

## Harry Potter 631

### Chapter 631: Furious Harry

Hagrid was nowhere to be seen for the following week.

He didn't appear at the staff table at mealtimes; they didn't see him going about his gamekeeper duties on the grounds. Harry went to look for him several times, but he refused to show up, hiding in the cabin and all the curtains were closed.

After the start of the new term, Professor Grubbly-Plank replaced him to take the Care of Magical Creatures classes.

Professor Grubbly-Plank was an elderly witch with closely cropped gray hair and a very prominent chin.

In all fairness, compared with Hagrid, her teaching level was really much better, and she also knew how to choose the right magical creatures.

On the first day of the new semester, she showed a unicorn to the students in the third and fourth years, which was much better received than the skrewts.

Professor Grubbly-Plank told the students a lot about the unicorn, and some of the knowledge she shared even Evan didn't know.

And there was the girls, who could touch the unicorn one by one and they were very excited.

In short, Professor Grubbly-Plank's outstanding performance left a deep impression on all the young wizards.

She made everyone realize that it was so interesting to protect the magical creatures. They didn't need to continue to be discredited by Malfoy and the Slytherins. The only sympathy for Hagrid was rapidly disappearing, and it was hoped that Professor Grubbly-Plank would stay.

"That's more what I thought Care of Magical Creatures would like ... proper creatures like unicorns, not monsters," said Lavender at dinner, "I hope she stays..."

"What about Hagrid?" Harry asked angrily. Lavender had just been talking about how good Professor Grubbly-Plank was, which made him very angry.

"He could still be gamekeeper, can't he?!" Lavender replied.

Noticing Harry's expression, Ron tugged at Lavender's robes and motioned to her to stop talking.

After the ball, Ron and Lavender's relationship did not end as Evan, Harry, and Hermione expected, but became better and better.

Ron even tried to integrate Lavender into their small circle, but from the current situation, it was very difficult!

They were not similar at all. There was a big difference in their personalities and views on things.

Whether it was Evan, Harry, Hermione, Colin, Ginny, or Gabrielle, they couldn't talk to Lavender.

“No, we’ve got to find Hagrid,” said Harry, putting down his knife and fork. “We’ll go now and tell him we want him back ... you do want him back?!”

He shot at Hermione, who had just praised Professor Grubbly-Plank and thought her class was very good.

“I ... well, I’m not going to pretend it didn’t make a nice change, having a proper Care of Magical Creatures lesson for once ... but I do want Hagrid back, of course I do!” Hermione added hastily, quailing under Harry’s furious stare.

Harry nodded. “Then it’s settled. Let’s all go and make sure he comes out to see us... “

“I won’t go!” Lavender interjected, not noticing Harry’s face. “I really don’t understand why we must ask Hagrid back. Compared with Professor Grubbly-Plank, he’s not as qualified to be Professor of the Care of Magical Creatures.”

Harry went straight away panting without refuting Lavender, but he was undoubtedly furious!

Evan and Hermione hurried after him. Ron hesitated and stayed to comfort Lavender.

She looked aggrieved, believing that she had said nothing wrong.

In fact, she was just telling the truth, not considering her feelings with Hagrid, but she seemed to have no friendship with him.

The ground was still covered with thick snow and ice. After leaving the castle, Harry walked with great strides, almost trotting all the way to Hagrid’s cabin. Evan and Hermione struggled hard to catch up with him.

The last time Harry was so angry, he was facing Peter Pettigrew and learning of the truth about his parents’ death.

In his heart, Hagrid had always had a very important spot.

Lavender’s words and Ron’s failure to keep up with this incident made him very agitated.

He didn’t listen to Evan and Hermione at all now. He just wanted to see Hagrid!

He wanted to tell him personally that he didn’t care if he was a half-giant!

Five minutes later, they came to Hagrid’s cabin and the curtains were still drawn.

Evan knocked at the door and could hear Fang’s booming barks inside.

“Hagrid, it’s us!” Harry shouted, pounding on the door. “Open up!”

Hagrid didn’t answer. They could hear Fang scratching at the door, whining, but it didn’t open. They hammered on it for ten more minutes, but there was no response.

Evan looked inside through the gap of the curtain outside the window, and Hagrid was definitely inside.

It was just like when they came the previous times, he didn’t want to see them.

But Harry was not going to give up. He shouted for a while and saw Ron rushing from the castle, panting.

As soon as he had coaxed Lavender, he ran here, looking at Harry apologetically, apologizing and explaining what Lavender had just said.

Ron was able to come over, which made Harry feel a little better, and his agitation was not as pronounced as before.

As for what Lavender said, he did not take it to heart at all, from the beginning!

Harry went on pounding on the door, and Ron banged on one of the windows, but there was still no response.

“What’s he avoiding us for?” said Hermione. “He surely doesn’t think we’d care about him being half-giant?”

“Obviously, he cares!”

“Hagrid, that’s enough! We know you’re in there!” Harry shouted, taking out his wand directly. “Come out. Nobody cares if your mum was a giantess, Hagrid! You can’t let that foul Skeeter woman do this to you!”

There was a red light at the tip of his wand and a loud bang. The door of Hagrid’s cabin opened!

Hagrid was surprised to see the group break in. He was sitting by the fire, which was already out, with two bottles in front of him.

There were more empty wine bottles on the ground, and the air was reeking with the pungent smell of alcohol.

Hagrid looked like a real mess. His face was blotchy, his eyes red and swollen, and he had gone to the other extreme where his hair was concerned; far from trying to make it behave, it now looked like a wig of tangled wire.

He was even still wearing the furry brown suit of the Yule Ball and didn’t change it.

“Hi, Hagrid!” said Harry, and he walked in.

“Hello!” Hagrid looked up and said in a very hoarse voice.

Chapter 632: Persuading Hagrid

Behind Harry, Evan, Ron, and Hermione also entered the hut.

Fang rushed toward them, barking madly and trying to lick Evan’s ears. Evan fended off Fang and looked around. He hadn’t come here for a few days, and he couldn’t believe it was the familiar Hagrid’s cabin.

The scene inside had changed so much that Ron and Hermione were equally surprised.

Harry ignored the empty bottles on the ground and the spoiled food, and went straight to Hagrid.

“Hagrid, cheer up would you,” he shouted, “how can you be knocked down by such a small thing?!”

Hagrid did not answer. He looked up at Harry, his eyes empty.

The bloodline of the half-giant had been a worry to him for decades, making him less confident.

Madame Maxime's reaction made him give up completely.

Hagrid knew clearly what giants represented. He was afraid that others would gradually alienate him when they knew about it.

He only wanted to hide alone here. He didn't think that Harry, Evan, Ron, and Hermione would come.

Hagrid's biggest concern was, after knowing he was half-giant, would they still like to be friends with him?!

"Harry is right, Hagrid. Don't care what that woman wrote," Hermione followed. "You shouldn't be upset by her remarks. She's just lying. No one cares what she writes."

"She didn't lie. I am really a half-giant!" Hagrid choked, and two round tears leaked out of his beetle-black eyes and fell slowly into his tangled beard. "My mum..."

"We don't care. Even if you're half-giant, there's nothing abnormal about you in my eyes."

"You don't understand, Harry..." Hagrid said, and many tears rolled down his cheeks and seeped into his matted beard.

Harry was about to say something else when a voice came from the front of Hagrid's cabin.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I think Harry really understands it better than you, Hagrid! The four of them came here to show that they still want to know you, this is the most important!"

Everyone turned their heads and was surprised to see Dumbledore standing at the door.

"Hello!" He said happily, smiling at everyone.

"Professor!"

"I am very happy to see you here. I am here to talk to Hagrid about the resignation report he just submitted." Dumbledore said and came in. "We just stand here. Let's sit down and have some tea and talk while we drink!"

He drew out his wand and twiddled it, and a revolving tea tray appeared in midair along with a plate of cakes. Dumbledore magicked the tray onto the table, and everybody sat down.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione all looked stiff and silent for a moment. Dumbledore asked everyone to have a cup of tea.

The conversation continued. Now that Dumbledore had come, there was nothing to worry about, and there was no need for them to take up the matter. Evan sat beside the bed with his teacup, absently looking at the heat coming out of the cup and looking out of the window at the white snow.

“Hagrid, in the few days after the report was published, I have received many letters about you. I want you to see them,” said Dumbledore, waving his wand in the air, and a heavy package fell on the ground. “These are all letters from the countless parents who remember you from their own days here, telling me in no uncertain terms that if I sacked you, they would have something to say about it. You can have a look!”

In the name of the parents of the students, Rita Skeeter called on Hogwarts to expel Hagrid in a coercive tone in the newspaper.

After seeing this report, many wizards wrote to Dumbledore to express their views.

It seemed that they didn't like to be represented by others to casually express some suggestions against their original intentions.

Hagrid's popularity was not as bad as he thought, and many people were willing to speak for him.

Next, Harry, Evan, Ron, and Hermione began to open the letters and read them to Hagrid.

Hearing these touching words, Hagrid cried even more!

“Not all of them,” said Hagrid hoarsely. “Not all of them want me to stay.”

“Really, Hagrid, if you are holding out for universal popularity, I'm afraid you will be in this cabin for a very long time,” said Dumbledore, now peering sternly over his half-moon spectacles. “Not a week has passed since I became Headmaster of this school when I haven't had at least one owl complaining about the way I run it. But what should I do? Barricade myself in my study and refuse to talk to anybody?!”

“Yeah ... but you're not half-giant!” said Hagrid croakily.

“Hagrid, look what I've got for relatives!” Harry said furiously. “Look at the Dursleys!”

“An excellent point,” said Professor Dumbledore. “My own brother, Aberforth, was prosecuted for practicing inappropriate charms on a goat. It was all over the papers, but did Aberforth hide? No, he did not! He held his head high and went about his business as usual! Of course, I'm not entirely sure he can read, so that may not have been bravery...”

Evan's lips were curled. Dumbledore's younger brother, Aberforth, was more than just practicing inappropriate charms on the goat.

An investigation into the reports of that year showed that there was an inexplicable and complex relationship between him and the goat.

“Come back to teach, Hagrid,” said Hermione quietly, “please come back, we really miss you.”

Hagrid fought back a sob, but his tears could not help but flow.

“The arrival of Harry, Evan, Ron, Hermione, and these letters already speak for themselves!” Dumbledore stood up. “I refuse to accept your resignation, Hagrid, and I expect you back at work on Monday,” he said. “You will join me for breakfast at eight-thirty in the Great Hall. No excuses.”

Dumbledore walked to the door, pausing only to scratch Fang’s ears, and left the cabin.

When the door had shut behind him, Hagrid began to sob into his dustbin-lid-sized hands.

Hermione kept patting his arm, and at last, Hagrid looked up, his eyes very red indeed, and said, “Great man, Dumbledore ... great man ...”

Chapter 633: Hagrid's Past

“Hagrid?!”

“He’s right ... you’re all right. I’ve been stupid ... my old dad would have been ashamed of the way I’ve been behaving...” More tears leaked out, but Hagrid wiped them away more forcefully, and said, “By the way, I’ve never shown you a picture of my old dad, have I? Here...”

Hagrid got up, went over to his dresser, opened a drawer, and pulled out a picture of a short wizard with Hagrid’s crinkled black eyes, beaming as he sat on top of Hagrid’s shoulder. Hagrid was a good seven or eight feet tall, judging by the apple tree beside him, but his face was beardless, young, round, and smooth ... he looked hardly older than eleven.

Seeing this photo, Evan turned more skeptical of how Hagrid’s mother had been pregnant with him.

Hagrid’s father was very short, and compared with the giant, the ratio was too big, even bigger than Evan had imagined before!

“That was taken just after I got into Hogwarts,” Hagrid croaked. “Dad was dead chuffed ... he thought I might not be a wizard, you see, because my mum ... well, anyway. Of course, I never was great shakes at magic, really ... but at least he never saw me expelled. He died, you see, in my second year ... soon afterwards, I was expelled from school...”

“Dumbledore was the one who stuck up for me after Dad went. He got me the gamekeeper job ... he trusts people, he does. He gives them second chances ... that’s what sets him apart from other Headmasters, you see. He’ll accept anyone at Hogwarts, as long as they’ve got the talent. He knows people can turn out okay even if their families weren’t ... well ... all that is respectable. But some

don't understand that. There's some who'd always hold it against you because of your origin..."

Hagrid was right. Bloodline theory had always been very popular in the wizarding world.

Pure blood wizards were born noble. They occupied the mainstream of the magic society and looked down on mixed blood wizards and Muggle-borns.

The Muggle-born wizards hated this, but they in turn discriminated against wizards such as werewolves, mixed-race giants, and other non-human magic creatures.

Strict laws had been enacted to limit their development and facilitate their exploitation. It was like a pyramid with a strict hierarchy, one layer at a time.

Descent and origin between different wizards and magical species created an insurmountable natural gap.

In a sense, except for a few pure blood wizards, the vast majority of wizards were victims.

But they were also perpetrators, continuing to discriminate against wizards and magical creatures that were humbler than their own lineage and origins.

In the past, this concept completely protected the magical inheritance and saved the wizards from the persecution of Muggles.

But nowadays, this concept of decay and backwardness had limited the rapid development of the wizarding world and should be stopped and abandoned.

"They've always been like that. There's some who'd even pretend they just had big bones rather than stand up and say... I am what I am, and I'm not ashamed. 'Never be ashamed,' my old dad used to say, 'there's some who'll hold it against you, but they're not worth bothering with.' And he was right. I've been an idiot. I'm not bothering with her no more, I promise you that. Big bones ... I'll give her big bones!"

Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked at one another nervously. Because of the excitement, Hagrid continued to talk non-stop.

Even if they were killed, everyone would not admit that they actually knew what he and Madame Maxime talked about. Evan and Hermione were there.

What Hagrid said at first was inspiring, but then it was a little baffling!

It seemed that Hagrid had a deep grudge against Madame Maxime!

Although the results were somewhat different from those expected, this matter was finally solved!

Apart from Slytherin's students, most people didn't care if Hagrid was a half-giant.

Everyone was very happy that he was able to go back to school, although it was also because he changed the course content.

Whether Hagrid was trying to make up for the Blast-Ended-Skrewts, or because there were now only two skrewts left, or because he was trying to prove he could do anything that Professor Grubbly-Plank could, they didn't know, but Hagrid had been continuing her lessons on unicorns ever since he'd returned to work.

It turned out that Hagrid knew quite as much about unicorns as he did about monsters, though it was clear that he found their lack of poisonous fangs disappointing.

The second week, Evan saw two unicorn foals Hagrid had managed to capture and brought to the third year Care of Magical Creatures class.

Unlike full-grown unicorns, they were pure gold and very rare. The girls went into transports of delight at the sight of them.

“These babies turn silver when they're about two years old,” Hagrid told the class. “And they grow horns at around four. They don't go pure white till they're full grown, around about seven. They're a bit more trusting when they're babies ... they don't mind boys so much. Come on, move in a bit, you can pat them if you want and give them a few of these sugar lumps...”

In the classroom, all the students went up and touched the unicorns one by one, and everyone was very excited.

At the same time, everyone's impression of Hagrid had changed greatly.

Life on campus was calm again, and the next thing to consider was to help Ron through the second task.

After Christmas, the date of the task was very close!

Harry and Hermione reminded Ron regularly, but he did not make any substantial progress with the Golden Egg.

Although he studied every day, Ron did not completely focus on it.

In addition to the daily classes, he and Lavender were getting together longer and longer.

The two of them sneaked out in the evenings, dated around the castle and looked for empty classrooms, almost every day.

Ron and Lavender were making rapid progress. They were both very open and relaxed in this respect, which made Evan very envious.

In the evenings, he and Hermione could not be alone together; and they could not be together all day. Forget about an empty classroom like Ron and Lavender; they spent almost all their time in the library.

Only when they returned to the Common Room for a late-night snack could they say a few ambiguous words of mutual affection, very plain, but happy and sweet.

That was enough to satisfy Evan, but if it was to go beyond that, he would not object.

Chapter 634: Krum Swimming



Evan didn't tell Ron about the secret of the Golden Egg, which could easily arouse others' suspicion. That would be too obvious to do that, and it was pointless.

The key to the second task was not the information inside the Golden Egg, but how to get Ron to dive under the water.

There was no need to count on the Bubble-Head Charm. Given Ron's current situation, it was not practical or reassuring for him to fully master the use of this difficult charm. It was better to use the Gillyweed, which was more suitable for him.

The Gillyweed was a rare magical plant native to the Mediterranean Sea.

In Hogwarts, it could be found only in Snape's private potion stores.

As for how to get the Gillyweed, that was going to be Caresius's business and headache. Evan was not ready to intervene.

On the last day of the Christmas holidays, he looked for another chance to talk to the vampire.

Evan's worries seemed to be superfluous. Voldemort's work outside the school had not progressed much. At the very least, Caresius's clan had not given him any information. Besides fully helping Ron, Caresius had not received any new orders.

As for why Barty Crouch was sick, and where Voldemort was, he had no idea.

Caresius was not really a qualified spy. He was not trusted by Voldemort at all. Just as if he was treating an enemy, the dark lord was now hiding everything from him, or directly giving him the wrong information.

But on second thought, Voldemort had always been like this, he had never trusted anyone except himself.

Snape also spent decades, contributing countless secret information about the Order of the Phoenix, to be able to lurk beside Voldemort.

A vampire such as Caresius, who had never joined the Death Eaters and turned to Voldemort wholeheartedly, but also had his own plans and sullied the noble blood of Slytherin, would be mercilessly discarded after Voldemort regained his strength.

Caresius was also clearly aware of this and therefore formed an alliance with Evan. Although he didn't know any key information, Evan managed to learn something from him.

It was the new measures Percy talked about at the ball. After so many accidents in the first task, Barty Crouch suggested that the facilities of the next two tasks should be set up by the Ministry of Magic for safety reasons.

The Ministry would send someone to check the safety of the facilities, and Hogwarts was not allowed to interfere.

The purpose of doing this was obvious, and it was second to prevent danger. It was easier to do what he wanted. Even without the help of Caresius, Barty Crouch could do it himself.

Caresius had reservations about whether Barty Crouch Jr. was faking his father.

He just told Evan not to forget the Imperius Curse. As long as there was an opportunity, Barty Crouch Jr. could use this curse to control a lot of people for him to drive.

With the ability of a young wizard, students in Hogwarts shouldn't be able to resist and break free from the control of the curse.

That was also the main reason why, during Voldemort's reign, all wizards were in a state of panic.

If Barty Crouch Jr. really used the Imperius Curse in Hogwarts, it would be a nightmare.

In this case, it would be rather foolish and even useless to look for Barty Crouch Jr. and find him.

Getting stronger was the only good way. Evan was advancing steadily according to his plan.

Time passed, and halfway through January, the students went to Hogsmeade.

Evan had an appointment with Sirius. Today, he was going to practice Apparition with him.

Everyone was going to visit Sirius.

Hermione disapproved of Ron going to Hogsmeade. "Ron, I just thought you'd want to take advantage of the Common Room being quiet, and really get to work on that egg."

"But I have an appointment with Lavender... we'll go together..." Ron noticed Hermione's face and stopped wisely. "Oh ... about that golden egg ... I reckon I've got a pretty good idea what it's about now!" Ron rubbed his head nervously. He lied.

In fact, he had had enough of that noisy golden egg and wanted to give up.

During that period, as soon as he returned to the dormitory, he took the golden egg out of his trunk, opened it to listen intently, hoping to find out the mystery. He strained to think what the sound reminded him of, apart from thirty musical saws.

But Ron couldn't think of anything. He had never heard anything else like it.

He closed the golden egg, shook it vigorously, and then opened it again to see if the sound had changed, but it hadn't.

He also tried asking the egg questions, shouting over all the wailing, but nothing happened.

He even used fire to burn the egg and threw it across the room, though he hadn't really expected that to help.

All in all, Ron had been doing useless work recently and was on the verge of collapse.

He needed to relax. Although it made him feel a little guilty, he couldn't miss his date with Lavender.

Ron's only thought now was that it was really good to have a girlfriend.

As for proving that he was a true champion of Hogwarts and winning the game, it had become a secondary goal.

He'd been able to overcome the dragon, and he was very satisfied in his heart. He wanted to prove himself not as weak as before.

Ron felt a little uncomfortable at the thought of Hermione's stunning appearance at the ball. His strange mood made him not want to listen to Hermione's advice.

Besides, he still had five weeks to work out that egg clue, and that was ages...

Evan, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Colin and Gabrielle left the castle together on Saturday and set off through the cold, wet grounds toward the gates.

As they passed the Durmstrang ship moored in the lake, they saw Viktor Krum emerge onto the deck, dressed in nothing but swimming trunks. He was very skinny indeed, but apparently a lot tougher than he looked, because he climbed up onto the side of the ship, stretched out his arms, and dived, right into the lake.

"God, what's he doing?!" Colin couldn't help but say, "This is suicide!"

"He's mad!" said Harry, staring at Krum's dark head as it bobbed out into the middle of the lake. "It must be freezing, it's January!"

"It's a lot colder where he comes from," said Hermione. "I suppose it feels quite warm to him."

"Krum's strong, stronger than most people!" Ron argued for him. "Temperature is not a problem for him. He may have the habit of winter swimming. These difficulties mean nothing to him!"

He now had a very good relationship with Krum, but he rarely mentioned him since they met.

Chapter 635: Bagman and the Goblins

"My sister said that she would go swimming in the lake recently," said Gabrielle, looking at Krum who had dived into the lake. "It's strange ... she had never been used to it before ... is there anything in the lake?"

"Who knows!"

Hearing Gabrielle's words, Hermione looked thoughtfully at Krum and felt as though she'd grasped something.

It sounded strange that two champions successively ran to the lake to practice winter swimming.

"Do you think the second task will have something to do with the lake ... make the champions dive into the lake?" she said.

"Absolutely impossible!" said Ron directly. "They won't let us go in there ... unless they're crazy!"

"Cold is nothing, but there's still the giant squid in the lake!"

Evan helped Hermione to persuade him. Harry and Ron didn't even think about that place.

They shrugged off Hermione's speculation and everyone's attention quickly shifted elsewhere.

Evan was going to meet Sirius who would help him practice Apparition. Although Evan trusted all of them, this matter was illegal in itself, and the fewer people knew about it the better.

Therefore, when they got to Hogsmeade, they separated!

Colin accompanied Gabrielle and Ginny to Honeydukes sweet shop. Gabrielle had recently given these candies as Christmas presents to her classmates from Beauxbatons, and they liked them so much. This time, she was going to buy a lot of candies to take home with them.

As for Ron, he had a date with Lavender for lunch, but it was not yet time.

Half an hour before the appointment with Sirius, Harry suggested a visit to the Three Broomsticks.

The pub was as crowded as ever, and they ordered four butter-beers from Madam Rosmerta and found a corner.

“Look ... doesn't he ever go into the office?” Hermione whispered, pushing Evan.

She pointed into the mirror behind the bar, and Evan saw Ludo Bagman reflected there, sitting in a shadowy corner with a bunch of goblins. Bagman was talking very fast in a low voice to the goblins, all of whom had their arms crossed and were looking rather menacing, shaking their heads from time to time.

Every time the goblins shook their heads, Bagman's face turned ugly.

“It's a bit odd,” said Harry, watching Bagman in the mirror. “Think about it, today is the weekend. There's no Triwizard event, and therefore no judging to be done. Why is he here?”

Bagman was looking strained again, and he kept looking around, as though searching for a way to escape.

Then, his eyes lit up as he saw Ron sitting in the corner.

He approached, whispered a few words to the goblins, and quietly pointed at the four of them.

The goblins squinted with their dark eyes and looked at Ron silently, then nodded.

“Deal, wait a moment. I'll go and talk to the kid!” said Bagman, his boyish grin back again. He stood up and hurried toward Ron.

“Children, I didn't expect to meet you here. What a coincidence! How have you been recently?!” he said, walking to Ron's side. “Ron, could I have a quick, private word?”

“Well, of course!” Ron looked at Bagman puzzled, and followed him along the bar to the end furthest from Madam Rosmerta.

They stayed there for more than a minute, and Ron's expression seemed a little surprised, and then there was a glimmer of joy.

Evan took a sip of butter-beer. It seemed that Bagman must have bet with the goblins to pay back the money. He put all his chips on Ron and bet that he could win the Triwizard Tournament. Then all his gambling debts would be written off.

Bagman was telling Ron about the secret of the Golden Egg, and Ron had accepted his help.

As a judge and Head of the Department of Magical Games and Sports, he actually violated the rules.

Cheating was really a tradition in the Triwizard Tournament.

“What are they talking about?” said Hermione, sipping butter-beer. “Those goblins don’t look very friendly?!”

“Probably about the task,” said Evan, taking out a densely packed piece of parchment from his arm.

He didn’t care about this, and he was going to use this time to review the main points of Apparition.

“Apparition looks cool and easy to use!” said Harry, staring at Evan’s parchment. “I also want Sirius to help me pass the exam, so that I don’t have to wait until adulthood.”

“No, Harry!” Hermione was shocked. “It’s illegal and very dangerous to do so. Because of Apparition failure, many people lose their lives every year. You don’t have as much power as Evan. You can’t fully master this spell...”

“I know ... I’m just talking!” said Harry.

As Hermione said, Apparition was not a joke.

Failure to use often led to splinching and even death. That’s why there was a test to Apparate at the Ministry of Magic.

Evan had experienced Apparition many times, but he was still nervous about using this spell himself for the first time.

The quill in his hand kept writing and drawing on the parchment, marking the relevant points.

There are two modes of using Apparition: one is for long-distance fast transportation, and the other is for fast shifting position in duel. Although the spells are the same, the magic power consumed and the skill used are not the same.

Harry and Hermione leaned together and looked at what Evan had written to know more details.

On the other hand, Ron’s conversation with Bagman was quickly interrupted because Fred and George happened to show up at this time.

Just as they entered the pub, they saw Bagman in front of the bar.

“Hello, Mr. Bagman,” said Fred brightly. “Can we buy you a drink?”

“Well ... no,” said Bagman, patting Ron on the shoulder. “No, thank you, boys...”

Fred and George looked quite as disappointed as Bagman, ready to say something more to get their money back.

“Well, I must dash,” he said. “Nice seeing you all. Good luck, Ron, and don’t forget what I said.”

He hurried out of the pub. The goblins all slid off their chairs and exited after him. Fred and George hesitated and followed.

“What did he want?” Harry said, the moment Ron had sat down.

“Nothing!” Ron shook his head and didn’t say what Bagman had told him.

He was hesitating to try this method, although it sounded ridiculous, he had no other way!

Chapter 636: Evan's Trap

“By the way, why are there so many goblins following him?” Harry asked.

“According to Bagman, they are looking for Crouch and want him to help. Crouch is still ill. He hasn’t been into work!” Ron explained, his thoughts turned from the golden egg and he waved disapprovingly. “To me, maybe Percy is poisoning him. He probably thinks if Crouch snuffs it he’ll be made head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation.”

Hermione gave Ron a don’t-joke-about-things-like-that look.

“Funny, goblins looking for Mr. Crouch. ... They’d normally deal with the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures.”

“Percy said that Crouch can speak loads of different languages,” said Harry. “Maybe they need an interpreter.”

“Don’t worry about those nasty goblins,” Ron looked at Hermione. “You’re thinking of starting up S.P.U.G. or something? Society for the Protection of Ugly Goblins?”

“Goblins don’t need protection,” said Hermione sarcastically, taking another sip of butterbeer. “They’re very clever and quite capable of dealing with wizards. They’re not like house-elves, who never stick up for themselves!”

“That’s great!” said Ron, looking strangely at Evan not being involved in their conversation.

He was constantly writing complex magic formulas on parchment to analyze the minimum magic power consumed by Apparition.

Ron leaned forward and wanted to see what Evan was writing.

Just then, Rita Skeeter opened the door and walked in.

She was wearing banana-yellow robes today; her long nails were painted shocking pink, and she was accompanied by her paunchy photographer.

She bought drinks, and she and the photographer made their way through the crowds to a table nearby.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione all stared at her, and Evan looked up.

Rita Skeeter was talking fast and looking very satisfied about something.

“He didn’t seem very keen to talk to us, did he, Bozo? Now, why would that be, do you think? And what’s he doing with a pack of goblins in town anyway? Showing them the sights... what nonsense... he was always a bad liar. Reckon something’s up? Think we should do a bit of digging? ‘Disgraced Ex-Head of Magical Games and Sports, Ludo Bagman ...’ Snappy start to a sentence, Bozo ... we just need to find a story to fit it ...”

“That’s enough; you’re trying to ruin someone else’s life?!” Harry shouted angrily and could not help getting to his feet.

The noise in the bar suddenly stopped, and a few people turned around to find out what was going on with Harry!

Rita Skeeter’s eyes widened behind her jeweled spectacles as she saw who had spoken.

“Harry, Harry Potter!” she said, beaming, “How lovely! Why don’t you come and join...?”

“I wouldn’t come near you with a ten-foot broomstick,” said Harry furiously. “Why did you treat Hagrid like that? He didn’t offend you, what did you do that to him for?!”

Rita Skeeter raised her heavily penciled eyebrows, and a glimmer of pride flickered through her face.

“Our readers have a right to the truth, Harry. I am merely doing my...”

“You’re lying. Who cares if he’s half-giant?” Harry shouted. “There’s nothing wrong with him!”

When he thought of Hagrid’s sad look, he felt unusually uncomfortable in his heart and shouted with the loudest voice.

This time, the whole pub had gone very quiet. Madam Rosmerta was staring over from behind the bar, apparently oblivious to the fact that the flagon she was filling with mead was overflowing.

Rita Skeeter’s smile flickered very slightly, but she hitched it back almost at once. She snapped open her crocodile-skin handbag, pulled out her Quick-Quotes Quill, and said, “How about giving me an interview about the Hagrid you know, Harry? The man behind the muscles? Your unlikely friendship and the reasons behind it. Would you call him a father substitute?”

“Enough!” Hermione stood up very abruptly, her butterbeer clutched in her hand as though it were a grenade. Her body was shaking slightly because of anger, and she seemed to have never seen such a brazen person.

“You horrible woman,” she said, through gritted teeth, “you don’t care, do you, you just want to attract people, anything for a story, and anyone will do, won’t they? Even Ludo Bagman ...”

“Sit down, you silly little girl, and don’t talk about things you don’t understand,” said Rita Skeeter coldly, her eyes hardening as they fell on Hermione, not as friendly as when she looked at Harry. “I know things about Ludo Bagman that would make your hair curl ... not that it needs it...”

She disdainfully looked at Hermione’s bushy hair, and her Quick-Quotes Quill was zooming backward and forward over a piece of parchment on the table.

“Well, Hermione, don’t argue with such people. It’s not worth it!” Evan said softly, putting his parchment on the table.

Rita Skeeter stared at Evan, as if she had just seen him, and her eyes fell on the thick parchment. She could clearly see that it was a terrible pattern.

Under the influence of some kind of curse, the soul of a person on the parchment was being pulled away, with a painful expression on his face. Below the image were complex magic symbols and formulas, and then a scene where a person was burned by fire.

Undoubtedly, these things were Dark magic, very evil, terrible black magic!

Even Muggles who had not learned magic could guess what these things were, seeing these patterns.

Evan was trying to persuade Hermione to sit down, and then, as if suddenly aware of something, hurriedly turned back the parchment in hand.

That way, it seemed that he was afraid of being seen, and he glanced at Rita Skeeter uncomfortably.

Seeing Evan’s action, Rita Skeeter seemed to think of something, and smiled again with satisfaction.

“Let’s go, Bozo,” said Rita Skeeter suddenly, laughing at Evan and Harry. “Harry, if you want to talk to me about Hagrid, you’ll always be welcome! ... you too, Evan!”

They just left the pub, without even touching the drinks they had bought.

If Evan guessed right, she would probably come back in another form to figure out what was on the parchment he had just exposed.

This was very sensational news that she couldn’t miss!

That was right, those were all the black magic he studied, and it was the trap that Evan had specially prepared for Rita Skeeter.

Chapter 637: Catching Rita Skeeter

Rita Skeeter’s Animagus form was a beetle, and it was not easy to find an inconspicuous insect.



Especially knowing that Evan's magic power was very strong, Rita Skeeter was more afraid and would not come to him easily.

Although she was ostentatious, she was cautious in character and seldom appeared around wizards with high magic power.

That's why she was eavesdropping everywhere, but her Animagus form had never been spotted.

Maybe waiting for her luck to run out, Rita Skeeter would be caught some day, sooner or later. In the original book, Hermione was successful with that.

That woman was too greedy. She had no limits to what she could do, and it was not surprising that she would be caught!

But Evan didn't have much time to play this peek-a-boo game with her, nor was he ready to let Rita Skeeter cause more trouble.

When he saw that she had just confronted Harry and Hermione, he suddenly had the idea that he could lure her to the bait.

Waiting was not a solution, but taking the initiative to attack would solve the problem earlier.

This was a well-dug trap. Evan intentionally let Rita Skeeter see the research notes related to black magic.

He was sure that she would never give up the delicious food sent to her mouth, and would certainly not stand the temptation to come back to investigate.

Evan Mason, the young wizard currently in the limelight in the wizarding world, was secretly studying taboo dark magic. Just thinking about this kind of heavyweight news was too exhilarating for Rita, and she would never let go of such a scoop.

In fact, she was currently investigating in this direction, which was also the big news she had been preparing.

Rita Skeeter had long been investigating the reason why Evan's magic power was far greater than that of his peers and even most wizards. She didn't know the existence of the Philosopher's Stone and Slytherin's Locket, and naturally thought of Black Magic.

Some Dark magic could allow a wizard to quickly increase his strength in a short period of time, as Voldemort did, using taboo Dark magic to transform himself into a Dark Lord with strength comparable to that of Dumbledore in a relatively short amount of time.

But no matter how she investigated, there were only rumors about Evan's use of black magic.

It was neither accurate nor worth investigating.

Even if Evan used some restricted black magic that had not been banned by the Ministry of Magic, it would not be surprising and it was not something to make a fuss about.

He used similar magic in the first task, but Rita Skeeter knew that she needed to link him to forbidden evil Dark magic.

However, the black magic Evan brought out was completely forbidden. As could be seen from the two pictures, it was exactly what Rita Skeeter needed.

Since she had seen this, Evan was sure that she would take the bait.

He put the parchment away and looked up to see Ron sitting opposite him staring at him with strange eyes.

Evan smiled, but Ron recoiled, maybe just seeing the parchment.

Hermione was the only one who knew about Evan's study of Dark magic. Neither Harry nor Ron knew about it.

Although Ron might have seen it, Evan did not intend to explain anything. He would not really cast such an evil curse anyway.

Studying black magic and learning to use taboo Dark magic are two completely different concepts. Evan studied these things in order to get the principles and better learn the Defense Against the Dark Arts and related ancient magic knowledge rather than torturing someone's soul.

Besides, this kind of thing was getting darker and darker, and it seemed better to let it go.

Ron took a deep breath and tried not to look at Evan. He said in a low and worried voice, "You just shouldn't have said that, especially you, Hermione! You must have upset her. She'll be after you next!"

"Let her try!" said Hermione defiantly; she was shaking with rage. "I'll show her! Silly little girl, am I? Oh, I'll get her back for this. First Evan and Harry, then Hagrid..."

"You don't want to go upsetting Rita Skeeter," said Ron nervously. "I'm serious, she'll dig up something on you!"

"I don't care. My parents don't read the Daily Prophet. I don't care about the rumors she says. She can't scare me into hiding!" said Hermione. "I'm not as vulnerable as Hagrid. Let her try."

"All right, all right, we'd better be careful. Don't expose anything. I'm leaving!" Ron paused and glanced at Evan. "You know, I've a date with Lavender at Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop. It's almost time!"

He stood up, waved and left the pub in a hurry, with a very bad expression on his face.

"We should leave too, and wait for Sirius at the Shrieking Shack," said Harry. "Calculating time, he should be there too!"

"Hold on, Harry, we'll stay for a while. I've got something to figure out!" said Evan, shaking the quill in his hand.

Harry sat down and talked to Hermione about Rita Skeeter.

A few minutes later, a pudgy big beetle crawled into the pub through a crack in the window.

It slowly moved closer to Evan's position along the ceiling, ready to see what the boy was writing!

Evan was there, his right hand constantly writing complex magic formulas. His left hand quietly held the wand upright to aim at the ceiling above.

The beetle climbed cautiously over Evan's head, with a burst of joy. It was about to succeed...

Before it could see the details of the parchment below, it was suddenly hit by a stream of air, and its limbs were petrified and lost their responsiveness!

With a bang, it fell heavily and landed on the table.

The markings around the beetle's antennae were exactly like those foul glasses Rita Skeeter wore. Yeah, that was Rita Skeeter's Animagus form.

Rita Skeeter was stunned to find herself under the Full Body-Bind Curse. Then she saw Evan looking at her with a wry smile.

She felt her head was short circuited, and it took her a long time to realize what had happened.

Her heart sank suddenly. It was over. She was caught by the three young devils.

Especially when looking at Evan's expression, it was obvious that he already knew she was an illegal Animagus.

"Weird, how could there be insects, but now it's winter?!" said Harry, seeing the big beetle in front of Evan.

"This is not an ordinary beetle," said Evan with a smile. He took out a glass bottle and threw the beetle in. "Hermione, don't you want revenge? You've always been wondering how Rita Skeeter overheard Hagrid's secret conversation!"

"What are you talking about, Evan?!" Hermione looked strangely at the glass bottle with the big beetle in his hand, and looked closer. She seemed to think of something, and then said incredulously, "You mean, this insect is..."

"Yes, it's her!" Evan pointed at the glass bottle with his wand, cast an Unbreakable Charm on it, and handed it to Hermione. "Here you go, Hermione. I believe you will help her learn that spreading misinformation is a very bad behavior!"

Chapter 638: Learning Apparition

"I should have thought of it. Dumbledore did not allow this woman to enter Hogwarts, but she could still be in the school, eavesdropping on so many news, only..." said Hermione, her voice trembling slightly, and she looked up at Evan.

"Only what?!" Harry asked, not yet figuring out what was going on.

"Harry, Rita Skeeter is an Animagus, she can turn into a beetle," said Hermione, her breathing getting faster. "She must be illegal; there have been only seven registered Animagi in the 20th century!"

“You’re kidding!” Harry couldn’t believe it, staring at the glass jar on the table.

“Hermione is right, she’s an illegal Animagus,” said Evan, shaking the glass jar hard, “Rita Skeeter has been flying around from beginning of the year, looking for materials to make a big fuss, relying on not be seen by others.”

As Evan shook the glass jar, the beetle inside it swayed violently. Rita was thrown from one side to the other, hitting against the glass wall heavily and falling.

The beetle buzzed angrily through the glass and wanted to turn back into its original appearance, but the magic on the bottle prevented it.

“What should we do with her now, Evan?” said Hermione, looking closely at the beetle in the bottle.

“This bottle will be handed over to you for safekeeping. Please shut her for a while,” said Evan. “If she’s not honest, shake the jar hard and give her a lesson to see if she can’t break the habit of slandering and insulting people.”

“No problem, leave it to me!” said Hermione calmly, putting the jar inside her schoolbag.

She was worried that it would not be good of her to do so, but when she thought of Rita Skeeter’s behavior and what she had done, she felt that something really needed to be done.

That was the lesson that Rita Skeeter deserved, so that she would not dare make up articles to slander other people’s reputation in the future.

Next, the topic shifted from Rita Skeeter to Animagus, and Hermione wanted to learn this magic. Not to mention Harry, who was envious of Evan after seeing him transforming in the Leaky Cauldron pub.

Animagus is a very advanced form of Transfiguration that enables the wizard to transform himself into some kind of animal.

Animagi can only take on the form of one specific animal. This animal form is not chosen by the wizard, but determined by their personality and inner traits.

Unlike the Patronus that may change, each wizard’s Animagus will remain the same form throughout his life.

The first transformation process is very dangerous and it’s very likely to result in disaster. Therefore, the Ministry of Magic strictly controlled the Animagi and required them to be registered in the Ministry’s Improper Use of Magic Office, as well as their animal forms and their distinguishing markings.

But whether it was Harry’s father James, Sirius, Peter Pettigrew, or Evan and Rita Skeeter, they were all illegal Animagi, not registered with the Ministry of magic, and could do many things with Animagus at will.

They had not to worry about being discovered in their transformed state. This spell was very practical in detecting, hiding, escaping and reducing the influence of the Dementors.

Learning Animagus not only needs the necessary knowledge of Transfiguration, but also needs a lot of magic as support for the first transformation.

Magic was the most difficult obstacle, but for Evan, it had been solved with the help of the Philosopher's Stone.

With the help of Tom Riddle's diary in his first year, Evan also studied the corresponding knowledge theory clearly.

Helping Harry and Hermione master Animagus was not technically a problem at all.

Evan took out his research notes and let them both familiarize themselves with the principles of the spell. When they had mastered them all, he was helping them with their first transformation.

He could also consult Sirius, who had a lot of unique experience in the Animagus transformation.

With Hermione's learning speed, Evan predicted that by this summer vacation, she would be able to complete the Animagus transformation.

Harry might need more time. He had a poor foundation for Transfiguration and would probably have to wait until the following summer vacation to master it.

More than twenty minutes later, when Evan, Harry, and Hermione arrived at the Shrieking Shack, Sirius was already there!

He looked more tired and dusty than they had seen him before, as though he had just come from a battlefield.

An Auror's work was not as glamorous as outsiders seemed to think, with a lot of danger and workload far beyond imagination.

"Evan, we'd better hurry up. There are many things to practice," said Sirius gently. "Although you're very strong, there's no way to develop your abilities and practice Apparition and shifting at Hogwarts. I have to make sure you have enough ability to pass the exam. Otherwise, I won't allow you to use this spell."

Sirius helped Evan tamper with the Ministry of Magic testing so that he could use the spell while not adult yet without fear of being monitored by the Ministry of Magic. But he had to ensure Evan had the ability to Apparate.

Noticing his serious expression, Evan nodded and took out his wand.

Apparition was very dangerous as it involved bending space.

If he didn't master the spell, he wouldn't use it successfully and it would be looking for death.

Harry and Hermione sat down on the steps in front of the Shrieking Shack and watched Evan and Sirius practice.

“You should have reviewed the key points of Apparition, but I’d like to say it again ... Harry and Hermione, you two also remember it carefully!” With a wave of his wand, an old-fashioned wooden hoop appeared on the ground. “The most important things to remember when Apparating are the three D’s. Let’s start with shifting. Now please focus on the wooden hoop.”

Evan gazed at the circular patch of dusty floor enclosed by his hoop and focused.

Shifting was the so-called teleportation, which was embodied in the battle. It could make the caster disappear from his position instantly and appear in another position. Compared with Apparition, shifting was closer and only moved within the field of vision.

Magic consumption was relatively small, but it required precise control of the magic and quick response ability. Like Silent Casting, it was a very high combat skill.

It was easy to grasp it, but very difficult to use in an actual duel. Many wizards could master Apparition well, but they could not use Shift to fight.

In a tense battle, if one is slightly distracted, he may be hit by his opponent’s magic.

There was no doubt that mastering the shifting spell was very helpful to the wizard. In the battle, he wouldn’t have to rely on his body to dodge clumsily.

With this spell, he could also make a lot of unexpected tactics.

Chapter 639: Practice and Mastery

“Very good, set!” said Sirius slowly. “Next step: Focus your determination to occupy the visualized space! Let your yearning to enter it flood from your mind to every particle of your body!”

Harry and Hermione also did what Sirius asked them to do and contemplated the hoop so hard that their faces had turned pink.

Evan’s eyes were also focused on the wooden hoop, trying to figure out where he was going to get.

“Step three,” called Sirius, “and only when I give the command ... Turn on the spot, feeling your way into nothingness, moving with deliberation! On my command, now ... three, two, one...”

As soon as Sirius’s voice fell, Evan immediately began to channel his magic, and a strong sense of vertigo rose in his body.

His body spun on the spot, about to enter nothingness. At this moment, he suddenly lost balance, and nearly fell over.

“I failed. I didn’t grasp the degree of rotation just now. I used a little too much magic!” said Evan.

“Never mind, you’ve done a good job. Many wizards don’t get it right the first time. Let’s practice again!” Sirius comforted him. “Attention to the movement of rotation. Your body can be relaxed, not so tight.”

“I’ll remember!” Evan nodded, recalling the feeling of spinning on the spot.

Before entering nothingness, the rotation of the body was the first step, and the key lay in the channeling of magic.

Evan had already measured it on paper many times before, and he had just to make use of it to follow the best route.

“Don’t worry, Evan, even if there’s splinching, I can treat it quickly.”

“Got it!” Hearing that, Evan didn’t feel anything.

Under the influence of magic, the wizard who failed to Apparate and had separation of random body parts would not die immediately. There was a period of protection, enough for the people around to give treatment.

Of course, if there was no other wizard around, or the wizard couldn’t use the counter spell, then what awaited was a painful death that would feel like it lasted forever.

Sirius was naturally ready, and there were a lot of therapeutic potions in Evan’s bag. He didn’t need to worry at all.

Hermione was nervous at once and looked at Evan worriedly.

She simply couldn’t think of the terrible picture of Evan’s body split.

“Sirius, did you just say separation of body parts?”

“Splinching, or the separation of random body parts, is a frequent accident in Apparition!” said Sirius flatly, waving for Hermione to be at ease. “It occurs when the mind is insufficiently determined. You must concentrate continuously upon your destination, and move, without haste, but with deliberation ...

Remember: Destination. Determination. Deliberation. These are the main points of Apparition!”

“Destination. Determination. Deliberation!” Evan repeated the three D’s after him.

Evan’s second attempt was significantly better than the first one. After a spin, he successfully entered nothingness.

After entering nothingness, everything around him went black, and time and space lost meaning.

A strong sense of suffocation oppressed him. Evan felt he was being pressed very hard from all directions. His eyeballs were being forced back into his head, and his eardrums were being pushed deeper into his skull, as though he had just been forced through a very tight rubber tube.

He had had this feeling many times before, but this time it came in with his own strength.

His body had entered nothingness, and felt just like the powerful ‘Silence’ magic in the Temple of the lake.

Perhaps the evil god lived in this horrible space.

Before Evan could look around carefully, his body emerged from nothingness and his feet fell back to the ground.

Fresh air was re-infused into his body, and he appeared exactly in the wooden hoop.

Harry and Hermione did not experience Evan's sense of oppression and suffocation. They only saw him open his arms.

Gracefully spinning on the spot, he vanished in a swirl of robes. The next second, he reappeared a few steps away, which looked really amazing!

"I made it!" said Evan, trying to calm down; the vertigo in his brain was gradually disappearing!

"Congratulations, Evan!" Hermione sighed with relief, reassured.

"What you've done is really wonderful!" said Harry.

"Destination. Determination. Deliberation! You have a lot of talent for this. Not many wizards can Apparate successfully on their second try. Let's see what you can do for longer distances!"

With a snap, he vanished and appeared under a big tree in the distance. It was so far that he could only see vague figures.

Sirius put the wooden hoop in place, and waved to Evan to signal him to come.

It was the same as before, but this time Evan's movements were much more skillful.

His eyes fell on the distant wooden hoop, the thoughts in his mind had just risen and his body was about to enter nothingness.

After a shrill sound, he appeared next to Sirius.

"How am I doing, Sirius?" Evan asked with delight, the feeling of suffocation being much more subtle than before.

"Great, you have mastered the technique of shifting. What you need to do next is a lot of practice. When this spell becomes part of your body, you can use it to move in a blink at any time in battle, it will be a complete success! Don't slack off. It's hard to do this, much harder than learning this magic. In battle, the enemy will not give you time to react!"

Evan nodded in agreement.

Unlike other spells, Apparition did not require much magic. The key was the control of magic, which required extremely fine skills. That was a bit like the precise and extreme control when making potions, which many powerful wizards couldn't handle.

"Come on, Evan, practice a few more times, and then we'll start to learn long-distance Apparition."



After practicing for a few more times, Sirius let Evan Apparate into the Shrieking Shack.

The main points and spells were the same as before, but the destination of this Apparition was not in Evan's vision.

He needed to do two more things, determine the destination and distance, and imagine the surroundings of the place he wanted to go to.

Compared to shifting, Apparition required more time and magic, but its difficulty was reduced. He had just to know the destination and grasp the position and distance...

Chapter 640: Nymphadora Tonks

As before, the Shrieking Shack was still very disordered. Paper was peeling from the walls, there were stains all over the floor; every piece of furniture was broken as though somebody had smashed it. The windows were all boarded up.

Apart from Sirius's brief stay there last year, no one had entered the house for more than 30 years.

The Shrieking Shack, also called the haunted house by Hogsmeade's residents, was rarely approached. But the yells and shouts that villagers often heard were actually Lupin's voice in the form of a werewolf. When he was at Hogwarts School, this was where he had to come every full moon night.

Sirius was very familiar with this place. During the break, he told Evan, Harry, and Hermione about their past in the school.

Harry listened very carefully. He wanted to know more about his father.

At noon, the four of them ate at the Three Broomsticks Inn.

Many students had gone back to school early. It was January. The temperature outside was too cold to have any fun.

They didn't see Colin, Ginny, and Gabrielle, and they didn't see Ron. Nor did they know where he and Lavender had gone.

In the afternoon practice, Evan would Apparate with Hermione. That was the first time for him to take somebody else with him.

Evan was going to make a real long-distance Apparition, probably because he had just heard Sirius recall the past, and was sad, he took Hermione to directly Apparate into the store in Diagon Alley and appeared in front of Lupin.

Naturally, Lupin looked in surprise at the two people who suddenly appeared in front of him!

"Good afternoon, Lupin!" said Evan with a smile.

"Hello, Professor!" Hermione looked around and was happy with Evan's success.

Just in a moment, the two of them came from Hogsmeade to Diagon Alley.

"Evan, Hermione, how did you..." Lupin couldn't believe it, pushing aside the thick data in front of him.

“It’s Apparition. We just wanted to come over and see you!” Evan explained, “We’ll be right back!”

“I’ve heard of it, but I didn’t expect you to learn it so quickly,” said Lupin, “but I think what the two of you are doing is really risky. It’s irrational. How can Sirius help you cheat the Ministry of magic? Apparition is very dangerous. There are many wizards every year...”

Before he had finished speaking, the door of the office was suddenly pushed open.

“Remus, who are you talking to?!”

In came a young witch, dressed in fashion and looking very beautiful!

She had a pale heart-shaped face and very attractive dark twinkling eyes.

Like Lupin, she was equally surprised to see Evan and Hermione. “Hey, who are these two children?”

“Evan Mason and Hermione Granger, I told you about them before,” said Lupin softly, introducing the two sides, “This is Nymphadora...”

“Don’t call me Nymphadora, Remus,” said the young witch with a shudder. “It’s Tonks!”

“Nymphadora Tonks, who prefers to be known by her surname only,” finished Lupin.

“So would you if your fool of a mother had called you ‘Nymphadora,’” muttered Tonks, looking closely at Evan and Hermione. “So, you are the Evan Mason?”

“It’s me!” Evan nodded and looked at the witch opposite, realizing who the girl was.

According to her generation, she should be Sirius’s niece.

Her mother, Andromeda, was a member of the Black family, the cousin of Sirius. But like Sirius, she was considered a shame and a traitor because she was born in the old and noble Black family, but married a Muggle-born wizard, Ted Tonks.

If Evan was not mistaken, Tonks should have just become an Auror, a colleague of Sirius. He couldn’t see why she was here, and Lupin thought the same.

“Tonks, why are you here?” He couldn’t hide a slight smile for Tonks on the corner of his mouth.

“Today is the weekend, I have a rest and I’m free. I just wanted to come and see you!”

He couldn’t help smiling again to Tonks.

They seemed familiar to each other. Evan was keenly aware that the situation was a bit tricky, and it seemed that Tonks was secretly in love with Lupin!

He could see that Lupin was also very fond of her. Otherwise he would not have this expression.

With Lupin's rigorous character, he would not allow any irrelevant person to enter his office casually.

"I heard that the Ministry had been very busy recently, and the Aurors had been sent out..."

"Don't mention it, until now, the old man Scrimgeour has only assigned me such trivial things as smuggling crucibles, which is absolutely boring!" Tonks said nonchalantly, eyeing Evan and Hermione with great interest. "By the way, you two should be in school. Why are you here?"

"That's because..."

"I see ... Apparition!" Tonks did not seem to be surprised. "I've been involved in this matter and asked to cooperate with him on the Apparition test list. His name has been added, and I was wondering how he was doing. So, you've already begun to learn Apparition?!"

Evan nodded again. He had hoped Sirius could have been more discreet. It was best if the fact he was practicing Apparition was not known by anyone else.

Lupin looked frustrated, too. It was like she and the charming Sirius had been rather close.

"That's amazing. No wonder everyone says that you've got great talent," said Tonks cheerfully, "At your age, there was no way to talk about Apparition. I didn't even know a few real spells. My teachers always said... "

"All right, Tonks, they're going back soon. Please stay with Hermione for a while. I have something to say to Evan," said Evan.

"Okay!" Tonks led Hermione to the round table by the fireplace and turned out a pot of tea and cake.

The two of them chatted together. A second later, Tonks's hair turned from purple to bubble-gum pink.

"How did you do that?" said Hermione, gaping at her.

"I'm a Metamorphmagus," she said, looking at her reflection in a small mirror and turning her head so that she could see her hair from all directions. "It means I can change my appearance at will."

"I know this magic can help users change their physical appearance. This is a very, very rare magic."

“I was born one. I got top marks in Concealment and Disguise during Auror training without any study at all, it was great!” said Tonks proudly.