

Harry Potter 431

Chapter 431: A Letter From Harry

Harry shook his head. Ron couldn't be the one. What about Hermione?!

At once, Hermione's voice seemed to fill his head, shrill and panicky. "Your scar hurt? Harry, that's really serious. Write to Professor Dumbledore." "I'll go and check 'Common Magical Ailments and Afflictions', Maybe there's a way to heal curse scars..."

Yes, that would be Hermione's advice: Go straight to Dumbledore, and in the meantime consult the library...

However, Harry had decided not to tell Dumbledore about this.

He stared at the inky dark-blue sky outside, doubting very much whether a book could help him now.

As far as he knew, he was the only living person to have survived a curse from Voldemort.

It was highly unlikely, therefore, that he would find his symptoms listed in Common Magical Ailments and Afflictions or other magic books.

Harry shook his head again, for he certainly wouldn't get the answer he wanted from Hermione.

Hermione was vetoed, and now only Evan was left.

Harry kneaded the scar with his knuckles, and could not help thinking that Evan was the one he really needed now.

Although he was one year younger than him, Evan was different from all other young wizards.

In fact, Harry had never seen a young wizard as powerful as Evan.

In power and knowledge, Evan was an incredible young magician, to the extent that Harry even had the impression that there was nothing he couldn't do or didn't know...

Yes... Even this black magic left by Voldemort, he should certainly know about it!

At this thought, Harry's deep desire to meet Evan rose again.

Not only because of the scar that was hurting him, but also because Hermione did mention in her recent letter that Voldemort's curse on Evan had been broken and they had found the Philosopher's Stone. But the letter was vague; Harry wanted to know the details!

Undoubtedly, it must have been a great adventure, and Harry regretted that he had not been able to take part in it.

He wanted to know exactly what they had encountered?! And why was Sirius hurt so badly?

Evan was now in his own home, and Hermione was there.

If he could, Harry wanted to go there too. He couldn't wait to do so.

But Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia would never agree, and he was not invited.

Harry resisted the urge to leave home and leave the Dursleys and sat down at his desk.

Yes, he did it once last year and didn't mind doing it again. But now, Harry decided to write a letter to Evan first to ask about the situation.

He turned on the desk lamp and started to write in the dim light.

Harry wrote very quickly. If he was writing to someone else, he might only say that his scar hurt.

He wouldn't mention what he saw in his dreams. Harry didn't want to appear too nervous.

But with Evan, there was no such concern.

He wrote all the dreams he had seen and some of the speculations he made on a parchment.

Besides, Harry also asked about Evan's current situation, as well as their experience during the summer vacation and so on.

Harry's lamp seemed to grow dimmer as the cold gray light that preceded sunrise slowly crept into the room.

Finally, when the sun had risen, when his bedroom walls had turned gold, and when sounds of movement could be heard from the Dursleys' room, Harry cleared his desk of crumpled pieces of parchment and reread his finished letter.

A minute later, he nodded with satisfaction.

He folded up the parchment and laid it on his desk, ready for when Hedwig returned.

Then he got to his feet, stretched, and opened his wardrobe.

Without glancing at his reflection, he went straight to get dressed before going down to have breakfast.

If he could, he hoped that the summer vacation that was coming to an end would end up slightly more exciting.

.....

When Evan and Hermione were having breakfast at the table, the snow-white Hedwig flapped its wings in.

In fact, the atmosphere at the table was very awkward already.

Nevertheless, Evan's parents were very happy after learning that he had awakened.

Evan didn't know how Dumbledore explained it, but they didn't ask him what had happened.

They only cared about his health and gave a lot of instructions. Then, Mr. Mason left home for work.

Evan's mother and Hermione sat at the table and chatted, leaving no room for Evan to interrupt.

From his mother's look at Hermione, she obviously had all sorts of thoughts, and she was very satisfied with Hermione.

Evan sat 'alone', watching the harmonious conversation between them, feeling like an outsider.

No need to introduce her, his mother was very familiar with Hermione, who was like a member of his family.

It was not at all obvious that the two of them actually knew each other for less than a day.

From the content of their dialogue, people might even mistake them for mother and daughter.

The atmosphere was very subtle, and Evan felt extremely embarrassed. He was not sure if he should sit here and listen.

Fortunately, at this time, Hedwig flew in from the window, giving him an excuse to leave.

Aware of his mother's fear of birds, Evan greeted Hedwig and took it back to his room.

He took the parchment tied to Hedwig's foot, and read Harry's letter.

Evan frowned at its content, which was obviously not good news.

Harry mentioned that his scar hurt and the dream related to Voldemort.

Evan knew this was because Voldemort left part of his soul in Harry fourteen years ago. Therefore, there was a unique connection between the two of them.

Harry could enter Voldemort's mind and know what he was doing and some of his thoughts. This was clearly very dangerous, and Voldemort would soon be aware of it.

Harry should learn Occlumency as soon as possible to block this connection as much as possible.

In addition to this incident, the dream that Harry had seen also worried Evan.

What kind of conspiracy were Voldemort and Caresius making? Would it be related to the upcoming Triwizard Tournament?!

Also, in the battle of the Temple of the fallen Centaurs, they took away the statue of the evil god.

After several contacts, Evan knew that the statue was very evil and was the incarnation of the evil god in the real world.

Although Evan had hit the evil god hard, it did not fall completely, and now, the statue was in Voldemort's hands!

Evan hoped that there would be no changes beyond his imagination to this year.

Voldemort alone was already a headache. If he was associated with the evil god, things would become unimaginably bad.

Chapter 432: The Invitation

After "The Book of Abraham" inexplicably sealed the evil god, Evan once again opened it and tried to read it.

Most of the third part was still covered by ink, and no specific content could be seen.

Only in the central part of the page, the ink melted away, and the portrait of the evil god, shrunk countless times, appeared.

Evan didn't know what was going on, and he couldn't figure out the connection between The Book of Abraham and the evil god.

But there was no doubt that The Book of Abraham was definitely very important.

The evil spirits were first discovered and summoned by ancient warlocks, and perhaps they left a way to defeat them in this book.

It seemed that Evan should seize the time to study The Book of Abraham.

In fact, his research was progressing too slowly.

In addition to the esoteric ancient magic inscriptions, the first part of the written description of alchemy was also very abstract.

Even if Evan translated the corresponding statement, he didn't know what it was talking about.

He decided to follow the advice of Nicolas Flamel and find time to go to Egypt to find the "Emerald Tablet".

Flamel said that the "Emerald Tablet" could help Evan to accelerate his understanding of the essence of alchemy.

For the second part, the scepter surrounded by two snakes left by Slytherin should also be found as soon as possible.

After reading the first part, he would also need to decipher the second part of The Book of Abraham.

Only by deciphering all of these could he get to the third secret related to the evil god. Until then, he could only hope that Voldemort would not do anything dangerous with its statue. Otherwise, the combination of these two villains would really be a pain to deal with.

Earlier, Evan had also received a letter from Professor Lupin who wanted to learn about the current situation in the wizarding world.

Now, wizards all over the world were excited about the upcoming Quidditch World Cup finals.

Foreign wizards flocked to the country in an endless stream, and Diagon Alley got really overcrowded.

Evan's store turnover had greatly increased, and many products were out of stock!

Foreign wizards seemed to be interested in the various products developed by Hogwarts students. Among them, Fred and George's Weasley joke products were the most popular, and their products were sold out as soon as they hit the shelves.

As for the recent sales of the Hogwarts Magic, those had a slight decline.

Nevertheless, this was quite normal. The Daily Prophet and the Witch Weekly Magazine were still the mainstream media.

Hogwarts Magic had a long way to go in terms of volume and content.

Evan had already considered this situation, and Hogwarts Magic had not had any heavyweight news recently.

After all, whether it was Voldemort, the evil god or the fallen Centaurs, these contents could not be published casually.

Beyond that, there was nothing worthy of attention in the wizarding world.

According to Evan's previous request, Lupin had been watching Barty Crouch and sending someone to look for Voldemort's father's estate.

But there was no progress on that side. Voldemort and the vampires did not return to Riddle's household after the battle in the Temple of the Centaurs.

Evan wanted to replace Voldemort's father's bones and prevent him from casting the spell that regained him his body.

But this was useless because the tomb of Tom Riddle Senior was destroyed half a century ago.

According to the villagers of Little Hangleton, his body was secretly dug out shortly after the burial of Tom Riddle Senior.

The remains of the coffin were scattered all over the place and were not discovered until a long time later.

Perhaps it was Tom Sr. having enemies hateful enough to scatter his bones that led to the delay of his return.

When he started making the Horcruxes, Voldemort took into account every counter possible, to prevent any accident that could prevent his rebirth.

The more Evan thought of ways to prevent that, the more he realized how terrible Tom was.

As for Barty Crouch Sr., he was as rigorous and meticulous as ever.

Because of the Quidditch World Cup, he was now working too late at the Ministry of Magic to go home very late.

While his diligence was unique, this was nothing out of the ordinary for him.

Evan was not sure if Voldemort had heard of the news that Barty Crouch Jr. escaped from Azkaban. Until now, there was no trace of the missing witch, and there was no evidence that Voldemort had taken her.

To make matters worse, the Ministry of Magic was totally indifferent to her disappearance, and no one paid attention to it at all.

In any case, Evan could not rush directly into Crouch's house to look for Barty Crouch Jr.

All he could do now was to patiently wait until they reveal themselves.

Although none of these things was easy, Evan was very confident and did not worry too much.

After the Philosopher's Stone was merged into one, his curse was broken.

Now, his magic had returned to the level it was at before Voldemort cursed him.

Considering that he could use the powerful magic of the Philosopher's Stone, Evan was able to use most magic.

Overlooking his lack of experience, his prowess was already superior to that of most wizards.

If it was to be known by others, they would surely exclaim and consider his mere existence a true miracle.

Evan thought about things related to Voldemort and the vampires for a while before he started to write back to Harry.

In his letter, he persuaded Harry to practice Occlumency.

This charm could block any spiritual invasion by other creatures and cut off the connection between Harry and Voldemort.

Evan had made little progress in this area and could only teach Harry some basic steps; for example, how to empty the brain.

In addition to that, he also invited Harry to his house to spend the rest of the summer vacation.

Evan knew that spending a whole summer vacation with the Dursleys should have driven him near insane.

When Evan was about to finish the letter, Hermione walked in with a very noisy little owl.

It was the owl that Sirius gave Ron on Christmas Day, called Pigwidgeon.

The owl was feeling smug that it had successfully delivered a letter.

“Evan, what did Harry say in the letter?” Hermione asked, putting the screaming Pig beside Hedwig.

Hedwig looked at the pig with huge amber eyes and seemed to be dissatisfied with its performance.

“Harry asked me about the condition of Sirius, and his scar hurts all the time.”

“His scar hurt?!” Hermione was stunned, and then worried. “This is not good. The scar is left by Voldemort. We’d better tell Dumbledore about this. I remember this book I ...”

After persuading Hermione not to worry too much, Evan asked about Ron’s letter.

“He invited us to his home. Ron said that Mr. Weasley got tickets for the Quidditch World Cup!” Hermione handed a crumpled parchment to Evan and continued, “The Weasleys invited Harry as well.”

Chapter 433: Plans for Marriage!

“That’s just right, we can go to the Burrow!” said Evan; Ron’s house was more convenient than his own home to do anything!

Evan also wanted to talk to Fred and George to further expand the scale of Weasley’s joke products.

“Mrs. Mason hoped that the two of us could stay at your house until the end of the summer vacation.” Hermione whispered, her face red.

Evan didn’t know what his mother just said to her, but he did notice that Hermione seemed to blush exceptionally easily today.

Looking at Hermione's unusual shyness, Evan quickly guessed some of the content of her conversations with his mother. It seemed like the latter was very, very satisfied with Hermione, and did not consider the age of the two.

It's true that in most parts of Britain, you can get married at the age of sixteen with the consent of your parents.

In that case, Evan and Hermione had less than three years to go, and they really needed to be prepared in advance.

Thinking of getting married with Hermione, Evan felt nervous.

If he could, he certainly hoped to marry Hermione; there was no doubt about that.

But now was no time to think of such things.

Last Christmas in Diagon Alley, the atmosphere was so good that Evan actually wanted to ask her to be his girlfriend, but in the end, the lack of experience and extreme shyness of both of them came in the way of that.

The atmosphere in the room was delicate, and Hedwig gave a low cry, staring at the two who had become strange.

Pig, on the other hand, kept hooting, and wanted something to eat as a reward for successfully delivering the letter.

"Well, we'd better prepare something for both of them!" Evan said, thinking carefully about his choice of words, "Rest assured, Hermione! I'll convince my mother. I can see that she likes you very much. If you are willing to come to my house, you can come at any time."

He was afraid that Hermione knew what he had just thought about, and that marriage was too far of a topic for her.

"We'd better go to the Burrow for the last two weeks of the summer vacation." Evan continued, "In addition to the Quidditch World Cup, we have to go to St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries to see Sirius. All in all, it wouldn't be too convenient for us to stay at home."

He turned around and wrote on his letter that the Weasleys had invited them to the Burrow.

"By the way, we'd better ask Ron when they're going to pick up Harry!" Evan said as he wrote, "We can both go to the Dursleys to gather there; otherwise it would be too inconvenient."

.....

After Harry had washed up, he went back to his room and asked Hedwig, who had just returned, to deliver the letter to Evan.

Then he went downstairs to the kitchen full of hope.

By this time, the three Dursleys were already seated around the table.

None of them looked up at Harry as he entered or sat down.

Uncle Vernon's large red face was hidden behind the morning's Daily Mail, and Aunt Petunia was cutting a grapefruit into quarters, her lips pursed over her horse-like teeth.

Dudley looked furious and sulky, and somehow seemed to be taking up even more space than usual.

This was saying something, as he always took up an entire side of the square table by himself.

Aunt Petunia put a quarter of the unsweetened grapefruit onto Dudley's plate with a tremulous "There you are, Diddy darling."

Dudley glowered at her. His life had taken a most unpleasant turn since he had come for the summer with his end-of-year report.

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia had managed to find excuses for his bad marks as usual. Aunt Petunia always insisted that Dudley was a very gifted boy, but his teachers did not understand him; while Uncle Vernon maintained that he did not want some swotty little nancy boy for a son anyway.

They also skated over the accusations of bullying in the report.

"He is a boisterous little boy, but he wouldn't hurt a fly!"

Harry had his doubts about this, but at the bottom of the report, there were a few well-chosen comments from the school nurse that not even Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia could explain away.

No matter how much Aunt Petunia wailed that Dudley was big-boned, and that his poundage was really puppy fat, and that he was a growing boy who needed plenty of food, the fact remained that the school outfitters didn't stock knickerbockers big enough for him anymore.

The school nurse had seen what Aunt Petunia's eyes, so sharp when it came to spotting fingerprints on her gleaming walls, and in observing the comings and goings of the neighbors, simply refused to see: that far from needing extra nourishment, Dudley had reached roughly the size and weight of a young killer whale.

Therefore, after many tantrums, after arguments that shook Harry's bedroom floor, and many tears from Aunt Petunia, the new regime had begun.

The diet sheet that had been sent by the Smeltings school nurse had been taped to the fridge, which had been emptied of all Dudley's favorite things such as fizzy drinks and cakes, chocolate bars and burgers...

There were only fruit and vegetables on the recipes and the sorts of things that Uncle Vernon called "junk food".

To make Dudley feel better about it all, Aunt Petunia had insisted that the whole family follow the diet too.

She now passed a grapefruit quarter to Harry.

Harry noticed that it wasn't really a quarter; being a lot smaller than Dudley's.

Aunt Petunia seemed to feel that the best way to keep up Dudley's morale was to make sure that he did, at least, get more to eat than Harry.

But Aunt Petunia did not know what was hidden under the loose floorboard upstairs.

She had no idea that Harry was not following the diet at all.

The moment he had got wind of the fact that he was expected to survive the summer on carrot sticks, Harry sent Hedwig to his friends.

They immediately responded positively to his pleas for help.

Evan and Sirius were not in Britain because of the adventure and could not help Harry.

Hermione asked Hedwig to bring Harry back a large box stuffed with sugar-free snacks.

Hagrid had enthusiastically obliged with a sack full of his own homemade rock cakes, which Harry did not even touch. These rock cakes were harder than bricks, and he didn't want to break his teeth!

Mrs. Weasley sent the family owl, Errol, with an enormous fruitcake and assorted meat pies.

Poor Errol, who was elderly and feeble, needed a full five days to recover from the journey, after the delivery of the goods.

And then on Harry's birthday, he had received a total of six super big cakes.

They were given to him by Evan, Ron, Hermione, Hagrid and Sirius. Evan and Sirius ordered French-style cakes for Harry.

They had been guests at Beauxbatons Academy of Magic, and these cakes actually came from France.

Throughout the summer vacation, Harry was wondering what Beauxbatons looked like.

He only saw in his textbooks a description of the school, which was juxtaposed with Hogwarts as one of Europe's three largest wizarding schools.

He had to admit that these cakes were very delicious. So far, Harry had three big pieces left.

Looking forward to a real breakfast when he got back upstairs, he ate his grapefruit without complaint.

Chapter 434: Harry's Rebellion and Persuasion

At the table, no one but Dudley focused on the poor grapefruit in front of him.

Harry ate very slowly, thinking of the delicious cakes in his head.

A few seconds later, Dudley had finished his own grapefruit quarter.

He was eyeing Harry's with a look of hatred in his piggy little eyes.

Harry didn't plan to provoke Dudley. He was willing to speed up eating his measly grapefruit quarter, and then go back upstairs and enjoy a delicious cake, while waiting for Evan's reply.

But contrary to expectations, the track of events quickly turned south!!

When Hedwig flew into Harry's room with Evan's reply, there was an unprecedented storm downstairs.

Uncle Vernon's roar almost lifted the floor. Hedwig stared with its amber eyes and jumped uneasily.

Over the past three years, it had become familiar with such roars and curses.

It knew that its young master, Harry, must have made another mistake, which upset the Dursleys!

In fact, Harry was puzzled, looking at them politely, not knowing what was going on.

Uncle Vernon just got up and went to the door to get a letter delivered by the “normal” Muggle postman.

Obviously, this letter was not ordinary and was very unusual.

First of all, the letter was full of things that Muggles couldn't understand.

Every bit of it was covered in stamps except for a square inch on the front, into which Mrs. Weasley had squeezed the Dursleys' address in minute writing.

Uncle Vernon waved the letter and growled at Harry. “Look at this!”

Harry took the purple letter paper and glanced at it.

It was a letter from Mrs. Weasley inviting him to watch the upcoming Quidditch World Cup.

And she expected him to be able to stay in the Burrow for the next two weeks until the end of the summer vacation.

It was awesome. That was exactly what Harry needed, not the same summer life. He couldn't wait to leave the Dursleys right away.

He wanted to go back to the wizarding world and be with his friends, to go back to watch the Quidditch World Cup finals, and on their way, go visit Sirius.

Harry had been worried sick about his injuries all the time.

In addition, Harry also wanted to personally ask Evan about their adventures during the summer vacation.

There were so many things waiting for him to do, he couldn't stay here any longer.

But Harry didn't lose his mind. Under Uncle Vernon's glare, he tried to put on a childish look.

He told himself that if he didn't do or say anything stupid, he could go to the once-in-a-century major event.

“Then...can I go then?” he asked carefully.

A slight spasm crossed Uncle Vernon's large purple face, and the moustache bristled.

Harry felt as if he could see what was going on behind the moustache.

In the mind of Vernon, two of his most fundamental instincts came into conflict.

Allowing Harry to go to watch the game would make Harry happy, something Uncle Vernon had struggled against for thirteen years.

On the other hand, allowing Harry to go to the Weasleys home for the rest of the summer vacation would get rid of him two weeks earlier than anyone could have hoped, and Uncle Vernon hated having Harry in the house.

To give himself thinking time, it seemed, Uncle Vernon looked down at Mrs. Weasley's letter again.

“Who is this woman?” he asked disgustedly, staring dead at the signature of Mrs. Weasley on the letter.

“You’ve seen her!” said Harry. “She’s my friend Ron’s mother; she was meeting him off the Hog... off the school train at the end of last term.”

Harry had almost said “Hogwarts Express “, and that was a sure way to get his uncle’s temper up. Nobody ever mentioned the name of Harry’s school aloud in the Dursley household.

The only exception was probably the summer vacation when Evan visited two years ago.

Vernon’s uncle’s fat face wrinkled into a ball, seemingly desperately recalling a very unpleasant event.

“Dumpy sort of woman?” he growled finally, “Load of children with red hair?”

Harry frowned. He thought it was a bit ridiculous of Uncle Vernon to call anyone “dumpy,” when his own son had become wider than he was tall.

“Quidditch?!” Uncle Vernon was perusing the letter again, muttering under his breath. “Quidditch, what is this rubbish?”

“It’s a sport!” Harry felt a little more annoyed, “played on broom...”

“All right, all right!” said Uncle Vernon loudly.

Harry saw, with some satisfaction, that his uncle looked vaguely panicky.

Apparently, his nerves couldn’t stand the sound of the word “broomsticks” in his living room.

He took refuge in perusing the letter again.

“Send us your answer.. in the normal way.” He asked sharply, “What does she mean by ‘the normal way’?!”

“Normal way for us!” said Harry, and before his uncle could stop him, he went on to say, “You know, send owls to deliver letters. That’s what wizards normally do.”

Uncle Vernon looked as outraged as if Harry had uttered a disgusting swear word.

Shaking with anger, he shot a nervous look through the window, as though expecting to see some of the neighbors with their ears pressed against the glass.

“How many times do I have to tell you not to mention these strange things in my house?” He gritted his teeth and said, his face rose purple, “You stand here, in the clothes Petunia and I gave you, but you don’t know how to be grateful!”

“Those clothes were given to me after Dudley had finished with them!” said Harry coldly. He had had enough, and his impulse to leave the Dursley family had re-emerged.

Looking at his oversized, terrible sportswear, his anger was rising.

Harry was gasping for breath. He wasn’t going to stand this any longer.

Gone were the days when he had been forced to take every single one of the Dursleys’ stupid rules.

He wasn't following Dudley's diet, and he wasn't going to let Uncle Vernon stop him from going to the Quidditch World Cup.

"My good friends, Evan, Ron and Hermione, are all going back to the World Cup!" Harry took a deep breath and tried to speak in a calm voice.

"Evan?!" Vernon's face turned redder. It was like a ripe plum. "The Mason boy, I don't know how a good man like Mr. Mason can tolerate his son."

Mr. Mason's construction company was now Uncle Vernon's biggest business partner and he didn't want to offend him.

Although he had a negative attitude towards Evan, it did not prevent him from making contact with Evan.

Anyway, it was good for him. This was the only place where Harry could come in handy.

He didn't know how many times he had talked to Mr. Mason about the subject and promised to let Harry take care of Evan at school.

Uncle Vernon wavered. Now since the Mason kid was going to the stupid World Cup, Harry seemed to have to go, too.

"Of course, if you don't let me go, then can I go back to my room?!" Harry stabilized his emotions and continued, "I am going to write to Sirius, you know, he is my godfather."

"You're, you're writing to him, are you?" Uncle Vernon said, trying to keep his voice calm.

But Harry had seen the pupils of his tiny eyes contract with sudden fear.

Uncle Vernon remembered Sirius, the very dangerous jailbreak murderer mentioned on TV.

Before the summer vacation, Sirius wrote a letter to them.

The letter warned them not to bully Harry, otherwise the consequences...

Seeing Vernon's expression, Harry knew that he was successful, and he could leave here right away and return to the wizarding world.

Chapter 435: Evan's Visit

Sure enough, when Harry mentioned Sirius, the pupils of Vernon's tiny eyes contracted with sudden fear.

"Alright! You can go to this ruddy, stupid, so-called World Cup. You write and tell these Weasleys, they're to pick you up, mind. I haven't got time to go dropping you off all over the country. And you can spend the rest of the summer vacation there." Vernon said, "You may wish to write to your godfather and tell him that you are going. By the way, write a letter to the Mason's kid and tell them that I support your contacts with him."

“I know!” said Harry happily.

He turned and walked toward the living room door, fighting the urge to jump into the air and whoop.

Outside the hall, he nearly ran into Dudley, who had been lurking behind the door, clearly hoping to overhear Harry being told off.

He looked shocked to see the broad grin on Harry’s face.

“That was an excellent breakfast, wasn’t it?” Harry asked. “I feel really full, don’t you?”

Laughing at the terrified look on Dudley’s face, Harry took the stairs three at a time, and hurled himself back into his bedroom.

There, Hedwig was waiting for him with Evan’s reply.

On the ceiling, there was a little owl flying around the ceiling lamp, which was Ron’s Pig.

After delivering the letter to Evan, he followed Hedwig to Harry with another letter from Ron.

“Calm down!” said Harry.

Seeing him, the little owl swooped down, twittering madly.

Harry first looked at the letter delivered by Pig. It was Ron’s handwriting, very scribbled.

‘We’re coming for you whether the Muggles like it or not, you can’t miss the World Cup, only Mum and Dad reckon it’s better if we pretend to ask their permission first. If they say yes, send Pig back with your answer pronto, and we’ll come and get you at five o’clock on Sunday.’

“Friday afternoon!” Harry looked at the calendar, it was a day and a half away.

Just as Pig was pounding everywhere, Hedwig gently landed beside Harry.

She seemed to show Pig what a real owl messenger should do, and her behavior was surprisingly steady.

Hedwig stretched out her leg and let Harry untie Evan’s reply tied to her.

Then she pecked Harry gently, chirped in a noble gesture and flew back to her cage.

Evan’s handwriting was very neat. First, he explained the dream and suggested that Harry practice Occlumency.

Then he said that they will come to Dursley’s house tomorrow afternoon and set off with Harry to go to the Burrow.

Harry didn’t know what Occlumency was, and he looked at Evan’s advice strangely.

“Every night before going to bed, empty your mind?!” Harry read it puzzled.

He looked at Evan’s letter to make sure that he was not mistaken!

“Empty your mind?!” Harry couldn’t see how that would help.

Immediately, he noticed the following content. Evan and Hermione were coming tomorrow afternoon.

Harry decided not to think about the weird dream and Evan's strange suggestion for the time being, and the great joy was still going on.

All he had to do was to put up with the Dursleys for another day and he could leave the house.

Maybe this was the last time he would return here.

When Sirius would recover, he could move in with him and get rid of the Dursleys forever.

Harry smiled. He seized his quill, grabbed a fresh piece of parchment, and wrote: "Ron, it's all okay, the Muggles say I can come. See you five o'clock tomorrow. Can't wait!"

He folded the letter up very small, and the little owl hopped on the spot with excitement.

Harry had a lot of trouble tying the letter to his leg. As soon as it was tied, the owl set out.

It zoomed out of the window and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, Harry wrote a letter to Evan and Hermione. The content was similar, which was to explain the day.

"Hedwig, please go to Evan's house again!" Harry paused, "Then, wait for me at Ron's house, understand?"

Hedwig nipped his finger affectionately, then, with a soft swooshing noise, spread her enormous wings and soared out of the open window.

Harry watched her out of sight, and then crawled under his bed, wrenched up the loose floorboard, and pulled out a large chunk of cake.

He sat there on the floor eating it, savoring the happiness that was flooding through him.

He had a cake to eat, and Dudley had nothing but grapefruit.

It was a bright summer's day, he would be leaving Privet Drive tomorrow, his scar felt perfectly normal again, and he was going to see Sirius and watch the Quidditch World Cup.

At such a moment, it was hard for Harry to worry about anything, and even Voldemort could not spoil his joy.

The next morning, Evan and Hermione packed their bags early.

With the help of Dobby, the house-elf, their stuff was quickly sent to the Weasleys' Burrow.

Evan and Hermione had planned to walk to the Dursleys, but his father insisted on taking them by car.

A bit past two o'clock in the afternoon, as at the dinner two years ago, Mr. Mason's car smoothly stopped in front of the door No. 4 Privet Drive.

It looked exactly the same here as before, just a little more shabby.

"Here we are!" Evan whispered.

“Is this Harry’s uncle and aunt’s house?!” Hermione asked curiously, she was here for the first time.

Over the past few years, she had heard Harry say countless stories about the Dursleys.

Hermione knew what kind of people they were and how they treated wizards.

She carefully looked at the house and looked for Harry, but saw nothing.

Harry didn’t come out, but the Dursleys waited outside the door early. They came out to meet Mr. Mason and looked extremely polite.

Mr. Dursley looked very strange in his best suit and a reluctant smile on his face.

Next to him was Harry’s aunt Petunia, whose face was not that friendly.

“Welcome, Mr. Mason!” said Mr. Dursley, glancing at Evan and Hermione unnaturally. “It is a great honor that you visit us again. Come in for a cup of afternoon tea.”

A few polite remarks were made before they entered.

Like Evan’s impression, the house was tidied up and the furniture was polished and shiny.

However, there were more and more toys and other items related to Dudley, but there was still no sign of Harry’s existence.

“Where is Harry?” Evan asked.

There were still more than two hours before the appointed time. They were early! “Oh, he’s in his room upstairs!” Mr. Dursley said disgustingly, “You can go find him.”

In his view, it was the worst thing to have three evil young wizards gathering in their own house. However, looking at Mr. Mason’s face, he did not express this sentiment.

Chapter 436: Contact with the Dursleys

Evan and Hermione just walked to the first floor and saw Dudley, like a pig, covering his backside, screaming and running back to his room.

The door slammed shut with a bang.

“That was Harry’s cousin, wasn’t it?!” Hermione said doubtfully, “Why did he run when he saw us?”

“I think, probably because of fear,” Evan replied. He knew that every contact between Dudley and any wizards did not end well.

The first time was Hagrid, who left Dudley with a curly pig’s tail poking out of the seat of his trousers.

The Dursleys had had to pay for its removal at a private hospital in London.

When he had just recovered from the shock, he met Dobby, the house-elf.

The angry Dobby caused Dudley to grow a pig’s tail because he spoke ill of Harry in front of Evan.

In the end, it was Evan’s parents who paid a lot of money to the Dursleys to calm them down.

The hapless Dudley had to go to a hospital again to receive this confidential private service and cut off the pig's tail!

This was absolutely terrible. No wonder he screamed when he saw Evan and Hermione after such encounters with wizards.

To him, all wizards were the same; a group of monsters that would cause him to grow a pig's tail.

He had no idea that underage wizards couldn't cast magic outside school.

Everyone's wand had a mark on it, and the Ministry of Magic could detect magic fluctuations they would cause within a certain radius.

Of course, they could do nothing for those would leave Britain and use magic so far away, like Evan had done when he went to France or Albania.

Now, the panic-stricken Dudley was hiding in his room shivering and covering his backside.

He was afraid of being targeted by Evan and Hermione again, terrified of the idea that the previous tragedy could once again repeat itself!

Evan ignored Dudley, and he led Hermione to Harry's room at the end of the corridor.

Pushing open the door, Harry was packing his luggage inside.

The school trunk was open in the middle of the room, and Harry was sweating-busy.

Beside him, there was the Invisibility Cloak he had inherited from his father, the broomstick he had gotten from Sirius, various textbooks and other daily necessities and magic props.

When he saw that the door had been opened, he looked up in dismay and immediately showed a happy smile.

"Evan, Hermione, here you are!" Harry said with a smile.

He rushed over to give each of them a hug and looked so happy!

"Nice to meet you, Harry!" Evan looked around. "You look so messy!"

"It's time to leave. Why haven't you packed your luggage yet?!" Hermione said sharply, frowning tightly.

"Forget it, my uncle and aunt have been pestering me all morning, I had no time to pack anything up." Harry waved his hand. "Don't worry about me, Evan, where did you and Sirius go during the holidays? Why was he hurt so badly? Has your curse been broken? And why should I practice Occlumency?"

It was obvious that Harry had too many questions.

He asked a lot of questions at one go, and Evan could only answer them one by one.

While he explained, he followed Hermione to help Harry pack up.

They took out all the food Harry had hidden under the loose floorboard, for there was a lot of food still left inside.

Then, Harry double-checked every nook and cranny of his bedroom for forgotten spellbooks or quills.

When everything was in check, he took down the chart on the wall, counting down the days to September the first, on which he liked to cross off the days remaining until his return to Hogwarts.

Harry had a lot of things, and the three spent a lot of time packing.

By the time they walked downstairs, Evan's father had left. There were things waiting for him in the company.

Now, inside number 4, Privet Drive, the mood was extremely tense.

Dudley was called down and the six people sat at the table on two sides.

They drank tea silently, and no one knew what to talk about.

The imminent arrival of an assortment of wizards at their house was making the Dursleys uptight and irritable.

"Come on, boy!" Mr. Dursley snarled at once and everyone jumped. "I hope you told them to dress properly, these people who are coming. I've seen the sort of stuff your lot wear. They'd better have the decency to put on normal clothes, that's all!"

Evan and Hermione were wearing Muggle clothing, and the Dursleys couldn't say anything.

However, Evan had never seen Mr. Weasley, his wife or any of his children wear Muggle clothes.

Usually, they wore long robes in various states of shabbiness.

In fact, Harry was totally indifferent to his uncle's roar.

He was only a little anxious about how rude the Dursleys might be to the Weasleys if they turned up looking like their worst idea of wizards.

"They'll be driving, of course?" Mr. Dursley asked sharply.

"Er!" Harry nodded. "Probably so!"

Hearing Harry's answer, Evan subconsciously covered his forehead.

Mr. Weasley used to have a Ford Anglia classic car, but for now, it was running wild in the Forbidden Forest at Hogwarts.

Because of this flying car, Evan had become a celebrity in the school just from the first day.

Since the founding of Hogwarts, no young wizard had ever been reported in a flying car.

Needless to say, Evan had also missed the Sorting ceremony.

Of course, the experience of more than two years proved that this was only a trivial part of Evan's legendary feats. The flying car was nothing compared to what happened later.

After asking this question, Mr. Dursley snorted heavily and sprayed the rough breath on his mustache.

Normally, he would have asked what car Mr. Weasley drove...

He always tended to judge other men by how big and expensive their cars were. Obviously, he still retained some sense and did not ask Harry this question.

Mr. Dursley gave Evan and Hermione a contemptuous look before his tiny black eyes slowly moved to another place.

There was another awkward silence, Harry's Aunt Petunia stood up, and she kept looking peering out through the net curtains.

It was as if there had been a warning about an escaped rhinoceros from the zoo.

She kept swinging her cushions around as if she were suffering from obsessive-compulsive psychosis.

Beside Evan, Hermione sneaked a touch on his arm and the two looked at her.

Hermione had never seen such a terrible person, and if she could, she wanted to be back in Harry's room instead of sitting here with the Dursleys.

Chapter 437: The Fireplace Blasted up

In this silent, tense atmosphere, time passed very slowly.

Evan, Harry and Hermione had already drunk up the tea in their cups, but no one refilled them.

Neither Harry's uncle nor aunt seemed to have any intention to do that.

Evan knew a spell that could make wine, but he couldn't use it here.

But it was hard to beat him. The cloth bag he carried with him, which had been expanded with the Undetectable Extension Charm, contained a lot of drinks.

They were the juices he had brought back from France. Under the light, these juices would have colorful dreamy reflections and were very famous in the French wizarding world.

Evan took out the juice and gave himself, Harry, and Hermione a cup, and filled the opposite Dudley's cup.

Sniffing the sweet smell of the juice, Dudley couldn't wait to pick up the cup.

"Oh, no, Dudley dear!" Harry's Aunt Petunia shouted out loud. "Don't touch that thing, put it down."

"Don't worry, this juice is fine!" said Evan. "But what other wizards give you, you'd better not put it in your mouth, especially the twins coming soon. Be extra careful. They like to play pranks."

Perhaps it was Evan's identity, or his attitude, and Aunt Petunia finally allowed Dudley to drink the juice.

Of course, the awkward atmosphere in the room did not loosen up.

Evan told Harry and Hermione what he had seen in Beauxbatons. On the opposite side, the Dursleys were whispering.

Dudley stared at the half-empty bottle of juice on the table, licking his lips, and his eyes were shining with greed.

In this way, five o'clock came and then went.

For some reason, the Weasleys were late.

Because of the sultry weather and the heavy clothes, Mr. Dursley had begun to perspire slightly in his suit.

He stood up impatiently, opened the front door, peered up and down the street, and then withdrew his head quickly.

"They're late!" he snarled at Harry in a gruff voice.

"I know!" Harry replied. "Maybe, er...the traffic's bad, that must be it!"

Although he said so, he was a bit impatient as well.

Harry turned around and looked anxiously at Evan, who shook his head.

In his view, Mr. Weasley would come through the Floo Network or Apparate. Either way, he would not be stopped just by traffic congestion.

'Hold on, Floo Network?!'

Evan suddenly thought that if they came here through the Floo Network, they must come out of the fireplace.

The Dursleys' fireplace was sealed and there was a fake electric stove burning coal in front of it.

Evan hurriedly stood up and walked over to the fireplace and observed it carefully.

He seemed to hear something. Behind Evan, the Dursleys were still muttering in the living room.

"No consideration at all!"

"We might have had another engagement."

"Maybe they think they'll get invited to dinner if they're late."

"Well, don't even think about it!" said Mr. Dursley. "They'll take the three children and go. There will be no hanging around."

Then, he shouted to Harry and Hermione sitting on the sofa. "I mean, if they're coming. They've probably mistaken the day. I daresay their kind don't set much store by punctuality."

Just then, Evan heard a voice coming from inside the fireplace, someone was inside!

He guessed it, the Weasleys came here through the Floo Network.

Before he even thought about what to do, there was a scream of horror.

" Ah ah ah ah ah!" Dudley shouted.

Curious about what Evan was doing in front of the fireplace, he had just followed him and was startled by the sound inside the fireplace.

In fact, his screaming also made Evan startled.

“What’s the matter? What happened?” Harry rushed over at once.

From the corner of the living room came the sounds of the Dursleys scrambling, panic-stricken, across the room.

Dudley kept rubbing the sweat on his forehead, his expression was terrible.

He seemed unable to speak, his hands still clamped over his buttocks.

“They seem to be there, just inside the fireplace!” said Evan.

At this moment, from behind the Dursleys’ fireplace came the sounds of heavy knocks and frictions..

“Ouch! Fred, no... go back, go back, there’s been some kind of mistake...tell George not to... OUCH! George, no, there’s no room, go back and tell Ron not to come over”

“Dad, I heard Evan and Harry talking, they’re outside.” Fred shouted.

“I heard that too; maybe they’ll be able to let us out!”

As soon as George’s voice fell, there was a loud hammering of fists on the boards behind the electric heater.

“Evan, Harry, can you hear us?!”

“It’s Mr. Weasley, he’s inside!” Hermione ran over. “They must have come here by Floo powder, but they didn’t know that unlike the wizards, Muggles’ fireplaces are usually blocked.”

“I heard Hermione, she’s also outside!” Mr. Weasley said with delight.

“Maybe we can...”

Evan hadn’t finished yet and the Dursleys rounded on the three of them like a pair of angry wolverines.

“What’s going on?” Mr. Dursley growled and asked, “What are they doing?”

“They’ve tried to get here by Floo powder.” Harry said, fighting a mad desire to laugh.

“They can travel by fire, but you have blocked the fireplace, hang on!”

At this time, Evan and Hermione were talking to them through the boards.

“Mr. Weasley, it’s Evan!” he shouted. “The fireplace has been blocked up!”

“Damn!” said Mr. Weasley’s voice. “What on earth did they want to block up the fireplace for?”

“They’ve got an electric fire.” Hermione explained.

“Really?” said Mr. Weasley’s voice excitedly. “Electric, you say? With a plug? Gracious, I must see that, let me think about it...ouch, Ron!”

Ron’s voice now joined the others’.

“What are we doing here? Has something gone wrong?”

“Nothing wrong!” Fred’s voice came out, very sarcastically. “No, this is exactly where we wanted to end up.”

“Yeah, we’re having the time of our lives here!” said George, whose voice sounded muffled, as though he was squashed against the wall.

“Boys, boys!” said Mr. Weasley vaguely, “I’m trying to think what to do, okay, the only way, Evan, Harry, Hermione, you three stand back.”

They hurried back to the sofa in the living room, and Mr. Dursley made a few steps forward.

“Wait!” he bellowed at the fire. “What exactly are you going to do?”

BANG, his fireplace had blasted up before he could say anything else!!

Chapter 438: Expansion of the Store’s Business Scope

Evan could be sure that if he were Mr. Dursley, seeing this situation, he would be crying now.

It was conceivable that the Dursleys would never ever receive wizards in their living room in the future.

All they heard was a loud BANG!

The Dursleys’ blocked fireplace blasted open, and the electric heater shot across the room.

Then, Mr. Weasley, Fred, George, and Ron were expelled out in a cloud of rubble.

The scene was really shocking. Evan, Harry, and Hermione stared at them, with their wide-open eyes.

They all opened their mouths and uttered a sigh of surprise.

Dudley howled all the way out of the living room and ran into his room.

Even louder than him was the shrieking of Mrs. Dursley, who fell backward over the coffee table.

Mr. Dursley reached out and caught her before she hit the floor, and gasped, speechless, at the Weasleys, all of whom were in wizards’ robes and had bright red hair.

Fred and George, the twins were as if completely carved out of the same mold, and were identical to the last freckle.

“Hello, Evan, Harry, Hermione!” Mr. Weasley panted, brushing dust from his long green robes and straightening his glasses. Seeing the Dursleys in front of him, he said, “Ah, you must be Harry’s aunt and uncle!”

Mr. Weasley moved toward the Dursleys, his hand outstretched.

But Mr. Dursley backed away several paces, dragging Mrs. Dursley, his face full of horror.

They were completely speechless. Mr. Dursley's best suit was covered in white dust and he looked extremely embarrassed.

The same was true for his hair and mustache, making him look as though he had just aged thirty years.

"Oh, yes, sorry." Mr. Weasley said embarrassed, lowering his hand and turning to look at the blasted fireplace. "It's all my fault. It just didn't occur to me that we wouldn't be able to get out at the other end."

Mr. Dursley groaned heavily. It looked as if he might rush at Mr. Weasley at any time.

"Oh, you know, I had your fireplace connected to the Floo Network, you see, just for an afternoon, so we could get through it. Muggle fireplaces aren't supposed to be connected, strictly speaking. But I've got a useful contact at the Floo Regulation Panel and he fixed it for me. I can put it right in a jiffy, though, don't worry. I'll light a fire to send the children back, and then I can repair your fireplace before I Apparate."

Mr. Weasley said these words casually, as if nothing had happened, which seemed normal to the wizard.

But for the Dursleys, every word that Mr. Weasley said was shocking.

They all stared blankly at Mr. Weasley, as if they had heard the most terrible thing in the world.

Mrs. Dursley staggered upright and hid behind Mr. Dursley.

"All right, don't be nervous!" Mr. Weasley reassured him and turned to look at Evan, Harry and Hermione. "Evan, Hermione, your luggage had been delivered to our home this morning. Harry, got your trunk ready?"

"Packed, upstairs!" Harry said with a smile.

"We'll get it!" Fred immediately volunteered. Winking at Harry, he and George left the room.

"I'll go and see, they may not know where your room is!" "Evan hurried up," No, Harry, you and Hermione stay here with your uncle and aunt so they don't have to be so nervous."

Evan left the living room and ran upstairs.

But the time he arrived, Fred and George were trying to break into Dudley's room.

Dudley hid desperately behind the door, screaming like a pig.

"Harry's room is not there, you two are going to the wrong place!" Evan hurried to stop them.

"Long time no see, Evan!" Fred said with a smile. "We know this is not Harry's room."

He came up and gave Evan a warm hug.

“We just wanted to surprise Harry’s cousin, but he doesn’t seem to welcome us!” said George.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Dudley screamed and ran out of his room and rushed downstairs.

“What surprise?!” Looking at Dudley’s back, Evan asked uncertainly, “What did you do to him?”

“Just gave him something!” George said with a smile. “You know, Evan! The two of us have made great progress this summer!”

“What on earth is going on?!” Evan didn’t understand what they were talking about.

The main purpose of his following up was to prevent Fred and George from playing pranks on Dudley and further trigger the Dursleys’ fragile nerves.

But Dudley ran down, and looking at Fred and George’s grinning faces, they had obviously succeeded!

“Of course it’s Weasley’s joke product. We sold all the things we left in your store. In fact, it was a great success!” Fred said excitedly. “We’ve made a lot of Gold-Galleons, and Professor Lupin sent them all to us.”

“In this way, we have enough research funds!” George said, patting Evan on the shoulder. “We had good ideas before. We both researched and produced specific products during the holidays. Now, after the test, we can be put them into practical use!”

It turned out that they were talking about this, and it was indeed a real pleasure.

In fact, this summer, after coming into contact with alchemy, Evan had more novel ideas.

He had intended to talk to Fred and George about it, too, and put all the ideas in his head into practice.

It was not just the magic props used for pranks. According to Evan’s idea, after adding alchemy, they could make more magic props with stronger magical power and that are more practical.

By then, the store’s business scope could be extended from the young wizards to the entire wizarding world.

Evan had studied it carefully, and as long as they operated properly, they would certainly achieve unimaginable success.

With the help of alchemy, the goods they would produce and sell would no longer be limited to joke products.

It could also include all kinds of life magic props and even dueling equipment to resist evil black magic.

These protective magic items had always been popular, but the actual supply was very small.

As long as they could be mass-produced, Evan's store could even become a business giant in the wizarding world.

Fred and George had enough talent in this field. Evan would only be responsible for the designing magic props.

"Let's go, Evan!" Fred urged, picking up Harry's trunk, "Don't let ME and them wait too long below."

"Yeah, I can't wait!" George said, the smirk on his face was more obvious.

They both laughed and dragged Evan down.

Obviously, they must have done something to Dudley, and now they wanted Evan to watch the show.

Whatever it was, Evan just hoped that things wouldn't get too bad!

Chapter 439: Pig's Tail Again?

When Evan and the twins returned to the living room with the trunk, Dudley was trying to conceal himself behind his mother.

He was clutching his bottom as though afraid it might fall off.

Seeing Dudley, Fred and George's faces both cracked into identical evil grins.

"What on earth have you done to him?" Evan asked in a low voice.

Dudley was frightened, which did not seem to be really unusual.

"Just a few candies, he hasn't eaten yet!" said Fred. "That's our latest product."

"Whenever he eats them, he will definitely impress you," George added.

Hearing the words of both of them, Evan's heart rose more worrying than expecting!

Last term, he had seen the quick-skiving sweets researched by the Weasley brothers.

All of these products were the first to be developed because they did not involve too much magic knowledge.

At that time, there were only two kinds of sweet: Puking Pastilles and Nosebleed Nougat.

Although there were not many varieties, these candies were surprisingly effective.

Gryffindor's young wizards used them to skip classes they didn't want, mainly Snape's Potions class.

Of course, after too many people had used it, it didn't work for Snape anymore.

No matter how bad you vomited or your nose was bleeding, Snape wouldn't let you leave the classroom as you wished.

Instead, what awaited the user would be endless confinement.

Every night after dinner, in the cold underground office, as Snape ordered, clean buckets and buckets of slugs.

This was a nightmare. Over time, these quick-skiving sweets became rarely used.

Of course, it was still good to use them only occasionally in other professors' classes.

The premise was that you didn't mind eating these dirty things.

In order to achieve the effects of vomiting and nosebleeds, God knows what Fred and George had added to it.

In addition to the Skiving Snackbox, Evan also saw the Ton-Tongue Toffee.

That was his advice. Eating this sweet would let the tongue become bigger and spit out.

It looked very funny.

However, Fred just said that they gave Dudley the latest product, which should not be this.

Like Evan, Mr. Weasley was also worried about Dudley's weird behavior clutching his buttock all the time.

"Having a good holiday, Dudley?" he asked kindly.

From the tone of his voice, Evan was quite sure that Mr. Weasley thought that Dudley was quite as mad as the Dursleys thought he was, except that Mr. Weasley felt sympathy rather than fear.

Dudley whimpered. His hands tightened still harder over his massive backside.

"Ah, right, that looks good!" Mr. Weasley said jokingly. "Children, better get cracking then."

He pushed up the sleeves of his robes and took out his wand.

"Incendio!" said Mr. Weasley, pointing his wand at the hole in the wall behind him.

Flames rose at once in the fireplace, crackling merrily as though they had been burning for hours.

He took a small drawstring bag from his pocket, untied it, took a pinch of the powder inside, and threw it onto the flames.

The flames immediately turned emerald green and roared higher than ever.

"Off you go then, Fred." Mr. Weasley said, "Then George, Ron, Hermione, Harry and Evan!"

"Coming!" Fred blinked, but did not act.

He happily waved his hand to the Dursleys, seemingly waiting for Dudley to swallow the sweet.

"Fred?!" Mr. Weasley frowned.

"Got it!" He stepped forward, and walked right into the fire, saying "the Burrow!"

There was a whooshing sound, and Fred vanished.

The Dursleys gave a little shuddering gasp, shivered and took a neat step backwards.

“Right then, George,” said Mr. Weasley, “you and the trunk.”

Everyone moved the trunk to the flames and set it up so that George could get it safe.

“The Burrow!” There was another whoosh, and George vanished too.

Then, it was Ron and Hermione.

After saying goodbye to the Dursleys, they disappeared into the fire.

Looking at this weird thing, the Dursleys all had wide eyes and their faces were full of wonder.

Now Evan, Harry and Mr. Weasley alone remained.

“After you!” Evan told Harry, he was still staring at Dudley.

He was hesitating, if Dudley was not going to eat the sweet, he might be able to get it back before leaving.

Of course, how to talk to the Dursleys was very crucial.

Evan believed that there was no need to use magic, as that would trigger them even more!

However, when he just went downstairs, he had promised Fred and George not to stop it.

While Evan hesitated, what happened next helped him to strengthen his determination.

“Oh, okay!” Harry turned to the Dursleys and said, “Well ... bye then!”

They did not say a word, no response.

Harry seemed to have expected it early, and he walked toward the flames.

Just as he reached the edge of the hearth, Mr. Weasley put out a hand and held him back.

At this time, Mr. Weasley was looking at the Dursleys in amazement, feeling furious!

“Harry said good-bye to you!” he said, “Didn’t you hear him?”

“It doesn’t matter.” Harry muttered to Mr. Weasley. “Honestly, I don’t care.”

Despite Harry’s statement, Mr. Weasley did not remove his hand from his shoulder.

“You aren’t going to see your nephew until next summer.” He frowned slightly, and said to Mr. Dursley in mild indignation, “Surely you’re going to say good-bye?”

After hearing this sentence, Mr. Dursley’s face changed.

The idea of being taught consideration by another man, who had just blasted away half his living room wall, seemed to be beyond what he could handle.

But Mr. Weasley’s wand was still in his hand, and Mr. Dursley’s tiny eyes darted to it at once, before he said, very resentfully, “Good-bye, then.”

“Goodbye.” Harry waved his hand.

Before he left, he saw an amazing scene.

Dudley suddenly screamed loudly, kneeling on the ground, screaming and oinking.

Evan saw him stuff a piece of sweet into his mouth. Needless to say, it was left by Fred and George.

Now his body was changing rapidly.

It quickly became that of a pig, the nose began to tilt up, and the two round nostrils became more and more obvious.

Dudley's ears became big and round and his tiny eyes almost narrowed into a seam.

Behind his butt, a pink pig's tail came out.

He didn't expect the sweet left by Fred and George would have this effect.

This required extremely deep knowledge of Transfiguration and potions, and it seemed that they had made breakthroughs in their holidays.

Poor Dudley! That was the third time a pig's tail had grown on his buttock.

As for the change of the face, it was not as big as imagined, probably because Dudley was already rather similar to a pig!

Chapter 440: Charlie and Bill

Now, the Dursleys' living room was a mess.

Dudley was clutching his buttock and the pig's tail that had just emerged, screaming loudly.

Mrs. Dursley yelled and looked at Dudley, who was turning into a pig, and hurled herself onto the ground beside him.

Mr. Dursley was furious, waving his hands indiscriminately, bellowing like Evan.

"Calm down, calm down, I can solve this problem, don't worry!"

Mr. Weasley had to shout to make himself heard.

He raised his wand and walked to Dudley, waving his hand and wishing the Dursleys would calm down.

However, this was simply useless.

Seeing the wand in his hand, the three opposites became even more alarmed, and the screams were even louder.

They seemed to think that Mr. Weasley wanted to hurt Dudley and desperately wanted to stop him.

Until then, both Hagrid and Dobby, the house elf, just made Dudley grow a pig's tail.

Turning Dudley into a combination of a human and a pig was a first!

Nightmare, this was a nightmare, the worst nightmare!

Mrs. Dursley used her body to shield Dudley and sobbed hysterically.

Mr. Dursley, who had lost control completely, seized a china figure from on top of the sideboard and threw it very hard at Mr. Weasley. Even Evan and Harry standing next to the fireplace were almost hit.

“Don’t make trouble now!” Mr. Weasley said angrily, waving his wand. “I really want to help you. If I’m not mistaken, this should be a complex Transfiguration curse, my son Fred... a prank left by him, he...”

Mr. Weasley couldn’t go on, Mr. Dursley growled and roared.

Bellowing like a wounded hippo, he snatched up another ornament from the wall.

“Evan, Harry, just go!” Mr. Weasley shouted. “Let me handle this!”

Evan and Harry glanced at each other and stepped into the burning flames.

What they finally saw was that Mr. Weasley used his wand to blast a flying ornament into pieces.

The Dursleys’ living room was looking more and more like a battlefield, and whatever beauty it used to have was lost.

For Muggles, who had always hated wizards, this day just was an extremely terrible one for this family!

Not surprisingly, this scene was enough to scar the Dursleys for life.

Soon, Evan left No. 4 Privet Drive.

He begun to spin very fast, and the Dursleys’ living room was whipped out of sight in a rush of emerald-green flames. Blurred fireplaces flashed past him in very high speed.

Just when Evan was dizzy and nauseated, his feet landed on the ground again.

Harry was right next to him, and looked as bad as ever.

They came out of the hearth of the fireplace in the Burrow and were greeted by the cheers of Fred and George.

“Well, did he eat it?” Fred said excitedly.

“Yeah!” Evan nodded and he was pulled to the table.

“What was it?” Harry asked curiously. “I saw Dudley become a pig.”

“This is our latest prank product.” Fred said excitedly. “George and I studied the whole summer vacation. You just don’t know how many experiments we have done before we succeeded. We’ve been looking for someone to test it.”

“You can’t do this! This is, this is illegal!” Hermione frowned.

But nobody paid any attention to her. Harry, Ron, Fred, and George were all laughing happily and making a mess.

“We were just worried that Evan would ruin our plan!” Fred said with a smile.

“Yes, you know, you two have always had a strong sense of justice!” George added, pointing to Evan and Hermione.

“Then why didn’t you stop it?” Hearing both of them, Hermione turned angrily and looked at Evan.

In fact, Evan really wanted to stop it.

When he poured the juice, he also specifically reminded Dudley.

However, the Dursleys’ attitude towards Harry seemed really irritating. Moreover, Dudley stuffed the sweet in his mouth too quickly for him to react.

Before Evan could explain to Hermione, two young red-haired people came in from the outside.

Immediately, Evan knew who they were, the two eldest Weasley brothers: Bill and Charlie.

Charlie greeted Harry, and he looked very solid.

Bill went straight to Evan and Hermione, and he looked very cool.

Evan had heard Ron say before that Bill worked for the goblins in Gringotts. He was very strong and he had been Head Boy at Hogwarts.

From Ron’s vague description, Bill had always given the illusion that he might be an older version of Percy: fussy about rule-breaking and fond of bossing everyone around.

But in fact, that was not the case at all.

Bill’s dress was more avant-garde than anyone Evan had ever seen, whether wizard or Muggle.

He was really a handsome man.

He was tall, with long hair that he had tied back in a ponytail behind his head. He was wearing an earring with what looked like a fang dangling from it.

Bill’s clothes would not have looked out of place at a rock concert.

As for his boots, they were made not of leather, but of dragon hide.

For the Weasleys, who had always been a relatively conservative family, it was incredible to have a child like Bill.

But it was undeniable that although he was dressed like this, he was excellent in all respects.

“Hello, Evan! Hello, Hermione!” Bill said with a smile. “I heard Ron talk about you!”

When Evan and Bill shook hands, he felt a strange wave of magic.

After the curse had been broken, Evan was now very sensitive to the fluctuations of magic.

But Bill’s magic reaction was something he had never met before, perhaps a magic handed down from ancient Egypt.

Evan’s eyes wandered back and forth around the ornaments on Bill, looking for suspicious magic items.

Then he thought that he might just be able to talk to him! Bill was breaking the curses for the Gringotts in the Great Pyramid of Egypt. He must know of the Emerald Tablet!

Evan wanted to find out about the information related to this thing, so that he could get ready early.

After greeting Harry, Charlie also came along.

He had a good gentleman's broad face, weather-beaten, but with a bright smile.

His face was so freckly that he looked almost tanned.

He was built like the twins, shorter and stockier than Percy and Ron, who were both long and lanky.

But his arms were muscular, and one of them had a large, shiny burn on it.

When shaking hands, Evan felt calluses and blisters under his fingers.

Evan had heard before that Charlie was working with dragons in Romania; it seemed that dealing with them must be very hard!