

## Harry Potter 81

### Chapter 81 – Omens of Despair

It was not until Wednesday morning that Malfoy reappeared at the Slytherin table. When he entered the Main Hall the the Slytherin's table started to cheer. His right arm was wrapped in a bandage and hung from his neck with a sling, like a hero who survived a terrible battle.

When they saw him like this, Harry and Ron looked disdainful, but Malfoy himself was proud, and he provoked them with a grimace.

Harry turned his head to the side and tried hard to restrain himself, and acted as if he had not seen Malfoy's provocation. He found that everyone beside him looking down at the Daily Prophet.

"What are you looking at?" Harry asked strangely.

"It's about Sirius Black's latest news!" Hermione whispered and put a newspaper in front of him.

Harry saw that it read: Black was seen by a Muggle somewhere not far from Hogwarts. When the Ministry of Magic arrived, he had left and is currently in the process of tracking him down.

Presumably, Sirius Black is trying to enter Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Harry swallowed. What did Sirius Black want in Hogwarts? Did he really want to kill him, as Mr. Weasley said?!

At the thought of being hunted by such a madman, Harry suddenly lost his appetite and made him feel sick. He wanted to rely on the Dementors outside the castle to protect him.

"It's terrible. He's has been seen somewhere not far from here!" Ron said worriedly.

"This Black, how did he escape the Dementors?"

"Perhaps a Patronus Charm?!"

"It's impossible. He doesn't have a wand. there are two hundred Dementors outside."

Hermione said quickly. "Do you know what this means?"

Seeing Harry, Ron, and Hermione whispering in silence, Ivan did not participate in their discussion. The question he now needs to consider is how to control Peter Pettigrew and get in touch with Sirius Black.

These two things are easy to say, but they are full of difficulties.

The simplest method is undoubtedly to go to Dumbledore and tell him that Ron's rat is the Animagus Peter Pettigrew, and that Dumbledore's wily plans will be able to get through the incident as long as he get the news.

The problem is that this is the same as last year's handling of Tom Riddle's diary book. Ivan doesn't know how to explain to the other that Scabbers is Peter Pettigrew.

Obviously knowing everything, yet not being able to do anything is a very bad feeling.

Ivan sighed, as it seems that he will have to rely on himself. Sirius Black wasn't an urgent matter. He needed to control Peter. He then remembered a useful potion in Power of Medicine.

As Ivan contemplated his thoughts, Malfoy suddenly came over to the table and stood behind Harry with a malicious glare in his eyes.

"Have you seen your pal Hagrid lately?"

No one bothered with him, Harry and Ron held their fists and tried hard to restrain themselves.

"It's a pity, I'm afraid he can't be a teacher anymore." Malfoy pretended to be sad and said, "My dad was very upset about my injuries!"

"before I flatten you, go away, Malfoy," Ron growled.

"If I were you, I would not be so impulsive. It would not be any good for you and your good pal, Hagrid. You will know immediately. . ." Malfoy's eyes fell on the newspaper Harry had in his hands, "How about it Potter, do you want to single-handedly try to catch Black?"

"What does this have to do with you?"

"Of course, if I was you . . ." Malfoy's thin lips bent into a humble smile, "I wouldn't be such a good school boy, I would go and find him everywhere?"

"What are you talking about Malfoy?" said Ron harshly.

"Don't you know Potter?" Malfoy's pale eyes froze, and he made a low laugh, "If I was you I would choose revenge. I would find him myself."

"What the hell are you trying to say?" Harry said angrily.

"I'm really disappointed. You may not want to risk your life. Probably hoping the Dementors will deal with him. Isn't that right?"

"Malfoy, if you have anything to say, speak now or just get sent flying." Ron pulled his wand out.

"Five Points from Gryffindor!" Snape stepped forward without a word, and said, with a sly grin, "Weasley, put your wand away. I don't want to see you throwing up slugs everywhere."

Ron's face flushed and Malfoy smirked and followed Snape away.

"Abhorrent, Snape's deductions. Obviously it was Malfoy who came to provoke us and said something he didn't understand." said Ron irritably.

"You shouldn't give him a chance. Snape just stared at us. He just waited for you to show a flaw," Hermione whispered.

“He wants to deduct points and he can just find an excuse.” Ron picked up his schoolbag. “There are two full potions this morning. I hope it’s not too difficult. (Note: FLAG)

In fact, the third year potions class was a disaster. Harry and Ron had to cut materials for Malfoy all class. Snape threatened to poison Neville’s pet toad unless he could fix his antidote. (Note: Called it)

Finally, with Hermione’s help, Neville’s antidote was successful, but Snape still took away five points, on the grounds that the cockroach was not dead. (Note: Didn’t know they could die)

All the students thought that this was them enduring Snape to the extreme, but this is obviously not the limit for Snape.

Soon, everyone would know what despair really was this may be the third omen.

The incident took place in the Defense Against the Dark Arts class in the afternoon. Prof. Lupin brought them a Bogut. This kind of dark creature was able to transform. It looks into a person’s heart and becomes the thing you fear most.

Ivan didn’t know what other people were afraid of but Neville’s fear in the world was Snape.

With Lupin’s encouragement, Neville used a spell to turn Snape into a funny image: He wore a long, lace dress, a witches hat with a stuffed old eagle, which was moth eaten, and he held a huge, scarlet handbag in its hands.

This story spread widely all over the school very quickly.

The Gryffindor students laughed for a whole night and the revenge that followed Snape, everyone soon couldn’t help but laugh.

Now when hearing Professor Lupin’s name, Snape’s eye flashed with threatening brilliance; he bullied Neville more than ever before.

In the second years potion class, Snape walked around at each Gryffindor student in a gloomy way and deducted points when ever.

Less than an hour later, he had deducted more than fifty points and successfully caused three girls to cry. (Note: No wonder he is still single)

In this class, no one succeeded in completing their potions except for Ivan.

Snape just glanced at Ivan and ignored him. He satirically satirized the others and laid out a lot of homework. Which was almost impossible to complete.

As for the poor Bogut, Ivan heard that Snape used a spell to blow it up and kill it completely. (Note: RIP Bogut)

Ivan felt sorry for this, he also wanted to see what his innermost fear was.

## Chapter 82 – The Beginning of Fear

Under the impetus of several things in succession, Hogwarts was caught in a strange and depressing atmosphere at the beginning of the new semester.

Ivan had a feeling that several people around him were being slowly crushed.

The first was Neville, what was completely scared by Snape.

In the third potions class for third years, he was give detention by Snape for a full two months on the grounds that he did not peel the figs and just threw them in the cauldron. But in fact everyone knows what is going on and that Snape is out for revenge. from then on, as soon as Neville saw Snape, he would involuntarily turn pale and cold.

Followed next was Hagrid, who seemed to be losing confidence.

In the Care for Magical Creatures class, students were learning how to care for Flobberworms in one lesson. The existence of such a creature is almost completely meaningless. In addition to eating, they always stay still and do nothing.

Once again, Harry, he is now increasingly afraid of divinations.

Professor Trelawney always looked at him with tearful eyes. Unpredictable prophecies spread through out the school. No matter who he was, whenever they spoke to Harry, their voices became softer, as if he was on his death bed.

In addition, he has to worry about going to Hogsmeade. Professor McGonagall refused to sign his application. This means he is likely to be the only third year not to visit Hogsmeade.

Even more worried than him was Colin and Ginny.

They completely believed Professor Trelawney's prediction. In their eyes, Ivan and Harry may die at any time. Therefore the two collected a lot of things that could allegedly ward off evil spirits and curses. Most of them were the popular items used during the basilisk attacks.

As for Hermione, she also became more and more nervous.

This is mainly because she has chosen to many classes causing her body and mind to be overloaded for a long time and her limit being reached. Ivan say her bag packed with more than 10 books every day. He wondered whether Hermione would faint if this was to continue.

Finally, Ron, he was always suspicious.

After several attempts by Crookshanks to attack Scabbers, he was ready for the cat. he showed everyone that Scabbers was getting skinnier and skinnier.

In Ivan's eyes, the reason why Scabbers looked like this had nothing to do with Crookshanks.

Peter Pettigrew surely knew that the real reason for Black's escape was to find revenge. After all, he had betrayed the Potters. He was scared, and as Black got closer to Hogwarts, panic rose in his brain.

He wanted to run away but he didn't know where to go.

Hogwarts was currently the safest place. After all, there were so many terrifying dementors keeping watch. It stands to reason that Black has no reason to try to break in, but since he had broken out of Azkaban, entering Hogwarts was only a matter of time.

The mental suffering made Peter worried.

In fact, it is not just them. Ivan was also busy at this time.

In addition to preparing newspaper articles, he focused his energy on the preparation of potions, which he prepared for the Peter Pettigrew. He put a tracking agent in the "Strength Elixir". As long as Peter took the drug, within a certain range, he would be able to sense his potion with a certain spell.

In this way, you would have to worry about him becoming a mouse and running away.

Ivan's plan is to mix this tracker into the rat tonic, and Ron will make Scabbers drink it. The only problem now is that it is too time consuming to make the potion. Even though he has made adequate preparations, he wouldn't be able to complete the potion until the eve of Halloween at the earliest.

Harry had sent off Ron and Hermione to Hogsmeade on the eve of Halloween.

Ivan rejected Colin's suggestion to play wizard chess. He ran to the eighth floor of the castle alone. After making sure that no one was paying attention to him, he quickly walked back and forth three times before entering the room.

The room he requested was similar to Snape's office. The central table was full of glassware of various shapes, two metal cauldrons and a heating device. The cabinets on both sides were filled with potion materials.

These things were all bought by Ivan in Diagon Alley. Since last year, he has been here to make the medicines he needs, review the contents in advance, and so on.

After a long time, Ivan's technique has become very skillful.

He placed the prepared materials in the order according to the "Strength Potion."

After about five hours, he finally finished the preparations for the potion. He blended it with his own tonic. The potion showed a dark red color, exactly the same as the rat tonic used during the holidays. Ivan satisfied with the drug, bottled it and went down to the Great Hall to the Halloween Party that had already begun.

The Great Hall was filled with Jack-o-Lanterns, a group of fluttering bats and many flame-filled orange streamers. They floated under the ceiling like brilliant water snakes.

The food at the banquet was very delicious. Everyone looked happy.

Since the start of the school year, the atmosphere of tension was swept away, and Harry seemed to have forgotten the damn prophecy. Hermione is finally not thinking about studying. After Ivan gave Ron the "rat tonic", the other person's mood gradually improved. No longer worrying about Scabbers.

Everything was going well. Even Hagrid, who had not been there recently, sat happily in the hall.

The dinner ended with the entertainment provided by the ghosts. The ghosts suddenly appeared through walls and tables and made a parade. Gryffindor's ghost, Nearly Headless Nick, successfully reproduced his murder.

Everyone felt that they had enjoyed a pleasant evening, but less than ten minutes later, everything reversed.

Some of the joy accumulated during the party disappeared and panic re-entered the castle.

When the whole thing happened, Ivan, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Colin and Ginny were walking slowly back to Gryffindor's Tower along the usual route.

When they reached the portrait of the Fat Lady, they found that the corridor was full of people.

"What's the matter, why doesn't anyone go in?" Colin asked curiously.

"Maybe they forgot their passwords?" Ron said with a smile.

How is this possible? It is impossible for some many people to forget the password. Ivan saw Peeves jumping on the crowd's heads. he is very happy. Suddenly this is a bad feeling. Peeves only like destruction. And the scenes of sadness will only reveal this expression. It will not be . . .

Wading through the crowd, Professor Dumbledore, who got the news, hastily arrived. He rushed to the portrait of the Fat Lady. The students crowded together to give him room. Ivan, leaned a bit closer, to see what was.

"Oh, my God!" Hermione suddenly shouted, clutching Ivan's arm. (Note: Hey now don't get too close)

Before them, the portrait of the Fat Lady was maliciously vandalized. Portrait, small pieces of canvas, were everywhere and large canvas was torn from the frames.

"Professor McGonagall, go to Filch immediately and tell him to look for the Fat Lady in each of the paintings in the castle." Dumbledore said quickly.

"You'll be luck!" Peeves grinned.

"What do you mean, Peeves?" asked Dumbledore calmly.

"Sorry Headmaster!" Peeves smile faded a bit. He dared not laugh at Dumbledore. Instead, he turned to a slick tone. "She didn't want to be seen. She was messed up. I saw her running through the landscape on the Fifth floor, sir. Hiding in the middle of the trees, she cried and said something terrible."

"Poor thing." Peeves added one sentence, but it meant nothing to others.

"Who did she say?" asked Dumbledore quietly.

"Oh, say, Professor!" Peeves was like holding a bomb in his arms. "She didn't let him in. He is very annoyed. You understand. He is bad-tempered. Sirius Black!"

#### Chapter 83 – Second Contact with Stray Dogs

Hearing Peeves, everyone sucked in a breath. Sirius Black actually broke into the castle and tried to enter Gryffindor common room.

This is terrible. Fortunately, it is now the eve of Halloween and everyone was not in the tower.

Professor Dumbledore asked all students to return to the Great Hall immediately. To ensure safety, the faculty would conduct a thorough search of the castle. Ivan hurried downstairs with the others, and everyone whispered about what just happened.

“You said that Black is still in the castle?” Hermione asked anxiously, whispering.

“Look at Dumbledore’s meaning. He obviously thinks that way.” Ron whispered, “I want to say that he picked tonight. Its really our luck.”

“Yeah!” Colin’s uneasy nodded, he looked around nervously, as if Sirius Black was hiding in a corner, ready to rush out.

“I guess he has been confused because he’s been fleeing. He didn’t think that today is Halloween. Otherwise he wouldn’t have come in.”

Ron’s words won everyone’s approval. In addition, everyone asked each other the same question: How did he come in?

“Perhaps he knows how to disappear?!”

“It’s impossible. As long as you have read the book “A History of Hogwarts”, you would know that it is not only protected by walls.” Hermione quickly says, “The castle has been enchanted to prevent outsiders from sneaking in. It’s impossible to get in through apparating. Moreover, I’d like to see what kind of enchantment can fool the dementors. These guys guard every entrance, if they fly in, they will see. Filch knows all the secret passages and they have sealed these passages!”

(Tn: You know know if I had a dollar every time I have heard Hermione explain about this concept and about how Ron and Harry never read History of Hogwarts, I would probably be a millionaire. Just saying.)

“Who knows, this is Sirius Black after all. Second only to He-Who-Must Not- Be- Named.” Ron wrinkled his nose nervously his eyes fixed on the girl’s bathroom at the end of the third floor corridor. He remembered the nightmare experience from last year.

(Note: Has any one else noticed that everything seems to happen on the third floor?)

Harry looked pale after Ron, and couldn’t see any blood on his face. Black had entered the castle to kill him. This feeling was bad enough.

“Let’s be happy, no matter what trick Black played he would have been discovered by Dumbledore. What do you think, Ivan?”

“Maybe.” Ivan said.

He stared out the narrow window on the left side of the hallway. and his sight fell on the lawn outside the castle. There was a huge black dog covered with rough hair, Sirius Black! Not far from Black’s side, is a ginger-colored Crookshanks, both of which were sneaking across the lawn.

What seemed to feel like it, Black suddenly looked back and looked in that direction.

The next second, following Ivan’s gaze, Harry also saw the two creatures on the lawn. He ran to the window and widened his eyes.

“Guys look outside, do you see it, the big black dog?”

“Harry, you aren’t seeing the Grimm again??” Ron said uneasily and he mumbled vaguely, “Its the damn cat!”

“You mean Crookshanks!” Hermione followed, worried, and said, “What is Crookshanks doing outside the castle, and Black may be in the school.”

“Please Hermione, Black will not kill a cat. The purpose of entering into the castle is to. . .” Ron stopped suddenly and stared at Harry nervously.

Harry didn’t seem to understand what he meant. He said eagerly, “That dog, it was just around Crookshanks. Didn’t any of you see it?”

“Outside is so dark, you may be wrong. Maybe it’s just a big tree or a stone or something.” Ron swallowed and he saw everyone else staring at him.

“Impossible, Ivan, did you see it?!”

Ivan didn’t answer. He secretly calculated the distance from the outside lawn.

As long as you are fast enough, it’s not too late to get in in touch with the other person.

“You go first, I’ll go to the toilet!” Ivan said hurriedly.

With a surprised gaze from the others, he turned another corridor and ran towards the castle gates.

When it was decided that no one was around, he said, “Animagus!” When his voice fell, Ivan’s body quickly turned into a black cat. He crossed the deep marble hall with a fast speed. Silently slipped out the castle.

The cold winds of the night greeted Ivan and blew at him.

Tonight’s Hogwarts Castle is particularly gloomy. Under the dim moonlight, strand statues on the ground revealed something strange. A few bats glided past from low altitudes, and from time to time, owl hoots rang into the ears.

In the distance around the walls, the shadow of the dementor is looming, where the land has been ridiculed and all plants are gradually withering.

Black could not go in the direction of the walls. Ivan hurriedly turned to look at the side of the Forbidden Forest. By the moonlight, he saw the big dog and Crookshanks disappearing in the shadow of the Forbidden Forest. Ivan rushed to catch up.

Just as he entered the shadows, a figure rushed out behind a tree.

It was a surprise attack!!

Ivan felt the warm air around him and looked up to see Sirius, the big dog Sirius, growling with a row of fierce one inch teeth. With a bang, Black threw himself on him with a powerful impact.

Ivan fell and his body rolled back across the lawn until he hit a tree and stopped.

He dazed and felt that his ribs seemed to be broken.



He wanted to stand up, but Black did not give him the chance. He stared at Ivan fiercely, growled and rushed again.

Looking at the huge figure getting closer and closer, Ivan hurriedly undid the Animagus transformation, and at the same time his wand pulled out his wand from his waist.

The tip of the wand sent out a red light and hit Sirius Black.

Black flew out into the grass, sending out a painful moan.

“Enough, don’t try to attack me again, or you won’t be his with a stun charm next time!” Ivan wiped his mouth of the traces of blood, his left hand holding the tree trunk as he struggle to stand up.

He was gasping, and Black was breathing heavily.

For a whole three seconds, no one spoke and the atmosphere was dreadful.

Ivan saw Black’s eyes flash through with mad light from time to time in the dark, staring at his wand. He stretched his muscles tight and bared his fangs like a animal.

“Listen, I am not malicious, I know who you are and I know what you are here for!” Ivan pointed at Black with his wand. “I just want to talk to you about Harry, my friend. Ron. . .”

His words weren’t finished yet, and a rush of footsteps were approaching from far and near.

Ivan hurried to turn his head and saw a glare of dazzling light. He blinked and took advantage of it for a moment before he could clearly see Professor Lupin.

“It turned out to be you, Ivan! I heard the noise while checking the owl house. What happened here? Why are you outside the castle?” Lupin looked at Ivan in surprise. The one of concern said, “Sirius Black had just entered the castle and it is dangerous. Dumbledore asked all the students to go to the Great Hall.”

“I, I . . .”

Ivan didn’t know how to answer. Do you tell the other person that his is out to meet Black for a pleasant meeting?

Although Lupin was a good friend during their time as students, but in the absence of truth with the current situation, would he believe that Black was framed?!

Ivan shook his head. In the absence of real evidence, Lupin’s character, even if he did believe that Black was innocent, Ivan was afraid that the first thing he would do would be to tie him up and hand him to Dumbledore.

The they are going to have to catch Peter Pettigrew.

If all goes well, it’s fine. If Peter escapes, Ivan was afraid that it wouldn’t wait until the next day and Black would be given to the dementor, to receive the Kiss.

This is too bad, so Ivan hesitated and decided to hide the truth.

## Chapter 84 – Lupin's Remorse

Sorry for the delay. . . . . Does anyone else think it was a smart idea for me to take 6 class that involve major writing for the summer???

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Lupin looked at Ivan in disbelief. He did not know why the boy appeared outside the castle at this time. This obviously did not meet the common sense. Just like himself, everyone has his own secrets.

In fact, for two consecutive months of contact, Lupin's impression of Ivan was very good.

In his class, Ivan always answered all the questions the first time. From the several homework assignments he had arranged, he could also see Ivan had a deep understanding and unique insights about Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Lupin had not seen such a good, young man in many years, not to mention the good relationship between Ivan and Harry, just like James Potter, Peter Pettigrew and Sirius Black.

When he thought of Black, Lupin was distressed for a while. He could not believe the Sirius would betray James and vowing allegiance to Voldemort. They were obviously best friends.

He shook his head, maybe he always saw the wrong person.

Black was so good at the time, but he eventually chose to betray, the more clever a person is, the more profitable the pros and cons are, and the friendship in their eyes is just a commodity that can be exchanged at any time.

Will the boy behave like Black and sell his friend for his own benefit?!

Lupin looked at Ivan carefully and hoped to see something from it.

The next second, his eyes widened and he seemed to see a familiar figure in the grass opposite Ivan.

The tip of his wand issued a light and flew into the grass with nothing in it.

Was it an illusion?

Lupin felt relieved and with that relief he was now conflicted with his heart.

On one hand he wanted to see Black to be clear about the whole thing; on the other hand, he was afraid of meeting him, fearing that Black would tell him personally how he sold James and Lily to Voldemort.

Lupin did not remember how many times he was awoken by such a nightmare.

It had been 12 years since the time had passed. He had been condemning himself and he blamed himself for why he had not discovered Black's true colors earlier, so that he had the opportunity to sell James and finally killed Peter Pettigrew.

Lupin thought this guilt would always be with his life, but Black escaped from Azkaban. Everyone was saying that the reason for his escape was to kill Harry.

Lupin would not allow this to happen, this is why he accepted Dumbledore's invitation to return to Hogwarts to teach. He wanted to protect Harry. Maybe he could also grab Black himself and let him explain what happened that year.

Lupin took a deep breath. Now is not the time to think about these things.

"Ivan, you should go back to the Great Hall and be with the others." Lupin took two steps forward, and then he stopped suddenly.

He saw in the patch of grass opposite of Ivan. There was indeed something there. He was not mistaken. It must have been the Animagus of Sirius Black. He had seen it countless time. In this life he would never forget it.

The boy is in contact with Black, is it just a coincidence or . . .

When Ivan saw Lupin's expression, he knew what he was thinking. He doesn't know what to do or how to explain this situation.

However, he will not have to worry about this matter immediately.

Just as he hesitated, something climbed out of the grass. Lupin clearly heard a sound and a strong light flew past. It was Crookshanks. It was startled by the sudden light and jumped into Ivan's arms.

"Professor, I came out looking for this cat. It is my friend Hermione's pet. I just saw it run out of the castle. I was afraid it would meet with an accident, so I came to get it."

Ivan did not know whether Lupin would believe that he was looking for an excuse. Lupin looked at Crookshanks for a moment, then showed a sign of relief.

The two returned to the castle. They just turned around the corner of the hall and saw Dumbledore and Snape standing outside of the auditorium talking to each other.

"The entire castle was checked and no traces of him could be found," Snape whispered.

"Very well, Severus, I don't really think that Black would stay." Dumbledore said calmly.

"But there is one thing that I must tell you," Snape said with a wink. "We had a teacher missing during the time of the castle inspection. It was the one I told you about before."

"What do you want to say, Severus?"

"I mean, how did Black get into the castle, what do you think about this, headmaster?" Snape said.

"Many, Severus, everyone is a possibility."

"Do you remember our conversation, just before the semester began?" Snape's voice was low, and he apparently did not want anyone to hear the conversation.

"I remember, Severus." Dumbledore's voice contained similar warnings.

“It seems almost impossible that Black can’t enter this school without internal help. Especially if that person has not been seen yet, you understand what I mean. I did express concern and you believe in life. . .”

“I don’t believe anyone in the castle will help Black enter.” Dumbledore said, his tone clearly showed that this matter has been talked about so Snape did not continue.

The person that Snape suspected was apparently Lupin. Ivan turned and saw Lupin was calm, as if he had not heard a word of what the two said.

“Severus, I must go to the dementors,” said Dumbledore. “I said that we would notify them when we have finished the search.

“Do they plan to help?” Snape said.

“Oh, yes.” said Dumbledore coldly. “But I am afraid that as long as I am headmaster, I will never allow them to cross the threshold of the school.”

Ivan saw Dumbledore coming towards the hallway when he looked over and after a slight glimpse of himself and Lupin, Snape followed.

“You’re eavesdropping on our conversation?” Snape’s eyes continued to wander between the two men, and he finally locked eyes with Lupin with a look of hatred.

“Professor, we didn’t. . .”

“Be careful when fabricating lies, Mason!” Snape’s gaze shifted to Ivan. “I have to remind you first, according to the command of the headmaster, you should be asleep in the Great Hall, instead of going out of the castle with someone you don’t understand, and doing something sneaky.”

“I. . .” Ivan was speechless, and Snape and Dumbledore were better than each other.

“For this stupid cat, Gryffindor has lost some point,” Snape said disgustingly. “Now hurry and get to the Great Hall to sleep. It is where you should be.”

Ivan hurried towards the auditorium and just as he was about to enter, he looked back and saw Dumbledore, Snape, and Lupin still standing there, not knowing what to say.

#### Chapter 85 – Hermione’s Worries

In the Great Hall, the four house tables were stacked against the walls and hundreds of purple sleeping bags were laid on the ground. There was no sound and everyone seemed to be asleep.

Ivan, under Percy’s gesture, got in a sleeping bag near the door.

The Magical Ceiling was like the sky outside, filled with stars. With a faint starlight, Ivan saw a slender, white origami crane flying over quietly from the corner of the wall. It hovered in the air and accurately fell in front of him.

The paper crane made a slight noise and turned in to a silvery white note with Hermione's delicate hand writing on it.

"What did you do, why did it take you so long?"

The handwriting was slightly scribbled and the girl's worry could be seen.

Ivan thought for a moment, took out his wand from the sleeping bag and gently tapped it on the sheet of paper. The black lettering on top of it disappeared like smoke, reuniting into new words.

"I went to get Crookshanks. I found it in the grass next to the Forbidden Forest."

Then he used his wand to re-tap the sheet of paper. The paper refolded itself and fluttered itself back to Hermione.

"Fortunately you found it! But you shouldn't run out of the castle. It's too dangerous. Black maybe hidden in the school. You may meet him at any time."

"Don't worry. I just heard Dumbledore talk to Snape. They did not find him in the castle. Dumbledore thought he had left."

"But how did he do it he could not have apparated out of the castle, and quietly leave! The castle has applied a variety of spells to prevent outsiders from sneaking in, he is certainly not invisible or able fly in. Perhaps some kind of Transfiguration, like in our last year when taking the Polyjuice or . . ."

Looking at the paper that Hermione returned, Ivan felt she should talk about this topic anymore. Otherwise, with the smartness of Hermione, he was afraid it would not take a long time to guess that Black is an Animagus.

Since he is not prepared yet, it is too early for Black to be revealed yet.

"I forgot to mention this, it's almost midnight. Why are you not asleep?"

Hermione's face turned slightly pink when she saw Ivan's question. Fortunately, the Great Hall was very dark and there was no need to worry about getting discovered.

She can't tell Ivan the she was waiting for him to come back. It's too embarrassing! She hesitated for a moment and tapped her wand to the note.

"I was worried since Harry kept say that he saw the dog again. It was an unknown death omen, but it was obviously absurd! And you, you hadn't arrived back so in case something happened. . ."

"The little problem is not a problem. You have not forgotten that Harry and I had entered the chamber of secrets last year. We defeated the Basilisk and the young Voldemort"

"I was just so worried. I was afraid that you would go to Black alone and Ivan promise me not to do anything dangerous anymore, okay?"

Seeing Hermione's handwriting, Ivan had a weird feeling, even though the other person said it very vaguely. He could feel the other person's heart that is hidden behind a strong appearance. Hermione was that this time like any other ordinary, weak girl who couldn't help but care.

He didn't know how to answer, and an "ok" wasn't the right word.

Regardless of the current situation or the returning of Voldemort, what is place in front of Ivan is a road taht is full of danger an hardship. He cannot do nothing, and the result may be even worse.

Ivan sighed and looked up to if any was paying attention to himself. He decided to do something . . .

In the dark, Hermione was nervously waiting for Ivan's reply. Harry and Ron were giving off a slight snoring sound.

Looking at the stars in the ceiling, her mind unconsciously recalled last year. When the basilisk was in the Gryffindor common room, suddenly rushed over to them Ivan ignored himself and hugged her into his arms and turned his back to the basilisk. That scene. (Note: Sounds like she is falling hard.)

This picture reappeared in Hermione's head. She thinks this is something she would never forget in her life.

Suddenly, she felt something was approaching herself. Hermione looked up and was surprised to see that Ivan's sleeping bag was rolling over to her quietly.

Ivan rolled over to Hermione, and he reached out and tried to take a shot of her sleeping bag, which might have cause Hermione to feel at ease.

Unexpectedly, his hand met another soft, cold little hand in the darkness.

In the next second, Ivan found that his hand was being held tightly.

The opposite little hand trembled slightly but never seemed to let go.

.....

At the same moment, in the secret tunnel under the Weeping Willow to the Shreiking Shack, Lupin moved forward cautiously, with his wand giving off a weak light, he looked thoughtful around the familiar and strange scene.

He never thought that he still had the oppourtuinty to return here and re walk the secret tunnel that he had once walked countless times.

Everythign was just like yesterday. He seemed to have returned to his time at Hogwarts more that two decades ago, the best days of his life.

Prior to Hogwarts, Lupin never had friends.

When he was four years old, his father offended Fenir Greyback, a werewolf. In retaliation, the werewolf attacked him. Since then, he has become a werewolf.

Because of this identity, everyone hides from him. Regardless of where they go, werewolves are discriminated against. Lupin still remembers asking his father why they did so, but his father did not say anything and just held him silently crying.

At that moment, Lupin secretly vowed that he would never cry again no matter what he encountered.

Before eleven years old, his life was very dark and without any color.

Lupin thought that he could not go to Hogwarts like other children. Other parents would not want their children to be close to a werewolf, but Dumbledore gave him hope.

Dumbledore ordered a willow to be planted on the school grounds and used it to conceal the passage to the Hogsmead shrieking shack.

When there was a full moon, he would go there.

This was to protect the safety of the other classmates, because he became very brutal, Hogsmead's villagers heard the noises and screams and thought it was a fierce ghost. Dumbledore discouraged the idea and had people spread the rumor so that people would stay away from it.

Lupin still remembers those days when he was afraid that his classmates would know his identity. He concealed this secret from everyone.

Every night of the full moon, he had to tell people he was going to visit his sick mother or some other reason. Then he came here alone and became a brutal monster in the shrieking shack, slamming, sabotaging, and howling in the hut.

Although he tried to cover it up, several classmates quickly guessed the truth of the matter.

At that time, Lupin felt that he was definitely finished and he would be driven out of Hogwarts and return to a life without color.

But James Potter, Peter Pettigrew, and Sirius Black accepted him and became his first friends in life. They even went to study Animagus for this purpose. After the fifth year, they would come to stay with him every night of the full moon.

They traveled through Hogwarts, under the influence of his friends, Lupin felt hatred that he became a werewolf.

If possible, how much he wished he could freeze time in that moment.

Chapter 86: Lupin's Memory

Lupin pushed the gate of the secret passage aside, splashing a lot of dust.

He quickly climbed out of the secret road into a messy, dusty house. The wallpaper had been detached from the wall. There were stains everywhere on the floor. A piece of furniture has been damaged. It seemed that it had been broken. The windows were nailed with boards.

This was the Shrieking Shack. Lupin and his friends had been here numerous times. Since Black invaded the castle, it was very likely that he would hide here.

Lupin sniffed the familiar smell in the air. He put his wand across his chest, cautiously crossing the dark aisle and climbed the stairs that were about to collapse.

Like the first floor, everything on the second floor was covered with a thick layer of dust.

But this did not apply to the floor. Something had recently passed from here. It was a paw mark left by a canine.

Lupin looked down and he was too familiar with the footprint. It was a sign left by Sirius Black Animagus. Black must have been here recently, and he was still very likely to remain hidden in the house.

Lupin tightly grabbed his wand and carefully looked at the closed doorway at the end of the corridor. Black might be hiding behind this door, ready to rush out. Although Sirius did not want, Lupin still felt that he should keep up his guard.

He approached slowly, trying not to make any sound, and focused all the power he had into the tip of his wand that started glowing faintly.

“Come on, Sirius, I know you are in there!” Lupin shouted outside the door, his voice echoed in the empty room.

Nothing happened; nothing could be heard but silence.

Lupin blinked and the next second, his wand quickly emitted a stout red light and knocked out the door.

In the room, there was only a luxurious four-poster bed, and the curtains around the bed were all dusty. No one was in there, only he was standing at the door and gasping.

Lupin dazedly dropped his wand. Black was not here. Maybe he had been there. But after he knew he had been seen this evening, he would hide in another place.

“Desperate coward!” Lupin whispered.

Black’s behavior did not meet Lupin’s expectations. He was not a man who would run away. He was the bravest among them when he was a student, but when he kneeled down and kissed the robe of Voldemort, courage of the past may have disappeared.

Now Black was no longer a brave Gryffindor, more like a sinister crafty Slytherin.

Lupin stood for a minute at the entrance of the room and there was an unclear desolateness on his face.

He sighed deeply and turned to leave. But he stopped immediately and he saw something left on the bed. It was a photo.

Lupin went over and picked up the photo.

There were four boys on the picture. From left to right, they were himself, James Potter, Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew.

The four people in the photo were laughing so happily.

Lupin suddenly felt a little sad. He still remembers that this picture had been taken on the lawn in front of the castle gate when they graduated. Everyone was given a memorial.

His own photograph was sent out by Hagrid for Harry in the previous year when he collected photos; James’s piece was lost in the ruins on the night he was attacked. Peter’s piece should have been blown to fragments by Black along with his body.

The only one who still had this picture was Black himself.



It was possible that he had accidentally left it behind in the Shrieking Shack. Unexpectedly, Black kept this photograph. Lupin thought he had already lost all sense of friendship.

Looking at this yellowed photo, Lupin's thoughts returned to the time at which they had just graduated, the darkest age of magic.

At that time, the black wizards led by Voldemort were raging in the magical world. They openly resorted to violence, spreading terror everywhere, killing mud-bloods and Muggles in the name of "pleasure", and even launching a war of wizards to change the face magical world.

In that protracted war, Lupin witnessed the deaths of many people, including his former elders, classmates, and many innocent bystanders.

The year they graduated was three years before the end of the war. They could not wait to join the Order of the Phoenix and stand on the front line against Voldemort, even though Voldemort and his Death Eaters had far more power than the Order of the Phoenix

However, relying on close cooperation, they have repeatedly stopped the plots of Voldemort and escaped from his hands.

Lupin thought this will carry on until Voldemort is defeated.

But in the last year of the war, everything changed. Dumbledore got a tip that, for some reason, Voldemort was chasing Harry, James and Lily's son. James originally intended to fight, but for Harry's sake, he finally listened to Dumbledore's proposal and hid himself, protecting himself with Fidelius Charm.

In addition to Dumbledore, he and Peter Pettigrew were the only two who knew where James was. James chose Sirius Black, he used to think that Black was his closest and strongest

Lupin also naively believed that this was the best choice.

But he was wrong... They were all wrong!

Less than a week after Black became James and Lily's secret keeper, he sold them out to Voldemort. Voldemort broke into their house that night. He killed them, but he didn't know why he had failed at killing Harry!

After knowing this news, Lupin still remembered his reaction at the time. He was madly searching for Black. He needed to ask him to understand the truth. There must be a something that went wrong. Why did James and Lily die and why did the Fidelius Charm fail?

Until that time, he did not believe that Black would sell them to Voldemort.

Two days later, Lupin found Black.

But he was one step too late, and Peter Pettigrew had found him before him.

When Lupin saw Black on that street, he was surrounded by Aurors. He shattered Peter and the Muggles of the entire street into pieces a minute ago.

Everything was clear. Black sold James and Lily out to Voldemort. In the subsequent questioning, he admitted that he killed Peter Pettigrew.

Lupin helplessly stood on the corner of the street. He saw Black laughing wildly there and he silently wept in the corner. This was the only time he had shed tears since he had been a child when he took the vow to never cry again.

#### Chapter 87: Peter's Memory

The moonlight spread through the windows into the common room of the Gryffindor's Towers.

In a place where the moonlight could not reach, a small figure was shivering under the chair.

Peter Pettigrew was rubbing his hands, almost out of breath.

The thing he had always feared in the last twelve years has finally happened. His former friend, Sirius Black, escaped from Azkaban. He broke into Hogwarts, and there was just a wall separating them.

Peter knew that because he had sold Potter and his wife out to Voldemort, Black came to seek revenge and wanted to kill him.

He instinctively wanted to run away, but he did not know where to hide. He knew Black too well. Now that he knows that he was still alive, he will never stop.

Even if there were hundreds of Dementors here, even if Hogwarts was entirely turned upside down, Black will not give up. He wouldn't stop before catching him. This was Sirius Black, a true Gryffindor, a monster who never knew fear or cowardice.

Maybe, it would be the same as twelve years ago, and he would fake death.

This thought had just surfaced in Peter's mind but he rejected it rapidly.

This was not the Muggle's Street twelve years ago. This time he was not facing Black alone.

Here is Hogwarts. In the castle, there were Dumbledore, Snape, Lupin, McGonagall, Harry, James and Lily's son, and the young man named Evan Mason, each one of them was better, smarter, stronger and braver than him.

Even if he can fool Sirius Black, fooling all these people would be impossible!

"Where can I go if I escape again?"

If the surviving Death Eaters found out that he was alive, they would not let him go. After all, the Dark Lord's defeat came right after Peter gave him the tip.

Until now, Peter did not understand how the man who was so powerful that no one dared to even mention his name, could be defeated by a baby. He felt that he had clearly chosen the strong side. How did it all get to this point?

Everything seemed to return to the starting point, back to the time when he first entered school twenty years ago.

Peter, the little dwarf, still remembers the sorting ceremony that he entered at the school. He was thin and weak as tremblingly moved to the Sorting Hat. He wore it, and the big hat covered his eyes, he couldn't see the audience at all.

He was too scared. He was like this when he was a child. He did nothing at all. He was weak, not smart enough, and had no talent in magic. He was afraid he would be driven out by the hat. He was afraid to see his mother's disappointed eyes again.

"Difficult, very difficult!" The Sorting Hat began to speak in his ear. "You are not a brave child. You are not smart enough, you are not determined, and you are not willing to work hard. Although you are pureblood, it will be very difficult to live in Slytherin, and you don't have the qualities required by Ravenclaw and Gryffindor. Even mediocre, you are not willing to stay in the practical and ordinary Hufflepuff, let me think it over. Where should you go?"

"Yeah, where should I go?"

He lost his father when he was young. Although his family was poor, his mother did her best to buy all the magical tools for him. She had great expectations from him. She was telling him his father's story before going to bed every night.

Peter still remembered the story of his mother. In her story, his father was a heroic Gryffindor. Even if he was not the strongest, he was fearless, even in the face of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

Peter could hear it from his mother's tone: She was proud of his father.

"Gryffindor, Gryffindor, Gryffindor. I want to go to Gryffindor. I want to have courage. I'm a brave man!" Peter shouted loudly at the Sorting Hat in his heart. I want to change my cowardice. I want to be a warrior like my father. I want to be admired. I cannot disappoint my mother!"

"Gryffindor?!" The Sorting Hat felt it was weird. "You say you want to go to Gryffindor. Well, this may not be the best choice, but I hope it could be in the future. On your path, find the courage that is buried deep in your heart."

"Gryffindor!"

Peter Pettigrew, above the chair smiled happily. It was the most glorious moment of his life. He seemed to hear again the moment the Sorting Hat shouted his choice to everyone with a loud voice. He'll finally be able to look at his mother's satisfied eyes.

But his grin soon settled down and the Sorting Hat was right. He didn't fit Gryffindor. What he got in this school was only being mocked of.

Everyone mocked him that he was not brave enough. Hogwarts's studies made him feel pressure. He found that there was nothing he was good at. The professors looked into his eyes and there was no other feeling besides disappointment. He was farther and farther from his mother's expectation.

He did not find courage in this school, and he found himself becoming more and more ordinary and inferior.

He could not go on like this anymore; he needed someone to help him.

Peter quickly discovered the goal. James Potter, Sirius Black, and Remus Lupin were the best three in his class. The three of them were always shining in their small group, maybe they needed one more member.

“Yes, I can play this role perfectly.”

Fortunately for him, they accepted him. Peter Pettigrew felt hope and happiness because of this. He thought that even if he could not be as good as them, he would at least have a presence and make his mother proud of him!

For this presence and pride, Peter was willing to endure everything.

To outsiders, he was a member of this small group. He was a friend of James, Sirius and Lupin.

But only Peter Pettigrew knew that he was just a follower and nothing more.

James regarded him as an object to show off his Quidditch talent at any time, and he was just there to make Sirius seem braver and stronger. Even in comparison to Lupin, the werewolf, he always looked down on himself.

True, he never saw the three of them as friends. They were just companions at best, but more often, he was just a follower.

With these feelings of cowardice and humbleness, the latter faded eventually, as he was mostly afraid that this was also everyone’s idea of him.

But Peter was contented with it for a while. He did not want to stand in the center-stage and receive attention from everyone.

As long as he was in his humble position in the corner, it was enough for him.

He might not find his courage in this ancient school, but he relied on other ways to find the presence and honor he needed. Although not much, at least he will not let his mother feel disappointed.

He hoped to have just enough of them to go through his years of Hogwarts.

The seven-year Hogwarts career finally allowed Peter to understand that what he needed was not courage, but brute power.

If his father ever had that kind of power, he wouldn’t have died like that and he and his mother’s life would not be so bitter.

Brute power, this was what he had been pursuing.

After graduating, his three companions wanted to join the Order of the Phoenix to fight against Voldemort. Peter originally wanted to refuse because he knew the strength of both sides. But he did not dare. He had become accustomed to obey the orders of the other three.

He did not dare to say “No” to his companions. It also required strong courage. He had never had such a thing. Besides, he was also afraid to disappoint his mother. He knew that she wanted him to join the Order of the Phoenix.

His mother’s expectations had always made Peter under pressure, but it was not until that moment, that he discovered that the pressure had become a heavy burden not allowing him breathe.

Peter Pettigrew remembered the time, when James, Sirius and Lupin were pleased that they defeated Voldemort's conspiracies again and again, it made him more and more affraid.

He could feel the anger of the Dark Lord, and he could feel his hatred for those four people. It was like a never-ending nightmare.

No longer can this go on, Peter couldn't see any benefit in fighting against Voldemort himself. Even if he risked his life to do these things, only James, Sirius, and Lupin would get the spotlight.

Not to mention Dumbledore was gradually aging, his power was declining; and Voldemort was in his prime, his power and strength were stronger than ever.

It was time to choose his camp. For a weak person, the most important thing was not to do anything dramatic, but to make a wise choice.

He could not stupidly die for Dumbledore, like his father, in obscurity. This stupid courage had no meaning other than leaving a heavy burden and grief for his wife and children.

He wanted to choose his own destiny. He wanted to gain brute strength.

The Dark Lord has promised him. As long as the magic world was unified, he would gain power, and status that he never imagined before.

Although the method was different, as long as he had these, his mother would certainly feel proud of him.

As for the jealousy and guilt of betraying his companions, Peter never felt that.

In his eyes, he was just a follower. And he would always be.

#### Chapter 88: Evolving Conspiracy

He knew that if he was to be just a follower, he had to pick his master well.

Peter Pettigrew had a strange smile on his lips. If his companions were all killed by the Dark Lord, who could know that he had betrayed them?

His plan seemed foolproof. He began to sell the information about the Order of the Phoenix to gain the trust of the Dark Lord. Although Dumbledore doubted him, James, Sirius and Lupin testified for him, even though he was humblest member in their small group.

Peter Pettigrew knew too much about his three friends. They didn't believe him completely, but the pride and blind arrogance blinded their eyes. Even if they didn't trust him, they would still support him in the face of Dumbledore's inquiry.

As long as he was still a member of this small group, the three of them will unconditionally support him.

"Stupid Gryffindor. They' providing me with the perfect cover!"

After knowing that Dumbledore began to doubt him, Peter Pettigrew would no longer leaked information because he was not sure whether or not they were a trap by Dumbledore. He knew that he had to endure and wait for an opportunity that would allow the Dark Lord to fully trust him.

He still remembered that rainy night twelve years ago, when Sirius, James, and Lily found themselves in a pinch, and they asked him to be the Secret Keeper of James and Lily.

That was based on Sirius's recommendation. Voldemort would be sure to come after Black, but he shouldn't pay attention to such a weak, talentless one like Peter.

That was also what they have always thought of him, a humble, weak, stupid companion who had never dared to refute them. They considered him the most appropriate secret keeper.

They did not tell anyone about this matter. Even Lupin and Dumbledore didn't know it. It was just a secret between the four of them.

That night, Peter felt he both happy and sad!

He had always waited patiently for his chance, and now he's become Potter's secret keeper! When he determined that Harry that the Voldemort had been looking for was in the house, he could not wait to find the Dark Lord.

He bowed down and sold James and Lily out to the Dark Lord. As expected, he obtained the trust he had always dreamed of. The Dark Lord was also told the way into that place, the ancient relic he had found together with James, Black, and Lupin in the forbidden forest.

There was a strong dark power hidden in that relic. The Dark Lord must have been there during his school days.

It was said that there might be a strong source of strength for the Voldemort himself, certainly not all, but Peter was not greedy enough to want to be powerful black wizard like the Dark Lord.

As always, as long as he had his hidden spot in the backstage, he was satisfied. Before in Hogwarts, he relied on James, Sirius, and Lupin to get that position. Now, the Dark Lord, a far more powerful wizard, will help him find his place.

Peter Pettigrew thought so, but who could think that the Dark Lord would actually fail and lose against a newborn baby?

For some time, he used to think that he was very close to success, and that he was able to see power and status before beckoning to him. However, this dream instantly shattered, and he had no alternative but to flee.

Peter Pettigrew had no choice. Apart from Sirius's unending wrath, he had to avoid the chase of other Death Eaters.

The method he chose was to fake his own death. When the curse of Sirius hit him, he used a spell to make the whole street explode, leaving only one finger and letting everyone think he was dead.

Sirius Black took his spot as the chief culprit of the whole incident. Like he imagined, the proud Sirius did not explain to others. He felt that he had killed James and Lily by recommending Peter as a secret keeper. He wanted to go to Azkaban.

He managed to escape and his mother lost her son but received a first-grade Sir Merlin Medal, although he should have received much more than this.

Peter Pettigrew had seen with his own eyes that his mother had buried this medal and his own finger at his father's tomb. On his tombstone was engraved: A brave and fearless soldier, a deserved Gryffindor, who gave his life against the dark forces of evil, making his parents proud.

Yeah, from his mother's point of view, he finally became someone like his father, and for such a foolish reason she should be satisfied with her life.

Peter Pettigrew closed his eyes in pain. From now on, he has to hide in the Weasley's house as a Rat. He knew he had to keep in touch with the magic world so that he could know the Dark Lord's movements whenever he returns.

In the previous year, he saw the Dark Lord again in Hogwarts.

The once powerful Black Wizard had become a weak shadow. To tell the truth, Peter had been very disappointed. He couldn't understand what was going on. If Voldemort was no longer strong enough to be scary, what was the significance of his own betrayal?

He did not immediately reveal himself. He decided to observe at Voldemort and see if he was as strong as before.

Pettigrew was thankful that he had done so. In the next two years, he witnessed Voldemort's failing twice.

After seeing Voldemort fail again and again, Peter Pettigrew was in fear. He did not understand why the Dark Lord had failed. He obviously was incredibly powerful. But against a child, he kept on failing

It seemed that the tide had really changed; perhaps he should change camps again!

Peter Pettigrew awakened from his memory, something was moving outside. He quietly stretched his head and gave it a look. The time had already arrived at 3 o'clock in the middle of the night. Outside was the house-elf, called Dobby, who was packing things.

Peter Pettigrew narrowed his eyes as he felt like they were in similar positions.

They were all so humble, so weak. The elf used to be the Malfoy's slave, but he was now the servant of the boy Evan Mason.

Perhaps he could, like Dobby, turn to Harry Potter and take refuge with this savior who defeated Voldemort several times.

This was not impossible. The events of that year were only known to Sirius Black. As long as Sirius is dealt with, he would be able to reappear in front of the crowds as a hero.

The situation had completely changed. Since Voldemort had lost his power, his party members and the Death Eaters who had not been caught in Azkaban should not pose any trouble to him. It was time to return to the magic world. .

The only trouble now was that of Sirius Black. As long as he was eliminated, nobody should know what happened.

Peter Pettigrew had a new strange smile on his lips. He thought about it. He could tell the others that he had endured the burden of humiliation for many years. He had guarded the only legacy of his former friend and protected Harry from the evil forces.

He could re-emerge as a sad hero. He was the greatest hero who defeated Voldemort. He could even apply to become the only guardian of Harry.

Even if Dumbledore and Lupin were skeptical, they had no valid reason to object.

This was really wonderful. Maybe the Ministry of Magic would consider re-awarding him with a Medal of Merlin. And then, he would be able to get back the power source hidden for him deep in the forest. Those honors, powers, he should get it all back.

Peter Pettigrew knew he needed a plan, a plan to get rid of Sirius Black completely.

First of all, in order to ensure the smooth implementation of the plan, he needed to disappear from the crowd.

He wanted to avoid the pursuit of Sirius Black and the cat named Crookshanks, and he could not explain why, but Peter could feel that the boy named Evan Mason seemed to doubt him. He had to be careful. After all, he was able to beat Voldemort despite his young age. As he knew, Evan did not rely on luck or Dumbledore's help as Harry did. The boy was totally on his own and he defeated Voldemort by his own strength and wisdom.

This was terrible. Peter was afraid that Evan already knew something. He should hide first.

Then he needed a wand.

Of course, those two things were not too difficult!

The hard part was that he wanted to know Sirius' position. If Sirius was found, someone in the castle would be willing to help him deal with him.

Pettigrew suddenly remembered that he had once made the Marauder's Map with James, Sirius, and Lupin. This map could help him. He remembered that the Marauder's Map was confiscated by Filch in their seventh grade.

If there was no mishap, it should still be there.

## Chapter 89: Identifying and Killing Werewolves

A few days after Halloween, the whole school was talking about Sirius Black.

Discussions were focused on how he managed to infiltrate into the castle. Evan heard people saying that Black is invisible and other things of that sort. Hufflepuff's Hannah even wrote an article about it as a contribution to the Hogwarts Magical News. She swore to witness Black's incarnation as a flowering bush.

This article was submitted while Evan was not there but it had been rejected by Hermione.

Thanks to a series of articles introducing the "Dementors", since the beginning of the school year, sales of the Hogwarts Magic News had been good, and the "Patronus Charm" issue hit the highest record with a full print of more than two thousand copies.

In addition to the school's wizards, many adult wizards learned about this defensive Charm through the Hogwarts Magic News. Evan had just discovered that so many people never knew about this spell before. He was worried about the overall level of power in the magic world.

In addition to the increasing esoteric rumors, there were many changes in the castle.

For example, the portrait of Fat Lady, which had been damaged, had been taken from the wall and replaced by a portrait of a fully armed Sir Cadogan and his obese gray pony.



No one was happy about this matter. Sir Cadogan spent half his time challenging people and asking them to fight him. The rest of the time was spent on pondering complex and ridiculous passwords. He actually changed his password twice a day

As another example, Harry was now under surveillance.

The professors walked with him in the corridor for various reasons and various excuses; Percy followed him everywhere, as if he was his guard dog.

Black invaded the castle. The most affected should be Peter Pettigrew.

Ron told Evan that the rat's tonic he gave him had no effect. Now, besides drinking water, Scabbers did not eat anything. It stayed in the corner of his bed all day and did not move, as if it were dead.

A more accurate description should be that he was waiting for his death. Evan already tested it. The tracing potion was effective; he could feel the rat's presence whenever he was less than a 100 meters away from him.

The next step was to look for opportunities to contact Sirius Black. This would be the end of the year's event. But the first two failed contacts made Black wary of Evan. He became more cautious and Evan did not know where he was hiding.

According to the original story, Black should hide in the Shrieking Shack, but Evan checked after Halloween and he was not there.

On Halloween eve, Lupin also saw Black. He knew the Shrieking Shack. With Black's caution, he could not stay there.

Just like Lupin did not trust Black, Black did not trust Lupin either.

Twelve years of life in Azkaban left little of his sanity. He didn't trust Dumbledore. He had only revenge on his mind.

Black was now very likely to be hidden in the Forbidden Forest. Evan was not interested in finding a dog all over the woods. He decided to design a plan to bring him out.

At the lunch table, Evan saw Crookshanks running out of the auditorium with a big loaf of bread. It suddenly flashed in his mind; maybe he could use it...

Hermione's cat was clever and incomprehensible, and sometimes Evan suspected that it was also an Animagus. It must have become a friend with Sirius Black. The bread he had just taken was for Black.

Just as Evan stared at Crookshanks, who had slipped past him, he saw Harry, Ron, and Hermione entering the auditorium with a look of frustration.

"You know what Snape told me to do! He actually asked me to wipe the pots in the school infirmary. And I wasn't even allowed to use magic!" Ron gasped, his fists clenched tightly.

"Why can't Black hide in Snape's office, so he could take care of him for us!"

"How, Ron! Don't the 3rd year students have the Defense Against the Dark Arts class this morning?" Colin asked. "How could you be punished by Snape?"

“Good question, Colin!” Ron yelled heavily. “I actually was punished by Snape in the Defense Against the Dark Arts class in the morning. Then I went to the Potions class in the afternoon and I had to endure him once again. .”

“But why?”

“Because Snape said Professor Lupin was ill and couldn’t attend classes, this session of Dark Arts defensive was his.” Harry sat down angrily. “Snape must have something to do with this. You guys remember when I said that he had given Professor Lupin a recipe of potion a few days ago? What did he put in that potion?!”

Harry’s words were approved by Ron. Evan knew that Snape’s potion was a scorpion venom agent. The potion needed to be taken one week before the full moon night.

Today should be the day of Lupin’s transformation. No wonder no one did see him.

“Don’t talk nonsense, Harry, why would Snape do this?” Hermione took out her Defense Against the Dark Arts textbook.

“He has always wanted to teach this course.” Ron shouted, “Look at what he did in class, he spent half the time criticizing Professor Lupin’s teaching methods and the rest half of class time asking us a strange question!”

“What did he ask?”

“It was about werewolves, Colin!” Ron turned and said, “Snape has been asking us the way we recognize the werewolf. Hermione knew the answer. But he didn’t let her talk. I asked him: if he didn’t want to hear the answer, why did he keep asking. And that’s why I’ve been punished!”

“But there must be a reason for this. Why does he want us to know how to identify werewolves?” said Hermione thoughtfully.

“Anything is possible; maybe he was bitten by a crazy werewolf, so he came out of his mind!” Ron said yelling, “I mean check this out. Snape left us with homework that discusses the identification and killing of werewolves. At least two parchment papers. He is absolutely crazy!”

“The difference between the werewolf and the real wolf, the symptoms of the werewolf in the human form...” Hermione looked through her Dark Arts defensive textbook.

“God, Hermione, you’re not really going to finish the assignment, on how to identify an evil werewolf and kill him?”

“The middle finger and the ring finger are the same length, weak, full moon, change of time, fear of...” Hermione ignored him. Her hands quickly crossed through the

book. Then it seemed like she found something. She raised her head sharply, and her beautiful chestnut eyes were full of shock.

“A werewolf is not necessarily evil, Ron!” Seeing Hermione’s look, Evan knew she had discovered the truth and he sighed. “Wizards usually think that he has no reason and feelings, and that he only knows destruction and Killing, being full of bloodthirsty desires. In fact, this image is incorrect.”

“You must know that even a pure hearted person, a person who does not forget to pray at night, will inevitably be transformed into a wolf on a full moon night when exposed to the moonlight.” Evan calmly looked at Hermione, “but he is kind in nature. Just because he is a werewolf, that doesn’t mean we can’t trust him.”

“Isn’t it, Evan?!” Hermione asked this question, being troubled. But with his regard, she became less worried.

“Yes, I trust him!” Evan nodded.

Harry, Ron, and Colin looked at Evan and Hermione. They were confused and they couldn’t understand what the two were saying.

Chapter 90: 1st Quidditch Opponent

Although Evan said he trusted him, Hermione’s face was still as gloomy as the dark night sky. She could not believe that Professor Lupin actually would be a Werewolf, the news was simply too shocking!

“I tell you what, are we missing something here?” Ron looked suspiciously at Evan and Hermione.

Harry and Colin nodded along with him wanting answers.

Evan and Hermione looked at each other. Hermione was not sure if she should tell them that Professor Lupin was a Werewolf. Since both Dumbledore and Evan believed in him, she should also keep it secret. What’s more, Professor Lupin was particularly friendly, and nothing like the image of a vicious Werewolf.

Hermione quietly kicked Evan under the table and nodded so that he answers Ron’s question.

Evan didn’t have an idea on how to put it for his friends. Fortunately, he saw Oliver Wood coming over with an angry face and the Gryffindor Quidditch team gathered.

“Bad news, we won’t play against Slytherin tomorrow!” he said angrily. “Professor McGonagall just told me that our opponent tomorrow will be Hufflepuff.”

“Why?” the other players asked in one voice.

“Slytherin’s excuse is that their injured player’s arm is not healed yet.” Wood frowned, furiously panting. “But the purpose of this is obvious. They just don’t want to play in such weather and think it would destroy their chances to win.”

Hogwarts had been stormy in recent days. As Wood finished his words, everyone heard the rumbling of thunder outside the castle.

“Slytherin’s Seeker?” Angelina said in surprise.

“It is Draco Malfoy. His arm was injured in the Care of Magical Creatures class in the first week of school when he was attacked by Hagrid’s Buckbeak!” Ron whispered. “But that was exactly what he deserved. If I were Buckbeak, I would’ve given him a harder time.”

“Malfoy’s arm has nothing anymore!” said Harry furiously. “It’s completely healed!”

“I understand, but we can’t prove it,” Wood said bitterly. “They used this as an excuse when talking to professor Snape...”

“I knew it was him!” Harry and Ron shouted in disgust.

“The problem now is that we have been practicing for Slytherin and we are playing against the Hufflepuff team tomorrow. Their style is quite different. Even more troublesome is that this year, they have a new Captain and Seeker: Cedric Diggory.”

As soon as his voice fell, Angelina, Alicia, and Katie suddenly giggled.

“What are you laughing at?” Wood said curiously disapproving this carefree behavior.

“You mean that tall, handsome looking boy, right?” Angelina said.

“The strong, non-talkative one.” Katie added, “He’s really charming.”

They began to giggle again, and Wood and Fred looked very unhappy.

“He doesn’t talk often because he’s too stupid to say two words in a row” said Fred impatiently. “Oliver, I don’t understand why you should worry. The Hufflepuff team is an easy opponent. When we last played against them, Harry took the Golden Snitch in only five minutes. Don’t you remember?”

“We were in a completely different situation!” Wood shouted, his eyes slightly protruding. “Diggory organized a strong team. He is an excellent Seeker! Your thinking worries me. We must not underestimate the enemy! We must tackle the main issues. Slytherin wants to observe us on every step of the way looking for our mistakes. We must win this year!”

Wood’s voice was loud; loud enough to make most people in the auditorium turn his way curiously.

“Oliver, take it easy and don’t get angry.”

Fred panicked a little: “We will take Hufflepuff seriously, we are serious!”

“All team training, at 3 o’clock in the afternoon, all the players should gather at the Quidditch stadium. We must come up with a set of coping strategies.”

No one spoke. Everyone nodded palely.

In their eyes, Evan saw the storm of thoughts within their minds. He silently prayed for these guys.

Evan could understand Wood's mood. This year was his last year at Hogwarts. He had to get the Quidditch Cup. Since Harry joined the team, the Gryffindor team had clearly been the strongest in the school, but in the past two years, they had always encountered all kinds of accidents, and eventually missed the Quidditch Cup.

To be more precise, it was Harry who was really unreliable. Apart from being an outstanding Seeker, he had to get a career as a part-time hero! If Gryffindor would not get the Quidditch Cup this year because of him, there would be no need for Voldemort, because Wood would kill Harry himself.

Yeah, he had it in his eyes!

The sudden training continued until seven o'clock in the evening. Evan had just persuaded Hermione not to tell anybody that Professor Lupin was a Werewolf. Then, he saw the members of the team crawl into the common room looking exhausted. After a bit of talking, they went to the Dormitory and fell asleep.

The next day, about five o'clock in the morning, Evan woke up. He was awakened by the roaring winds outside the castle. He could hear the rumbling thunder in the air, the turmoil of the wind hitting the castle walls, and the sound of the trees in the Forbidden Forest.

He walked out of the bedroom with his sleepy eyes and saw that Harry had been dressed and took his light Nimbus 2000 quietly in front of the fireplace in the common room.

There was no light in the fireplace, and the entire public lounge was really dark.

"Oh, Harry! When did you get up?"

"Good morning, Evan!" Harry said with a worried voice. "About three o'clock, I was awakened by Peeves. He kept blowing air on my neck."

"And then you have been sitting here all this time?!"

"Yeah, Crookshanks wanted to sneak into our dormitory. I sat on the stairs so that he wouldn't get there. The guys needed to rest."

"But you need to take a break, too!" said Evan in surprise. "In three hours, you'll have to spend a whole day outside flying in such ghostly weather."

"I'm not sleepy, Evan, I have an ominous hunch." Harry waved his hand weakly. "The big black dog, the unknown... When I trained last night, I saw it in the direction of the Forbidden Forest. It was watching us in the woods."

"It should be just a stray dog!" Evan couldn't understand what Sirius would be doing in such a messy weather.

Any normal sane person would try to find shelter from the rain! However, judging from the current situation, Sirius Black was not normal.

“But this is the third time. I can’t be seeing the same stray dog ??all the time.” Harry sighed. “You know that Black is chasing me. If that means death, I’m afraid... ..”

“You don’t have to worry about a stray dog. I have seen it many times.”

Harry’s words reminded Evan of what happened in the original story during the game. He looked out at the sky and added, “Harry, you need to save your strength for now. If there is anything you should worry about, I’m worried about the Dementors...”

“Dementors?!” Harry looked up and his face paled instantly.

“Yes, those guys are stationed not too far from the Quidditch field, and the happy atmosphere on the field should make a great feast for them. If they come, then .....” Evan paused, then said, “You need to prepare your wand, and be ready to cast the Patronus Charm”

“I’m not making any good progress with that spell!” Harry shook his head. “I don’t seem to have any happy memories to recall.”

For the next few hours, Evan practiced the Patronus spell several time with Harry. No matter how hard he tried, Harry’s wand could only emit a blur of white fog.

Evan sighed. Although this might not be able to drive away the Dementors, it was better than nothing. It should be enough to resist for a while, giving him enough time to land safely.

Besides, with Dumbledore watching the game, Evan didn’t really think that over hundred Dementors could do anything.