

Harry Potter 171

Chapter 171: Evan vs. Snape

“Come on, Black! I can’t wait to see the Dementors suck your soul away!”

The tip of Snape’s wand was shining brighter, but before he could release his magic, Harry stepped forward blocking his wand with his own body.

“Get out of the way, Potter, you’re in enough trouble already,” snarled Snape. “If I hadn’t been here to save your skin...”

“No, Sirius is innocent; he didn’t kill anyone, and is not likely to hurt me.” Harry gasped, “I believe him, we all believe him. It’s all the doing of Ron’s rat, Scabbers, he is...”

“Move away, Potter, I don’t have time to listen to your nonsense here.” Snape said sharply, “Black has cast a spell on both of you, I can clearly see that! Judging from your present behavior, it should be a kind of black magic, making you actually think that Black is innocent.”

“My heart and Hermione’s are not disturbed by any black magic. It’s Ron, he’s the one controlled by Peter Pettigrew with the Imperius Curse. Everything was Pettigrew’s conspiracy, he planned all this.”

“Peter Pettigrew died twelve years ago and was killed by Black. A whole street’s worth of witnesses can confirm that!” Snape said sullenly, “I will say it for the last time, GET OUT OF THE WAY, POTTER!”

“YOU’RE PATHETIC!” Harry yelled. “JUST BECAUSE THEY MADE A FOOL OF YOU AT SCHOOL, YOU WON’T EVEN LISTEN, YOU WON’T EVEN CONSIDER THAT THERE’S TRUTH IN WHAT SIRIUS SAID...”

“SILENCE! I WILL NOT BE SPOKEN TO LIKE THAT!” Snape shrieked, looking madder than ever. “Like father, like son, Potter! I have just saved your neck; you should be thanking me on bended knee! You would have been well served if he’d killed you! You’d have died like your father, too arrogant to believe you might be mistaken in Black. Now get out of the way, or I will make you!”

Harry did not move, he made up his mind in a split second, and raised his wand.

“Expelliarmus!” he yelled... except that his wasn’t the only voice that shouted. There was a blast in the Gryffindor Common room that made the entire tower shake...

A red light flashed across, but Snape was still standing in his place, safe and intact.

Before Harry showed his magic, someone was faster than him. His wand flew high in the air and fell on the floor in front of Ron, rolling forward and making a creaking sound.

Ron was holding his wand, lifeless and looking at Harry with no expression.

“Ron!” Harry fell to the ground and he looked at Ron with his eyes wide open, his face full of anger.

Hermione hurriedly ran over to help Harry, and she sobbed in whisper, looking at Snape and Ron with fear.

“Disappointing, Potter! You are even worse than Weasley, whose head is empty. I am really worried about your level of magical skill!” Snape glanced at Harry with pity, his wand re-aimed at Black.

“Snivellus...” Black looked at Snape with abhorrence. He clenched his fists tightly and was ready to rush in.

“Say goodbye to the world, Black!”

In the blink of an eye, the tip of Snape’s wand emitted a green light.

Black hurried to dodge to the left, but he did not retreat and rushed to Snape.

But Snape was quicker and another spell followed, and Black had to step back and dodge.

Creak..Creak!

Just as Black dodged the spell, the three sofas that had been in the corner suddenly turned and flew over to him. Black was hit hard and flew away. He was lifted off his feet and slammed into the wall, then slid down it to the floor, panting and lying there, looking at Snape angrily.

“Your reaction rate has dropped a lot. I expected you to hold your own for a few more seconds!” Snape squinted and looked down at Sirius Black.

“Don’t be so proud, I...”

“You won’t have a chance, you will pay for your past deeds,” Snape said indifferently.

His wand’s tip emitted the flickering light of yet another spell.

Just as his magic was about to hit Black, a boy’s slightly tender but firm voice rang in the Common room.

“Protego!”

A red light came first, and there seemed to be an invisible wall in front of Black. Snape’s magic was bounced back to the side. Everyone turned around in surprise and saw Evan panting from the portrait’s entrance. The spell he just used saved Sirius Black.

“Evan!” Harry and Hermione yelled with joy.

Evan nodded to both of them, he finally caught up.

He glanced at the situation in the Common room, Harry and Hermione had fell to the ground, the two had Ron’s wand pointed at them. Sirius Black was down at the side of the wall. Evan’s eyes fell on Snape whose gloomy face was looking back at him in disgust.

“Professor Snape, you shouldn’t hurt Sirius Black. What’s going on tonight is a conspiracy. Sirius is innocent, all...”

“Enough, Mason!” Snape shrieked explosively, “Before you came, Potter and Granger have told me that countless times. Don’t tell me that Peter Pettigrew is still alive. You three have been brainwashed by Black, and you don’t know what you are doing.”

Evan looked at Snape in surprise, and he realized that he was in a bad state. Snape looked different from usual. He never imagined in his life that he would see such a distorted expression of loss of control on Snape’s gloomy face. Hatred had blinded his eyes.

He seemed to be mad, desperate to catch and kill Sirius Black.

“Professor...”

“Shut up, Mason!” Snape shouted. “You and Potter are too arrogant. For a long time, you have done too many unruly things. Dumbledore’s indulgence allowed you to enjoy too many privileges, to see what you have done since you entered school, to create a ridiculous newspaper, to think that you can single-handedly catch the Basilisk, to violate the rules and go to Hogsmeade, to fight a dangerous werewolf, to lead a friend to be in danger, and now to believe in a dangerous murderer! That’s enough! I will advise the Headmaster to give you a temporary suspension...”

“I don’t care about any punishment!” Evan interrupted him. “We don’t have time; Peter Pettigrew can run away at any time.”

“Where is he, where is that vile coward?” Black roared.

“He is in Professor Lupin’s office, but he is about to run away. He wants to go to the Forbidden Forest! We must stop him. If he manages to leave the school borders, he’ll be able to hide and disappear.” Evan said anxiously. “Hurry up, Sirius!”

Hearing Evan, Black turned into a black dog. He rushed out of the Common room and jumped aside avoiding Snape’s Spell.

“You can’t go anywhere, Black!” Snape snapped, and his wand started emitting spells towards Sirius.

“Impedimenta!” Evan shouted, as he stopped Snape.

The two fought in the Common room. After freezing for a moment, Black turned and rushed out of the place.

Crookshanks jumped on Black’s body. Harry and Hermione grabbed their wands and the Marauder’s Map from the ground and hurriedly followed.

Ron hesitated for a while then left.

Now, only Evan and Snape were left in the Common room. They were fighting and sending out their spells.

The atmosphere grew more and more tense. Looking at Snape's furious eyes, Evan could only clench his hand on his wand.

Chapter 172: Evan and Snape's Duel

"Get out of it, Mason!" Snape said coldly, he quickly waved his wand, not seeming to slow down at all just because Evan was his student.

"Be reasonable, Professor, you know very well that Black is innocent!" Evan dodged Snape's curse and shouted, "It's all Peter Pettigrew's doing. He used the Imperius Curse to control Ron. Everything was part of his plan."

Snape turned a deaf ear to Evan's arguing.

His eyes, filled with vengeance and anger, were fixed on Black.

Black became a huge black dog, jumped over Evan, and went out through the portrait entrance. Snape rushed to catch up, but immediately stopped to evade Evan's stunning spell.

"Evan Mason!" Seeing Black's fading figure, Snape's face was distorted, and he said with a grin, "I'll say it again for the last time, GET OUT OF MY WAY! Otherwise I'll make you regret stopping me."

Evan gasped and stopped in front of the Common room's entrance.

He held his wand and didn't move away. He answered Snape with his actions.

"Very well!" Snape said madly, his face flashing a desperate expression.

His mouth quickly recited a spell. His wand was whizzing in the air, and several spells were issued. Like daggers, with a cold light, they flew over to Evan.

Evan hurried to the right, tumbling on the ground, dodging Snape's magic. He issued a Protego to shield himself as quickly as he could.

Under the protection of the Shield, a red spell rubbed his body and flew to the side.

The powerful impact force made him lose his balance and he fell heavily to the ground.

Evan hurriedly rose up ignoring the pain in his back.

He saw a blue ray of a curse coming towards him, and he hurriedly waved his wand to the round wooden table in front of him.

The wooden table drifted, rotated quickly, and stood erect to block Snape's attack.

With a bang, the previously tough, solid desk was struck hard by the blue light that made a large hole in it.

It quickly flew backwards and then slammed down. Under the influence of Evan's spell, the worn wooden table flew back to Snape.

In midair, it began to deform, and fell heavily on the ground, turning into a big black snake, revealing its sharp fangs and sliding towards Evan.

Evan took a deep breath, held it as the tip of his wand emitted a silver white light, which turned into a sword that cut the black snake in front of him in two. The silver-white sword was relentless, and fiercely passed over to Snape.

Snape's face was somewhat surprised. He didn't seem to have imagined that Evan could use such powerful magic.

He waved his wand in his hand and his mouth whispered a Spell.

The next second, a semi-circular white barrier magic suddenly appeared in front of Snape, and Evan's curse slammed into it, leaving a ripple on it.

Evan looked at the barrier in front of Snape with astonishment. The doubts that had troubled him all night were unraveling.

It was him; it was Snape who had done everything: At the hall, he stopped Peter Pettigrew from leaving the castle, protecting him, Harry and Hermione from being hurt by Peter's ability to explode with his evil magic. When Evan finally fainted, it was Snape who sent him to the school hospital.

Originally, Evan wasn't sure about it. But now, there were no more doubts about it being Snape's white barrier magic.

This defensive barrier magic, like Sectumsempra, should have been created by Snape himself, for Evan never saw such a spell before.

Unlike the Shield Charm, which forms an invisible wall blocking attack, Snape's magical protective barrier is visible. This barrier has a strong defense. It doesn't rebound the attack hitting it, it absorbs it completely. As long as the magic trying to pass does not exceed that of the caster itself, the barrier cannot be broken.

Besides, the barrier can also prevent people from passing through.

In the Hall, Evan saw Peter Pettigrew being bounced back heavily.

Snape must have been there, and Evan was sure that his previous judgment was completely correct. He was convinced that he saw Snape behind the curtain.

Evan breathed a sigh of relief, and his struggles at that time did not seem to be in vain anymore.

He took a risk of giving Pettigrew the chance to escape, and did not directly use Stupefy to stun him, but deliberately guided him and Sirius Black, who was in a frenzy of anger, and made them both fully expose the truth about that year.

He intentionally gave Peter Pettigrew an opportunity to defend himself. Evan's purpose of doing so, besides his promise to Dumbledore to do everything he could to save Ron, was mainly to let Snape know the truth about that year.

Snape, who must have been hiding behind the curtain, should have heard everything clearly, and he should have known who sold Harry's parents out to Voldemort... who killed Lily, the only woman he ever loved in his life.

However, Evan still found some difficulty in understanding Snape's ideas.

Since he already knew the truth about the incident, why didn't he come out at the time? Why didn't he stop Peter Pettigrew but gave him a chance to escape into the Forbidden Forest?!

Looking at Professor Snape, whose face was gloomy, Evan sighed heavily. He didn't know what he was thinking of at the time, but he suddenly had an unusual feeling of sadness.

Unable to explain why, he suddenly felt that Professor Snape was very pitiful. Even though he didn't spend twelve years in Azkaban like Sirius Black, his heart had been suffering no less than his childhood foe during the past twelve years.

Evan didn't want to continue to fight. He was going to tell Snape about everything. Besides Harry, he was the one who had the most right to know the truth about Lily's death.

But Snape did not give him the opportunity to explain. He took a step forward, still waving his wand, completely absorbed by the duel.

The big snake, which Evan had cut into two halves, suddenly turned into black smoke. In a few seconds, the black smoke deformed and solidified, becoming dense small cobras. They hissed and surrounded Evan from all directions.

Evan's face was full of sweat, his wand swept, and a circular, ring-shaped blue flame appeared, quickly spreading from the center of his sole as the starting point, burning quietly on the floor. Touched by the blue flame, all the cobras in front of him turned back into black smoke and disappeared.

This is a magic he learned in the library, and it was very magical power-hungry.

The cobras in front of Evan disappeared completely, but the number of new born cobras around him increased. He stepped back and fell on the sofa behind him.

About two seconds later, the sofa underneath Evan suddenly came to life, and then changed into a black giant python, which unexpectedly entangled Evan's body. It roared and opened a mouth bigger than Evan, and it was about to swallow him whole.

Chapter 173: A Paradoxal Existence

Just as the giant python was about to swallow Evan, it suddenly became a snake-like black belt that wrapped around his neck, wrists and ankles, layer after layer, from head to toe, tying him up solid.

Evan was tied like a mummy, lying on the ground weakly.

"I should have done this to you before. You and Potter are nothing but trouble!" Snape said sullenly, "Remember, Mr. "know it all"! In the future, before a duel, you need to first understand the strength gap between you and your adversary. Don't try to challenge opponents that you can never defeat. Doing that is just looking for death!"

"Professor..."

"Shut up, and lie here quietly; I'll catch Black first." Snape turned his head and inserted his wand back into his waist. "You're stupid enough to help a murderer! If I were the Headmaster, the first thing I would do is to expel you and Potter."

Snape bypassed Evan and was about to leave the Common room.

“Wait a minute, Professor!” Evan hurriedly shouted. “You shouldn’t catch Sirius Black. He is innocent. It’s all Peter Pettigrew’s...”

Snape ignored Evan’s shouts. His face was gloomy, his footsteps did not stop, and he walked out of Gryffindor’s Common room.

“Twelve years ago, it was Peter Pettigrew who sold Harry’s parents out to Voldemort, who killed Harry’s mother!” Evan continued to shout, hoping Snape could hear him, “If you want to avenge Lily, you must believe me.”

His voice echoed in the empty Common room.

He didn’t know if Snape hadn’t heard his words, or if he heard them, but still didn’t believe him just like before.

Believing that Sirius Black was innocent was a very difficult thing for Snape, who had been blinded by hatred. At this time, he seemed to be completely irrational. He only wanted to catch and kill Black.

Evan only wanted him to hear Lily’s name so that it could calm him down.

A few seconds later, he no longer heard the footsteps outside, and it seemed like Snape got really far away.

Just as Evan gave up hope, he saw Snape returning again.

His wand was again in his hand, his face was gloomy and terrible, and he quickly walked over to Evan.

“Repeat what you just said, Mason! Snape looked down at Evan, and not a shred of feeling could be sensed in his cold voice. “Tell me what happened that year. If you dare to lie, I will make you pay the price.” ”

“Trust me, Professor!” “Evan hurriedly said,” In those days, Peter Pettigrew betrayed Harry’s parents for Voldemort. He was a traitor. Everything was done by Peter. He killed Harry’s mother, Lily. ”

“Black was their Secret Keeper!” Snape said in a word.

“No, at Sirius’s suggestion, Harry’s parents changed their Secret Keeper to Peter Pettigrew at the last minute. No one knew this except for the four of them. They thought it was a brilliant idea. No one would have thought that the Secret Keeper of Potter and his wife would be the weak and lowly Peter Pettigrew. ”

“These are all Black’s lies. He is lying; he is shirking his responsibility of betraying them.” Snape’s eyes became hollow, and he stared blankly.

Evan knew that his eyes were that way because Snape was using Occlumency. He didn’t want anyone to know what he was thinking. He didn’t want to show his true intentions. He didn’t want others to know his feelings for Harry’s mother, Lily Evans, which was the softest and most vulnerable part of his soul.

Snape kept his heart behind walls. He didn't reveal the slightest gap in his Occlumency.

He now looks like he is trying to figure out the truth of what happened that year, but in fact, he only cares about Lily, only Lily. He will not confess it. If possible, he will bury this in his heart forever until the day he dies.

He clearly loved her, and he was willing to give her everything, but he never spoke his heart.

His most hated enemy married the woman he loved most in his life, and he could only send her a blessing behind his back.

The only true love, for whose protection he was willing to give everything, was finally murdered because of this leak.

As one of the most outstanding wizards, even Dumbledore had to rely on his magic, but in the end he met a horrible death.

And as the greatest double agent in history, he lied to everyone, including the Dark Lord, and was only really understood after his death.

That was Snape, an existence paradoxal to the extreme.

"Peter Pettigrew is not dead. He is an Animagus. He is now Ron's rat, and he controls Ron with the Imperius curse." Evan looked at Snape's empty eyes and continued.

"Trust me, Professor! I will prove it to you."

Snape stood there quietly, without speaking. He was waiting for Evan to continue.

"Peter Pettigrew is now preparing to run away. He is in Professor Lupin's office! If you're fast enough, you can meet him in the hallway of the first floor." Evan gasped.

"Believe me, just stop the rat who is about to escape from the Castle, and you will know the whole truth of what happened that year."

Evan just finished his words, and Snape immediately turned around and left. He was so abrupt and violent that his black robe's hem moved in the air, making a burst of shaking sound.

Looking at Snape's quick departure, Evan froze.

Was it because he didn't change his mind? Or maybe he couldn't wait to verify what Evan said that he left so quickly?

Evan struggled hard, and the rope on his body became tighter.

"Animagus!" he whispered.

In the blink of an eye, Evan's body changed rapidly and turned into a small black cat, which jumped abruptly before the rope tightened again.

He left the Common room and ran to the hallway quickly along the empty dark path. When he got close to it, he heard the crazy roar of Sirius Black in the hall, and he was questioning Peter Pettigrew.

Everything was exactly the same as he had experienced before. Snape stopped Peter Pettigrew from fleeing the castle at the last minute. He was quietly standing behind the second floor curtain, holding his wand tightly in his hands and listening to the dialogue in the hall. .

“I know, I admit, I was really confused, but you have to think about it for me, what could I do? You don’t know, the Dark Lord, his powerful weapon, you can’t imagine it, I was Scared, Sirius!”

Evan heard the sharp, trembling voice of Peter Pettigrew as he admitted everything.

Hearing this sentence, Snape, standing behind the curtain, took a step back.

He couldn’t believe this, and his face was full of anguish.

Evan sneaked away, and he noticed that Snape seemed to be crying.

Tears soaked Snape’s eyes, he did not notice Evan. He seemed to fall into the memories of the past, back to that dark night twelve years ago.

Chapter 174: Make an Ambush and Wait

As Peter Pettigrew’s sharp screams echoed in the hallway, Snape’s memory returned to that night twelve years ago.

That night, when he got the news and rushed to the house, it was in ruins.

He had already made up his mind to protect Lily from the Dark Lord, and he was willing to pay any price for it.

Even against Lord Voldemort, even if his life was at stake.

But what he saw was only her corpse, lying there lifeless.

She was dead, she was killed by Voldemort!

In the following days, when all the wizards were celebrating the news of Voldemort’s downfall, Snape shut himself up alone in the house. He was blaming himself. If he hadn’t told Voldemort the prophecy, Lily would not have died. It was him who killed her.

Thinking of that, Snape hated himself and wished only to die.

Later, Dumbledore told him that after getting his own warning message, Lily and Potter originally intended to hide with the Fidelius Charm, an ancient magic that could conceal a secret forever in someone’s soul.

The secret will never be discovered unless the Secret Keeper divulges it.

Under the protection of this Charm, even Voldemort himself should not be able to find them. This was originally the most foolproof way, but they chose the wrong Secret Keeper and wrongly believed in Sirius Black.

Black sold them out and he revealed the location of their house to Voldemort.

If they just had contempt for each other in their student days, then after Black killed Lily, hatred was growing in the depths of Snape’s heart. Over the past 12 years, countless days and nights, Snape could not wait to kill Sirius to avenge his beloved one.

But now he had heard the truth, everything was done by Peter Pettigrew.

All of the hatred he had gathered over the years for Black almost instantly shifted towards Peter Pettigrew and was on the tiny guy he had never noticed before.

Snape clenched his wand in his hand and he was about to kill that despicable traitor.

He moved a little and soon hesitated. He didn't want other people to know his feelings for Lily. In the dark hall, the conversation was over. Black was about to kill Peter Pettigrew. Maybe to let him do it was the best choice.

Evan was behind a curtain, looking strangely at Snape.

Snape seemed to be moving into action, but then he stopped immediately. He didn't know what he was thinking. His face was gloomy and terrible, his body was constantly trembling, speaking with no words of his innermost anger.

Evan didn't have the time to guess what thoughts really dwelled within Snape's mind. His attention was completely focused on Peter Pettigrew. He had to find a way to catch that guy and not let him run or die again.

He looked out secretly. This was undoubtedly the strangest sensation in his life: standing behind the curtain on the second floor, he saw himself in the hall on the floor beneath him.

"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!"

The conversation in the hall continued, and Evan saw Harry stopping Sirius.

They decided to hand Peter Pettigrew over to Dumbledore and the Ministry of Magic, so that he could pay the price he deserved to pay. Then, Ron, who had been standing in the corner, began to walk over to Peter Pettigrew who fell to the ground. Evan knew what was going to happen soon. He wanted to stop Ron, but he didn't know what to do.

He had to be careful not to be seen by himself.

Evan hesitated a moment and gave up on his intention to move in. He must keep his acts within the scope of the rules. If an accident was to occur, it would have irreparable consequences.

There have been many similar incidents in history. The wizards got confused, attacking the sudden emergence of themselves. Many went insane, killing their past or future selves, and even distorting time and history themselves.

You cannot mess with time, that's one of the most important rules of the magic world.

If he wanted to catch Pettigrew, he had to find a way to do it in the Forbidden Forest. So Evan was ready to wait for him to escape there.

He glanced back at Snape again, then turned and leaped tightly onto the side ledge, slipping out of the castle.

By night, he slid along the lawn in the direction of the Forbidden Forest.

Evan's Animagus form is a black cat. The sky outside was dim enough for him not to be discovered. Even if he would be seen by anyone in the hall as he went there, all they would see should be the shadow of a small animal gliding through the grass.

In the grass next to the wood, Evan did not rush into the Forbidden Forest. He saw Peter Pettigrew holding Ron out of the castle. They quickly approached the Forbidden Forest. Pettigrew showed excitement of one he was able to stay alive, while Ron's otherwise dull and emotionless face suddenly looked distorted as if he was in immense pain.

Evan knew that Ron was about to break away from the control of the Imperius Curse.

Just beside the grass where he was hiding, Ron suddenly reacted fiercely.

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..."

"Damn, damn, what are you doing?!" Peter screamed, and he quickly uttered the spell and was ready to stop him from moving.

Evan, who had been hiding in the grass, quickly rushed out. He passed under Peter's feet, and jerked him, interrupting his spell casting.

Bang!

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

Evan saw himself, Harry, Hermione, and Black approaching quickly, and he rushed back to the grass beside him.

Next, Peter Pettigrew will be forced into the desperate situation that forced him to use that powerful evil black magic. Evan knew that there was nothing he could do to prevent that. He had to make an ambush in the Forbidden Forest in advance, and wait for Pettigrew.

And yes, there were also those dreadful Acromantulas waiting for him to deal with them.

Chapter 175: Centaurs and Divination

Evan returned to the Forbidden forest, and walked along the path for a while.

He was looking to find a place where he could ambush Peter Pettigrew, but he stopped immediately when he heard something trampling on the fallen leaves.

Evan hurriedly hid behind a big tree and listened attentively. He left his Animagus form and pulled out his wand. The sound was like a galloping on the ground, getting closer and closer. Could it be an Acromantula?!

Suddenly, an arrow flew through the air, and he heard it slamming on the tree, right on top of his head. That was creepy, extremely creepy.

Evan's curse almost flew instantly as well. Through the light of the spell, he saw something appearing in the open space in front of him. It looked like a man, with black hair and beard. But waist down, it was a brown-black shiny horse with a long black tail behind it.

It was a Centaur. He dodged Evan's spell agilely and pulled his bow to aim at Evan.

"Who are you, human?" The Centaur's face was full of anger, and he said rudely, "You break into our woods, and intend to attack me with magic?!"

"I am sorry, this is a misunderstanding! I thought you were an Acromantula. You know, I've just been attacked by them." There was a faint light on the tip of Evan's wand, "I introduce myself, my name is Evan Mason, from Hogwarts."

In his mind, Evan tried to recall what information he had related to the Centaurs. In most wizardry books he read, the introduction of these humanoid creatures was full of contempt.

For example, in Article 7 laid down by the "Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures", the definition of the Centaur is: "A being with human head, torso, and arms joined to a horse's body and a magical animal with near-human intelligence." Their use of words is worth noticing, saying that they have near-human intelligence. This very humiliating vocabulary represents the absolute views of wizards on all humanoid creatures.

But that was not the case at all. The Centaur is a very proud creature.

They are generally speaking as mistrustful of wizards as they are of Muggles and indeed seem to make little differentiation between them. The Centaurs are reputed to be well-versed in magical healing, divination, archery, and astronomy.

They often live together in herds forming colonies.

The Centaur's colony in the Forbidden Forest in Hogwarts is currently the largest known Centaur's ethnic tribe, and it has been in existence for more than a thousand years. Before the Four Founders established the Hogwarts School of Magic, the ancestors of the Centaurs lived in this magical forest that was later called the Forbidden Forest.

Evan was not dumb to treat a Centaur in accordance with the contents of what he read in book, unless he wanted to infuriate him and die faster. He tried to think of him as an equal person, and he tried not to look away from his eyes to his lower limbs, even though they were indeed different and strange.

"I am avoiding the Acromantulas..."

"Acromantulas!!!" Rage became even more apparent on the centaur's face. He said angrily. "I don't know when the number of these ferocious, hateful creatures started

to increase in the woods. They are arbitrarily attacking other creatures, and they have occupied much of the territory that used to belong to us.”

Evan was amazed. It’s no wonder that the Acromantulas had been classified one of the most dangerous magical creatures by the Ministry of Magic, and were clearly listed as a Class A Non-Tradeable Goods by the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures.

Yes, maybe their single attack ability is slightly weaker. But the ferocious personality, super high intelligence and strong ability to multiply, give the Acromantulas strong ability to invade other species, causing great damage to the ecological system. It can be seen from the tone of this Centaur that Aragog and its descendants must have been giving the Centaurs in the Forbidden Forest hell.

There was a sudden movement in the bush, and Evan hurriedly raised his wand.

He thought it was an Acromantula. But it turned out that it was only a second Centaur, with red hair, a gleaming chestnut body, looking thinner than the first one.

“Good evening, Evan Mason!” The second Centaur’s character was much milder. He said in a melancholy voice, “My name is Ronan, this is Bane. I hope we have not scared you! You are the foal from the Castle? Do you learn much, up at the school?”

“Yes, I get to learn a bit...” Evan said modestly, deliberately ignoring his other words. For the Centaurs, a foal is probably how they describe any child.

“A bit. Well, that’s something!” Ronan sighed. “Although you humans waste most of your lives on useless things because of ethnic restrictions, I have to admit that you still have achieved some remarkable magical achievements.”

This sentence sounded like a compliment, but Evan did not know how to answer.

Ronan didn’t seem to expect Evan to answer. He flung back his head and stared at the sky. He said in a very melancholic tone, “Mars is bright tonight.”

He seemed to have forgotten about Evan and the Acromantulas. His eyes stared up and seemed to see something from it.

Evan also looked up and saw that Mars was indeed really bright.

He didn’t know what that meant. In his opinion, that was only one of the natural phenomena of the stars running. But for the Centaurs, that was obviously not the case. For centuries, they have been persistently observing and recording the operation of various celestial bodies, trying to find out the symbols that show the waves of great evil or transformation there.

“What does this mean?” Evan asked softly.

Considering that the key to the Gryffindor Secret Treasure was being preserved among the Centaur’s colony, Evan felt that it was necessary to have a good relationship with them.

Perhaps, he could also ask them to help him catch Peter Pettigrew. With so many Acromantulas, it was impossible for one person to win.

“The war is about to ignite, and always the innocent are the first victims!” Ronan sighed a few more times. “So it has been for ages past, so it is now.”

“Yeah.” Evan dragged his voice, he didn’t know what the other had seen, he said, “I am going to the Forbidden Forest this evening to catch an evil wizard and not let him run away. Otherwise, it will have a very bad effect on the future, and you will also be involved. Presumably, you’ve noticed this abnormality too...”

“Mars is bright tonight.” Ronan repeated it again, adding to the tone, “Unusually bright!”

“I know, as you just said, I hope that you can help me with the evil Dark wizard.”

He turned his head and looked at Bane. The latter didn’t seem to be looking at him.

He walked over to stand next to Ronan. He looked skyward for a long time. “Mars is bright tonight,” he said simply.

Again, Evan sighed. He found that it was really difficult to communicate with the Centaurs. They probably knew a lot of things, but they never said it straight out. They kept their mouth shut about what they observed.

Like Professor Trelawney, they always like to tell others about the divinations they observe, the warnings from the sky, but they often turn a blind eye to what is happening around them.

Evan realized that ascending to the heavens might prove to be easier for him than getting help from the centaurs with catching Pettigrew.

Chapter 176: Firenze the Centaur

“About what I just said, seizing that evil Dark wizard...” Although he knew that it was unlikely, Evan was still willing to try again.

“We will not help human beings, and we must not violate God’s will.” This time, Bane did not look at Mars in the sky. He answered Evan’s question accurately and with a little warning in his serious voice. “Like two years ago, the trajectory of Mars has already shown its harbingers, and things that are destined to happen should not be changed.”

“Although there are some changes, the result is the same.” Ronan added, with his sad voice, “Mars tonight is brighter than ever, indicating that the most terrible of all disasters is coming.”

“But...” Evan was not sure if they were referring to Voldemort’s forthcoming re-emergence. According to Professor Trelawney’s prediction, after this rise, Voldemort will be stronger and more terrible than ever.

He didn’t know who the man to be chosen by Voldemort was, but if these Centaurs could help him catch Peter Pettigrew, he might be able to stop Voldemort’s return.

“There is no but. I know what you are thinking, but the war between the wizards has nothing to do with us. Centaurs are interested in astrological divination; we have no obligation to help humans.” Bane replied stiffly. “We can absolutely not change what’s going to happen. We have made an oath!”

Evan also wanted to say more, and ask about the Gryffindor’s Treasure Key, but from the depths of the Forbidden Forest suddenly came a glare of red and white light, accompanied by heat waves, illuminating the dark forest completely like the midday sun.

“What is going on?” Ronan unsteadily trampled on the ground with his hooves.

“There seems to be a fire; that direction is...”

“It’s the Acromantulas’ territory. Something must have happened!” Bane took the bow and the arrow off his back.

The two of them did not look at Evan anymore; they turned around and quickly rushed over. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared into the depths of the jungle, leaving behind only the sound of their hooves echoing in the open space.

Evan hurriedly rushed there himself. He knew that he was burning Aragog’s Lair. He had to hurry up, and there was not much time left for him. He did not follow the direction in which Ronan and Bane left, but ran in another direction. He knew that he would meet himself and Peter Pettigrew if he went that way.

He ran forward for a few minutes and entered the territory of the Acromantula.

The terrain was clearly tilted downwards, and the surrounding trees began to wither, showing unhealthy gray, with spider webs and white pupae appearing from time to time.

Evan was highly focused, and he clenched his wand in his hand as he was moving in.

Hearing Aragog’s call, the Acromantulas scattered throughout the Forbidden Forest were gathering in the center of the hollow, and their number was increasing.

Click,click,click...

Just as Evan was on the alert, three spiders of the size of a millstone came down from the surrounding trees.

They were waving their sharp pincers, making frightening clicking.

Evan quickly dodged to the right, rolling on the ground.

The tip of his wand issued a red light, striking the spider in front of him. Then he turned quickly, and suddenly stopped. He was surprised to see that the two Acromantulas behind him had been bowed. They were completely penetrated and nailed to the ground.

The two spiders struggled and made a heart-rending voice.

Evan looked up in surprise and saw a centaur standing on higher grounds, not Ronan or Bane; this one looked younger; he had white-blond hair and a palomino body.

“Are you all right?” said the centaur, pulling Evan to his feet.

“Yes, thank you, my name is Evan Mason, from Hogwarts!” Evan patted the dust on his body, and then he was attracted by the Centaur’s eyes.

He had astonishingly blue eyes, like pale sapphires.

“I’ve heard Hagrid talking about you, Evan!” The Centaur said softly, “My name is Firenze!”

Evan was surprised: it turned out to be him!

Like most of the Centaurs in the Forbidden Forest, Firenze stood also in awe by fate, and was always looking at the skies for truth and knowledge. He was really wise, and mentally strong.

But compared to the other Centaurs who disliked and refused to work with wizards, Firenze was not so repelled by humans, and was not reluctant to give a helping hand. This made him lose status, as his actions were deemed as inappropriate by the likes of Bane and Ronan who believed that Centaurs should not go beyond being mere observers.

Evan still remembered that at Harry’s fifth year, Firenze even accepted the invitation of Dumbledore to replace the expelled Professor Trelawney and become a professor of divination. He accepted the post and was banished by his own tribe, who called him a slave who was captive of human beings.

“Although I don’t know why you are here, but for a young wizard of your age, the Forbidden Forest is not safe tonight.” Firenze looked at Evan. “These Acromantulas are all getting mad. They are more aggressive than usual, I have to send you back...”

“No, I can’t leave, I have to catch Peter Pettigrew.”

“Peter Pettigrew?!” Firenze slowly repeated it.

“Yes, he is an evil Dark wizard, he is...”

Evan had not finished his words yet, and he heard Firenze saying, “I know him, Peter Pettigrew, he and James Potter, Sirius Black, and Remus Lupin had come to our tribe a few times 20 years ago. I was still a foal. Every time they came to me, they brought me magical items, food, and very interesting stories that you humans make.”

Firenze seemed to be lost in memory, and Evan looked at him with surprise. It turned out that things went that way: No wonder then that Firenze had such good feelings for mankind. Now it seems very likely that he had been influenced by the Marauders when he was young.

“The relationship between the four of them was very good at the time, because our ancestors had an agreement with the Founders of the castle. They were recognized by the Centaurs and came to the tribe for final trials to decide if any of them was qualified to get that thing.” Firenze said faintly, “But they all failed. It was clear that they were not the ones chosen by fate.”

“That thing?!” Evan was stunned and his heart suddenly jumped up. Firenze was referring to the Gryffindor’s Secret Treasure Key. He couldn’t help but ask, “What is that thing?”

“I don’t know.” Firenze shook his head and said slowly. “No one knows its specific shape. For over a thousand years, respecting the ancient agreement, it has been stored in the temple in the middle of the tribe. Every night, it emits the same light as the stars. Only those who will be allowed to get it could actually get to know what it is!”

Chapter 177: Split Treasure Key

“Temple, starlight...” Evan also wanted to ask about that, but before he spoke, he was interrupted by Firenze.

“I don’t think it’s appropriate to continue discussing this matter now. There are more urgent things waiting for us to do.” Firenze looked worriedly at the distant fire, and from time to time Acromantulas’ loud clicks came out from the trees. He said softly, “Evan, you just mentioned Peter Pettigrew. If I’m not wrong, shouldn’t he have died?”

“He is not dead, everything was a conspiracy.” Evan hurriedly told him briefly what had happened twelve years ago and just a while ago in the Castle.

Firenze listened quietly, with no expression on his face.

What Evan said about the surprising truth between James Potter, Peter Pettigrew and Sirius Black, Firenze seemed to believe it instantly, as if he had already known the truth.

“So, everything was done by Peter Pettigrew, Sirius has just been wrongly shackled.” Evan said quickly, “We must catch him and not let him run away. This is very crucial as upon it, relies the fate of many people. ”

“Everyone’s fate has long been doomed. For example, concerning Peter Pettigrew, the harbinger from the sky told me about this unfortunate matter twenty years ago.” Firenze took a step forward, “I once warned James and Sirius, but they didn’t believe me.”

The harbinger from the sky, twenty years ago?!

Evan was not reluctant to believe in Firenze, nor did he know if he could really see some glimpses of the future. Still, he did not seem to have entered the true prophetic state; like Professor Trelawney who was usually not worth believing at all.

“Where is Peter Pettigrew?”

“He should have been seriously injured near Aragog’s Lair, but he will come soon. There are a lot of Acromantulas chasing him.” Evan, who was lost in thoughts, came

back to his senses. He pointed ahead and said: "We are heading in that direction, to an open space from which he'll be passing around half an hour from now."

"Time is tight!" Firenze did not ask why Evan knew about this. He lowered himself on to his front legs. "We must hurry! You can get up. It will be quicker this way." Firenze said, letting Evan clamber onto his back.

Evan had never had such an experience. He rode the Centaur and felt like riding a horse, but this was a bit different. He didn't feel even the slightest bump. Firenze was as delicate as a reindeer, and very fast.

Walking through the jungle, it took them less than five minutes to arrive into the place where Evan used Mr. Weasley's old car before.

The dark woods were quiet, and what was happening in the far-away Aragog's Lair seemed to have nothing to do with it. Through the sparse trees, the starry sky could be seen.

"Okay, let's wait here, thank you for helping me, Firenze!" Evan slipped from his back. "I just met Ronan and Bane. The two of them refused to help me..."

"It's not surprising that Centaurs usually don't help humans. We must never disobey what's told by the sky. If a planet's trajectory had predicted your death, then even if you die beside them, they would never help you."

"But you helped me, you are different from other Centaurs."

"Everyone has different understandings of the signs in the sky, so our practices are different. I once said, if necessary, I will stand side by side with humans." Firenze looked up at the sky. "I have to admit though; I am a different kind in my ethnic group."

As he finished his words, silence ruled for a while, as none of them uttered a word.

In the darkness, Evan thought of the thing that was preserved within the Centaur's tribe, the magic item that was said to have massive power, the Secret Treasure Key left by Gryffindor.

"Firenze, if I want to get the thing that is kept in your tribe, what should I do?" Evan suddenly asked, "I heard that I need to get the approval of the Centaurs, what does that really mean?"

"For those who are chosen by fate, the planets will give a clear omen, and then the elders will make specific requests and ask you to do something for us." Firenze replied gently, he was still looking at the sky.

"An omen from the planets?"

Evan was speechless at that point.

He wanted to be accepted, and the Centaurs made specific requirements for this. He could understand that as long as they were ones that could be fulfilled.

But what is the clear omen from the planets?

He could not see any connection between the planet's and his own fate. These mysterious things are really a headache.

Firenze did not answer Evan's question. He pointed to the brightest star in the sky and said calmly, "Mars is bright tonight."

"I know, Ronan and Bane have just said that. What does this mean?" Evan sighed. The Centaurs were all like this. He thought that Firenze would be a little bit normal, but it seems that his normalness has its limits after all.

"That is an omen." Firenze simply said, "The harbinger of calamity, the worst omen of all. It is not a coincidence that you've appeared here tonight, Evan. Maybe you are the one chosen by fate, but I must warn you..."

Evan didn't talk; he waited for Firenze to continue.

"No matter what your purpose is, the one that makes you want to get that powerful magic item." Firenze looked down at Evan, his sapphire-like eyes glittering under the night sky, "I have to remind you, that thing is completely different from what you think."

"Completely different?!"

About the Key to the Gryffindor Secret Treasure, Evan did have a few conjectures, but Firenze did say that it was totally different from what he imagined. Why did he say that? He did not even hear Evan's guesses, and yet he dared to come to such a conclusion?

"Yes, it's totally different! In fact, it's not even complete. It split up back in the day with the internal division of the Centaurs. We did not fulfill our original oath. For centuries, our tribe elders have been feeling worried for this."

"What did you say? It's not complete?" Evan was stunned.

"This is a very long story, a dark history about Centaurs."

Firenze turned around and avoided Evan's question.

He just vaguely said that the Secret Treasure Key that Gryffindor left behind was split because of an internal division of the Centaurs' tribe. He obviously did not want to explain the matter in detail.

It could be seen from his expression that, for the Centaurs, this was not something to be proud about.

Chapter 178: 4 Ways to Improve Magic

"The elders of the tribe have said that the sky has given us a warning that the splitting of that thing was something destined to happen, and that no one could stop it. In fact, it is also a test, for both the centaurs and the one chosen by fate. If through the test, both will get satisfactory remuneration."

Firenze did not continue, and Evan did not ask.

He didn't know what the test's satisfactory remuneration meant, and he did not know what the omen from the sky that Firenze repeatedly mentioned was, nor did he know who the one chosen by fate was.

At the time, Evan was still immersed in the shocking news.

Although he looked calm, deep in his heart he was flustered.

The key to Gryffindor's Secret Treasure was actually split up!

That was really terrible news. He didn't know if it could actually return to being fully integrated after being split into several pieces.

If he couldn't get it, what would he do with the Secret Treasures left by the Four Founders?!

He had an ominous feeling in his heart. It became clear that opening the Four Founders' Secret Treasure was not as simple as he had thought. If the other three keys were lost or split like the one left by Gryffindor, what should he do?!

What the Four Founders left behind was always around the school from the very beginning.

The main purpose why they left these treasures was to protect the school from the Dark Wizard who was to come; and the four of them handed down keys for them to protect the school, and to test if their teaching philosophies and ideas had been well carried out.

The four keys correspond to four tests. Only the students who pass the test can get the corresponding keys. Entrusting the keys to the intelligent creatures living around the school at that time was done to keep people who were not Hogwarts students from getting the treasures.

They didn't need to divide the keys into pieces and make the students go around the world collecting them.

But over the course of a thousand years, anything could happen.

There have been numerous changes in the intelligent creatures that they had commissioned to keep the Treasures' Keys.

No one could guarantee that these intelligent creatures would always live around Hogwarts. Even if they were still there, the keys left by the Four Founders would not necessarily be there anymore, or they could be split into several pieces, or lost, or...

At the thought that he might run around the world, looking for the Secret Treasure Keys left by the Four Founders of the school, Evan had a headache.

A really long time had passed; the traces left by those years must be very vague.

It might be easier to directly defeat Voldemort rather than complete the collection of four Treasure Keys.

Evan shook his head hard. It was not the time to think about those things.

In any case, a fragment of Gryffindor's Treasure Key remained in the Centaur's tribe, and he had to get it. He heard Professor Lupin, Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew saying that the thing had quite powerful magic.

Even if he wouldn't get the complete key in the end, this piece of debris alone would be very helpful, going by the information he had collected so far.

Evan knew he had so far gained a lot of magic theory knowledge from the library area and Flourish and Blotts Bookseller, but because of his magical power limitation, he couldn't use most of it.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been defeated so easily in his duel with Snape.

There are very limited ways to increase magical power. Besides of the natural increase that comes with age, there are three main methods:

The first one is a variety of potions and medicaments, such as magic potions. These potions are relatively simple to obtain, but the power obtained by this method is very unstable and its duration is very short.

The second is to rely on the help of legendary magic items, such as the elder's wand in Dumbledore's hand, the Gryffindor's key fragments kept in the Centaurs' tribe, etc... As long as you are equipped with these items, you can get the corresponding upgrade. This kind of magical improvement is more durable and stable, but such legendary magic items are very rare, and they are very difficult to obtain. Many wizards haven't even seen one their whole life.

As for the last one, Evan was still in the research stage and was not very sure about it.

He once looked into the source of Voldemort's immense magical power, along with his inner wickedness. He could wantonly use the most profound of dark magic, and in addition to using Horcruxes to insure his immortality, his power might also be the result of his black magic experiments and research on transforming his own body. Last year, when Evan met Tom Riddle, he found a very handsome young man, nothing like the terrifying Dark Lord that he later turned into.

What had happened to him to gain so much power? He must have modified his body, such as accepting the baptism of the purest dark power or the blood of a powerful magical creature.

These evil black magic transformations must have eventually led to the changes in his appearance.

The magical power gained by this method is more stable than the second one, and the speed of promotion is very fast. Also, it is easy to obtain a lot of power this way, but it is very dangerous, and accidents may occur in the process of transforming one's own body.

Voldemort is one of the most obvious examples. Evan is not even sure that he is no longer a pure human being.

The last method is naturally out of question. The only practical and fast way to improve the magic is the second.

Evan sighed. Although he was eager to improve his magic, although Firenze told him these things about the key to the treasure left by Gryffindor and the dark history of the Centaurs that he didn't want to explain, Evan hadn't yet been approved by the Centaurs, nor had he obtained the thing preserved among their tribe.

It is still early to think about such things now.

He was going to look into this after catching Peter Pettigrew and helping Sirius Black to clear his name.

“Firenze, do you know the Time-Turner?” Evan suddenly said, he was going to tell him about it, otherwise he would see two of them in a while, and it was not good to have more accidents.

“The Time-Turner?!” Firenze blinked, and his usually calm face showed some confusion. He was obviously hearing about it for the first time.

“It’s a magical item that helps users travel in time.” Evan explained, “I have returned to the present from the future with its help, so I know that Peter Pettigrew will pass by here because I was here too. In fact, I was the one to set the Acromantula’s Lair on fire.”

Chapter 179: Catching Peter Pettigrew

“It’s amazing to be it in two places at the same time!” Firenze looked at Evan in awe, his blue eyes shining.

Evan nodded. He concisely told him about what happened in Aragog’s Lair, and Firenze looked more interested.

“The elders often warn us to pay attention to human magic. Although you have wasted too much time on many meaningless things, you have indeed made many remarkable magical achievements. I have never thought before that there would be something able to make people shuttle through time.”

Listening to Evan’s introduction to the Time-Turner, Firenze sighed with emotion.

For the Centaurs, time magic is too esoteric.

It could be seen that he was very interested in the Time-Turner; he asked about many details, and Evan told him all he knew.

Evan also told Firenze that according to the rules of the Time-Turner use, he must not be seen by himself in the past. This point is very critical; otherwise it would have an irreparable impact. Firenze agreed to his request, and got ready to wait for Evan to leave and then grab Peter Pettigrew.

He looked very cautious and careful in the face of this unfamiliar magic field.

As time went on, about fifteen minutes later, Evan saw himself holding his wand in the open space, followed by Peter Pettigrew.

“Nox!” He hurriedly said, and the light on the tip of his wand disappeared immediately.

Darkness was back, and only the stars in the sky were still shining.

Evan’s heart began to jump wildly. He saw that he was breathing heavily in the center of the field. He was unable to rely on the huge oak tree. The faint light at his wand’s tip eventually dissipated.

Evan knew that this was because he had no magical power left. When his magic was completely exhausted, Peter Pettigrew, who has been floating beside him, fell heavily to the ground.

Pettigrew struggled to move and cling to the trunk in front of him.

Behind the two of them were the Acromantulas that followed, countless of black eyes shining on their horrible foreheads, and their sharp black pincers clicked making the scalp break out into goose bumps.

Seeing the two people in the center of the open space, the Acromantulas apparently hesitated. Perhaps the fire that Evan just set in the hollow left its scare on their hearts.

They did not rush directly to Evan, but went straight over to Peter Pettigrew.

The latter's legs were bitten by an Acromantula. He struggled fiercely. It seemed as if he was looking back, and his screams and crying were getting louder and louder.

"Save me, save me, please..."

A mournful cry for help came to the ear, it was downright disturbing.

Evan stood nervously in the bushes, looking attentively at what was happening in front of him in the open space. It was like the replay of a horror movie. He saw Peter Pettigrew and himself besieged by the Acromantulas, but he could do nothing.

So did Firenze who held his bow and arrow in his hand and was ready to go.

In the next second, a loud, long beep sounded, and a blaze of light illuminated the entire forest. Mr. Weasley's car was thundering down the slope, knocking aside the spiders besieging Evan and Peter Pettigrew.

Evan saw that he had seized Peter Pettigrew and wanted to drag him into the old car, but it didn't work. He was not the opponent of the Acromantula that clung tightly around Peter's waist. The two rivals launched a disparate battle.

Because of the pain, the muscles on Pettigrew's face were contorting in a sly manner. Then, he seemed to wake up suddenly, struggling to let go of Evan's hands.

Evan saw himself flying straight back into the car which started instantly, leading him away from the open space. Peter Pettigrew was dragged by the spiders, and the Acromantulas made a triumphant loud clicking.

Peter Pettigrew shrieked suddenly and he seemed to faint again.

Evan rushed out of the woods where he was hiding. He knew that if he didn't interfere, he would never have a chance to do it again.

The red light flashed past over Pettigrew. The Acromantula that was greedily gnawing at his flesh was instantly shot, and the other spiders who were preparing to take part in the feast looked up in dismay and watched the sudden appearance of Evan.

They didn't understand how this human boy, who had just left in a car, suddenly got out of the nearby bush.

As they did not react, Evan incarnated as a valiant and fearless warrior. He quickly rushed to Peter Pettigrew, waving his wand, with a white light like a sword, and the Acromantulas who dared to approach were killed one by one.

With a bang, behind Peter Pettigrew, the body of the spider closest to him was instantly smashed, and its green, sticky blood splashed out, flying everywhere.

A lot of it splashed on Evan, but he didn't care about it. His footsteps suddenly stopped, his body turned to the right, his wand swung from top to bottom, the curse flashed past, and the Acromantula on the tree was killed instantly.

The remaining spiders seemed to have just reacted. They were waving their big pincers, madly rushing over to Evan.

In the face of Acromantulas' swarming, Evan held his wand tightly in his hand, not showing the slightest fear on his face. He did not recede; he screamed and rushed forward to face them.

At this moment, he was fearless, as if he was a God of War.

Among the trees behind him, Firenze's bow and arrows were like guardian angels, perfectly making for the loopholes in Evan's defence. He was extremely quick when it came to archery, and each arrow accurately pierced the Acromantulas from the middle nailing them firmly to the ground.

The Acromantulas that he shot could not even struggle, as the precise shots took them down instantly.

In under a minute, the two killed over than ten Acromantulas, and the remaining spiders watched them both in horror, turned around and fled to the jungle.

Evan gasped, he wiped his sweat and the innards of the Acromantula that had just splattered on his face, and looked down at Peter Pettigrew, who was unconscious in front of him. His breath gradually calmed down, and he knew he had finally changed history. He stopped Peter's death, and he caught him.

"The injury on his leg is very serious, but it is not fatal." Firenze came up to check the bloody legs of Peter Pettigrew. He took some herbal powder out of a leather package and sprinkled it.

Evan saw that Peter's legs gradually stopped bleeding, his breath stabilized, but because of the pain, his face was still contorting.

"Can you cure him?" Evan remembered that the Centaurs were very versed in healing magic.

"No, this not good! His leg was just bitten by Acromantulas, just some trauma. What's problematic is his right hand, from which I can sense a very evil smell black magic, my healing magic can't work." Firenze scavenged Peter's right arm. The place that was supposed to be his right hand was tangled with a few pieces of cloth. It was completely soaked with blood. He said quickly, "You'd better send him back to the castle as soon as possible. Human magic should be able to help him."

Chapter 180: The Stag and the Doe

Going back in time, in Professor Lupin's office, Harry and Hermione were waiting anxiously.

“We can’t stay here doing nothing, Hermione!” Harry paced back and forth in the room irritated and said, “Peter Pettigrew is about to run away. We should go to the Forbidden Forest and help Evan catch him.”

“No, Harry!” Hermione shook and hurriedly stopped him. “We can’t go out, have you forgotten? We should all be in the Hall on the first floor. You can’t take risks, if someone finds out...”

“I know, since we can’t get out, isn’t it the same for Evan?”

“He is different from us. He is an Animagus; his Animagus form is a black cat. He can sneak out of the castle at will without being noticed.” Hermione looked worried too, but quickly recovered her calm. “I believe in Evan, Harry, he will catch Peter Pettigrew alive.”

Hearing her words, Harry clenched his wand in his hand, and kept silent.

“Harry, there’s something I don’t understand... Why didn’t the Dementors get Sirius? I remember them coming, and then I think I passed out... there were so many of them...”

Harry sat down too. He explained what he’d seen; how, as the nearest Dementor had lowered its mouth to Harry’s, and two silver things flew out of the castle, forcing the Dementors to retreat and escape.

“Silver things?” Hermione repeated it, seemingly with no reaction.

“There’s only one thing they could have been, to make the Dementors go,” said Harry. “Real Patronuses, powerful ones.”

“But why were there two?” Hermione’s mouth was a little open, looking puzzled.

“Would it be Professor McGonagall and Professor Flitwick who summoned them?”

“I don’t think it was them, they should have been in the auditorium, they didn’t even know what was going on outside.” Harry shook his head. He tried to think about the shape of the two Patronuses.

“Was it Dumbledore or other Professors?”

“No, those two Patronuses were certainly not summoned by any Professor.” Harry whispered, in his heart he was more and more certain.

“But they must have been really powerful wizards, to drive all those Dementors away... I still remember the Patronus that Evan summoned at the time, in front of more than a hundred Dementors, only for a dozen seconds. If the Patronuses were shining so brightly, didn’t it light them up? Couldn’t you see...”

"I didn't see who summoned them. The two Patronuses finally separated over the castle." Harry said slowly, "but I think, I should know who they were!" "

Hermione did not speak, she firmly stared at Harry.

"I think ..." Harry swallowed, knowing how strange this was going to sound, "I think it was my dad and mom. "

Harry glanced up at Hermione and saw that her mouth was fully open now. She was gazing at him with a mixture of alarm and pity.

"Harry, your parents have..." She said quietly, "Well, you know, they are already dead!"

"I know." Harry said quickly.

"So do you think you saw their ghosts?"

"I know it sounds crazy, but the two Patronuses..."

Harry hadn't finished his words yet, and there was the faint sound of an explosion on the outside of the castle. The distance is too far away. If he didn't listen carefully, he wouldn't have heard it at all.

"This was the magic of Peter Pettigrew. He immediately fled to the Forbidden Forest." Harry hurriedly climbed up from the ground. "We must go out, Hermione!" "

"No, we can't, we will be discovered..."

"We won't be discovered, we don't have to go to the Hallway;" Harry hurriedly said, "If only I go to the corridor window, I just want to see who had summoned the two Patronuses."

Harry turned around and rushed out of the office. Unable to tell why, all of a sudden he was thinking of his father, and his three old friends, Moony, Wormtail and Padfoot.

This evening, Wormtail reappeared; everyone thought he had died long ago!

But he was still alive, so is it possible for his father and mother? Harry couldn't be sure that the two Patronuses had something to do with his parents.

If they did, he had to know, he needed to see it.

He rushed to the narrow window in the corridor, opened it, and the air whizzed outside, and he saw himself and Hermione sitting beside the Forbidden Forest, Sirius Black and Ron lying behind them. The four of them were in the center surrounded by the Dementors.

He looked hastily towards the castle gate, and there was nothing there.

Hermione came up too, she pouted, and looked at what was happening outside in horror, the two of them were trying to call their Patronuses, but it was useless. There were too many Dementors.

Next to the Forbidden Forest, two small silver lights were struggling.

It was their own Patronuses, one of them suddenly went out, and Harry knew that Hermione had fainted. He almost plunged himself out of the window, and he was desperately looking around, but there was nothing, not even the other professors.

A few seconds later, the last silver light also dissipated.

Harry had a shudder of fear all over his body, and the two Patronuses could appear at any time...

"Come on!" he murmured, looking around. "Where are you? Dad, Mom, Come on..."

But nobody came, and Harry looked up at the circle of Dementors outside the Forbidden Forest, one of them was the one lowering his hood for him.

The rescuers were supposed to be there, but this time no one came to help.

"We have to do something, Harry!" Hermione screamed, "It would be too late if we don't stop the Dementors."

Hearing Hermione's cry, Harry suddenly understood something. He lifted his wand high and shouted, "EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

And out of the end of his wand burst, not a shapeless cloud of mist, but a blinding, dazzling, silver animal. He screwed up his eyes, trying to see what it was.

It looked like a horse, with a sharp corner on his head, one of the two Patronuses he saw at that time. It left him, crossed the black night sky, and rushed over to the large group of Dementors outside the Forbidden Forest. At the same time, a silver-white figure rushed out of the hall.

The two Patronuses intertwined and looked so similar, so perfect. They got together and rushed towards the Dementors.

Outside the Forbidden Forest, the Dementors were falling back, scattering, retreating into the darkness... They were gone... Then, the two Patronuses turned around and ran slowly through the night sky towards the castle.

Harry saw it this time. The two Patronuses were not horses, nor unicorns. They were shining brightly as the moon above. The Patronus that he had called stared at him with its large, silver eyes. Slowly, it bowed its antlered head.

And Harry realized that it was a stag.

The Patronus beside his own Stag was much smaller, with no horns on its head. It looked like...

"A DOE!" Hermione said softly, "This is a doe, Harry!"