

Harry Potter 441

Chapter 441: They Are All Angry

The small kitchen was a mess, and everyone was excited to talk about Dudley becoming a pig. Fred and George gloated and introduced their newest prank props, developed this summer.

They made a lot of deformation sweets, which could turn the eaters into animals such as pigs, rabbits, and dogs.

Perhaps because of the lack of magic in the sweets, it could only transfigure parts of the consumer's body.

It could not cause a complete change, but this made these metamorphic prank sweets even more interesting.

Harry and Ron thought these things were great, and Charlie and Bill were also very interested.

Only Hermione looked unhappy. She thought Fred and George's products were dangerous.

She did not listen to Evan's explanation, and she was obviously angry.

Hermione was angry that Evan knew about Fred and George's prank, but did not stop Dudley from eating the sweet.

In fact, she was not talking to Evan anymore. She just squinted, her long eyelashes twitching slightly, glaring at Evan without a word.

Evan felt some guilt and did not look at her. Hermione was now as serious as Professor McGonagall.

Just as Evan was thinking about how to please Hermione, there was a faint popping noise in the air.

Then, Mr. Weasley appeared out of thin air at George's shoulder.

He looked angry too. His face, which had been smiling all the time, was now filled with anger.

"This wasn't funny!" he muttered. "Fred, George, what on earth did you give that Muggle boy?"

"We gave him nothing." Fred said with an evil grin on his face. "We just went upstairs to carry Harry's trunk, and accidentally dropped it on the ground, who told him to pick it up and eat it himself? It's not our fault."

"Yes, we didn't even know that the sweet had been taken away by him. We just came back early!" added George.

"Don't think I don't know, you deliberately gave that piece of sweet to him!" Mr. Weasley yelled. "You knew he'd definitely eat it. You knew that the Muggle boy was on a diet..."

"What happened in the end?" Fred asked eagerly, "Has he become a pig?"

“Only the pig’s nose and the pig’s tail have grown. I have already changed him back!” Mr. Weasley said with a sigh of relief. “His parents were frightened, and it was a huge mess.”

Thinking of Dudley’s funny look, Harry and the Weasley brothers roared with laughter again.

“Enough, it isn’t funny!” Mr. Weasley yelled angrily. “That sort of behavior seriously undermines wizard-Muggle relations! I spend half my life campaigning against the mistreatment of Muggles, and my own sons...”

“We didn’t give it to him because he’s a Muggle!” Fred said indignantly.

“No, we gave it to him because he’s a great bullying git,” said George. “Isn’t he, Harry?”

“Yeah, he is, Mr. Weasley.” Harry said very seriously.

“That’s not the point!” raged Mr. Weasley, “You wait until I tell your mother...”

“Tell me what?” said a voice behind them.

Mrs. Weasley had just entered the kitchen; her eyes narrowed with suspicion.

“Oh hello, Harry, dear, you are here!” She said, spotting him and smiling.

Then she came over and hugged Hermione and whispered, “Hello, Hermione, have a good holiday?!”

When it was Evan’s turn, Mrs. Weasley’s expression seemed to be a bit stiff.

She didn’t look at him with a smile like Harry and Hermione; she didn’t look too happy.

Obviously, she was also angry with Evan.

Evan was puzzled for a while. He didn’t know why Mrs. Weasley had such a look. What was going on today? How were they all angry with him?

But in the end, Mrs. Weasley still smiled and embraced Evan. It was as if she was forgiving him.

Then she turned her eyes on her husband again.

“Tell me, Arthur, what on earth is going on?” she said suspiciously. “What are you talking about?”

Although she was talking to Mr. Weasley, her eyes were always watching Fred and George.

Mr. Weasley hesitated, and it could be seen that although he was angry with Fred and George, he did not really intend to tell Mrs. Weasley.

If he did, the two of them would definitely end up miserable.

Mr. Weasley looked at his wife nervously, and no one spoke for a while.

Evan felt that someone was walking behind him. He looked back and saw Ginny.

Like two months ago, Ginny’s figure was still very small, but she had become more beautiful.

She smiled and said hello to Evan, then turned her eyes to Harry on the other side of the table.

Harry also smiled at her, and Ginny immediately blushed.

Everyone knew that Ginny was very fascinated by Harry. She was his most loyal admirer.

“Come on, Arthur, what on earth is going on?” Mrs. Weasley asked again, her tone a little scary.

“It’s nothing, Molly,” mumbled Mr. Weasley, “Fred and George just... but I’ve had words with them...”

“What have they done this time?” said Mrs. Weasley. “If it’s got anything to do with Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes...”

Hearing this, Evan was stunned, and he was not sure how Mrs. Weasley knew about it.

Since visiting the Burrow two years ago, Fred and George had been working on making prank products.

However, this matter was being secretly carried out.

To be precise, Mrs. Weasley was the only one who was kept in the dark.

She certainly would not support Fred and George in doing such a thing. In her opinion, it was a sign of carelessness.

Needless to say, what they both made was dangerous, which made them even more unreliable.

Just thinking about this, Evan understood why Mrs. Weasley seemed to be angry at him.

The fact was, the biggest contributor in the development of the Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes was definitely Evan.

He gave Fred and George a lot of ideas, as well as initial research and development costs and sales channel support.

Needless to say, he was also preparing to introduce alchemy.

If Mrs. Weasley knew all about it, it would not be an accident for her to get angry with Evan.

It was merciful enough from her not to drive Evan out of her house after he had tempted her sons to do these unscrupulous things.

Perhaps, this was only for Evan’s sake. Things might have been so bad if it was someone else.

The mood was getting more and more tense, and looking at the increasingly grim expression of Mrs. Weasley, everyone could sense the approaching pains....

Only Hermione stood on Mrs. Weasley’s side. She nodded in agreement and seemed to think that was the way it should be.

Chapter 442: Plans to Communicate with Hermione

“Let’s go, Evan!” Fred said suddenly. “I’ll show you upstairs!”

“Yeah, let’s show you where you’re sleeping!” George followed, winking hard at Evan.

“YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE!” snarled Mrs. Weasley.

Fred and George froze and looked bitter.

Evan, Harry, and Ron looked at each other. They carefully slipped out of the kitchen sideways, and Hermione and Ginny followed.

They set off along the narrow hallway and up the rickety staircase that zigzagged through the house to the upper stories.

“What on earth is going on?” Harry asked.

“Fred and George were discovered by Mom, and the two of them were too careless!” Ron whispered. “Mom found a lot of Gold-Galleons when cleaning Fred and George’s room!”

“Gold Galleons?!”

“Yeah, Professor Lupin sent them a hundred!” Ron looked at Evan, “I never knew they had made so much money through the aid you gave them and the props they sold in the store.”

“Seeing such a big sum of money, Mom was terrified!” Ginny said. “She began to ask them where they got it from. She thought they had stolen the money from somewhere and had a whole night’s argument.”

“Fred and George had intended to hide it, but later they could only tell her. They told mom that the money was your aid and start-up fund for their research career.” Ron said to Evan, “You’d better be careful. Before you came, Mom had been talking about it countless times. She seemed very dissatisfied with your help in their research.”

Evan gulped and remembered Mrs. Weasley’s wrath.

“Oh, my God, Evan, you’ve been helping Fred and George with these things!” Hermione said in surprise, “I always thought you spent all your newspaper money on serious things, like buying magic potions...”

“Most of it is spent on that, but there was some left, and I gave it to.... Fred and.... George...”

Under Hermione’s gaze, Evan’s voice was getting smaller and smaller.

Things seemed to be getting more troublesome. Hermione looked even angrier than before.

Hermione was angry just because Evan didn’t stop Fred and George from playing mean pranks on Dudley. It was only now that she suddenly realized that Evan was behind the whole incident.

Looking at Hermione’s face, Evan knew that nothing could explain it.

“Mom is making too much of a fuss. I have seen their supply list, and all the things above are very interesting.” Ron didn’t notice Hermione’s anomaly, and said

carelessly, "Great long price lists for stuff they've invented. Joke stuff, you know; fake wands and trick sweets... loads of stuff. They've worked on this so much..."

"I thought they were just making some candy, and the Skiving Snackbox was very good!" Ginny said. "We've been hearing explosions out of their room. I thought they just liked the noise!" "

Hearing both of them, Hermione's face became even uglier.

She stared at Evan angrily, her brows wrinkled tightly, thinking about something unknown.

"Of course, Mom has a point. Most of the things they make are dangerous." Ron said. "She went mad that night. She found all Fred's and George's stocks and burned them up and warned them not to do it anymore. From that day on, she's been furious at them all the time, and their O.W.L.s scores have also disappointed her."

O.W.L.s were Ordinary Wizarding Levels, the examinations Hogwarts students took at the age of fifteen.

For the young wizards, they were very important.

Only in the case of sufficient certificates and achievements could they continue their senior years at Hogwarts.

This was an important exam that would affect future employment and career development, and it should not be ignored.

"Because of their bad results, they quarreled again and they made a lot of noise!" Ginny said, "Mom wants them to go into the Ministry of Magic in the future, like Dad, but they told her all they want to do is open a joke shop."

"I heard that, do you know how mother answered at that time?!" Ron added, "She said that if that was to happen, she would sever any links she had with them and never care about them again."

Hearing this, Evan had already felt a little guilty.

If Fred, George and Mrs. Weasley were at odds with each other because of this, then he was the real culprit.

Hermione apparently thought the same way. She had been staring at Evan all the time.

Despite the pressure, Evan still believed that it was the right way to let Fred and George continue their research.

Both of them had a lot of potential in this regard. With the introduction of practice technology, they could make a lot of really powerful magic props instead of the prank props used by the young wizards.

By then, not just a joke shop, their store would become a giant in the wizarding world.

The blueprint for their future had already been forged, and it was exciting enough just to think about it.

Of course, before that, they had first to convince Mrs. Weasley and Hermione to support them.

Mrs. Weasley said that as long as Fred and George achieved enough results, they could make her agree.

As for Hermione here, it was mainly Evan's trouble!

It seemed that he needed to find time to communicate with Hermione in depth...

Just as Evan was thinking about how to persuade Hermione, a door on the second floor platform opened.

A face poked out wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a very annoyed expression.

"Hi, Percy!" Harry stood by the door and said quickly.

"Oh, it's you guys, hello!" Percy said, and then saw Evan standing in the back. His eyes lit up, "Evan, where did you go at the end of the last term? You missed my graduation ceremony and I was hired by the Ministry of Magic!"

"Congratulations!" Evan said quickly.

"Thank you!" Percy said proudly, his eyes moving to Ron. "I was wondering who was making all the noise. I'm trying to work in here, you know. I've got a report to finish for the office; and it's rather difficult to concentrate when people keep thundering up and down the stairs."

"We're not thundering." Under Percy's gaze, Ron looked irritated. He gnashed his teeth and said, "We're walking. Sorry if we've disturbed the top-secret work for the Ministry of Magic. "

Chapter 443: Dinner and Performance

"What are you working on?" Harry asked.

"A report for the Department of International Magical Cooperation." Percy said smugly, "We're trying to standardize cauldron thickness. Some of these foreign imports are just a shade too thin. Leakages have been increasing at a rate of almost three percent a year..."

"It's amazing! This report will change the world." Ron said sarcastically. "Think about it, the Daily Prophet will publish on the front page: cauldron leaks."

When he heard him, Percy went slightly pink.

"You might sneer, Ron," he said heatedly, "but unless some sort of international law is imposed, we might well find the market flooded with flimsy, shallow-bottomed products that seriously endanger ..."

“Yeah, all right,” said Ron impatiently, and he started off upstairs again.

Behind them, Percy slammed his bedroom door shut.

Like everyone else, Evan had little interest in Percy’s report on “cauldron leaks”.

He was thinking, maybe he could hear from Percy about the status of his boss, Mr. Barty Crouch.

Evan didn’t expect Percy to notice anything unusual, but it would be enough if he could quickly grasp some clues.

If Voldemort wanted to save his most heartfelt servant, then Barty Crouch was a pass that could not be circumvented.

But considering Percy’s character, Evan doubted that he would help him.

Now he probably would like Crouch to give him all the power to prove his ability.

Behind Ron, Evan climbed up three more flights of stairs and could still hear the shouts from the kitchen below.

The voices were loud, and it sounded as though Mr. Weasley had told his wife about the deforming sweets.

These voices dragged Evan’s thoughts back to reality, leaving aside Voldemort and Barty Crouch Jr.

It was a serious matter to calm the angry Hermione.

Pushing the door and entering, Ron’s room seemed no different from before.

The same posters of Ron’s favorite Quidditch team, the Chudley Cannons, were whirling and waving on the walls and sloping ceiling.

There was still the fish tank on the windowsill, which had previously held frog spawn, but now it contained one extremely large frog.

Ron’s old rat, Scabbers, was here no more, but instead there was the tiny gray owl that Sirius had given him.

It was hopping up and down in a small cage and hooting madly.

“Shut up, pig!” said Ron, edging his way between two of the five beds that had been squeezed into the room.

“Fred and George are in here with us, because Bill and Charlie are in their room!” he said to Evan and Harry. “Percy gets to keep his room all to himself because he’s got to work.”

“Percy’s enjoying work, then?” Harry sat down on a bed.

He raised his head and watched the Chudley Cannons zooming in and out of the posters on the ceiling.

“Enjoying it?!” said Ron darkly. “I don’t reckon he’d come home if Dad didn’t make him. He’s obsessed. Just don’t get him onto the subject of his boss. According to Mr.

Crouch ... as I was saying to Mr. Crouch ... Mr. Crouch is of the opinion ... Mr. Crouch was telling me ... They'll be announcing their engagement any day now."

"Stop talking about Percy, Evan, how was your vacation?" Ginny asked. "Your sudden disappearance at the end of last semester worried me. The school was full of rumors about your serious injuries."

"Don't worry, I'm fine right now..."

"Speaking of this, all three of us were being driven crazy!" Ron added. "After you and Sirius left, we all knew that you were at risk, and we took turns asking for information about it!"

Evan knew that Ron wanted to find out about his experience during the summer vacation and whether he got the half of the Philosopher's Stone.

However, it was obviously unwise to talk about these things in front of Ginny.

Whether it was the Philosopher's Stone left by Gryffindor, the fallen Centaurs, Voldemort or the evil god, it was not suitable for others to know.

Evan must keep it secret. He didn't even say anything to Harry, but told Hermione everything.

"You know, I went to France during the holidays. Dumbledore took us to Beauxbatons Academy of Magic to find his old friend Nicolas Flamel. He helped me solve all the problems." Evan said briefly.

Then, he began to tell Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny about his experiences in France.

"This is really good, I want to go to Beauxbatons to have a look!" said Ron enviously. "This is an unforgettable adventure. The location of all magic schools is confidential. It is difficult for outsiders to have opportunity to enter."

"As long as I'm not with Muggles, I can go anywhere!" Harry sighed and continued. "Before the World Cup, I want to see Sirius, and I don't know how he's doing now."

"My dad said we would go to see him tomorrow." Ron said, as if he had remembered something, "By the way, Evan, the magic left by Gryffindor..."

"I think they've stopped arguing." Hermione suddenly stood up.

She saw Ginny looking curiously from Ron to Evan.

Apparently, she thought about what Ron said, what Gryffindor left behind!

To cover the awkward moment, Hermione hurriedly said, "Shall we go down and help your mum with dinner?"

"All right." Ginny nodded.

The five people left the room in turn, and Evan deliberately stayed at the back, and he gently pulled Hermione.

“Hermione, I want to talk to you...” Evan looked at Hermione’s eyes, “...about Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes!”

Hermione stared at Evan for a moment, and as Evan did not flinch, she looked down embarrassingly.

“We really need to talk about the use of the newspaper’s income, and your assistance to Fred and George’s research.” Hermione tried to say in an ordinary tone, “Whatever you have to say, keep it for tonight, I want to see your performance before considering whether to forgive you!”

Evan was stunned, not sure what Hermione meant.

Hermione was now obviously angry. How should he behave to satisfy her?!

When they all went back downstairs, they found that Mrs. Weasley was alone in the kitchen, looking extremely bad-tempered.

She glanced at Evan and was still annoyed by the Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes.

“Okay, we’re eating out in the garden!” she said. “There’s just not room for twelve people in here. Girls, you can help me? You three, take these plates, knives and forks.”

Chapter 444: Pyramid of Pharaoh Hermes

“... You three, take these plates, knives and forks.” Mrs. Weasley said to Ron, Harry and Evan, pointing her wand a little more vigorously than she had intended at a pile of potatoes in the sink, which shot out of their skins so fast that they ricocheted off the walls and ceilings.

“God, those two!” she said bitterly, picking up the potatoes from the ceiling one by one with a dustpan. “I don’t know what’s going to happen to them, I really don’t. No ambition, unless you count making as much trouble as they possibly can ...”

Mrs. Weasley took a large copper saucepan out of the cupboard and slammed it on the kitchen table.

“It’s not as though they haven’t got brains,” she began to wave her wand around inside it. A creamy sauce poured from the wand tip as she stirred. She stirred harder and harder as she said angrily, “But they’re wasting them, and unless they pull themselves together soon, they’ll be in real trouble. I’ve had more owls from Hogwarts about them than the rest put together. If they carry on the way they’re going, they’ll end up in front of the Improper Use of Magic Office.”

She jabbed her wand at the cutlery drawer, which shot open.

Evan subconsciously stepped back because he noticed that Mrs. Weasley was looking at him with anger.

“And you, Evan!” Under the control of Mrs. Weasley, the knife began to cut the potatoes. “I don’t blame you, you are a good boy, but I don’t think you should help them with those studies, especially with such a large sum of money!”

“That’s all the money they made from props they sold in the store. I didn’t give much help.” Evan hurriedly said, “Their products are very popular, and they have great potential in this area. I think...”

Evan couldn’t talk anymore, for he saw Hermione standing beside Mrs. Weasley and watching him. Only then did he realize that he had to behave better to be forgiven by Hermione.

Obviously, what he said just now to excuse Fred and George had absolutely nothing to do with good performance.

“I can’t see what potential they have, and now they’ve fallen to play tricks on Muggles, like those evil black wizards!” Mrs. Weasley put down her wand and pulled out more saucepans. “I don’t know where we went wrong with them...”

“Come on, Evan!” Ron said in a hurry. “Let’s take these out.”

He and Harry opened the drawer and took out the plates and cutlery from inside.

Evan also thought he’d better not stay here. He followed them out quickly.

In the yard, Hermione’s bandy-legged ginger cat, Crookshanks, came pelting out of the garden, bottle-brush tail held high in the air.

He was chasing a gnome, which looked like a muddy potato on legs.

When Hermione went to Evan’s home, she did not take Crookshanks, but sent him directly to Ron’s.

Crookshanks saw Evan and meowed intimately.

Besides Hermione, it had the best relationship with Evan, often going around him.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, the gnome dived into one of the Wellington boots that lay scattered around the door.

Crookshanks hurriedly left Evan and rushed to the boots, ready to catch the gnome.

In the yard, Charlie and Bill were making two battered old tables fly high above the lawn, smashing into each other.

Each was attempting to knock the other’s table out of the air, and Fred and George were cheering.

Bill’s table caught Charlie’s with a huge bang and knocked one of its legs off.

At this moment, there was a clatter from overhead.

They all looked up at the same time and saw Percy’s head poking out of a window on the second floor.

“Will you keep it down?” he bellowed.

“Sorry, Percy!” Bill said with a smile. “How are the cauldron bottoms coming on?”

“Very badly,” said Percy peevishly, and he slammed the window shut.

Chuckling, Bill and Charlie directed the tables safely onto the grass, end to end.

Then, with a flick of his wand, Bill reattached the table leg, and conjured tablecloths from nowhere.

By seven o’clock, dinner was served.

The dinner was going very well, and they were settling themselves down to eat beneath a clear, deep-blue sky.

For Evan, who had just said goodbye to the ruins of the fallen Centaurs, this all felt like heaven.

The same was true for Harry, who had been living on meals of increasingly stale cake all summer.

On the dining table, chicken, ham pie, boiled potatoes and salad, pudding and other delicacies piled up in plates.

No one was talking about those unpleasant topics; everyone was talking about the World Cup.

Evan asked Bill about some things related to his work, as well as news about the Emerald Tablet.

“It is a very important alchemy book, carved on an emerald tablet and set at the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets of Pharaoh’s Pyramid of Hermes!” Bill said,

“Although it has been discovered for 2,000 years, the exploration and cracking of the pyramid has not been completed so far. There are countless curses there. We have not found the coffin of Pharaoh yet. This pyramid is the most dangerous one we found; God knows how many died in it.”

Listening to Bill’s description, Evan was very yearning for the ancient and mysterious Egyptian pyramids and the hidden treasures there.

A Curse-Breaker is a dangerous job, but it is really interesting. Evan also was tempted to apply for it.

After defeating Voldemort, it was a good choice to work in Gringotts or become an explorer.

Beside him, Mr. Weasley was talking to Percy about Barty Crouch.

They’d been talking all night, but Percy still had more to say.

Halfway through dinner, Mr. Weasley conjured up some candles to light the darkening garden.

Moths were fluttering low over the table, and the warm air was perfumed with the smells of grass and honeysuckle.

Everyone ate very full and chatted satisfactorily.

“Look at the time,” Mrs. Weasley said suddenly, checking her wristwatch. “Children, you should go to bed, we have to get up early to see Sirius tomorrow. That poor man, I hope he’s okay.”

“Dumbledore said in his letter that he was all right and out of danger!” Harry said hopefully, “If he recovers well enough, he’ll be able to go to the World Cup with us!”

“I hope so. After you see Sirius tomorrow, you’ll go to see the game!” Mrs. Weasley said, “Evan, Harry, Hermione, if you leave your school list out, I’ll get your things for you the day after tomorrow in Diagon Alley. I’m getting everyone else’s anyway. There might not be time after the World Cup, the match went on for five days last time.”

“I hope it does this time!” said Harry enthusiastically.

“Well, I certainly don’t,” said Percy sanctimoniously. “I shudder to think what the state of my in-tray would be if I was away from work for five days.”

“Yeah, maybe someone might slip dragon dung in it again,” said Fred.

“That was a sample of fertilizer from Norway!” said Percy, his face reddening. “It was nothing personal!”

“It was!” When everyone got up and left the table, Fred quietly said to Evan, “That was what we sent to him.”

With a strong smile, Evan followed the others to the Burrow.

He looked back and saw Hermione and Ginny still helping Mrs. Weasley with the dishes.

Evan hadn’t forgotten his business. He’s made an appointment tonight to talk to Hermione.

Although she seemed to have forgiven him, the current mood was so fitting for a quasi date to take place, and Evan didn’t mind being alone with Hermione for a while before going to bed.

Chapter 445: Discussion with Hermione

Everyone returned to their rooms, and Evan followed Harry, Ron, Fred, and George to Ron’s room on the top floor.

They sat on the bed and were still discussing Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes. Fred and George “magically” came up with tons of new products beyond everyone’s expectations.

In the last search of Mrs. Weasley, these things had not been found, so they were spared from being burned.

There were a lot of things, including the morphing sweets that Evan had seen before, the Skiving Snackbox, Ton-Tongue Toffees, trick wands and so on.

There were also Decoy Detonators, Smart-Answer Quills and new products that they had not seen before.

“What is this?” Harry asked, holding up something that looked like an ordinary Muggle telescope.

“Be careful, Harry!” Fred said with a smile, “Unless you want to turn yourself into a panda bear!”

“This is a boxing telescope. When held up to the eye a small fist would extend and punch you in the face. After hitting you, it will leave a special magic mark on the eyes!” George explained. “We have not found any way to heal the purple bruise yet.”

Hearing what he said, Harry poked out his tongue and hurriedly and cautiously put the telescope at the farthest distance.

“What about this one?” said Ron, staring at a bottle of pink Potions.

“That’s from our WonderWitch line!” Fred’s face showed a special smirk.

“WonderWitch?!” Ron repeated it and reached for the potion.

“No, my dear little brother, you’d better not touch this thing. You know, we didn’t come up with an antidote for that either. “George took the potion before Ron could act, “and it’s too expensive to be wasted here.”

“What is the use of this stuff?” Ron was a little dissatisfied. “If you don’t want to say it, don’t take it away.”

“This is our special sensational agent, the most advanced sensational agent, specially prepared for girls in love.” Fred said, “The effect can last up to twenty-four hours at a time depending on the weight of the boy in question...”

“And the attractiveness of the girl,” George said smugly.

“Do they work?” Ron said suspiciously.

“It goes without saying that although we have not tested it on girls.” Fred said, “But judging from the effect of the two of us currently using it, it can really make us more attractive and attract girls to approach.”

“Or maybe it’s because Angelina already likes you so much!” said George.

“Yes, it is possible!” Fred nodded, “but I did feel a little different that day. All right, boys, do you have any girls you like?”

Harry and Ron hesitated and nodded, they seemed interested in it.

Evan did not intend to continue listening. He knew all the love potions formulas so far.

If he wanted, he could boil them at any time.

He could even guarantee that the effect would be definitely much stronger than the “WonderWitch” potions of Fred and George.

Evan estimated the time, Hermione should have helped Mrs. Weasley to finish things, and he was ready to go down and find her.

He made up an excuse and left the room.

The moonlight passed through the narrow windows and sprinkled on the dark, shaky stairs of the Burrow.

Evan went to Ginny's door and knocked softly.

Soon, Hermione opened the door in cute pink pajamas she had put on. Only the skin of her wrists and ankles was left exposed.

Under the candlelight, Hermione seemed to be different in peacetime.

She looked very beautiful and had a special charm and temperament.

Evan held his breath for a moment, and his heart beat speed increased slightly. He couldn't help wondering if Hermione used a love potion.

"Ginny is not here, she has gone to wash up!" Hermione motioned Evan into the room and said in a serious tone, "I just want to see you. I want to talk to you about your support for Fred and George to do research on Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes!"

Evan was entering Ginny's room for the first time.

The room was very clean and tidy. The only decoration was a few photos placed at the head of the bed.

Evan recognized them at a glance. They were all taken by Colin, and Harry was in each photo.

"Hermione, you're not still angry about this, are you??" He asked.

"you know I'm not angry!" Hermione said, "But I think Mrs. Weasley is right that Fred and George really can't go on like this, just like they did to Harry's Muggle cousin Dudley today, even though he deserved it. But... we can't punish him at will just because we're wizards and have the ability. That's too risky!"

Evan had to admit that Hermione was right; no matter how strong or weak it was, magic could become dangerous whenever control is lost, just like today when Fred and George turned Dudley into a pig. This was much like what a Death Eater would have done...

They had been promoting the bloodline theory in the wizarding world, believing that pure blood wizards were supreme. Muggles and Mudblood wizards were all lower creatures, who could be enslaved and entertained at will.

"I'll persuade Fred and George!" said Evan.

The topic seemed to be a bit heavy, and things were progressing slightly beyond his previous assumptions.

The two had a brief rare moment of being alone together; shouldn't they discuss some more relaxing topics that would better match their feelings?!

"It's not a matter of persuasion. It's just a matter of passing by. You should cut off the aid to both of them. Evan, you can't use the newspaper money to support Fred and George in their pranks." Hermione said sharply, "If they go on like this, sooner or

later they will be caught by the 'Improper Use of Magic Office', or even locked up in Azkaban."

Hermione's remarks, though overdramatic, were something Mrs. Weasley had been worrying about. It seemed that she must have listened to Mrs. Weasley's many suggestions before reaching this conclusion.

"Evan, I am worried, worrying about Fred and George, and worrying about you!" Hermione raised her voice. "If they get into big trouble, you could get involved..."

"Fred and George have always been much disciplined, knowing where line resides!" Evan said quickly, "Don't worry, Hermione, as their partner, I will strictly control every product they put out for sale. And, you know, I learned a lot about alchemy from Flamel this summer vacation, and I decided to introduce it into the prop research later."

"Alchemy?!" Hermione looked at Evan curiously and seemed interested.

Alchemy was a very advanced science of magic, with only a few magic books circulating in the world discussing it.

Many wizards, even if they want to learn, cannot find a way to do so.; it was a very mysterious field of magic.

"Yes, I am going to use alchemy to transform those things." Evan said, "In the future, not only prank products, we will also introduce various magic props that help in life, as well as defensive items against black magic."

Chapter 446: Cat on the Bed

Evan's ideas exceeded a store selling joke products, to a magic props supplier that could cover all areas of the wizarding world.

It would be like the huge companies in the Muggle world that control the pulse of the economy and lead the development and progress of society as a whole.

Evan intended to develop his shop in Diagon Alley into that size and become a giant in the wizarding world.

They would usher in a new era and lead the future development trend of the wizarding world.

With his strong magic knowledge reserve and magic power, and the creative and commercial brains of Fred and George, with this combination, Evan was confident that they would definitely succeed.

Hearing Evan talking about his plan there, Hermione nodded hesitantly.

She was skeptical about it, but if things could really go that way, she had no reason to object.

It would be a very remarkable thing to be able to manage a store successfully and develop it into the scale Evan talked about.

“If it’s really like you said, not just prank products, I can support you!” Hermione hesitated, “but there’s Mrs. Weasley...”

“Don’t worry, she is opposed to it now, but whenever we can make some achievements, she will accept it.” Evan continued. “I know what she is thinking, but neither Fred nor George is fit to work in the Ministry of Magic.”

With their character, if they were forced to go to the Ministry of Magic, sooner or later they would also cause trouble.

It was better to let them give full play to their advantages and develop in business.

Hermione then asked for some details related to alchemy, and she was very curious about it.

Evan took out the Book of Abraham, the most authoritative alchemy-related magic book in the world.

Nicolas Flamel relied on its first part to become the most powerful alchemist, even though it hid most of its secrets beyond that.

The second part was not yet deciphered for the time being, but the third part was definitely related to evil spirits.

Things were getting more and more complicated, and finding the treasure left by the Four Founders of Hogwarts was no longer as simple as expected.

In the face of a combination of Voldemort and an evil god, only a few would be able to do anything. Needless to say, there were also other forces such as Herpo the Foul and the mysterious vampires.

Evan took the book out. He was going to study with Hermione and analyze the information he had so far to perhaps figure out some clues.

Hermione was the only person he could totally trust at the moment, and Evan had no reservations about her.

As expected, Hermione became very excited and even a little flustered when she saw the book.

“I got full marks in ancient magic writing last term, but I don’t understand most of the words here!” Hermione said, quickly flipping through the pages, “It’s amazing to know that this was left behind by Abraham who was very famous in history as a great prophet and messenger of God in the world. Whether it is the history of magic or the history of Muggles, the book is definitely very, very precious.”

“The first part of this book is related to alchemy. The first page has a painting of the the Philosopher’s Stone!” Evan showed Hermione. “The scepter on the second page, which is being devoured by the green snakes, should be one of the items left by Salazar Slytherin. As for the third part, I told you earlier that in the strange space created by the evil spirit, the book suddenly flew out to defeat it, and then the portrait of the evil spirit appeared on the front page of the third part.”

“Evan, I don’t know,” Hermione whispered; whatever thing or enemy was involved, it was completely beyond her scope of knowledge.

Hermione asked Evan to put away the Book of Abraham, and she hesitated for a moment.

The next second, without any warning, Hermione suddenly rushed to hug Evan, her weak body trembling.

“Evan, I’m scared, I suddenly feel very scared!” She said softly, “I am afraid of losing you.”

Herpo the Foul, the evil Voldemort, the indescribable evil gods, and the unknown secrets hidden in the depths of history; these things were superimposed on everything, enough to drive most people mad.

“Don’t worry too much, Hermione!” Evan said soothingly. When Hermione rushed over, his body stiffened for a moment, then relaxed and he patted Hermione gently on the shoulder.

In this regard, Evan also had preliminary plans.

First of all, according to Flamel, learning ancient magic and alchemy to make himself stronger.

Also, Voldemort’s Horcruxes must be destroyed one by one as planned.

While he’s at that, there were still secret treasure keys left by the Four Founders, which also needed to be located quickly.

Not to mention the treasure itself, the Philosopher’s Stones alone that served as keys could provide magic beyond imagination.

Evan had a deep understanding of this, and the Philosopher’s Stone was an essential item to summon and defeat the evil gods.

“Well, Hermione, don’t worry, as long as we work together, we will overcome all difficulties.” Evan said, and also hugged Hermione tightly.

In fact, he rarely saw the girl in his arms showing such vulnerability.

Hermione’s current appearance had an unspeakable appeal to Evan, and he felt that the girl in his arms was more beautiful than any other he had ever seen.

Feeling her heartbeat, Evan’s heart was beating faster and faster.

There was a blank space in Evan’s head. Now he just wanted time to stop; he just wanted to hold Hermione like that forever.

The thoughts of the two people were in chaos, and at this moment, footsteps came from the stairwell.

Ginny was back, she was about to come in.

Hermione hurriedly rushed out from Evan’s arms, like a frightened bunny, with only a shy red face.

“Evan!” Hermione whispered, standing up.

It was too late. If Ginny saw this scene, it would really be...

Without too much thinking, Evan's body changed rapidly, shrinking at a speed visible to the naked eye.

In the blink of an eye, he turned into a black cat and squatted on Hermione's bed.

"Meow!" Evan yelled at Hermione and ran as fast as he could into the bedding to hide.

Hermione covered her mouth and looked with surprise at Evan hiding in her quilt.

She seemed to want to stop, to get Evan out, but in the end she did nothing.

Evan had just entered, and Ginny opened the door and entered the room.

"Hermione, what are you doing?!" Ginny looked strangely at Hermione standing by the bed.

"Noth... nothing!" said Hermione, staring nervously at her bedding. "I am waiting for you to come back."

Ginny knew that Evan's Animagus form was a black cat. If she saw it, it would be awful.

"Oh!" Ginny said suspiciously, and walked to her bed. "Then go to bed, we've got to get up early tomorrow."

Under her gaze, Hermione nodded mechanically and slowly climbed onto her bed.

Chapter 447: I Want to Hug, too

Ginny walked over and blew out the candle, and the small room suddenly fell into darkness.

In this darkness, no one could see Hermione's face reddened to the extreme. She could feel Evan right beside her, as warm as a real kitten.

However, Evan was not a cat!

She was actually sleeping in the same bed with Evan. At this thought, Hermione almost stopped breathing; she never even dreamed that this would actually happen!

She held her breath and moved to the side, but the bed was too small and she had no room to avoid him.

She only knew that her thoughts were getting more and more chaotic, and the words started ringing in her head: 'Oh, my God, I'm in bed with Evan, tightly huddled together, and I'm still in my thin pajamas!'

Under the quilt, Evan lay there quietly.

When he saw that Ginny did not find him hiding here, he breathed a sigh of relief.

But in the blink of an eye, Hermione lay down in bed beside him. What a situation!

Evan's heart, which had just been relieved, was lifted up again and raised to his throat.

He gulped, for the bed was too small, with barely space for him alongside Hermione.

Although it was not the first time they'd had such intimate contact, this time the situation seemed to be more awkward.

Evan smelled the fragrant scent of the girl he liked, and he could feel her body trembling slightly.

They were so close to each other that Hermione was now also holding herself tightly like a kitten.

Just moving a little, he could touch Hermione's soft body; there were no words to describe his feelings now.

Time was passing, he didn't know if it was a minute or ten minutes; that was no longer meaningful at all.

For a while, Evan tried to calm himself down.

Although he had an impulse to stay here, reason told him that he had to go!

Harry, Ron, Fred, and George were still upstairs waiting for him. If he went back too late, Evan didn't know how to explain his absence.

It would be difficult to say that he became a cat sneaking into Ginny's room and lying in the same bed as Hermione, wasn't it?!

He tried to move, and Hermione's body immediately trembled.

She was also very nervous. She clutched the quilt tightly with both hands, not knowing what Evan wanted to do.

She couldn't help but think that if he wanted to do something to her, she had nothing to do!

Countless ideas came up to her mind, but Hermione could never come up with an answer.

Unaware of Hermione's current crisis, Evan was ready to act.

Because the bed was too close to the wall, it meant that if he wanted to go out, he had to go over Hermione, and with so little room for him to move, the girl's delicate body seemed to have become an insurmountable mountain.

He stood up in bed, Hermione dodged out for a moment and there was no response.

In the darkness, both of them were extremely nervous.

If not blocked by the quilt, Evan would have gone directly over Hermione.

But if so, he was very likely to be discovered by Ginny not far away.

Under the bright silver moonlight, everything in the room could be dimly seen.

Evan observed for a while, and Ginny seemed to be asleep.

He gritted his teeth and climbed directly onto Hermione, ready to cross and slip out of bed and return to his room.

Just then, Ginny on the opposite side suddenly turned around and faced Hermione, who was still awake.

Evan stopped immediately and lay down on Hermione's stomach.

There was warmth beneath him, and across the pajamas, there was the girl he liked.

Evan gently pressed it and felt very soft.

Feeling Evan's weight, Hermione grabbed the quilt and tried to make herself feel uncomfortable.

"Hermione, I can't sleep!" Ginny whispered.

"What are you thinking about?!" Hermione asked nervously.

Her head was messy, and she just hoped that Evan, who was lying on her stomach, could be kind enough to not do anything.

She put her hand under the quilt, ready to take Evan aside.

"I'm thinking..." Ginny didn't go on, she seemed hesitant.

Hearing her, the movements of the two people on the opposite side all stopped. Had they been discovered?!

"I'm thinking about Harry!" After a few seconds of silence, Ginny said shyly, "We are going to see the Quidditch World Cup. We will definitely live in a tent. I don't know how long it will last. I've never been there before"

Evan and Hermione already knew that Ginny had been secretly in love with Harry from the beginning.

Whenever he appeared, she would get very nervous.

At the beginning, even every time she saw Harry, Ginny would overturn something.

It was better now but she was still Harry's greatest "fan".

Unfortunately, Harry didn't seem to be interested in that. He just treated Ginny as his little sister.

Hermione knew what Ginny was thinking. They had talked about this topic many times before.

If these were ordinary times, Hermione might've helped Ginny and given her some good advice.

But now, her mind was in chaos, and all she had in mind was Evan lying on her stomach.

Hermione felt that a strange feeling was rising in her body, which became almost catatonic and unable to move.

On the other hand, Ginny was still talking about the World Cup and Harry.

Hermione, however, felt that Evan was getting heavier and heavier. The atmosphere was getting stranger, and her breathing was getting faster.

No, she couldn't go on like this!

"Ginny, you need courage!" Hermione said, "You have to try to get in touch with Harry more; you can't just blush and hide every time he shows up."

"Need courage?!" Ginny repeated.

"Yes, believe me, you're beautiful, just let go a little, Harry has no reason not to notice you."

Courage, Hermione said this to Ginny, but she seemed to be speaking to herself, too.

The next second, she gritted her teeth and hugged Evan, who was in the black cat state, and sat up from the bed.

“Hermione, what are you doing?” Ginny asked curiously. “Hey, what is in your arms?”

In the dark, she couldn’t see clearly. She could only see something in Hermione’s arms.

“It’s Crookshanks. I don’t know when he came to my bed!” Hermione said quickly, feeling that her face burning. “I’ll send it out, or it will make much noise at night.”

Hermione walked down to the ground and opened the door with the fastest speed.

“Oh, it’s Crookshanks!” Ginny whispered, “Let me hug him.”

Upon hearing Ginny’s request, both Evan and Hermione immediately froze.

Ginny wanted to hold Crookshanks for a while, but Hermione knew it was Evan!

If she gave the boy she liked to Ginny in this way, that would really...

Chapter 448: Ginny’s expectations

Hearing this request, Hermione had no idea what to do.

With Evan in her arms, so close to her; her head had already stopped working.

Hermione didn’t know how to answer Ginny. Give her Evan, to hug him?!

If Ginny knew that she was not holding Crookshanks, but Evan, she would be shy to death!

Especially considering the current situation, because they were about to sleep, and they weren’t wearing much.

Her summer pajamas were very thin and somewhat see-through.

That’s how she would come into contact with Evan, with a boy.

In the brief silence, the strange atmosphere became more and more intense.

“Hermione?!” Ginny said strangely, feeling that Hermione was not quite right tonight.

It was like this ever since she was back, as if something had happened.

In fact, a lot had happened.

But Ginny would have never thought, not even in her dreams that Evan would actually turn into a black cat in her room.

Moreover, he had just been lying in bed with Hermione, and now she was holding him tightly in her arms.

Feeling the stiffness of her body, Evan was ready to leave. He couldn’t stay here.

The atmosphere was too weird, and there was an inexplicable feeling in his body.

He was feeling a strange physical reaction. If only he and Hermione were here alone....

He blinked and couldn’t take it anymore. If Ginny found out, it would be terrible!

When Evan was ready to act, he heard Ginny say, "I see, is it something Evan said to you before going to bed?"

"What?!" Hearing Ginny's words, Hermione was somewhat surprised and knew that she was misunderstood by Ginny.

But that was just in time, and she decided to go on with this mistake.

Either way, it was much easier than explaining to Ginny that the cat in her arms was not Crookshanks.

"Yes!" Hermione said vaguely, nodding.

"Haha, did Evan confess to you?!" Ginny's mouth showed a smirk. "What did he say?"

Evan, who was supposed to leave, suddenly stopped and he was ready to listen. This topic was good.

He pricked up his ears and waited for Ginny's next words.

Ginny had always been the bolder one of the two, at least whenever Harry wasn't around.

Maybe she would make Hermione say something he was interested in.

"Nothing! We just talked about the Quidditch World Cup." Hermione said quickly.

"Really?!" Ginny protracted her voice, expressing doubts.

With her knowledge of Hermione, if Evan didn't say "more", she wouldn't have been like this.

Abnormal, too abnormal, Hermione was now eager to cover up.

"By the way, Hermione, have you both done that kind of thing?" Ginny continued, and her smile became more and more obvious.

"What thing?!" Hermione had a bad feeling.

"Kissing; I heard Angelina say that she did it with Fred last term." Ginny said, "Percy and Penelope have also done it. Remember the year of the Basilisk and Slytherin's Chamber of Secrets? That year, they were secretly dating all over the castle, and I saw them once, in an empty classroom, they..."

Hearing Ginny's words, Hermione pressed hard and subconsciously held Evan tighter.

She thought about the last Christmas in Diagon Alley, kissing Evan herself. It seemed as if it was happening right now with that feeling of suffocating sweetness.

But because she was afraid, she ran over early, and now she was thinking about it.

Because of Hermione's sudden hug, Evan rushed to struggle and stretched his head out of Hermione's arms.

He was now in the form of a black cat with his head up and his little paws pushing forward.

"Ah!" Hermione let out a low cry because of Evan's actions.

“What’s wrong?” Ginny hurriedly asked, blinking her eyes.

“No, it’s okay. Crookshanks is moving in my arms!” Hermione said.

She looked down at Evan and told him to calm down.

In fact, Evan had never seen Hermione from this perspective.

From the bottom up, looking at Hermione’s chin and side face, Evan felt she was extraordinarily charming and particularly attractive.

As for Hermione’s menacing glare, Evan ignored it directly.

“You must have done it with Evan!” Ginny turned over and seemed to forget to hug Crookshanks. She looked at the ceiling and held out her small hands. “I also want to try, what kind of feeling is that?!”

“No, nothing happened between us!” Hermione hurriedly said.

She felt that she could no longer keep up with Ginny’s thoughts. She pushed Evan out while Ginny was not looking at her.

The door was open, and Evan had only to take the opportunity to run out and no longer worry about being discovered by Ginny.

But Evan didn’t want to leave at this time, for the conversation between the girls was unexpectedly interesting.

He wanted to see Hermione’s next reaction; this was a rare opportunity!

Evan pretended not to understand Hermione immediately, and he hung tightly on her pajamas.

Like a real cat, Hermione couldn’t pull him down, no matter how hard she tried.

“What are you doing? Get out!” Hermione leaned over and whispered gritting her teeth.

Because her voice was too low, Evan did not hear what she said.

He only felt Hermione’s breath in his ear, which was warm and delicate.

In this breath, the air also became strange.

As it passed down his ear, Evan felt that he had lost his strength all of a sudden and softly lied on her.

“It’s a pity that you two haven’t kissed. I thought you two have been together for a while now!” Ginny said, “I heard the older girls say that you should go out on a date after third grade. I don’t know if Harry will go out or not.”

Her expectations were doomed to fail and Hogwarts would host the Triwizard Tournament this year.

At Christmas, there would be a grand dance in the castle, and everyone needed a partner.

Harry, probably, wanted to invite Ravenclaw’s Cho Chang.

Compared with Ginny, who was still a little girl, the fifth year Cho was indeed more attractive, not to mention that she was very beautiful.

“Hermione, you have to hurry up!” Ginny continued. “You know, there are many girls in the school who are in love with Evan, such as Cho Chang of Ravenclaw House, she will...”

“If Evan likes Cho, I can’t stop him from making that choice.” Hermione said flatly.

However, the hidden meaning in the words made Evan’s whole body hair stand up immediately.

The warmth of her breath disappeared in the blink of an eye, and under Hermione’s gaze, Evan suddenly felt a bit cold.

He was not going to stay here, and since the topic had been transferred to himself, it was obviously kindling the flames by continuing to stay.

The next second, Evan imitated Crookshanks’s voice and meowed.

He jumped out of Hermione’s arms and rushed into the dark corridor.

Behind him, Hermione looked at the disappearing Evan, her face red to the extreme, not knowing what to think.

Chapter 449: the Early Morning in the Burrow

This night was doomed to be sleepless, Evan did not know if Hermione had insomnia as well, but he for sure kept rolling in bed for a long time and could not sleep.

All he had in mind was Hermione and the feeling he had just been lying with her and being held in her arms.

Along with that, her image in those lovely pink pajamas along with the cute touch of crimson on her pretty face did not leave his mind.

Evan had only one thought, that is, Hermione at that time seemed to be particularly attractive.

He had all sorts of impulses; if only time had stalled in that second, as he had hoped...

All in all, Evan felt as though he had barely lain down to sleep when he was being shaken awake by Mrs. Weasley.

“Time to go, Evan, dear.” She whispered, moving away to wake Harry and Ron.

Evan sat up and rubbed his eyes.

It was still dark outside, and Ron muttered indistinctly as his mother roused him.

At his foot, Harry was also confused, feeling around for his glasses.

Near the door, two large, disheveled shapes emerged from tangles of blankets.

“What, it’s time already?” Fred asked groggily.

“Get up!” replied George.

They dressed in silence, too sleepy to talk. Then, yawning and stretching, the five of them headed downstairs into the kitchen.

Mrs. Weasley was making breakfast and constantly stirring the contents of a large pot on the stove. Mr. Weasley sat at the table and checked a sheaf of large parchment tickets.

As the boys walked into the kitchen, he looked up and spread his arms so that they could see his clothes more clearly.

He was wearing what appeared to be a golfing sweater and a very old pair of jeans, slightly too big for him and held up with a thick leather belt.

“What do you think?” he eagerly asked. “We’re supposed to go incognito to the Quidditch World Cup. Do I look enough like a Muggle?”

“Not bad!” Evan said in a huff.

“Very much!” Harry said with a smile. “Your Muggle dress is very good.”

Mr. Weasley seemed very satisfied when he heard both of them.

“Where are Bill and Charlie and Per-Per-Percy?” said George, failing to stifle a huge yawn.

“Well, they’re Apparating, aren’t they?” said Mrs. Weasley, heaving the large pot over to the table and starting to ladle porridge into bowls. “So they can have a bit of a lie-in. Besides, the three of them don’t have to go to see Sirius.”

That’s right, everyone remembered.

In addition to going to watch the Quidditch World Cup today, they had to visit Sirius at St Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries.

“He sent a letter this morning and is already waiting for us!” Mr. Weasley said with a smile. “He is recovering well.”

“Professor Black wrote this letter so early?!” Fred looked at the darkness of the sky, and gave a dull slap of the tongue.

Because he was a professor of Defence Against the Dark Arts class, he used to call Sirius ‘Professor Black’. Just then, Fred remembered that Sirius was no longer a professor!

“Well, to be so energetic, it seems that he has really recovered. So, Percy and the others are still in bed?!” Fred continued. “Why can’t we Apparate too?”

“Because you’re not of age and you haven’t passed your test.” Mrs. Weasley answered him.

“And where have those girls gone to?” She bustled out of the kitchen and they heard her climbing the stairs and calling for Hermione and Ginny.

Evan silently ate breakfast and listened to Harry and Mr. Weasley talking about Apparition.

Mr. Weasley gave them an example of a physical separation caused by the failure of Apparition process.

The unlucky guy left half of his body in place and the other half went to his destination.

Fortunately, the Accidental Magic Reversal Squad arrived in time to save his life.

He got a heavy fine but at least, he didn't lose his life.

Then they laughed as they talked about Percy's first Apparition failure, deviating from the destination, and falling on a Muggle's head.

Mrs. Weasley walked downstairs, and behind her, there were footsteps down the passageway.

Hermione and Ginny came into the kitchen, both looking pale and drowsy.

Seeing Evan, who was drinking porridge, Hermione's face suddenly became rosy.

She was like Ginny when seeing Harry, very shy. But for Hermione, this was the first time she was so flustered.

Obviously, she remembered what happened with Evan last night.

Hermione tried to keep herself calm. Sitting next to Evan and seeing the smirk on his face, she couldn't help kicking him hard.

Evan coughed and buried his face in the bowl.

"Why do we have to be up so early?" Ginny said, rubbing her eyes and sitting down at the table.

"Because you have to go to see Black, then go to the World Cup." Mr. Weasley said, "There is still a long way to go, it's not early!"

"Where are we going to watch the World Cup?" Harry asked.

"At the edge of a forest. It's very difficult for a large number of wizards to congregate without attracting Muggle attention. We have to be very careful about how we travel at the best times on a huge occasion like the Quidditch World Cup."

"George!" said Mrs. Weasley sharply, and they all jumped.

"What?" said George, in an innocent tone that deceived nobody.

"What is that in your pocket?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Nothing!"

"Don't you lie to me!" Mrs. Weasley pointed her wand at George's pocket and said, "Accio!"

Several small, brightly colored objects zoomed out of George's pocket. They were all Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes that he and Fred showed Evan, Harry and Ron last night.

Fred and George made a grab for them, but missed. They turned in midair and sped right into Mrs. Weasley's outstretched hand.

"God, I told you yesterday to destroy them!" said Mrs. Weasley furiously, raising the things in her hand, "I want you to burn these things. Empty your pockets; go on, both of you!"

Fred and George had apparently been trying to smuggle these things out of the house, but they were all found out.

On the table, various Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes were piled up higher and higher.

Everyone looked at these things dumbfounded and couldn't believe it.

Evan sighed. He knew that Fred and George were going to have a bad day!

Chapter 450: Departure, and the Portkey

If he had thought about this, Evan could have helped them bring these things out without being discovered by Mrs. Weasley.

He had a cloth bag from Nicolas Flamel, and under the influence of alchemy and the Undetectable Extension Charm, the unsuspecting cloth sack could hold a lot of things.

The Undetectable Extension Charm can ensure that the contents are not found.

But apparently, Evan spent too much time in Ginny's room last night.

By the time he went back, Harry, Ron, Fred, and George had fallen asleep and didn't tell him about it.

Now that Mrs. Weasley had found out, it was too late to say anything!

Evan's remarks to Hermione last night could not be said to Mrs. Weasley.

Regardless of whether she would believe it or not, alchemy, the Book of Abraham, and the evil gods all needed to be kept secret.

"Accio! Accio! Accio!" Mrs. Weasley shouted.

A lot of deformed candy, Ton-Tongue Toffees and other gadgets, zoomed from all sorts of unlikely, including the lining of George's jacket and the turn-ups of Fred's jeans.

"Mom, we spent half a year developing those!" Fred yelled out of grievance.

"You can't do this!" George looked at Mrs. Weasley with a distressed look as she threw these things into the burning fire.

"Oh a fine way to spend half a year!" Mrs. Weasley shrieked. "No wonder you didn't get more O.W.L.s! You've been studying these things all day long!"

Under her angry gaze, Fred and George lowered their heads, and no one in the kitchen dared to speak.

All in all, the atmosphere was not very friendly as they took their departure.

Mrs. Weasley was still glowering as she kissed Mr. Weasley on the cheek.

As for Fred and George, who had a worse attitude, they hoisted their rucksacks onto their backs and walked into the fireplace without saying a word.

They were going through the Floo Network to St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries.

After another round of whirl, Evan drilled out from the spacious waiting room fireplace in St. Mungo's.

This was his second time here. The last time he had followed Sirius to visit Ron.

Compared with before, it might be due to the fact that it was too early, the waiting room was quiet, and under the dim light, they could see no wizards waiting for the healers.

The very spacious hall was extraordinarily empty.

The air was filled with the cold smell of mixed disinfectant, feeling a little oozing.

It was as if there might be something horrible that could jump out of the corner at any time.

"Come on, I know where he is!" Mr. Weasley whispered.

They crossed the double door between the waiting room and the ward and walked through a narrow corridor.

On both sides were portraits of famous healers. Crystal bubbles filled with candles floated on the ceiling, looking like huge soap bubbles.

Just arrived in front of the ward, and before they entered, they saw Sirius coming out with a smile.

He looked very happy and, like everyone else, was dressed up as a Muggle.

"Finally you're here, I can't wait!" Sirius said, embracing everyone in turn.

"Sirius, your injury?!" Harry looked at him in surprise.

"Don't worry, just a little skin wound. It's already healed!" Sirius patted Harry on the shoulder with a smile on his face. "Harry, are you okay? Did those Muggles bully you?"

"I, I am fine!" Harry hesitated, not sure whether it was necessary to speak out his grievances.

But he could not stop himself, and he had already started to talk.

From his concern for Sirius and Evan, to this terrible experience of the summer vacation, the grievance of being left alone with the Dursleys, and the strange dream and the scar pain, all was said at once.

Harry had never felt this way before. He confided all this to an elder whom he fully believed in.

Sirius was just like a father to him.

The others did not disturb the dialogue between Harry and Sirius, and left room for them.

They knew that Harry, who had never experienced parental love, needed this feeling.

As for Sirius, this was what he had been waiting for a long time.

Sirius listened carefully to Harry's confession and whispered his opinion to him.

After quite a few minutes, he had finished talking to Harry and turned to Evan's side.

"Thank you, Evan!" said Sirius, "Dumbledore told me that you saved my life after I fainted."

Evan was a little embarrassed. In fact, he had to thank Sirius too. If Sirius hadn't magically pushed him out of that huge pit, he might have fallen dead!

They talked for a while, and then Sirius took out something that looked like a Quaffle.

"Come on, kids, we can't miss the World Cup!" Sirius said, "It's time to get there. If there is anything to say, let it be later. Let's go now!"

"How do we get there? With Apparition?" Harry asked curiously.

"No!" Mr. Weasley took the Quaffle from Sirius. "We'll go there with the Portkey. Fortunately, the Department prepared a Portkey at St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. We don't have to go out and look for it."

"The Portkey?!" Harry stared at the Quaffle in his hand.

"Remember, I said before, about 100,000 wizards are coming to watch the World Cup!" Mr. Weasley explained, "With so many people who want to gather in one place, very strict organization is needed. The first thing is to stagger the arrivals."

Among the 100,000 wizards, there were a few who are able to use Apparition.

In a handy wood around the final venue, the Ministry of Magic set up safe points for Apparition.

However, for those who were unwilling or unable to Apparate, other methods could be used.

"People with cheaper tickets have to arrive two weeks beforehand. Some people use Muggle transport, but the number is limited. We can't have too many clogging up their buses and trains," Mr. Weasley said. "So, we use Portkeys. They're objects that are used to transport wizards from one spot to another at a prearranged time. You can do large groups at a time if you need to. There have been two hundred Portkeys placed at strategic points around Britain."

"So, this Quaffle is a Portkey?!" Harry continued.

"Yes!" said Sirius. "I have inquired, and there aren't any more of us near St. Mungo's. Hurry up, there's less than a minute to go, and the time's almost up!"

Evan had used Portkeys many times before, and only Harry, Ron, and Hermione still didn't know about it.

He whispered to Hermione the principle of the Portkey and how to use it.

