

Harry Potter 871

Chapter 871: Unemployed Rita Skeeter

Lupin didn't come until lunch time. He'd been busy at the newspaper office all morning.

Because he had to go to the underground world to communicate with the werewolves, he naturally did not have much energy to deal with the affairs of the newspaper. He recommended several excellent editors and managers to Evan, many of whom were recruited from the *Daily Prophet*.

They had considerable experience and could keep the newspaper running even if Lupin was not there. But many important things still had to be decided by him, or sent to Evan by mail for decision.

At Hogwarts, Evan received such letters for a few minutes a week. After referring to the opinions of Lupin and newspaper managers, he and Hermione discussed decision-making and then fed back.

When he'd gone out to contact the giants some time ago, all these matters were left to Hermione and Lupin.

In the month Evan and Hermione went to Egypt, everything was even more on Lupin alone.

He had to leave the underworld every once in a while to deal with these things, which made him look even more haggard.

Simply, he had not really integrated into the werewolf community, if he did, he would disappear for a long time.

Evan and the others had been de-doxing the curtains. This work was more troublesome than expected.

Kreacher also came to help halfway, but they still spent the whole morning.

Finally, the curtains were no longer buzzing, they hung limp and damp from the intensive spraying; unconscious doxies lay crammed in the bucket at the foot of them beside a bowl of their black eggs, at which Crookshanks was now sniffing and Fred and George were shooting covetous looks.

These things could be used to configure a powerful Love potion, but they were slightly toxic.

Taken in a certain amount, it could be poisonous. Fred and George thought they could deal with this toxicity.

Well, I think we'll tackle those after lunch.

Mrs. Weasley pointed at the dusty glass-fronted cabinets standing on either side of the mantelpiece. They were crammed with an odd assortment of objects: a selection of rusty daggers, claws, a coiled snakeskin, a number of tarnished silver boxes inscribed with incomprehensible languages and, least pleasant of all, an ornate crystal bottle with a large opal set into the stopper, full of what must be blood.

It was conceivable that these were all black magic items or evil Dark magic had been cast on them.

They were not beautiful and it was also dangerous to leave these things in this way. Naturally, Mrs. Weasley couldn't let them be here. She was going to pack them all up and wait until Sirius came back to deal with them.

Based on Evans knowledge of Sirius, he would probably pack all these things and throw them away. He was terribly disgusted with everything in this house, even the surname Black.

If so, it would be a pity!

Evan beckoned to Kreacher and told the elf to pick out a few of them individually and bring them to him.

He was very interested in the Dark magic above, especially the silver boxes inscribed with ancient characters.

When they just walked to the kitchen, there was a clanging doorbell.

Immediately afterwards, Mrs. Blacks screeches echoed through the house again.

Mrs. Weasley hurriedly walked over to open the door and followed the narrow and dim corridor. Everyone saw Mundungus coming in with a stack of precariously balanced cauldrons.

Mundungus! said Evan as he took out a long parchment list from his pocket. Hes probably here to get the broom material purchase list. Wed better check to see if theres anything missing.

Whats he brought all those cauldrons for? Hermione asked.

Probably looking for a safe place to keep them, said Evan, and Hermione did not respond, which made him feel very uncomfortable. It was not Hermiones style.

If she was normal, she would have definitely started analyzing this matter directly.

It must be so, said Harry. Isnt that what he was doing the night he was supposed to be tailing me? Picking up dodgy cauldrons?

Yeah, youre right!

They saw Mundungus heaving his cauldrons through the door, but Mrs. Weasley stopped him.

The next second, even if they were far away, they could still hear an explosion of sound, even louder than Mrs. Blacks voice, and all of them could hear exactly what Mrs. Weasley was shouting.

WE ARE NOT RUNNING A HIDEOUT FOR STOLEN GOODS! Mrs. Weasley said loudly, looking at Mundungus angrily. COMPLETELY IRRESPONSIBLE, AS IF WE HAVENT GOT ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT WITHOUT YOU DRAGGING STOLEN CAULDRONS INTO THE HOUSE!

I love hearing Mum shouting at someone else, said Fred.

The idiots are letting her get into her stride, said George, shaking his head. Youve got to head her off early; otherwise she builds up a head of steam and goes on for hours. And shes been dying to have a go at Mundungus ever since he sneaked off when he was supposed to be following you, Harry.

Sure enough, Mrs. Weasleys rebuke continued for a long time.

In the end, Mundungus had to take away those cauldrons, as well as Evans purchase list and Gold Galleons before leaving.

He obviously did not intend to buy these things in Diagon Alley; he had his own purchasing channels.

Evan estimated that it must be in Knockturn Alley or the Underground World. If it werent for the conditions, he really wanted to go with Mundungus.

After lunch, Evan, Hermione, and Lupin went out to Diagon Alley.

Harry wanted to go too, but he was now an important protected target, so he could only stay in the house and couldnt go anywhere.

As for Ron, Ginny, Fred and George, Mrs. Weasley would not let them out.

After a while, Evan, Hermione and Lupin appeared at the Leaky Cauldron.

It was as peaceful as it had been a few months ago, and there was no tension about Voldemorts return.

Because the schools new term list had not been released, naturally there were not many students who came to Diagon Alley to purchase.

The Leaky Cauldron was full of cute young wizards from the countryside to buy things in Diagon Alley, idle witches, and a few old wizards who were leisurely drinking and playing cards. The bar owner Tom was carefully wiping the glasses behind the bar.

After Lupin left, Evan and Hermione found a corner table and ordered two glasses of juice.

Hermione had been looking at the material about Harry being attacked by the Dementors and ignored Evan.

Evan knew what he had to say and broke the silence. But when he talked about a few topics, Hermione didnt speak up.

Woman! Evan bit his straw, keeping his eyes level with Hermiones, and pathetically touched her with his toes.

Hermiones feet retreated, and Evan moved forward a bit.

After a few seconds of this, Hermione couldnt go back.

She took a deep breath, clenched her fists, and prepared to talk to Evan about last night.

She just raised her head when she saw a familiar woman walk in from outside, it was Rita Skeeter.

She looked around, and when she saw Evan and Hermione, she looked as though she had been forced to swallow Stinksap.

Chapter 872: Deal and Cooperation

In fact, unemployment did not suit Rita. The hair that had once been set in elaborate curls now hung lank and unkempt around her face. The scarlet paint on her two-inch talons was chipped and there were a couple of false jewels missing from her winged glasses.

Her crocodile-skin handbag had also lost its luster, giving a sense of downfall, just like the whole person.

Its nice to meet you, the hope star of the wizarding world and little Miss Perfect, said Rita sarcastically, walking over staggeringly, and sitting down at the table of Evan and Hermione. What do you two want to do with me now?

After being caught by Evan last term, she kept her beetle form and was kept in a glass jar for more than half a year.

Hermione didnt let her out until the summer vacation began.

As an agreement, she was not allowed to write any articles without the consent of Evan and Hermione.

For Rita, it really killed her. She was idle at home every day.

Needless to say, she must hate Evan and Hermione terribly now.

A deal, of course! said Hermione irritably, spreading all the anger towards Evan on Rita. But if youre sarcastic about both of us in that tone, the deals off.

Evan nodded and supported Hermione unconditionally.

What deal? said Rita, taking a trembling breath. You havent mentioned the deal yet, Miss Prissy, you just told me to turn up, just like your own servant. Oh, one of these days

Yes, yes, one of these days youll write more horrible stories about Evan, Harry and me, said Hermione indifferently. Find someone who cares, why dont you?

Theyve run plenty of horrible stories about you. I think they did a good job, better than I thought, said Rita, asking Tom to bring her a glass of firewhisky. How has that made you feel? Betrayed? Distraught?

Lupin told me about this some time ago, and they seem to have got some help from you, said Evan.

In this situation, it would be strange if Rita hadnt done anything.

I cant be blamed. My articles been stolen. It happened to be about you and Dumbledore. Rita gave a nervous smile. She knew very well that the boy in front of her was not as harmless as he looked. It was a big loss to me, but anyway I complied with the agreement and never wrote anything else. You cant

Well, Ms. Skeeter, I think we should be more honest and open. Evan took a breath and said, Hermiones right. If you still have this attitude, we probably have nothing to talk about.

What do you want? Rita lowered her glass and subjected Evan to a piercing stare. You cant just ask me out for a drink, can you? I remember our relationship doesnt seem to have been that good

Obviously, we are here to discuss cooperation with you, said Evan. you should know that Voldemorts back!

At the sound of the name, Rita visibly shuddered, her hand holding the firewhisky stopped in the air.

An unabashed panic flashed across her face, and her smile became stiff.

Calling Voldemort by name like Evan, Hermione, and Harry casually, was simply unthinkable to other people in the wizarding world. They had a natural fear of Voldemort, and Ron couldn't do it until now. Harry had been trying to correct Ron, but he hurriedly changed the subject every time.

You mean all this garbage Dumbledores been telling everybody about You-Know-Who returning and you and Harry being the sole witnesses?! Rita asked, shivering. This is crazy

This is not crazy at all, but the truth. Moreover, the two of us were not the only witnesses. There were more than 20 Death Eaters there as well, said Evan. If you need, we can provide their names at any time and make them public.

This sounds really good! Rita said softly, fumbling in her bag with her right hand, and taking out parchment and an acid-green quill. A great bold headline: Mason and Potter Name Death Eaters Still Among Us. Well, I think its better to use Harry Potter for propaganda here. Beneath a nice big photograph of him: Disturbed teenage survivors of You-Know-Whos attack, Harry Potter, 15, and his classmate Evan Mason caused outrage yesterday by accusing respectable and prominent members of the Wizarding community of being Death Eaters

The Quick-Quotes Quill was actually in her hand and halfway to her mouth when the rapturous expression died out of her face.

But of course, she said, lowering the quill and looking daggers at Hermione, Little Miss Perfect wouldn't want that story out there, would she?

As a matter of fact, said Hermione sweetly, thats exactly what Little Miss Perfect does want, or else what would we want from you?

Rita was stunned. She stared at Hermione, and then turned to look at Evan, studying whether the two of them were serious.

Evan and Harry have told the Minister of Magic the truth, but the Minister was too much of an idiot to believe them. Hermione continued, He thought it was Dumbledore who was seizing power, and he even began to slander Dumbledore

Everyone knows Fudges stupidity. Rita asked Hermione in a hushed voice, You just said that you want me to report what you say about He-Who- Must-Not-Be-Named?

She didnt care whether Voldemort was really resurrected. What she needed was an eye-catching topic. What could ignite public opinion more than Voldemorts return and the undiscovered Death Eaters?!

Besides, Rita was not a fool. She could feel that Evan and Hermione were telling the truth.

If so, her report would be recorded in history and play a vital role.

The International Confederation of Wizards would certainly give her an award, even the Order of Merlin.

As for the suppression of the Ministry of Magic, that was never within Ritas consideration.

Yes, I do, said Hermione. Evan and I want you to report the true story, exactly as Evan and Harry report them. Theyll give you all the details, theyll tell you the names of the undiscovered Death Eaters they saw there, theyll tell you what Voldemort looks like nowoh, get a grip on yourself, she added contemptuously, throwing a napkin across the table.

Hearing Voldemorts name again, Rita still overreacted. This time, she had jumped so badly that she had slopped half her glass of firewhisky down herself!

Rita blotted the front of her grubby raincoat, still staring at Evan and Hermione.

Chapter 873: Big News

Big news this was definitely the big news that would shock the entire wizarding world, but there was still a key problem.

Rita had recovered after a brief shock.

I can write! she said baldly. But the *Daily Prophet* wouldnt print it, and no media would publish such reports. In case you havent noticed, nobody believes this cock-and-bull story. Everyone thinks youre delusional. Now, if you let me write the story from another angle

We dont need another story about how Harry has lost his marbles or bashing Evan! said Hermione angrily. Weve had plenty of those already, thank you! All we need now is the opportunity to tell the truth!

Theres no market for a story like that, said Rita coldly.

You mean the *Daily Prophet* wont print it because Fudge wont let them, said Hermione irritably.

Rita gave Hermione a long, hard look. Then she said in a businesslike tone, All right, Fudge is leaning on the *Daily Prophet*, but it comes to the same thing. They wont print a story that shows you in a good light. Nobody wants to read it. Its against the public mood.

So the *Daily Prophet* exists to tell people what they want to hear, does it?

Rita sat up straight again, her eyebrows raised, and drained her glass of firewhisky.

The *Daily Prophet* exists to sell itself, you silly girl, she said coldly.

Hermione kicked Evan hard under the table to make him speak.

Thats why we want to cooperate with you! said Evan. The *Daily Prophet* made a big mistake in this matter. They helped Fudge hide the truth. I think this is a good opportunity to surpass them. You know, I also run a newspaper

Yeah, *Hogwarts Magic*! said Rita contemptuously. I heard youve been hiring ghosts to write articles.

She had always been dismissive of such small newspapers, but the exhibition of *Hogwarts Magic*

was really fierce in the past two years. It stood out from many small media, such as *The Quibbler* and *Twenty-five Ways to Mingle with Muggles*, and its exhibition degree was amazing.

In Ritas view, Evan and the others were just lucky and happened to encounter some vital news.

The Basilisk attack at the beginning of its establishment was the biggest news hotspot in the wizarding world that year. This incident itself was not only exciting enough, but also revealed the past of Voldemorts youth, and set off an upsurge to discuss the history of the Four Founders of Hogwarts.

With this incident, the public in the wizarding world was to remember the newspaper *Hogwarts Magic*.

In particular, the original collaboration between *Hogwarts Magic* and the *Daily Prophet*, which successively published and reprinted many of the above reports, made a name for the newly established *Hogwarts Magic News*.

Everyone was very interested in a newspaper created by the young wizard himself. After the Basilisks incident, they continued to order several issues out of curiosity. The reports written by ghosts were also very interesting, and there were details that everyone did not know.

Besides, the analysis of Evans magic research had most importantly opened up new ideas for many professionals.

These were all the knowledge that Evan had obtained from Tom Riddles diary. After sorting it out, he selected the knowledge that could be published in the newspaper. This allowed *Hogwarts Magic* to quickly occupy the market on a small scale.

At first everyone thought this was the limit of *Hogwarts Magic*. When Sirius escaped from prison, Evan and the others got first-hand information. Needless to say, its influence even extended to foreign countries and the Muggle world.

As an exclusive report, *Hogwarts Magic* once surpassed the *Daily Prophet* and became the most popular newspaper in the wizarding world by virtue of this hot news. It was less than two years since its creation.

This incident was considered a miracle in the wizarding world, and the discussion about Evan later became a hot topic.

Everyone thought that Evan and *Hogwarts Magic* were just a fluke. When the heat was over, they would soon be forgotten. But who knew that in the summer of the vampire attack in the Albanian forest, they also got first-hand information.

This was probably the worst evil in the wizarding world after Voldemorts failure.

But because the incident happened in a too remote place, and all the people who died were Dark Wizards and desperadoes, the incident did not attract much attention at first, because the entire wizarding world was paying attention to the upcoming Quidditch World Cup final.

But the subsequent vampire attack at the World Cup re-excavated this forgotten incident.

After Siriuss prison break, *Hogwarts Magic* expanded rapidly. Once again, in the *Daily Prophet*, the world-class duel between Evan and the vampire leader Caresius attracted more attention.

So far, *Hogwarts Magic* could be regarded as the top media in the wizarding world!

Then the Triwizard Tournament took place at Hogwarts, which attracted the attention of the entire European wizarding world. Everyone was optimistic about *Hogwarts Magic* exhibition, and believed that by virtue of its geographical advantages, its circulation volume might reach a new high.

Even Rita couldn't help taking the opportunity to run to Hogwarts to see what had happened to Evan.

Who would have thought that it would turn out to be such a result in the end, and who would have foreseen that the Triwizard Tournament would come to an abrupt end?

With the collapse of the exhibition momentum of *Hogwarts magic*, under the joint suppression of the Ministry of Magic and the mainstream media of the whole wizarding world, the volume of *Hogwarts magic* was getting lower and lower, and it had now dropped to less than a quarter of its peak subscriptions.

In Rita's opinion, it was because Evan and his friends didn't know what readers wanted to see.

Their previous success was only accidental, and a great situation was wasted.

But you're right. This matter conflicts with the public mood. No one wants to believe that Voldemort has returned. It's not time yet. We can wait for a while, said Evan.

Rita looked at him in surprise, wondering what Evan meant.

The fact that You-Know-Who came back is true and unmistakable. The Ministry of Magic doesn't want people to know this news, but there will be more and more evil things that they cannot explain in the wizarding world. What we need to do now is to let people know about these things. Until the right time, we will announce his return, Evan continued. We're here to sign a long-term cooperation agreement with you to cover this series of events and special reviews. If you agree, *Hogwarts Magic* will publish all the articles you write, and the price will be paid according to your remuneration in the *Daily Prophet*.

What do you mean? Rita asked, I didn't hear anything.

Of course they won't let the outside world know, for example, Harry has been attacked by Dementors just a few days ago.

Chapter 874: Purchase Plan

Simply stating the return of Voldemort was not feasible; no one would be willing to believe it.

Forced disclosure of the truth would only arouse public revulsion.

Especially in the current situation, under the guidance of Fudge, the wizarding world was almost one-sided in condemning Dumbledore, Evan, and Harry.

Everyone thought the three of them were crazy, spreading panic-inducing rumors, and undermining the peace and stability of the wizarding world.

Public opinion needed guidance. Since Fudge and the Ministry could do it, so could Evan and the others.

Besides, what they wanted to announce was the truth and could withstand the test of time.

They had to proceed step by step. The fact that Harry was attacked by Dementors would arouse the interest of some people.

Ordinary people did not trust Dementors and were very sensitive. The matter of uncontrolled Dementors would attract their attention.

This was just the beginning. Next, Evan would prepare a series of reports on the recent stupidity and omissions of the Ministry of Magic, as well as the suspicious aspects of the Death Eaters, putting pressure on public opinion and popularizing the knowledge of Defense Against the Dark Arts by the way.

If the effect could be achieved in one step, it was naturally the best. If not, it could attract everyone's attention.

The explanation given by the Ministry of Magic was bound to have great loopholes in the series of influences brought about by Voldemort's return.

When these loopholes piled up little by little, they would cause public dissatisfaction.

Evan believed that when a large-scale escape from Azkaban would occur a few months later, they could start a full counterattack.

At that time, the *Daily Prophet*, which had been telling lies all the time, would be completely trampled on by Evan. If a newspaper was proved to have lost its authenticity, no one would want to order it no matter how long its history was.

Evan was even thinking if he could make a sum of money to buy the *Daily Prophet*.

Two uncontrolled Dementors ran to the Muggles neighborhood and attacked Harry Potter. Because of this, he's going to the Ministry of Magic for hearing. This sounds really interesting, said Rita. You want me to extend this to the Ministry of Magic?

She pushed her glasses up and looked at Evan with keen eyes, understanding what he intended to do.

That's your specialty. Because we believe in your ability, we came to you to cooperate, said Evan.

Rita was indeed very strong in making rumors and groundless allegations.

She knew what the public needed, and what she wrote could naturally gain their trust.

Like Mrs. Weasley, she kept saying that Rita's reports were nonsense, but she believed in other articles she wrote.

Rita Skeeter had this ability, otherwise Evan and Hermione would not have asked her to write this report.

Well, do I have the right to refuse? Rita asked shrewdly.

I don't think so!

As you know very well, we'll report that you are an unregistered Animagus, said Hermione calmly, putting down her drink. The *Daily Prophet* might give you rather a lot for an insider's account of life in Azkaban and confirm whether the Dementors are still under the control of the Ministry of Magic?

At Hermiones words, Ritas mouth muscles twitched.

If she knew that the two people in front of her were also illegal Animagus, it was unknown how she would feel.

All my reports can be published in *Hogwarts Magic*? Youre willing to give me the same pay as the *Daily Prophet*?

Of course, I can open a column for you, but only if you dont write any more reports for the *Daily Prophet*, said Evan.

Well, give me the material youve got about Potters attack, and I can give you this report in the evening. Rita took the material from Evans hand, and the Quick-Quotes Quill recorded on the parchment.

Looking at her, it seemed that she intended to complete this report in the Leaky Cauldron.

For sure, she did not like Evan and Hermione, but at least she didnt need to have a problem with money.

After communicating with Rita, Evan and Hermione entered Diagon Alley and walked to Flourish and Blotts.

They were going to look for books about making broomsticks, and see if there were any other books of interest.

Regardless of Gold Galleons and the load, Hermione seemed to plan to pack up the entire Flourish and Blotts.

Because the two people dealt with Rita together, the relationship between her and Evan was no longer so tense. Especially when she devoted her attention to the magic books, she forgot about last night.

From time to time, she asked Evan about his opinion on a book to decide whether to buy it.

Hermiones appearance made Evan realize that shifting focus was more useful than direct explanation.

Especially when you were shopping with your girlfriend, paying the bill first would make her feel happy and forgive your little mistakes.

In the end, the two of them bought so many magic books and left an order list before leaving Flourish and Blotts.

What are we doing next? Evan asked, paying attention to Hermiones expression. Its still early, so dont worry about meeting Lupin. How about sitting at Florean Fortescues Ice Cream Parlor for a while?

Now that Hermione had returned to normal and did not mention last nights incident, Evan would naturally not take the initiative to mention it.

I need new robes, and so do you! said Hermione, after hesitating. My other clothes are also a little smaller. My mother used to accompany me to buy them every summer, but this year, she didnt have time. She gave me a sum of money

Indeed, this was necessary.

Because they were growing up fast, their clothes became smaller and did not fit them this year.

It was already difficult for Evan to wear his clothes last year, and a large part of his wrist was exposed.

As for Hermione, she needed to buy new clothes, including underwear, or she would feel them uncomfortable tightening her body.

Evan discovered this when traveling to Egypt. Hermione kept almost all of her clothes with him.

We can buy the robes at Madam Malkins. As for the other clothes Hermione said hesitantly, These clothes must be tried on in person to determine if they fit. I want to see a Muggle shop, where there are more styles.

She was too embarrassed to say that she wanted to buy underwear, but only vaguely said other clothes.

Every year, Hermione went to buy them with her mother during the holidays. This year, she went to Egypt with Evan, so naturally she didnt have time.

She originally planned to ask Mrs. Weasley to buy them for her, but this kind of thing really needed to be tried for sure.

Besides, she had seen Ginnys underwear, and the styles of the wizarding world were not quite what she liked.

If it was Evan, it didnt seem to be a problem if he went with her

In fact, if Harry and Ron were here, they would definitely tell Hermione to buy a few more robes, and there was no need for other clothes in the school.

But Evan understood that Hermione wanted to buy underwear.

It was alright to accompany her, but there was one problem. He didnt have much experience in this field.

If Hermione asked for his opinion as before, what should he say?

Chapter 875: The Bold Hermione

Accompany Hermione to buy underwear and provide advice

Did that mean that Hermione had to wear underwear to show him, or else how to give her advice?

Thinking of Hermione wearing all kinds of underwear in front of him, Evans heart beat fiercely.

Then, he thought of the many underwear styles hed seen in Fleurs room before, many of which were very provocative.

If he could make Hermione choose like those and wear them, her exquisite body would be very seductive

Evan shook his head vigorously, not daring to think anymore.

With a touch of nervousness and expectation, he and Hermione came to Madam Malkins Robes for All Occasions. There was no one in the shop, and Madam Malkin welcomed them both warmly.

In preparation for the start of Hogwarts School, she recently introduced a batch of new fabrics, and Evan and Hermione were her first customers this summer. She tried to persuade the two of them to order an extra set of robes with a considerable discount.

In addition, Evan bought a few more ready-made robes, mainly adult styles, just in case. They could be needed later when using the Polyjuice Potion.

As for the girls' clothes, Hermione didn't let him buy them. She meant that if Evan changed into a girl, he could use her robes. She could even give him her Muggle clothes.

Madam Malkin's robes are very expensive, and we don't need to waste money, she said. I don't need those clothes anyway.

Well, anyway, Evan's cloth bag was already full of messy stuff. Elaine's underwear, Gabrielle's robes, plus Hermione's full set of clothes.

Evan had long been used to it. He had just to be careful not to make a mistake. Fortunately, the three girls had different sizes.

Gabrielle hadn't developed yet, Elaine was so thin, and Hermione was in good shape and was growing up fast.

With the robes they just bought, it covered the clothes of girls of all ages. From the inside out, there was really no need to buy anything else!

The only pity was that there was nothing attractive like Fleur's.

When Fleur would come to England, he might ask her for two pieces.

The next step is to buy other clothes! said Hermione. Let's go to the Muggle mall.

I'll Apparate and take you there! said Evan.

They both walked silently to the remote alley, each with their own thoughts, and the atmosphere was inexplicably tense. Because they were going to buy underwear next, they were both thinking about it.

In fact, using Apparition, Evan could take Hermione back to his home quickly without worrying about being discovered.

It wouldn't be so embarrassing for Hermione to go shopping with his mother or Mrs. Granger. But it would be too silly to do that. There were not many opportunities to accompany a girl to buy underwear.

Don't jump to conclusions; I only asked you to come with me because I had no other option, said Hermione, taking a deep breath, noticing the expression on Evan's face, and shaking her fist. If you don't want to go with me, it's okay.

Of course I want, said Evan hurriedly.

Seeing Evan's expression, Hermione knew he'd guessed what she was going to buy.

This was too embarrassing, just like what happened last night, caressing her in front of so many people.

Thinking of this, Hermione had a sudden urge to hit Evan and not let it go.

Dont think Ive forgiven you for what happened last night, she said suddenly, showing her anger.

I was too excited last night to resist the temptation. Evan admitted his mistake decisively.

At his words, Hermiones impulse to hit him became stronger. What did it mean to be unable to resist the temptation?

But thinking about it carefully, it seemed that this was indeed the case.

Getting into your girlfriends pajamas and lying on her stomach, it was conceivable that it would be too hard to resist the temptation.

Of course, the premise was that one could become a cat; otherwise there was no way to lie there.

Evan just licked his collarbone, and didnt actually do anything, but he seemed to have done a lot

I thought you were my girlfriend, and I got a little carried away! he said pathetically.

There would be no way out of confrontation. Such a display of weakness might have a turning point.

Well, dont do it again! Hermione blushed again, and the thoughts in her head became confused.

Inexplicably, as soon as she saw Evans smiling face, Hermione thought of the scene shed seen from above her collar last night. The black kitten was lying on her chest, not acting honestly.

It was strange enough for a cat to make that kind of action, not to mention that it was not really a cat, but Evan!

Well got it! said Evan, nodding seriously.

Next time he encountered this situation, he wouldnt go upwards, he could consider going down

After a moment of silence, the two of them just walked on the quiet street of Diagon Alley.

I mean, dont do that to me when there are others present in the future, Hermione whispered after a long while.

She was really afraid of Evans misunderstanding. Compared with other couples in the school, their progress had been slow enough.

There were very few real kisses; the first one was in this alley. There was a Christmas tree here, and the two of them were under the mistletoe

She was scared away at the time, and she should have bravely carried it out and should not have run away.

Evan was still thinking about the meaning of what Hermione had said just now. What did *dont do that to me when there are others present* mean? If there was no one around, he could do it? Now there were only them. Was it okay to?

He raised his head to see Hermione staring at him in a daze. Her little face was seductive pink, and she looked very charming.

The atmosphere in the air suddenly became charming, and under Hermiones gaze, everything seemed to be becoming unusual.

She seemed to be thinking about something, gradually immersed in it.

She was thinking about what Evan had just said, she was his girlfriend!

Running away like this was not the way, nor was it her style.

Since she liked Evan, then she should show it, and not always shrink back, afraid of what the future could be!

She could hide for a while, but could she hide for a lifetime?

Besides, if she didnt like Evan, why did she agree to be his girlfriend?!

Turning around and running away on that Christmas night, Hermione would never let it happen again.

Hermione said Evan softly.

The next second, to his surprise, Hermione suddenly leaned in and kissed him.

She embraced Evan with her hands, and stepped forward to touch his lips. It was cool and sweet

A few seconds later, they separated, Hermione panting heavily, her face hot and her ears red.

She looked at Evan frankly, and there seemed to be a trace of provocation and expectation in her twinkling eyes.

Chapter 876: Kissing in Diagon Alley

Evan froze for a moment. What was this unfolding? If there was a disagreement, she would give him a strong kiss?!

A second before, she was lecturing him that he was too impulsive, and the next second she kissed him in an unprecedented way!

What exactly was going on? She wasnt drunk, was she? Was Hermione broken?

He looked at Hermiones blushing face, her forehead, her eyes, her nose, and finally

Evan felt like his brain was failing him, but his body reacted fast enough.

Looking at the expectant Hermione in front of him, at the moment of separation from her, Evan leaned forward to kiss her back, taking the initiative.

He put one hand around her back, the other hand stroking her long, slightly curly hair.

Evan kissed Hermione and sucked her lips, which were extraordinarily wet and sweet.

With the movement of both of them, he felt as though he were fluttering in a state of ecstasy.

Evans mind was blank, and it felt better than Firewhisky.

At this moment, Hermione was the only real thing in his world.

The two of them were breathing fast and almost melted into one.

On the other hand, Hermiones breathing became increasingly rapid.

She plucked up the courage to kiss Evan, feeling like a deer bumping into her heart, surprised at her boldness, not knowing how to explain it to Evan.

If Evan asked her what she was doing, it would be too embarrassing, and she would kiss him without saying a word.

Hermione looked at Evan hesitantly and expectantly, as though she wanted to say something but didn't know how to say it. The worry didn't last long. Her body was immediately bound into a powerful embrace, and any unfinished words were drowned in a kiss full of affection.

She felt Evans heat, and their bodies were pressed together tightly, their faces close together.

She could smell Evan, and her breath became hot.

She shivered slightly, forgot to think, and did not want to think. She just instinctively wanted to hug him, closer, tighter

Hermione could feel the wriggling of Evans lips, gently biting, going on, tapping her teeth, and the tip of his tongue slipped into

Just as Evan was about to put his tongue deep into Hermiones mouth, there was an awkward cough behind him, and they hurriedly separated.

Sorry to disturb you! A middle-aged wizard glanced at them and hurriedly walked past.

Today's young people were open, kissing in Diagon Alley in broad daylight

Hermione pushed Evan away. Her eyes were misty, her face blushed, tiny beads of sweat oozed from the tip of her nose. Her lips were slightly open, revealing the soft and moist tip of her tongue. She was pure and charming, and her lovable look made Evan couldn't help but continue.

Ignore him, let's continue! said Evan softly, trying to kiss Hermione again.

His lips had touched Hermiones, and Hermione kissed him hard and hurriedly separated.

She was not going to give Evan a chance. It was enough so far; she couldn't let Evans tongue come in

She was not ready yet. Besides, now she was in the usually crowded Diagon Alley, what if she was seen again?

Hermione didn't want photos of Evan and herself kissing to make the headlines tomorrow.

Not now! Hermione said flustered, breathing disorderly. There'll be opportunities in the future. We have to go shopping now.

Evan could only nod. The appearance of the middle-aged wizard was too untimely.

They were so close; he was almost inside Hermione

Seeing Hermione now, he knew that he could only look for another chance, but there was a long way to go.

By and large, The first step is always the hardest; it gets easier once you have already started.

There might be fewer opportunities at 12 Grimmauld Place. Back to Hogwarts, there were many secret passages, secret rooms, bushes, and groves.

At that time, there would be absolutely no one to disturb, and they could go on to the end.

Accompanying Hermione to the Muggle mall to buy underwear was not what Evan had imagined.

In the mall, he was confused by a dazzling variety of styles, and there were all kinds of underwear styles.

Evan saw some with black fishnet patterns, red lace trim, and even semi-transparent ones various provocative styles

Hermione didn't look at the sexy underwear, but chose a few relatively conservative and cute styles and walked into the fitting room.

Judging from her appearance, she didn't seem to intend to consult Evan for advice.

Evan stared at the closed door in front of him in a daze, and then considered whether to go in and peek.

Then, he thought of the scene of kissing Hermione just now, and that feeling

The opportunity was fleeting, and Hermione obviously speeded up.

A few minutes later, she came out and put some selected clothes into her pocket to check out.

This matter hurriedly passed between them like a glimpse of light, no one mentioned it again, and Evan did not find a chance.

Over the next few days, they had a very fulfilling life.

Everyone assisted Mrs. Weasley and Kreacher to clean up the old house thoroughly and put away all the dangerous things. Kreacher always secretly took some things out of the bags, and then stuffed them to Evan.

Looking at his appearance, he was even more obedient to Evan than to Sirius.

In the eyes of this house-elf, only a wizard who liked these Dark magical items was a truly qualified wizard.

He even kept saying that it was a pity that Evan did not have the blood of the Black family; otherwise, he would definitely have been liked by the old lady.

Evan doubted that Mrs. Black would like him. Her portrait now only described him as half-breed, filth and scum. Kreacher probably wanted to explain to her that Master Regulus had been killed by the Dark Lord, and they and Voldemort were enemies.

But Mrs. Black's portrait didn't care about this at all, always screaming there.

In the end, Evan had to order him not to approach the portrait.

This didn't stop her much. The doorbell rang several times a day. As soon as she heard the bell, Sirius's mother was alarmed.

Harry and the others attempted to eavesdrop on the conversation of the visitors, but each time they could only catch a glimpse and hear a few scattered words before Mrs. Weasley chased them away. They didn't manage to gather much useful information at all.

During this period, they were only allowed to go and talk with the Transfiguration teacher, Professor McGonagall when she came.

Professor McGonagall looked as serious as ever. She looked very odd in Muggle dress and coat.

Like other visitors, she also seemed too busy to linger.

Sometimes, however, the visitors stayed to help.

Tonks joined them for a memorable afternoon in which they found a murderous old ghoul lurking in an upstairs toilet, and Lupin also took time to help them repair a grandfather clock that had developed the unpleasant habit of shooting heavy bolts at passersby.

It took three days for Mundungus to buy all the broom materials Evan needed.

In addition, he redeemed himself slightly in Mrs. Weasley's eyes by rescuing Ron from an ancient set of purple robes that had tried to strangle him when he removed them from their wardrobe.

Chapter 877: Broom Design

The design of the new broom was also proceeding step by step, and Evan assigned tasks to everyone.

They first disassembled all the brooms they could find, compared them with the books they'd bought, studied their operating principles and excellent design concepts, and drew drawings. These broom parts were all piled up in the small living room just cleaned out on the first floor.

In less than a week, they took apart a very large number of broomsticks.

In the words of Fred and George, this was probably the most exciting thing they'd ever done in their lives.

At the same time, it was also the most prodigious loss. These broomsticks were not cheap and had a high collection value.

After being dismantled by them, especially since Evan wanted to open the core parts for research, their value was greatly reduced.

Although they would assemble them back later, many sophisticated devices and magic had been affected and lost their function.

In order to prevent being researched by peers, many broomsticks had been enchanted with spells that would destroy them if opened.

These spells had been cast on various parts of the brooms, with different effects and triggers.

At first, Evan tried to crack a part of them, but the failure rate was high. When he opened them, there was nothing left in them.

Although they asked Mad-Eye Moody for help to use his magical eye to tell all the abnormal parts of the magic power inside, the success rate of dismantling the core part was still very low. It was not until Bill joined the research team that this changed.

Because of his many years of work experience, he was very experienced in breaking curses and was also very knowledgeable about broomsticks.

He helped Evan deftly break or counter those curses, and disassemble the core part of the broomsticks. Without Bills help, things would not have been so smooth.

In order to fight Voldemort more conveniently, Bill had applied for transfer back to work in the British headquarters.

After Zosers incident, the Gringotts goblins in Egypt were probably eager for him to leave, so his application was quickly approved. He had not been assigned a task from the Order of the Phoenix for the time being, so he worked with Evan and the others to study and design a new broomstick.

Besides, it was also worth mentioning that when Harry knew that it would cost about five thousand Gold Galleons to buy a Firebolt, he willingly donated his Firebolt for Evans research, otherwise their current funds would definitely be insufficient.

The price of the Firebolt had always been kept secret, and would be revealed only at request.

In fact, Evan didnt expect the Firebolt to be so expensive. It cost a huge sum of money.

A good broom would not cost a hundred Gold Galleons, but a Firebolt cost five thousand Gold Galleons.

These gold coins could be piled together to build a mountain of gold, especially considering that when Sirius bought it for Harry, the Firebolt had just come out, and the price was much more expensive than it was now. It had to be amazing.

No wonder even Malfoy could only look at Harrys Firebolt with envy instead of asking his father to buy one.

As a precaution, Evan did not disassemble the Firebolt to view its internal brake trim.

Anyway, the previous brooms had given him enough ideas. He combined traditional design concepts with alchemy, and began to try to make a new flight braking device and mind-sensing device. These two devices were the core of a broom.

As the fastest broom, the Firebolt could reach 150 miles per hour.

Regardless of other factors, Evans own braking device could easily exceed this speed, but this was not compatible with other aspects of the broom, resulting in stall phenomenon, and the safety performance could not be satisfied.

Finally, he temporarily adjusted the speed to 130 miles per hour.

In this way, the braking device could continuously increase the power of the broom without losing power during climbing.

As a supplement, Evan also added an extra brake.

Usually, depending on one normal flight and turning on the other when acceleration was needed, the speed could be rapidly doubled to 260 miles per hour.

Although it did not last for a long time, this was still a brand new breakthrough.

Harry said that the design was very good, and if he had a choice, he would rather prefer this broom to the Firebolt.

For Seekers, they did not need to fly fast most of the time, but to be able to accelerate at crucial moments.

After solving the flight speed, they encountered the problem of altitude.

Evan referred to the broom that could fly highest at present, the Moontrimmer, adding three small magic brakes at the end of the broom.

As a result, their new broom kept a 45-degree inclination, and the portability of the broom was greatly reduced, which had to be re-studied.

There were also many problems to be solved in terms of durability and resistance to strong winds.

The only thing Evan was satisfied with was the mind-sensing device he designed. He added some Dark magic thoughts to it. The new broom was more sensitive than all brooms currently on the market and could clearly feel the users mind.

Using the mind-sensing device, the broom seemed to be alive and became a part of the users body.

While Evan was doing research on the core part, Hermione, Harry, Ron and Ginny were studying the balance and specific production technology of broomsticks. They referred to many books, and finally drew a new design of the broom.

The main shape was similar to that of the Silver Arrow, with good elasticity and thicker broom handle.

This was also different from the popular new brooms on the market. In recent years, the design of broomsticks had become more and more detailed. The mainstream design concept was slim and streamlined, and the broom was much less resistant, faster and more aesthetic.

Harry and Ron thought it should be so, and even increased the length of the broomstick a bit compared to the Firebolt.

But Hermione and Ginny confirmed that it should be roughened, so that the durability and resistance would be enhanced, and the safety performance would be greatly improved.

The four of them argued for a long time about the thickness.

In the end, after discussion, they decided to follow Hermione and Ginnys ideas first.

Although the ornamental value would be reduced a lot, the safety performance would indeed be improved a lot, and it would also solve the problem of resistance to strong wind and bad weather that had been plaguing Evan, allowing the new broom to fly higher and adapt to faster speed.

The enhanced texture also prevented the broom from bending and deforming due to the wear of time or faster speed.

This design was indeed very conscientious, knowing that even after the Firebolt reached its limit speed, there was a risk of disintegration.

In addition to making it thicker, Hermione and Ginny agreed to make the broom bigger.

A thicker and larger broom was more likely to be welcomed by girls. Their first consideration was safety, followed by ornamental and speed.

Evan rejected this proposal, because in this case, the production cost of the broom would greatly increase

Considering the popularity and practicality, sometimes the thicker and bigger was not necessarily the better.

Chapter 878: Public Opinion and Nightmares

After resolving the issues of length, thickness, and width, they began to argue about colors.

Finally, the result of the discussion was that after the broom handle was thickened, it was better to use bright black to give it a more metallic texture.

In this way, a thick and black broom was born.

Just from the outside, it felt thicker, harder, and better quality than all the brooms currently on the market.

Evan used alchemy to add an invisible magic shield to it, which made security a lasting feature of this broom.

Later, someone might imitate Evans broom and develop a thicker, blacker and bigger broom. However, there would be no way to compare it with Evans broom in terms of safety performance, because they didnt know the secret, so they could only imitate it in the external design.

In addition, the design of other additional parts, such as the invisible cushions, was left to Fred and George.

This was their strong point. They always had many unexpected new ideas.

For example, the addition of a landing device, an embedded alarm whistle and self-straightening tail branches, as well as invisible handles, etc. After designing the tail of the broom, it could even spray colorful smoke and their two special Weasleys fireworks backwards during flight.

This design, however, was also rejected by Evan. It was too gorgeous and inconsistent with the style of broomsticks for competitions.

If he designed an entertainment broom in the future, these ideas might be considered.

Among the rejected ideas was also the innovation of adding alarm whistles. The reason for the rejection was similar to not letting Hermione and Ginny make the flying broomstick thicker and larger.

To do so, the cost was too high, completely out of the initial budget.

If they really put all their ideas together, the design would not be a broom, but some other strange thing.

In this way, while they were studying the broomstick at 12 Grimmauld Place, things had already turned chaotic outside!

On the day after Evan and Hermiones visit to Diagon Alley, Rita Skeeters article about the Dementors uncontrolled attack on a wizard was published. Instead of mentioning Harry, she described him as an innocent young wizard attacked by Dementors.

Because of his legitimate self-defense, he had to go to the Ministry of Magic for hearing. What was more unfair in the world?

Until now, no one from the Ministry of Magic came out to explain the matter and why Dementors were out of control?

People showed conceivable concern about this matter, and the Ministry of Magic was under great pressure.

After the latest issue, they repeatedly explained that no Dementors were out of control. But they couldnt explain why two Dementors went to the Muggle community?

Although they said Harry was spreading rumors, Rita had already changed the focus of her attack and changed the matter to a conspiracy theory.

This was somewhat close to the actual situation, the Ministry of Magic executives controlled the Dementors to attack the young wizard, which was more terrible than the Dementors going out of control by themselves.

She kept coming up with new ideas and conjectures, and the Ministry of Magic had to passively explain, but was reluctant to start self-investigation.

Therefore, no one was willing to believe them at all. Everyone asked to strengthen the management of the Dementors in Azkaban. The ordinary people had a natural dislike for the Dementors, so they didnt care if this was a rumor. All they wanted to see was results.

This was the first increase in subscriptions since Evan and the others had been suppressed by Fudge.

Rita lived up to expectations, restarted her activities, and began a series of reports with this incident as the core. In just one week, she unearthed many scandals of the Ministry of Magic. These were the materials she had collected before. Voices inside the wizarding world gradually appeared calling for the incompetent Fudge to step down.

Annoyed and infuriated, Fudge asked the Department of Magical Law Enforcement to send a letter to them to stop spreading these rumors against the Ministry of Magic and himself. After reading the letter Lupin brought him, Evan threw it directly into the trash can.

If Voldemort had been involved, Fudge might have been able to control public opinion and restrict the dissemination of information about Voldemort by relying on the relevant clauses in the rights of the Minister of Magic.

But they didnt mention Voldemort at all now, and Fudge had no right to stop them from saying anything else.

The right to freedom of speech could not be violated, especially when they were talking about the darkness of the Ministry of Magic and the incompetence of Fudge himself. Many people liked to read about this.

Rita caught on to this point. Whether it was true or not, they accepted it all.

Everyone would think these things were true, and anyone saying they were fake news would have to prove it.

But Fudge couldn't prove it at all and there was no way to prove it.

In this way, two days before Harry's hearing, Evan received another letter from the Ministry of Magic.

In the letter, the Ministry of Magic accused him of spreading rumors that were detrimental to the stability of the wizarding world and asked him to come to the Wizengamot as the person in charge for questioning. The time of his hearing was exactly the same as Harry's.

If the charges were established, they would take action to block them.

This was not to be expected or to worry about.

He and Hermione had carefully reviewed every report and strictly checked them. Whether it was Harry's attack by a Dementor or the incident reported by Rita later, it was all things that had really happened.

After being modified by Rita to achieve the desired effect, Fudge could not say anything

Evan prepared a thick pile of materials, and if necessary, he could argue with them item by item.

Harry felt somewhat relieved that Evan was going to accompany him to the Ministry of Magic for hearing.

These days, he'd been busy with the broomstick project and forgot about it.

But once he was free, terrible memories appeared again and again.

He started to have nightmares again. In his dream, he saw long corridors and locked doors that made his scar prickle

He didn't dare to tell anyone about it, he didn't want people to know that there was a new connection between him and Voldemort.

Although Evan had explained to him, it still made Harry feel like he was a terrible monster.

While being troubled by nightmares, he kept thinking, what would he do if he was expelled?

Fear jabbed at his insides like needles as he wondered what was going to happen to him if he was expelled. The idea was so terrible that he did not dare voice it aloud.

Sometimes, he could not prevent his imagination showing him a faceless Ministry official who was snapping his wand in two and ordering him back to the Dursleys but he would not go. He was determined on that. He would come back here to Grimmauld Place and live with Sirius.

Chapter 879: Early Morning

Compared to Harry's worries, Evan was very relaxed.

Because of the recent publicity, the issue of Harry's imminent hearing had attracted the attention of the entire wizarding world. Under such circumstances, it was impossible for Fudge to arbitrarily convict Harry, and not to mention Dumbledore was there.

Well be out tomorrow morning at six o'clock! said Mrs. Weasley during dinner on Wednesday evening. Evan and Harry, I've ironed your best clothes. You'll wear them tomorrow morning. Especially you, Harry, and I want you to wash your hair tonight too. A good first impression can work wonders.

Evan's interrogation and Harry's trial were for tomorrow. Originally, Mrs. Weasley would not let them go, but when it spread out, and even after Evan received the letter for questioning from the Ministry of Magic, everyone could go with them.

Evan even asked Rita to follow and record the whole hearing process. He wondered if Fudge would agree.

How are we getting there? Harry asked, putting down the chops he was eating.

Arthur's taking you to work with him, said Mrs. Weasley, turning her voice in a stern tone, Fred and George, this is not a joke. You two don't make trouble for your dad tomorrow. Don't

We know, Mum! said Fred. We won't do anything tomorrow.

Don't worry, we've been to Dad's office many times and know the rules of the Ministry of Magic, said George.

Their promises were very unreliable, and Evan knew that they were planning to visit Percy's office

They had been holding their breath about Percy's falling out with the family, hoping not to make a big mess.

You can stay in my office tomorrow. I'm not sure if the Department will let you watch Evan and Harry being heard. Normally it should be OK said Mr. Weasley, but the wind is very tight now. I have no news at all.

Since Fudge and Dumbledore broke up, he'd been almost pushed to the edge in the Ministry, and his life was very difficult.

But it didn't make any difference. Mr. Weasley had never been highly regarded within his department.

As long as he did his job well, Fudge couldn't do anything to him, nor could he drive him home.

Even if there was a job change, the entire Ministry of Magic could not find a position worse than Mr. Weasley's Department.

The next morning, at five o'clock, Evan got out of bed.

He found that Harry was awake, sitting there immobile, as though worried about the upcoming hearing.

Good morning, Harry! said Evan. Are you all right?

I'm fine, said Harry in a low voice.

Don't worry, we have solid evidence. In a few hours time, you'll be cleared!

I know! Harry nodded vaguely again, seeming to have just reacted, Good morning, Evan!

He leapt out of bed and put on his glasses.

Mrs. Weasley had already laid out his freshly laundered jeans and T-shirt at the foot of his bed. Harry scrambled into them.

Evan also got up and put on his clothes. He saw Ron lying sprawled on his back with his mouth wide open, and he was sleeping deeply.

Harry put on his clothes and shook him, waking him up.

Is it time already? said Ron, turning over again, struggling to get up and teetering.

Its five oclock, and theres still another hour. I checked my watch.

Then Ill lie down for a while, and Ill get up at half past five. I dont have to go so early. Ron fell heavily again.

Evan and Harry looked at him and left the room. When they came to the kitchen, Mr. Weasley, Bill, Lupin, and Tonks were sitting there. They were all fully dressed and Mrs. Weasley was bringing out the breakfast shed just made.

You woke up really early. Come over and have breakfast! she said as she pulled out her wand and hurried over to the fire.

M-m-morning, Evan, Harry, yawned Tonks. Her hair was blonde and curly this morning. Sleep all right?

Very good, said Harry, who actually stayed up all night, thinking about it over and over.

You dont seem to have slept? Evan asked her, sitting beside Lupin.

Yeah, Ive b-b-been up all night, she said, with another shuddering yawn. Come and sit down, Harry.

She drew out a chair, knocking over the one beside it in the process.

What do you want? Mrs. Weasley called. Porridge? Muffins? Kippers? Bacon and eggs? Toast?

Just toast, thanks, said Harry.

I want Bacon and eggs, and some toast by the way. Evans appetite had not been affected at all.

Lupin glanced at them, then said to Tonks, What were you saying about Scrimgeour?

Oh yeah well, we need to be a bit more careful, hes been asking Kingsley and me funny questions yesterday! said Tonks. What does Kingsley think happened to him? Scrimgeour is a great Auror.

In the past war years when the Ministry of Magic fought against Voldemort, Scrimgeour was a very strong Auror second only to Moody.

He was now Head of the Auror Office, and Evan had met him at the Quidditch World Cup before.

Its important to note that he and Fudge are not on the same side, but he will not agree with our views. Lupin continued.

They didnt ask Evan and Harry to join the conversation, and the two ate their breakfast silently.

Concerning the hearing at the Ministry of Magic, Lupin did not plan to accompany them.

His identity as a werewolf was very sensitive, and it would have a negative effect if he could not get the trust of the wizards.

Mrs. Weasley brought up pieces of toast and marmalade, then looked critically at Evan and Harry.

Dear, your clothes need to be sorted out. You must make a good impression.

She started to pay extra attention to their T-shirts, mainly to Harrys, tucking in the label and smoothing out creases across the shoulders.

Harry was a bit unnatural and wished she wouldnt.

and Ill have to tell Dumbledore I cant do night duty tomorrow, Im just t-t-too tired, Tonks said, yawning hugely again.

Ill cover for you, said Mr. Weasley. Im okay, Ive got a report to finish anyway

Well, you two, can you go up and wake up those slackers, how long do they want to sleep? said Mrs. Weasley, looking at Tonks discontentedly, she didnt want Harry and Evan to know anything about it.

So Evan and Harry climbed the stairs again.

Ill go up and call Ron, Fred, and George, said Harry, walking to the second floor. You call Hermione and Ginny.

Evan nodded, walked to the door of their room and knocked gently, but no one responded.

It seemed that the two of them were sleeping deeply

Chapter 880: Magic and Science

Hermione and Ginny were not to be blamed. Theyd been helping Evan study and design a broom recently.

Evan was mainly responsible for the core components, and the main body of the broom was entrusted to the two of them.

Theyd been currently studying the broomstick handle, comparing the actual objects, and drew a lot of sketches. Hermione had flipped through almost all the books. Ginny was also talented in drawing. Theyd been preparing to design a very thick, big and black one. This job was very exhausting.

Theyd been studying it very late last night, and it was understandable that they were not up now.

The door seemed to be unlocked, and anyway, no one else would have gone in at night.

If Evan came to Hermione at night, he usually didnt go through the door

He wondered whether to go in and call them out. Hed never seen her lie in bed so late.

If Hermione wasnt awake, he could tickle her. Evan knew which part of her body was the most sensitive.

Before he could act, there was a rush of footsteps inside.

The doorknob in the shape of a serpent turned and the door opened. Hermione was standing there with sleepy eyes in her pink pajamas.

She ran over barefoot, with messy hair, half asleep.

The loose pajamas were only tied with two buttons in the middle, covering important parts. The pajamas slipped slightly, revealing the white underwear

This look was so lovely and attractive that one couldnt help but kiss her.

Good morning, Evan! She rubbed her eyes, her long eyelashes trembling slightly.

Because she was too sleepy, her body was swaying slightly.

Good morning, Hermione, were leaving! said Evan, stepping forward to help her.

Dont Ginnys watching! Hermione pushed him away and said softly, Well be right out.

At the moment the door was closing, Evan saw Hermione blushing and Ginny peeping at them not far away.

She curled up into a small ball, and most of her head was buried in the quilt, showing only bright eyes.

There was a voice in the room, Ginny seemed to be asking something, and Hermione was explaining.

Evan returned to the kitchen and discussed the newspaper with Lupin for a while.

It took five minutes for Harry to come down with Ron, Fred, and George, who had changed into their clothes.

Mrs. Weasley brought the food and urged them to move faster.

Where will they hear Evan and Harry? said Fred, putting the toast in his mouth.

I heard that the Ministry of Magic has a secret courtroom underground, and they guard it with Dementors, said George.

Fred, George, dont scare them! said Mrs. Weasley unhappily. Theres no secret courtroom at all.

The hearings on my floor, in Amelia Boness office. Shes Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement and shes the one wholl be questioning both of you, said Mr. Weasley, finishing his coffee.

Amelia Bones is okay, Harry, said Tonks earnestly. Shes fair, shell hear you out.

Weve seen her before. Remember? said Evan. Just the Christmas shortly after Peter Pettigrew was caught, they came to the school ward to investigate and they wanted to award us the Order of Merlin.

Harry nodded, remembering the tall, friendly looking witch standing next to Fudge.

In addition to Fudge, Crouch, and Bones, there was also a woman. He couldnt remember what she looked like, he only remembered that she was wearing a set of pink clothes and looked like a large, pale toad.

Now there are a lot of people paying attention to this matter, Fudge wont do anything to you two, he cant explain why Dementors have been to Muggle inhabited area, said Lupin gently. He may make

a fuss in other areas, you have to pay attention. Especially you, Harry, don't lose your temper, be polite and stick to the facts.

Harry nodded again, not knowing what to say. There had been a mess in his head.

The laws on your side, said Lupin quietly. Even underage wizards are allowed to use magic in life threatening situations. And as long as the facts are true, Fudge has no right to restrict the media's right to freedom of speech.

Just then, Hermione and Ginny ran down in a hurry. Hermiones hair was wet and softer than before. She had apparently cleaned it up carefully, which made her look different.

Indeed, Hermione had just unloaded the more than 20 thick books she'd been usually carrying on her body and arranged her hair, and she became very beautiful and amazing.

Harry looked up at them. Something very cold trickled down the back of his neck; for a moment he thought someone was putting a Disillusionment Charm on him again, then he realized that Mrs. Weasley was attacking his hair with a wet comb. She pressed hard on the top of his head.

Doesn't it ever lie flat? she said desperately.

I don't think so! Harry shook his head. His hair was always messy like Hermiones.

When everyone had breakfast and there were still ten minutes to six o'clock, the group was ready to leave.

How do we get there? Ron asked. Through the Floo Network?

Ron, how many times should I remind you that this house is not connected to the Floo Network?

In order to keep it secret, a lot of spells had been cast on 12 Grimmauld Place, and the level of safety was about the same as that of Hogwarts.

I usually Apparate to the Ministry, said Mr. Weasley. But I think it's best we arrive in a thoroughly non-magical fashion today it makes a better impression, given what Harry's being disciplined for.

Only Hermione had never been to the Ministry of Magic. Evan walked behind with her, telling her about the Ministry.

Fred and George were discussing plans to visit Percys office for a while. Harry, Ron, Ginny, and Mr. Weasley were talking about Muggle transportation because they were going to take the Underground train in a moment.

Harry tried to tell them what he knew, but he didn't know much.

The Dursleys had never taken him on the Underground train, but at least he knew how to buy tickets through automatic ticket machines.

They walked along the almost deserted run-down streets. But when they arrived at the miserable little Underground station they found it already full of early morning commuters.

As ever when he found himself in close proximity to Muggles going about their daily business, Mr. Weasley was hard put to contain his enthusiasm.

Simply fabulous, he whispered, indicating the automatic ticket machines. Is that the tool that can automatically sell tickets? Wonderfully ingenious! What do they call this machine?

They're out of order, said Harry, pointing at the sign.

Really, what a pity, said Mr. Weasley, beaming fondly at them. Judging from his appearance, he seemed to be planning to get this thing back to study it.

Mr. Weasley's preference for Muggle items was very strange, and his research angle was very weird. He didn't even know the type of plugs, but he could skillfully repair the engine of a car.

Evan also wanted to try if using Reparo or some other Repairing Charm would work on the machines, and whether magic could repair a machine made by science.

If so, it would be a brand-new discovery.