared angrily, "you're hopeless, I should have killed you!"

"Sending me to the Dementors instead of killing me directly, that makes no difference. It's even worse!" Peter's face showed extreme horror as he was trembling and begging, "I cannot go there. They will suck my soul away. Come on, let me go. Sirius, we used to be friends!"

“Friends?!” Black walked over to Peter, gritted and said, “I was so blind at the time that I made a friend like you. That’s one of my greatest regrets!”

“No, don’t come any closer!” shrieked Peter Pettigrew pointing his wand at Black, and then he swung again, pointing back at Ron’s chest, “Keep away from me, put your wands down, if you want Ron to live, do as I say, or else”

His voice was the only one being heard, as no one else even moved.

“Quick, do as I said!” A glimmer of madness flashed in Peter’s eyes. He cried, “I’m not kidding. I’ll give you ten more seconds. If there’s anyone who hasn’t dropped his wand, expect to bury Ron’s corpse.”

Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Black looked at each other and they hesitated.

Little Peter was obviously being serious, he really would kill Ron, his wand’s tip began to give out a faint green light, it was the Avada Kedavra Curse.

Harry gasped and looked indecisively at Pettigrew.

He regretted that he had just stopped Black from killing him. If he hadn’t done that, they wouldn’t have been in that spot. In order to help Sirius Black clear his name, he must not let Pettigrew run away, but he cannot disregard Ron’s life.

Harry hesitated. He didn’t know what to do.

On one side, there was his best friend; on the other side was his godfather. Regardless of which party he would let down, he would feel bad.

“Just do what he said, Harry!” Black said suddenly. “Put your wand down, we must ensure the boy’s safety.”

“But...”

“There’s no but!” said Black eagerly. “That boy is your friend. We can’t let him die. Remember, Harry, if a friend is in danger and needs your help; you have to do everything you can to help him, even if it costs you life. Never hesitate!”

Hearing Black’s words, Harry sobbed and threw his wand on the ground.

“Ron, I know you’re under Pettigrew’s control. I don’t know if you can hear me, but I still want to say...” Harry looked up at Ron and his eyes were very firm. He yelled with all he had, “Ron, you’re my best friend, forever! Like Sirius just said, I’m willing to give away my life to help you! So please, wake up already. ”

No one spoke. Everyone was watching Harry quietly and listening to his whole hearted cry.

“You are your father’s good son, Harry!” said Black in relief. “I’m so proud of you!”

“Very well, another two!” Pettigrew shouted, He was also in tears that blurred his eyes.

He tried to keep himself from crying. He saw James in young Harry. He thought that he would also be willing to offer his life for his sake. He thought of his school days with James, Sirius and Lupin. Over those years, they ventured together in Hogwarts, and their footprints were everywhere in the campus.

But now, he has nothing. He destroyed it all with his own hands.

Hearing Harry's cries, Peter Pettigrew kept telling himself that he did nothing wrong and that hiding behind the stronger one was the right choice.

If he went against the Dark Lord, he might've not survived for so long!

"Evan, Hermione, I don't have the right to ask you anything, but..." Black looked at Evan and Hermione who were still holding their wands.

"I know, Sirius!" Evan put his wand down on the ground. He looked at Ron slowly and said, "Like I told you in Professor Lupin's office, despite all your shortcomings Ron, you're nothing like that man behind you! There's a key difference between both of you: You will never betray your friends. We all believe in you. Don't let us down."

"Yes, Ron, we all believe in you!" Hermione also put her wand down and her eyes were red. "Remember how we became friends? Remember that in first year, you and Harry rescued me from the troll? The moment you came out? At that time, it was you who defeated the giant monster! Without you... Without you I might have died! I would offer my life for you as well."

Seeing the scene in front of him, Ron stood pale and his face was full of pain.

He was being led by Peter to retreat slowly from the place.

Ron's body shuddered uncontrollably. Peter was issuing new orders in his mind, but Ron could not hear a single word. All he could think of was what Harry, Evan, and Hermione said to him.

He did so many bad things to them, but they still regarded him as a friend.

He trembled. He thought before that he was similar to Peter Pettigrew, a misunderstood hero. But what he saw now is that Peter was a lowly, cowardly wretch and the culprit behind all these misfortunes. And now, he's assisting him and betraying his friends.

Although still under the control of the Imperius Curse, Ron suddenly burst into tears and cried like never before.

He suddenly found himself a bastard, a bastard of the worst kind!

It was just like last year, when he preferred to believe in a strange diary and an evil Dark wizard, over believing in his friends!

Chapter 157: Power of Friendship

Ron trembled. The memories that should be lost of what he has done over the past month were played through his mind like a film.

He remembered what he had done while being controlled by Peter: He's been the one who secretly broke into the professor's office late in the night to search for the Marauder's Map, wrote a letter to Lucius Malfoy to make an evil plot, accused innocent Professor Lupin in front of all the students in the school, and told Snape about Sirius Black's whereabouts...

All along, he was thinking that's he's been doing the right things. While he was indeed being controlled by Pettigrew, he actually never tried to resist.

It was because he believed he was saving Harry, Evan, Hermione, and everyone, he was a HERO!

But now, that no longer seems to be true.

He was no hero, just an all-out loser. He was the accomplice of the ruffian who killed Harry's parents.

Ron's eyes gradually returned to clarity, he could hardly believe what he had done.

He actually helped Pettigrew, the murderer who fought for Voldemort and killed Harry's parents. He betrayed Harry, Evan, and Hermione. He failed to honor his friends' trust; he framed Professor Lupin, and was also plotting to trap Sirius Black...

Ron shivered looking at Evan, Harry and Hermione's eyes. They were full of worry, disappointment and disbelief.

He felt distressed. He knew he was just being a scum all this time. He must find ways to make up for that.

Peter Pettigrew was taking Ron slowly to the castle gate. He asked Black, Evan, Harry and Hermione to remain in their places.

He was pleased to realize that he had actually passed the gate. The strange magical barrier that prevented him from passing through it did not stop him this time. He could feel the fresh, cold air outside the castle.

The sky was completely dark and the bright full moon light was creeping through the air.

In the moonlight, Peter Pettigrew guided Ron. They passed through the site outside the castle and walked towards the Forbidden Forest not far away.

In the distance, the figures of Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Black became more and more blurred. They gradually disappeared into the castle's huge outline.

Seeing that he was getting closer and closer to the Forbidden Forest, Peter was so excited that he had finally escaped.

Just then, when he thought he was going to succeed, Ron suddenly rebelled.

He tightly grasped Peter's right hand, the one missing a finger, and struggled with all he had to retrieve his wand.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Ron rebelled against Peter, crying loudly. "I'm sorry, Harry! I'm sorry, Evan! I'm sorry, Hermione! It's all my fault. I shouldn't have doubted you, I should have believed you. Look at what I've done..."

He shouted and cried heartbroken.

Hearing Ron's voice, Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Black were all stunned for a moment. They were delighted to discover that Ron had actually recovered and had succeeded in overcoming the Imperius Curse's control with his own willpower. They hurriedly grabbed their wands from the ground and rushed to him and Pettigrew outside the castle.

"Damn, damn, what are you doing?!" Peter screamed, and he didn't understand how Ron could break away from his control.

He quickly read the spell and was ready to regain control of him.

But he was surprised to find that the curse had lost its effect. His magic could no longer control Ron. The boy before him successfully resisted the Imperius Curse with his strong will.

That was impossible. That was simply incredible.

"No!" Pettigrew could not believe that Ron could do that.

Is this actually Ron?

Is this still the same lowly weak kid that he felt similar to for so long?

Is this still that mediocre loser who was full of envy and resentment against his friends?

Peter couldn't understand what just happened to Ron!

With the help of the force born from within his heart, Ron's will was stronger than ever.

That was the power of friendship. Pettigrew, who had used his friends as an exchange of interests, and was an evil traitor, would never understand that.

Ron broke free from the Imperius Curse, and defeated Peter!

Now, among the six people in front of Hogwarts Castle's gate, Peter was the only loser.

"He's here, here, Harry! Here, Evan! I've caught him!" Ron's eyes were red. He clasped Pettigrew's right hand holding the wand and cried. "Don't care for me; hurry to attack him, you can't let this guy run away!"

"No, this can't be!" Peter screamed, his voice was hoarse and powerless.

He tried to get rid of Ron's control, but the latter was like a madman, ignoring his injuries and the harm he suffered and clutching him with both hands.

Looking at the four who were getting closer and closer, Peter uttered a curse in panic.

Since it was impossible to control Ron, at least he would stop the boy from moving.

But before he could check if it was successful, something suddenly passed under his feet and jerked him.

Bang!

Both Peter and Ron fell heavily on the ground, splashing a lot of dust.

Peter Pettigrew raised his head a few inches in surprise and saw a creature in the grass near him. He felt it was familiar. He tried hard to see what it was, but the sweat blurred his eyes, the black, thin, agile figure flashed through.

In the distant horizon, the winter night was getting particularly colder and colder really fast.

Then Peter found out what it was. It was The Dementors, at least 200 of them. They were attracted by Ron's cries, and they huddled together in black bringing suffocating cold and gliding over around Hogwarts' walls.

The icy feeling penetrated his internal organs and the fog began to blur his sight.

The Dementors were getting closer and closer, they gathered from the darkness coming from all directions ready to surround him.

"No, don't!" Pete murmured, shaking unsteadily.

He was very, very frightened, almost scared to death!

Once again, he thought of what Evan said to him. Those Dementors came to catch him. They wanted to suck his soul away!

Pettigrew no longer paid attention to Ron, who was constantly fighting him. He could no longer think of him, and he looked at the approaching Black, Evan, Harry, and Hermione, as well as the coming Dementors. He instinctively wanted to run away!

What happened tonight was really too much, and things went completely out of his control.

He didn't want to stay another second. He realized that he was just too weak, too cowardly, and too lowly for all of this. He was not ready to carry out this failed conspiracy. He did not have the courage to stay any longer!

He was going to look for the Dark Lord. He wanted to hide behind the strongest man just like he did before...

For a weak fellow, hiding behind the strong is always the wisest choice.

Chapter 158: Ron Breaking Free

Evan was surprised to see such an absurd scene in front of him. Peter Pettigrew and Ron were rolling and wrestling on the ground. Ron screamed and shouted at him, Harry and Hermione, calling for their names. Peter, who was over him, gave a sharp scream from time to time, like a pig being brought to slaughter.

Pettigrew wanted to escape, but Ron held him and did not let him run away.

Ron's strength was so great that Peter was unable to point his wand's tip at him.

"Come on, I caught him..."

"Let me loose, Ron! Please, my benevolent master!" Pettigrew screamed. "You won't let them catch me, will you? I am your RAT; I am your good pet."

"I won't believe you anymore, I've been a jerk, look at what I have done..." Ron's tears flew out uncontrollably.

"Child, I am helping you, I am on your side..."

“Shut up!” Ron interrupted him, looking at him in extreme disgust. “You ugly, dirty bastard, because of you, I betrayed my friends!”

“That was your own wish!” Peter said hurriedly, his expression was more distorted because of madness. “Think about it, Ron! How many times have you been secretly crying under your sheets? How envious and jealous of Harry were you, how often did you crave his spotlight? And that Evan, the damned guy stole Hermione and took away what’s yours. You said you will make him regret, you will make him pay for it.”

“No!” Ron was heartbroken, Pettigrew’s words were touching his nerves, and he did not want to think about those things. He shook his head hard, shouting without fear, “I would rather die than believe you again! I would rather die, than betray my friends again.”

“Well said, Ron!”

“You are the best, Ron!” Hearing Ron yelling, Harry also cried and said: “You relied on your own willpower to break free from the control of the Imperius Curse. You are a hero, a true hero.”

“You are our best friend, we all believe in you!”

Evan, Harry and Hermione ran forward, approaching the two people fighting.

In front of them, Black took the lead.

“No, don’t come over!” Seeing Black’s grim expression, Peter gave a shrill cry.

His eyes were wide open; he looked terrified to the extreme.

He knew that if he was caught by Black, he would kill him without waiting for the Dementors to come out.

This time, no one would help him again!

He couldn’t let it happen. He shook his arm roughly and waved his wand.

Ron, who was clanging to his right hand, rolled like a broken rag doll on the ground, and his body was covered in blood.

But no matter how hard Peter tried, Ron, clenching his teeth and persisting, didn’t loosen his hands. In his physical state, he was no opponent of Peter Pettigrew.

But in the face of mad Ron, Peter was unable to get rid of him rapidly.

Pettigrew did not dare to get into his Rat’s form. He was too afraid that if he was to still be grabbed by Ron while in that state, he would fall into an even more passive situation.

“Release me, Ron, let go...” Pettigrew struggled screaming, and his wand emitted a light from time to time, and he was floundering barely with his brute strength.

They were both rolling on the ground. Peter's left hand seemed to touch a stone; he lifted it and hit Ron's head hard.

(Translator Note: And Black and the lot still didn't reach them, sounds like a scene from Captain Tsubasa XD)

Bang!

Through the faint moonlight, Peter saw Ron's bloody face, and he seemed to be losing consciousness.

Ron loosened his grip of Peter's hands, and the latter's heart moved. Before he could do anything, he found himself being caught by Sirius Black. Black's strength was so great that he almost ripped him apart.

Black grabbed Peter's neck with his left, and he clenched his right swinging it at his face.

One punch, two punches, three punches...

Under Black's angry onslaught, Pettigrew didn't even have the power to plead.

"Stop, Sirius, you are killing him!" Evan, Harry and Hermione followed running towards the fainting Ron to lift him up. "We'd better hurry, the Dementors are coming soon, we must go back to the castle!"

"I don't care about the Dementors; I want to kill this..."

"Let me go, Sirius... Dementors..." Peter muttered powerless.

His eyes were sloppy, but his right hand was firm, holding Ron's wand tightly. He seemed to be talking vaguely. Evan was the only one to see his lips moving. It seemed to be a spell, a very evil dark magic, and he felt that something bad was about to happen.

He wanted to stop Pettigrew, but it was too late!

"Look out, get away!" Evan shouted.

The others raised their heads looking at him in astonishment, and even Black stopped.

They didn't know what had happened, nor did they know why Evan said so.

Evan didn't have time to explain anything. He pulled Hermione behind him and held her tightly.

The wand in his hand gave out a dazzling light, like the Shield Charm, forming a silver-white shield to protect them.

At the same time, Pettigrew's wand's tip emitted five strange orange fire-like lights, which shined through the dark.

Sirius Black froze and his memory instantly returned to the Muggle Street 12 years ago. He also remembered this magic. Peter Pettigrew, who had been sobbing in front of him at the time, his wand's tip also abruptly gave out five orange lights, and then...

Bang!!!

The fire was shining, and there was a loud explosion on Peter's wand!

There was a big pit on the ground, and Black had only time to leave Peter, and he rolled hard to the side, and then the violent explosion drove him far away from the impact. Under the gazes of the children crying out in astonishment, his body fell heavily on the ground.

The cheer impact made the soil go straight towards them.

Evan's hasty magic shield was instantly broken. They were too close to Pettigrew. He held Hermione tightly in his arms. Both of them closed their eyes. As he thought everything was over, a white light flew from the castle. The magic that had just stopped Peter from leaving the gate reappeared, setting a new barrier in front of them.

The power of the explosion was too great. Although there was magical protection, the four of them were still flying like a boat floating in a storm, and they were violently shaken away.

The tremendous explosion made Evan dazed, and its sound gradually dissipated!

They didn't seem to have serious damage. Evan heard Hermione and Harry shouting. He tried to raise his head and saw that Peter Pettigrew was running away.

Peter looked extremely miserable, he was badly mutilated, and most of his body was bloody. Ron's wand was thrown aside. Peter's right hand, the one with which he held the wand, the one that used to miss a finger, now disappeared completely. It turned into a lump of rotten meat on the ground as a price for his use of this magic.

This extremely evil forbidden magic requires the flesh and blood of the caster as a catalyst.

Twelve years ago, Pettigrew paid a finger for using this magic, and now it's his entire right hand!

But he was still moving, flouncing forward slowly, and gradually disappeared into the dark Forbidden Forest.

Evan hurried over; he knew that he couldn't let Peter Pettigrew run away.

Ron has relied on his own willpower to break away from the control of the Imperius Curse. If he ever caught Peter, that would be the perfect ending for this year's event.

Chapter 159: One Cannot Escape Death

The Forbidden Forest, in the night, was dark and silent.

With the help of the Tracing Agent, Evan could feel that Peter was in front. He was slow, but he kept moving forward.

There were still scattered spots of blood on the winding path.

"Lumos!" There was a crisp, subtle sound, and the tip of Evan's wand emitted a faint light.

He hurried forward and walked for about ten minutes. There was no other noise besides the sound of branches and the rustling of leaves. Around him, the old trees that have grown over the centuries have become much denser, so that the stars overhead were no longer visible. If it weren't for the help of the Tracing agent, Evan would have lost his target.

In the old Forbidden Forest, Evan's wand shone alone in the sea of dark. He saw Peter Pettigrew leaving the path.

After crossing a mossy tree stump, he could hear the murmuring sound of the flowing water.

He realized there was a stream nearby.

Through the faint light at his wand's tip, Evan saw the figure of Peter Pettigrew disappearing behind a towering oak tree. He clenched his wand and hurriedly chased him up. Although anxious, he couldn't move very quickly now; there were tree roots and stumps in their way, barely visible in the near blackness.

Evan's clothes were getting caught by the low branches and thorns nearby, and he noticed that the ground seemed to be sloping downward, though the trees were as thick as ever.

Suddenly, he stopped abruptly and held his wand firmly to his chest.

He could feel that, besides himself and Pettigrew, there was something that was approaching quickly, accompanied by a strange sound of groaning, gliding on the fallen leaves near him.

Evan had to be careful. He heard Hagrid say that there were many dangerous and magical creatures in the Forbidden Forest.

He focused his magical power in his wand and squinted, carefully advancing a few steps.

Peter had stopped and hid behind the oak tree in front of him.

While Evan was approaching the oak tree, under the faint light of the wand, he suddenly saw the shadow of a huge, astonishing monster appearing on the ground. He didn't even have time to turn around; a long, furry thing grabbed his waist and hung him face down in the air.

He was struggling, waving his wand!

He heard the groaning sound, and it was the monster that seized him. It was dragging him back into the dark bush...

While Evan was being attacked, Peter Pettigrew was shivering, hiding behind the humongous oak tree.

He was gasping heavily, his amputated right hand wrapped in his robe. This was a huge injury, making him approach death.

The boundless darkness enveloped him, and he felt that he was dying. His heart was full of fear as never before.

He didn't understand why things had developed to this point. His plot was flawless, but since he met the twelve-year-old boy in Lupin's office, things started to go south really fast. He even forced him to use the forbidden magic that the Dark Lord taught him.

The last time he used this magic, he paid a finger as a cost.

This time, he paid a palm, and the huge impact brought by the explosion took away even his ability to move.

Clicks, clicks, clicks...

A strange sound approached, and Pettigrew struggled to raise his head.

His frightened little eyes bulged outward as he saw something crawling down the tree.

Clicks, clicks, clicks...

The sound was getting closer and closer, and that thing was just above his head.

The unknown monster seemed to be attracted by the smell of blood on his body.

Peter wanted to run away, but his body was too weak. He fell back down heavily. His face was sweaty showing his utter panic, he was overwhelmed with fear.

He didn't know what was the monster approaching above his head, but he knew that death was coming over to him, which was the price he deserved.

He didn't remember how many nightmares he has had. He has been waiting for this day since he sold James and Lily out to Voldemort.

Now, death has finally come to him!

He remembered his childhood, the fairy tales from "The Tales of Beedle the Bard" that his mother used to read to him before he went to bed every night.

He still remembered the story he was most impressed with, "The Tale of the Three Brothers". Peter has forgotten most of the story, but there was a sentence he would never forget: One cannot escape death, but only delay it.

If he was destined to meet death, he only hoped that the process would not be too painful.

Evan's head was suspended in the air, and he stretched to his wand.

Its tip glowed red, and the monster behind him was shot and flew away, leaving him to fall heavily on the ground.

He hurriedly scrambled up, only to see the monster that just grabbed him.

It had eight long, bizarre, thick, hairy legs, and a pair of large black fangs on top of its head.

Behind it, there was another one, starring at him with its frightening black eyes.

These two monsters looked like spiders, not tiny spiders like those surging over the leaves below, but the size of carthorses, eight-eyed, eight-legged, black, hairy, gigantic.

They were Acromantulas!!!

They were terrible, and Evan was aware of what he had encountered. Pettigrew fled blindly, bringing them along with him into the territory of the Acromantula.

According to the book "Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them", the Acromantula is a giant, ferocious spider with eight eyes, inhabiting dense jungles, covered in thick black hair; with a leg span that can reach up to fifteen feet, if adult.

They also secrete venom, are terrible carnivores, and eat almost everything.

Evan knew that there were Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest. They were all descendants of Aragog raised by Hagrid. Hagrid had even found a spouse for his furry friend to breed. He still remembers it being mentioned in the book, that the female can lay up to one hundred soft, wide, beach ball-sized eggs at a time.

Spawning several times a year for 50 whole years, the Acromantulas in the Forbidden Forest can reach a terrible number!

Evan clenched his wand, and the two monsters did not immediately come up.

Maybe they were observing for Evan's weakness, maybe they felt danger, maybe they were waiting for their companions, or maybe...

In short, Evan and the two grotesque Acromantulas had a strange face off.

Just then, Peter's miserable, powerless shout came from behind the oak tree beside Evan. He was attacked as well!

Chapter 160: Change of Mind

Clicks, clicks, clicks...

Evan saw that just like himself, Peter Pettigrew's short, fat body was picked up by an Acromantula. With his head suspended in the air, and his hands floundering down, he was extremely frightened.

"Help me, Evan! Please, help me..." Seeing Evan, Peter's horrified face flashed a glimmer of joy.

He stretched his arms to him and pleaded miserably.

He wanted to break free from the Acromantula's control, but his weak resistance had no effect.

It clasped Peter tightly with its two front furry long legs, dragging him to the center of the woods.

Clicks, clicks, clicks...

It passed by Evan and disappeared into the dark trees.

Evan just moved, and the two Acromantulas in front of him rushed over.

They stopped him and prevented him from saving Pettigrew.

Sixteen glittering fierce black eyes were all locked on Evan. the sharp big Fangs clicked loud enough to give any normal man goose bumps.

Evan took half a step back, and through the faint light on his wand's tip, he saw an Acromantula hurrying with its long, fluffy eight legs, attacking directly from the ground, while the other one quickly climbed to the towering oak tree beside him then rushed down.

They were ready to attack from up and down, and the situation was very crippling.

Evan did not hesitate. He left the oak tree beside him and rushed to the Acromantula in front of him.

His wand made a ray of light, like a sharp sword, and directly divided the monster in front of him into two halves from the middle.

After killing it, he hurriedly raised his head up.

His mouth quickly said his spell as his hand moved his wand from the bottom up, and the same curse with dazzling light hit the spider that had just came down from the trunk.

Pop!!!

Green, sticky innards of the spider splashed out and flew everywhere.

The remains of the corpse fell heavily to the ground, and the dead body broke into two pieces.

But their horrifying fangs were still moving at full speed, biting the air at insane speed as if they had caught Evan.

The absolute brutality of the eight-eyed creature was incarnate in that scene.

In the book “Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them”, the Acromantula was right there with the Werewolf being one of the most dangerous magical species known to date.

Yesterday in Hogsmeade, Evan fought a werewolf.

Fortunately, an Acromantula does not have the horrifying defense and resilience of the werewolf. Relatively powerful magic can damage them. One just needs to be careful not to be touched by their sharp, massive, poisonous fangs.

The forest was quiet again, as if nothing had happened.

Evan gasped for a while and chased the place where Peter was towed away.

With the help of the Tracing Agent, he could know where he was being taken, and he seemed to be moving towards the center of a huge hollow.

As before, the ground was sloping downwards, but the surrounding trees were not as dense, and were getting sparser and sparser. The trunks also showed an unhealthy gray color, they seemed to have been eroded by any pests, and were covered with spider nets.

The scenery on the ground was even more disturbing, with animal wrecks everywhere. Evan saw a lot of white pupae. He didn't know what was wrapped inside them. It should be the Acromantulas' food. Some of them shook violently as he passed by.

Obviously, the creatures inside have not yet died.

Because of the tension, Evan's palm was full of sweat. He had probably realized that he was about to encounter something horrifying if he was to go on.

He was considering the possibility of giving up Pettigrew. With his current injury, he certainly couldn't escape from the Acromantula. Chasing him sounds like straight path to death. Evan hesitated, as common sense told him to retreat and get back to his friends.

But he could still hear Pettigrew's screams.

He sighed heavily, and he knew that he couldn't leave him there.

After all, he still needs him to clear up Lupin's and Black's names. Knowing Cornelius Fudge, unless Evan brings Pettigrew himself in, the Minister would never believe that the two are innocent.

Not to mention, Lucius Malfoy stirring up his own plots. Even with Dumbledore's authority, there's no way to face them. No matter how powerful or great is the Headmaster, he cannot persuade other people in the Ministry to side with him.

Therefore, Evan had to bring back Pettigrew.

Adding to that, Evan was not the type to watch someone die before his eyes without moving a muscle.

Even if the victim was Pettigrew, even with the danger awaiting him, he would never back down.

He walked forward, worrying about Black's injury. He didn't know about the state of Harry and Hermione either. As he was leaving, it seemed like the Dementors were approaching. But seeing the powerful barrier going out of the castle, he was relieved.

As long as they have that person, they will not be in danger.

Nevertheless, with the way things had developed this night, Evan found his responsibility being great.

In the face of an evil Dark wizard like Pettigrew, he found himself not being decisive enough.

The correct approach to this matter should've been stunning Pettigrew directly and then bringing him in to Dumbledore, or incapacitating him in order to wipe away any chances of his escape, or....

Evan had that habit of putting himself in everyone's shoes.

He had this impression of Pettigrew. On top of his cowardice and stupidity, he felt that he had a conscience that had never been annihilated. With this image, combined with Peter's tragic ending, Evan thought that when overpowering him and facing him with the truth, Peter would give up all resistance and confess.

To him this would have been a perfect ending to this year's event.

With Black succeeding to clear up his name and get what he was supposed to get and Ron succeeding to rely on his own efforts to resist the Imperius Curse, having Peter pay the price for his actions and sincerely apologizing to Black and Harry would've been perfect.

However, things did not develop in that direction!

In order to escape, in order to evade the Dementors' wrath, Pettigrew resorted to that forbidden Dark Magic, not caring one bit about the safety of the four innocent children in front of him.

Pettigrew's reaction was totally different from what Evan ever imagined.

Evan realized at that moment that he was just too naive.

This is a real magical world, not a game where he could guess events basing on the original plot. These characters were real living people.

They all had their own ideas, making decisions based on the dynamics of their surroundings, rather than sticking to what was in the book.

Even Dumbledore, the greatest white wizard in the contemporary Era, had his own unknown plans. Otherwise tonight he...

And among all the Death Eaters, Pettigrew was the lowliest and weakest of all. And still, even he proved to be so evil and difficult to deal with.

Evan sighed again. He realized that if he kept being this naive, he would never become an opponent to Voldemort.

"Changing other people fates is starting to look more like a fairy tale. It seems like the one I need to change the most is myself!"

Evan's eyes gradually became firm. Although his heart did not change, he made up his mind to use more practical ways to solve these real problems.

