

Harry Potter 851

Chapter 851: The Broom Room

In terms of flying skills, Harry was indeed much better than Evan.

There was no danger on the way back, but Moody kept changing routes, making everyone freeze.

Evan hugged Harry from behind, he didnt need to control the broom, but he didnt have the mind to think about other things now.

In the dark night, the bitter cold wind blew and the temperature was much lower than when they came.

Evan squinted tightly. His ears were so cold, and he could feel Harrys body freezing too.

Compared to this kind of unbearable flight, he preferred the feeling of Apparition, and even traveling by Floo powder was much better than this. It might be uncomfortable to spin around in fireplaces but it was at least warm in the flames.

Kingsley Shacklebolt swooped around them, bald pate and earring gleaming slightly in the moonlight. Tonks had been following them on their right, her wand out.

Evan had no doubt that if a group of Death Eaters flew towards them at this time, they would have no resistance at all.

Turning southwest, we ought to double back for a bit, just to make sure were not being followed! Moody shouted.

ARE YOU MAD, MAD-EYE? Tonks screamed, whizzing over Evan and Harry, Were all frozen to our brooms! If we keep going off course were not going to get there until next week! Were nearly there now!

Time to start the descent! said Kingsley.

All right, land! said Moody, upset.

Here is said Harry, shivering and looking around.

The grimy fronts of the surrounding houses were not welcoming; some of them had broken windows, glimmering dully in the light from the street-lamps, paint was peeling from many of the doors, and heaps of rubbish lay outside several sets of front steps.

He had been to this place, and Sirius had brought them here on that Christmas day.

But he couldnt find the house, and he couldnt remember where it should be. In the dark, it seemed that a force was interfering with his memory.

Yes, the old house of the Black family is now the headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix, Evan whispered.

Whats the order of the?

Here, read quickly and memorize, Moody muttered, thrusting a piece of parchment toward Harrys Disillusioned hand and holding his lit wand close to it, so as to illuminate the writing.

The headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix may be found at number twelve, Grimmauld Place, London.

He had just finished reading it, and in front of him, a battered door emerged out of nowhere between numbers eleven and thirteen, followed swiftly by dirty walls and grimy windows with a loud rumble.

It was as though an extra house had inflated, pushing those on either side out of its way.

Number twelve, Grimmauld Place appeared out of nowhere, and the memory of this house suddenly appeared in Harry's mind.

He looked at all this dumbfounded, feeling it incredible.

What surprised him even more were the changes in the old house. When he came here last time, the abandoned empty house seemed to have died. It gave the feeling that everything here was rotting. The peeling wallpaper and threadbare carpet of a long, gloomy hallway, the age-blackened portraits hanging crooked on the walls, and a lot of evil looking, dusty Dark magical items.

But now, the house had a brand new look, and the chandelier and the candelabra on the table were all lit up and resplendent.

Harry followed Evan and walked in. He immediately stood still, staring at everything in front of him in disbelief.

Here! said Moody, rapping Evan and Harry hard over the head with his wand. They felt as though something hot was trickling down their backs this time, and the Disillusionment Charm had been lifted.

Welcome back, Master Evan, Master Harry!

Kreacher, the house-elf in a clean apron, ran by with his slippers. He seemed to have been here all the time.

Hello, Kreacher! Harry whispered, Thank you

There were hurried footsteps and Ron's mother, Mrs. Weasley, emerged from a door at the far end of the hall. She was beaming in welcome as she hurried toward them.

You're back; oh, Harry, it's so lovely to see you! she whispered, pulling him into a rib-cracking hug before holding him at arms length and examining him critically. You're looking peaky; you need feeding up, but you'll have to wait a bit for dinner, I'm afraid

She hugged Evan again and turned to the gang of wizards behind them.

He's just arrived, the meetings started Mrs. Weasley whispered urgently.

The wizards all made noises of interest and excitement and began filing past Evan and Harry toward the door through which Mrs. Weasley had just come.

Harry made to follow them, but Mrs. Weasley held him back.

No, Harry, the meetings only for members of the Order of the Phoenix, Mrs. Weasley said in an urgent whisper. Ron, Hermione and Ginny are upstairs, you two can wait with them until the meeting is over and then well have dinner. And keep your voices down in the hall

Although Kreacher has cleaned up the entire house, he did not take down the portrait of Sirius's mother, and Mrs. Black's attitude towards everyone had not changed at all.

Once she was woken up, it would be a terrible disaster.

What on earth is going on? Harry asked in a low voice, walking up the stairs. Whos that man Mrs. Weasley said he was here?

Probably Dumbledore, Evan replied, looking at Kreacher leading the way before them. I heard Fred and George say that Snape had something important to report tonight, and thats why hes here.

The headmaster is here! Harry opened his eyes wide, suddenly feeling very uncomfortable.

Dumbledore was here, but he wouldnt see him. He didnt understand why.

What made him feel even more uncomfortable was that Snape was there. Snape actually came to Sirius's house.

He felt like a fool, kept in the dark by everyone.

Evan didnt know what Harry was thinking. He said to the house-elf in front of him, Kreacher, where did you get the broomstick you gave me when I set out?

There is a broom room on the top floor. Master Evan, there are all kinds of broomsticks inside, said Kreacher, making gestures with his hands. All are left by former family members, there are many of them.

Can you show me around?

Evan had been thinking about this on his way back. Since he planned to produce broomsticks, he wanted to view the Black family broom collection to prepare for future research on new broom products. After all, the information from the book was not as accurate as the real object.

Chapter 852: Harry's Unhappiness and the Moontrimmer

Of course, Master Evan. The broom room is on the top floor, said Kreacher.

Evan seemed interested in that broom room, and Harry didnt understand what was going on.

Although he wanted to see it, the uncomfortable feeling in his heart became more and more obvious.

He didnt know how to vent this emotion. Hed been trapped in the Dursleys for a whole month, while other people used his godfathers house to fight Voldemort here, and they refused to tell him anything, as though it had nothing to do with him.

Evan, you havent told me what exactly the Order of the Phoenix is

Just then, the doorknob in the shape of a serpent of the third bedroom on the third floor quickly turned, and Hermione rushed out.

Ron followed her, and they both threw themselves onto Harry excitedly in a hug that nearly knocked him flat, while Rons tiny owl, Pigwidgeon, zoomed excitedly round and round their heads.

Harry, youre here! We didnt hear you arrive, said Hermione excitedly. How are you? Are you alright?

Not bad! Harry replied quietly, in fact he wanted to say he was very bad.

Yeah, I bet youve been furious with us but we couldnt tell you anything, Dumbledore made us swear we wouldnt. He specifically asked Ron and me before the holiday, said Hermione quickly. You dont know how worried we were when Evan and I in Egypt heard youve been attacked by Dementors; for fear that you might have an accident and that Ministry hearing its outrageous, Ive looked it all up, they cant expel you, they just cant, it is clearly stipulated in the law

Okay, let him breathe, Hermione, said Evan, putting his arm around Hermione to calm her down.

After knowing that Harry was going to the Ministry hearing, Hermione had been reading through a pile of thick legal books.

Hermione, still beaming, let go of Harry, but before she could say another word there was a soft whooshing sound from the bedroom and something white flew from inside and landed gently on Harrys shoulder.

Hedwig!

The snowy owl clicked her beak and nibbled his ear affectionately as Harry stroked her feathers.

Shes been in a right state, said Ron, beaming at Harry. She pecked us half to death when she brought your last letters to Evan, Hermione and me, and she kept urging us to reply, look at this He showed Harry the index finger of his right hand, which sported a half-healed but clearly deep cut.

Sorry about that, but I wanted answers, you know said Harry apologetically.

We wanted to give them to you, mate, said Ron. But Dumbledore specifically made us swear not to tell me, said Harry. Yeah, Hermione has already said.

The icy feeling in his heart became more and more obvious. Harry looked at Evan, Ron, and Hermione. Although hed been yearning to see them for a solid month, he now felt he would rather prefer the three of them to leave him alone.

There was a strained silence in which Harry stroked Hedwig automatically, not looking at either of the others

Okay, lets not stand here. Kreacher was just about to take me to visit the Blacks broom room. There are many treasured broomsticks in it. Who wants to go? said Evan in a relaxed tone.

Because of the connection between Harry and Voldemort, Dumbledore had made a decision that was in the best interests of the moment, to effectively protect Harrys safety and at the same time prevent him from contacting anything related to the Order of the Phoenix, or even let him leave the Dursleys.

He considered everything and did the right thing, but ignored Harrys own feelings.

Or he thought about it but thought it was not important. This was Dumbledores main problem.

The greatest white wizard in the world was not a saint. He had made many mistakes in his life and was still making new ones.

In his youth, he was a pure careerist, planning to conquer the wizarding world with Grindelwald and obtain the strongest power.

When his sister died because of this, he repented and returned to Hogwarts to become a respected professor. He insisted on fighting Dark magic, treating everyone in the wizarding world fairly and eventually became the headmaster of Hogwarts.

In 1945, when the chaos caused by Grindelwald reached a fierce stage, he came forward under the expectation of the world, defeated the Dark wizard Grindelwald, and successfully imprisoned his former friend in the topmost cell of Nurmengard.

Later, until the rise of Voldemort, Dumbledore did not have greater interests in his mind, but his way had changed. Instead of using violent methods to change the wizarding world like Grindelwald and Voldemort, he used more moderate methods.

Just as Evan had judged before, Dumbledore was now a strategist, he was not for secular rights, but for the higher purpose that had always existed in his mind, even at the expense of his own life.

Compared with these, Harry's emotions were indeed trivial.

Let's all go and look at the broomsticks collected by the Blacks, said Ron hastily.

Under the leadership of Kreacher, they climbed to the attic silently and came to the top of this old house.

The house-elf opened a door and Evan walked in.

He thought he would be in a storage room like a utility room, but it was not like that. There were a lot of shelves on the wall with a broom on top, and there were all kinds of models sealed in glass cabinets, like an exhibition.

Obviously, an ancestor of the Blacks had a hobby of collecting broomsticks.

Blimey, there are so many broomsticks, said Ron in surprise, looking at everything in front of him in disbelief. I lived in this house for a month, but no one has ever told me that there was such a room.

Harry also forgot his unhappiness and compared the pictures of the brooms he had seen in the books with the things in front of him.

He came to a green broom and gently wiped the dust off it.

It was a Moontrimmer, the prototype of the Silver Arrow series.

At the time, this broom was a revolution in broomstick design, and it had a leap in quality.

For a while, these slender brooms with ash handles were in great demand by Quidditch players. Compared with other broomsticks, the main advantage of the Moontrimmer was that it had the ability to fly higher than other brooms and remain controllable.

Quidditch players were clamoring for more Moontrimmers.

At that time, broomsticks were still in the hand-crafted workshop production mode, and the maker of the Moontrimmer was unable to meet the market demand. This led to the appearance of the silver arrow series, which became the true ancestor of Quidditch brooms, and began mass production, becoming the most successful business model in the modern wizarding world.

The hot sale of the Silver Arrow series eventually made the Jewkes family, also an individual manufacturer of broomsticks, rise rapidly and become a prominent wizarding family.

Chapter 853: Evan's Broom Production Plan

The rise of a wizarding family was not simple, and it involved many interests beyond the imagination of the world.

The social structure of the wizarding world was actually very complex, and it was not simply classified according to pure-blood wizards and ordinary wizards.

Like the Muggle world, the pure-blood wizarding families were a bit like the old aristocrats of European countries.

Only the glory of their ancestors could be remembered. In fact, they had declined and had little influence.

Now the real final say in the wizarding world was of those corporate plutocrats who had huge amounts of gold.

Why the Malfoys could influence the development of the wizarding world was not because their family was old enough and their pedigree was pure and noble enough, but because they had many industries under their name and controlled the economic lifeline of the British wizarding world. The Ministry of Magic and the authorities dared not offend them.

Of course, what was different from the Muggle world was that there were magical powers that exceeded the common rules of the world.

If they became powerful enough like Dumbledore, Voldemort and Grindelwald to be great wizards forming their own armies, they could break the balance and alter the entire structure of the wizarding world; which was what they had been doing all along.

While Harry examined the Moontrimmer, Evan was also looking at the Cleansweep series on the wall.

From Cleansweep One to Cleansweep Seven, it covered all the products in the early and mid-term of the Cleansweep series.

This was a well-known Cleansweep broom Company in Britain, founded in 1926 by the three brothers Bob, Bill and Barnaby Ollerton.

At that time, this broom made a new breakthrough in technology compared with previous broomsticks.

It had greatly improved safety performance, and could be assembled, the production speed was extremely fast, and the cost was also greatly reduced.

Since its launch, the Cleansweep had pushed its previous broomsticks into a dead end at an unimaginable speed. Within a year, it had occupied the mainstream broom market in the world, including sports brooms, household brooms and entertainment brooms.

The Cleansweeps became the main export product of the British wizarding circle at that time and successfully replaced the Silver Arrow Broomstick brand, marking the most glorious era of the British wizarding world.

Looking at the old newspapers of the time, almost one-third of British wizards were working for the Cleansweep broom Company.

It was not until the Comet Trading Company produced their first Comet 140 that the commercial myth of the Cleansweep was shattered.

The Comet Trading Company was established by Randolph Keitch and Basil Horton, both players for the Falmouth Falcons.

These two Americans developed a new Braking Charm and patented it. This charm meant that Quidditch players were much less likely to overshoot goals or fly offside, which increased the fun and fairness of Quidditch. It was an epoch-making charm in Quidditch professional competitions.

The broom with a Braking Charm became the broom of preference for many Quidditch players.

The Cleansweep missed the position of broomsticks for the game, and did not re-enter until more than a decade later, but it was too late.

In the following decades, the Cleansweep-Comet competition became more intense.

The two companies had introduced improved broom models, which had become the mainstream of the entire wizarding world, setting off the trend of broomsticks.

At the same time, other broom factories had sprung up all over the world.

The various models of broomstick brands were dazzling. They had different performances and their own advantages. Even the wizarding circles in some small countries regarded the broom industry as the hope of revitalizing the whole national economy.

Among them, it was worth mentioning that the French company launched two broomstick brands, the Tinderblast and the Swiftstick. They had super resilience and were loved by ordinary wizards. They were the first choice for entertainment broomsticks, though they had never achieved the top speeds of the Comets and Cleansweeps.

There was also the Shooting Star developed by a Japanese company, which was said to be the cheapest racing broom in the world, and it was also very marketable.

However, due to the saving of materials, the Shooting Star was found to lose speed and height as it aged. Therefore, it had always been the first choice for entry-level and could not be loved by professionals.

In short, although there were so many different broom brands around the world, the broomsticks used in official competitions had always been the Cleansweeps and the comets, and it had never changed.

These two companies had mastered the development trend of broomsticks. It was not until 1967 that the establishment of the Nimbus Racing Broom Company headquartered in Berlin, Germany, changed this situation. They shocked the world and were considered a sign of the rise of modern Germany.

Indeed, wizards had never seen a broom like the Nimbus 1000. The rigorous Germans combined the reliability of the old Oakshaft 79 with the stability of the Comet and the easy handling of the best Cleansweeps.

The Nimbus 1000 could reach speeds of up to a hundred miles per hour and was capable of turning 360 degrees at a fixed point in mid-air.

The Nimbus immediately became the broom preferred by professional Quidditch teams, and the subsequent models -1001, 1500, and 1700- had kept the Nimbus Racing Broom Company at the top of the field.

But considering the current demand and popularity of broomsticks, the Nimbus was actually much better than the Cleansweep.

Since then, the glorious Cleansweep had completely declined, only occupying a certain market space in Britain. But everyone knew that this was not the best broom, but just as a substitute for those who couldn't afford a Nimbus and didn't want to buy a Comet.

The Comet was better than the Cleansweep, they occupied the largest market share in the household brooms, and insisted on launching their own model of broom for competition every year, hoping to surpass the Nimbus and become the dominant broom market.

With long persistence, they finally launched the Firebolt the year before last.

This was the most perfect broom so far, representing the highest level of craftsmanship in the wizarding world.

The Firebolt had become the first choice of all Quidditch players' dreams since its debut. Of course, the price was scary enough. Apart from the two teams in the Quidditch World Cup final and Harry's Firebolt, Evan didn't know who else owned this broomstick.

At present, the mainstream competition broom on the market was still the Nimbus 2000.

It was said that in order to compete with the Firebolt, they would launch the Nimbus 3000 this year, but it was unknown what it would look like.

Naturally, Evan would also launch his own brand of broomstick, and he planned to apply some of his alchemy skills to the broom.

This was what no manufacturer could currently do. He had a leading edge in technology, enough to crush other manufacturers.

The broomsticks in front of him gave him enough design ideas. Evan was going to take apart all the broomsticks here, and study the Charms and design concepts used in them. As for the mainstream brooms that were currently lacking, he could buy them all.

He was striving to design his own broom in the next month before the beginning of school.

Broomsticks for the game were the mainstream, and Evan was going to sponsor the Gryffindor Quidditch team first at the start of school to gain popularity, and then use these successful examples to persuade outside clubs to buy his broom.

The English Quidditch team had always been the worlds top level. Evan believed that as long as his broom was good enough, they would have no reason to refuse supporting a local broomstick brand, and this would create a considerable demonstration effect.

After gaining popularity on the broomsticks for competitions, he could expand into the household and entertainment broomsticks market, and even venture into the international market.

If all went well, Evan could even replicate the myth of the Cleansweep and the rise of the Nimbus series of the past and create a new business miracle.

Chapter 854: Harry's Rage

The influence of the brooms in the wizarding world was similar to that of the world-famous automobile brands in the Muggle world.

If Evans idea could be realized, then he would have enough strength and influence to mobilize the resources of the entire wizarding world.

After defeating Voldemort, he could use this influence to fight against the evil gods and the terrible war to come.

This was not something that could yield results in the short term, but once it reached a certain scale, the effect of this influence would be beyond imagination.

He didnt need to do this to fight Voldemort, but he had to concentrate all the forces in the wizarding world to face the evil gods.

Great wizards like Dumbledore were respected, but not everyone necessarily agreed with him, or followed every word he said. This time, Fudge and the Ministry of Magics disagreement and counterattack were the best examples.

As for Voldemorts way of conquering the world, he couldnt bring everyone together. He could only attract those wizards who were greedy for power and strength, and were evil or malicious in nature.

Only by integrating everyones own interests into it could everyones enthusiasm be mobilized.

In addition to this, Evan had always felt that the wizarding world was too conservative. If there was a suitable platform, he could combine more Muggle machinery supplies and magic in everything to promote the development of the wizarding world. The production of brooms was a good opportunity.

He was going to entrust the designed broom parts to Muggle manufacturers to produce them according to fixed models and specifications.

After taking them back, he would cast charms and carve runes on them.

It was conceivable that this would save a considerable part of the cost and make Evans broom brand more competitive.

This was more obvious in household and entertainment brooms, and ordinary wizards were more concerned about the price/performance ratio.

As for the brooms used in competitions, he had to strive for perfection, use the best craftsmanship, and complete them by hand.

While Evan was thinking about the feasibility of this matter, Hermione was looking around, nervously watching Harry.

She knew nothing about broomsticks, even less than Evan.

After Kreacher left, the atmosphere in the room was a bit off. Harry was definitely still angry about what had happened this summer and wanted to talk to them about this topic. Both Hermione and Ron could feel it. Only Evan was really interested in the brooms in front of him for unknown reasons.

Harry, he seemed to think it was best, said Hermione rather breathlessly. Dumbledore, I mean.

She broke the awkward silence, hoping they would not be just standing there like strangers.

Right, said Harry, putting back the broom in his hand. He always has his reasons.

I think he thought you were safest with the Muggles. Ron followed, wrinkling his nose.

Yeah? said Harry, raising his eyebrows. Have either of you been attacked by Dementors this summer?

Well, no but thats why hes had people from the Order of the Phoenix tailing you all the time! said Ron hurriedly.

Harry felt a great jolt in his guts as though he had just missed a step going downstairs. Looking at it this way, everyone knew that he was being followed except him.

It didnt work that well, did it? said Harry, doing his utmost to keep his voice even. I had to look after myself after all, didnt I?

You dont know; he was so angry when he got the news! said Ron in an almost awestruck voice. Ginny told me she saw him. When he found out Mundungus had left before his shift had ended. He was scary.

Well, Im glad he left, Harry said coldly. If he hadnt, I wouldnt have done magic and Dumbledore would probably have left me at Privet Drive all summer.

There was another moment of silence. Hermione and Ron didnt know what to say. Evan was still thinking about the brooms.

Harry, arent you worried about the Ministry of Magic hearing? said Hermione quietly.

No. Harry lied defiantly. He walked away from them to look at the brooms in the cabinet, with Hedwig nestled contentedly on his shoulder.

On the wall between two brooms, there was a blank stretch of canvas in an ornate picture frame.

As Harry passed it, he thought he heard someone lurking out of sight snigger, as though laughing at his stubbornness.

So why has Dumbledore been so keen to keep me in the dark? Harry asked, still trying hard to keep his voice casual. Did you even bother to ask him at all?

He glanced up just in time to see Hermione and Ron exchanging a look that told him he was behaving just as they had feared he would, Hermione even pushed Evan. And this did nothing to improve Harry's temper.

We told Dumbledore we wanted to tell you what was going on, said Ron. We did, mate. I went with Fred and George, but he's really busy now. We've only seen him twice since we came here and he didn't have much time, he just made us swear not to tell you important stuff when we wrote. He said the owls might be intercepted.

He could still have kept me informed if he'd wanted to, Harry said roughly, interrupting Ron, and raising his voice. You're not telling me he doesn't know ways to send messages without owls.

Yeah, we must admit that he just didn't want you to know anything! Hermione said sharply.

But why? Maybe he thinks I can't be trusted, said Harry, watching their expressions.

Don't be thick, said Ron, looking highly disconcerted.

Or that I can't take care of myself.

Of course he doesn't think that! said Hermione anxiously, pushing Evan again.

She and Ron were totally unable to convince Harry that things were going in the worst direction.

Actually, Dumbledore does have concerns about this, said Evan, who didn't intend to be involved.

But if Harry was not convinced, it would only make things worse, and he would definitely try every means to find out the truth.

He had to make it up by himself for Dumbledore's omission.

Do you remember those dreams that you had last term? They were dreams from Voldemort's perspective, seeing him killing someone or doing something evil.

You told me at the time that it was because of the magical connection between me and him, because of the scar. Harry said.

He was a little embarrassed. Evan had been helping him learn Occlumency, but he hadn't made any progress until now.

The only good thing was that since Voldemort's resurrection, those nightmares had disappeared and never reappeared.

But thinking about it carefully, was that really a good thing?

Chapter 855: Evan's Explanation

Dumbledore may be suspecting that the connection between you and Voldemort is mutual, said Evan, trying to find words that would make it easier for Harry to understand. It's not just that you can see what he's doing, through this scar's connection, Voldemort can also see what you're doing, and that's exactly what he's worried about.

The dull atmosphere suddenly grew even more solemn. That was why Dumbledore wanted to keep this secret from Harry.

Harry couldn't help thinking about it because he was worried that he might leak their secrets to Voldemort because he was not trustworthy.

Then, he thought of the way Wormtail, the little wizard, had cowered and shrank back, which made him feel very bad.

He had never thought that one day he would become like Peter Pettigrew, a leaker.

Evan, what's really going on? Hermione asked. I've never heard of this magic

No one, except Harry, has ever been hit by *Avada Kedavra* and survived, said Evan vaguely. The collision of his mother's protective charm and the Killing Curse produced a wonderful reaction, making Harry and Voldemort have some kind of connection.

They already knew about Horcruxes, and Evan couldn't tell Harry that he himself was a Horcrux.

It was not the time yet, Harry wasn't ready to sacrifice himself, and Dumbledore hadn't prepared him for it.

Harry fell silent. His flames of fury, which had been rising, were suddenly extinguished. It was as though he had fallen into the cold waters of the lake.

Ron was watching uneasily, not knowing what to do, the topic was beyond his imagination.

Hermione, on the other hand, was pondering, thinking about what Evan had said about the connection between Harry and Voldemort. She had always felt something was wrong.

So, in order to prevent Voldemort from seeing what you're doing, I think you'd better learn Occlumency as soon as possible.

I'm not very good at that spell, I can't clear my mind, and I haven't had those dreams for a long time, said Harry.

That's the worst part of it, because Voldemort had obviously noticed the connection between him and you last term. He voluntarily closed his brain and didn't want you to see what he was doing, said Evan. But he'll soon come up with specific strategies. I think he might intentionally show you false visions to lure you and provide you with false information.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione took a deep breath. If that were the case, it would be terrible.

Deliberately let Harry see the wrong scene, lure him away from Hogwarts, or provide false information to the Order of the Phoenix.

Evan didn't finish what he said. In fact doing so would hurt Voldemort a lot.

His fallen soul had been split into many parts. From the perspective of soul magic, the excessive contact between his incomplete soul and Harry's pure and complete soul would cause him great harm. That was why Harry, in his first year, only touched Voldemort, who was attached to Quirrell, and he was finished.

Mysterious soul magic had many fields, in which the wizarding world was still groping.

Evan didnt tell Harry about it, he hoped to attract his attention so that he could learn Occlumency as soon as possible.

These are all my guesses, and Dumbledore must be just skeptical. Its not necessarily true, Evan continued, paying attention to the expression on Harrys face. In short, you must learn Occlumency as soon as possible. And dont believe what Voldemort shows you. Everyone knows that youre his main target. Hell surely try to defeat you first to prove that hes invincible.

Voldemorts notoriety was mainly based on his invincible magic, but his repeated defeats to Harry had already made some people doubt.

If he couldnt prove that he was invincible, Voldemort was nothing and his reputation was greatly reduced.

Whether from the perspective of practical interests or personal glory, Harry would be Voldemorts main and only target.

There was a long pause, broken only by the mournful creak of the floorboards below their feet. Everyone was thinking about what Evan had said.

Strange emotions spread through Harry, replacing the previous dissatisfaction and anger.

He knew the connection between himself and Voldemort, the scar on his forehead, the terrible nightmares, and his wand. The core of his wand and the core of Voldemorts wand used the same phoenix tail feather, which was the phoenix raised by Dumbledore.

That was something Harry tried his best to hide, the connection between him and Voldemort

This connection made him unique and made everyone who heard his name stare at his scar stupidly.

Until now, Harry suddenly felt like he was some kind of monster.

He thought sadly that he really should be isolated from others, and that this was the fate he deserved.

Its not necessarily a bad thing, Harry. Dont always think on the bad side, said Evan.

Harry looked up at him, his eyes gleaming with hope.

Evan felt he might have been too harsh just now; he couldnt let Harry lose all his confidence.

The most crucial step in defeating Voldemort was to count on him, and Harry couldnt give up on himself.

As I said before, the connection between you and Voldemort is very wonderful. In my opinion, its like a sign. He personally selected you as his fateful opponent. Youre the only wizard who can defeat him.

Am I the only wizard who can defeat Voldemort? Harry whispered. He chose me as his opponent?

Yeah, youve defeated him many times. Its your responsibility.

Voldemort was scared, so he wanted to kill you when you were a baby, but he failed.

Evan wanted to talk about fate, which reminded him of another prediction by Professor Trelawney.

Her previous predictions changed the structure of the wizarding world and changed the fate of Harry and Voldemort.

Voldemort marked Harry as his fateful enemy, and there should be only one of them in the end.

At the same time, Evan had also heard a new prophecy, perhaps related to evil gods.

In this prophecy, Voldemort also marked a person as his servant.

This servant would help him gain power beyond the imagination of the world and become extremely powerful.

That dark temple full of taboos might be the Centaurs Temple of the Moon.

During the worship of the evil god, that temple was probably the most evil place in the world, where countless flesh and blood and souls were piled up.

Voldemort's old magic was also fulfilled, and he left a curse on the Philosophers Stone.

This curse finally fell on Evan, but it had been removed by him with the magical power of the complete Philosophers Stone.

The prophecy was not fulfilled, or was it that once marked; Evan would turn into the servant mentioned in the prophecy?

Evan would help Voldemort gain the power of the evil god and make him stronger.

This sounded ridiculous. Evan didn't think he would make that kind of mistake to help Voldemort gain the power of the evil god.

Or, maybe the prophecy had been fulfilled, but Voldemort's servant was not Evan, but someone else?!

Chapter 856: Failed Eavesdropping

Prophecies, they were mostly filled with vagueness and uncertainty, capable of being interpreted to fit any explanation.

Perhaps, there was no servant at all, it was just needless worry.

In the broom room, Hermione and Ron were also trying, in their way, to persuade Harry to cheer up.

Well, what's going on here? said Harry with a sigh, trying not to think about all the messy things. Why did Sirius's house suddenly become a headquarters? I heard Evan say that this is the Order of the Phoenix. What is it?

It's a secret society, said Hermione quickly. When we were in Egypt, Bill told me Dumbledore's in charge of this society, he founded it. It's the people who fought against You-Know-Who last time.

Whos in it? Harry asked casually. Of course, if it's confidential

Don't be silly, Harry, we all believe in you, just like we believe in ourselves, said Evan, his hands in his pockets. I didn't finish just now. There's indeed a connection between you and Voldemort, but he will not know what you're thinking and the secrets in your head through this connection, nor can he see what you're doing anytime and anywhere. If he does, he needs to pay a certain price, which may not be what he wants. It will cause a lot of harm to him.

Then why is Dumbledore not willing to tell me anything? said Harry, still bothered by this.

Just by precaution, and he just wants to protect you. As long as you learn Occlumency, there will be no problem. Well, lets stop talking about this topic, its just speculation, said Evan. As for the members of the Order of the Phoenix, besides those youve just seen, I know there are Sirius, Lupin, Snape, Fleur, Bill and Charlie

Weve met about twenty of them, said Ron, but we think there are more.

Thats not bad, what about Voldemort? Harry continued, and this was what he wanted to know the most. Whats he up to? Where is he now? What are we doing to stop him?

Thats what we want to know, too Ron whispered.

Weve told you, the Order of the Phoenix dont let us in on their meetings. Hermione continued, Evan and I dont know anything about the Order of the Phoenix. Weve been in Egypt; so we dont know much more than you do.

There was another silence, and Harry looked at his friends apologetically.

He shouldnt have been angry with them just now. He had no reason for anger here, except for some worries.

However, according to Evan, all the problems should be solved by learning Occlumency.

Fred and George should know something. Theyve invented Extendable Ears. Theyre really useful, said Ron. Come on, theyre going to use them to eavesdrop on Snape tonight. We should go to their room

Hermione was explaining to Harry what the Extendable Ears were, and they heard Mrs. Weasley roar as soon as they went out.

Shed apparently found out that Fred and George were eavesdropping on the meeting with the Extendable Ears and she went berserk.

The four of them looked at one another and then silently retreated back to the broom room.

A few seconds later, with two loud cracks, Fred and George suddenly appeared in the middle of the room.

Hello, Harry, said George, beaming at him. We just heard Kreacher say youre here.

Yeah, we thought we heard your dulcet tones, said Fred, also beaming. Its almost as loud as Moms, you dont want to bottle up your anger like that, let it all out.

You two passed your Apparition tests, then? asked Harry grumpily.

With distinction, said Fred, who was holding what looked like a piece of very long, flesh-colored string.

It would have taken you about thirty seconds longer up the stairs, said Ron.

Time is Galleons, little brother, said Fred, shaking the flesh-colored string in his hand. We just heard halfway through. Theyre having an important meeting, and old Snape is giving a top secret report.

What did you hear? Ron asked with interest.

Its the same as before. Theyre talking about some guard duty, as though theyre standing guard over something, said George. Snape is reporting on this. It seems that theres some new progress. Its strange

Its not about protecting me, is it? Harry said sarcastically. The progress has been to bring me back.

At the thought that Snape was in charge of protecting him in secret, his mood that had just improved immediately became worse.

Possible, said Fred.

It must be so, said Ron, with a look of dawning comprehension.

Evan knew what was going on. Voldemort was planning to get the prophecy ball placed in the Department of Mysteries of the Ministry of Magic.

Of course, he wouldnt stop it. The prophecy ball itself was not very meaningful. Even if Voldemort knew the complete prophecy, it wouldnt change much. He also hoped to follow them in and get the Time-Turner.

To be honest, were more concerned about what Sirius is doing in Norway than that, said George.

Snape was going to talk about it. He mentioned Norway, but we were discovered by Mom, said Fred regretfully.

We should give it another try, George took out new Extendable Ears.

Then what are we waiting for? Harry said hastily, and he also wanted to know what Sirius was doing.

Just then, there was a slight knock on the door. Hermione went to open the door and a long mane of red hair appeared.

Hello, Harry, I thought I heard your voice. Ginny walked in and said brightly.

Like her fiery red hair, shed also grown quickly, and her tall figure was much more beautiful than ever.

At the very least, Ginny was the most beautiful in Evans year.

Hello, Ginny! Harry also waved his hand, not looking at Ginny, staring at the Extendable Ears in Georges hand.

No, its no go with the Extendable Ears. I saw Mom put an Imperturbable Charm on the kitchen door, said Ginny to Fred and George. I just verified it; Ive been flicking Dungbombs at the door and they just soar away from it, so theres no way the Extendable Ears will be able to get under the gap.

Unfortunately, Mad-Eye must have told her, Fred heaved a deep sigh.

Shame, I really fancied finding out what old Snapes been up to, said George, looking crestfallen.

Hes on our side now, said Hermione reprovingly.

Ron snorted. Doesnt stop him being a git. The way he looks at us when he sees us

No one likes him, said Ginny, as though to settle the matter.

Chapter 857: Summer Vacation Plan

At this moment, inside the room, they were eager to know more about the situation.

But the Extendable Ears were no longer useful, and they couldn't do anything about it, which was really frustrating.

Clearly close to the Order of the Phoenix, and they could only sit here, feeling an itch in their hearts.

In Evans opinion, it was not really necessary to go through all this trouble. They could directly ask Sirius about what he was doing.

Evan believed that Sirius would be willing to tell them, at least he wouldn't keep it a secret from him.

If it had something to do with the vampires and Slytherin, that was exactly what he needed to know right now.

The double snake scepter in Slytherin's hand was the core of the second chapter of *The Book of Abraham*. It was also a necessary item to connect ancient gods and evil gods.

Only by getting it, could he further crack and know more secrets and defeat the evil gods.

Evan was going to write a letter to Sirius and ask about the relevant situation.

Next, they talked about Percy, which was even more frustrating and unpleasant.

Evan and Hermione already knew what had happened, and Harry heard about it for the first time.

After listening to everyone, Harry muttered a few curses under his breath. He had always liked Percy least of Ron's brothers, but he had never imagined he would say such things to Mrs. Weasley, and even break with his family and turn to the Ministry of Magic and Fudge.

In his opinion, this was madness, and Percy betrayed them, it was hopeless.

Well, let's not talk about Percy. It is a good thing he's gone. I think we're well shut of him, said George with an uncharacteristically ugly look on his face. Otherwise he would stay, too; and he would not allow us to do this or that.

Yeah, why are we all crowded in a broom room? said Fred, looking around and letting out a whistle. I just saw that there are really a lot of brooms here, and there are many models that can't be seen on the market.

They began to study these brooms again. This was a rare sight.

As Beaters for the Gryffindor Quidditch team, Fred and George knew a lot about broomsticks.

As for Ginny, under the influence of her brothers, her Quidditch skills were also great, and she was also very interested in broomsticks.

These were the children who grew up in a wizarding family. Each of them had a special passion and liking for broomsticks.

The status of the broomstick in the wizards mind had greatly surpassed the significance of cars to Muggles.

They were almost obsessed with these brooms, which was the main reason why Evan wanted to produce broomsticks.

This might not be the most profitable industry, but it was absolutely significant and had a status and influence beyond imagination.

If there were enough funds in the future, Evan was even considering forming a Quidditch club.

Evan, what are you going to do? Hermione asked curiously, not paying attention to those broomsticks.

She knew Evan very well and knew that he was not interested in brooms and Quidditch, but now he was very attentive.

After returning with Harry, he just wanted to come and see the broomsticks. And this, in itself, was abnormal, wasn't it?

There are many things to do. In the short term, I'm going to buy a Firebolt first, said Evan, and then disassemble it.

The others turned around and looked at Evan in surprise, thinking they had heard wrong.

Even if he had money, he didn't need to spend it like this. Dismantling a brand new Firebolt was simply criminal damage.

You want to buy a Firebolt and dismantle it?

The Firebolt is just one of them. I'm going to buy all the mainstream broomsticks, disassemble them and study them carefully, said Evan. Only by understanding the main structure inside can we better design a brand new broomstick.

Design a broomstick?! The rest of the people were even more confused, not understanding what Evan was talking about.

Under everyone's extremely shocked eyes, Evan explained his broomstick production plan to them.

In fact, they couldn't keep up with Evan's thoughts, and they had never thought of such things.

All of these people present had participated in the creation of *Hogwarts Magic News* and it could be said they were the original crew.

For young wizards, creating a newspaper was a good idea. It was a bit bold, but it was not impossible, and it was within everyone's ability.

Just a little bit later, it was independent from Hogwarts and developed to this scale. It was completely taken over by Lupin and became a real business. The whole process was really amazing.

On that night four years ago, Evan had once described the prospects to them, but no one thought it would develop so fast.

The use of ghosts as a source of news was also a masterstroke, which had been talked about by the whole media industry until now.

Driven and helped by Evan, Fred and George began to run prank products and gradually entered the formal business.

What the two of them most hoped now was to graduate from Hogwarts and open a joke shop.

They had saved enough Galleons, and Evan also had promised to provide them with sponsorship and partnership.

After all these things, they all believed that Evan had the ability and strength to do a big business.

But the sudden idea of producing broomsticks was a bit too much.

It was like your classmate suddenly told you that he was going to make a car, how would you feel?

It was conceivable that either he was joking or he was crazy!

Not surprisingly, after Evan finished talking about his plan, there was a long silence.

Everyone looked at Evan in amazement, as though they were looking at a freak.

Well, is there any problem? Evan looked at them. If you can give me some advice on my plan, just say it.

They all thought for a long time, but really didnt know what to say.

Thinking about it carefully, for Evan, this production plan that sounded a bit like a fantasy was very feasible.

As he said, he had exclusive technology, and Alchemy could make up for all the performance deficiencies.

What they needed to do now was to design a drawing, then buy back enough materials and assemble according to the drawing.

The whole process was simple, like a child making a toy model.

Finally, Ron raised a question, It takes a lot of money to make a broomstick!

It was very difficult for him to buy a brand new broom, let alone make it. It was almost like a dream.

Dont worry about money. I have about 8,000 Gold-Galleons and some valuable things, but theyre not easy to sell, said Evan. I can find someone to help; and with sufficient funds, Ill produce the first batch of broomsticks. Well take the high-quality route like the Firebolt

He happened to know a suitable person to help him sell those things, and it was at the time that led to Harry being attacked by the Dementors.

Mundungus Fletcher, one of the members of the Order of the Phoenix, was a thief at the bottom of the wizarding world. No one was more suitable for such a thing than him.

Chapter 858: Mundungus

Next, they focused on Evans broom production plan.

Hermione decided to buy all the professional books on broomsticks on the market to figure out the entire production process.

The others started from the actual use of brooms and put forward many improvement requirements to design a broom in their minds.

Evan thought these suggestions were quite good, and he hadn't thought of many of them before.

He had no problem at the technical level, but after all, he didn't have much contact with the brooms before, and there was no way for him to compete with Harry and the others in this field.

At the end of the discussion, they decided to write to the students via Owl Mail to solicit their opinions.

At the very least, the opinions of the players of the Quidditch teams of the various Houses must be solicited, but the people in Slytherin House should be excluded.

Fred and George also asked Evan to come to their room after dinner to see their prank product newly developed this holiday.

In the words of the two of them, everything was ready now and only needed East wind.

They were eager to graduate from Hogwarts, open a joke shop in Diagon Alley, and engage in this great business.

Twenty minutes later, Mrs. Weasley came up to tell everyone to go down for dinner.

There was another loud crack and he and George vanished. They could now Disapparate at will, not wanting to take a single step more than necessary.

Can't the two of them just walk? said Mrs. Weasley unhappily. And who's left all those Dungbombs outside the kitchen door?

Crookshanks, said Ginny unblushingly. He loves playing with them!

Oh, it might be Kreacher cleaning up, said Mrs. Weasley. It's really helpful to have a house-elf in the house, but that guy has a weird temper. It's best not to provoke him. Now don't forget to keep your voices down in the hall. Ginny, your hands are filthy, what have you been doing? Go and wash them before dinner, please.

Ginny grimaced at Evan, Harry, Ron, and Hermione and followed her mother out the room.

I don't like that house-elf. He's the most unpleasant thing in this house, said Ron.

Kreacher has changed a lot

Kreacher's changes were beyond everyone's expectations though he did not treat everyone equally, but differently.

It was simply not realistic to think that he would abandon his previous ideas completely and make a radical change.

He was only showing a better attitude towards Evan, Harry, and Hermione, because they and Sirius helped him bring Regulus's body back. The funeral, which seemed a little humble in Evan's eyes, greatly touched Kreacher. In particular, Evan had given him a replica of Slytherin's Locket, which helped him regain his confidence and faith in life.

For others, his attitude was still bad.

Kreacher always muttered bad things about them behind their backs and did some odd things.

Sirius must have commanded him before he left, so he went on doing what he had to do, not too outrageous.

Hermione was interested in Kreacher's change. It made her realize that with enough effort, the house-elves would also change.

She had not given up her efforts to help the house-elves improve their rights and status. However, under Evans' subtle influence, she had not taken too many radical actions, such as sewing sweaters directly to house-elves, which would only scare them.

What she was doing now was to tirelessly communicate with every house-elf she could come in contact with, and make friends with them to increase their relationship. She would keep telling them about the successful examples of Dobby and Kreacher, telling them the benefits of defending their rights, and let them take the initiative to fight for their rights and status.

Of course, up to now, she had not succeeded in influencing other house-elves.

The group carefully bypassed the portrait of Mrs. Black and saw Kreacher cleaning the kitchen door.

Master Evan, Master Harry, Miss Hermione, Kreacher has prepared dinner for you alone, as well as special pudding, said the elf. Seeing them, his eyes brightened and he ran to them in a hurry. After Kreacher finishes cleaning up here, he will bring it to you, not to be stolen by those greedy ghosts.

Well done, Kreacher, you did a good job. Hermione encouraged.

Thank you, Miss Hermione. He bowed and said with a smile, Kreacher lives to serve the noble house of Black!

Separate dinner and special pudding?! said Ron unhappily, wrinkling his nose. I don't like this elf. He's only very kind to the three of you, but not to the others at all. I am kind of fed up with him.

You'll get his respect as long as you treat him better, said Hermione sharply. You should look at Kreacher's attitude towards us before and you'll know how much he has changed.

Be nice to a house-elf. It's crazy, said Ron, waving feebly. I don't see the point. Kreacher is a freak, and the house-elves in the school are not like this.

That's because they don't know how to protect their rights and interests

Come on, Hermione, stop telling me about spew. Ron interrupted.

It's not spew! said Hermione heatedly. It's the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare, and it's not just me, but also Evan and Harry, and you too, and Dumbledore also says we should be kind to every house-elf.

You forced me to join, Ron whispered.

Obviously, he didn't listen to Hermione.

In the kitchen, many chairs had been crammed for the meeting and a long wooden table stood in the middle of the room, littered with rolls of parchment, goblets, empty wine bottles, and a heap of what appeared to be rags.

Mr. Weasley was sitting at the end of the table, rolling up the lengths of parchment left on it, and he jumped to his feet when he saw them coming in.

You are here, children. Mr. Weasley said, hurrying forward to greet Harry and shaking his hand vigorously. Good to see you, Harry!

Hello, Mr. Weasley, said Harry.

He looked around, and his gaze fell on a roll of parchment on the table, which seemed to be a floor plan of a building, and then Evan, who was following him, saw the drawing.

We have more people eating tonight than usual, said Mrs. Weasley, snatching the plan off the table and passing it to Mr. Weasley, so that Evan and Harry would not peek. Remus will be here in a minute. Well leave something for him. All right, girls, can you go inside and help me bring out the dinner? Well eat now.

Ill help too! Tonks said, striding over, and immediately sending a candle toppling onto a piece of parchment. Oh no sorry

Its okay, dear. Mrs. Weasley said, her voice a little annoyed. Youd better sit down.

With a wave of her wand, she repaired the parchment.

Evanescio! Mr. Weasley also took out his wand and waved it gently and all the scrolls on the table vanished. He pointed to the pile of rags on the chair and said kindly, Youve met Mundungus, Harry, havent you?

Mundungus gave a long, grunting snore and then jerked awake.

Did someone say my name? he mumbled sleepily. I agree with Moody

He raised a very grubby hand in the air as though voting, his droopy, bloodshot eyes unfocused.

Chapter 859: Purchase Plan

Ginny smiled softly and followed Mrs. Weasley with Hermione to serve food.

The meeting is over, Dung! said Mr. Weasley. Evan and Harry have arrived.

Eh, Evan? said Mundungus, peering balefully at them through his matted ginger hair, and suddenly jumped up, Blimey, hes here. Yeah youre all right, Harry?

Yeah, said Harry.

He had seen him after being attacked by Dementors before, and knew that Dumbledore had assigned him to tail Harry. But Mundungus left his post without authorization to buy stolen cauldrons.

Mundungus fumbled nervously in his pockets, still staring at Harry, and pulled out a grimy black pipe. He stuck it in his mouth, ignited the end of it with his wand, and took a deep pull on it. Great billowing clouds of greenish smoke obscured him in seconds.

I owe you an apology, Harry, grunted a voice from the middle of the smelly cloud. I was

For the last time, Mundungus, called Mrs. Weasley, coming out with a tray of food, will you please not smoke that thing in the kitchen, especially not when were about to eat!

Ah, said Mundungus. Right. Sorry, Molly.

The cloud of smoke vanished as Mundungus stowed his pipe back in his pocket, but an acrid smell of burning socks lingered.

Really, you are all the same, said Mrs. Weasley, putting the food on the table.

Mundungus blinked sadly, and breathed a sigh of relief when Mrs. Weasley went back inside.

It was clear that he had little courage, and he gave a feeling of being unreliable.

But he was loyal to Dumbledore. Hed been at the wizarding underworld for many years, so he knew many swindlers and thieves, and had access to information that ordinary people couldnt hear, as well as many channels for buying and selling contraband.

Evan was going to ask him to purchase broomstick production materials for him and help sell those priceless works of art.

But he had to check the price in advance, and not let Mundungus rip him off too badly.

Have you seen old Figgy since? Mundungus asked.

No, said Harry, I havent seen anyone. Ive been alone in the room for four days.

See, Harry, I wouldnt have left, said Mundungus, leaning forward, a pleading note in his voice, but I had a business opportunity

Yeah, said Harry, not wanting to talk about this subject with him, but Mundungus went on and on.

Evan sat down next to Harry and Ron, and felt something brush against his knees. He lowered his head, and it was Crookshanks, Hermiones bandy-legged ginger cat.

After deciding to go to Egypt with Evan, Hermione asked Ginny to take care of the cat.

When he saw Evan, he brushed against his knees affectionately and wound himself once around his legs, purring.

As soon as Evan bent down, he jumped onto his lap and curled up.

I really shouldnt have left, but the cauldrons that fell off the broom were of good quality and at a very cheap price, only one-fifth of the normal price. It was a big deal, as long as I could get it said Mundungus.

Actually, I also have a big deal to talk to you about, said Evan, scratching Crookshanks behind the ears.

Hmm, big deal?! Mundungus turned his head and looked at Evan in surprise, as though he had just noticed him, Ah, Evan, hello, Ive heard of you. They all say youre a very powerful young wizard. Whats the big deal youre talking about?

Well, I want to design and produce broomsticks. Under the staring gaze of Mundungus, Evan continued, You know, it takes a lot of materials to produce a broom. I dont have that much time. I need a person to help me purchase them.

To make a broom, from the handle to the end, it involved nearly a hundred materials, and there were many invisible but indispensable materials, including mind sensing devices, air sensors, invisible cushions, flight magic drives and so on.

Especially as it came to all core devices, Evan did not plan to buy ready-made ones.

He planned to research and design all by himself from the inside out, so the amount of various materials involved was beyond imagination.

Among the people Evan knew, no one but Mundungus had the energy and patience to do this, and to do it well.

Evan planned to give Mundungus a fixed price for each broom material and let him buy it.

As long as the quality of the things bought met his own requirements, it was his business no matter how much money he could make from it.

In this way, more than ten minutes later, Evan and Mundungus finalized a purchase contract for 2000 Gold-Galleons.

He was going to make a detailed list for him in a few days, and ask Mundungus to buy all the needed items.

Evan repeatedly emphasized that this was a long-term business, and Mundungus shouldnt deliberately cheat him or run away with the money.

Although he was not very reliable, he could still keep his promises in business, otherwise others would not trade with him.

As for the works of art brought back from Egypt, it was also a good idea for Evan to wait until he was short of money, and sell them directly to the goblins in Gringotts or the pure-blood wizard families who were interested in them.

After the two had reached an agreement, Mundungus became obviously enthusiastic about Evan.

At Evans inquiry, he said a lot about Knockturn Alley and the underground world of London, which he was very familiar with.

Harry and Ron talked to Mr. Weasley about Sirius and wanted to know what he was doing in Norway.

The stew is ready, Fred and George, come and help move it out. Mrs. Weasley shouted from inside.

Mundungus didnt pay attention at the twins who had suddenly vanished. He had been studying the plates and goblets that Ginny had just taken out.

Blimey, look at this, mate, I dare say this must be pure silver.

Yes, I heard Sirius say that this is the finest fifteenth-century goblin-wrought silver, embossed with the Black family crest, said Evan. I suggest you don't think about these things unless you want to be torn apart by Sirius.

How can I? I'm not that kind of person said Mundungus vaguely, polishing the goblet with his cuff.

Fred George NO, JUST CARRY THEM! Mrs. Weasley shrieked.

Everyone turned their heads and looked around and, a split second later, dived away from the table.

And Evan kicked Mundungus, who was still immersed in the goblet.

Fred and George had bewitched a large cauldron of stew, an iron flagon of butterbeer, and a heavy wooden breadboard, complete with knife, to hurtle through the air toward them.

The stew skidded the length of the table and came to a halt just before the end, leaving a long black burn on the wooden surface.

The flagon of butterbeer fell with a crash, spilling its content everywhere, and the bread knife slipped off the board and landed, point down and quivering ominously, exactly where Mundungus's right hand had been seconds before. He looked terrified, his face pale.

If Evan didn't kick him to make him avoid in time, his right hand would have been penetrated by the knife from top to bottom

Chapter 860: The Dinner

Thank you, Evan! Mundungus gasped, and did not get up for a long time.

You're welcome

Because he was in a hurry, Evan had kicked his foot very hard just now, and he didn't get over for a while.

In fact, in addition to magic, Evan had been insisting on physical exercise and had achieved good results.

He didn't want to fail because of lack of energy when fighting Dark wizards.

FRED GEORGE, FOR HEAVENS SAKE! screamed Mrs. Weasley. THERE WAS NO NEED IVE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE ALLOWED TO USE MAGIC NOW YOU DONT HAVE TO WHIP YOUR WANDS OUT FOR EVERY TINY LITTLE THING!

We were just trying to save a bit of time! said Fred, hurrying forward and wrenching the bread knife out of the table Sorry, Mundungus, you know, I didn't mean it. I didn't get it right

Mundungus did not answer him, and got to his feet, swearing.

In addition to him, Crookshanks also expressed dissatisfaction. He had given an angry hiss, left Evans lap and shot off under the dresser, from whence his large yellow eyes glowed in the darkness, gazing at Fred and George.

Boys, Mr. Weasley said, lifting the stew back into the middle of the table, your mother's right, you're supposed to show a sense of responsibility now you've come of age

none of your brothers caused this sort of trouble! Mrs. Weasley raged at the twins, slamming a fresh flagon of butterbeer onto the table and spilling almost as much again. Bill didnt feel the need to Apparate every few feet! Charlie didnt Charm everything he met! Percy

She stopped dead, catching her breath with a frightened look at her husband, whose expression was suddenly wooden.

Evan noticed that Mrs. Weasleys eyes turned red in an instant, and tears swirled in them.

We were wrong, Mum. Lets eat now, said Fred quickly.

Yeah, well pay more attention in the future. Im starving. This stew looks wonderful. George followed.

The two of them ladled stew onto the plates and passed them across the table. This seemed to make Mrs. Weasley feel better, but no one spoke for a few minutes.

There was only the chink of plates and cutlery and the scraping of chairs as everyone settled down to their food.

Master Evan, Master Harry, Miss Hermione, try the food that Old Kreacher has prepared for you.

Kreacher cut off the delicious pies and chicken and the delicious pudding.

It was much better than stew, but it was only for Evan, Harry and Hermione. Hed prepared it for the three of them alone.

This house-elf never cooks for us Ron muttered, watching Kreacher disappear.

Hes the elf of the Blacks, and were not qualified to ask him to do anything, said Mr. Weasley. Sirius is not here, he is half the owner of this house. Besides, Kreacher is not doing nothing. Didnt he help you clean up your room?

Yeah, he suddenly appeared in the room at three oclock in the morning and scared me a lot, said Ron. If this can be called tidying up no one wants to wake up and find an elf prowling around the room, I think

He didnt stop until Harry gave him some of his pudding.

It was true that Kreacher did it too deliberately, but no one could change his mind, not even Evan.

Anyway, he was too much better than before. At least he was no longer disruptive and communicated smoothly.

As the dinner progressed, the atmosphere around the table gradually relaxed, and everyone began to talk about other topics.

Mrs. Weasley talked about something trapped in the writing desk in the drawing room, and it kept rattling and shaking.

Mr. Weasley thought it could just be a Boggart, but to be on the safe side, they were going to wait for Mad-Eye Moody tomorrow and ask him to have a look at it.

This house was too old. The Black family history wasnt exactly that of upright wizards. And there were various things hidden in the house.

Even if Kreacher had cleaned it up, there were still many things that he couldn't take care of.

Then, Mrs Weasley told Fred and George not to touch the obviously dangerous Dark magical items. The twins were recently trying to sneak something back to their room for research.

At the other side of the table, Evan was still asking Mundungus about the underground world. He was very interested in the dark fringe society of the wizarding world, an area he hadn't known before.

As an internationally renowned city, the dark side of London was far beyond ordinary people's imagination, and the scale was much larger than Evan had expected.

It was one of the world's largest communication centers for magical items and a gathering place for wizards.

These were not just words, but a fact reflected in all aspects, what could be seen and what could not be seen.

Not only Voldemort and the Death Eaters, but also many Dark wizards and Dark creatures gathered here, but it was just unknown.

These people came from various countries and could be ordered to do anything as long as they were given enough Gold-Galleons.

Light and darkness had always coexisted. Like the wizarding world on the ground, the wizarding world underground was also rich and colorful.

Across the table, Tonks was entertaining Hermione and Ginny by transforming her nose between mouthfuls. Screwing up her eyes each time with the same pained expression she had worn back in Harry's bedroom, her nose swelled to a beaklike protuberance like Snape's, shrank to something resembling a button mushroom, and then sprouted a great deal of hair from each nostril.

This entertainment show was quickly welcomed by Hermione and Ginny, who started requesting their favorite noses.

Do a pig snout, Tonks, Fred shouted.

Tonks obliged, and the appearance instantly filled the room with laughter.

It was really convenient to be a Metamorphmagus. She could change into various forms at will. This was an extremely powerful magical ability.

Without using the Polyjuice Potion, Tonks could take the form of anyone else.

But this kind of deformation was not complete. It only changed the appearance, not all aspects of the body.

It was OK to disguise or muddle through for a while, but a long term camouflage didn't work.

Not to mention the difficulty of learning Metamorphmagus, this skill seemed to be innate, and few people had acquired it.

Therefore, the Polyjuice Potion was still very useful.

These recent adventures had also shown the effect of magical potions, which could be used as a beneficial supplement to spells. Evan was preparing to brew some Polyjuice Potion, and even store some fully configured Polyjuice Potion for emergencies. He could change at any time to others, such as Harry, Hermione, Sirius, etc.

Perhaps, a few sets of corresponding clothes should also be prepared