

Harry Potter 181

Chapter 181: Would it be Snape?

Harry squinted and looked at the two silver-white Patronuses who were shining brightly, watching the stag and the doe in the night sky.

“Harry, I can’t believe it... You conjured up a Patronus that drove away all those Dementors! That’s very, very advanced magic.”

Harry didn’t answer her; he looked at the silver doe.

Intuition told him that there must be some unclear and close tie between this Doe and his Patronus! If his patron is like his dad’s, it’s a Stag, then this Doe, it would be...

“Don’t!” Hermione seemed to be aware of what Harry was thinking. She stretched out her hand and gently pulled him. She murmured, “You have done well, we can only stay here now, we can’t intervene again...”

Harry did not seem to hear what she was saying. He suddenly turned around, threw away Hermione, and rushed toward the hallway of the first floor with a great leap in his heart. He had to know who conjured up the Patronus.

If he and his father’s Patronuses are both stags, then this doe may have been summoned by his mother.

Otherwise, it is impossible to be so coincidental.

Yes, the other one who summoned the Patronus must be his mother herself, she is not dead yet!

As soon as he thought of his mother, Harry gasped a little more.

In the dim, narrow corridor, he rushed downstairs with the fastest speed. He had to know who it was, he had to see his mother...

Then Harry stopped behind the huge curtain on the second floor.

He heard a voice from the downstairs hall. Just a few seconds before he rushed down, the professors and students who had been dining in the Great Hall all came out. They were surprised to look at what was happening in front of them.

Harry gasped and hid behind the curtain snooping into the Hall on the first floor. He saw Professor McGonagall, Professor Flitwick, and Hagrid...

There were more than a dozen people in the Hall, but not his mother.

Would she have gone outside the castle to save him? Harry moved forward again to see clearly.

“What are you doing?” Hermione gasped and caught him up.

She dragged Harry back to the curtain and said with anger, “We must go back, Harry, you will be discovered!”

“We can’t go back, I have to know who conjured up the Patronus” Harry was reluctant to utter out his guess, “I have to know...”

“There are so many people outside, everyone has this possibility!” Hermione carefully looked out of the curtain, and then she jerked Harry’s arm “Look, it’s Snape, he is taking us back to the castle.”

Snape summoned four hanging stretchers, Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Sirius Black’s motionless bodies laid quietly on the stretchers, and Black was tied up by black ropes.

The people inside the castle took Harry in, Hermione dragged him back.

They silently returned to Professor Lupin’s office on the third floor, and no one spoke.

Harry felt that his head was a mess. If his mother summoned the Patronus, where could she be right now?

Just outside the castle, Snape saved him, Hermione, Ron and Sirius. If he was there at the time, would he have seen her?

Right then, Harry suddenly remembered the Marauder’s Map that had always been in his arms. He hurriedly took it out. He hated himself for not thinking about it before.

“I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.” He took out his wand, touched the parchment lightly and hurriedly looked down.

He saw that four people, Hermione, Ron, Sirius, and himself were in the Hall on the first floor. In fact, almost everyone in the castle was there. Harry’s gaze hurriedly searched the castle, but did not see his mother’s figure.

“Don’t think about that Patronus, Harry! It can’t be your mother. It must be a professor who conjured up the Patronus. It happened to be a doe.” Hermione also came over. “Think about it carefully. It was Snape who brought the four of us back; maybe he conjured up that Patronus...”

“Snape?!” Harry was stunned.

“Exactly, just at that moment, there was only one of him there.”

“It’s impossible; Snape’s Patronus can’t be a doe!” Harry shrugged stubbornly. He preferred to believe that Professor McGonagall conjured up the Patronus, not Snape.

“Instead of the Patronus, you should worry more about Evan and Sirius!” Hermione looked at her watch, nervously saying, “It’s almost time. Why hasn’t Evan come back yet? Dumbledore had locked the Hospital ward’s door a while ago. There are still forty-five minutes left. We have to go back there before anyone finds out we are missing.”

Hearing Hermione’s words, Harry’s thoughts turned to Evan and Sirius, if Evan did not grab Peter Pettigrew, then they must find a way to save Sirius. They shouldn’t let the Dementors suck his soul away...

The dark office was quiet, Harry and Hermione were waiting.

They saw from the Marauder's Map that Professor McGonagall sent the three of them to the school hospital, and Professor Flitwick shut Sirius at the top of the tower. As for Snape, he left the castle again, as if he was looking for something, Hagrid was with him.

Harry immediately became nervous. What were they looking for, could it be his mother?!

They approached the Forbidden Forest. A few minutes later, Harry saw Evan's name appearing on the edge of the Map, and then Snape went and sent him back to the castle.

Snape didn't go out again. He went to the top of the tower where Sirius was held. They didn't know what to say. In a short while, Dumbledore's figure appeared in his office. He did not stop and went straight to the ward.

"There are still fifteen minutes left. Why hasn't Evan come back yet?" Hermione said uncomfortably, glaring at her watch.

Harry shook his head. His mind was full of unclear speculations.

If Evan didn't catch Peter Pettigrew, they had to find a way to save Sirius, but Snape remained at the top of the tower.

With him there, they won't have a chance.

As time passed, Harry clenched his fists. He knew he had to make a try. When he was ready to act, he saw Evan's figure appearing on the edge of the map with Peter Pettigrew, and Firenze the Centaur.

Harry still remembered that he had met this Centaur in the Forbidden Forest in his first year, and the latter had saved him from Voldemort's hands.

He didn't know why Evan was with Firenze, nor did he have time to think about such things. They immediately rushed down.

Harry thought excitedly that as long as he grabbed Peter Pettigrew, he could prove that Sirius was innocent. He would be able to move out of the Dursleys next summer and live with his godfather. That would be the best Christmas gift he could ever receive in his life.

Then he thought of the silver doe's Patronus.

If it wasn't his mother, who would have summoned it?

Could it be Snape like Hermione said?

Chapter 182: The Prisoner's Final Chapter

At the edge of Hogwarts site, Evan slipped from Firenze's back.

"We are separating here, Evan." Firenze whispered, "Go ahead to your human castle, I am not fit to enter."

"Thank you, Firenze!" Evan waved his wand, and Peter Pettigrew floated beside him. He walked two steps forward and suddenly thought about it. He turned and said, "Yes, about what is preserved in your tribe..."

“If you want to get it, you’re welcome to our tribe at any time.” Firenze looked up at the sky and said softly, “The stars have told me that you may be the one chosen by fate. Good luck, Evan Mason!”

He turned and left Evan and Peter Pettigrew, and slowly returned to the depths of the forest.

Evan waited until his figure disappeared completely, and finally looked at the unusually bright Mars in the night sky before he walked with the stunned Peter Pettigrew to the castle.

A few minutes later, he met Harry and Hermione in the Hall.

“You’ve caught Peter Pettigrew, you’ve seized this traitor! I knew you would succeed!” Harry rushed over to look at Peter Pettigrew, putting the Patronus completely aside, only thinking about helping Sirius to clear his name. He said excitedly, “Tell us, Evan, how did you do it? I just saw Firenze on the Marauder’s Map!”

Evan had not time to answer Harry; Hermione immediately went in front of him.

Her eyes were glistening with tears. Her face was mixed with excitement, nervousness, worry and all sorts of other emotions. She did not speak; she walked forward and hugged him tightly.

“I’m all right, Hermione!” Evan patted her on the shoulder. “I met the Centaurs in the Forbidden Forest. Firenze helped me...”

Evan climbed up the steep stone spiral staircase, and gave them a briefing about what happened inside the Forbidden Forest.

“It’s incredible; we haven’t been as successful as you’ve been here!” Harry said he and Hermione met the Patronus. “I don’t understand; who would conjure up the doe?”

“I agree with Hermione. It should be Snape.”

“Snape?!” Harry shook his head and said stubbornly, “This is impossible, how can he...”

“Alright, Harry! We will discuss about this later. Now, we’ve got more urgent things, we only have ten minutes left, we have to go back to the ward. Before anybody can see us, we should be where Dumbledore locked us up...” Hermione looked down at her watch.

Hearing Hermione’s words, the three of them quickly hurried up.

The castle corridor was quiet. Apart from them, there was no one else. Even the portraits on both sides of the corridor were empty. Everyone seemed to be concentrated in the tower, inquiring about Sirius Black’s matter.

It wasn’t until they reached the fourth floor that they heard the giggling sound from the front.

“It’s Peeves!” Harry muttered, pointing to Evan and Hermione to stop.

In front of them, Peeves seemed to be in high spirits and was bouncing up and down in the front corridor. He was full of joy.

The three of them looked at each other and hurriedly hid in an empty classroom on the left.

“He is terrible!” Hermione whispered, she put her ear on the door. “I bet he is so happy because the Dementors are coming to Sirius...”

“He seems to be gone, we must hurry up.” Evan also laid on the door listening for a moment. Peeves’s gloating voice faded in the distance.

“Three minutes left!”Hermione looked at her watch again.

The three of them slipped out of the classroom, and ran out at full speed. Evan waved his wand, and Pettigrew’s body also picked up speed, tightly floating behind him strangely, like a kite made of an extremely ugly man.

“Hermione, what will happen if we don’t go back before Dumbledore locks the door? Harry asked with a gasp.

“I don’t want to think about it!” “Hermione muttered, and looked at her watch again, “There is only one minute left!”

The three of them gasped, they had already reached the entrance to the school hospital at the end of the corridor.

“I heard Dumbledore talking.” Hermione said nervously, “Come on, Evan! Come on, Harry! ”

They bent down and walked along the corridor, the ward’s door was opened, and Dumbledore’s back appeared in front of them.

“I locked you here, now it’s five to midnight!” said Dumbledore, “Miss Granger, turn six times, good luck!”

Dumbledore withdrew from the room and closed the door. He pulled out his wand and locked the door with magic.

Evan, Harry, and Hermione ran forward in panic. Dumbledore looked up and smiled under his long moustache.

“Well?” he said quietly.

“Professor, we did it!” Harry said, “We caught Peter Pettigrew.”

“Well done, now hand him over to me, I’ll take care of him.” Dumbledore smiled looking at them. He gently tapped his wand and made a stretcher out of thin air.

Peter, who had been floating in the air, fell on the stretcher. Evan felt that he had lost control of him. A powerful force instantly blocked his magic.

“Professor, I have something to ask you.” Evan hurriedly said.

He wanted to tell Dumbledore about Professor Trelawney’s prophecy. He also wanted to ask him what his intentions were, the purpose of arranging this evening, and so on. Besides, the key to the

treasure left by Gryffindor, and preserved in the tribe of the Centaurs was split up. Evan wanted to know what Dumbledore had to say about that.

“Certainly, Evan, but not now, you need to rest.” Dumbledore said calmly,

“Professor, I have something to say to you, about the Patronus...” Harry followed. .

“So do you, Harry, you’ll say what you want tomorrow!” Dumbledore seemed to be listening to whether there were any voices in the ward. “Very good, I think you’ve left too. Go in. Leave everything to me. You three need to rest, I’ll lock you up.”

Evan, Harry, and Hermione slipped back to the ward which was empty. Only Ron was there, he was still unconscious lying on the bed.

The door was locked behind them, and Evan, Harry, and Hermione crawled back to their beds, and Hermione tucked the Time-Turner back under her robe.

Madam Pomfrey came back from her office. She checked them and gave them a few pieces of chocolate.

Evan ate two pieces, his consciousness became more and more heavy, and he gradually fell asleep.

He knew that this year’s event was finally resolved. He finally changed the storyline; he caught Peter Pettigrew and saved Sirius Black.

Evan didn’t know what impact his deeds would have on his future, but no matter what he would have to face, he was ready. He was prepared to gradually get stronger, first by finding a way to obtain the piece of the Treasure Key left by Gryffindor and preserved in the Centaurs’ tribe, and then ...

Chapter 183: The Order of Merlin

Next thing, all started moving in the right direction.

The following morning, Evan just woke up when he saw Ron apologizing to him, Harry, and Hermione endlessly.

He burst into tears and said that he was a jerk. He said that he had been controlled by Peter Pettigrew. He said he should not stop believing everyone that comes like him.

Although Evan felt that Ron had concealed some details, he eventually forgave him like Harry and Hermione.

After all, not anyone could successfully break away from the control of the Imperius Curse.

Ron’s last night’s performance was enough to prove that he was different from Peter Pettigrew. He is worthy of being a hero.

Ron didn’t stay in the school for too long. With Madam Pomfrey’s suggestion, at 7 o’clock in the morning, after breakfast, he was sent to the St Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries for examination. He should probably spend the rest of the Christmas holidays there.

Although everyone was very worried, Madam Pomfrey repeatedly promised that he should recover, without keeping any sequelae.

Just after being separated from Ron, the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, walked into the ward accompanied by Dumbledore. Behind them, there were three adult wizards, one man and two women, who were all in their forties to fifties.

Evan's eyes wandered between the three, and the lady who followed Fudge was wearing a black robe, she was a square-jawed witch with close-cropped grey hair and a monocle.

For this person, Evan didn't have any impression at all.

But when he saw the witch next to her, he had a clump in his heart, a bad feeling. Wouldn't she be the legendary Umbridge?!

Umbridge wore a fluffy pink cardigan. She was a short squat woman resembling a large pale toad. She had a broad, flabby face, a wide, slack mouth, and little neck. Her eyes were bulging and pouchy.

Even the black velvet bow worn in her mousy brown hair reminded Evan of a big fly, and it was as if she was about to stick out her sticky long tongue to catch it.

Behind Umbridge, there was a serious wizard; he was a stiff, upright, elderly man, dressed in an impeccably crisp robe. The parting in his short gray hair was almost unnaturally straight, and his narrow toothbrush mustache looked as though he trimmed it using a slide rule. His shoes were very highly polished. Evan had never seen a wizard who was so strict like this. If he was not wearing a robe but a suit, he could simply pretend to be a Muggle bank manager.

This guy is absolutely the object of Percy's worship.

In Evan's impression, there was only one person who could be the object of Percy's worship in this respect, that is, Barty Crouch, who was finally killed by his Death Eater son Batty Crouch Junior.

Evan looked closely at him, wondering if he had already hidden Barty Crouch Junior at home.

If possible, he would like to report it or say something about it, but he knew that no one would believe him.

As an influential Ministry of Magic official, Bartemius Crouch had a very high reputation. If it was not for his son, he would now probably be the Minister of Magic.

When Evan looked at the three people, they also looked seriously at him, Harry, Hermione, and especially at Harry, for a longest time.

"Good morning, children!" Fudge looked tired and in a poor mental state. It seemed that he didn't sleep last night. He said with a low voice. "It's unbelievable. Everything was actually done by Peter Pettigrew. Black is innocent. Look at what we have done, the Ministry of Magic is going to be a laughingstock, and the Daily Prophet can have a chance to laugh at it, if others know about it..."

"We are now a laughingstock, Minister!" Bartemius Crouch interrupted him, with a hint of impatience in his voice. "We actually shut Sirius Black in Azkaban for 12 years. Who knows how many innocent people are inside it?"

“Yes, you are right!” Fudge seemed to understand what he meant, he hesitated and said with vigilance, “This is indeed the consequence of our negligence, but I remind that you were Head of the Department of Magic Law Enforcement, the allegations against Death Eaters at the time, were all presided over by you...”

“Thank you for your reminding, Minister!” Bartemius Crouch said dryly, “No matter if it was me personally, or the Wizengamot, this is a shame that will never be washed. Fortunately, the children have given us the opportunity to make up for this mistake.”

“It’s really fortunate.” Fudge didn’t seem to be happy at all. He pointed to the three wizards beside him and briefly introduced them to Evan, Harry, and Hermione.

“Children, this is Bartemius Crouch, Head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation; the two ladies are Amelia Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, and Dolores Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic.”

Crouch did not look at them, he kept staring at Dumbledore. Bones showed a smile to Evan, Harry, and Hermione, and she looked more cordial.

As for Umbridge, she had a fake smirk on her face, and then she said hello to the three of them, and made a bell like laughter. The hairs on the back of Evan’s neck stood up.

Harry and Hermione had a bad face, especially Hermione. Under Umbridge’s gaze, her small body shrank as much as possible into the bedding she was laying upon.

“Well, children, about Black’s case, Wizengamot has set up a special investigation team, and all five of us are members of it.” Fudge said shortly, “although I have just heard Albus say it, we still want to hear more about what happened last night.”

Evan, Harry, and Hermione looked at each other, and finally Evan spoke again about what happened last night. He deliberately concealed the details concerning Ron, the Time-Turner and the Centaurs, but said that he caught Peter Pettigrew in the Forbidden Forest.

“It’s shocking, at your age! I couldn’t, all by myself, catch an evil Dark wizard.”

Umbridge looked at Evan, speaking with a simpering high-pitched voice that was girlish and breathless.

“It’s just luck, ma’am!” Evan replied cautiously.

“There is nothing to be modest about, Evan, you have always been excellent.” Fudge turned his hat and continued, “Things are similar to what I imagined. The problem now is if someone is asking you about how you caught Peter Pettigrew, you know...”

“I know, Minister!” Evan nodded. He knew what Fudge was going to say. “Although I finally caught Peter Pettigrew, the Ministry of Magic made a lot of efforts in this matter, like last year’s incident of the Basilisk. I would have told you if I had the chance.”

“Thank you, Evan, you have helped us a lot.” Fudge breathed a sigh of relief. For him, as long as it did not affect the reputation of the Ministry of Magic and his career, there was no problem with Black’s innocence.

“You have done very well this time. You three besides the boy of the Weasley’s family have just been mentioned. The Ministry is going to apply for the Order of Merlin, Third Class for all four of you!” Fudge continued, “Especially you, Evan, even if I have to fight for it; I think the Second Class will be most fitting.”

Chapter 184: “Hogwarts Magic” Development Plan

The Order of Merlin was founded in the middle of the eleventh century by the famous medieval wizard Merlin. It was the earliest organization in the magical world and is highly regarded.

Merlin wanted wizards to help Muggles, so he created the Order of Merlin.

The Order of Merlin Organization was created to help Muggles, which stipulates that the wizards prohibit the use of magic against them, and that every wizard in the order is responsible of the protection of the Muggles around him.

At the end of the thirteenth century, as a result of social unrest, most wizards were persecuted by Muggles, and the order of Merlin was suspended. Merlin himself was a victim of the persecution, and that ended up making him disband the organization. Later, with establishment of the Ministries of Magic and the 1689 International Statute of Wizarding Secrecy, all wizards transferred to covert, and the order of Merlin began to operate again.

All of the most reputable wizards have joined the order and awarded medals to wizards who have made outstanding contributions to the harmonious coexistence with Muggles.

After centuries of development, the Order of Merlin has become the largest outstanding wizarding organization in the magic world, and the only wizarding group in the entire magical world that is not within the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Magic, and is also recognized by the Ministry of Magic as an international elite wizard organization. .

In the magic world, the best honor for a wizard is to be rewarded with the Order of Merlin. There were three different classes of Order of Merlin that were awarded: First Class, Second Class and Third Class. Dumbledore is the winner of the first-class medal, and Gilderoy Lockhart has won the Third Class medal, enough to become the capital he boasted for.

Evan had never thought that he would have the chance to win the Order of Merlin, Second Class, which was definitely unexpected for him.

For a young wizard like him who is a Muggle-born, and who is only twelve years old, it is a miracle.

If Malfoy knew about it, he would die of envy.

“We don’t want the Order of Merlin!” Fudge had not finished his words, and heard Harry saying eagerly, “Minister, Sirius and Professor Lupin are innocent, they...”

“Black’s case needs to be decided after the Wizengamot trial. From the current situation, it should not be a problem.” Fudge turned to look at Harry and barely smiled. “As for Lupin, he is now being cast. All his charges have been revoked, and you will see him in a moment.”

“Then will he stay and continue to teach?” Harry asked quickly.

“I am sorry, Harry! Lupin has submitted his resignation to me. He said that he could no longer take such a risk, fearing that a similar incident would happen again.” Dumbledore said calmly.

“What?!” Harry couldn’t believe it.

Professor Lupin actually resigned.

Dumbledore looked at Harry and turned and said to Fudge. “Cornelius, I think of those Dementors; can they be withdrawn from school?”

“Oh, yes, they have to go.” Fudge was absent-mindedly combing his hair with his fingers. “They have no business here. I have never thought that they would try to kiss an innocent boy, that’s completely out of control! I will be out in a while and tell them to go back to Azkaban.”

There was a sudden silence in the ward and no one spoke.

Harry also wanted to ask Dumbledore about Professor Lupin, and he heard Barty Crouch saying seriously, “Minister, Dumbledore, there should be nothing else to understand. We should hurry back immediately; I want to meet Peter Pettigrew and Sirius Black. If necessary, I recommend using the Veritaserum.”

“Veritaserum?” Fudge said in amazement. “Are you crazy, Barty?! That is illegal. You know...”

Fudge said a few more words, and the five people quickly left the ward.

From the expression on their faces, it could be seen that overthrowing Black’s verdict and the retrial of Peter Pettigrew definitely spoke disaster for the Ministry of Magic and the Wizengamot, and that they were hoping they could solve it all before Christmas.

After that, Evan, Harry, and Hermione discussed the things that happened a while ago and last night, and Dumbledore was there. They didn’t worry much about the success in proving Black’s innocence. However, Professor Lupin’s resignation was quite a concern.

“I can’t believe it; Professor Lupin will quit his job!” Harry said with concern. “We have gone so far to prove that he was innocent.”

“If he made up his mind to resign, I don’t think we’ll be able to do anything...”

“We can’t do anything?!” Evan had something in his mind as he raised his head and continued. “I have an idea. After Professor Lupin leaves his job, he certainly won’t be

able to find a new one. No one will be willing to hire a werewolf, even if harmless. However, I can always invite him to take charge of the daily operation of the “Hogwarts Magic Newspaper”.”

Looking at the strange expression of Harry and Hermione, Evan thought more and more that this idea was feasible. Professor Lupin’s werewolf identity was made public, and he was doomed to not be able to stay in Hogwarts to teach. But he could hire him for a job different from the original one!

After more than a year of development, the “Hogwarts Magic News” had been able to further increase its sales, expand its business scope, and to be promoted outside the school.

Evan didn’t have to worry about news sources. Almost all the ghosts of the UK were actually providing news to the Hogwarts Magic Newspaper, and they were proud to see their articles being published. Many of the news they provided were from outside the school.

Evan had long wanted to expand his business. The only problem was that he didn’t have much energy.

Whether it was himself, Hermione, Fred, George, Harry or Ginny, all the managers of Hogwarts Magic were students, and it was impossible for them to run out of the campus. The house-elves were not good at management, which limited the newspaper audience to only the young wizards at school.

Prior to this, even with a lot of influential news, Evan had to cooperate with the Daily Prophet.

If he hired other wizards to be responsible for the issuance and management of off-campus newspapers, Evan would not be at ease. But Professor Lupin could solve this problem perfectly.

Evan was preparing to use Black and Pettigrew’s news event as a development opportunity to open up to the off-campus market. He planned to rent a house in Diagon Alley as the newspaper’s headquarters, and gradually expand the sales of issues to become like the “Daily Prophet”.

After the series of events he witnessed, Evan had fully realized the importance of public opinion. It was absolutely essential to develop the Hogwarts Magic Newspaper.

In addition, he was also willing to discuss this with Sirius Black. If he was willing to come, it would be even better. But from some of Fudge’s words, it seemed like he wanted Black to be an Auror.

Just when Evan was going to write to Black, Professor Lupin returned to Hogwarts. He looked even more haggard, but mentally stable.

Chapter 185: Hiring Lupin

Professor Lupin was all haggard. His worn robe was covered with dust. He looked thinner than usual, and had deep shadows beneath his eyes, but his face had a large smile upon it.

When they saw Lupin, Evan, Harry, and Hermione all climbed up from their beds and shouted with joy, “Professor!”

“Good afternoon, Harry; Good afternoon, Evan; Good afternoon, Hermione!” Lupin said with a smile.

“Professor, I heard Hagrid saying yesterday that they shut you into Azkaban. What did the monsters do to you?” Harry asked eagerly.

“I am fine, Harry!” Lupin glanced through Harry, Evan, and Hermione. “In fact, I want to thank you three. It was thanks to your efforts that I could get out from there so quickly.”

“You are innocent, and Ron was only controlled by Peter Pettigrew to frame you.”

“Peter Pettigrew!” Lupin repeated, with a glimmer of regret on his face. He slowly closed his eyes, and then immediately opened them, and said gloomily, “I saw Sirius in the Ministry of Magic, he and Dumbledore told me everything. I shouldn’t have doubted him that year; I actually thought he had betrayed James and Lily...”

When it came to Harry’s parents, no one spoke, and the atmosphere became somewhat heavy.

“Professor, I successfully conjured a full Patronus last night, it’s a stag!” After a long silence, Harry whispered.

“Your father always turned into a stag when he deformed.” Lupin smiled again.

“You’re right, Harry, so we called him Prongs.”

“But there was another Patronus then, and it was a doe.”

“A doe?!” Lupin was stunned and seemed to be without reaction for a moment.

“The doe, I mean, would it be my mother...”

“Lily’s Patronus was indeed a doe.” Lupin looked at Harry with concern. “I once told you that the shape of the Patronus varies from person to person and is related to the character and inner world of the wizard. You know, the Patronus will not always stay the same; it will change when the conjurer is subjected to big blows and emotional changes.”

“What do you mean?”

“Harry, the Patronus you saw can’t be Lily.” Lupin continued. “I don’t know who summoned it, but that person must have something to do with Lily. Otherwise, his Patronus couldn’t be a doe!”

In fact, hearing Harry’s description of Lily’s Patronus, Lupin thought of Snape, maybe it was his Patronus. Lupin knew more or less about some of the history between Lily and Snape. Before coming to Hogwarts, they came from the same place. Lily was very nice to Snape, but later...

Lupin hesitated for a moment and finally said nothing.

In his opinion, some things are not suitable for Harry to know.

Besides, he did not have such qualification. The fact was that James and Lily had made Sirius Black Harry’s godfather.

Harry, who was lost in thought, did not notice Lupin's strange reaction. His expression was confused and he thought hard. Who would be related to his mother?

At that time, only Snape was there, would it be him?

Harry knew that he had a bad relationship with his father during his school days, just like he and Malfoy did not agree with each other.

From the information that he learned later, Snape hated his father.

As for Snape's relationship with his mother, Harry didn't know anything about that. It was supposed that the two of them should've had no intersection.

But with this, it didn't seem to be the case anymore.

But even if Snape conjured up the Patronus, Evan did not expect him to be fair and friendly. In his first year, Snape had saved Harry, but later he became more and more hostile towards him. Dumbledore once said that it was because he felt that this should make him even with his father. And with him not owing anyone anything, he could relive the hatred he had for James with no qualms.

Harry didn't go deep into it at the time, but now he still felt that something wasn't right, and that Snape's relationship with his parents was far more complicated than that.

He tried hard to think about it, but it gave him a headache so violent, that he had no choice but to stop thinking about it.

Harry looked up and heard Hermione saying worriedly. "Professor, is there nothing wrong with Sirius? When will he come back?"

"He is all right, but it will take him a while to come to see you." Lupin said, "The Wizengamot has launched a special trial procedure and should make a final judgment before Christmas ends. Since you caught Peter and Dumbledore is there, you don't have to worry about him at all."

"And you, Professor?!" Harry asked. "I just heard from Prof. Dumbledore that you have resigned. You didn't do that, did you?"

"I'm afraid I did, Harry!"

"Why, you obviously didn't attack Ron?"

"This has nothing to do with whether or not I attacked Ron. You should have seen during those two days. Students' parents are not willing to have a werewolf teach their children. I think they are right; I may bite any of you. ...this kind of thing can never happen again."

"Don't go, Professor! You're the best Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher!" Harry shouted, and Evan and Hermione rushed to agree.

Lupin shook his head and did not speak.

Just as Harry was thinking about the reasons for him to stay, Lupin continued. "Harry, Evan, Hermione, teaching at Hogwarts was a happy time that I will never forget all my life. If there is anything that makes me proud, it's you! The three of you are the best students I have ever taught."

"Professor!"

"Well, it's getting late; I should go back and pack my bags." Professor Lupin rubbed his eyes to wipe off his tears with the back of his hand.

"Wait a minute, Professor!" Evan hurriedly stopped Lupin. "What are you going to do after you leave Hogwarts?"

"I'll probably go on looking for the next job." Lupin smiled bitterly, "Don't worry about me."

Lupin's heart was full of bitterness. As a werewolf, there should be no one other than Dumbledore who would hire him.

He didn't know where he should go. After Sirius clears his name, he may move to live with him for a while, and then find a way.

Lupin did not say anything about it. There was no need to tell Evan, Harry, and Hermione about these things.

"Professor, you know that I have "Hogwarts Magic", I am going to expand the sales scope of this newspaper, selling it to all wizards in the magic world, and changing it to a daily newspaper." Evan looked at Lupin. "But I don't have enough time. If you want, I hope you can help me manage it."

Evan gave a detailed account of his own ideas. Lupin seemed to be stunned. He was silent for a long time before he asked in disbelief. "Are you going to hire me?"

"Yes!" Evan nodded.

"Managing a newspaper?" Lupin continued.

"Yes." Evan said, smiling a little bit more.

Seeing Lupin's reaction, Harry and Hermione also laughed at the side. If Evan hired Lupin, they could still see him often.

"Say yes, Professor!" Harry and Hermione said in a chorus.

"But, I didn't have any relevant experience before..." Lupin hesitated.

"I believe in you, Professor, you will prove qualified for this job."

Chapter 186: Wave Effect

As Christmas approached, the festive atmosphere in the castle was getting stronger and stronger.

Perhaps it was because the Sirius Black incident was perfectly solved, perhaps because the Dementors who had been stationed outside the castle finally left, no matter what it was, this year

Hogwarts' Christmas atmosphere was particularly strong, and people had a happy smile on their faces.

In the Great Hall, Hagrid had chosen 12 huge Christmas trees, and Professor Flitwick used magic to hang small candles and shiny stars on them.

The stars were twinkling, changing from silver to gold from time to time, and they looked extraordinarily spectacular.

In the rest of the castle, the usual magnificent Christmas decorations had been put up. Thick streamers of holly and mistletoe were strung along the corridors, mysterious lights shone from inside every suit of armor. A powerful and delicious smell of cooking pervaded the corridors.

Unfortunately, Evan, Harry, and Hermione couldn't go and see in person.

Madam Pomfrey insisted that the three of them should not leave; they stayed in the ward and heard from the people who came to see them about the great changes in the castle.

Apart from Snape, everyone else who stayed at Hogwarts had visited them, and Lupin and Hagrid came almost every day.

Even Mr. and Mrs. Weasley had been there, and they brought them the latest news from Ron. Ron was recovering very smoothly and he should be able to return to Hogwarts after the Christmas holidays.

The only regret was that there had been no sign of Sirius Black.

However, the news about him never stopped. In fact, it was as if the sky was raining them.

At the beginning of the Christmas holidays, people still rebuked the Ministry of Magic for the case of Sirius Black and the Werewolf, accusing Dumbledore of hiring a werewolf to become a school professor. The Howlers of the Slytherin students' parents rushed to Hogwarts, and the entire castle was full of loud echoes.

By the third day of the holidays, the situation began to reverse.

It was still an endless stream of owls. This time, there were no longer Howlers, but all of them were letters from readers. The owls flew into the ward one after another and landed on the three: Evan, Harry, and Hermione. There were so many letters that the ward was getting filled.

Madam Pomfrey had to use the Repelling Spell to stop the owls from coming in.

The main reason for this phenomenon was a statement by the Ministry of Magic. Shortly after leaving the school hospital, Fudge issued this short statement.

From the statement, people knew that the Ministry of Magic finally caught Sirius Black.

But the result was completely different from what they originally thought. Black was innocent, and the culprit was a guy named Peter Pettigrew.

The news, like throwing a huge stone into the calm water, instantly detonated the entire magic world, and everyone's interest was mobilized.

The identity of Peter Pettigrew, the truth of the event, how Peter was arrested in Hogwarts, etc., had become the hottest topic of those days, and there had been a lot of discussion about it in the magic world.

After a brief shock, people began to explore the details of the incident.

But the Ministry of Magic's statement was too brief, and even the usually omniscient "Daily Prophet" had nothing much to give about the matter.

This great event which shocked everyone was so abrupt.

Peter Pettigrew had succeeded in replacing Black, becoming the most evil black wizard under Voldemort's hand. But people were surprised to find that no one knew exactly what he did, what plot he had planned, and how he finally was caught.

These were all mysteries. Just a few hours after the Ministry of Magic's announcement, rumors flew all over the Magic World, and there was gossip everywhere.

The names of the Dark Lord, Sirius Black, Peter Pettigrew, Harry Potter, and Evan Mason were on every tongue. Whenever you would walk along the Diagon Alley, you could hear everyone talking about them.

Some people said that this was related to the truth of Voldemort's failure in the past; others said that they have seen Lucius Malfoy's pale face coming out Fudge's office... After a brief calm, there was a strong outbreak.

Just when the wizards couldn't wait, and they were ready to gather spontaneously and ask the Ministry of Magic to publicly disclose the truth about the incident, the latest issue of the Hogwarts Magic newspaper was released.

The Wizards who ordered the newspaper were delighted to find out that the obscure campus tabloids had detailed reports on the hottest topics in the current magic world.

Moreover, all were first-hand news!

The whole story went through, the unknown truth between Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew, the arrest process of Peter Pettigrew after being caught by Evan Mason, etc. These were all exclusive reports.

One, ten, 100 copies sold, and the "Hogwarts Magic" sales soared. Orders for more came like snowflakes, and people couldn't wait to know the truth of the matter. Although Evan and Lupin were fully prepared, they still printed more than 10,000 copies.

With this news and follow-up reports, the "Hogwarts Magic" circulation surpassed the "Daily Prophet" in one fell swoop, becoming the largest selling newspaper in the magic industry.

Under such circumstances, Mr. Barnabas Cuffe, the editor-in-chief of the "Daily Prophet", which was already dying, had written dozens of letters to Evan, asking for the right to reprint these reports.

On the basis of the pleasant cooperation experience in the past and the fact that the other party offered a very large amount of Galleons, Evan agreed to let the "Daily Prophet" reprint these reports.

But in time, it had to be a day later than the Hogwarts Magic.

One day seemed to be short, but it was enough.

Because there were so many things to report about Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew, Evan didn't give the masses everything all at once. Wizards who still were dying to know more about the incident weren't willing to wait for even a second, let alone a whole day.

The Hogwarts Magic newspaper was selling more and more, and wizards who bought it found that its other contents, ones unrelated to Black and Pettigrew, were also really attractive. The views provided were really unique, and almost all reports were exclusive.

The paper was hiring ghosts as special correspondents, and they had exclusive access to knowledge nobody else knew about. This made people more interested in the paper.

Over the course of a few days, throughout the magic world, especially in London, with continued spread of the Hogwarts Magic, its increase in sales somewhat stabilized, and it was able to compete with the "Daily Prophet" and gradually became one of the mainstream newspapers.

In other European countries and remote areas however, the "Daily Prophet" continued to spread the truth of the incident by virtue of its channeling advantages.

With Evan's reports and under the public opinion's pressure, and despite the fact that the Wizengamot had not yet made a final judgment, Sirius Black was no longer a fugitive, but a worthy hero.

Black became the most famous war hero after the Second Wizard War.

In order to adhere to his own beliefs and fight against the most evil dark forces, he had been in Azkaban for a full 12 years, completely unseen and unheard. In order to protect his friendship and protect the only orphan of his friends, he chose to bear the un-understanding eyes of the world and pursue the evil Dark wizard alone.

Black's stories and deeds were praised by everybody and spread out at a very fast speed.

In that era that had no Heroes, he was the last warrior to fight against evil, a worthy Gryffindor.

Chapter 187: Hermione's Christmas Present

Because of the newspaper, although Evan, Harry, and Hermione were still being hospitalized, they were very busy every day.

Especially Evan, he stayed up almost every day to the middle of the night.

In such an atmosphere, the dawn of Christmas came quietly, the weather was cold, and there were only three people in the ward, Evan, Harry and Hermione.

On Christmas morning, Evan was awakened by Harry throwing his pillow at him.

"Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Harry! Merry Christmas, Hermione!"

Evan climbed up with sleepy eyes, squinting through the semi-darkness to the foot of his bed, where a big heap of parcels had appeared.

Harry and Hermione were already ripping the paper off their own presents, and Evan noticed that the three of them received more presents this year than they ever did in previous years.

"Strange, why are there so many presents?" Evan murmured.

“Most of these presents are sent by readers of the Hogwarts Magic, and many of them are simple Christmas cards,” Hermione explained.

Since the series of reports on Peter Pettigrew, Evan, Harry, and Hermione, had become famous. Although the focus was on Sirius Black, people were amazed at the fact that three young wizards, aged twelve and thirteen, could capture an evil Dark wizard.

Many of their peers began to worship them and write letters to them regularly.

In addition to the young wizards in the UK, Evan noticed that many of these Christmas cards were mailed from abroad. For example, the pink greeting card in his hand came from a 10-year-old girl named Gabrielle Delacour, from France.

Gabrielle wished Evan a Merry Christmas on the greeting card, and then expressed her admiration for his capture of Peter Pettigrew in short words, and hoped that he could write back to her.

Looking at the cute little angel pattern in the greeting card, Evan smiled, and when he was ready to see other Christmas cards, he heard Harry’s annoyed voice.

“Look at it. The Dursleys gave me a worn old sock. It is worse than the toothpick of last year and the fifty penny coin of the year before. They must have thought that I was a house-elf!” Harry threw the sock under the bed and opened a short message attached to the package.

It was written to ask him to see if he could stay in Hogwarts for the summer vacation.

“Thank God, I finally got rid of them this summer. Sirius said I can live with him, I don’t know if he has a house?!” Harry rejoiced, he put a scarlet sweater on his body, and continued, “This is a scarlet sweater that Mrs. Weasley sent. You two seem to have it too.”

“I see, my piece is maroon, but there are no letters on it.” Hermione picked up a box, hesitantly looked at it for a while and gently put it aside. “This is Hagrid’s minced meat pie. It smells very special. There is a mixture of cabbage and pork liver. I think it’s better not to try it easily.”

Evan also began to open his presents, in addition to the Christmas card, Mrs. Weasley and Hagrid’s gift, his parents ordered a golden crucible for him.

He had seen this in a Diagonal Alley store before, and its price was shocking.

In Evan’s view, this golden crucible is completely an art collection item. No wizard would waste it to use it to curb the potions.

Evan sighed and carefully closed the gold crucible.

His parents had no knowledge of the magic world, and used to look at the wizards from the perspective of Muggles, and considered that whatever was most expensive was the best.

Since Evan went to Hogwarts, they bought him too many things that were not used by him. The most typical was the Broomstick Nimbus 2001 sent last Christmas. Before Harry borrowed it, it was placed under Evan's bed and never been taken out.

When Evan went back home during the summer vacation, he explained matter and they realized that the wizards did not always fly in the air with a broom like in the stories.

And it seemed for them that their son had serious fear of heights. Even with magic, it couldn't be cured.

In addition to his parents' presents, Harry gave him a set of Quidditch model toys, inside a huge glass ball in which there was a miniature Quidditch pitch. Whenever it was touched with a wand, the model would automatically fly to play.

Ron gave him a book, Ginny a gorgeous quill, Colin a wizard chess game, Luna a very valuable photo that was said to be a proof of the existence of Crumple-Horned Snorkack, Fred and George's presents were pranks they developed. The other young wizards gave him all kinds of sweets and food, most of which were ordered in Hogsmeade.

To Evan's surprise, Cho Chang also gave him a present. It was a dark blue scarf, and the workmanship was very fine. It should be the product of Madam Malkin's shop.

"Evan, thank you for sending me the watch." Hermione looked up at the scarf in Evan's hand, and the lovely smile on her face gradually solidified. She hesitated and said, "This scarf is..."

Hermione squinted, and Evan knew that this meant she was thinking.

"It's a present for me from Cho." Evan explained.

"Well, I didn't know... I thought my present was..."

Evan looked strangely at Hermione, who was flushed, not knowing what she was talking about. Following her eyes, he saw the last package under his bed.

This should be Hermione's present, which was bulging inside.

Under Hermione's gaze, Evan ripped the package. And it was actually a scarf.

On the red-yellow scarf, the Gryffindor lion was knitted, but it looked a little distorted. The workmanship was much worse than the scarf that was sent by Cho. It was very likely that Hermione herself sewed it up.

Evan realized why Hermione had such an expression.

Her Christmas present is exactly the same as Cho's, it was a scarf.

Evan remembered that Hermione told him in Hogsmeade just a few days before that she was ready to send her Christmas present after a long time she put into it, and that she believed that he would be satisfied.

No one would have thought that her present would be a scarf.

This scarf should have been made by Hermione herself, he didn't know how long she had been sewing it, but it was definitely not easy.

Before today, he had no clue. No one knew that Hermione was secretly making a scarf. She should have been secretly sewing it by night after everyone went to sleep in the dormitory.

Touched by a slightly rough scarf, Evan's heart was full of emotion.

In terms of values, this scarf was not very expensive; on the level of fineness, it was much worse than that of Cho, but the top of the needle and thread were full of the girl's heart.

Evan raised his head and looked at Hermione, who was flushed.

He knew that she must be very nervous now, as the present that had been carefully prepared for so long was sent to him by someone else as well. If she was herself, she would be very frustrated.

"I didn't know, Evan!" Hermione said with a blush. "I didn't expect that Cho Chang would send you a scarf. If I knew it earlier..."

"Thank you, Hermione!" Evan interrupted her and whispered, "I really like this scarf very much, this is the best Christmas present I have ever received."

Chapter 188: The Best Christmas Present

Evan and Hermione looked at each other, and the mood in the word became strange.

"This scarf!" Hermione hesitated, her voice dwindling. "I originally intended to sew a Gryffindor lion on it, but I couldn't do it. So in the end..."

"Don't worry about this, Hermione!" Seeing Hermione's appearance, Evan smiled and said, "In fact, I really like this pattern, and this scarf."

"But it isn't as good as the one sent by Cho Chang. It's too badly sewn." Hermione's face was a seductive crimson. She said nervously, "I did this kind of thing for the first time. I'm not very skilled in some areas. I should have..."

"You still don't understand, Hermione? This scarf may have many shortcomings, and its workmanship is not too fine, but I did receive the first thing that my girl had personally sewed for me. In fact, this intention is what touched me the most."

Hermione blushed more and more when she heard Evan's words. She looked down and couldn't speak, and she seemed to be shy to the extreme.

It was rare to see Hermione like this. Evan couldn't help but be moved. From the top down, his eyes fell uncontrollably onto the girl's skin outside her pajamas. Looking at Hermione's slender, white wrists and ankles, Evan gulped and couldn't tell why, a strange, but very strong, strange feeling rose from the bottom of his heart.

Evan had a feeling that if he did something at this time, Hermione would not object.

"Hermione ..."

As he was about to continue, Harry suddenly looked up and said, "Evan, Hermione, do you see Sirius's present, how can I find it?"

"Sirius's present?!"

Hearing Harry's reminder, Evan and Hermione paused for a moment, and the strange feeling vanished instantly. They hurriedly looked down.

In the pile of presents, they saw the presents of Hagrid and Lupin, and even Professors McGonagall, Professor Flitwick, and Professor Sprout wrote Christmas cards to them, but there was no present from Sirius Black.

This was impossible. He didn't dare to say it, but Evan saw Sirius personally ordering a Firebolt for Harry at the Owl Post Office. This should be the most important Christmas present of this year. Nobody but Black was generous enough to buy a Firebolt for a young wizard, not even Lucius Malfoy.

As the latest model, limited edition world-class flying broom, the price of the Firebolt was out of this world, more expensive than the broomsticks of all the young wizards in the school.

"How is it that Sirius's present is not here, Professor Lupin clearly..."

Harry was halfway through his sentence, when he suddenly stopped. He saw the door of the ward being opened, and Sirius Black came in with a smile. .

The appearance of Sirius was different from what Evan, Harry, and Hermione remembered of him. Just a week ago, when they met in the castle last time, Sirius's face was thin and sloppy, and it was surrounded by unkempt, black and long hair.

But now?!

Sirius wore a brand new sky blue robe, he had shorter hair, clean and tidy, and full cheeks, which made him look younger, closer to Sirius from 12 years ago, closer to his handsome image before he was caught.

"Sirius?!" Harry sat up from the bed and looked at Black in disbelief. He rubbed his eyes hard and thought he was in a dream.

When Professor Lupin came yesterday, he also told them that Sirius's case was on going the Ministry of Magic. The Wizengamot's trial had reached a critical point, and he couldn't get out just yet.

But now, what is he seeing?!

It was simply unbelievable that Sirius actually appeared in the ward of the Hogwarts School Hospital in front of them.

"Merry Christmas, Harry, Evan, Hermione!" Sirius opened his arms and smiled. "How are your three little bodies recovering?"

"We're fine, Sirius!" Harry hurriedly yelled. He jumped out of bed and walked over to give Black a big hug. Evan and Hermione also embraced him.

The three of them had their first large, burden free smile in a long time.

Ever since they knew that Peter Pettigrew was Ron's rat, and knew the truth of all the events of the year, knowing that Sirius Black was being wrongly shackled, Evan, Harry, and Hermione were having a depressed and tense mood.

They had to be cautious in dealing with everything; for fear that Peter Pettigrew would run away.

This uneasiness peaked when Ron was controlled by Peter Pettigrew, Professor Lupin was accused of attacking his students, and Sirius was caught by Snape, almost pressing everyone out of breath.

However, now that Sirius was swaying in Hogwarts, the three of them knew that everything was over, and they finally succeeded in proving Black's innocence.

"Sirius, how are you?" Harry said with a red eye, his tears flowed out of control.

"I am fine, Harry!" Sirius gently rubbed his head, his face full of kindness and love. "I dare say that you three certainly haven't looked at the "Daily Prophet" this morning. With your help and effort, I have been acquitted by the Wizengamot, just earlier."

Hearing his words, Evan hurriedly found the "Prophet Daily" mixed in the pile of presents. The front page headlines of the magazine were the smiling Sirius Black and the haggard and sad Peter Pettigrew. The photos of the two people were in stark contrast.

Below the photo was a big article title: Black was found innocent by the Wizengamot, and Peter Pettigrew is found guilty of treason and will be sent to Azkaban.

Evan briefly looked at the case. The article described the trial process, the story of Sirius Black, the evidence against Peter Pettigrew and so on.

Taking into account the impact of this incident, the Wizengamot launched a special approval procedure. After the routine evidence and inquiry, there was the final vote, which was amazingly quick. After Black's case, there was the trial of other crimes committed by Peter Pettigrew.

"It's really a shame that I can't kill Peter Pettigrew myself, but I have to say that things are actually quite good now." Sirius said with a smile.

"This is already the best outcome possible!" Harry rubbed his tears, hugged Sirius tightly again, his body trembled and he looked very excited.

Next, the four people talked a lot.

They kept talking about the truth of the events of the year, about what happened in the castle a few days ago, about the future, and so on.

Especially Harry, he kept talking about his future plans.

"Ok, ok, you three, these words can be said later, we have time." Sirius smiled and said, "Today is Christmas, you are not going to stay in the ward all day."

Evan, Harry, and Hermione looked up at Sirius in amazement.

"Come on, I have seen Dumbledore before I came. He agreed to let me take you three out to go shopping." Sirius said happily, "I haven't sent you a Christmas present yet, but I've got a surprise ready for each of you."

Chapter 189: 12 Grimmauld Place

Evan, Harry, and Hermione wore their robe as fast as possible. Evan also deliberately wrapped Hermione's scarf around his neck.

They went to Hogsmeade with Sirius Black in the lead.

Before leaving the castle, they met Professor McGonagall. Although she agreed to let the three of them leave Hogwarts for Christmas, but from her serious face and wrinkled brow one could see that she did not agree at all with Sirius.

Evan, Harry, and Hermione were very happy that they didn't have to stay in the ward.

Standing on the empty, snowy streets of Hogsmeade, Sirius told them that he would take the three of them to Diagon Alley, where Lupin was.

Tonight, everyone will be there for Christmas, a perfect Christmas.

Then, after the Christmas holiday, he would send them back to Hogwarts.

"How do we go to Diagon Alley? Will we be using the Floo Network?" Harry asked Sirius.

"No, I have already booked the Knight Bus. However, before going to Diagon Alley, we have to go to an unpleasant place, which is not connected to the Floo Network." Sirius did not consider it. "We are going there to get Evan and Hermione's Christmas presents. Although I don't really want to go back in there, there is really no better place than that."

"An unpleasant place?" Evan froze. "Where there's a Christmas present for me and Hermione?!"

He didn't know which place Sirius meant, nor did he know what he was about to give him, just as he was about to ask, the Knight Bus appeared in the thin air, rushing over.

The four hurried to dodge, and the Knight Bus stopped at the place where they were just standing, with a deafening voice.

The conductor, Stan Shunpike, jumped onto the sidewalk and greeted him with enthusiasm.

"Merry Christmas, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Knight Bus, just stick out your wand hand, step on board, and we can take you anywhere you want to go..."

Shunpike suddenly stopped, and he first saw Harry.

"Look at who we met, isn't this Neville? How are you doing?"

"Neville?" Sirius repeated it in a strange way, "This is Harry Potter!"

"Harry Potter?!" Stan paused, and then became excited and cried happily. "I knew that I had already seen this scar."

Stan looked excited, but Harry was embarrassed.

A few months ago, he took a ride on the Knight Bus from the Muggle Streets to Diagon Alley. He inflated his aunt, left the Dursleys alone and helpless, and then he met Evan, and saw Sirius for the first time.

“Why didn’t you tell us that you were Harry Potter, Neville?” Said Stan, his face smiling at Harry, “Yes, what about your strange little black cat?”

It was Evan’s turn to be embarrassed. He couldn’t imagine what it would be like if Stan knew that he was the black cat at the time.

“Let’s get on the bus, it’s too cold outside, I’m freezing!”

“Of course, come up.” Stan stepped back, then he looked up and saw Sirius, “God, you are Sirius Black, I just saw your photo on the “Daily Prophet “.”

Stan’s eyes moved from Sirius to Evan and Hermione, and his face became more and more excited. He shouted, “You are Evan Mason, you are Hermione Granger! I saw you on the newspaper as well...”

The four of them took the bus. Perhaps because it was Christmas today, there was no one else on the car except for the conductor.

They sat down on the bed of the brass column, and Shunpike took out the newspaper he had recently collected. The entirety of the paper was dedicated to the incident of Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew.

Evan saw photos of himself and Harry, Hermione, and Ron. The photos were taken when Fudge gave them a special contribution award last year. The following was a detailed introduction to the story of the four of them.

Shunpike kept telling them that he never knew about any of this, and asked the four people to sign him autographs. In this environment, Evan could not ask Sirius, where they were going.

More than an hour later, the knight bus docked in the middle of a small square with long awnings.

Evan walked out of the bus, and the houses around the square had a dirty appearance and did not seem to welcome visitors. Some of the houses had broken windows, and they were lifeless. The paint peeled off from many doors, and a lot of rubbish piled up on the front steps.

“Where are we?”

“Grimmauld Square!” Sirius’s expression became serious, with mixed feelings of nostalgia and disgust on his face.

Grimmauld Square?!

Evan’s heart moved; this was the place where the ancestral home of the Black family is.

Black led them three along a deserted street full of pungent smells, stopping in front of a house with a door sign on the outside, which was 12 Grimmauld Place.

Unlike all the ordinary houses in the surrounding area, No. 12 Grimmauld Place was very grand and noble, but it was also dilapidated, like a ghost house.

The black paint on the door had been ruined and scratched, and the silver door handle had been twisted into a serpentine shape. It had no keyholes or mailboxes.

Sirius pulled out his wand and tapped the door once. Evan heard many loud, metallic clicks and what sounded like the clatter of a chain. A few seconds later, the door creaked open.

“Get in quick!” Sirius said in a whisper. “But don’t go far inside, and don’t touch anything.”

Evan, Harry, and Hermione were nervous and walked into the almost total darkness of the hall. They could smell damp, dust, and a sweetish, rotting smell.

The place had the feeling of a derelict building. Harry stood in front, and Evan and Hermione looked over his shoulders.

Inside the foyer, where the sun shines, there was gorgeous, precious aristocratic decoration, but it was covered with dust. This house gave a strange feeling, as if they had entered a room of a dying man.

“Where are we Sirius?” Evan heard Harry talking; he was smashed by thick dust and coughed fiercely.

“My parents’ house, the Black family’s mansion!” Sirius followed, with a hint of disdain in his tone. “But now it belongs to me.”

He gently waved his wand. They heard a soft hissing noise and then old-fashioned gas lamps sputtered into life all along the walls, casting a flickering insubstantial light over the peeling wallpaper and threadbare carpet of a long, gloomy hallway, where a cobwebby chandelier glimmered overhead and age-blackened portraits hung crooked on the walls.

Chapter 190: The Black Family’s Collection

Standing in the dim hall, Evan looked around curiously.

As the mansion of the Black family, 12 Grimmauld Place is a typical pure-blood wizard’s house. The decorations that could be seen everywhere are hundreds of years old. If ever put on the market, they would definitely be valuable antiques.

In front of them is a narrow corridor, the end which couldn’t be seen.

Right in front of the hall was a tree-shaped decorative light. Both the chandelier and the candelabra on a rickety table nearby were shaped like serpents.

After Voldemort returned, the house was used as the headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix. Right now, it should be in use by anyone, and naturally it wasn’t being protected by magic. It can be seen from the thick dust around it that no one has been there for a long time.

Evan didn’t know why Sirius had to bring them here. It would be reasonable to say that the latter held an awful lot of disgust for the house. However, Black just mentioned that he would come here to get a Christmas present for him and Hermione. Evan didn’t know what it was?!

“There has been no one living here for more than a decade. We’d better hurry up and leave here when we finish this.” Sirius whispered, he took the lead into the hall.

There was a crunch from the old floor, which sounded particularly creepy in the old, empty house.

Evan didn't know what they were going to get, but he knew that Slytherin's locket was kept there. If he could find it and destroy it, it would save him a lot of trouble.

The locket should be kept in the room of Sirius's younger brother, Regulus. He had put it there, and Evan did not know where it was exactly.

If he had a chance, he was going to look for it.

Evan hurriedly caught up with Sirius, and Hermione couldn't help but hold his arm. Harry walked in front of them, his face mixed with inexplicable tension and excitement.

In the dim, narrow corridor, they bypassed a large umbrella stand made from the severed leg of a troll.

On the left side of the umbrella stand was a dark staircase, and the wall next to it seemed to be decorated with something.

Sirius did not go upstairs, and Evan, Harry, and Hermione were full of curiosity and gathered to see the blurring decoration on the wall. Then, the three of them took a breath of cold air, and they saw a row of shrunken heads, mounted on the wall on plaques.

They were all house-elf heads, and they all had the same ugly big nose.

"I don't understand, this house looks like that of the most evil of dark wizards." Harry whispered, "Why did Sirius' parents live here?"

"Remember, except for Sirius, All members of the Black family are from Slytherin House." Evan also whispered, "Think about their taste, and you should be able to understand."

"Why are they hanging house-elf heads on the wall?" "The expression on Hermione's face was full of fear and confusion, and there was still some anger hidden.

"It's not them who hang them up. It's the tradition of house elves. They have been serving in a wizarding family since birth. When they grow old in age, they get beheaded and their heads get sickeningly stuffed and mounted on the house walls. This is, no doubt, considered by the house-elves as the very highest honour."

"I don't understand, this is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!" Hermione hesitated, "Dobby is not like this..."

"He is an exception; he is different from other house-elves." Evan patted Hermione's shoulder gently. "We'd better wait to go back to school to discuss this matter, here I feel very bad."

He didn't know if it was an illusion. Evan always felt that something was hiding in the house and secretly watching them in the dark. This feeling was very strong.

But looking around, he didn't see anything.

Sirius did not stop at all during their conversation; his figure had disappeared into the corner of the narrow corridor.

They hurried to follow, and then they walked through two long, worm-covered curtains that looked like they were hiding a door.

When Harry passed, he glanced at the curtain.

The next second, he involuntarily stepped back a few steps, in panic, as if he had seen something extremely horrible.

“What’s wrong, Harry?”

“Inside, there is a portrait inside, above...”

Evan turned his head and he saw the drapery on the wall automatically slide to the sides, revealing something hidden behind him, and a portrait of a fierce old lady hanging on the wall.

Seeing the three people, Evan, Harry, and Hermione, the old lady screeched louder than ever, brandishing clawed hands as though trying to tear their faces.

“Filth! Scum! By-products of dirt and vileness! Halfbreeds, mutants, freaks, begone from this place! How dare you befoul the house of my fathers?”

The old lady’s face was just horrible. Just as Evan and the two others stood there still, not knowing what to do, Sirius Black rushed back.

“Shut up, you horrible old hag, shut UP!” he roared, trying to pull the curtain back.

“Yooooou!” The old woman’s face blanched, and her eyes popping at the sight of Sirius. Then she roared. “Blood traitor, abomination, shame of my flesh! You have a face to come back?! you are this...”

“I said ... shut ... UP!” roared the man, and with a stupendous effort he managed to force the curtains closed again.

The old woman’s screeches died and an echoing silence fell.

“Who is this?” Harry whispered, still looking worried.

“My mother, I think you should know it. When she was alive, she had this look.” Sirius said keeping a straight face.

“She, she is your...”

“My dear old mum, yeah,” said Sirius, “ Didn’t I say before? This was my parents’ house, and they had intended to leave it to my brother, but only me lived on in the family, so this house is all mine now.”

“What are we doing here?” Evan asked.

“We came to get Christmas presents for you and Hermione.” Sirius explained, “I asked Lupin, Hagrid and others about your preferences. You and Hermione both like

to read books, and the Black Family Library is in this house. There are many out-of-print magic books here. Many of them were in the Black family for centuries and were not seen outside at all. I think you will be interested.”

“Precious magic books?!” Evan was stunned.

Compared with Harry and Hermione who were out of it, he knew the value of such books

Because he had asked in Flourish and Blotts Bookseller to collect books of magic, Evan knew their actual value.

An out-of-print magic book is priceless and of immeasurable value.

These were the inheritance of a pure-blood wizard family. No-one was going to get it. If it wasn't for such a chance, no outsider would've been able to check out these books.

The longer the pedigree of a wizard family is, the greater the value of the collection of magic books gets.

The history of the Black family can be traced back to the dawn of millennia, as The Noble and Most Ancient House of Black. It can be said that they are some of the only few true pure blood wizards in the magic world. Their family collection... Evan was so excited when he thought about it.

He wanted to hurriedly take a look, but weren't such magic books too expensive for Christmas gifts?!

Sirius seemed to be aware of Evan's fear, he explained in a plain tone, “Don't say anything, you guys helped me, a few magic books cannot repay you. Besides, if you don't read those books, they will stay there gathering mold.”