

Harry Potter 161

Chapter 161: The Acromantulas' Reward

Going down the steep slope for about twenty minutes, Evan came to the ridge of a vast hollow, a hollow that had been cleared of trees. Looking up, he could see the vast starry sky.

The open space in the center of the hollow was covered with thick leaves. Stepping on them, Evan had a feeling of walking on a carpet. He saw Peter Pettigrew and the spider that took him in the middle of the open space. In front of them was a huge, misty, domed spider web.

“Evan, Evan, you came to save me! I knew you would come!”

Pettigrew wept in a low voice, he looked extremely miserable. He shivered on the ground with no dignity. He crawled over like a worm, trembling and said, “Please, don’t leave me alone here, don’t...”

“Shut up!” Evan said furiously.

Peter continued to cry and he was disturbed. His appearance made Evan feel sick and look down on him.

He was sad, weak, stupid to the extreme... Why does such a person even exist?!

Evan did not look at Pettigrew; he turned his eyes to the spider on the side.

It lingered on the thick leaves, its eight legs swayed slightly, four of his eyes on one side were watching him and Pettigrew, and the other four eyes looked at the huge spider web not far away.

Click, click, click...

It moved its pincers rapidly, giving a sharp hasty clicking.

Evan suddenly realized that the spider was saying something. It had been hard to tell, because he clicked his pincers with every word he spoke.

“Aragog!” it called, “Aragog!”

And from the middle of the misty, domed web, a spider the size of a small elephant emerged, very slowly. There was gray in the black of his body and legs, and each of the eyes on his ugly, pincered head was milky white. He was blind.

Seeing Aragog, Evan involuntarily clenched his wand in his hand.

This monster should be Hagrid’s pet, the ancestor of all the Acromantulas in the forest.

The image in front of him was too frightening, although he was mentally prepared, when this giant spider appeared, Evan discovered that he had been underestimating the size of the monster.

It had eight legs, each of them was even thicker than Evan’s own body!

Peter Pettigrew, who had been curling up on the ground, suddenly stopped shaking; his mouth widened, and seemed to be making a silent cry, his eyes bursting out.

This was simply a nightmare. No, this was a thousand times worse than that!

With the advent of Aragog, countless Acromantulas came out from nowhere.

Each of them was bigger than the three that attacked Evan and Peter Pettigrew. They crowded together. When they saw the people in the center of the field, they were excited and moved their big pincers, sending out terrible and disgusting clicking.

Pettigrew got goose bumps, and he swore that if he could choose the way of death, he would rather be shredded by Sirius Black, or get his soul sucked out by a Dementor, than be the food of these spiders.

“What is it?” he said, clicking his pincers rapidly, sounding a bit majestic, “Why do you call for me?”

“Men,” clicked the spider who had caught Peter Pettigrew.

“Is it Hagrid?” said Aragog, moving closer to them, his eight milky eyes wandering vaguely.

“No, strangers.”

“Kill them,” clicked Aragog fretfully. “I was sleeping...”

Hearing Aragog, all the other spiders were excited.

They gathered around the center of the field, waiting for Aragog to return into his domed web, so that Evan and Peter would be their food.

“No, don’t, think of a way out!” Peter squatted on the floor, holding on Evan’s robe tightly, and looking at the Acromantulas around him in panic.

Evan kicked him aside, and took a step forward; he could even see Aragog’s fluff clearly.

He gulped, His heart seemed to have left his chest to pound in his throat.

“Hold on, Aragog!” Evan shouted. “I am a friend of Hagrid’s!”

“Hagrid’s friend?!” croaked the old spider, he paused and said slowly, “Hagrid has never sent men into our hollow before.”

“My name is Evan Mason, I am from the castle, I’m close to Hagrid...”

“I’ve heard of your name!” Aragog clicked his big pincers, “Hagrid told me that a few months ago, you killed that thing in the castle. ”

“Yes!” Evan replied eagerly, “Harry and I killed the Basilisk!”

Hearing the Basilisk’s name, all the furious clicking suddenly stopped, and the whole place suddenly became quiet as never before.

Besides his heavy breathing and Peter’s sobbing, Evan could no longer hear anything else.

He even thought that all the Acromantulas had left. He turned his head and saw that they were still crowded there, but they were all quiet and even stepped backwards.

Their ugly spider faces were very humane and showed fear.

“How dare you mention this name!” Aragog madly clicked his pincers and made an unprecedented click. It said with intense emotions, “The thing is our nemesis!”

Aragog clicked his pincers furiously, and all around the hollow the sound was echoed by the crowd of spiders; it was like applause. Evan saw again the rustling of many long legs shifting angrily; large black shapes shifted all around him.

“Hurry up, say something else, don’t mention that thing!” Pettigrew reminded Evan with an almost suffocating voice.

It was clear that Aragog thought the same. It changed the subject and said to Evan, “Hagrid’s friend, what did you come to our hollow for?”

“I followed this guy and accidentally came here. He is an evil Black wizard. He planned a despicable plot in the castle!” Evan hesitated and continued. “This guy is working for Voldemort... ..”

Hearing the name, Pettigrew convulsed.

“Voldemort?!” Aragog repeated slowly, seemingly without any particular reaction. It said, “I have heard of this name. Fifteen years ago, this wizard sent someone to contact me. You humans were going on a war at the time. He asked us to join his camp, but I refused. I was not interested in the war of the wizards, although my children were very eager to follow him. Voldemort promised them a very generous reward.”

Hearing “Voldemort”, the spiders around them became significantly more excited. They all seemed to recall Voldemort’s promise in those years, the promise that they simply could not refuse: as long as they were loyal to him, they could get fresh human flesh as food.

Chapter 162: Aragog’s Lair

Evan silently looked at the Acromantulas that turned suddenly excited around him. These monsters were really purely dark creatures.

He didn’t know what Voldemort could’ve promised them to make them this excited, but it certainly was no good. Aragog was still talking, but seeing the spiders that were gradually gathering from all sides and feeling more and more excited, Evan did not want to continue to discuss this topic.

“Fifteen years ago, my children approached me many times. They advised me to join Voldemort’s camp. Even if his reward was really exciting, I didn’t want to get involved in your human disputes! I know that Hagrid is against Voldemort!” Aragog seemed to be tired, and it was backing slowly into its domed web.

However, his fellow spiders around the hollow continued to inch slowly toward Evan and Pettigrew.

“Well, I think...” Hearing leaves rustling behind him, Evan hurried to Aragog. “I should go, then, thank you for your help, Aragog, I will talk to Hagrid about this!”

“Go?” Aragog said, “I think not...”

Evan's heart bet in a rush. The worst of his expectations was happening, and Aragog did not intend to let them go.

He slowly receded, as there were so many giant spiders around him that he could never be able to face. He quickly glanced at Peter Pettigrew. If only that guy could use the evil black magic that caused the violent explosion earlier, maybe they could still stand a chance.

But Pettigrew had already collapsed to the ground, his body trembling uncontrollably. He had lost a lot of blood; his skin was pale and his face was bloodless.

In his current state, he was unable to continue to fight, cast magic, or even stand up.

Really, a good for nothing!

Evan clenched his wand in his hand, as the present Pettigrew wasn't a fighting force, but rather a complete burden.

Evan's eyes looked around and finally fell on Aragog.

Fighting against so many fierce Acromantulas was unrealistic. His only chance was to catch Aragog first. However, as soon as he saw Aragog's small elephant sized body, Evan gulped again. Catching that big monster wouldn't be that easy. He thought that even Hagrid could not do it.

"My sons and daughters do not harm Hagrid, on my command. But I cannot deny them fresh meat, when it wanders so willingly into our midst. I can't, friend of Hagrid. Thank you for helping us by killing the thing inside the castle..."

Evan spun around. Feet away, towering above him, was a solid wall of spiders, clicking, their many eyes gleaming in their ugly black heads. Like a black river, they quickly gathered in the middle of the hollow.

Pettigrew seemed to be stunned, and laid motionless on the ground.

Evan's legs were shaking, but his heart was determined, he knew that he had to engage in this desperate fight. If he doesn't take the initiative, he wouldn't get any chance.

He may not be able to capture Aragog, but he can threaten him with magic, opening a way for himself to leave with Pettigrew.

The next second, Evan violently turned around and rushed to Aragog who was in the center of the spider web.

His wand emitted a red light, hitting the Acromantula between them. Without stopping, he avoided its dark sharp pincers that were clicking unceasingly, and the huge waving legs of the spiders around Aragog.

Aragog waved his huge eight legs, trying to prevent Evan from approaching.

But he was getting old, and did not have enough strength to make a quick reaction. His huge size did not allow him to move and dodge quickly.

Evan, breathing heavily, climbed up the misty, domed web. The spider's web under his feet was sticky, but it didn't stop him. He clenched his wand and casted a Stunning Spell, causing Aragog a short dizziness. He took the opportunity to rush on top of him.

That was definitely the craziest thing Evan ever made. He pointed his wand against Aragog's rough exoskeleton.

He looked at the spider that was covered in barbed, hard black fur, and he felt unprecedented nausea.

Just touching an Acromantula's exoskeleton, he did not know how Hagrid could deal with them.

Evan's heart was beating fast, almost getting out of his chest. He was sweating all over his body as the cold wind of the night blew over. The winter night was very cold, and the temperature in the forbidden forest was a few degrees lower than outside it, but the spider web was very warm, and a warm current was blowing from bottom to top.

The discomfort caused by the cold wind dissipated instantly.

Evan turned his head and saw a hole behind the spider web. A gentle slope slanted downward. Deep in the bottom, there should be Aragog's Lair.

The warm air was blowing from the inside out. That explained why from the outside, this domed web was always misty. Evan didn't know what was going on below, maybe there was an underground hot spring, or something else that could emit heat...

If it were not for the present situation, he would really like to go in and check it out.

As it was the Lair of the King of Spiders, Aragog must have collected a lot of extremely valuable things.

If nothing else, there will definitely be plenty of potion materials and magical plants. Or there will be powerful magical items. You know, even for an over 50 year old Acromantula, Aragog was really massive in size.

This was very abnormal; there must be something that helped that to happen.

Now is not the time to think of such things. Evan shook his head, pointing his wand to Aragog's head, and saying briefly, "Let us leave, or else..."

He didn't finish his words, but his wand's tip was shining brightly.

Aragog trembled a bit, and he could feel the temperature from Evan's wand. He didn't expect the young human to be so bold and dare to threaten him.

What Evan meant was clear. If Aragog did not agree to let them go, even if he couldn't kill him on the spot, he was absolutely sure that he would use magic to break his head. Aragog was getting too old, and such an injury could be fatal.

Even more, if there was a chance, Evan could even set Aragog's Lair on fire.

"You won, friend of Hagrid, you are really brave, no wonder you could kill that thing in the castle!" Clicking, Aragog's big pincers moved fast, "Take the guy down there and leave, I will restrain my children."

Clicking, under the command of Aragog, the spiders moved backwards.

A few seconds later, the center of the hollow was empty, and only Pettigrew was lying there, panting weakly.

Chapter 163: Death in Fire

Although Aragog said so, Evan was somewhat hesitant.

He was not stupid enough to trust an Acromantula. As highly intelligent creatures, honesty and trustworthiness have never been synonymous with Acromantulas. In fact, they are exactly the opposite; they are some of the most purely evil and ferocious dark creatures to exist.

Even if Hagrid had raised Aragog as his pet, this can only guarantee that he has some affection for him and him alone. This doesn't make him care one bit about other human beings! This shows most prominently from his initial command to his children to kill Evan and Pettigrew.

Evan hesitated. If possible, he hoped to take Aragog away with him, leaving the spiders' territory and the Forbidden Forest. Thus, he would not have to worry about the spider's trustworthiness.

But Aragog was really so huge that his eight massive spider legs couldn't support his own weight. If they left this spider web, he probably won't be able to even move.

"Reducio!" Evan whispered, he was trying this magic.

It was one of the 7th year N.E.W.T exam requirements. Evan had seen Professor Flitwick use this spell to reduce a spider. He tried to use it on Aragog. If he could reduce him, it should be great.

He didn't know if it was his lack of mastery over the spell, or if Aragog was immune to this magic. In short, it did not work.

Seeing what Evan did, the spiders around the hollow clicked with anger, as countless pairs of hateful eyes glittered on their ugly black heads.

"Friend of Hagrid..." Aragog's voice carried a hint of resentment. "Don't make useless attempts. I will not hurt you out of respect for Hagrid, but don't come back here again to bother us. We, spiders like darkness and quiet!"

"Well, I hope you can keep your word!" Evan tried a few more magics, and it didn't work. It seemed that Aragog's hard shell and huge body made him immune to some of the most powerful attacking spells.

He couldn't take any more time. It was nighttime; no one knew that he went there. The rescue from the castle shouldn't be coming anytime soon, and the situation of Peter Pettigrew seemed to be getting worse. He simply bandaged his right hand and couldn't stop the blood loss.

Constant tossing had taken away so much strength and energy from him. Looking at him, Evan feared that he wouldn't be able to stay alive for much longer.

Evan slipped down from the domed web. He stepped back, his wand still pointing to Aragog as he slowly retreated to Pettigrew.

"Thank you, Evan, you saved me, I will repay you..." Peter grabbed Evan's robe and said weakly.

This sentence did not make him happy at all. Unless something goes wrong, Peter Pettigrew should be spending the rest of his life in the Azkaban Wizards prison. So yeah, he couldn't expect him to repay him, nor did he even want to ever see him again.

Pettigrew struggled to stand up, but his legs were extremely weak. He just stood halfway and fell back down immediately to the ground.

“Evan, Evan, I have no strength, help me, don’t leave me alone here...” he said in panic.

“Shut up! Keep your filthy hands away from my robe!” Evan frowned, watching his black school uniform being soiled by Pettigrew’s blood, he gently waved his wand, muttering, “ Mobilicorpus! ”

As though invisible strings were tied to Peter’s wrists, neck and knees he was pulled into a standing position, head lolling unpleasantly, like a grotesque puppet. He hung a few inches above the ground, his limp feet dangling.

“Don’t resist it, if you break free of this spell’s control, I won’t take care of you anymore!” Evan warned Pettigrew that he was also getting weaker.

So many things happened tonight that he just wanted to go back and get a good sleep.

Surrounded by hundreds of huge Acromantulas, Evan, who was slowly leaving the hollow with Peter, noticed that the number of spiders around him seemed to be increasing.

After getting the news, the spiders that were hunting for food outside, were gradually coming back.

They were crowded together, making a scalp-tingling clicking sound, with their murderous black eyes staring closely at the two humans walking through. Evan could even hear what sounded like them salivating over them.

Fresh human flesh was too tempting for them.

Fortunately, they all obeyed Aragog’s orders and did not attack.

In the center of the hollow, Aragog remained on the misty giant spider web. His big pincers slowly joined together. It was as if he was staring at Evan tightly. It was like his eight white blind eyes could actually capture the boy’s movements.

Then, he slowly began retreating back into his Lair.

In the slope around the hollow, all the roads leading back to it were filled with the Acromantulas.

Evan left with Pettigrew. They climbed to the ridge of the hollow to see the trees again. Aragog and the other Acromantulas were disappearing from their eyes.

Evan had just breathed a sigh of relief when he heard Aragog’s low clatter clicking, coming from the deep bottom of the Lair.

“Kill them!”

Hearing the command of Aragog, all the spiders immediately became excited, and they couldn’t wait to rush to their prey.

Like a raging black river, with a roar of death, they rushed straight to Evan.

“Damn, this old fellow is really not trustworthy!” Evan had no time to think about it. Under the screams of Pettigrew, he hurriedly pointed his wand at the leaves on the ground and shouted, “Incendio!”

A red flame emerged from his wand’s tip to instantly ignite the yellow, dry leaves.

After being accumulated by the Acromantulas for over 50 years, no one knows how many leaves were in the hollow. They were stacked up and dried up, corroded and dissipated, leaving some extremely flammable grass fibers.

With those fibers on the ground, Evan’s magic had achieved amazing results.

Aragog’s Lair, the holy land of the Acromantula, turned into a burning fire pit in an instant, and the thundering flames were twenty feet high.

Amazing heat waves surged, and the giant spiders in the hollow land made a shrill voice.

It was not the usual clicking, but screams from the depths of their souls.

Looking at what happened in front of his eyes, Peter Pettigrew was pale. He looked at the hundreds of Acromantulas being scorched and was suddenly hit by the same feeling he used to get from the Dark Lord. From the thin black-haired boy in front of him all he felt was those sinister sensations: fear and horror.

At that moment, Evan was Death!

Chapter 164: Death of Wormtail

The fire in the hollow was burning more and more vigorously. The red-black flames spread through the leaves of the slope from top to bottom, passing from the outermost side of the ridge to the center, engulfing everything they touched.

The leaves and the Acromantulas were scorched, and the ashes were fluttering, as if the door of Hell was slowly opening. There were loud, shrill screams in the fire pit. Just to stop Evan from returning to Aragog, many of the Acromantulas gathered there, and now, they were desperately fleeing around.

Evan stood on the ridge of the fire pit and gave the whole scene a cold look.

The scene did touch him greatly. The oncoming scorching heat, the burnt smell of flesh and blood and the wails of the spiders before their death, as if coming out from the depths of Hell, made his legs quiver constantly.

But Evan’s right hand holding the wand was extremely firm, and from time to time it emitted a red light, shooting down the giant spiders trying to escape from the fire pit.

On the side, Peter Pettigrew was looking at Evan in awe. He seemed to want to say something, but after a long hesitation, he said nothing.

With this boy, he couldn’t think about resisting anymore.

The Acromantulas that were not burned in the pit were equally frightened and looked at the human boy above. Countless pairs of eyes stared at him, as if they wanted to carve Evan’s appearance deep into the soul. Starting on that day, on top of their nemesis, Evan was destined to become a nightmare for all Acromantulas.

They were constantly retreating and gathering at the center of the hollow.

Click, click, click...

Evan heard Aragog's voice coming from the depths of the Lair, and the remaining giant spiders began to force the leaves and the soil, and the flames were separated and blocked out with a belt.

The flames in the hollow ground were too strong, and Evan didn't know if they could succeed.

He didn't have time to continue watching. Hearing Aragog's call, more Acromantulas came out of the Forbidden Forest, waving their sharp pincers and rushing over to them. He hurried to leave with Pettigrew.

These Acromantulas that came closely followed behind them. Although they were much smaller than the ones in the hollow, the power of their sharp big pincers was exactly the same. Messing up around them meant inevitable death.

Evan's wand shined from time to time, throwing back the approaching spiders, and his remaining magic power was quickly depleted.

But the spiders were coming from all directions; their steady stream seemed to be endless.

Peter Pettigrew screamed with horror. Blood and sweat almost drenched his entire robe, and the clot that had already begun to solidify on his wound began to crack and ooze with blood. He wanted to do something, but he didn't dare to move. He didn't even dare to speak, fearing to interrupt Evan's magic moving him.

If that was to happen, the consequences would simply be unimaginable.

About five minutes later, Evan was almost unable to hold on. Even if he killed more spiders, that would not help at all. There were simply too many of them. He insisted on moving forward for a while, then gasped and leaned heavily on the trunk of an oak tree.

The faint radiance at his wand's tip slowly dissipated, and the surroundings plunged into endless darkness.

"Save me, I have been bitten by a spider, save me, I don't want to die!" The scream of Pettigrew came over.

Under the starlight, Evan seemed to see the size and shape of Pettigrew lying, and the giant spider biting his right leg, tearing his flesh and blood with his big black pincers, and pulling him back.

Peter's arm clenched the trunk next to him. There was a clicking. The Acromantula behind him snapped a large piece of his flesh, and blood squirted out of his leg. The sound of the monster chewing his flesh was absolutely disturbing.

Smelling the odor of blood, the other approaching Acromantulas became more insane.

Another spider rushed to Pettigrew. The scene was too horrible. Evan hurriedly stretched out his wand and wanted to save him.

But there was no magic power in his body. He casted a spell, and his wand emitted a faint red light, that disappeared immediately like a candle that was blown out by the wind.

“Save me, save me, please...” It started to sound like a broken record. Pettigrew screamed and cried more and more, louder and louder.

He struggled, wept, pleaded, and his face was full of tears. He regretted taking the path that led him to this. He wished he had not betrayed James and Lily. The promise of power he received from Voldemort was empty.

Evan couldn't bear to hear Peter's screams, and closed his eyes.

Perhaps, he's going to end up the same. Suddenly, a loud, long note sounded, and a blaze of light flamed through the hollow.

Evan opened his eyes in surprise. He saw the old car he had taken before school last year. Mr. Weasley's car was thundering down the slope, headlights glaring, its horn screeching, knocking spiders aside; several were thrown onto their backs, their endless legs waving in the air. The car screeched to a halt in front of Evan and the doors flew open.

Evan didn't think twice. He jumped up and his previously depleted magical power seemed to be revived with hope. His wand emitted successive red lights, hitting the spider behind Pettigrew. He held Peter's left hand and dragged him over towards the front seat of the car.

They just walked two steps forward, when the spider that had just bitten Peter's right leg suddenly rushed out from the shadows. Once again, his big pincers clasped Peter and his front legs surrounded his waist holding him tightly.

Evan and the spider started a disparate struggle over the body of Pettigrew.

As for Peter, he had already fainted. Because of the pain, the muscles on his face were still contorting.

Evan pulled out his wand with difficulty and pointed at the spider behind Peter. He tried a few times and failed to cast a spell.

Suddenly, Pettigrew woke up again. His pupils were wide open with fear, his eyes moved from Evan's to look around, watching at the growing number of spiders around them. They were gradually coming over, ready to attack them.

Looking at the firm expression on the boy's face, Pettigrew once again remembered Sirius Black, his former best friend.

Black just said that if he did not sell James and Lily out to Voldemort, he would also be willing to die for him.

If Black was here, he would certainly be just like Evan, holding him tight and not letting him go, wouldn't he?

If he didn't betray James and Lily in the past, how good would life be right now?

Pettigrew closed his eyes, and his tears flowed out again, and there was a trace of regret and resolution on his painful and distorted face.

A second later, he violently broke away from Evan, watching the boy springing right back into the car as he was pulling too hard.

As he was dragged by the spider to the Acromantulas behind them, Pettigrew had a little penitence in his heart.

The car's engine roared and they were off, hitting more spiders.

Through the dirty window, Evan saw Peter Pettigrew fade away.

The spiders made a triumphant loud clicking. Evan knew what it meant: Wormtail had died!

Chapter 165: Two Patronuses

Over an hour before that, in Hogwarts, on the edge of the Forbidden Forest.

After the violent explosion, Harry and Hermione stood up difficultly from the ground, and the huge impact of the explosion made them feel sore. Evan had already chased Peter Pettigrew into the Forbidden Forest. Only the two of them were there.

Ron and Sirius Black were unconscious, lying on the ground; Black was bleeding.

"What should we do?" Hermione said desperately, looking at the Forbidden Forest uneasily. "Evan ran after him in there!"

"We must first get the two into the castle; Sirius needs treatment. Then we should tell someone able to save Evan!" Harry said quickly, brushing his hair away from the front of his eyes.

Then he saw the Dementors approaching.

Almost instantly, the center of the field became misty and the temperature plummeted.

He spun around, the familiar, icy cold penetrating his insides, fog starting to obscure his vision; more Dementors were appearing out of the darkness on every side. It seemed that they have noticed Black.

They were excited, and their rotting limbs stretched out from their ripped black cloaks.

They were encircling them...

Hermione raised her wand and tried to summon her Patronus. Her wand's tip emitted a white light, but she couldn't get it to become corporeal.

There were too many Dementors. Her fear was closer to be corporeal than her patronus.

Hermione couldn't think of anything happy at that moment. She was too worried about Evan. He went to chase Peter Pettigrew alone. What should she do if anything bad happened to him?

There are many unknown dangers that hide in the Forbidden Forest at night.

She thought of her only nighttime experience in that forest. It was during her first year, she was there with Hagrid, Harry, and Malfoy, and she saw the unicorn being killed by Voldemort.

Thinking of Voldemort, the little light at the tip of Hermione's wand dissipated instantly.

"Hermione, think of something happy!" Harry yelled, raising his wand, blinking furiously to try and clear his vision, shaking his head to rid it of the faint screaming that had started inside it...

“I’m going to live with my godfather. I’m leaving the Dursleys.”

He forced himself to think of Black, and only Black, and began to chant: “Expecto patronum! Expecto patronum!”

Black gave a shudder, rolled over, and lay motionless on the ground, pale as death.

“He’ll be all right. I’m going to go and live with him.”

“Expecto patronum! Hermione, help me! Expecto patronum!”

“Expecto...” Hermione whispered, “expect... expecto...”

But she couldn’t do it. The Dementors were closing in, barely ten feet from them. They formed a solid wall around Harry and Hermione, and were getting closer...

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” Harry yelled, trying to blot the screaming from his ears.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!”

A thin wisp of silver escaped his wand and hovered like mist before him. There were many Dementors, and this feeble resistance didn’t work at all. At the same moment, Harry felt Hermione collapse next to him. He was alone... completely alone...

He couldn’t let the Dementors get close to Black, he wanted to drive those monsters away and get rid of them.

“Expecto... Expecto patronum...”

Harry felt his knees hit the cold grass. Fog was clouding his eyes and all his unpleasant memories flashed in his mind. Harry tried not to think about such things. He tried to remember that Sirius was innocent and his name was going to be cleared. Everyone will be fine, Professor Lupin will return safely, Ron will gradually come back, Evan will successfully catch Peter Pettigrew, and he, Harry will live with Sirius.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” Harry gasped hard and shouted with all his strength.

By the feeble light of his formless Patronus, he saw a Dementor halt, very close to him. It couldn’t walk through the cloud of silver mist Harry had conjured. It was staring at Black behind Harry, and from underneath its black cloak, a dead, slimy hand slid out.

It made a gesture as though to sweep the Patronus aside.

“No, don’t!” Harry gasped. “You can’t hurt him. He’s innocent! Expecto Patronum!”

He could feel them watching him, hear their rattling breath like an evil wind around him. The nearest Dementor seemed to be considering him. Then it raised both its rotting hands, and lowered its hood.

Harry had seen the same Dementor on the Quidditch pitch. Where there should have been eyes, there was only thin, gray scabbed skin, stretched blankly over empty sockets. But there was a mouth... a gaping, shapeless hole, sucking the air with the sound of a death rattle.

With that, Harry felt that his soul was being sucked in. A paralyzing terror filled Harry so that he couldn’t move or speak. His Patronus flickered and died.

White fog was blinding him. He had to fight... Expecto patronum... he couldn't see... and in the distance, he heard the familiar screaming... the voice of his mother before her death.

Harry gasped heavily, and he fumbled for Sirius in the mist...

He found Black's arm, and he held him tightly. He couldn't let the Dementors take Sirius away.

But a pair of strong, clammy hands suddenly attached themselves around Harry's neck. They were forcing his face upward... He could feel its breath... It understood Harry thoughts and was going to get rid of him first... He could feel its putrid breath... His mother was screaming in his ears... She was going to be the last thing he ever heard.

She was shouting his name. That was her last sentence before her death.

The fog was drowning him completely. Harry knew he was going to die. He was going to see his mother. He was going to reunite with his parents!

But then, two silver-white lights slid from the distant horizon becoming brighter and brighter.

The Dementor who was about to kiss Harry stopped suddenly. Just like what happened on the Quidditch pitch two months ago, it felt the danger of terror. It knew that if it didn't run away, it would disappear completely from this world.

The Dementors fled, and Harry felt that he had fallen forward to the grass. His face was down and he couldn't move. He shivered and barely opened his eyes.

The dazzling light illuminated the lawn around him, and the screams in his ears stopped, the cold feeling was passing away, and something was driving the Dementors back.

The two silver-white Patronuses surrounded him, Ron, Hermione, and Sirius, and the sucking sound of the demons gradually faded away.

Harry gathered his strength lifted his head a few inches. He saw two animals in the light. They were so similar, very bright, much like a unicorn, one tall and one short. One had a stout sharp horn on top of its head, and the other was incomparably pure, looking like...

They revolved around them and flew back into the castle.

Through the starlight in the sky, and by the light of the Patronuses, He tried to see who saved him, but the sweat blurred his eyes.

He only saw two Patronuses separating over the castle, one flew into the Hall through the gate and the other disappeared into a narrow window on the third floor.

Harry didn't understand why, he felt that his last glimmer of force had left him, his head hit the ground and he fainted.

Chapter 166: Dialogue in the Ward

When Evan woke up, he found himself back in the school hospital.

He was lying on the bed like yesterday, and his body was aching all over. It was as if his bones were split open. And his magical power was even more exhausted than the time after he fought Greyback.

His last memory was of what happened in the depths of the Forbidden Forest. He was taken away by Mr. Weasley's car, and Peter Pettigrew was dragged into the spider herd by that Acromantula.

After that, what happened?

He tried to Remember. The old car was carrying him out of the Acromantulas. They were rampaging in the forest. After ten noisy, bumpy minutes, the trees thinned in the distance, and they returned to the Hogwarts field.

Then, like last year, he was thrown out by the car.

Before fainting, he seemed to see a man coming over to him. The figure seemed to be that of Professor Snape...

Evan shook his head, raised it and looked around. The ward was very dark.

On the bed next to him, Ron was laying there, his body covered with thick bedding; only his red hair was exposed.

In the corner of the ward, Harry and Hermione were arguing with Mrs. Pomfrey in a low voice, and Evan seemed to hear words such as his name, injury, and so on.

They immediately found out that Evan woke up and hurried over. Harry and Hermione came up in turn and embraced him. Their faces were full of joy, especially Hermione. Her eyes were red and her voice was twitching, showing clearly the depth of her worries about him.

"Evan, you've just been sent in by Professor Snape, and I thought"

"I'm all right, Hermione!" Evan comforted her patting her shoulder, but the girl was blushing and she hugged him tightly, as if she was afraid of losing him.

"Well, children, Evan has woken up, so now you should believe me when I say he's fine!" Madam Pomfrey put her hands on her waist and said harshly, "You two should go back to sleep immediately. You are in a bad state and you need to stay in bed."

"How about Ron?" Evan asked with difficulty.

"He'll live!" said Madam Pomfrey grimly. "It's unbelievable, the effect of the Imperius curse. The impact of that evil magic on his soul should take a very long time to be undone. I will advise the Headmaster to send him to St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries."

"He'll be fine, right?" Evan, Harry and Hermione asked at the same time.

"This poor child needs to rest in bed for a while, but he will recover." Madam Pomfrey wrinkled her nose and said nervously, "I really don't understand when Hogwarts became a hub for Dark Wizards! Last year was He-Who-Should-Not-Be-Named. Today is Sirius Black. Who knows who it will be next year?"

Evan wanted to tell her that next year's may be Barty Crouch Junior.

He didn't know how accurate her hunch could be. Hopefully, it won't be as accurate as Prof. Trelawney's. She told him to be careful about the spiders during his 1st divination class, and then he actually encountered them, at the most critical moment.

“Right, Sirius!” Harry seemed to have remembered something. He asked quickly. “Where is he, why didn’t I see him?”

“It’s all right. They’ve got Black. He’s locked away upstairs” said Madam Pomfrey, uneasily. “I just saw his injury, it’s bad but it should heal slowly. However, I think he should not need treatment, those Dementors...”

“Sirius is innocent, we have proved this, everything was...”

Harry had not finished his word, when he heard Mrs. Pomfrey continue to say, “Ah yeah! If, more than a decade ago, someone told me that Black would become what he is today, I wouldn’t believe him at all. He was always together with that Potter, roaming around the campus. He was the most popular boy, had a very good character, and was very smart and likable. Who could believe that he would go with He-Who-Should-Not-Be-Named...”

“That was not Sirius’s doing! He did not sell my parents out, it was all done by that Pettigrew.” Harry hurriedly turned to look at Evan and asked urgently. “Pettigrew is...?”

“Dead!” Evan replied whispering.

Harry slammed quietly, and he and Hermione looked at Evan with disbelief.

“You, what are you talking about, how could he die?!” Harry closed his eyes and shivered. “If he’s dead, what should Sirius do?”

Looking at Harry, pale, Evan slowly shook his head.

“Well, that’s for the Headmaster and the Ministry of Magic to consider!” Madam Pomfrey looked at Harry uncomfortably. “You two must go back to bed immediately, especially you, Harry! I heard Professor Snape who sent you in say the Dementors were even about to kiss...” She said forcing Harry and Hermione back to their beds. Then she gave everyone a piece of chocolate and turned back to her office.

No one spoke in the dark ward. Harry and Hermione were still absorbed by the shocking news of Pettigrew’s death. They didn’t know what happened in the Forbidden Forest. It should be so grave since Pettigrew had died.

After a few moments of silence, Evan told them about what happened in the Forbidden Forest. Harry and Hermione listened quietly to his narrative. Hearing how Evan had to face the siege of the small elephant-sized Aragog and his thousands of Acromantulas, they were extremely nervous.

“Remember?” Hermione whispered. “We heard Hagrid talk about Aragog last year. Fifty years ago, people mistakenly thought that he was the one coming out of the Chamber of Secrets and killing Myrtle. Hagrid was expelled at the time because of that. With that entire time passing, I actually thought that the spider had died!”

“Not only did it remain alive. It’s been reproducing in the Forbidden Forest. Now, no one knows how many Acromantulas reside in there. A large portion of the forest is

their territory." Evan continued, "I bet that Hagrid must have thought that Aragog would never hurt his friends."

"That's Hagrid's problem. He always thinks that monsters are not as bad a people imagine!" Harry clenched his fist, "Those Acromantulas have killed Pettigrew, that's what he deserved. But now Sirius..."

He couldn't know why, but because of Pettigrew's death, Harry couldn't keep himself from feeling a little happy.

He was so worried about Black, and then he thought of his parents.

Tonight, seeing their traitor's death, will they be happy?

Evan and Hermione were still talking. Harry blinked, reaching out to wipe the tears from his eyes. He heard Hermione talking about the time when they encountered the Dementors.

Hermione had already fainted at the time, but he clearly saw the two silver Patronuses.

The two that saved them from the Dementors looked like..

Who would conjure those two Patronuses; would it be... his father and mother?

Then he thought of Sirius Black, and Madam Pomfrey saying that he was locked upstairs. He had to save him. If he doesn't move in time, it would be too late!

Just as Harry made up his mind, the door to the ward was opened, and through it entered a calm Professor Dumbledore who had just returned from the Ministry of Magic.

Chapter 167: Time-Turner

When they saw Dumbledore, Harry and Hermione were stunned for a moment, and they both burst into speech at the same time.

"Professor, Black is being wrongly accused, we saw Peter Pettigrew!"

"He is Ron's rat. In the Hall, he said everything!"

"Peter Pettigrew took control of Ron. Last night, he framed Professor Lupin, and today he was still preparing..."

"Peter Pettigrew died; he has been killed in the Forbidden Forest by the Acromantulas..."

But Dumbledore held up his hand to stem the flood of explanations, his light blue eyes, carefully looking at Evan through his semi-circular glasses.

"I already know what you're telling me, please listen to me now, and I beg you will not interrupt me, because there is very little time, Cornelius and the Aurors are coming to Hogwarts, they are likely to arrive at the castle at any time." Dumbledore said quietly, "In fact, you've done very well this evening, but there is not a shred of proof to support Black's story, except your word, and the word of four twelve, or thirteen-year-old wizards will not convince anybody."

“But Peter Pettigrew...”

“Twelve years ago, a street full of eyewitnesses swore they saw Sirius murder Pettigrew. I myself gave evidence to the Ministry that Sirius had been the Potters’ Secret-Keeper.”

“Peter Pettigrew did not die at the time, Professor! We can prove it, his body is still in the Forbidden Forest, in the Acromantulas’ territory.”

“It’s too late, Evan! By the time we find his body, it will be too late!” Dumbledore turned to Evan. “We don’t have time, the Dementors have already asked for it. The Ministry of Magic agreed to directly execute Black.”

“But...”

“Without Pettigrew, alive or dead, we have no chance of overturning Sirius’s sentence, nor can we stop the Dementors. No one will believe Black.”

“But you believe us.”

“Yes, I do,” said Dumbledore quietly. “But I have no power to make other men see the truth, or to overrule the Minister of Magic...”

Hearing this sentence, Harry and Hermione’s faces became pale, especially Harry. He stared up into the grave face and felt as though the ground beneath him were falling sharply away. He had grown used to the idea that Dumbledore could solve anything.

Just now, when he heard Evan say that Peter Pettigrew was dead, he had expected Dumbledore to pull some amazing solution out of the air. But no... their last hope was gone!

Evan didn’t talk, looking at the calm Dumbledore, he knew that he would definitely have a way to turn things around; otherwise he would not have been there this evening.

“In fact, we are not out of opportunities. What we need,” said Dumbledore slowly, and his light blue eyes moved from Harry to Hermione, “is more time.”

“More time?! Harry repeated, his expression was confused, and he didn’t know what Dumbledore meant.

Evan suddenly thought of it, Hermione’s Time-Turner.

No wonder that he had been feeling strange all night. From the moment Harry and Hermione rushed into Professor Lupin’s office, history had changed. He met Harry and Hermione from the future in normal time flow.

Evan became confused. He couldn’t understand how the Time-Turner worked. If they change their history with time travel, then the time and space before the trip will not exist, creating a paradox in this trip, and a contradiction between history and time.

If they caught Peter Pettigrew and saved Black before, then they wouldn't have needed to use the Time-Turner to go back to the past at this point in the future; if they don't return to the past, they will naturally not be able to change history.

Evan shook his head and he felt like he was in a vicious circle.

But it's not the time to think about it, he is going to include the Time-Turner in his magic research. However, he didn't see related books in the library. He can only ask at the Flourish and Blotts Bookseller shop to see if they can help him find something.

While Evan was thinking about these things, Hermione's eyes became very round. She clearly understood what Dumbledore meant and said with surprise, "Oh..."

"Now, pay attention," said Dumbledore, speaking very low, and very clearly. "Miss Granger, you know the law, you know what is at stake... You must make sure that you can't be seen, especially by yourselves. You...must...not...be...seen!"

Hermione nodded, nervously touching the necklace on her chest.

Harry didn't have a clue what was going on. Dumbledore had turned on his heel and looked back as he reached the door.

"I am going to lock you in. Now, it's five minutes to midnight!" Dumbledore consulted his watch, "Miss Granger, six turns should do it, I wish you good luck!"

"Good luck?" Harry repeated as the door closed behind Dumbledore, he said in amazement "Six turns? What's he talking about? What are we supposed to do?"

He saw that Evan and Hermione had left their beds, and Hermione was fumbling with the neck of her robes, pulling from beneath them a very long, very fine gold chain.

"Evan, Hermione, what are you doing?" Harry said confused.

"We will explain to you later, come here now," Hermione said urgently.

"Quick, we must hurry up!" Evan also followed.

He saw Hermione's nervous face and subconsciously held her cold little hand.

Hermione turned and smiled at Evan.

Upon hearing the urging of the two, Harry hurried toward them.

He saw Hermione holding the chain out, with a small tiny, sparkling hourglass hanging from it.

"Here!" Hermione had thrown the chain around Evan and Harry's necks, asking breathlessly, "Ready?"

Evan nodded, and Harry was completely lost. He hurriedly asked, "Hold on, what are we doing?"

Before he finished his words, he saw Hermione turn the hourglass over six times.

In the blink of an eye, the dark ward dissolved!

Harry had the sensation that he was flying very fast, backward. A blur of colors and shapes rushed past him, his ears were pounding.

He tried to yell but couldn't hear his own voice. And then he felt solid ground beneath his feet, and everything came into focus again. He was standing next to Evan and Hermione in the deserted entrance hall and a stream of golden sunlight was falling across the paved floor from the open front doors.

Harry was surprised to see the familiar scene around him. He didn't understand how it was just midnight, and now it became daytime. What did Hermione and Evan do?!

"What happened, where are we?" Harry hurriedly turned his head to Evan and Hermione.

"In the past!" Evan replied softly. "We've gone back in time!"

Chapter 168: A Plan to Change History

In the bright Entrance Hall, Harry felt that everything was becoming unreal.

He remembered the feeling of flying in the clouds. It was misty, ethereal, just like a dream.

"In the past?!" he muttered, looking at Evan with amazement. "What does this mean? I don't understand. What happened?"

"We've gone back in time," Hermione whispered, lifting the chain off Evan and Harry's necks. "Six hours back..."

"Back in time!" Harry found his own leg and gave it a very hard pinch. It hurt a lot, which seemed to rule out the possibility that he was having a very bizarre dream.

Harry still wanted to say something, but Evan suddenly said, "Shh! Someone is coming, it should be Madam Pomfrey. We have to hide first."

The three of them hurriedly left, running through the entrance hall, and going into the dark empty corridor. They then stopped immediately as they saw Prof. Trelawney stumbling down the stairs in front of them.

She didn't see them. In fact, she looked very flustered as if she was hiding something.

Professor Trelawney was drunk and stumbling. She almost tripped over the stone steps underneath her feet.

"Who is it?" Hermione whispered.

"It's Professor Trelawney!" Evan glanced out and looked: "Look at her, she should have finished that prophecy!"

"What prophecy?" Harry and Hermione asked at the same time. .

"A prophecy about Voldemort, he will select a person to help him rise. With the help of the chosen one, he will gain the power that ordinary people cannot imagine, becoming stronger and more terrible than ever before!"

When they heard Voldemort's name, the mood became gloomy.

"How could this be, how could Voldemort come back...?" Hermione said anxiously.

"This is obviously ridiculous!" Harry said. "Don't buy it. Professor Trelawney must be talking nonsense, she is a liar! Always pretending to be mysterious, and always predicting something bad. Remember? She's been predicting my death the whole semester.

"No, I think this is a real prophecy!" Evan was thinking about the content of the prophecy.

Since Peter Pettigrew had died, the future had changed and the way Voldemort will return would also change.

What will he do, with the help of his chosen person?

"Well, let's not talk about this prophecy! There were so many strange things happening today, more than I have seen in the past six months." Harry turned and looked at Hermione, eagerly asking, "I can't believe it until now, we actually went back to the past. Hermione, where did you get that hourglass thing?"

"It's called a Time-Turner," Hermione whispered, "and I got it from Professor McGonagall on our first day back. I've been using it all year to get to all my lessons. No one knows about it except Evan and me. Professor McGonagall made me swear I wouldn't tell anyone. She had to write all sorts of letters to the Ministry of Magic so I could have one. She had to tell them that I was a model student, and that I'd never, ever use it for anything except my studies... I've been turning it back so I could do hours over again, that's how I've been doing several lessons at once, see?"

Hearing Hermione's explanation, Harry nodded and hurriedly shook his head.

"What are we supposed to do now?"

"I don't understand what Dumbledore wants us to do. Why did he tell us to go back six hours? How's that going to help Sirius?" Hermione turned and looked at Evan's shadowy face, and said perplexed, "Evan, do you know?"

"I have no idea what Dumbledore meant. There must be something that happened around now he wants us to change," Evan said slowly, "Think carefully, I was looking for the Marauder's map in Professor Lupin's office at this time. Peter Pettigrew was also there. Where were you two?"

"Six hours ago?! Hermione recalled, "We should be in the Common room. Soon after you left, the two of us were stunned by Peter Pettigrew. It was Sirius Black who saved us."

“Then we saw Ron taking Snape into the Common room,” added Harry. “Snape had the Marauder’s map in his hand, he wanted to catch Sirius and hand him to the Dementors. But it didn’t take long before you rushed in. Hold on, it wouldn’t be...”

Harry’s eyes widened and he looked at Evan.

“Yes, that should be me coming back from the future, but not me at this time!” Evan rubbed his forehead with his left hand and continued. “I also saw you two in Professor Lupin’s office. What we should do is very clear.”

Harry and Hermione nodded, with a strange look of uneasiness and disbelief on their faces. Both of them felt that this was incredible.

The three of them were actually saved by themselves coming from the future.

“Well, I should go to the Common room now, stop Snape from catching Sirius, and you two should go to Professor Lupin’s office to save me!”

By the faint light, Evan looked at his friends. Hermione looked frightened, and Harry was eager to go.

“After that, you will stay in Professor Lupin’s office and wait for me to find you!” Evan anxiously exhorted. “Remember, don’t go to the Hall, we mustn’t be seen by ourselves.”

“Wait a minute, Evan! Pettigrew, we have to catch him.” said Harry quickly, “If we let him die or run away, there will be no change in the future compared to before we came back.”

“Leave it to me, I know what happened inside the Forbidden Forest, I will find a way to catch Peter Pettigrew.”

“But...” Hermione looked worriedly at Evan; she did not want him to return, at night, to the Forbidden Forest which was full of danger.

She was trying to imagine carthorse and small elephant sized giant spiders. Imagining how horrifying the Acromantulas would be, and remembering their description and danger rating in “Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them” made her extremely worried.

To her, such a ferocious dangerous dark creature cannot be dealt with by young wizards of their age. Still, Evan was going for it, definitely putting himself in danger.

If anything bad happened to him.... Hermione couldn’t even imagine.

“Don’t worry, Hermione. I’ll be back safely.” Seeing how worried she was, Evan stepped forward and hugged Hermione.

Then he hugged Harry too and said with a firm voice: “This time, I WILL catch Peter Pettigrew!”

Chapter 169: Plan in Progress

The winter sun fell early, and golden rays of light slid through the leaves and shot into a hidden tree hole in the forbidden forest, shining on a man.

Inside the tree hole, Sirius Black's body curled up very uncomfortably. His fight against the werewolf left him scarred, dirty, with his tangled hair hanging down to his elbows. Long-term malnutrition and running day after day made his face very gaunt and sunken. Still, he kept a smile on his lips.

He was thinking about what the boy named Evan told him yesterday when they met in Hogsmeade. Provided he can clear his name, he can return to the world, and live with James' son, Harry Potter. Black, who had never been afraid of anything, felt suddenly nervous. He didn't know how to fulfill his godfather's duties.

He had never had a similar experience before, and happiness was too sudden for him.

In his mind, his stern, old fashioned, swearing father's face appeared. He shook his head. Since he left home at the age of sixteen, he had never seen his parents and never returned to his family, The Noble and Most Ancient House of Black.

Sirius had a sarcastic smile. He couldn't recall any aspect of his father other than the pure blood theory which was not worth a single penny.

Maybe, he should be like James's father, funny, kind, friendly, with an encouraging, tolerant attitude...

Just as Black thought about how he should get along with Harry, he suddenly heard a distant sound in the woods, a sound of treading over the snow and fallen leaves. Something was approaching.

He immediately became alert, he turned over and climbed up from the ground.

Black squinted, and by the light of the sunset, he saw a ginger figure appearing in his field of vision. Crookshanks seemed to bring something.

Crookshanks came over, arched his head, and handed a piece of paper to Black. Then he jumped sideways to the side of the branch, meowing with satisfaction.

Black squinted and looked at the note in his hand.

On it was the new password for the entrance to Gryffindor Common room. It was Evan who sent Crookshanks.

He couldn't tell why, but he had a sudden ominous hunch.

He hesitated for a moment, and then turned into his Animagus form.

Black was ready to go to the castle, and he couldn't wait to catch Peter Pettigrew.

As for his plan with Evan, he didn't care. He had to act according to his guts.

In the morning, he saw that the students had all left by train. There were no other people in the castle. No one could stop him from catching the rat.

Ten minutes later, a massive black dog and a ginger cat appeared on the grounds of Hogwarts, both of them skillfully bypassed Hagrid's cabin.

There was a canine's bark in the house, it was Hagrid's hunting dog Fang. From the window, it saw Black and Crookshanks passing through the field. It was warning Hagrid, but the latter did not look back, he was busy preparing food for Buckbeak, a large plate of dead ferrets.

Before the hearing of the Committee for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures, he will live with Buckbeak for the time being, and he must make sure that it will live comfortably.

Black and Crookshanks entered the castle and followed the empty staircase to the Gryffindor common room.

Standing in front of the portrait, Black's body shook.

"A dog and a cat?! Do you know the password, without the correct password, I won't let you in!" Sir Cadogan seemed to have drunk too much, he staggered and stood up, his body's armor making a loud noise, and finally he had to put the big outrageous sword on the ground to support his own body.

"Scurvy cur!" Black said quietly, he had changed back.

"And the same to you, Mr. disguised as a dog!" Sir Cadogan took another drink, and he did not seem to recognize that Black was not a student at Gryffindor House.

Or to be precise, as long as he had the correct password, he did not care who he was.

The painting swung forward and Black climbed in.

Behind him, the two former Hogwarts Headmasters who had been drinking with Sir Cadogan looked at him with surprise. They looked at each other and disappeared into the frame.

The Common room was very quiet and Black was about to go into Harry's bedroom.

He had seen it many times before, and Peter Pettigrew became the rat in the red-haired boy's jacket pocket next to Harry.

He just had walked two steps forward when he saw Harry and Hermione fainting on the ground.

Black stopped abruptly; there was a glimmer of dismay on his exhausted face. His bad hunch re-emerged and became more intense.

"Harry, Hermione, wake up, why are you lying here, what happened?"

Black shook Harry, his hands shaking uncontrollably because of over-excitement.

"You are..." Harry woke up and looked at Black in confusion. Then he thought about it. There was a glimmer of joy in his eyes when he said: "Sirius Black?!"

Black nodded, looking at Harry, and tears swirled in his eyes.

He seemed to have thousands of words, but he didn't know what to say. He only knew that this boy in front of him was the son of his best friend, James.

The thirteen-year-old Harry looked very much like James, and Black almost thought that he was seeing his late best friend in his younger years.

The exception was those green eyes, Harry had his mother's eyes.

Looking at Harry, Black opened his mouth and closed it, so many times. He seemed to have lost his ability to speak, and every time he wanted to talk, he swallowed back his word.

“Oh, Mr. Black, Sirius?” Hermione’s voice suddenly came over. She said timidly, “Can I call you like that?”

Black was really shocked to hear such a name. He stared at Hermione, as if he had forgotten other people would speak to him politely.

“You shouldn’t be here now, you will be discovered!”

“Yes!” Harry seemed to have just thought about it, he stood up from the ground, and said in a hurry, “Evan said you should come here again at eight in the evening, if you are seen by other people...”

“I don’t care; I don’t care if I’m discovered.” Black’s voice was extremely hoarse, “Where is that rat, where is Peter Pettigrew?”

Harry and Hermione hastily looked at each other then at him in panic.

They suddenly realized that they didn’t know where Peter Pettigrew was. He should be with Ron.

Ron had just stunned them with Stupefy, and then, they didn’t know where he had gone with Peter Pettigrew.

They are definitely planning a plot, and Black was in a very dangerous situation.

“You should leave here immediately, Sirius!” Harry said quickly.

“I think, he has no time to escape!” Harry’s voice just fell, and a cold voice came in.

The three of them hurriedly turned their heads. They saw that the portrait door was opened again. Severus Snape walked in slowly with his wand pointed directly at Black.

Chapter 170: The Taste of Revenge

Seeing Snape, Hermione screamed; Black leapt to his feet, and the two men looked at each other angrily; Harry jumped up as though he’d received a huge electric shock.

“Don’t be so surprised, I got a little help from Mr. Weasley, it’s very useful, I have to thank him!” Snape turned sideways, his wand firmly pointed at the chest of Sirius Black. .

On his side, Ron walked into the Common room with no expression, his eyes staring at Harry, Hermione and Sirius Black.

Harry and Hermione couldn’t believe it. They looked at Ron with heartache. They couldn’t understand why he was doing this. Why did he bring Snape over?

Even though he knew that Ron was controlled, Harry still felt that he could not forgive him. He had never hated Ron so much.

“Mr. Weasley has provided me with a very useful prop.” Snape was slightly breathless, but his face was full of suppressed triumph. He took the Marauder’s Map out and threw it on the ground. “Remember this pranking parchment, Potter?”

“The Marauder’s Map!” Harry and Hermione were shocked again, and even Black was surprised to see the parchment that Snape threw on the floor.

Hermione suddenly burst into tears. She remembered that before he left, Evan told her that he had gone to Professor Lupin’s office to find the Marauder’s map.

But this map is in the hands of Ron and Snape. Does this mean that Evan had already met Peter Pettigrew?

Where is he now, what happened to him?

“This map!” Snape stared at Black, his eyes shining. “Just looking at it, I understood everything I needed to understand. I saw you walking down the aisle into the Gryffindor Tower. You are now...”

“Shut up, Snivellus!” Black looked at Snape violently, looking for any chance to rush on. “Why are you at Hogwarts?!”

“Obviously, when you were confined to Azkaban for murder, I have become a professor, a Potions class professor!” Snape looked at Black, his eyes glowing fiercely. “Who could have imagined this situation before more than ten years?! However, I have to say, that for you to murder James and Peter Pettigrew, although many people were shocked, but I was not surprised at all. After all, in your student days, you had already shown the potential of becoming a murderer.”

“It served you right!” Black clenched his fist and sneered, “Sneaking around, trying to find out what we were up to... hoping you could get us expelled. So I told you how to enter the Shrieking Shack, let you follow Lupin, and see him in there for once. I still remember that day, when James rescued you. You were even so scared that you pissed your pants. ”

“Shut up!” Snape shouted, and a few sparks appeared at the end of his wand.

“Afraid to recall the embarrassing memories of your student days?” Black looked at Snape disdainfully. “You are still the same as before, a runny nose! James shouldn’t have saved you on that day! ”

“He was not saving me, he was saving himself.” Snape’s face was distorted, and his breathing became rapid. “Look at what the werewolf did, attacking his students...”

“You despicable wretch, Lupin would never do that.”

Black roared to Snape, but the latter pointed his wand directly between his eyes.

They glared at each other, and one could not recognize who had deeper hatred on his face.

“Professor Lupin is innocent; Sirius is also innocent!” Harry shouted, and he took a step and stopped between Snape and Black.

“Professor Snape, please believe us.” Hermione also said, “All this is Pettigrew’s...”

“Shut up, Potter! Shut up, Granger!” Snape spit a mouthful of spittle and said with a squint. “You are already facing suspension from this school. You are out-of-bounds, in the company of a convicted murderer and a werewolf proven to be guilty!”

“No, they aren’t, it’s all Peter Pettigrew’s...”

“Keep quiet, Potter! For once in your life, hold your tongue.”

“What’s happening now is a conspiracy. Peter Pettigrew is controlling Ron. Last night he wronged Professor Lupin, he...” Hermione said eagerly.

“SHUT UP, YOU STUPID GIRL!” Snape shouted, looking even more deranged. “If Weasley, whose head is empty, can’t learn to protect his own brain and get his mind under control, of course anyone could control him. But I don’t care, I don’t care if he is being controlled, I don’t care if the werewolf is innocent, I don’t care about any conspiracy, I’ll just catch Black, and I’ll give him to the Dementors!”

He was shouting in rage. His face was distorted, and a few sparks shot out of the end of his wand, which was still pointed at Black’s face.

Harry and Hermione took a step back, pale, and didn’t know what to say. They had never seen Snape looking like this.

“Vengeance is very sweet,” Snape breathed at Black. “How I hoped I would be the one to catch you. It is time for revenge...”

“I’ll just catch the rat, Peter Pettigrew, and I will quietly return to Azkaban, even if I’ll stay in there for the rest of my life...”

“Azkaban?!” Snape showed a cold smile. “I don’t think we need to go that far. All I have to do is call the Dementors once we get out of the Castle. They’ll be very pleased to see you; Black... pleased enough to give you a little kiss...”

Hearing his words, whatever little color remaining on Black’s face left it.

“You can’t do this; you must listen to me, the boy’s rat...”

“Are you scared?!” there was a mad glint in Snape’s eyes. “When you betrayed them to that person, when you told him about their house’s location, you should have imagined that there would be such a day.”

“No, I didn’t...”

“You killed her, so you should die!” Snape said in a word, his voice was very strange. He seemed beyond reason.

Harry noticed that Snape’s eyes seemed to be shining with tears.

It must have been an illusion. Harry blinked. When he looked carefully, he could only see the frenzied hatred from Snape’s eyes.

Hatred had completely engulfed Snape’s entire body, and he was savouring the taste of revenge.