

## Harry Potter 981

### Chapter 981: The Magical Room of Requirement

Meanwhile, Evan and Hermione were holding the Marauder's Map in the dimly lit corridor on the seventh floor.

The map showed the entire Hogwarts, with tiny moving black dots, labeled with names, showing where various people were.

The core of the Marauder's Map operation was Name Magic, where each person's name inherently possessed magical properties.

This kind of magic was not visible, but it was real, much like how zodiac signs or blood types could subtly influence a person.

Evan had done research using the Marauder's Map as a baseband. He could now use some of this Name Magic to track a person through potions or spells and determine their location. He once used it on Peter Pettigrew.

Therefore, as long as Peter was alive, Evan would sense him and track him in the Forbidden Forest at night.

The strength of this magical sense had its limitations, much like how the Marauder's Map could only display the internal areas of Hogwarts.

Moreover, it wasn't entirely reliable. Evan's experiences from the previous semester had taught him that wizards who had processed their names, like Caresius, wouldn't be marked and tracked by the magic of their names. In other words, they wouldn't appear on the Marauder's Map.

However, it was still possible to use it to see where Umbridge, Filch, and other virtual members were.

They certainly wouldn't cast spells on their own names; they didn't have that ability.

"Harry and the others have finished training; the members are returning to the castle," said Evan, looking at the Marauder's Map. "Hmm, it's a bit strange. Harry and Ron stayed in the changing room and haven't come out. What are they up to secretly?"

"I don't know, but I hope they hurry up!" Hermione said, leaning over, "Where's Umbridge?"

"In her office," said Evan. "She hasn't even gone to dinner; she's been in her office the whole time. Don't be so nervous; no one has betrayed us, she won't know what we're planning. Ah, they're coming. Let's go in. Harry knows how to access the Room of Requirement; they'll come in on their own."

A group of people climbed up to the seventh floor, each looking particularly tense, with restrained excitement tinged with a hint of unease.

They only relaxed when they saw Evan and Hermione.

“You two look fresh and dry; it’s really enviable,” said George, his newly changed clothes were also damp. “I’m almost a soaked chicken!”

“And there’s something worse,” said Fred, clutching his own butt.

“You practiced in this weather?” Michael exclaimed, looking at Ginny who was also wet.

“Yeah, if you want to win the Quidditch Cup, you need to make some sacrifices, right?” Angelina replied. “I think our training is necessary. No one can guarantee what weather we’ll encounter in an official match. If it’s raining, we’re prepared!”

“Please, I don’t want to talk about Quidditch training. Evan, where’s the secret room you mentioned?”

Everyone looked around curiously, especially the students from Hufflepuff, as it was rare for them to come to the seventh floor of the castle. After all, apart from the Headmaster’s office, there were no other classrooms here. Many people held a reverent attitude toward the Headmaster and generally wouldn’t come to seek him out.

Dumbledore had no specific teaching tasks, and most students might only see him twice a term, at the beginning and end-of-term banquets.

“Come on, right over there!”

Evan and Hermione led them along the corridor and came to an enormous tapestry depicting Barnabas the Barmy’s foolish attempt to train trolls for the ballet. On the opposite side of the tapestry was a stretch of blank wall, where a moth-eaten troll paused in his relentless clubbing of the would-be ballet teacher to watch.

“Here we are!” said Evan. “This is the Room of Requirement. We have to walk past this bit of wall three times, concentrating hard on what we need. Remember, we now need a room to learn magic and practice fighting.”

Ever since his first year, Evan had been using the Room of Requirement as a place to brew potions.

The room was magical; whatever he needed, it could transform into an appropriate room, fully stocked with everything he required. Even not long ago, when he needed a workshop to make broomsticks, it conjured one up, complete with various tools.

Evan had conducted research on the Room of Requirement and asked professors, but the conclusion was that the magic involved in this room was currently beyond anyone’s capability. As for who left it and how it came to be, that remained a mystery.

Besides the secret treasures left by the Four Founders, this room might be Hogwarts’ biggest secret.

Everyone followed Evan, turning sharply at the window just beyond the blank stretch of wall, then at the man-size vase on its other side.

“We need somewhere to learn to fight... Just give us a place to practice ... somewhere they can’t find us ...”

These thoughts seemed to be received by this stretch of wall. As they wheeled around after their third walk past, a highly polished door appeared.

“Alright, let’s go!” Evan said, opening the door and leading the way into a spacious room.

The inside was completely built with large blue rocks and lit with flickering torches like those that illuminated the dungeons.

The walls were lined with wooden bookcases, and instead of chairs there were large silk cushions on the floor.

A set of shelves at the far end of the room carried a range of instruments used by Aurors such as Sneakoscopes, Secrecy Sensors, and a large, cracked Foe Glass that was definitely the one that had hung, the previous year, in the fake Moody’s office.

After Mad-Eye Moody came back, the Foe Glass was thrown away, and no one knew how it ended up here.

“This place is amazing!”

“Yeah, there’s everything we need!”

“There’s even food, fantastic!” said Fred. “Hmm, it’s still hot. Can we eat these things?”

“I think it should be fine,” said Evan. “Someone among you must have been thinking about food just now, and that’s why these cakes and hot drinks appeared. This room can fulfill needs to the best of its ability, that’s why it’s called the Room of Requirement.”

“It’s me; I didn’t eat enough in the Great Hall just now,” said George, picking up a piece of cake and stuffing it into his mouth.

“Look at these books!” said Hermione excitedly, running a finger along the spines of the large leather-bound tomes. “I was just thinking about adding some fighting books, and they appeared. I can see some that aren’t even in the library- *A Compendium of Common Curses and Their Counter-Actions* ... *The Dark Arts Outsmarted* ... *Self-Defensive Spellwork* ....”

She looked around at Evan, her face glowing, and the presence of hundreds of books made Hermione forget all her worries.

“This is wonderful, there’s everything we need here!”

And without further ado she slid *Jinxes for the Jinxed* from its shelf, sank onto the nearest cushion, and began to read.

Chapter 982: Dumbledore’s Army

“What are these?” asked Dean from the rear of the room, indicating the Sneakoscopes, the Secrecy Sensors and the Foe-Glass.

“Dark Detectors and magic traps, they can detect hidden enemies and warn us in advance, but these are outdated styles!” said Evan, gazing into the cracked Foe-Glass for a while; shadowy figures were moving around inside it, though none was recognizable. “There’s also this Foe-Glass. Basically they all show when Dark wizards or enemies are around, but you don’t want to rely on them too much, they can be fooled. All magic props can be deciphered.”

Despite what he said, everyone was sighing, marveling, and exploring the room.

Before Evan found out the secret of the Room of Requirement, Fred and George had also been here in their first year, when they hid from Filch. But it was just a broom cupboard then.

In addition, they also found butterbeer bottles and clothes that Hermione had given to the House-elves, left here by Winky.

She was drinking every day now, and when she was drunk she would cry and make such a fuss that Dobby had to put her here.

In a cupboard, they also found many basic potions. Evan was sure that these were brewed by himself over the years. Unlike Veritaserum or the Polyjuice potion, they were not very useful, so they were left here and never touched again.

Fred and George were very interested in these things, and Evan gave them all the potions.

If no one thought they needed empty bottles, Winky’s clothes, and potions before coming in, finding these things here indicated that there was a connection between the various rooms of the Room of Requirement.

When those things were no longer needed, they did not disappear, but were preserved in other spaces in special ways.

More than twenty minutes later, there was a gentle knock on the door, and Harry and Ron walked in.

“You’re taking your time!” said Hermione, snapping the book *Jinxes for the Jinxed* shut.

“Yeah, something happened,” Ron said, giving a meaningful look.

“I accidentally touched my eye, and it hurt terribly, so I was delayed for a while,” Harry explained.

Evan looked at the two of them and immediately realized that Harry’s scar hurt again. What could be the reason this time?!

This couldn’t go on like this; maybe he should talk to Dumbledore and have Snape teach Harry Occlumency.

“Are you all right, Harry?”

“I’m fine!” said Harry briefly. Now was not the time to talk about this matter, “It doesn’t hurt anymore!”

“Alright, let’s get started. There’s plenty of time for you to explore later,” said Evan, clapping his hands to gather everyone. “Hermione and I have discussed, and before we start our studies, there are a few things we need to clarify.”

“First, the leadership,” Hermione said, “It must be clear.”

“Needless to say, it must be Evan. We are all here to learn magic from him.”

“Yeah, Evan is the leader.”

“I support Evan!”

“Yes, but I think we ought to vote on it properly,” said Hermione, unperturbed. “It makes it formal and it gives him authority. So — everyone who thinks Evan ought to be our leader? “

Everybody put up their hands, there was no doubt about this.

“Thank you!” said Evan. “I plan to have Harry and Hermione as my deputies, responsible for the day-to-day management of this room. You know, I have a lot of things to do usually. In addition to managing tasks, Harry and Hermione can help everyone learn magic when I’m not available or too busy. Do you have any objections to this?”

There was a murmur among the crowd. To be fair, both Hermione and Harry were competent.

Hermione had read a lot of magic books and had excellent academic performance. Harry’s excellence in Defense Against the Dark Arts was obvious to all. He had fought many terrible enemies. If Evan was not here, the two of them were undoubtedly the best candidates.

However, the current issue was that since Evan was the leader, with Harry and Hermione as his deputies, fully accepting the management of this room, they would all be Gryffindor students. Students from the other two Houses hesitated about this.

In the end, the discussion resulted in Harry, Hermione, Michael, and Ernie becoming Evan’s deputies.

They were each responsible for managing students from their respective Houses, notifying them of activities and things they needed to do, and supervising and assisting everyone in practicing magic. Evan would provide individual guidance to ensure they understood more.

“Now that the leadership has been decided, I also think we ought to have a name,” Hermione said brightly. “It would promote a feeling of team spirit and unity, don’t you think?”

“Can we be the Anti-Umbridge League?” said Angelina hopefully.

“Haha, or the Ministry of Magic Are Morons Group?” suggested Fred.

“Fudge is a Moron is not bad either!”

“What about Wiping out the Ministry of Magic and the Toad?”

“Hold on, we need to clarify one thing. Although our biggest enemies right now are Umbridge and the Ministry of Magic,” said Evan, “we’re not actually planning to overthrow the Ministry, so we can’t have such an explicitly reactionary name.”

“Well, I was thinking,” said Hermione, frowning, “more of a name that didn’t tell everyone what we were up to, so we can refer to it safely outside meetings.”

“The Defense Association?” said Cho. “The D.A. for short, so nobody knows what we’re talking about.”

“I thought the same. D.A. is good. It can also stand for Dumbledore’s Army.”

“That name is great. That’s the Ministry and You-Know-Who’s worst fear, isn’t it?” Ginny agreed.

There was a good deal of appreciative murmuring and laughter at this. Everyone thought D.A. was a good idea.

Evan had thought about it before, and finally felt that D.A. was a good choice. It could be called the Defense Association in line with the theme, or it could be interpreted as Dumbledore’s Army. It was a pun. The charismatic power and cohesion of the Headmaster were unquestionable in the wizarding world.

If they chose a different name, others might not understand its meaning, and it wouldn’t evoke the same impact as Dumbledore’s Army. Evan believed that both Fudge and Voldemort would be shocked hearing this name.

Therefore, Evan did not object and naturally supported naming the organization D.A.

“Great, all in favor of the D.A.?” said Hermione bossily, kneeling up on her cushion to count. “That’s a majority — motion passed!”

She pinned the piece of paper with all of their names on it on the wall and wrote DUMBLEDORE’S ARMY across the top in large letters.

Chapter 983: Earth Defense Force

“What are we going to do next?” Colin asked, knowing that Evan and Hermione had been preparing for a long time.

“Now that we have a leader and a name, shouldn’t the next step be to determine the purpose of the organization?”

“Of course, it’s to learn magic, resist Umbridge and the Ministry of Magic!”

“Not exactly!” said Evan. “As I said just now, we do not intend to fight or conspire against the Ministry of Magic. We’re not that kind of organization. Our main purpose is to learn magic and improve everyone’s own strength.”

“But we have to do something, right?” Fred said. “What’s the use of getting stronger if we don’t do anything?”

“Well, everyone knows that Dumbledore is the headmaster of Hogwarts, the greatest white wizard in the world. Since the name of our organization is Dumbledore’s Army, the only purpose is to fight against enemies and evils threatening Hogwarts, defeat them, protect Hogwarts and the people we want to protect. That’s our goal.”

“Evan and I drafted a charter; you can take a look and see if there are any objections,” said Hermione, handing out a parchment filled with writing. It was simple and mainly reflected Evan’s points.

Dumbledore’s Army was both an army and not an army.

Every student who joined the organization did so in order to gain enough strength to protect the people they cared about and to protect Hogwarts from harm.

To reduce its purpose to resisting Umbridge and the Ministry of Magic, or even fighting Voldemort, that would be far more limiting and less prestigious than protecting Hogwarts. In the minds of many, Hogwarts was not just a school. Its significance was extraordinary.

Evan hoped that this organization could exist for a long time, like the Quidditch teams or the prefects of various Houses, becoming the most important permanent organization in Hogwarts, and each member would take pride in it.

Therefore, he originally wanted to name it something like “Hogwarts Defense Force”, but it reminded him too much of “Earth Defense Force”, and it was indeed not as suitable as D.A. which stood for multiple fitting meanings.

The charter was finally passed back to Hermione, and after making sure everyone was okay with it, Hermione pinned it next to the list.

“Okay, our main tasks now are to recruit more members and improve our strength,” Evan said. “Because everyone’s basic levels are different, and many members are first-year students, it’s not possible to mix together for magical studies. So, I suggest splitting into two different study groups. One group will focus on combat training; I’ll teach you more powerful and dangerous magic. The other group will primarily learn basic dueling spells. I will assess your current levels.”

“How to do it?”

“Well, Hermione and I prepared a checklist, including more than forty basic dueling spells, such as Expelliarmus, Stupefy, Impedimenta, and more. You’ll be in a queue, and in the order on the list, use these spells on me one by one,” Evan explained. “If you can all use them proficiently, you can join the advanced group and learn more advanced magic.”

Although Evan didn’t have overly high expectations, the final test results still left him somewhat disappointed. Everyone’s performance was poor.

Except for Hermione, no one else could skillfully cast all the basic spells on the list. Not to mention those lower-level students, many upper-level students also performed poorly, and Neville couldn’t even use the Disarming Charm properly.

And he wasn’t the only one; other students who were able to cast the Disarming Charm were also slow or made mistakes many times.

In fact, Evan was really concerned about the state of Defense Against the Dark Arts teaching at Hogwarts.

From this, it could be inferred that the overall proficiency in the wizarding world was not as high as Evan had thought. No wonder many wizards panicked at the news of Voldemort’s return. If they couldn’t even master the Disarming Charm, how could they possibly fight against Voldemort and Death Eaters?!

“It seems necessary to start from the basics, doesn’t it?!” Evan said, admitting that he had overestimated everyone’s abilities, thinking they were all on par with Hermione. “Let’s not split into groups. This time, the main focus will be on practicing Expelliarmus.”

“Oh please, I’ve already learned this spell!” said Zacharias Smith, rolling his eyes and folding his arms. “I don’t want to learn it again with these low-grade students. Besides, I don’t think Expelliarmus is exactly going to help us against You-Know-Who, do you?”

“You really think so?” Evan asked, “Harry has used it against Voldemort.”

“Yes, it saved my life!” said Harry calmly. “I’ve faced Voldemort with Expelliarmus.”

Smith opened his mouth stupidly. The rest of the room was very quiet.

“And do you think you have completely mastered Expelliarmus?” Evan asked, taking out his wand, “Are you fast enough? We can have a test. If you can knock my wand away, you can skip practicing it, how about that?”

“I...” Zacharias opened his mouth, unsure of what to say. He was definitely not a match for Evan.



There was no need to compete at all, the outcome was already decided, and so many eyes were focused on him, which made him very uncomfortable.

“We’d better start practicing now and learn this basic spell as quickly as possible,” said Evan, giving instructions, “I’ll explain the principles and casting techniques of this spell in detail, as well as what needs to be paid attention to. Then, everyone pairs up for practice. First of all, as you all know, the incantation for the Disarming Charm is ‘Expelliarmus.’ When cast successfully during a duel and hits the opponent, the opponent’s wand will fly into your hand and submit to you. This is crucial because wands choose their owners, and if the owner is...”

Evan explained in great detail, covering aspects that even the professors hadn’t discussed in class. Not to mention a slightly disdainful Zacharias, even Hermione was attentively listening to Evan.

What Evan was explaining went beyond just the Disarming Charm itself; it covered various aspects, including many magical fields.

And according to Evan’s summary, the Disarming Charm had three different casting techniques, each yielding different effects. Depending on the opponent’s weapon, one could choose different casting techniques, but the most common was to counteract wands.

Evan’s requirement for everyone was to cast the Disarming Charm as quickly as possible, ideally within two seconds at the very least.

He could now cast it instantly, just by making specific wand movements, without the need to recite the incantation while holding the wand.

Doing so would be foolish, especially when using such a basic spell.

Not everyone could be like Harry, using the Disarming Charm against Voldemort...

#### Chapter 984: The First Practice

In addition, students in fifth year and above had been introduced to nonverbal spells.

This was a skill that must be mastered in the Ordinary Wizarding Levels examination, and it was also a very practical dueling skill. Evan encouraged them to practice the Disarming Charm using this skill.

Then, everyone started to form their own teams. Predictably, Neville was left partnerless, and Harry volunteered to help him practice.

“Right ... on the count of three, then!” Evan shouted loudly, “One, two, three!”

The room was suddenly full of shouts of “*Expelliarmus!*”: Wands flew in all directions, missed spells hit books on shelves and sent them flying into the air.

Unlike the controlled spells they had cast individually before, this time, many spells were cast haphazardly.

Many people were not succeeding in disarming their opponents at all, but merely causing them to jump backward a few paces or wince as the feeble spell whooshed over them.

Harry and Neville were doing reasonably well. Harry was too quick for Neville, whose wand went spinning out of his hand, hit the ceiling in a shower of sparks, and landed with a clatter on top of a bookshelf, from which Harry retrieved it with a Summoning Charm.

In the next round, Harry neither cast a spell nor dodged, allowing Neville to attack.

“*Expelliarmus!*” Neville shouted, and the next second, Harry’s wand flew out of his hand.

“*I DID IT!*” said Neville gleefully. “I’ve never done it before. I can’t believe it!”

“Well done, Neville. If you wave the wand harder and be more decisive next time, I think the effect will be better,” said Evan, pointing out the shortcomings. Neville was mainly too hesitant. “By the way, can you take it in turns to practice with Hermione and Demelza so I can have a few words with Harry?”

Amidst the noise, Evan and Harry moved to a corner of the room.

“Harry, what happened to you and Ron just now?” Evan asked. “Did the scar hurt?”

Although he was a little reluctant, Harry told him that he could sense Voldemort’s emotions, and emphasized that Voldemort was angry because Dumbledore ruined his plans, revealing a loophole where the vampires were concerned.

Evan was very interested in this information.

However, what Harry felt was not very clear. To know the specifics, they needed to start with Sirius and find out what happened, why Voldemort was so angry. But Sirius hadn’t contacted them for a long time.

Also, Harry couldn’t afford to sense Voldemort’s thoughts again. It was playing with fire.

But Harry didn’t care at all about Evan’s warning. Evan could only ask him to tell him immediately no matter what he saw next time.

It was almost enough. Voldemort should have sensed this by now, and it was almost time to verify the connection between him and Harry.

It was very possible that something big was going to happen soon, and it was something Harry could clearly see.

Evan remembered that in the original book, Mr. Weasley was attacked in the middle of the night. If it weren’t for Harry’s warning, he might have died in the Ministry of Magic.

But this time, Nagini had already been killed by him, and it could not attack Mr. Weasley; unless Voldemort found another snake as a pet.

He wasn’t sure if such a thing would happen again or turn into something else.

In this case, in order to be on the safe side, Evan thought it was better to let Harry slow down in learning Occlumency, even though he hadn’t made much progress to begin with.

Evan returned to the middle of the room, and Harry resumed helping Neville practice.

Something very odd was happening to Zacharias Smith; every time he opened his mouth to disarm Anthony Goldstein, his own wand would fly out of his hand, yet Anthony did not seem to be making a sound.

Evan immediately noticed Fred and George who were several feet from Smith and taking it in turns to point their wands at his back.

“Sorry,” said George hastily, when Evan caught his eye. “Couldn’t resist...”

Evan walked around the other pairs, trying to correct those who were doing the spell wrong.

The first-year students, in general, weren’t doing very well, but they were practicing diligently.

Compared to them, the attitudes of the others were quite poor!

Ginny was teamed with Michael Corner; she was doing very well, whereas Michael was either very bad or unwilling to jinx her.

The thought processes of people in love were always different from those of normal people; they always wanted to prove themselves in such trivial matters.

Evan didn’t say anything; he just felt the need to separate the two people.

In addition, Ernie Macmillan was flourishing his wand unnecessarily, giving his partner time to get in under his guard. This kid wanted to show off, as if he were really engaged in a world-famous duel...

His practice partner was a second-year Hufflepuff student who couldn’t learn much from him. Or maybe, he could only learn wrong moves and had to take them apart.

The Creevey brothers were enthusiastic but erratic and mainly responsible for all the books leaping off the shelves around them.

They couldn’t continue practicing together; they couldn’t help each other at all and could only continue disrupting the magic books around them.

Luna Lovegood was similarly patchy, occasionally sending Justin Finch-Fletchley’s wand spinning out of his hand, at other times merely causing his hair to stand on end.

In one absurd instance, she even made his clothes fly off.

The most absurd situation was probably with Cho and her friend Marietta. During the recent test, Cho’s performance was very poor, not at all like the level expected of a senior student, and she had forgotten many basic spells!

As for her friend, the girl named Marietta, she was constantly furious, as if someone owed her a large sum of Galleons.

When Evan got closer, Cho’s performance obviously became worse, and she became obviously more nervous!

“*Expelliarmus!* No, *Expellimellius!* No ... oh, sorry, Marietta!”

In an instant, Marietta's sleeve caught fire.

Evan hurriedly waved his wand to extinguish the fire. Marietta glared at Cho and Evan rather sourly and turned away.

“What's going on with her?” said Evan, remembering that this person seemed to be the informant in the original work.

It seemed that her emotions were truly unstable, and it was necessary to pay more attention to her.

Although Evan considered leaving Hogwarts and didn't mind letting Umbridge and the Ministry of Magic know about Dumbledore's Army, being snitched on and forced to leave would be really stupid!

Although Evan could be certain that if anyone really reported it, they would definitely regret it very, very much, but until no one saw the specific content of the curse on the list, this may not be able to deter these guys...

Chapter 985: Training in progress

“Don't mind her,” Cho muttered, looking at Evan apologetically, “She doesn't really want to be here but I made her come with me. Her parents have forbidden her to do anything that might upset Umbridge, you see — her mum works for the Ministry.”

“Oh!” Evan nodded. It was normal for Marietta to have such concerns.

Despite Evan repeatedly stating that their primary goal wasn't to overthrow the Ministry of Magic, many people were dissatisfied with Umbridge and the Ministry due to their actions at Hogwarts. There was a strong sentiment of resistance.

Moreover, due to their current position, it wasn't a matter of whether Evan was willing or not; Fudge, Umbridge, and the Ministry had already identified them as enemies, eager to arrest them and throw them into Azkaban.

In this case, the newly formed Dumbledore's short-term enemies were Umbridge and the Ministry of Magic.

If someone didn't want to participate, Evan had no intention of forcing them. He firmly believed that everyone had the same long-term goal, which was to fight Voldemort.

Even if not Voldemort, they still had to fight against evil gods. Those evil beings were the enemies of all life.

From this perspective, Evan hoped that all Hogwarts students would join Dumbledore's Army.

“My parents have forbidden me to get on the wrong side of Umbridge too. They wrote a letter to warn me,” said Cho, drawing herself up proudly. “But I believe in what you and Harry said, I believe in the Headmaster's speech last term. You-Know-Who has returned, and we can't pretend he hasn't. We must face the facts, and if necessary, take up arms. Also, if they think I'm not going to fight You-Know-Who after what happened to Cedric...”

She broke off, looking rather confused. She felt that she could fight, but if her opponent was Voldemort, she seemed to be overestimating her abilities.

Just talking about it was a frightening and somewhat absurd thing.

How could a Hogwarts student fight against the most evil Dark Lord in history?!

“Cho, what you said is very good. If we do our best, we can resist Voldemort. Only through constant practice will we become stronger,” Evan encouraged her. “Although we are weak now and not his match, if we persist in practicing, we’ll gradually become stronger.”

“Well, I believe in you!” Cho said hurriedly, and added, “Because of Cedric.”

She seemed to be troubled by Cedric turning into a vampire. Evan didn’t know how to tell her, how to comfort her. Could he tell her that Cedric was supposed to die, and now becoming a vampire was actually a blessing in disguise?

“What happened that day?” Cho asked softly.

“Actually, Harry and I didn’t see the whole process. Cedric was taken away after he was knocked down!” said Evan. “Then we learned about his transfer to the United States from the headmaster, along with a letter he wrote to both of us.”

“Where’s that letter?” Cho asked eagerly.

“With Harry, you can talk to Harry about what happened before he was taken away. Cedric was brave and wanted to protect us both from Voldemort.”

“My father said that vampires are no different from us except that they need to drink blood regularly.” Luna’s voice sounded behind Evan, obviously eavesdropping on their conversation. “Also, my father is very supportive of any anti- Ministry action! He’s always saying he’d believe anything of Fudge, I mean, the number of goblins Fudge has had assassinated! And of course he uses the Department of Mysteries to develop terrible poisons, which he feeds secretly to anybody who disagrees with him. So, he supports Dumbledore and you!”

“Say thank you to Mr. Lovegood for me!” Evan said, raising his wand and making a noise, attracting everyone’s attention. “Alright, I just checked your practice. Everyone is working hard, and you’ve basically mastered the Disarming Charm. However, there might be some issues with the combinations, so I’m going to reorganize the groups now.”

Evan shuffled everyone around, pairing someone who had completely mastered the Disarming Charm with someone who was still not proficient in its use. He assigned Harry to assist Cho, Hermione with Colin, Fred with Zacharias, George with Michael, and as for Neville, Evan took charge of him.

After the reshuffling, the efficiency noticeably improved.

Especially in the duels between Fred and Zacharias, George and Michael, it seemed like they were really dueling, both sides eager to knock each other's wands away. Although Fred and George had the upper hand, the other two showed rapid progress.

Neville also made rapid progress. As long as he overcame his psychological obstacles, he quickly mastered the Charm.

It was only Harry and Cho who seemed to have suddenly become clumsy.

Time passed quickly, and when it was ten minutes to ten, Evan stopped the training, leaving many wanting more.

“The time is up, everyone performed very well today!” said Evan. “I hope you continue practicing after you go back. By the next training session, everyone should have mastered the Disarming Charm, and we can move on to the next spell. Hmm, about the date for the next meeting, how about this Saturday night at the same time?”

“The earlier the better. No matter how many times we practice, I have time!” said Dean Thomas eagerly and many people nodded in agreement.

Before coming here, many people had more or less doubts, but now all these doubts were gone!

It felt really good to actually learn a spell and feel your own strength improve; especially since Hogwarts had never had this kind of practical learning before, and the previous attempts at dueling clubs all ended without much success.

“No, the Quidditch season's about to start, we need team practices too!” Angelina said hurriedly.

“Then let's set it at the same time next week for the time being, and make sure to train at least once a week,” said Evan. “Later, each of you think about it, and list your available evenings to Hermione, so we can determine the meeting time.”

The first activity of Dumbledore's Army ended perfectly. When Evan and Hermione tallied up everyone's available times, they realized that the main constraint came from the members of the Gryffindor Quidditch team, particularly Angelina, who wished to practice every day.

Evan negotiated with Angelina and asked her to adjust the Quidditch training time as far forward as possible.

In this way, all members of Dumbledore's Army could be guaranteed to be active twice a week, on Tuesday and Saturday nights.

During the second training, Evan taught everyone to practice the Shield Charm.

As an entry-level defensive spell, the Shield Charm was slightly more challenging than the Disarming Charm but highly practical and widely used.

The incantation for the Shield Charm was “*Protego*,” which could create a magical shield to deflect or dissipate objects or spells, protecting the caster and a certain area around them. However, due to its low level, its effectiveness in defending against many Dark spells was limited.

Chapter 986: Hagrid is back

Despite this, the Shield Charm was still a practical introductory spell.

Learning the Shield Charm meant that wizards had basic protection in combat, preventing them from being instantly knocked down by enemies. In addition to this, Evan also planned to teach them the Full Body-Bind Curse, giving them basic offensive capabilities.

*Expelliarmus*, *Protego* and *Petrificus Totalus* were known as the three major introductory spells. Mastering all of them would allow them to engage in real combat!

Apart from pairing off and simulating duels, Evan was also planning to bring in some magical creatures for everyone to practice with.

Through real combat, everyone would grow faster and accumulate more battle experience.

The best training objects nearby were the Acromantulas. Evan also grew up fighting with them before. Moreover, the last Duelling Club formed by Sirius had exposed many people to the Acromantulas; so they wouldn't be unfamiliar.

Of course, the previous battle with the Acromantulas involved a group of students facing one or two spiders, throwing a bunch of spells, and not feeling much. They killed the spiders and ended the fight, which couldn't be considered real combat.

This time, Evan was going to let the members of Dumbledore's Army fight the Acromantulas alone, relying on their own abilities.

But now there was a problem. Since Evan got rid of the spiders the last time, they had rarely been seen in the Forbidden Forest. Fortunately, Aragog was still alive, thanks to Hagrid's careful care.

This meant that the Acromantulas were still around, just in hiding.

Indeed these creatures reproduced very quickly.

Evan was going to ask Hagrid and Aragog for a few adult Acromantulas. He believed the Spider King would meet this request. Whether willing to admit it or not, Evan was his savior rescuing him from the clutches of a terrible evil god.

If there were no adults available, a few spiderlings would also do, as everyone's skill level was still relatively low.

If there was enough time, Evan was prepared to arrange opponents for them step by step.

He was even thinking that it would be a good idea to find Hagrid's brother Grawp as a sparring partner for everyone.

If even giants could be faced easily, what was there to fear from Death Eaters?

Hagrid came back later this week, very low-key, without notifying anyone. If Evan and the others didn't know that Hagrid would be back this weekend, and if the lights in his cabin weren't on, they wouldn't have noticed.

It was already dark outside, and it was still drizzling, but Evan, Harry, Hermione, and Ron decided to visit Hagrid at the earliest opportunity. They crept through the portrait hole, with Evan and Harry wearing Invisibility Cloaks, and Hermione and Ron each finding their own way in.

Compared to before, they had all grown taller and couldn't all fit under Harry's Invisibility Cloak anymore.

Of course, even if Evan didn't get Barty Crouch Jr.'s Invisibility Cloak, he and Hermione could turn into cats.

Since the beginning of the term, they had had many experiences of quietly sneaking out in the late night. The most common destination was the kitchens, where Hermione went to promote her set of ideas to those house-elves and encourage them to fight for their rights.

Evan had also taken her to see the wall adorned with house-elves' heads, as well as the demon altar.

In addition, since they could transform into cats and wander around the castle at will in the middle of the night, as a boy and a girl with normal physical and mental development, it was natural for the two of them to go to places where no one was around every now and then to do things that everyone liked to do, such as going to the Astronomy Tower to gaze at the starry sky.

Anyway, it was very convenient to perform any action in the cat posture, and there was no need to worry about being discovered.

It must be said that the Hogwarts night sky was slightly inferior to the starry sky seen from the pyramids, lacking a bit of historical depth, but it had a unique charm. The stars rotated slowly overhead, seemingly possessing mysterious magic.

Especially when the two cats were cuddling together on the Astronomy Tower, it felt as though they were particularly close to the stars; creating a wonderful sensation.

In the midst of a bit of warmth, excitement, exhilaration, and sweetness, accompanied by a hint of satisfaction, even the air turned pink. As the saying goes, if you don't believe it, everyone can try it by finding a female cat.

Even if you're too lazy to go out and look at the stars, lying in bed is also fine, the key is having a female cat beside you, that's the most crucial feeling.

It was already past nine in the evening when Evan and the others went out, and there was no one in the corridor.

Moving slowly and cautiously, they proceeded down the many staircases, pausing at intervals to check the Marauder's Map for signs of Filch or Mrs. Norris.

They were lucky; they saw nobody but Nearly Headless Nick, who was gliding along absentmindedly.

Ten minutes later, the four of them crept across the entrance hall and arrived at the silent grounds.

It was drizzling in the sky, and they saw the golden light in front of them.



The four of them walked through the grounds. Although the rain was not heavy, they were still soaked when they came to Hagrid's cabin!

Harry came to the door first. He raised his fist and knocked three times. A dog started barking frantically inside.

"Hagrid, it's us!" Harry called through the keyhole.

"Shoulda known!" said a gruff voice, Hagrid's voice. "Come in quickly, you four little furry heads ... Bin home three seconds ... Out the way, Fang ... Out the way, yeh dozy dog!"

When he was away, Fang was left alone in the cabin, and he would go to the woods to find food by himself.

When Evan came out for Care of Magical Creatures class, he would encounter him, and like Hagrid, the dog was overly enthusiastic.

The bolt was drawn back, the door creaked open, and Hagrid's head appeared in the gap.

Instantly, Hermione screamed.

"Merlin's beard, keep it down!" said Hagrid hastily, staring wildly over their heads. "Under the cloaks, are yeh? Well, get in, get in; don't let anyone see you four here at this time! "

The four squeezed past Hagrid into the house and pulled the Invisibility Cloaks off themselves so he could see them.

"Sorry, I just—" Hermione whispered, "Oh, Hagrid, what on earth is going on?"

"It's nuthin', it's nuthin'!" said Hagrid hastily, shutting the door behind them and hurrying to close all the curtains.

But Hermione continued to gaze up at him in horror, Harry and Ron also looked shocked, and Evan felt somewhat helpless.

A few months ago, Hagrid was not in such a bad situation. It seemed that his journey back had been particularly difficult and full of hardships.

Taking care of a giant was really hard work.

At this moment, Hagrid's hair was matted with congealed blood, and his left eye had been reduced to a puffy slit amid a mass of purple-and-black bruises. There were many cuts on his face and hands, some of them still bleeding, and he was moving gingerly, suggesting possible broken ribs.

It was obvious that he had only just got home; a thick black traveling cloak lay over the back of a chair and a haversack large enough to carry several small children leaned against the wall inside the door. Hagrid himself, twice the size of a normal man and three times as broad, was now limping over to the fire and placing a copper kettle over it.

Chapter 987: Dragon Meat

“Hagrid, where’s that giant? Your brother, the guy named Grawp?” Harry demanded, while Fang danced around them all, trying to lick their faces.

“Oh, Evan told yeh, did he?!” Hagrid tried his best to say in a pleasant tone, the sound of burning wood emanating from the fireplace. “I just settled him in the woods, ‘bout halfway from here, told him not to roam too much. I plan to help him build a home tomorrow. If you’re willin’ to lend a hand, yeh can come over,”

After hearing Hagrid’s words, the four people subconsciously took a step back, not wanting to have anything to do with the giant.

“Those centaurs didn’t give you any trouble, did they?” Evan asked.

“Not yet, they haven’t even shown up, but they must already know!” Hagrid continued, “I have to thank you, Evan, if it weren’t fer your help, I wouldn’t have been able to convince those stubborn folks.”

“They didn’t agree, they just said they’d observe for a while,” said Evan.

“Well, y’know, that’s somethin’, it is. Unlike when ya left, Grawp’s been pickin’ up some manners, bless ‘im,” Hagrid said with a forced smile on his face. “Makin’ strides in English too, long as folks are willin’ to give ‘im a fair go. Course, even if they kick up a fuss, it don’t matter much; the Forbidden Forest ain’t theirs. But it’s bound to make things a bit tricky, it is.”

Everyone expressed doubts about what Hagrid said.

One look at Hagrid and you wouldn’t believe that the giant had learned manners.

“Hagrid, your face?” Harry looked at him worriedly.

“It’s nuthin, didn’t hit me. Grawp don’ know his own strength,” said Hagrid. “Do you wan’ tea?”

“Did that giant attack you?”

“I’m tellin’ yeh, I’m fine, don’t talk about me!” said Hagrid, straightening up and turning to beam at them all, but wincing. “Blimey, it’s good ter see you four again — had good summers, did yeh?”

“Isn’t that giant scary? Why did he hit you?”

“Fer the las’ time, I’m fine!” said Hagrid firmly. “Grawp’s a good lad, he is, just needs a bit o’ time to adapt, yeh know.”

“Would you say it was nothing if one of us turned up with a pound of mince instead of a face?”

“You ought to go and see Madam Pomfrey, Hagrid,” said Hermione anxiously. “Some of those cuts look nasty.”

“I’m dealin’ with it, all righ’?” said Hagrid repressively.

He walked across to the enormous wooden table that stood in the middle of his cabin and twitched aside a tea towel that had been lying on it.

Underneath was a raw, bloody, green-tinged steak slightly larger than the average car tire.

“You’re not going to eat that, are you, Hagrid?” said Ron, leaning in for a closer look. “It looks poisonous!”

“Not poisonous, it’s s’posed ter look like that, it’s dragon meat,” Hagrid said. “An’ I didn’ get it ter eat.”

He picked up the steak and slapped it over the left side of his face. Greenish blood trickled down into his beard as he gave a soft moan of satisfaction.

“Tha’s better. It helps with the stingin’, yeh know.”

Dragon blood and dragon meat do have the effect of accelerating cell growth and relieving pain, but few people would do this like Hagrid. He was so primitive that he directly applied the meat to the wound. Madam Pomfrey would undoubtedly do a much better job.

However, doing so would require him to explain why he was injured, something Hagrid did not want. He didn’t want others to know he had brought a giant back; currently, only Evan, Harry, Hermione, Ron, Dumbledore, and Sirius knew.

“Where did you get this piece of dragon meat?” Evan asked, “It looks fresh?”

“Fresh? It seems to have gone bad?”

“No, dragon meat is this color.”

“Olympe got it fer me. Told her I needed a bit o’ dragon meat to ease the pain,” said Hagrid, adjusting the steak a little so that it covered the worst of the bruising. “Thanks to her, Grawp and I managed to cross the English Channel. Built ourselves a proper makeshift boat, goin’ with the flow and all. Ministry keeps an eye on Apparition and Portkeys, yeh see, so we couldn’t rely on that. And Disapparatin’ with Grawp? No chance, he’s a right giant, wouldn’t fit nohow.”

How big would a ship be that could hold a giant?!

“Well, why did it take you so long to come back? We thought you were in some danger.”

“Not an easy thing to hide a giant. Ah, the water’s ready!” Hagrid set tea in front of each of them, sat down, picked up his steak again, and slapped it back over his face. “Could on’y travel by nigh an’ through wild country an’ stuff. ’Course, he

covers the ground pretty well when he wants ter; could have come back earlier, but he kep' wantin' ter go back. To convince him, I wasted some time. I tol' Dumbledore 'bout the situation, and toward the end of the journey, Olympe returned to help me. We picked up the pace then."

"Hagrid, you really shouldn't have brought that giant back!" Hermione said again.

"But I've brought 'im back. He's me brother. Couldn't just leave 'im. Evan should've clued yeh in on the chaos in the giant territory, right dangerous it is," Hagrid explained. "Listen, I don't want others knowin' 'bout this, so you lot just pretend it doesn't exist, like there's never been a giant around. Now, had good summers, did yeh?"

"Not great, Harry has been attacked by Dementors!"

Hagrid choked in his mug and dropped his steak at the same time; a large quantity of spit, tea, and dragon blood was sprayed over the table as Hagrid coughed and spluttered and the steak slid, with a soft splat, onto the floor.

"Whadda yeh mean, attacked by Dementors?" growled Hagrid. "Yeh're not serious?"

"Yeah, I am, they turned up in Little Whinging and attacked my cousin and me, and then the Ministry of Magic expelled me," Harry drawled. "And I had to go to a hearing, and Evan went with me because he told the truth in the newspaper."

"They're crazy, they wanna expel you!" Hagrid glared at them through his one open eye.

"Yes, fortunately they failed in the end and we won the lawsuit!"

"Fudge is barmy, he is. Caught wind of some news on the way, but never thought there'd be Dementors involved!" He bent down and tugged the dragon steak out of Fang's mouth. "Didn't reckon the Ministry would go so far as to expel Harry, never even crossed me mind."

"Oh, Hagrid, don't, it's not hygien —" Hermione began, but Hagrid had already slapped the meat back over his swollen eye.

"I heard Olympe say the Ministry of Magic is pokin' around in Dumbledore's business, tryin' to shuffle him out of his job. It's pure madness!" Hagrid exclaimed, taking a sip of tea. "Someone's keepin' tabs on 'em, and even the French Ministry's gettin' involved, cooperatin' with..."

His words were drowned in a sudden outbreak of rapping on the door.

Hermione gasped; her mug slipped through her fingers and smashed on the floor; Fang yelped. All four of them stared at the window beside the doorway. The shadow of somebody small and squat rippled across the thin curtain.

Chapter 988: Shadow And Snow

“It’s her!”

“Hurry up, get under the Invisibility Cloak, don’t let her see us here.”

“Who’s outside? What’s goin’ on with yeh four?” Hagrid asked in surprise.

“Get under here!” Harry said quickly; seizing the Invisibility Cloak he whirled it over himself and Ron, and they huddled into the corner of the room.

Evan and Hermione also retreated to another corner, donned the Invisibility Cloak, and hid among a pile of sundry boxes.

Fang was barking madly at the door. Hagrid looked thoroughly confused!

“Oh, Hagrid, hide our mugs!”

Hagrid grabbed Evan’s, Harry’s, and Ron’s mugs and shoved them under the cushion in Fang’s basket.

Fang was now leaping up at the door; Hagrid pushed him out of the way with his foot and pulled it open.

Professor Umbridge was standing in the doorway wearing her green tweed cloak and a matching hat with earflaps.

Lips pursed, she leaned back so as to see Hagrid’s face; she barely reached his navel.

“So,” she said slowly and loudly, as though speaking to somebody deaf. “You’re Hagrid, are you?”

Without waiting for an answer she strolled into the room, her bulging eyes rolling in every direction.

“Get away,” she snapped, waving her handbag at Fang, who had bounded up to her and was attempting to lick her face.

“Er — I don’ want ter be rude,” said Hagrid, staring at her, “but who the ruddy hell are you?”

“My name is Dolores Umbridge, and I heard from the Headmaster that you were coming back today.”

Her eyes were sweeping the cabin. Twice they stared directly into the corner where Evan and the others were hiding.

Because the space was very small, Evan and Hermione were tightly next to each other, while Harry and Ron huddled in another corner.

“Dolores Umbridge?” Hagrid said, sounding thoroughly confused. “I’ve heard yer name, but I thought you were one o’ them Ministry — don’ you work with Fudge? What are yeh doin’ at Hogwarts?”

“I was Senior Undersecretary to the Minister, yes,” said Umbridge, now pacing around the cabin, taking in every tiny detail within, from the haversack against the wall to the abandoned traveling cloak. “I am now the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher...”

“Tha’s brave of yeh,” said Hagrid, “there’s not many’d take tha’ job anymore...”

“— and Hogwarts High Inquisitor,” said Umbridge, giving no sign that she had heard him.

“Wha’s that?” said Hagrid, frowning.

“Precisely what I was going to ask,” said Umbridge, pointing at the broken shards of china on the floor that had been Hermione’s mug.

“Oh,” said Hagrid, with a most unhelpful glance toward the corner where Evan and Hermione stood hidden, “oh, tha’ was ... was Fang, he’s too naughty. He broke a mug. So I had ter use this one instead.”

Hagrid pointed to the mug from which he had been drinking, one hand still clamped over the dragon steak pressed to his eye.

Umbridge stood facing him now, taking in every detail of his appearance instead of the cabin’s.

“I heard voices,” she said quietly.

“I was talkin’ ter Fang,” said Hagrid stoutly.

“And was he talking back to you?”

“Well ... in a manner o’ speakin’,” said Hagrid, looking uncomfortable. “I sometimes say Fang’s near enough human... We often do that...”

“That’s quite an unusual habit!” Umbridge said tactfully.

She clearly didn’t believe what Hagrid said. She wheeled around and strode the length of the cabin, looking around carefully. She bent and peered under the bed. She opened Hagrid’s cupboards rudely, and then walked straight to the pile of clutter where Evan and Hermione were hiding.

She stretched out her hand suddenly, but didn’t touch anything, only messing up the boxes.

“What are yeh looking fer?” Hagrid said nervously, waving a large hand towards the haversack. “Yeh can see I on’y jus’ got back.”

Under the Invisibility Cloak, Evan and Hermione transformed at the same time, and two kittens, one black and one white, were curled up together.

They exchanged a glance; if it weren’t for their ability to transform, they would have been touched just now!

“Nothing!” Umbridge said, pushing the clutter aside.

At this moment, a box was knocked down rudely by her, and the Invisibility Cloak on Evan and Hermione slipped down with it.

They appeared in front of Umbridge, their eyes facing each other.

The sudden turn of events stunned everyone, and the atmosphere in the room became extremely tense. All eyes were on Evan and Hermione!

‘What to do ... got discovered?’

Evan was still thinking about this just now. If he was discovered, should he use the Memory Charm?

Or maybe should they team up to subdue Umbridge and prevent her from leaving the cabin?!

The next moment, Hermione, in a state of confusion, moved slightly, and Evan quickly pressed her down, pouncing as a real cat would.

He was already very experienced; they were just cats now and would not be discovered.

“What is this?” Umbridge said, looking at Evan and Hermione suspiciously. “How come I didn’t see them just now?”

“These ‘re me cats, Shadow and Snow!” said Hagrid nervously. “They like to wander around.”

Fang ran over, sniffing Evan and Hermione forcefully, as if wanting to lick them.

“Alrigh’, Shadow ... Snow, you two naughty rascals, don’ run around, stay obediently here.”

Hagrid drove Fang away in a panic, grabbed Evan and Hermione with one hand, and placed them on the table in the large cauldron used for cooking.

The two of them were sitting there; Evan felt the need to act more natural; Umbridge was watching.

Sitting like Hermione did, no matter how you looked at it, didn’t resemble a cat at all. Anyone would think there was a problem.

Thinking of this, he leaned over and licked Hermione’s face

He licked hard, and Hermione didn’t react until her face was covered with Evan’s saliva.

She playfully scratched Evan, wanting to push him away, but Evan directly used force, just like a real cat.

In this way, the two moved in tandem with rhythm, swaying in black and white. Umbridge finally shifted her gaze to Hagrid.

“What has happened to you? How did you sustain those injuries?”

As Evan and Hermione were moving, they noticed Hagrid hastily removing the dragon steak from his face.

The black-and-purple bruising all around his eye was now clearly visible, not to mention the large amount of fresh and congealed blood on his face.

“Oh, I ... had a bit of an accident,” he said lamely, still looking at Evan and Hermione.

“What sort of accident?”

“I-I tripped.”

“You tripped,” she repeated coolly.

“Yeah, tha’s right. Over ... over a friends broomstick. I don’ fly, meself. Well, look at the size o’ me, I don’ reckon there’s a broomstick that’d hold me. Friend o’ mine breeds Abraxan horses, I dunno if you’ve ever seen ’em, big beasts, winged, yeh know, I’ve had a bit of a ride on one o’ them an’ it was —”

“Where have you been these days?” asked Umbridge, cutting coolly through Hagrid’s babbling.

“Where’ve I ...?”

“Been, yes. According to the information I received, you left Hogwarts in late February of this year, and at the same time, disappeared along with Evan Mason, Sirius Black, and Madame Maxime, the headmistress of Beauxbatons. After school started, Mason and Madame Maxime appeared one after another, but you and Black have been missing. It’s been a long time since term started. Another teacher has had to cover your classes. None of your colleagues has been able to give me any information as to your whereabouts. You left no address. Where have you been?”

Chapter 989: Tossing and Turning in the Cauldron

There was a pause in which Hagrid stared at her with his newly uncovered eye, as if he was thinking about how to answer this question.

Evan and Sirius had told Hagrid about this before, and he hoped Hagrid could still remember it.

They had gone to Beauxbatons for an exchange. Hagrid was instructed not to deviate from the information provided to the Ministry and certainly not to mention anything about giants.

Because he was too focused on Hagrid’s answer, Evan’s grip weakened, and Hermione swiftly flipped her body around.

She forcefully pushed Evan down, sitting on top of him, and started playfully licking his face.

The cauldron Hagrid was using rattled, making a loud clattering noise.

This noise jolted Hagrid awake, as if he suddenly knew how to respond to Umbridge!

“Yer see, we went to Beauxbatons, invited by Nicolas Flamel himself, mind ya. Evan’s his student, learnin’ alchemy from the best in the world, he is.



Dumbledore thought Evan could pick up a thing or two from ol' Flamel. Now, there's this International Alchemical Conference happenin' every ten years, right in Cairo. Evan's got a chance to be a part of it, and Dumbledore, he got that Trailblazin' Contribution Award back in his student days, caused a real stir it did. They only give it to the cream of the crop alchemists, ya know? And since then, we ain't had no awards, quite a shame that is. ...”

In the cauldron, Evan did not resist and allowed Hermione to lick him while moving around on him. He had to admit that Hagrid was very talented at making up stories, but it would be better if his expression was more natural.

With his current appearance, anyone could tell he was making things up.

Soon, Hermione realized what she was doing, her body froze suddenly, and a blush spread from head to toe.

In an instant, a little white cat turned into a little pink cat!

Evan, on the other hand, had no qualms. Since Hermione had no strength left, it was time to strike back!

He exerted force from his waist, abruptly freeing himself from Hermione and flipping her over to continue their antics.

In this kind of matter, Hermione was too shy, so she was no match for him.

The large cooking cauldron kept shaking, and the two were tossing in it vigorously, while Umbridge scrutinized Hagrid.

“Mason received an invitation. Why did you go to Beauxbatons with him?”

“Oh, it's 'bout Abraxan horses, those big beasts. Raised over at Beauxbatons, they are. Some of 'em fell sick, anorexia, they said. Thought I could pop over and look after 'em fer a while,” Hagrid explained. “I'm good at caring fer animals, always dealin' with 'em, and ridin' them horses feels really good; big and white...”

“And then where did you go? After the break at Beauxbatons?” Umbridge interrupted again.

“I — I've been away for me health,” he said, seeming glad he had found the excuse.

“For your health,” said Umbridge. Her eyes traveled over Hagrid's discolored and swollen face; dragon blood dripped gently onto his waistcoat in the silence.

“Tsk, I see.”

“Yeah,” said Hagrid quickly, “bit o' fresh air, yeh know —”

“Yes, as gamekeeper fresh air must be so difficult to come by,” said Umbridge sweetly.

The small patch of Hagrid’s face that was not black or purple flushed.

““Well — change o’ scene, yeh know...”

“Mountain scenery?” said Umbridge swiftly.

Evan stopped suddenly. Did she know that they went to the giant tribe?!

Sirius said that the Ministry of Magic also had eyes and ears abroad, monitoring everyone associated with Dumbledore.

Umbridge must know that they did not stay in Beauxbatons for too long, and there was such a big situation in Sicily again, with volcanoes erupting, magic surging, and giant wars. Not long ago, at the Ministry of Magic, Evan saw those pieces of information appear in the Auror office. Did they find something?!

Inside the cauldron, while Evan paused, Hermione pushed him aside again.

She rubbed her face vigorously with her tiny paws to wipe off the water on it, but this time she did not pounce.

However, with the limited space in the cauldron and Umbridge outside, she couldn’t run out.

They couldn’t just sit still in there; that was not what cats would do.

Hermione looked at Hagrid and Umbridge, and then at Evan. She seemed to have figured it out, and pounced the next second.

In the confined space, escape was impossible. Instead of letting Evan ride up and bully her, she decided to assert dominance over him.

Evan didn’t dare to use any strength, and was soon pinned down by Hermione...

“Mountains?” Hagrid repeated, clearly thinking fast. “Nope, South of France fer me. Bit o’ sun an’ ... an’ sea. I went straight there after leavin’ Beauxbatons... spent the whole summer there and the beginnin’ of term”

“Really?” said Umbridge. “You don’t have much of a tan?”

“Yeah ... well ... sensitive skin,” said Hagrid, attempting an ingratiating smile. But with two of his teeth knocked out, it looked even more out of place.

Umbridge looked at him coldly; his smile faltered.

Then she hoisted her handbag a little higher into the crook of her arm and said, “I shall, of course, be informing the Minister of your late return.”

“Righ’,” said Hagrid, nodding, hoping she would leave quickly.

“You ought to know too that as High Inquisitor it is my unfortunate but necessary duty to inspect my fellow teachers. So I daresay we shall meet again soon enough. You will start class next week, won’t you? “

“What?!” Hagrid didn’t answer her question. He echoed blankly, looking after her, “You’re inspectin’ us!”

“Oh yes,” said Umbridge softly with a smile, looking back at him with her hand on the door handle. “The Minister is determined to weed out unsatisfactory teachers, Hagrid. Good night, take care of your pets!”

She left, closing the door behind her with a snap, and there was a silence in the room.

Once they were certain she was gone, Evan and Hermione climbed out of the cauldron, and Harry and Ron also took off their Invisibility Cloak.

“That was really close, Evan, Hermione,” Hagrid said, looking at the two.

“It’s Animagus. Hermione and I have mastered it, but we haven’t registered it with the Ministry of Magic. Don’t tell this matter,” said Evan, seeing Hermione looking at him with a red face, probably thinking about what they had just done...

He didn’t mind Hermione licking his body, they were just cats anyway. He didn’t mind Hermione’s saliva, no matter what kind of water it was.

Maybe it was just a psychological effect, but Evan felt that Hermione was quite attractive in her current form.

He had just licked her from top to bottom. Of course, Hermione didn’t show any courtesy to him and fought back.

They played the role of cats convincingly, and even the suspicious Umbridge hadn’t seen through it.

Putting two cats together would naturally lead to such behavior. If anyone doubted it, they could try staying in a cauldron with a little female cat to see how normal Evan and Hermione’s behavior had been. Please believe that this was normal behavior for two cats together.

Chapter 990: Return and Persuasion

“Alrigh’ then, what exactly happened at Hogwarts? Can someone explain it ter me?” Hagrid didn’t dwell on Animagus, but Harry and Ron looked enviously at Evan and Hermione.

Especially Ron, unlike Harry, it was the first time for him to see Evan and Hermione transform; and it was truly amazing!

They had been squeezed into the corner like a sandwich just now, and almost caught when Umbridge passed in front of them.

If they could transform into cats, they could easily fool Umbridge just like Evan and Hermione.

Not to mention, Animagus had many uses, and it was not just as simple as being good at hiding.

Look at what Evan and Hermione had done. If Harry and Ron turned into other animals, maybe they would develop some new uses...

Harry's Patronus and his father's Animagus form were both a stag. If he could learn Transfiguration, he might become a stag too.

As for Ron, he would probably be the same as his Patronus, a Jack Russell terrier or a weasel.

Of course, this was not necessarily true. Hermione's patronus was an otter, but she turned into a cat in the end.

It was also a white cat, completely opposite to Evan's Animagus form, a black cat, commonly known as Snow!

If she said that her transformation was not affected by Evan, no one would believe it.

These things were all related to the soul. The more they came into contact with each other, the greater their impact and the deeper the imprint.

"Blimey ... inspectin' people, is she?" said Hagrid in a low voice, looking at Umbridge's back outside the window.

"Yeah," said Harry, "You will soon know that that woman has done many things in the school. One of them is to inspect the professors' teaching abilities. Trelawney's on probation already!"

"Um ... what sort of thing are you planning to do with us in class, Hagrid?" Hermione asked, returning to normal.

The settlement with Evan could be postponed. There was plenty of time in the evening, but it was still important to remind Hagrid to be careful now.

"Oh, don' you worry abou' that, I've got a great load o' lessons planned," said Hagrid enthusiastically, scooping up his dragon steak from the table and slapping it over his eye again. "Yeh think I haven' made any preparations? I found a lot o' wonderful creatures on the way this time. Don' worry, I've bin keepin' a couple o' creatures saved fer yer O.W.L. year, you wait, they're somethin' really special."

"Erm ... special in what way?" asked Hermione tentatively.

"I'm not sayin'," said Hagrid happily. "I don' want ter spoil the surprise."

"Look, Hagrid," said Hermione urgently, dropping all pretense, "Professor Umbridge won't be at all happy if you bring anything to class that's too dangerous... .."

"Dangerous?" said Hagrid, looking genially bemused. "Don' be silly, I wouldn' give yeh anythin' dangerous! I mean, all righ', they can look after themselves ... don't worry, they're not dangerous at all, just as cute as yer Snow just now..."

Hermione blushed visibly, and she said earnestly, “Hagrid, you’ve got to pass Umbridge’s inspection, and to do that it would really be better if she saw you teaching us how to look after porlocks, how to tell the difference between knarls and hedgehogs, stuff like that!”

“But tha’s not very interestin’, Hermione,” said Hagrid, moving the dragon steak up. “The stuff I’ve got’s much more impressive, I’ve bin bringin’ ’em on fer years, I reckon I’ve got the on’y domestic herd in Britain...”

“Hagrid ... please ...” said Hermione, a note of real desperation in her voice. “Umbridge is looking for any excuse to get rid of teachers she thinks are too close to Dumbledore. Please, Hagrid, teach us something dull that’s bound to come up in our O.W.L!”

But Hagrid merely yawned widely and cast a one-eyed look of longing toward the vast bed in the corner.

“Lis’en, it’s bin a long day an’ it’s late,” he said, patting Hermione gently on the shoulder, so that her knees gave way and hit the floor with a thud. Evan hurried over to help her up.

“Hagrid!”

“Oh — sorry — ” he said apologetically, “Grawp must be like this, he can’t always control his strength. Poor little guy, he doesn’t know how strong he is. “Look, don’ you go worryin’ abou’ me, I promise yeh I’ve got really good stuff planned fer yer lessons now I’m back, it’s time fer yeh to go to bed!”

“I dunno if you got through to him, and he has no idea what kind of person that woman is.”

On the way back, they discussed the matter worriedly.

“Then I’ll go back again tomorrow,” said Hermione determinedly. “I’ll plan his lessons for him if I have to. I don’t care if she throws out Trelawney but she’s not taking Hagrid!”

“It won’t work, you know Hagrid!” Evan said, and he was going to come over tomorrow to discuss the training with magical creatures.

“As long as we make it clear to him, he’ll listen. And there’s that giant hiding in the forest!” Hermione paused for a moment, looked angrily at Evan, lowered her voice, using a volume that Harry and Ron couldn’t hear, “What happened in the cauldron earlier, don’t think it’s over. Come out tonight in your *Shadow* form...”

Evan blinked, wondering if Hermione liked narrow spaces, but there wasn’t such a large cauldron in the common room.

Hagrid's reappearance at the staff table at breakfast next day was not greeted by enthusiasm from all students.

Some, like Fred, George, and Lee, roared with delight and sprinted up the aisle between the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff tables to wring Hagrid's enormous hand; others, like Parvati and Lavender, exchanged gloomy looks and shook their heads.

Many of them preferred Professor Grubbly-Plank's lessons to Hagrid's.

And it was true that they had good reason: Grubbly-Plank's idea of an interesting class was not one where there was a risk that somebody might have their head ripped off.

Even though he worked very late last night, Evan was dragged to Hagrid's cabin by Hermione early in the morning.

Hagrid had woken up a long time ago. He had just returned from the Forbidden Forest after watching Grawp, and he had a few new wounds on his face.

He told the two people about Grawp's situation, and also said that he would find a place for him to live so that he would not be exposed to the rain.

That was indeed very important, considering that winter was approaching in a few days and temperatures would drop, bringing snow!

Giants usually lived in caves, but there were no caves near Hogwarts. Evan suggested that Hagrid use Aragog's lair and let Grawp live in the underground cavern. Although it had collapsed at its deepest point, the space inside was still large, and there was even a hot spring. The Acromantulas had left the place by now.