

Harry Potter 841

Chapter 841: Leaving Egypt

Soon, no one cared about how Evan persuaded Zoser to show his conscience.

Everyones attention was focused on the shocking case itself. In addition to the murders, it also involved the largest case of theft and trafficking of ancient magical items in the Egyptian Wizarding World in the past century. The amounts involved were astronomical, and the value of those cultural relics was immeasurable.

Gringotts attempted to salvage the situation, and Zoser denied everything once he regained consciousness, but with little effect.

First of all, the evidence in this case was solid, and Zoser could not explain the origin of the massive amount of gold found with him.

He couldnt even figure out what had happened. After Evan modified his memory, he could only remember talking with the human boy, and then he was moved by his persuasion. He decided to mend his ways and confess voluntarily. Everything was exactly the same as Evan said. He felt that he had been insane at the time.

Secondly, and most importantly, no one wanted to believe what the goblin said.

The wizards distrust and control of the goblins were incisively and vividly displayed at this moment. If Zoser were a wizard, the Egyptian Ministry of Magic might have some scruples, but they did not have any hesitation about a goblin.

Soon, the Aurors applied for permission to use Veritaserum on Zoser and made him tell everything.

As Bill expected, the end of Zoser meant that Gringotts power in Egypt was damaged, and many pure-blood wizard families and Dark wizards were also implicated. The Egyptian Ministry of Magic even applied for the help of the International Confederation of Wizards to recover the ancient magical items sold.

It was unknown if Lucius Malfoy would be summoned, which would add some trouble to Voldemort.

Evan was even thinking that it was best to put Lucius and those Death Eaters associated with Zoser in the Wizarding Prison in Egypt. Voldemort probably wouldnt come to rescue them, but this idea was obviously unrealistic.

The Egyptian Ministry of Magic did not intend to expand this matter, nor did it have the ability to do so.

Similar to the Muggle world power distribution, they were much weaker than the British Wizarding World, and there was no room for them to speak in the International Confederation of Wizards.

Therefore, the Egyptian Ministry of Magic finally locked the target of the attack on Gringotts and the goblins, and asked them to pay compensation, which no one would object to.

Now, the entire exploration of ancient Egyptian monuments had been stopped.

The Ministry of Magic would conduct a comprehensive evaluation of the excavation projects originally undertaken by the goblins, including the newly discovered temple of Amun Ra, which would be indefinitely halted.

Evan heard from Bill that the Egyptian Ministry of Magic was unwilling to trust goblins.

They were considering inviting experts from Britain, France, and Germany to form a joint excavation team with their own Curse-Breakers to survey the site.

Of course, this matter no longer concerned Evan. Although he was very interested in *The Black Book of the Dead*, which was probably, as far as he knew, the only magic that could resurrect the dead and was very valuable, he did not want to take risks in the ruins full of dangers.

Evan didn't expect that things would go round and finally fall on him, but that would be a year later.

When he would return to Egypt again, everything would change drastically. He would have to stop the reawakening of the mummies from thousands of years ago, and even go back to the past to confront Ramses II face-to-face and fight against evil beyond the comprehension of mortals.

In the next month, accompanied by Bill and Rawya, Evan, Hermione, Fleur, and Gabrielle visited the entire Egypt.

They took a flying carpet and visited pyramids, temples and various relics.

It was a pity that it was summer vacation; otherwise they could have visited the Egyptian School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Rawya had been with them all the time and they were getting along very well recently.

Because of the end of the excavation, she had nothing to do now, and she could accompany them around Egypt.

She knew a lot of the history of ancient Egypt and was the best tour guide. She also told Evan a lot about witchcraft.

Evan showed her the Owl Pendant on his wrist.

She said that it was a very rare magical item that used the power of shaman to communicate with ancestors and animals in nature. This was a very infamous branch of witchcraft.

This should be a sacred artifact left by an ancient tribe in Africa. I seem to have seen it in some book.

She planned to go back to the school library to look up relevant materials after the start of the school term, and if there was anything, she would write to Evan.

Evan hoped that she could find information about the tribe. He had promised Shukrya to send her belated apology back to her tribe and tell her ancestors, but he didn't know where her tribe was.

It had to be said that because the exploration of the ruins had been completely terminated, the number of vacant rooms in the hotel had also increased.

They changed their rooms, but Gabrielle still didnt dare to sleep alone at night. In the end, she and Hermione were in the same room together with Evan, while Fleur had a single room for herself.

With Gabrielle in the middle, Evan couldnt do anything with Hermione. It was a pity that he had to bear it when they were so close to one another.

Some nights, however, Hermione voluntarily crawled to Evans bed to wake him up, and asked him to accompany her outside to see the night view of the pyramids.

She seemed to be fascinated by the beautiful scene and the extreme romantic atmosphere under the starry sky.

Anyway, Evan and Hermiones feelings were advancing by leaps and bounds, and they were more familiar with each other.

A month later, Zosers case finally came to an end, and they were allowed to leave Egypt.

The Egyptian Ministry of Magic finally gave Evan a large sum of 5000 Gold Galleons as a reward for persuading Zoser.

If they knew that he had sifted through Zosers vault and picked up all the valuable things, they would certainly not have been so generous.

They also told Evan that they had applied for the Order of Merlin, First Class. If successful, they would mail the medal to Evan.

In this way, the Egyptian Ministry of Magic was really weak, and the British Ministry of Magic had its own decision on such rewards.

Evan planned to stay in Egypt for a period of time, and he spent it very leisurely. Egypt had countless ancient magic and witchcraft, which gave him considerable inspiration. There were many things that he had just got to know.

But they received a letter from Lupin and had to go back earlier.

Lupin told them in the letter that Harry was in serious trouble. He was sued by the Ministry of Magic for violating the International Statute of Wizarding Secrecy and used the Patronus Charm in front of Muggles. Fudge seemed to seize this opportunity to expel him from Hogwarts.

I dont understand why Harry would do that, said Hermione. The Patronus Charm is a very rare magic, only

It goes without saying that he must have met a Dementor, said Evan. Harry finally couldnt help but do it.

But why would there be Dementors? Theyre all in Azkaban. Hermione looked at Evan and suddenly thought of something, God, you mean someone ordered the Dementors to attack Harry

Chapter 842: Harry's Summer Vacation

Hermione instantly thought of Voldemort, only he could order the Dementors to attack Harry.

Evan knew it was not Voldemort. It was Umbridges order, but that didnt make much difference.

Voldemort would certainly control the Dementors. It was a matter of time.

Maybe, the two parties were now in contact, and the Dementors might change sides at any time.

Compared with the Ministry of Magic, Voldemort could provide them with much more and more attractive things.

Unlike giants, the Dementors were absolute Dark creatures. They haunted the darkest and dirtiest places in the world in droves, cheering corruption and despair, and there was no way to communicate and persuade them. They could only be eliminated.

Maybe the Dementors themselves were the creation of evil gods, and they were fundamentally different from normal creatures.

This matter is very complicated. The letter says that Fudge was going to expel Harry from Hogwarts directly said Evan vaguely, looking down at the letter in his hand. After Dumbledore intervened, they had to let go and asked Harry to go to the Ministry of Magic for hearing. The situation is not good for us.

They cant do this, its just outrageous, said Hermione. They cant expel Harry, they just cant. Theres provision in the Decree for the Restriction of Underage Sorcery for the use of magic in life-threatening situations. We must go back and help him. I remember many laws and regulations

Because of this incident, they were not in the mood to stay in Egypt.

Anyway, all the things that should be done on this trip had been completed, now it was time to go back.

At the time of the parting, Gabrielle invited Evan and Hermione to be her guests in France, and it was also agreed that she would go to England during her next vacation.

As for Fleur, not surprisingly, they would meet again soon.

According to the original plot, she was going to find a job in Britain and practice her English by the way.

Bill was also planning to return home. He was very embarrassed in Egyptian Gringotts because of his involvement in Zosers case. It was better to go back to find an office job and take care of his family while fighting Voldemort.

As Evan and Hermione prepared to go back, Harry was lying weakly on his bed.

A deep sense of despair surrounded him, and the room was dim, with no lights on.

He stayed in his bedroom all day, leaving it only to go to the bathroom.

He raised his hands and looked up for a while, and then let go.

It was definitely his worst summer vacation, he had been trapped in this house all summer at Number Four Privet Drive, lost contact with the wizarding world, couldnt hear anything he wanted to know, doing nothing like a Muggle. Or worse, facing the daily taunts of the Dursleys.

He wanted to have news about Voldemort, what Dumbledore, Sirius, Evan, and his good friends were doing. He wanted help, but there was nothing. Everyone ignored him. Not even a single letter.

This made Harry feel a sense of depression and loss in his heart. Thinking of this, he rolled over, and the sense of despair that had been torturing him all summer overwhelmed him unexpectedly. He

knew that Evan was on vacation with Hermione in Egypt, Ron was with the others, and Sirius might be there.

The thought that they were having a good time while he was stuck in Privet Drive, he couldn't stand it!

He was so angry with them that he had even thrown away the Honeydukes chocolates and the Egyptian special cake they'd sent on his birthday without opening them, though he had regretted this after eating the wilting salad Aunt Petunia had provided for dinner that night.

Harry sighed and got up from the bed, feeling really not in mood to sleep.

The memory went on, and just yesterday evening, he met Dementors in an alley near the Dursleys.

Two Dementors suddenly came out to attack him and Dudley.

Harry used the Patronus Charm to drive them away and saved Dudley's life, but received no praise. Instead, he received a letter from the Ministry of Magic. They expelled him!

The letter was still on the desk, and Harry picked it up and read it again under the light of the street lamp, and he became even more annoyed.

It read:

Dear Mr. Potter,

We have received intelligence that you performed the Patronus Charm at twenty-three past nine this evening in a Muggle-inhabited area and in the presence of a Muggle.

The severity of this breach of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery has resulted in your expulsion from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Ministry representatives will be calling at your place of residence shortly to destroy your wand.

As you have already received an official warning for a previous offense under section 13 of the International Confederation of Wizards Statute of Secrecy, we regret to inform you that your presence is required at a disciplinary hearing at the Ministry of Magic at 9 a.m. on August 12th.

Hoping you are well,

Yours sincerely,

Mafalda Hopkirk

IMPROPER USE OF MAGIC OFFICE

Ministry of Magic

At that moment, Inside Harry's head all was icy and numb.

One fact had penetrated his consciousness like a paralyzing dart. He was expelled from Hogwarts. It was all over. He was never going back.

Harry was not going to sit still. Before the holidays, Hermione had analyzed it for him. He knew that because of Voldemort's return, Fudge and the Ministry of Magic had severed ties with them, and he was now Fudge's main target.

He had only one way at the time, he had to escape, and he couldn't just wait here, waiting for the Ministry of Magic to send someone to destroy his wand.

There was hope as long as he escaped. Sirius and Evan would help him, at least Harry thought so.

Although he was still angry with them, Sirius and Evan were the only people Harry could rely on at the moment; otherwise, he could only go wandering around the world.

He still had some expectations. Perhaps, as he had done two years ago, he left the Dursleys with the trunk and met Evan on the dark street.

But soon, he received a second letter from Mr. Weasley.

A few lines were written very hastily and blotchily in black ink: Dumbledores just arrived at the Ministry, and hes trying to sort it all out. DO NOT LEAVE YOUR AUNT AND UNCLES HOUSE. DO NOT DO ANY MORE MAGIC. DO NOT SURRENDER YOUR WAND.

In this way, he decided to stay, and he confessed everything to the Dursleys.

Although he didn't understand why the Dementors came to Little Whinging, and just landed in the alley where he was.

No matter how he thought about it, this couldn't be a coincidence. Maybe the Ministry of Magic had lost control over the Dementors?

Perhaps some Dementors had escaped from Azkaban and joined Voldemort, just as Dumbledore once predicted?

Chapter 843: Meeting Harry

Regardless of the answer, this was not a good thing, and it meant that Voldemort had taken action against him!

Harry had no other choice but to stay with the Dursleys pitifully, praying that the Ministry of Magic would not expel him.

This kind of powerlessness made him very irritated, and the only one who was more irritated than him was Uncle Vernon.

Not surprisingly, after Uncle Vernon finally figured out that the man who'd killed Harry's parents had returned, and that the Dementor who had just attacked his precious son had come to chase Harry, he immediately decided to drive Harry out of the house.

Uncle Vernon reacted to Harry's expectation, but what really surprised him was that they soon received another owl letter, a Howler, and it was addressed to Aunt Petunia.

After a long time delay without opening, the red envelope burst into flames, and an awful voice came from the burning letter that fell on the table, filling the entire kitchen, echoing in the confined space. It was only one sentence.

REMEMBER MY LAST, PETUNIA!

Harry didn't understand what this meant. Remember the last what?

And why was Aunt Petunia in touch with a wizard he didn't know about?

When Harry talked about Voldemort, she also understood the meaning of the name at once, and knew Azkaban and the Dementors.

For the very first time in his life, Harry fully appreciated that Aunt Petunia was his mother's sister.

He couldn't have said why this hit him so very powerfully at this moment. All he knew was that he was not the only person in the room who had an inkling of what Lord Voldemort being back might mean.

What also surprised Harry was the reaction of Aunt Petunia. After hearing those words, she quickly regained her usual brisk, snappish manner, persuading Uncle Vernon, who was a little bit exhausted, to agree and let Harry stay.

She ordered Harry to go to bed, and Harry had been lying down since last night.

Three times a day, Aunt Petunia shoved food into his room through the cat flap which Uncle Vernon had installed three summers ago.

Every time Harry heard her approaching, he tried to question her about the Howler, but he might as well have interrogated the doorknob for all the answers he got.

Except for food delivery, the Dursleys kept well clear of his bedroom.

Harry couldn't see the point of forcing his company on them either; another row would achieve nothing except perhaps making him so angry he would perform more illegal magic.

Harry wrote letters to Sirius, Evan, Ron, and Hermione. He wanted to know what was going on and when he could get out of here. He sent Hedwig out, but up to now, there had been no reply, just like before.

Harry sighed again and fell heavily on the bed, ready to numb himself by sleeping.

So it went on for three whole days. Harry was filled alternatively with restless energy that made him unable to settle to anything.

He just paced up and down in the bedroom, furious at the whole lot of them for leaving him to stew in this mess, and with a lethargy so complete that he could lie on his bed for an hour at a time, staring dazedly into space, aching with dread at the thought of the Ministry hearing.

What if they ruled against him?

What if he was expelled and his wand was snapped in half?

What would he do, where would he go?

He could not return to living full-time with the Dursleys, not now that he knew the other world, the one to which he really belonged. So, could he move into Sirius's house?

Sirius had mentioned this suggestion more than once. But every summer vacation, he had a lot of things to do, and he accompanied Evan to adventure all over the world.

Harry wanted to follow, too, but they didn't take him at all.

This made Harry very dissatisfied with Evan and Sirius, even angry, but there was no other way.

Evan had explained to him before that his mother had left a magic when she died that year. As long as he stayed with the Dursleys for a period of time each year, this magic would continue to work and protect him from Voldemort until his adulthood.

That was also the main reason why Harry could hold on and not fly directly to find Sirius with his trunk tied to the broomstick.

At the same time, Harry was angry with Dumbledore.

Dumbledore refused to tell him anything, and his attitude became apparently cold. At the end of last term, he wanted to talk to Dumbledore but was rejected. He obviously did a lot of things to prove that he was trustworthy. Even if he was not as strong as Evan, he was much better than Ron, Hermione and others.

On the fourth night after Hedwigs departure, Harry was lying in one of his apathetic phases, staring at the ceiling, his exhausted mind quite blank, when his uncle entered his bedroom.

Harry looked slowly around at him. Uncle Vernon was wearing his best suit and an expression of enormous smugness.

Were going out, boy! he said.

Sorry, what did you say?

We that is to say, your aunt, Dudley and I are going out.

Fine, said Harry dully, looking back at the ceiling.

You are not to leave your bedroom while we are away.

Okay.

You are not to touch the television, the stereo, or any of our possessions.

Right.

You are not to steal food from the fridge.

No problem, Harry said listlessly, and Uncle Vernon looked at him suspiciously.

I am going to lock your door.

Okay, you do that.

Uncle Vernon glared at Harry, clearly suspicious of this lack of argument, then stomped out of the room and closed the door behind him.

Harry heard the key turn in the lock and Uncle Vernons footsteps walking heavily down the stairs. A few minutes later, he heard the slamming of car doors, the rumble of an engine, and the unmistakable sound of the car sweeping out of the drive.

Harry had no particular feeling about the Dursleys leaving. He was the only one left in this house, but it made no difference to him whether they were in the house or not. He could not even summon the energy to get up and turn on his bedroom light.

The room grew steadily darker around him as he lay listening to the sounds around him.

The empty house creaked around him and the pipes gurgled.

Harry lay there in a kind of stupor, thinking of nothing, suspended in misery.

He forced himself to sleep. That was how he'd spent the past few days.

Then he heard footsteps in the corridor outside. Someone came in.

The Dursleys couldn't be back, it was much too soon, and in any case he hadn't heard their car.

Harry sat up and snatched up his wand from his bedside table. Was it a thief or a minion of Voldemort?!

Next moment he jumped as the lock gave a loud click and his door swung open.

In the dimness, he saw a familiar figure walk in, it was Evan!

Chapter 844: Percy's Betrayal

After receiving Lupin's letter, Evan and Hermione returned to England, the third day after Harry was attacked by the Dementors.

Mr. Weasley and Professor Moody met them at the airport, and the group went straight back to 12 Grimmauld Place.

This was now the headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix. Compared with a month ago, it was a different scene.

All the Weasleys had moved from the Burrow. Besides that, there were many members of the Order of the Phoenix.

From Fred, George, Ron, and Ginny, Evan and Hermione knew about the changes in the last month.

There hadn't been much change in the wizarding world compared with before they left. Harry's story should have been the biggest event recently.

The public opinion was very unfavorable to them, and the *Daily Prophet* had reported the incident.

The Ministry of Magic was doing its utmost to suppress Dumbledore, using various means, and he had now resigned from all positions except the Headmaster of Hogwarts.

On another front, Sirius wrote a letter from Norway every week. For security reasons, except for informing he was safe and asking everyone to take care of Harry, Sirius didn't say anything else. They didn't know what he was doing there.

It was also unknown how far the communication between Lupin and the werewolves had progressed, he only came back occasionally. Every time, he looked particularly tired, and Evan and Hermione had not seen him for several days after they came back.

In fact, because they were not allowed to join the Order of the Phoenix, Ron and the others did not know much information.

They were not allowed to attend the meetings, Fred and George tried their best to eavesdrop, and the information they received was extremely limited.

They didn't even know whether they were to pick up Harry or let him stay with the Dursleys.

From them, Evan knew that the biggest change was related to Percy.

When Hermione asked where Percy was, Evan noticed the reactions of the Weasley brothers and sister.

They exchanged darkly significant looks, and Ron said in a tense voice, You two must never mention Percy in front of Mum and Dad, and tell Harry not to do it when he comes.

Why? Hermione looked at him, puzzled.

Ron had grown up several more inches this summer, which made his clothes look one size smaller.

Because every time Percys name is mentioned, Dad breaks whatever hes holding and Mum starts crying, said Fred.

Its been awful, said Ginny sadly.

Anyway, I think were well shut of him, said George with an uncharacteristically ugly look on his face.

What on earth has happened? Hermione asked.

Evan probably understood what was going on. Fudge was definitely taking the opportunity to woo Percy. The guy fell to the Ministry without any hesitation.

It was the first week back after term ended, shortly after the two of you left, said Ron, looking closely at the dusty Evan and Hermione. We were about to come and join the Order of the Phoenix. Percy came home and told us hed been promoted.

How is that possible? said Hermione, in surprise. Arent they investigating Percy?

In the case of Barty Crouch Sr., Percy had committed a fairly large oversight. He had not made a great success of his first job at the Ministry of Magic, failing to notice that his boss was being controlled by Lord Voldemort.

From a normal point of view, Percys career in the Ministry of Magic had basically come to an end, and hastily ended before it even started.

While in Egypt, Bill had told Evan that Mrs. Weasley wanted him to help Percy find a job in Gringotts.

Evan also thought that if nothing else worked out, it would be okay for Percy to work in *Hogwarts Magic*

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After returning this time, he decided to counterattack with the newspaper in public opinion.

We were also all surprised, said George, because Percy got into a load of trouble about Crouch, there was an inquiry and everything. They said Percy ought to have realized Crouch was off his rocker and informed a superior. But you know Percy, Crouch left him in charge, he wasnt going to complain

So how come they promoted him?

Thats exactly what we wondered, said Ron. He came home really pleased with himself even more pleased than usual if you can imagine that and told Dad hed been offered a position in Fudges own office. A really good one for someone only a year out of Hogwarts Junior Assistant to the Minister. He expected Dad to be all impressed, I think.

Only Dad wasnt, said Fred grimly. Fudge has been storming round the Ministry checking that nobodys having any contact with Dumbledore. You know, Dumbledores name is mud with the Ministry these days.

Yeah, they all think hes just making trouble saying You-Know-Who is back. George followed.

Dad says Fudge has made it clear that anyone whos in league with Dumbledore can clear out their desks, said Fred. Trouble is, Fudge suspects Dad. He knows hes friendly with Dumbledore and that were all supporting Dumbledore, and Fudge has always thought Dads a bit of weirdo because of his Muggle obsession.

Hermione nodded, probably understanding what was going on, and sat silent beside Evan.

After Percy announced the news, Dad reckoned Fudge only wanted Percy in his office because he wanted to use him to spy on the family and even Dumbledore.

Not surprisingly, Percy must have been very reluctant to hear such words, said Evan, very clear about Percys character.

Yeah, when he heard what Dad said, he went completely berserk. He said loads of terrible stuff to Dad, Ron paused, and suddenly laughed in a hollow sort of way. Well, he said hes been having to struggle against Dads lousy reputation ever since he joined the Ministry and that Dad has got no ambition and thats why weve always been you know not had a lot of money, I mean In fact, what he said is quite reasonable

Ron couldnt go on, because Ginny made a noise like an angry cat.

Percy has gone too far, said Hermione incredulously. How could he say that?

And it got worse, Fred continued, He said Dad was an idiot to run around with Dumbledore; that Dumbledore was heading for big trouble and Dad was going to go down with him.

Does he not know Voldemort is back? Evan asked.

He probably knows, but he doesnt care, said George in a mocking tone. Smart Percy, he said he knew where his loyalty lay and it was with the Ministry. And if Mum and Dad were going to become traitors to the Ministry he was going to make sure everyone knew he didnt belong to our family anymore. And he packed his bags the same night and left. Hes living here in London now

Chapter 845: Set Out

Evan had expected this to happen, and he had warned Percy to pay attention to Mr. Crouchs abnormal situation.

If Percy had reacted quickly and reported the situation, he would have been hailed as a hero.

But it was of no use. As George said, Percy wished Crouch would leave him in charge of everything in the Department.

Percy didnt care about Evans warning, nor did he care about Mr. Crouchs actual state, he just wanted to prove himself at work.

Hermione was also upset about what Percy said to Mr. Weasley. Of all his children, Percy was closest to Mr. Weasley.

They were arguing so loudly, and Mum has been in a right state, said Ginny quietly.

You know crying and stuff, Ron added. She came up to London to try and talk to Percy but he slammed the door in her face. I dont know what he does if he meets Dad at work ignores him, I suppose.

Like Harry, he was annoyed by recent events.

There were a lot of unpleasant things at home, and everyone was upset because of Percy.

Evan and Hermione were on vacation in Egypt, and he was stuck in this old house all summer vacation, unable to go anywhere.

Obviously close to the Order of the Phoenix, but he knew nothing and couldnt do anything. Everyone treated him as a child and prevented him from participating in the Order of the Phoenixs affairs.

What had happened last term also made Ron feel frustrated. Although the Triwizard Tournament was a conspiracy, he was one of the champions, but he didnt get the glory he deserved.

In fact, the entire Triwizard Tournament turned into a joke in the end.

Krum was controlled by the Imperius Curse. Ron was attacked by him and fell into the grass full of Grindylows. He was scared when he saw the lake. But he was not the worst one. Cedric was said to have become a vampire. He dropped out of Hogwarts and was still missing.

With Evans help, Fleur had come out of it without much harm, but there was nothing remarkable about her performance.

Eventually, Harry and Evan were pushed to the forefront again. The two of them witnessed the resurrection of Voldemort and became true champions.

All eyes were focused on them, and no one paid attention to the poor original champions.

Ron didnt know who to blame. If he could have become a little stronger, that wouldnt have happened.

In short, Percy takes the *Daily Prophet* seriously and doesnt believe what we tell him, said Fred.

Hes a complete idiot. He doesnt trust his family but believes those messy reports. George said.

This situation wont last long said Evan, ready to talk with Lupin to keep abreast of the current situation of the newspaper.

He had made up his mind to fight a public opinion war and take the opportunity to expand the scale of *Hogwarts Magic*.

As he said before, this was a challenge, but it was also an opportunity for *Hogwarts Magic* to surpass the established media.

By the way, what did the *Daily Prophet* say about Harry being attacked by the Dementors? Hermione asked.

Nothing. They didnt report a word about the Dementors attacking Harry.

Take a look at this; these are the Daily Prophets from the past month, said Ron, pulling out a pile of newspapers. Its still the same old nonsense, describing Dumbledore as a mad old man, you as an inexperienced young wizard dabbling in dangerous magic. As for Harry, he is a deluded, attention-seeking person who thinks hes a great tragic hero or something.

Evan picked up a copy, which reported an unfounded report about the Pewter Cauldron.

The second half of the article was about the kind of lies that only Evan Mason and Harry Potter could make up. They seemed to have made up their minds to mention them no matter what the report was, and treat Evan and Harry as a standing joke.

Evan quickly tossed the newspaper aside, but Hermione was looking at it carefully.

As I imagined, they are afraid to report that Harry was attacked. Hermione said quickly, browsing through the newspaper at hand. Think about it, the Dementors out of control. Its something they dont want to see. They havent even reported that Harry broke the International Statute of Secrecy. I think theyre biding their time until Harrys expelled, and then they can act unscrupulously

Hermione stopped and realized that what she was saying was very bad.

I mean, if Harry is expelled, obviously she went on hastily, he really shouldnt be, not if the Ministry abides by their own laws, theres no case against him.

Then, the topic returned to Harrys hearing.

When are we going to pick up Harry? Evan asked, We cant let him stay at Dursleys house.

I dont know, they didnt tell us, said Ron discontentedly.

Its time for our new invention, the Extendable Ear, to come on stage! said Fred. Theyre going to have a meeting in the kitchen.

We just put this thing in and hear what they say George held up something like a string.

Dont let Mum find out! Ginny warned worriedly.

Dont worry, well be cautious, said Fred, with a smirk. We have exclusive information. Tonight, Snape is going to read a report here, top secret, as long as

He stopped suddenly. There was a sound of walking in the corridor, and they heard Mrs. Weasley talking to Moody.

There was another loud crack, and both Fred and George vanished. They had just learned to Apparate.

Wherever they went now, they just Apparated, suddenly vanishing and appearing in the house, without walking at all.

A few seconds later, Mrs. Weasley appeared in the bedroom doorway.

Im sorry to disturb you, dears! she said, her eyes falling on Evan, We just decided to pick up Harry tonight. Evan, can you come along? We need a guide, only you have been to his uncle and aunts house

No problem! Evan hurriedly stood up, taking the wand.

You and Hermione have just returned from Egypt and need a rest, Mrs. Weasley continued. But Remus has something to do tonight and cant pick up Harry. Moody says they are short of one person and must have enough guards.

This is an extraordinary period, and we must be vigilant at all times, said Moody gruffly as he walked in.

He looked as scary as ever, with long grizzled gray hair and a large chunk missing from his nose.

When he was at the airport just now, he had to check Evan and Hermione to make sure they were not Death Eaters.

Youre going to pick up Harry; I want to go too, said Ron hastily. Ive been to that Muggle house before.

Ron, this is not a joke. You cant go with them to add more trouble, said Mrs. Weasley seriously, stopping him. They may encounter dangerous Death Eaters at any time during the process of picking up Harry. Evan has the ability to take care of himself

Chapter 846: The Wizards of the Order of the Phoenix

Evan followed Moody downstairs. There were already seven or eight people waiting in the hall, each holding a broom.

These are all guards, I think the more the better said Moody darkly, We dont have much time, and many people have other things and cant get away from it. You know, we had planned to escort Harry to the train station at the end of the summer vacation.

Looking at him, one couldnt help but suspect that a group of Death Eaters was waiting for them outside the door.

Evan saw everyone in the hall turn and stare at him, with a kind smile on their faces.

How are you doing, Evan? said a witch enthusiastically, pulling Evan who had just walked down the stairs.

She had dark twinkling eyes, and short spiky hair that was a violent shade of violet.

Hello, Tonks! said Evan hurriedly. He had seen her in Lupins office before.

Still as polite as ever. Everyone is very interested in you. Let me introduce you, said Tonks, pushing Evan in front of everyone. This is Evan Mason, you should have heard of him, the famous young wizard; the star of hope in the wizarding world!

Evan really wished her to stop praising him that much, showing him too bright.

When the article about him was published in the *Daily Prophet*, it caused a burst of public outcry and discussion for a long time.

Of course, that was all in the past. Evan was now a dangerous young maniac in the eyes of mainstream society.

Next, Evan met Kingsley Shacklebolt, who'd met Mr. Weasley at the Ministry of Magic a few years ago. He was a tall, black wizard, who seemed to be strong and worthy of trust.

And there was Elphias Doge, a gentle wizard; Dedalus Diggle, a wheezy-voiced wizard, with a purple top hat; Emmeline Vance, a stately looking witch in an emerald-green shawl; Sturgis Podmore, a square-jawed wizard with thick, straw-colored hair; and Hestia Jones, a pink-cheeked, black-haired witch.

They were all core members of the Order of the Phoenix, with strong combat effectiveness, standing on the front line against the Death Eaters.

Evan greeted them one by one and looked at them closely, knowing there would be many opportunities for future cooperation.

We'd better hurry up! said Moody, squinting at Evan through his mismatched eyes. We've lured Harry's Muggle relatives out so that we can get him. Counting the time, they should be leaving now. We'll take Harry out before they come back.

One of his eyes was small, dark, and beady, the other large, round, and electric blue. This magical eye could see through walls, doors, and the back of Moody's own head.

It was me that lured them out of the way, said Tonks proudly. I sent a letter by Muggle post telling them they'd been short-listed for the All-England Best-Kept Suburban Lawn Competition. They're heading off to the prize-giving right now. Or they think they are.

Evan had a fleeting vision of the Dursleys' faces when they realized there was no All-England Best-Kept Suburban Lawn Competition.

This was really necessary. Every time Evan visited the Dursleys, it was a storm to greet him.

Their absence was a good thing for both sides. At least Dudley wouldn't have another pig tail this year.

You and Harry can't use magic outside the school, and they'll be watching the Floo network. For safety, we'll use brooms, said Moody. Besides the guards, there are people outside who are responsible for signaling and ensuring everything. By the way, how's your flying?

Not so good, but I should be able to keep up, said Evan honestly. Because of his acrophobia, he was really bad at flying. He preferred Apparition to flying, but there was no need to tell the matter.

This was not a foreign country, and he'd better not use magic, even though Evan was sure he could hide his traces of spells.

Do you have your own broomstick? Tonks asked, noting that Evan was empty-handed. If you don't have one, you can ride the broom with me.

Evan had a Nimbus 2001, but it was still under the bed and had never been turned out.

Master Evan, this is the broomstick that Old Kreacher has prepared for you.

The house-elf suddenly appeared, holding a thin, long broom, shining with silver light, and handed it to Evan.

Thank you, Kreacher! Evan took the broomstick, which seemed to be in the collection of a member of the Black family.

This house-elf treats you very well, its incredible, said Tonks, looking in surprise at Kreacher who was bowing to Evan.

Ah, this is the Moontrimmer, a model produced at the beginning of this century, Diggle bent over and looked at the broomstick in Evans hand, and said with interest, Ive seen this broom in my grandfathers photo. A broom with great performance

Well, you can talk about it when you come back, said Moody impatiently, leading everyone out. We must start as soon as possible.

Evan rode on the broom, and slowly flew up, very smoothly. It was very stable and the performance was really good.

He had ridden a Nimbus and a Firebolt. This old broom from Dumbledores school days was not weaker than the mainstream broom in some designs. Although the flight speed might be a little slow, many of them did indeed care of human nature, and Evan couldnt feel any dizziness.

If Harry was here, he could tell him that this broom was designed and produced by Gladys Boothby in 1901. It was a very small broom. The slim ash handle ensured that it could climb to greater heights, with strong wind resistance, and the end of the broom shone with silver light.

At that time, the broom was produced in small quantities, and it was expensive. It was a fine product similar to the Firebolt and did not follow the mass line.

To this day, it had a high collection value, and many people were paying high prices to collect this old broom.

If Evan knew, he would definitely not fly to the sky on this broom, which was actually worth more than ten thousand Gold Galleons.

Led by Moody, they ascended swiftly, clouds and cobweb-like lights flashing under their feet.

Evan and Hermione had seen the night view of Cairo at the top of the pyramid not long ago, but compared with London, it was simply a far cry.

He had never seen so many lights come together, crisscross, and spread in all directions.

He was surrounded in the middle of the team and concentrated on controlling the broom beneath him.

Under the cover of night, they avoided Muggles vision, and the team did not advance very quickly.

Moody led them around several times, and when Evans body was frozen, he slowly fell down and came to Privet Drive.

Around them, there were square gardens and beautiful houses.

Here we are! He flew straight to the lawn of 4 Privet Drive, Its this house.

Chapter 847: Verification

In fact, the Dursleys garden was indeed very beautiful, the lawn had been meticulously mowed, and the side near the house was full of varied roses.

They obviously had put a lot of effort on this. If there were really the All-England Best-Kept Suburban Lawn Competition, they might have really won the prize.

It looks like the Dursleys have indeed left. Evan whispered. The house in front of him was dark and quiet.

Even Harrys room was not lit, and they had no idea what he might be doing in the room alone.

Hold on! Moody was rummaging in his cloak, his gnarled hands clumsy with cold. Got it, he muttered, raising what looked like a silver cigarette lighter into the air and clicking it.

The nearest streetlamp went out with a pop. He clicked the un-lighter again; the next lamp went out.

He kept clicking until every lamp in Privet Drive was extinguished and the only light there came from curtained windows and the crescent moon overhead.

If someone looked out at this time, they wouldnt be able to see their unwelcome visitors.

Is this a Put-Outer?! Evan asked, staring at the silver lighter in Moodys hand.

This thing involved a lot of alchemy knowledge, and he wanted to take it apart to see its internal structure.

Since mastering those magical runes, Evans first instinct upon seeing a precious magical item was to take it apart and study the specific construction, the arrangement of runes, and their meanings.

This was not a good habit. These magical items were very precious, and there was a high possibility that Evan would not be able to restore them after breaking them apart.

Yes, I borrowed it from Dumbledore, growled Moody, pocketing the Put-Outer. Thatll take care of any Muggles looking out of the window. Now, come on, quick. We shouldnt be found out here.

Moody waved his wand vigorously, and the door of the Dursleys opened immediately, and everyone crowded inside.

Wheres that kid? said Tonks, looking around with great interest.

Upstairs, Ill call him! said Evan, climbing up the pitch-black landing.

Ill go with you! Moody followed, carefully watching the surroundings.

As before, he rudely opened Harrys door, and Evan hoped he wasnt doing something unsightly in there. It would be too embarrassing to be discovered just like this!

In the room, Harry curled up on his bed, raised his wand and pointed it carefully at both of them.

Hed obviously heard the sounds and was frightened.

Hello, Harry! said Evan with a smile.

Evan! Harry looked at him in surprise, never dreaming that he would show up.

Harry's heart was thumping uncontrollably, looking at Evan in disbelief, but he didn't lower his wand.

Come on, everyone's downstairs! Evan walked over and pulled him from the bed.

In front of him, Harry, like Ron, had grown a few inches taller in the past few months.

But he was still the familiar thin boy in Evan's memory, with black hair and glasses. He looked a little weak and sickly, probably due to a growth spurt in a short period of time.

He was dressed in sloppy Muggle clothes. The jeans were torn and dirty, the T-shirt was loose and faded, and the soles of the sneakers under the bed were separated from the uppers.

It seemed that his summer vacation was really bad, and Evan couldn't help but suspect that the Dursleys were abusing him.

What on earth is going on? said Harry hurriedly, putting down his wand, feeling a warm joy in his heart at seeing his friend, I don't understand. I stayed here all summer vacation, no one contacted me. You all seem to have forgotten me.

You know, Hermione and I have been in Egypt, said Evan vaguely.

He knew Dumbledore's plan very well, and knew he wanted Harry to stay with the Dursleys for the entire summer.

If it weren't for the Dementors attack and the hearing at the Ministry of Magic, Harry wouldn't have been able to leave here till now.

But if Evan was in England, there would not have been a problem for him to come to visit Harry and play with him.

Because of his parents' status, the Dursleys would not say anything about his identity as a wizard.

Yeah, you've been in Egypt, said Harry, looking at Evan, the joy in his heart gradually extinguished, and a cold thing poured in, Ron has also been busy with other things. That's why you didn't tell me anything. You left me alone

We'd better go down and talk, they all want to see you, Moody urged, and walked in.

Hearing Moody's voice, Harry hurriedly raised his wand.

Lower your wand, boy, before you take someone's eye out, said Moody in a low, growling voice.

Professor Moody? Harry was taken aback for a moment, and said in surprise, Why are you here?

Come on, we're here to take you away. Ron and Hermione are waiting for us, said Evan, pulling Harry out, I'll explain everything to you, I promise, you'll know everything you want to know.

Hold on, kid, we have to verify that he's really Potter. Moody stopped them and growled, It'd be a nice lookout if we bring back some Death Eater impersonating him. We ought to ask him something only the real Potter would know. Unless anyone brought any Veritaserum?

Okay! said Evan, who was sure that Harry was next to him. But if he didn't do what Moody said, he wouldn't agree.

Not long ago, hed been faked for more than half a year, and he was being kept in a trunk, which made Moody more suspicious.

Harry, what form does your Patronus take? Evan asked.

A stag, said Harry nervously.

The answer is correct. Then whats my Animagus form?

Its a black cat! Harry had once really seen Evan as a cat.

Well, a few months ago, Sirius and Hagrid and I left Hogwarts for Italy. What was the real purpose?

Did you succeed finding the trace left by Rowena Ravenclaw? Harry asked rhetorically.

Ill tell you in detail later, said Evan, turning his head to look at Moody. I think thats Harry.

When the three of them went down in the dark, Tonks and the others were still crowded in the hall, talking in a low voice about the decoration inside the house.

I really dont understand, why are we all standing in the dark? she said. This is so stupid, Lumos.

A light suddenly appeared at the tip of her wand, dispelling the surrounding darkness.

Chapter 848: Metamorphmagus

The people below were crowded around the foot of the stairs, gazing intently up at them, mainly looking at Harry, some craning their heads for a better look.

Oooh, he looks just like I thought he would, said Tonks who was holding her lit wand aloft.

Yeah, he looks exactly like James, said Kingsley in agreement.

Except the eyes! said the wheezy-voiced wizard, Dedalus, Lilys eyes.

There was a lot of chatter between them. They all knew Harrys parents.

Many of them had been friends of James and Lily, and they were moved to see Harry now.

Harry was still a little confused. He could hardly believe this was real. Four weeks with nothing, not the tiniest hint of a plan to remove him from Privet Drive, and suddenly a whole bunch of wizards was standing matter-of-factly in the house as though this were a long-standing arrangement.

He looked at Evan next to him, turned his head and glanced at the people in the hall below, and they were gazing avidly at him.

Harry felt very conscious of the fact that he had not combed his hair for four days, and was embarrassed.

Im er youre really lucky the Dursleys are out, he mumbled.

Well, Harry, it has been all arranged. Tonks sent a letter by Muggle post telling them theyd been short-listed for the All-England Best-Kept Suburban Lawn Competition. Theyre heading off to the prize-giving right now, said Evan, seeing Harrys confused expression. By the way, you dont know their names yet, let me introduce them to you

Harry inclined his head awkwardly at each of the wizards as they were introduced. In fact, he wished they would look at something other than him. It was as though he had suddenly been ushered onstage.

Introductions are over. Youll have enough time to get to know one another later, said Moody gruffly, Harry, have you finished packing your things? Weve got about fifteen minutes. Were just waiting for the signal to tell us its safe to set off.

Not yet, Im going to pack up now. Whats going on? Harry turned to Evan again. Voldemort

Several of the witches and wizards made odd hissing noises, and Dedalus Diggle dropped his hat again.

Shut up! Moody growled, Dont mention that name!

Whats the matter? Harry asked suspiciously, not expecting that strong reaction.

This house is under surveillance and its not very safe. Its best not to talk about sensitive things, said Evan.

He felt that there was magical power around him, and the Ministry of Magic had indeed arranged it here.

Because of this, they could always detect Harrys use of magic or other things in the first place.

Of course, this monitoring was very vague, but Voldemorts name was a very sensitive word.

Were not discussing anything here, its too risky, muttered Moody in displeasure, turning his normal eye on Harry; his magical eye remained pointing up at the ceiling. Damn it, he added angrily, putting a hand up to the magical eye, it keeps sticking ever since that scum wore it.

And with a nasty squelching sound much like a plunger being pulled from a sink, he popped out his eye.

Mad-Eye, you do know thats disgusting, dont you? said Tonks conversationally.

Get me a glass of water, would you, Harry? asked Moody.

Harry crossed to the dishwasher, took out a clean glass, and filled it with fresh water at the sink, still watched eagerly by the band of wizards.

Evan was speechless for a while, and he knew from Harrys expression that their relentless staring was starting to annoy him.

Cheers, said Moody, when Harry handed him the glass. He dropped the magical eyeball into the water and prodded it up and down. The eye whizzed around, staring at them all in turn. I want three-hundred-and-sixty degrees visibility on the return journey.

Come on, wed better hurry up and get packed. Well be on the road soon after the signal. Ill help you, Harry! said Evan, pushing Harry so that he wouldnt be standing here and be seen as a cherished animal.

Ill go too, said Tonks brightly, looking around curiously.

Funny place, she said, Its a bit too clean do you know what I mean? Bit unnatural. My dad is also Muggle-born, but hes a right old slob. I suppose it varies, just like with wizards. Oh, this is better

When they walked into Harrys bedroom and Harry turned on the light, she nodded and Harry was embarrassed.

His room was certainly much messier than the rest of the house. Confined to it for four days in a very bad mood, Harry had not bothered tidying up after himself. Most of the books he owned were strewn over the floor where hed tried to distract himself with each in turn and thrown it aside.

Hedwigs cage needed cleaning out and was starting to smell, and his trunk lay open, revealing a jumbled mixture of Muggle clothes and wizards robes that had spilled onto the floor around it.

If possible, Harry hoped that he would be able to clean up before letting Evan and Tonks come in.

Actually, its not bad! said Evan, he didnt tidy up things very much, and Dobby was in charge. The house-elf did a good job, always packed everything up at night, so that no one could find out his existence.

Evan did not expect Dobby to help him that much when he took him in.

Maybe Harry could consider keeping a house-elf in his room.

While chatting, Evan and Harry started picking up books and throwing them hastily into the trunk.

Tonks paused at Harrys open wardrobe to look critically at her reflection in the mirror on the inside of the door.

You know, I dont think purples really my color, she said pensively, tugging at a lock of spiky hair. Do you think it makes me look a bit peaky?

Er said Harry, looking up at her over the top of Quidditch Teams of Britain and Ireland.

Evan also raised his head and saw Tonks hair changing slightly.

Yeah, it does, said Tonks decisively. She screwed up her eyes in a strained expression as though she were struggling to remember something. A second later, her hair had turned bubble-gum pink.

She was a Metamorphmagus, an extremely rare branch of Transfiguration. This was really the best magic for disguise.

Chapter 849: Transfiguration System

How did you do that? said Harry, gaping at Tonks as she opened her eyes again.

Im a Metamorphmagus, she said, looking back at her reflection in the mirror, turning her head so that she could see her hair from all directions, and gently stroking it with her hand from time to time, It means, I can change my appearance at will.

Metamorphmagus? Harry froze for a moment, with a puzzled expression on his face.

Its one of the branches of Transfiguration. The caster can change his appearance at will, just like Animagus. Evan explained, looking at Tonks, Metamorphmagi are born with this ability. Its an innate ability.

Transfiguration was a very large magical system. The most common one in Hogwarts was to simply teach young wizards and witches how to change the form and appearance of an object.

Harder than anything else, it could also make parts of living animals and even human beings change.

For example, Caresius had turned Malfoy into a ferret, which was a more advanced Transfiguration magic.

After passing the Ordinary Wizarding Level and entering the upper-grade Transfiguration class, wizards could try to change the essence of objects between different forms, such as turning flames into knives, pythons, ropes, etc. This was esoteric Transfiguration.

This Transfiguration was not permanent. When the magical power disappeared, the changed object would return to its original state.

It was not Transfiguration, but Alchemy that really changed the nature of objects.

The difference was the same as real gold made with Alchemy and gold coins of the goblins.

Besides, there were many rare branches of Transfiguration that very few people had mastered.

Animagus was one of them. When learned, the caster can transfigure into a certain animal.

Metamorphmagus was also one of them. It was magic in blood, a kind of natural ability.

There was also the owl pendant on Evans wrist. Using shaman witchcraft, Evan could turn himself into a soul-shaped owl.

In the more secretive European magic, there were Druidic spells that allowed the caster to transform into mystical creature forms, granting great power.

If the magical power was enough, they could even transform into a fire-breathing dragon, which was beyond imagination.

It was said that in the mysterious Oriental wizarding world and the ancient American wizarding civilization, there were also spells that could turn spellcasters into plants

Yeah, I was born Metamorphmagus, said Tonks softly, looking at her reflection with satisfaction, I got top marks in Concealment and Disguise during Auror training without any study at all, it was great.

You're an Auror? said Harry, impressed. Being a Dark wizard catcher was the only career he'd ever considered after Hogwarts.

Yeah, said Tonks, looking proud. Kingsley is as well; he's a bit higher up than I am, though. I only qualified a year ago. Nearly failed on Stealth and Tracking, I'm dead clumsy, did you hear me break that plate when we arrived downstairs?

I saw Tonks in Lupin's office when I learned Apparition before, said Evan, sorting out Harry's books. You must have just become an Auror around that time, right?

Yeah, that's right, but I had been training for a long time before that, Tonks continued. With the help of Sirius and Remus, I finally got through Stealth and Tracking. They're both good at it.

Indeed, Sirius had been able to escape the Dementors and the Ministry of Magic with his own power, which was not something ordinary people could do.

Needless to say, Lupin, as a werewolf, was a master of Stealth and Tracking, which was an essential skill for survival in the Dark world.

By the way, can you learn how to be a Metamorphmagus? Harry thought for a moment before he asked.

Bet you wouldn't mind hiding that scar sometimes, eh? Tonks chuckled.

Her eyes found the lightning-shaped scar on Harry's forehead.

No, I wouldn't mind, Harry mumbled, turning away. He did not like people staring at his scar.

Well, you'll have to learn the hard way, I'm afraid, said Tonks. Metamorphmagi are really rare, they're born, not made. Most wizards need to use a wand or potions to change their appearance.

It's almost hard to do. Evan whispered, leaning close to Harry, but you can try to learn about Animagus, which should be fine. Hermione has already mastered Animagus.

Really?! Harry looked at him in surprise. What's her Animagus?

It's a cat, too, but it's white, said Evan. Cats are not very powerful animals, but they're very practical.

It's really practical Harry nodded, not sure if he understood what Evan meant. He looked a little expectant, and then continued to ask, Can I also learn Animagus?

No problem, but before that, I have to test your basic knowledge first, said Evan. I can use the Philosophers Stone to provide you with sufficient magic during the metamorphosis process, but it's mainly up to you. This magic is actually very dangerous

You two, don't whisper there anymore, we've got to get going; Mad-Eye is waiting below. Evan, Harry, were supposed to be packing, said Tonks, looking around at all the mess on the floor.

Oh, yeah, said Harry guiltily, grabbing up a few more books. It was too messy here!

Don't be stupid, it'll be much quicker if I *pack*! cried Tonks, waving her wand in a long, sweeping movement over the floor.

Books, clothes, telescope, and scales all soared into the air and flew pell-mell into the trunk.

It's not very neat, is it? said Tonks, walking over to the trunk and looking down at the jumble inside. My mum has got this knack of getting stuff to fit itself in neatly. She even gets the socks to fold themselves but I've never mastered how she does it it's a kind of flick

She flicked her wand hopefully; one of Harry's socks gave a feeble sort of wiggle and flopped back on top of the mess within.

I think you'd better make it wider, said Evan, pointing out Tonks's mistake just now. Wave the wand faster.

Really?! Tonks did what Evan said again, waving her wand quickly.

The next second, all of Harry's socks were neatly folded and dropped into the trunk.

Chapter 850: Broomstick Production Plan

Its incredible. I always thought this was my mothers exclusive secret. How did you know it? said Tonks.

Just read more books, I recommend you to read *Detailed Explanations of One Hundred Common Housework Magic*. The magic tricks introduced in it are all more practical, said Evan. This was a book in Hermiones list, which he had read before.

He was very interested in all kinds of magic tricks, which could maximize the effectiveness of spells.

Evan had originally planned to find out the law through statistical reasoning and apply it to other magic.

He had worked out a lot of techniques, but it was still in the early stage of exploration until now.

Reading more books is really helpful, but I always cant get in, said Tonks, slamming the trunks lid shut, and pointing her wand to Hedwigs cage, saying *Scourgify*. A few feathers and droppings vanished.

Its much better now. To be honest, Ive never quite got the hang of these sort of householdy spells. Okay, Harry got everything? Trunk? Cauldron? Broom? Wow! A *Firebolt*?

Her eyes widened as they fell on the broomstick in Harrys right hand. It was Harrys pride and joy, a gift from Sirius, an international standard broomstick

Sirius gave it to me said Harry haltingly.

As Evan had just explained, he knew that Tonks was related to Sirius. She was his cousin.

The rich Black family, this broom is worth all of my wealth, and Im still riding a Comet Two Sixty, said Tonks enviously, Well, get your wand and lets go down. *Locomotor Trunk*.

Harrys trunk rose a few inches into the air. Holding her wand like a conductors baton, Tonks made it hover across the room and out of the door ahead of them, Hedwigs cage in her left hand.

Evan carried Harrys cauldron while Harry took his broomstick and followed her down the stairs.

Back in the kitchen, Moody had replaced his eye, which was spinning so fast after its cleaning it made them feel sick.

Kingsley Shacklebolt and Sturgis Podmore were examining the microwave and Hestia Jones was laughing at a potato peeler she had come across while rummaging in the drawers.

Well leave in about a minute. Black wrote a letter to the Muggle family here in your godfathers name, said Moody, taking out a letter from his pocket. Just when he knew we were coming to take you away, he sent it by mail. He had something to tell your aunt and uncle, and by the way, explain to them why you left and tell them not to worry.

They wont worry. If they come back and find that Im not here, theyll only be happy, said Harry.

I dont know what those Muggles think, roared Moody, looking at Harrys wand that hed stowed into the back pocket of his jeans. Dont put your wand there, Potter. What if it ignited? Better wizards than you have lost buttocks, you know!

Who do you know whos lost a buttock? Tonks asked interestedly.

Never you mind, you just keep your wand out of your back pocket! growled Mad-Eye. Elementary wand safety, nobody bothers about it anymore. And I saw that. Come here, you two, I need to Disillusion you.

Next, Moody cast the Disillusionment Charm on Evan and Harry in turn.

With his wand, he rapped them hard on the top of the head and they felt a curious sensation as though Moody had just smashed an egg there; cold trickles seemed to be running down their bodies from the point the wand had struck.

Evan saw that his body and Harrys beside him had simply taken the exact color and texture of the kitchen unit behind them. They seemed to have become human chameleons.

Before coming here, Moody had already used the Disillusionment Charm on himself. Evan could be sure that Mad-Eye didnt hit so hard at that time. He must be angry about Harrys wand.

With a sullen look, Moody led the crowd out to the beautifully kept lawn.

Harry was studying the broom that Evan was holding, which was not available on the market. It was a bit like the old Moontrimmer hed seen in the *Handbook of Do-It-Yourself-Broomcare*, which had the Scouring Charm on it and was glowing silver light.

The others were studying the Firebolt in Harrys hand, and they didnt hesitate to praise and envy.

Evan was also studying the broom. From the admiration and envy of the people around him, he suddenly realized that making broomsticks was a very profitable and extremely high-end industry, and it was very promising.

He hadnt studied this aspect before, and thought that only young wizards were interested in broomsticks, but it didnt seem to be the case now.

Broomsticks were also very attractive to adult wizards. They were willing to pay more for a broomstick, and they also had this ability.

As the main means of transportation for wizards, broomsticks were like cars in the Muggle world.

The Cleansweep series was a local brand in Britain. Although it was still the mainstream on the market, it was on the decline. It was even less seen abroad. The mainstream brooms, including the Comet series, the Shooting Star, the Silver Arrow, the Nimbus series and the Firebolt were all produced in other European countries, mainly in France, Germany, Spain and concentrated in the United States.

Evan suddenly came up with an idea. Because of the advertising revenue of *Hogwarts Magic News*, the profit share of the Diagon Alley shop, the reward of the Egyptian Ministry of Magic and the looting of Zosers vault, he now had a large sum of Gold Galleons in his hand. Instead of idling there, he should create a broom factory.

The money was enough to meet the cost of product development and production. Evan had several good ideas, even using Alchemy to speed up and improve safety.

If successful, it would be a unique broom on the market, even surpassing the Firebolt.

Evan was confident that he would spread his broom brand all over the world. He was going to discuss it with Hermione after he went back and start implementing it very quickly.

Clear night, grunted Moody, his magical eye scanning the heavens, and the normal eye looking at Harry. Were going to be flying in close formation, with you, kids in the middle. We dont break ranks for anything, got me? If one of us is killed

Is that likely? Harry asked apprehensively, but Moody ignored him.

the others keep flying, dont stop, dont break ranks. When necessary, you can use magic. Evan, you follow Harry and do your best to protect him. If they take out all of us and you survive, Harry, the rear guard are standing by to take over; keep flying east and theyll join you.

Stop being so cheerful, Mad-Eye, hell think were not taking this seriously, said Tonks, as she strapped Harrys trunk, cauldron and Hedwigs cage into a harness hanging from her broom.

Im just telling the boy the plan, growled Moody. Our job is to deliver him safely to headquarters and if we die in the attempt

No ones going to die, said Kingsley Shacklebolt in his deep, calming voice.

Harry, can I mount the Firebolt with you? Evan thought for a while and said, You know, Im not very good at riding broomsticks, and if theres some accident later, I can make you Apparate when necessary. Being discovered by the Ministry of Magic is better than being killed, isnt it?

Harry nodded, his little face full of worry.