

Harry Potter 861

Chapter 861: Lupin and the Werewolves

By the middle of the dinner, Lupin was back.

He Apparated directly in the kitchen, wearing patched, shabby robes and looking exhausted.

Everyone greeted him in a hurry. He sat between Harry and Evan, and Mrs. Weasley brought him a set of cutlery.

Thank you, Molly, I'm so hungry! said Lupin, turning around to look at Harry carefully, Harry, how are you? Sorry I didn't come to pick you up today. I had something important to do

I'm fine, you don't need to blame yourself for this, said Harry hurriedly.

He knew that Professor Lupin had been working for Evan and *Hogwarts Magic* after leaving school.

But he hadn't seen him for quite some time, and he felt warm to meet him now.

How's it going there? Evan asked, filling his goblet with butterbeer.

Not so good. I haven't got into it yet. They don't seem to trust me very much and need more time, said Lupin. The day I disappear, it'll mean that I'm really integrated into them. They live underground and have little communication with the outside world. Then, you may need a new editor-in-chief for the newspaper.

An excellent editor like you is not easy to find said Evan.

Do you have to do it? Harry asked afterward.

He heard Evan talk about what Lupin was doing, and he seemed a little puzzled and worried about it.

The contact with werewolves was very dangerous, why did Lupin have to go?

They don't believe in outsiders. Dumbledore wanted a spy, and here I was ready-made, said Lupin, sounding a little bitter, and perhaps he realized it, for he smiled more warmly as he went on, I am not complaining; it is necessary work and who can do it better than I? However, it has been difficult gaining their trust. I bear the unmistakable signs of having tried to live among wizards, whereas they have shunned normal society and live on the margins, stealing and sometimes killing to eat.

How come they like Voldemort?

They think that, under his rule, they will have a better life. And it is hard to argue with Greyback there.

Fenrir Greyback?! Hermione looked at Lupin, her eyes widened, and said worriedly, Lupin, are you in contact with him?

She had always remembered the werewolf attack a few years ago, and the brutality of Greyback also left a deep impression on her.

Hearing Greyback's name, the pleasant chatting in the room suddenly stopped, and everyone was looking at Lupin.

Because of the attack on Evan and Hermione, everyone knew about Greyback, the most savage werewolf alive today.

The terrible thing about Greyback was that he regarded it as his mission in life to bite and to contaminate as many people as possible. He wanted to create enough werewolves to overcome the wizards, and he also specialized in attacking children and underage wizards. He usually bit them young, and then took them away from their parents and raised them to hate normal wizards.

The werewolf problem in the wizarding world was so serious and, to a large extent, it was caused by Greyback.

Everyone hated him to death, including other werewolves, but they were also very afraid of him and obeyed his brutal rule.

It was precisely because of Greyback that Lupin became a werewolf, and his hatred for him was even more unforgettable.

Remus, you said too much, you shouldn't tell them these things, said Mrs. Weasley unhappy.

You're right, Molly, can I have some more bread? said Lupin gently, noticing the abnormality around him, You don't have to worry, I'll settle all this. By the way, Evan, how was your trip to Egypt with Hermione? Did everything go well?

It went well, and the harvest was beyond imagination.

During this trip to Egypt, Evan had achieved his original goal, successfully learned the secret of the *Emerald Tablet*

, and made a breakthrough in Alchemy.

Although it was a pity he couldn't venture into the Ruins of Amun Ra, it also avoided danger.

Not to mention, there was also the treasure of the Goblin Zoser as compensation, he got a lot of valuable items.

Because Evan mentioned the goblin, he and Lupin and Mr. Weasley had an intense discussion about the matter.

I've contacted the goblins of Gringotts before, and they're not giving anything away yet, said Mr. Weasley. Of course, they might prefer not to take sides at all, and keep out of it. As far as my personal opinion, I think those cunning goblins would never go over to You-Know-Who. They've suffered heavy losses last time and they will not repeat the same mistakes.

That depends on what they're offered, said Lupin. I'm not talking about gold. The goblins want something more important. If they're offered freedoms we've been denying them for centuries they're going to be tempted.

Voldemort might use his power to force the goblins to obey him. He doesn't have the patience to negotiate with them, said Evan. Of course, that would certainly cause the division of Gringotts

The turbulent world of magic, this is really bad enough, said Mr. Weasley. Bill will be back soon. He applied for a desk job. Then he'll be responsible for communicating with the goblins. He can't. At this moment, a gale of laughter from the middle of the table drowned the rest of his words.

Mundungus was telling a joke about his business. Fred, George, Ron, and Mundungus were rolling around in their seats.

I don't think we need to hear any more of your business dealings, thank you very much, Mundungus, said Mrs. Weasley sharply.

Sorry, Molly! said Mundungus at once, heedless of her warning.

Ron slumped forward onto the table, howling with laughter.

Fred and George buried their faces in their goblets of butterbeer; George was hiccupping.

Mrs. Weasley threw a very nasty look at Mr. Weasley before getting to her feet and going to fetch a large rhubarb crumble for pudding.

Molly doesn't approve of Mundungus very much. She doesn't like him, said Mr. Weasley in an undertone, shrugging his shoulders. I shouldn't have invited him to stay for dinner tonight. Molly thinks he's going too far. Yes, she hasn't forgiven him for slipping off duty when he was supposed to be tailing Harry.

Mundungus is a crook, but he's very loyal to Dumbledore, who helped him out of a tight spot once. It also pays to have someone like Dung around, he hears things we don't, said Lupin. Sirius strongly agreed to let him join the Order of the Phoenix. By the way, Evan, after dinner, can I talk to you alone? I have something to tell you about Greyback.

Chapter 862: The Dispute

Greyback? Evan had also always remembered the werewolf, not forgetting the fear he'd brought to him and Hermione.

If he were to meet Greyback again, Evan would definitely make him pay a sufficient price in return for the past.

He'd used the Corrosion Curse to leave an indelible mark on Greyback's face before, and meeting him again, it would be more than that curse.

For this hopeless guy, there was no room to show mercy.

Three helpings of rhubarb crumble, followed by custard, and the dessert prepared by Kreacher, and Evan was soon full.

The conversation at the dinner table gradually calmed down. Harry kept touching his stomach, listening absently as Hermione was talking to him about her trip to Egypt, and Mrs. Weasley was asking about Bill from time to time.

Ron was yawning and staring blankly at the ceiling. Fred and George were leaning together and whispering. Beside them, Mr. Weasley was leaning back in his chair, looking replete and relaxed.

Tonks was yawning widely, her nose now back to normal.

Mundungus was still looking carefully at the silver plate in front of him, pondering.

Ginny, who had lured Crookshanks out from under the dresser, was sitting cross-legged on the floor, rolling butterbeer corks for him to chase.

Nearly time for bed, I think, said Mrs. Weasley on a yawn, and she stood up.

Wait, Harry! said Lupin suddenly, quietly looking around. I hope you and Evan could stay, Im going to tell you something about Voldemort and our current progress

The atmosphere in the room changed with the rapidity that could be associated with the arrival of Dementors. Where seconds before it had been sleepily relaxed, it was now alert, even tense.

Can I know, then?! said Harry hurriedly. I asked before, but they said Im not allowed in the Order of the Phoenix.

And theyre quite right, said Mrs. Weasley. Youre too young to know these things.

She was sitting bolt upright in her chair, her fists clenched upon its arms, every trace of drowsiness gone.

It has nothing to do with age, Molly. Evan and Harry have got the right to know whats been happening. They have witnessed the resurrection of Voldemort, said Lupin. In fact, after knowing that Harry was attacked by Dementors, Sirius wrote me a private letter, and he entrusted me to tell Harry everything. I took the time to come back tonight, just for this matter.

Remus, you know Siriuuss character. Hes too reckless

In this matter, I think what he said makes sense, we cant hide it from them, if Lupin said.

Hang on! interrupted George loudly. How come Evan and Harry know the truth about everything?

Yes, its not fair, said Fred angrily. Weve been trying to get stuff out of you for a month and you havent told us a single stinking thing. Evan and Harry have just come and youre going to tell them both.

Youre too young, youre not in the Order! said Mrs. Weasley.

Evan and Harry are not even of age!

Enough, as your mother, Im responsible for you. You shouldnt know about this kind of thing, said Mrs. Weasley, her voice rising, her fists trembling on the arms of her chair. This is a secret of the Order of the Phoenix and should not be disclosed. Besides, I dont see any help in knowing these things except to make you think all day long.

Sirius has made up his mind to tell Harry these things, and if I dont, hell write to them, or come back from Norway right away. Personally, I think it better that they get the facts not all the facts, but the general picture from us, rather than a garbled version from others. said Lupin gently. Its very necessary to do this, Molly. Its better than keeping them in the dark. Theres a sentence in Sirius letter that I agree with: Only through the tempering of challenges can we help them grow up. Excessive protection is not a good thing.

This was Siriuuss feeling after seeing Evans performance during his trip to Sicily in Italy.

If it werent for the sudden need to contact the vampires in Norway, he would have even taken Harry on an adventure.

I don't agree with Sirius's concept. He acts too rashly and does not have the responsibility of an adult. Mrs. Weasley refused to give in. These children are not ready to meet the challenge. It's irresponsible to do this

Molly, you're not the only person at this table who cares about Evan, Harry, and these children, said Lupin sharply. On the contrary, I think it's very responsible to tell them these things.

Well, Molly, Dumbledore also accepts that they will have to be filled in to a certain extent. Now that they're staying at headquarters, we cannot prevent them from knowing the truth, said Mr. Weasley cautiously.

I think Evan, Harry and the children ought to be allowed a say in this, Lupin continued. They're old enough to decide for themselves.

I want to know what's been going on, Harry said at once, and the others agreed.

Evan wasn't really interested, he knew much more than Harry and the others, and more than anyone could imagine.

As for what he didn't know, he had just to ask Dumbledore or Sirius to get the answer. His situation was different from Harry's and they didn't have to hide anything from him.

In fact, there were many things about which they should ask Evan's opinion, which would make things easier.

Well, said Mrs. Weasley, breathing deeply and looking around the table for support that did not come. Well, I can see I'm going to be overruled. I'll just say this: Dumbledore must have had his reasons for not wanting Harry to know too much. I hope that the conversation in a while will pay attention to this. Now, Ginny, Ron, Hermione, Fred, George, I want you out of this kitchen, back to your rooms, right away!

There was instant uproar.

Were of age! Fred and George bellowed together.

If Evan and Harry are allowed, why can't I? shouted Ron.

Mum, I want to! wailed Ginny.

NO! shouted Mrs. Weasley, standing up, her eyes overbright. I absolutely forbid

Chapter 863: The progress

Molly, you can't stop Fred and George, said Mr. Weasley wearily. They are of age.

They're still at school.

But they're legally adults now, said Mr. Weasley in the same tired voice.

I oh, all right then, Fred and George can stay, but Ron Mrs. Weasley was now scarlet in the face.

Evan and Harry will tell me and Hermione everything you say anyway! said Ron hotly. Won't you? he added uncertainly, meeting Harry's eyes.

For a split second, Harry considered telling Ron that he wouldn't tell him a single word, that he could try a taste of being kept in the dark and see how he liked it. But the nasty impulse vanished as they looked at each other.

Of course I will, said Harry, and Ron's eyes brightened.

As for Evan, if he knew something, he might not tell Ron, but he would certainly not keep Hermione in the dark.

He'd even told her about the Titan of Time, the evil gods, and many secrets, this fact of Voldemort was nothing.

In fact, Evan was not too interested in listening to what Lupin and Mr. Weasley were about to tell them.

At this point, he intended to study the structure of the broomsticks or to find some magic books in the library of the Black family below.

The last time he came here, he was in a hurry and took only a small part of the Dark magic books.

There were many other magic books in the library, as well as various materials collected by the ancestors of the Blacks.

As the oldest family of pure-blood wizards, they might have left some unknown secrets.

But seeing the expectant expressions of Harry, Ron and the others, he decided to stay first.

Lupin had just talked about Greyback, and he was also a bit curious, wondering what this cruel werewolf was going to do.

Fine! shouted Mrs. Weasley. So, Ginny BED!

Ginny did not go quietly. They could hear her raging and storming at her mother all the way up the stairs.

In the hall, Mrs. Black's earsplitting shrieks were added to the din. Lupin hurried off to the portrait to restore calm and waited five minutes before returning.

Compared with Sirius, he was relatively conservative, and he also knew where the measure and the bottom line were.

Lupin told them the latest progress, answered Harry's questions, and made everyone clearly aware of the current situation in the wizarding world, but did not reveal the secrets related to the core of the Order of the Phoenix.

No matter what Harry, Fred, and George asked, he didn't say anything, which made Mrs. Weasley look a little better.

Among the information he said, Evan cared about only two aspects.

The first was about what Sirius was doing in Norway. He seemed to have made contact with vampires. He didn't know how Elaine was now and whether Voldemort had helped her and her uncle solve the trouble.

As for the second thing, it was about the werewolf Greyback whod vowed to take revenge on Evan and dig out his heart. He was obviously still obsessed with Evan, and never forgot the humiliation of three years ago.

Lupin told Evan not to leave Hogwarts in the new semester, and not to go to Hogsmeade without company.

He was worried that someone in the school would provide information to Voldemort and Greyback, and an attack similar to three years ago would happen again.

This made Harry, Ron, and Hermione very nervous, but Evan didnt worry much.

He wanted Greyback to come again to find him, and then he would make him pay for what hed done.

Well, Remus, youve told them more than enough! said Mrs. Weasley. Now, I want you all to go straight to bed, no talking. Weve got a busy day tomorrow.

She then said to Hermione, I expect Ginnys asleep, so try not to wake her up.

Asleep, yeah, right, said Fred in an undertone. Thats it.

If Ginnys not lying awake waiting for Hermione to tell her everything they said downstairs, then Im a Flobberworm! said George in a low voice.

Accompanied by Mrs. Weasley, they went upstairs, and Hermione bade them good night on the first landing.

She and Ginny lived on the first floor, Evan, Harry, and Ron were in a room on the second floor, and Fred and George occupied another room on the top floor.

Looking at Hermiones eyes, Evan knew that she had something to say to him, but this occasion was not appropriate.

Evan blinked and shook Hermiones small hand firmly.

He had agreed with Hermione before, and when everyone was asleep, he would use Animagus to deform and sneak out

They could do the same after returning to school later. Two cats wandering in the school didnt have to worry about being spotted.

Their small size ensured that they could move quickly in any terrain, and could get in if there was a hole.

Under Mrs. Weasleys gaze, Evan, Harry, and Ron walked into the room, and she closed the door with a sharp snap.

Evan and Harrys beds had obviously been added, built with magic. But the sheets and beddings above were really brand new, giving a very comfortable feeling.

This looks great! Evan took off his coat and put on his pajamas.

The house-elf cleaned it up. He is very concerned about your two beds, said Ron. Hes never made the mattress for me. There are several empty rooms upstairs, though sometimes members of the Order of the Phoenix stay overnight.

He threw Owl Treats up on top of the wardrobe to pacify Hedwig and Pigwidgeon, who were clattering around and rustling their wings restlessly.

Why dont you let them out? Harry asked, Hedwig will take care of herself.

We cant let them out to hunt every night, Ron explained as he pulled on his maroon pajamas. Dumbledore doesnt want too many owls swooping around the square; he thinks itll look suspicious.

A few minutes later, the three climbed onto their beds. There was only the silvery light of the moon.

What do you reckon about what Lupin said? Harry asked, staring at Evan in a daze, I dont think its of any practical value, is it? He didnt tell us much we couldnt have guessed. We already knew that the Order of the Phoenix is trying to stop people joining Voldemorts army. Thats why Evan, Sirius, and Hagrid went to find the giants a few months ago.

Yeah, youre right! said Ron. We already knew nearly everything he told us, from using the Extendable Ears. Theres nothing new. Mum and Lupin are watertight. Theyre always very careful when talking

There was a silence in the room, and Evan noticed that Harry and Ron were looking at him.

Obviously, they all thought he had new information here and expected him to tell them both.

Chapter 864: Night Talk

Lupin didnt tell us that much confidential information, but he still revealed a lot of useful information, said Evan carefully, and, by the way, reorganized his thoughts. We know that there are three main things Voldemort is doing. Firstly, he wants to build up his army again. Hes certainly not going to try and take on the Ministry of Magic with only a dozen Death Eaters.

Yeah, we know about this, thats why you went out looking for giants some time ago, said Harry, looking at Evans outline lying on the bed, Ive only got a rough idea from your letter. I havent heard you talk about it in detail.

I also want to know how powerful those giants are, Ron followed. How did you

There was a loud crack!

OUCH!

Keep your voice down, Ron, or Mum will be back up here. Freds voice sounded in the darkness.

You two just Apparated on my knees!

Yeah, well, its harder in the dark. George continued.

Evan saw the blurred outlines of Fred and George leaping down from Rons bed, and Fred sat next to Ron.

There was a groan of bedsprings and Harrys mattress descended a few inches as George sat down near his feet.

What are you discussing? George asked. There wasnt much valuable in Lupins words.

We were listening to Evan talk about giants, Ron grumbled.

He gripped his quilt tightly as Fred tugged on the other side.

That's an interesting topic. What's the difference between those giants and the trolls, except that they are taller, aren't they the same stupid?

I heard that they can uproot a big tree and directly swallow their prey alive

Shhh! said Fred, half-rising from the bed, holding his breath, What's this sound?

There was a slight sound of footsteps coming up the stairs, followed by a soft knock on the door.

It's us, open the door!

It's Hermione and Ginny! George said, and hurriedly got up and went to open the door.

The two of them stood there in their pajamas, barefoot, wary of being seen.

Mum has just gone down! Ginny jumped in, followed George and sat next to Ron.

The two of us couldn't sleep. The thought of what Lupin's said just now made our heads messy.

Hermione hesitated and climbed onto Evan's bed.

She pushed him to the side in the darkness, and unceremoniously pulled the quilt on herself.

Regarding Hermione putting her feet into Evan's bed, the others around were not surprised. Anyway, the two of them were now intimate friends. Not to mention this slightly intimate behavior, there was no need to make a fuss even if they lay together.

But Hermione was shy, and she was embarrassed to lie down with Evan in front of so many people.

If she were to do it, it had to be discreet

Under the quilt, Evan could feel Hermione's feet and lower legs, and the softness caused a slight flutter in his heart.

Since it was delivered to his door voluntarily, there was no saying. He took the initiative to smooth out the quilt to Hermione's side, and pulled her right foot.

Hermione was sitting there with her arms crossed, but her right leg was suddenly pulled over and she was shocked.

She forced back for a while, but did not succeed. So she did not dare to move or struggle, for fear of being seen.

She glared at Evan, and she didn't know if it was too dark or if Evan was too bold, it didn't work at all.

The next second, Hermione felt Evan's hand getting a bit too adventurous, and it kept stroking through the sole and instep of her foot.

His touch seemed to be magical, itchy and numbing, which made her feel an electric sensation.

With Evan's touch, a heat flow followed her blood from the bottom up.

Shed come here to discuss serious matters, how did this suddenly happen?

If she had known, she wouldnt have sat next to Evan. Now she was simply trapped here.

Well, now that everyone is here. It seems that everyone cant sleep and wants to continue talking about Voldemorts, said Evan, stroking through Hermiones little foot with both hands and pulling her left foot over. We can talk about the giants tomorrow. Ive had a lot of things during this trip with Sirius, Hagrid, and Madame Maxime. We cant finish talking about it overnight. Lets talk about Voldemorts current plan first.

Thats why were here, said Fred. Evan, what do you think the Dark Lord is going to do?

Everyone looked at him, and everyone knew that Evan had many sources of intelligence that they didnt know. In everyones impression, he knew almost everything.

As I said just now, hes going to rebuild his army first, said Evan quickly, lowering his voice. Just look at the past information and youll know that Voldemort had huge numbers at his command in the old days; witches and wizards hed bullied or bewitched into following him, his faithful Death Eaters, giants, werewolves, and a great variety of Dark creatures.

Much stronger than it is now, said Hermione, blushing, feeling Evan tickling the sole of her foot.

Yeah! Evan nodded.

Lupins said that the Order of the Phoenix is trying to stop people joining him.

Yeah, but he didnt finish. We have to analyze the rest, Evan continued. The most powerful and loyal of Voldemorts followers are the Death Eaters, and where is the main force of those Death Eaters?

When Voldemort fell, many of the Death Eaters whod supported him were arrested and put on trial.

The Death Eaters who stayed outside now were either extremely cunning or insignificant.

You mean Azkaban? Harry understood the meaning of Evans words, his eyes widened suddenly, and he said in disbelief, Oh my God, Voldemort wants to attack Azkaban and save those Death Eaters!

The others were taken aback by this sentence, but the more they thought about it, the more they realized it was possible.

The truly loyal to Voldemort and capable Death Eaters were locked in Azkaban, and he was definitely going to get them out.

Voldemort doesnt have to attack Azkaban. The Dementors are with him.

Yeah, thats it! said Harry quickly, seeming to have grasped the point of the matter. Ive been attacked by Dementors the other day was it because the Dementors have joined Voldemort?

Did this mean that Azkaban would soon fall, and all the prisoners inside would come out?

Chapter 865: Full Counterattack

In the room, the moonlight was filtering in through the grimy window, and everyone could only see the fuzzy outlines of the others.

Under the quilt, Evan was gently kneading and playing with Hermiones delicate and dainty foot.

The delicate skin, the fleshy instep, the creamy pink soles, the petite toes tightly close together
Hermiones foot was not big, and the widest part was not as big as Evans palm.

It was very well-proportioned, smooth and round, as though boneless, good at touch.

What started as a casual gesture, however, became something he didnt want to let go once held in his hand.

Evans movements were very light, just gently kneading, but Hermione seemed to be greatly stimulated.

A feeling of itching and numbness spread from the sole of her foot, especially at the thought that everyone was paying close attention to discussing Voldemort and Azkaban, but she and Evan were secretly doing such things, and the sense of shame increased linearly.

Hermione did not dislike it, but she was rather shy. She wanted to retract her foot, but Evan didnt let go.

She didnt dare to use any force, and she had to keep a normal appearance as though nothing was happening, for fear of being discovered

With Evans movements going on, Hermiones strength was fading. If this continued, she would fall into Evans arms again like that night.

If shed known, she would have worn socks instead of being barefoot.

No, if she had worn socks, Evan could also take them off

Ah!

It might be that Evan used a little more strength, and she couldnt help but yelled softly.

Hermione thought it was going to be bad, but no one noticed her. Everyone was immersed in the Dementors allegiance to Voldemort.

It was a normal reasoning, but they didnt think of it until Evan said it. Or to be more precise, they didnt dare to think about it.

If the Dementors join You-Know-Who, will Peter Pettigrew come out too?

Ron wrinkled his nose, recalling his bad memories.

They all still remembered what Peter Pettigrew had done.

Hed once killed a whole street of Muggles and put the blame on Sirius. Hed hidden in Weasleys house as a rat for thirteen years. In order to escape Sirius hunt again, hed used the Imperius Curse to control Ron and planned a series of conspiracies at school.

Whenever Ron recalled this experience, he put all these things and terrible thoughts on Peter.

This made him feel better, and he even blamed him for ordinary things hed done.

He had really thought Peter was a pet rat. He thought about every night he slept alone with him. He even slept in the same bed with Scabbers. Ron felt that this evil Dark wizard must have done something to him

Peter Pettigrew is not the only prisoner in Azkaban, said Harry, with a strange, gloomy feeling deep in his heart.

He remembered seeing Barty Crouch Jr. and Bellatrix during the trial last semester in the Pensieve. She was a tall woman of white skin, and heavily-lidded eyes with long eyelashes. She was also said to be a relative of Sirius.

She was on trial at the time and publicly stated that she continued to be loyal to Voldemort, and said that she was proud of her trying to find him after Voldemort lost power, and that she firmly believed that she would be rewarded for her loyalty one day.

Now that Voldemort was back, she must be released too and get the coveted reward.

Yeah, among the many prisoners in Azkaban, Peter Pettigrew is certainly not the most dangerous! said Evan in agreement, He has more or less conscience, and has a weak personality, mediocre ability, and hes easy to deal with. Hes only the worst among the Death Eaters. Youve all seen the methods of Barty Crouch Jr., in fact, there are many prisoners as dangerous as him in Azkaban even crazier.

We should tell Dumbledore about this and let him be prepared, said Harry.

Since even us, weve thought of it, Dumbledore must have known it too. Hermione shook her head and said, He must have told the Ministry too, but Fudge wont believe him, he must think hes talking nonsense.

Then what should we do? Watch Azkaban jailbreak and do nothing?

There was silence. If Fudge didnt want to believe them, there was really no way.

It was impossible for the Order of the Phoenix to take care of Azkaban. If they did so, they would face Dementors, Death Eaters, and a large number of Dark wizards from inside and outside, and the entire army would be wiped out.

Its not that there is no way. We can publicize this matter in public opinion and force the Ministry of Magic to take action, said Evan slowly. Its hard to say how effective itll be, but its not as though we have no defense at all. Harrys attack by Dementors is a good opportunity to make everyone realize that the Dementors are not reliable and there are already Dementors out of the control of the Ministry of Magic.

But the Ministry of Magic does not allow our newspaper to publish these things.

He just said that it is not allowed to publish the story of Voldemorts return. Furthermore, Fudges control of public opinion is not legal, said Evan. This is the right that the Minister of magic can exercise when there is a war in the wizarding world, but Fudge is not willing to admit that the war has begun. So he has no right to restrict our freedom of speech.

What are you going to do, Evan?

Directly print and distribute this report, and on this basis, publish all the things that the Ministry of Magic does not want to disclose.

But if the Ministry of Magic stops

Then we will sue and fight them according to their own laws, said Evan firmly.

By doing so, the wizarding world could be prepared ahead of time, so as not to be alarmed by Voldemorts sudden appearance.

Anyway, its time to start fighting back! Evan continued, We cant do nothing and watch the worst happen. When the members of the Order of the Phoenix fight Death Eaters on the frontal battlefield, we have a public opinion war. By the way, I think we can find Rita Skeeter to write the story about Harrys attack. Shes the most famous reporter. Although its usually made up, many people are willing to believe what she writes. At the same time, she will certainly be willing to help us

Since her identity of Animagus had been discovered by Evan and Hermione, Rita had been unemployed until now.

She definitely needed a new job now, and Evan also needed her help to fight back against the Ministry of Magic. In the six months since Voldemorts resurrection, the crackdown on them by the Ministry of magic had reached its peak, and now it was time to fight back.

Because of their status, Dumbledore and the Order of the Phoenix did not have many things they could do, nor were they capable of doing them.

But Evan was not restricted. They couldnt put him in Azkaban just because he was telling the truth.

Chapter 866: Learning Spells

Evan was going to write a letter to Rita Skeeter and ask her to come out and meet. He and Hermione would be in charge of this.

The second thing Voldemort needed to do now, in addition to recruiting his henchmen, was to figure out why hed failed.

Hed been defeated by Harry twice in a row, especially in his resurrection ceremony against Harrys wand. The virtual shadows of those whod been killed by him appeared one after another, which definitely made him doubt himself. He needed to know the complete prophecy of that year.

Voldemort must have attributed his failure to the incomplete prophecy and his wand.

It was conceivable that it wouldnt be long before he would find out his wand problem and enter the pit that Dumbledore had dug for him in advance.

When we went down to the kitchen to eat, youve all seen the parchment on the table, said Evan.

Ive seen it it looked like some architectural drawing.

Yeah, Fred and George said before that members of the Order of the Phoenix were guarding something to prevent Voldemort from getting it

Hang on isnt Harry what theyre protecting? said Ron.

He was still thinking about Azkaban and the Dementors, and he didnt keep up with Evans thoughts.

Its not Harry, but something else; otherwise they wouldnt have put those parchments on tonights meeting, said Hermione, thinking of the drawing shed seen at the time. It was indeed a plan of a building

Although her feet were being held by Evan, Hermiones heart was rippling, but her thoughts were not affected.

As she got used to it, Hermione calmed down, and Evans stomach beneath her feet was soft, warm and comfortable.

Despite appearing somewhat lean, the sensation of pressing down on it was not what she expected. It must be so. Something is kept in that building.

Whats that thing? Harry asked.

Not sure yet. Evan couldnt say everything and look too omnipotent. He was thinking about how to use Voldemort and the Death Eaters to get into the Department of Mysteries. Should he act according to the original plot or cooperate with the Order of the Phoenix?

The former was undoubtedly the most convenient way to paralyze Voldemort, but it was very dangerous.

It was not a good idea to have a group of young wizards fight the Death Eaters.

Maybe he could bend the rules, let them think that their plan was successful, and that they had deceived the Order of the Phoenix.

But in fact it was the exact opposite, an ambush

Something kept by Dumbledore and the Order of the Phoenix, I think it might be a weapon, said Fred suddenly.

Yeah, a weapon he didnt have when he was powerful before, George continued.

What do you reckon it is? Harry asked, looking around at everyone in the room.

Could be anything, said Fred, obviously excited.

Im not so sure, and I dont know what weapon will have such great power, but there cant be anything more powerful than the Avada Kedavra curse, can there? said Ron. Whats worse than death?

Hard to say. Maybe its something that can kill loads of people at once, suggested George.

Maybe its some particularly painful way of killing people, said Ron fearfully.

Hes got the Cruciatus Curse for causing pain, said Harry. He doesnt need anything more efficient than that.

Hermione and Ginny also said their guesses, which were rejected one by one.

Evan, do you know any weapon or magical item powerful enough to bring long- lasting fear to people?

There are too many, I recommend you to read the *Catalogue of Legendary Magical Items*. Most of the top legendary magical items included in it have amazing powers and can bring great disaster or fear to the world, said Evan.

Those are all legends, and everything in the book is missing, said Ron. Its unknown whether they ever existed.

The legend is not entirely fabricated.

Anyway, since there's such a weapon, we must help the members of the Order of the Phoenix guard it, said Hermione suddenly, seemingly determined.

What can we do? said Ron in panic. Fight a group of extremely evil Death Eaters? This is crazy

If Evan and Harry can, so can we! said Hermione, not as shy as before. I've been thinking about it. Since Voldemort is back, if we want to fight him and protect ourselves, we must learn some real magic, not those defensive techniques, but practical spells that can be used in gladiatorial combat, even restricted-level Dark magic.

Ron looked at her in surprise, absolutely thinking Hermione was crazy.

All the others were staring at Hermione, and Evans hand stopped. Wouldn't Hermione want to put forward the concept of Dumbledores Army?

Evan can be responsible for teaching us the spells, and Harry also has a lot of combat experience. That's what we lack, said Hermione. We can learn it now, and we can use it when we fight Voldemort in the future.

It's OK with me! said Evan, realizing that Hermiones train of thought hadn't expanded to the scale of forming Dumbledores Army.

But this idea was really good. They could fight Voldemort and the Death Eaters on their own. Helping them to enhance their strength could be not only a powerful helper but also a protection for everyone.

Once the war started, any accident could happen, and only if they were strong enough could they be safer.

Evan didn't want someone to be killed in battle. That was not what he wanted to live with.

If there's no objection said Hermione, her eyes sweeping across every face.

Objection, are you kidding? said Fred. That's a great idea, Hermione!

I've always wanted to learn magic with Evan. I dare say that many people in the school dream about this, George followed. Evan, do you know any powerful Dark Magic?

Evan is the most powerful wizard I know, second only to Dumbledore, said Ginny, looking at Evan with scorching eyes.

I have no objection either, Harry followed.

He had usually received a lot of help from Evan, including various spell casting methods. But it was indeed the first time to study systematically like this, and he also looked forward to what Evan would teach them.

Everyone knew what Evan had experienced and done before. There were many things that were simply miracles.

His strength had been recognized, and there was no problem in teaching everyone magic. He was simply overqualified.

If Hermione hadn't mentioned it, the others might have been embarrassed to say it. After all, everyone knew Evan was very busy.

Only the relationship between Hermione and Evan could be unreserved. This was purely for everyone's welfare.

Chapter 867: Plans and Arrangements

Seeing everyone looking at him, Ron also nodded hurriedly.

Very well, since everyone agrees, we need to plan what to do. Naturally it's summer vacation now. When we get back to Hogwarts, we have to make sure how often and where to meet said Hermione.

I think once a week is good, so that it won't conflict with our Quidditch training.

Once a week is enough! said Evan. There were many things in magic that needed a lot of individual practice and contemplation.

However, he didn't mind giving Hermione a one-on-one 24-hour tutoring.

And where are we going to meet?

Maybe the library

I can't see Madam Pince being too chuffed with us doing jinxes in the library.

Maybe an unused classroom? Ginny suggested.

That also requires the consent of the professors. By the way, Professor McGonagall might let us use her classroom, said Harry. She did when we helped Ron practicing for the Triwizard Tournament last semester.

During these extraordinary times, she was more than willing to help everyone improve their skills, provided no one objected within the school.

The empty classroom used to print the newspaper before is also good

There's a large space behind the mirror on the third floor, where George and I often test our products.

Well, we'll study this matter after we get back. I think the place we're looking for should be highly confidential.

They talked excitedly for a while, very interested in this matter, wondering what magic Evan would teach them.

Evan intended to teach them the Auror-related knowledge that Sirius had imparted to him.

Compared with the scattered and esoteric magic that he had mastered, these contents were more systematic and less difficult, and could also help everyone quickly improve their combat abilities.

In the case magic could not break through rapid growth, practical combat skills were particularly necessary.

In the process of his recent research on ancient magic and the last wizarding civilization, Evan had found that compared with the wizards of a thousand years ago and the older spellcasters, the main reason for the sharp decline in power of the current wizards was that their magical power was too weak.

Because their magical power was too weak, they could not cast most of the spells of the previous times.

As for the reason why the magical power could not grow rapidly, it seemed to be related to the battle of the ancient warlocks to kill the gods

Thousands of years ago, wizards still had many ways to improve their magical power. Now, these methods and magical items had gradually disappeared, which had led to the retrograde development of the entire wizarding world and the decline of the wizarding civilization.

Correspondingly, the use of wands to cast spells had made rapid progress, and had rapidly grown and become the mainstream of the wizarding world.

Magic and Muggle science had become increasingly intertwined, giving rise to a plethora of new everyday spells.

The wizarding world's overall casting level had declined, but it had become more colorful.

After all, not everyone needed the power of Dumbledore and Voldemort. Too strong power would hinder the fusion of the wizarding world and the Muggle world.

Evan had been trapped by his own magical limitations for a long time, unable to cast those powerful spells.

Had it not been for the help of the Philosophers Stone, Slytherin's Locket, and several adventures, he would have been no different from ordinary young wizards.

At best, he would have known more about magic, just like Hermione. Everyone knew that Hermione had read a lot of books and mastered a lot of spells, but her strength was not much better than the others.

The reason lied in this. If there was no new Philosophers Stone, Evans experience of becoming stronger could not be successfully replicated.

Even if they were taught powerful magic, the most likely result would be loss of control and inability to master.

For example, when Evan used Fiendfyre for the first time in Aragog's Lair, he couldn't control it at all, and he hurried away after casting it.

It was not until Voldemort resurrected that he used it again and completely mastered this powerful Dark magic.

Now that the Philosophers Stone was mentioned, Evans thoughts shifted to the remaining three pieces.

He needed to use a Time-Turner to ask Ravenclaw for her piece. As for Hufflepuff and Slytherin's pieces, he had only sporadic clues until now, and he still didn't know what difficulties to overcome and what challenges to complete so as to get them.

The Four Founders had left these four Philosophers Stones as keys to the secret treasure. Only the wizard who passed the tests they'd left and was recognized could get these Philosophers Stones. As for the secret treasure, there were key items to save Hogwarts from the evil gods.

It took another five minutes before the topic returned to the thing guarded by the members of the Order of the Phoenix.

Speaking of this, who do you think has got this terrible weapon now? asked George.

I hope its our side, said Ron, sounding slightly nervous.

If it is, Dumbledores probably keeping it, said Fred. Thats why theyve drawings of the building. They built or modified a building like this to keep that item.

Where? said Ron quickly. Hogwarts?

Bet it is! said George. Think about it. Thats where he hid the Philosophers Stone.

A weapons going to be a lot bigger than the Stone, though! said Ron.

Not necessarily, said Fred.

Yeah, size is no guarantee of power, said George, with a familiar smirk on his face. Look at our little sister.

Ginny made a cat-like noise, and George and Fred scurried away.

What do you mean, whats wrong with Ginny?

Evan, Harry, youve never been on the receiving end of one of her Bat-Bogey Hexes, have you? said Fred with a smile.

Thats the most powerful spell Ive ever seen. Its amazing. George hid in Harrys bed.

Fred, George! Ginny was rushing towards them, her face red.

She took a furtive look at Harry and saw nothing but a vague outline in the dark.

Quiet, theres a sound outside! Fred stopped suddenly and let Ginny grab hold of him.

They heard footsteps coming up the stairs and then someone opening the door from outside.

Oh, no, its Mum! said George, and without further ado there was a loud crack and Harry felt the weight vanish from the end of his bed.

Fred also Disappeared, with Ginny beside him and left the room.

Hermione straightened up suddenly. They didnt take her with them.

Mrs Weasley was about to come in. How could she explain it if she found her sitting on Evans bed?

In an instant, Hermiones body turned into a kitten and hid under Evans pajamas.

This situation was too familiar; it was simply an instinctive reaction of the body.

Evan rolled in, hugged Hermione close to his body and covered her with the quilt with the other hand.

Harry and Ron also hurriedly pretended to be sleeping. A few seconds later, they heard the floorboard creak outside their door

Chapter 868: Mrs. Weasley's Rounds

It was not the first time Evan and Hermione had been in this position, but this time Hermione went straight into Evans pajamas.

He wasn't wearing anything under them, and he felt Hermione crawling up cautiously from his belly against his skin.

Under the pressure of the clothes, the kitten lay on Evans stomach, sliding all fours upwards forcefully

Soft and small, this kitten could touch the most vulnerable part of Evans heart.

If possible, Evan hoped Hermione could stay still in one place.

When she did this, a strange feeling spread to his whole body along the places she touched.

Maybe it was because of the fur that made him itch, but he dared not move.

After Hermione left Evans soft belly and came to his strong chest, the difficulty of going up decreased, but her speed noticeably slowed down.

Because she heard Evans heartbeat, which had never been so clear. The sound of thumping, thumping, made Hermione feel for the first time that Evan was so close to her.

She felt like her heartbeat was about to merge with Evans, and she moved upward again, stopping where the heartbeat sound was clearest.

Raising her head and looking up, she could vaguely see Evans chin from the wrinkled collar above.

Evan breathed a sigh of relief. Hermione finally stopped moving.

He could feel Mrs. Weasley standing by Harry's bed for a moment and then coming to his side.

Maybe it was because the clothes were too stuffy, or maybe because the temperature was too high, Hermione was lying in the position where Evans heart was beating and her head was blank.

The next second, almost unconsciously, she stuck out her tongue and licked the place where the heart was beating below.

The cat's tongue had subtle fleshy thorns, giving a cool, tingling, and ticklish sensation when it licked.

Evan froze for a moment, and then realized that Hermione was licking his left breast

This was too exciting. Did the girl even know what she was doing?

Mrs. Weasley was already standing behind him. Afraid that she would see something abnormal, Evan didn't dare to move and he felt stiff.

Hermione licked a few times before realizing what she was doing, and stopped hurriedly.

She was hot all over her body and rubbed the wet place where she'd just licked with her paws. Hermione rubbed back and forth, trying to wipe the marks off. She didn't know that the stimulation would be greater in this way.

Evan was left itching inside, almost wanting to discipline this naughty cat right then and there.

Just a few seconds seemed to be as long as several centuries.

Especially when Mrs. Weasley bent down to help Evan pull the quilt; the boy and the cat were even more nervous.

Finally, after she left and they heard the sound of the door closing, Hermione came out from Evans collar.

She doesnt trust us at all, you know, said Ron regretfully, opening his eyes, too.

Harry was sure he would not be able to fall asleep; the evening had been so packed with things to think about that he fully expected to lie awake for hours mulling it all over.

At this moment, Evan lowered his head and watched Hermione.

Although it was a cats face, Evan felt an incredible familiarity, able to awaken the deepest emotions.

With his mouth down, he wanted to kiss Hermione!

Dont kiss me; Mrs. Weasley will definitely go to my room! Hermione changed back to her original form and said quickly. Take me back quickly.

It was only when she finished speaking that she realized she was still inside Evans pajamas.

When she did this as a cat, it didnt matter, but it was very problematic to change to her own appearance again.

There was a girl who got into the boys underwear from below, not to mention, she also got her head out from Evans collar.

This was too embarrassing, and Hermione was taken aback.

She felt Evans lips touch her face; he was still thinking about it.

The next second, before Hermione had time to say anything, Evan Apparated with her!

Hermione hasnt left? After a while, Ron asked in surprise. How did she hide in Evans bed without being seen?

Probably she learned Animagus when she was in Egypt with Evan

While Harry and Ron were explaining the matter, Evan took Hermione back to her room.

The two landed on Hermiones bed without error; Ginny had already returned!

Hermione, youre back? Ginny asked, hugging Hermione tightly in a drowsy state.

Their posture was a bit odd, as if they were stuck tightly together

Im back, that was close! said Hermione, trying to get her head out from under Evans pajamas.

Outside the room, Mrs. Weasleys creaking footsteps came from the stairs.

Dont do this, the neckline is too tight!

Move back!

Because of their haste, their heads got stuck, and they bumped into each other. Evan quickly moved his head back to make room for Hermione.

No, its too late, transform quickly! Hermione urged.

Just like before, Mrs. Weasley was opening Hermione and Ginnys door from the outside.

If Mrs. Weasley found Evan lying here, holding Hermione like this, it would be even worse than the situation in the boys room.

Okay! Evan hurriedly turned into a black cat, not including pajamas in mind control.

After Evan transformed successfully, he suddenly realized that this was a quick way to undress.

On the bed next to them, Ginny opened her eyes wide, and couldnt realize everything in front of her.

In the blur, she saw Evans figure suddenly disappear, and Hermione pulled the quilt up to cover her body.

Whats going on here?

Just when Ginny was about to figure out what was going on; Mrs. Weasley opened the door and walked in.

She hurriedly closed her eyes and pretended to be sleeping, but her ears stood up and listened carefully to the sounds around her.

Under the quilt, Evan mimicked Hermiones earlier movement and was about to crawl into her pajamas.

He couldnt see anything in the dark, but the girls belly was soft, softer than imagined, like marshmallow.

Just as Evan was starting to move in, sliding his limbs slightly, Hermione realized what he was about to do.

She flushed and quickly stopped Evan from moving upwards.

Hermione just hugged Evan, covered him tightly with her pajamas, and kept him close to her belly.

This was already embarrassing enough; if he were to go any further

At first, Evan felt so good, lying on Hermiones stomach. Although the scenery above seemed better, Evan also knew the limits.

If Hermione could be up there without issues, he thought there shouldnt be any problem with him going up either!

But Hermiones shyness prevented him from going up, so he stayed obediently.

But a few seconds later, Evan felt something wrong; it was so stuffy here that he couldnt breathe.

The air under the quilt was thin, let alone under Hermiones pajamas.

In order to prevent Evan from moving, she covered her clothes tightly. If this went on, he might suffocate

Evan scratched at Hermione, wondering if she could understand his current situation.

He couldn't climb up, but surely going downward was acceptable. Evan could promise himself not to lick anything inappropriately

Chapter 869: Hermione's Appeal

Hermione had figured out what Evan was up to. Ever since their return from the trip to Egypt, he had been trying to take advantage of her in every possible way.

She was not opposed to it, nor did she hate it, sometimes she even looked forward to it, but at least there should be some discretion about when and where!

Just like a moment ago, everyone was discussing serious matters, but Evan was secretly fiddling with her feet under the quilt.

Thinking of that posture, that touch, and Evans actions

Hermione took a deep breath, lowered her head a little bit, and curled up with the cat in her arms.

Then, thinking that she'd got into Evans pajamas and stretched out her tongue to lick his chest, Hermione had a fever on her cheeks.

She had been so foolish at that moment. How had she ended up licking him?

Not only did she lick it, it seemed she had even gotten some of her saliva on Evans chest

Indeed, it had gotten on there. As she thought about this, Hermione was utterly bewildered, not knowing how to explain this situation to Evan.

However, at this moment, she clearly had no intention of giving Evan the chance. No matter how much he tried to scratch, she refused to let go.

Evan couldn't really use his claws or exert force, he was afraid to hurt Hermione.

But if this continued, he might really suffocate to death

The next second, he thought of an idea. He lowered his head and extended his tongue to start licking Hermiones belly.

He mainly licked around Hermiones navel, hurriedly and hard, much rougher than Hermione had done earlier.

Imagine how it would feel to have a cat rapidly licking your belly button!

In short, Hermione felt ticklish, tingling sensations coursing through her body, a strong wave of stimulation rapidly spreading throughout

Her breathing was getting faster and faster, and she felt she was going to be unable to hold on!

With Evans movements, many more messy things appeared in her already chaotic head.

What on earth was Evan doing? Mrs. Weasley was there, but he was doing this kind of thing.

Well, she'd accidentally licked him before, but there was no need for such retaliation

In the bursts of intense stimulation, the crimson on Hermiones face became more and more obvious.

She curled up there, her head buried quietly in the quilt.

If Mrs. Weasley lifted the quilt at this time, she would surely see Hermiones flushed face and her slightly trembling body.

She was likely to be misunderstood in this way. What was she doing secretly?

Mrs. Weasleys footsteps drew nearer and nearer, and stopped by Ginnys bed.

Hermione finally couldnt help it, and poked Evans side with her left hand downward.

She didnt expect that this would be worse, or maybe it was exactly what Evan was hoping for.

Seeing a gap, he jumped in without even thinking about it

Evan needed fresh air now. He thought he would go straight back into the quilt from Hermiones pajamas. He didnt expect Hermione to release the hand that controlled the clothes above. He just felt the body below him suddenly rise and become very elastic.

Where did he climb to? Was it Hermiones leg and quilt?

No, why was he still lying on Hermiones body, shouldnt he leave and go into the quilt?

Evan stretched out his little furry paws and pressed them. Then he thought of something, and his face turned red.

He hurried upwards and got out from Hermiones neckline.

Evan saw Hermione staring at him with misty eyes, her face red as a ripe apple.

He wanted to explain, but he didnt know how to say it, and he couldnt say it under such circumstances.

Hermione must have misunderstood; otherwise she wouldnt be staring at him like that!

Evan was lying so soft and didnt dare to move, Hermiones chin was above his head, and her belly was below.

Their movements were ambiguous to the extreme, and Hermione dared not move either.

By the light of the moon, Evan and Hermione stared at one another, immersed in the deep darkness.

He tried to tell himself not to react, but his body was not obedient at all. He could only bend as far as possible to avoid being noticed by Hermione.

The current situation was close to the limit, and if there was anything else, Hermione would probably explode directly.

Despite the fact that Hermione and Evan were soft together, always blushing and shy, now they were not like that at all. If she burst out, Evan would be scared, especially when he was clearly in the wrong.

What could he say? Facts spoke louder than words, and his actions now were enough to prove everything.

No matter how strong Evans reasons were, he shouldnt come out of Hermiones neckline. There was no way to explain it, and he couldnt justify it.

Not to mention, because of the summer, Hermione didn't wear anything under her pajamas like Evan.

If Hermione was really persistent and asked what he was doing, he could only force her to put it off for some time later!

Probably only time could dilute everything and solve such a complex problem

Evan adjusted his body slightly and curled up in a weird posture.

Immediately, his eyes fell on the girl's collarbone.

He had never paid attention to Hermione's collarbone. In the dimness, it seemed to be very appealing.

Unlike other girls, Hermione usually didn't pay much attention to dressing up. She was cute and lovely, but not often perceived as attractive.

But this time, Evan felt that Hermione was particularly appealing, having a different kind of charm.

He took a deep breath, and finally, he couldn't help but stick out his tongue and taste Hermione's inviting collarbone. It was sweet.

Hermione clenched her fists, her body trembling slightly as Evan was lying on her chest.

She was more nervous than Evan, especially when he started to lick her collarbone, and her head was blank.

She didn't know what to do, or how to face Evan, and now she didn't even dare to look at him.

Hermione could only let Evan's soft tongue roam wantonly. The sensation seemed even itchier than when he had licked her belly button.

It turned out that being licked on the collarbone made such a feeling. No wonder those lovers started to go down after kissing for a while.

Tingling sensations overwhelmed her; she felt like she had no strength left in her body!

Until Mrs. Weasley left, neither of them reacted.

Hermione! Ginny yelled weakly, wondering what had happened just now, Where's Evan?

He he Disappeared back! said Hermione hurriedly, her consciousness finally returning to her body and taking control.

The question now was how she could get Evan out of her pajamas without being noticed by Ginny.

It was not possible to go back down the same way, and it seemed impossible to continue upward.

However, it was even worse to keep Evan lying here!

Hermione felt that Evan on her body was getting heavier and heavier, she was overwhelmed with pressure and her breath became heavier.

Evan, who felt Hermione's breathing, also felt he was getting thicker

Obviously, Ginny couldn't sleep either, staring at Hermione with bright eyes, and wanted to talk to her about what had happened tonight.

Chapter 870: Diagon Alley in Summer Vacation

Apparition is really convenient! said Ginny enviously.

Yeah! Hermione responded absentmindedly to Ginny while thinking about how to get Evan out.

As for Evan, who was in a dilemma, he just lay there and didn't move!

He felt it was good to wait until Ginny fell asleep and then go back.

After a long hesitation, Hermione pulled her collar outward, trying to get Evan out, but Evan, lying inside, didn't move at all.

She pulled him out, and the strong friction between him and her body made Hermione stop hurriedly.

Her breath became heavier, and she couldn't go on like this. She knew she had to make a quick decision before she had no strength.

Otherwise, if Evan was allowed to lick her on the top, she would soon have no resistance at all.

Then, she could only let him do whatever he wanted on her body. She was afraid it would not be as simple as licking the collarbone gently.

I'm going to the bathroom! said Hermione suddenly. Pressing Evan with one hand, she stood up and hurried out.

She turned her back to Ginny, and didn't know if she had discovered it. She trotted out of the room.

As soon as the door was closed, Hermione opened her pajamas very rudely, and Evan slowly slid out along her body.

In the dim corridor, a girl and a cat were looking at one another like this.

In the end, Hermione knocked hard on Evan's forehead before heading to the bathroom.

Evan hesitated for a moment, but didn't follow. He swayed to the library downstairs.

He couldn't fall asleep even if he went back, so better go down and have a look at some magic books.

The next day, everyone began to help Mrs. Weasley clean the house.

Although Kreacher had wiped away the thick dust everywhere, he was too old, and there were still many things he hadn't taken care of.

For example, the drawing room on the first floor was a long high-ceilinged room.

Inside the room, dirty tapestries covered the olive-green walls. The carpet exhaled little clouds of dust every time someone put their foot on it and the long, moss-green velvet curtains were buzzing as though swarming with invisible bees.

Mrs. Weasley told everyone that these were doxies. She told them to tie a cloth over their noses and mouths.

All right, cover your faces and take a spray! Mrs. Weasley said, pointing to two bottles of black liquid standing on a spindle-legged table. Its Doxycide. Ive never seen an infestation this bad.

Hermiones face was half concealed by a tea towel, and Evan saw her deliberately avoiding him with her head down.

Since breakfast in the morning, Hermione had not looked at Evan, she must be angry!

Thinking about it, it was a bit too exciting last night

But he was a cat, and humans and cats couldnt get in touch with each other too much.

In fact, it was Hermione who got into Evans pajamas first and licked his chest.

At best, Evan had only followed suit, and the situation at that time was quite special.

Besides, it didnt matter if he and Hermione did so now. It was a matter of course after their relationship.

But now that Hermione was angry, Evan decided to apologize first. Anyway, he took advantage of it

Evan didnt know that, apart from being a little annoyed, the main reason why Hermione didnt dare to look at him in the eye was shyness.

With the sudden progress, she hadnt figured out how to face Evan, afraid her eyes would be redder than her face!

In this case, it would be wrong for her to express her carelessness, making it seem that she still wanted it

Well, if there was another opportunity, it would be better to try it in a place where no one was around.

On the other side, Fred and George were showing Harry and Ron their latest products.

They wanted to show everyone last night that theyd developed various kinds of Skiving Snack-boxes during this summer vacation.

The products in the past had big flaws. The two of us re-read the textbook of the Potions class some time ago and got inspired. Now this range of sweet are divided into two parts, with their own antidote function, such as this Puking Pastille

From his pocket, Fred took a double-ended piece of sweet, purple and orange.

How does this thing work? Ron asked, his eyes falling on the candy in Freds hand.

If you eat the orange half of the Puking Pastilles, you throw up. Moment youve been rushed out of the lesson for the hospital wing, you swallow the purple half, which restores you to full fitness, enabling you to pursue the leisure activity of your own choice during an hour that would otherwise have been devoted to unprofitable boredom.

Yeah, thats what were putting in the adverts, anyway, said George.

He had edged over out of Mrs. Weasleys line of vision and was now sweeping a few stray doxies from the floor and putting them into his pocket.

With the increase in the number of products, their current advertisements on *Hogwarts Magic News* had taken up two full chapters.

These advertisements had been published for a long time, and occasionally with color pages and dynamic photos to promote the new products.

It was more appropriate to describe it as an advertisement than as a shopping guide page.

Evan and Lupin found that young wizards preferred to watch this kind of stuff more than the real-time reports.

I think the effect of the orange part is okay. After all, this has been successful in the past. Now the trouble is that the purple antidote still needs a bit of work. After we strengthened the effect, our testers are having a bit of trouble stopping puking long enough to swallow the purple end, Fred continued. Even if its swallowed, the effect is not very good.

But if the effect is too weak, the professors may not allow you to leave, but let you hold back in class.

Yes, I really want to know how Madam Pomfrey stopped those people from puking, said George. Evan, you must help us see it later or find a new antidote formula. By the way, there are also Nosebleed Nougat and Fainting Fancies

Well talk about it in the evening; Im not free in the afternoon, said Evan. Hermione and I are going to Diagon Alley to buy a book on the principles of making broomsticks, and I have to meet someone by the way. We may come back late.

Hed written a letter to Rita Skeeter during breakfast, asking her to meet in the Leaky Cauldron at two in the afternoon.

After he went back last night, Harry and Ron hadnt slept yet.

Evan had obtained all the details from Harry of his attack by the Dementors and wrote them together in the morning.

He was going to hand the materials to Rita Skeeter and ask her to write a report about the Dementors no longer under the control of the Ministry of Magic.

Anyway, she was very good at this kind of shadowy business, not to mention that it was true.

For safety, Lupin had to accompany them, but he was also busy with the newspaper backlog. So after entering Diagon Alley, Evan and Hermione would act alone. Evan planned to take this opportunity to reconcile with Hermione.

If it didnt work, he could only talk about it later!