

Harry Potter 891

Chapter 891: Conspiracy and Murder

Unlike the Squibs that did not have magic powers, the Obscurials had a stronger ability to cast spells.

However, due to various reasons, their magic talents had not been properly exploited and had to be suppressed in their bodies.

This situation had been very common before schools of wizardry were established. Even now, it was a common phenomenon in Asia. Those Schools of Witchcraft and Wizardry that paid attention to blood inheritance and fortunate opportunities would not easily recruit any students.

Generally speaking, over time, the magic suppressed in the body would gradually dissipate. A wizard who could have achieved great things would eventually become a Muggle who couldn't do magic, just like a Squib.

However, if these people were severely stimulated during this process, the distortion of character would infect the suppressed energy in the body, and the two would interact. The dark forces that were infected and demonized would eventually give birth to their own consciousness.

It would parasitize in the host and draw power until the host couldn't supply the energy it needed and would die.

When the host was extremely emotionally out of control, it would be swallowed by this terrifying consciousness and become an Obscurial, possessing terrifying power.

Long ago, there were Dark wizards who tried to conquer the world by artificially creating large numbers of Obscurials.

The Dark wizards searched for children with magical powers in large numbers, imprisoned them on small islands or prisons without teaching them how to use magic, but kept torturing them until they were completely swallowed by hatred and became weapons for war.

This was an extremely evil act that was resisted by the entire wizarding world.

The hearing continued, and Fudge seemed even more upset.

I had gone out to buy cat food from the corner shop at the end of Wisteria Walk, shortly after nine on the evening of the second of August, gabbled Mrs. Figg at once, under Fudge's interrogation, as though she had learned what she was saying by heart, when I heard a disturbance down the alleyway between Magnolia Crescent and Wisteria Walk. On approaching the mouth of the alleyway I saw Dementors running

Running? said Madam Bones sharply. Dementors don't run, they glide.

That's what I meant to say, said Mrs. Figg quickly, patches of pink appearing in her withered cheeks. Gliding along the alley toward what looked like two boys.

What did they look like? said Madam Bones, narrowing her eyes so that the monocles' edges disappeared into her flesh.

Well, one was very large and the other one rather skinny

No, no, said Madam Bones impatiently, Im talking about the Dementors describe them.

Oh, said Mrs. Figg, the pink flush creeping up her neck now. They were big. Big and wearing cloaks.

Hearing her description, Harry felt a horrible sinking in the pit of his stomach.

Whatever Mrs. Figg said to the contrary, it sounded to him as though the most she had ever seen was a picture of a Dementor, and a picture could never convey the truth of what these beings were like: the eerie way they moved, hovering inches over the ground, or the rotting smell of them, or that terrible, rattling noise they made as they sucked on the surrounding air.

A dumpy wizard with a large black mustache in the second row leaned close to his neighbor, a frizzy-haired witch, and whispered something in her ear. She smirked and nodded.

Big and wearing cloaks, repeated Madam Bones coolly, while Fudge snorted derisively. I see. Anything else?

Yes, said Mrs. Figg. I felt them. Everything went cold, and this was a very warm summers night, mark you. And I felt as though all happiness had gone from the world and I remembered dreadful things A long time ago, I was proved to have no casting ability. That night, my grandmother hugged me

Her voice shook and died.

Madam Bones eyes widened slightly, and red marks could be seen under her eyebrow where the monocle had dug into it.

What did the Dementors do? she asked softly.

They went for the boys, said Mrs. Figg, her voice stronger and more confident now, the pink flush ebbing away from her face, as though completely recalling what had happened. One of them had fallen. The other was backing away, trying to repel the Dementor. That was Harry. He tried twice and produced silver vapor. On the third attempt, he produced a Patronus, which charged down the first Dementor and then, with his encouragement, chased away the second from his cousin. And that that was what happened, Mrs. Figg finished, somewhat lamely.

Madam Bones looked down at Mrs. Figg in silence; Fudge was not looking at her at all, but fidgeting with his papers. Finally he raised his eyes and said, rather aggressively Thats what you saw, is it?

That was what happened, Mrs. Figg repeated.

Very well, said Fudge. You may go.

Mrs. Figg cast a frightened look from Fudge to Dumbledore, then got up and shuffled off toward the door again. It could be heard thud shut behind her.

An unknown Squib, Fudge said loftily. Not a very convincing witness.

Oh, I don't know, said Madam Bones in her booming voice. She certainly described the effects of a Dementor attack very accurately. And I can't imagine why she would say they were there if they weren't.

Is that so? Dementors wandering into a Muggle suburb and just happening to come across a wizard? snorted Fudge. You don't really believe this story. The odds on that must be very, very long, even Bagman wouldn't have bet

Oh, I don't think any of us believe the Dementors were there by coincidence, said Dumbledore lightly.

Umbridge, who was sitting to the right of Fudge with her face in shadow moved slightly, but everyone else was quite still and silent.

And what is that supposed to mean? asked Fudge icily.

It means that I think they were ordered there, said Dumbledore.

I think we might have a record of it if someone had ordered a pair of Dementors to go strolling through Little Whinging! barked Fudge, but no, we have nothing.

Not if the Dementors are taking orders from someone other than the Ministry of Magic these days, said Dumbledore calmly. I have already given you my views on this matter, Cornelius.

Yes, you have, said Fudge forcefully, and I have no reason to believe that your views are anything other than bilge, Dumbledore. The Dementors remain in place in Azkaban and are doing everything we ask them to.

Then, said Dumbledore, quietly but clearly, we must ask ourselves why somebody within the Ministry ordered a pair of Dementors into that alleyway on the second of August.

A complete silence on the court greeted these words.

May I add something? said Evan promptly, ignoring Fudge's expression and saying all his thoughts. I mentioned relevant suggestions in the newspaper. Since Mr. Minister firmly believes that the Dementors still strictly obey the orders of the Ministry of Magic, why not check internally if someone in the Ministry ordered the Dementors to attack Harry in the Muggle neighborhood? In my opinion, this matter may not be simple, it involves a terrible thing: Conspiracy and murder

Chapter 892: A One-sided Trial

As soon as Evan spoke, Umbridge moved uneasily again.

Murder? said Fudge gruffly. This is nonsense, it sounds ridiculous. You have made up too many stories in the past few years, from the Basilisk to You-Know-Who, and now someone in the Ministry is attempting to kill Harry Potter?

But it's very likely that it's a fact, Mr. Minister, said Evan, Just look it up and you'll know that if someone has ordered the Dementors, they will definitely leave clues, and there are not many people in the Ministry of Magic who have the right to order the Dementors

You do not want to say I'm trying to murder Harry Potter, do you?! snapped Fudge, his face turning purple. This is madness, utterly abnormal. Look, Dumbledore, this is the student you have taught. You do not still believe this boy's nonsense, do you?

There were no more than five individuals within the Ministry who could control the Dementors, and Fudge naturally assumed Evan was referring to him.

He was now like a powder barrel, ready to explode at the slightest touch. It was simply impossible to reason with him and analyze this matter calmly.

Umbridge coughed softly, poked her body out of the shadow, and she could be seen clearly.

She was like a large, pale toad, rather squat, with a broad, flabby face, as little neck as Uncle Vernon, and a very wide, slack mouth. Her eyes were large, round, and slightly bulging. Even the little black velvet bow perched on top of her short curly hair put people in mind of a large fly she was about to catch on a long sticky tongue.

Oh! Fudge gasped. The Chair recognizes Dolores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister.

So she spoke in a fluttery, girlish, high-pitched voice.

I am sorry, I am sure I must have misunderstood you, she said with a simper that left her big, round eyes as cold as ever. So silly of me. But it sounded for a teensy moment as though Mr. Mason was suggesting that the Ministry of Magic had ordered an attack on this boy!

She gave a silvery laugh to make the hairs on the back of ones neck stand up.

A few other members of the Wizengamot laughed with her. It could not have been plainer that not one of them was really amused.

This is just a possibility, and its not the Ministry of Magic, but someone in the Ministry.

Whats the difference? said Fudge angrily.

I think what Evan said is very reasonable, and this is exactly what I want to say, said Dumbledore politely, If it is true that the Dementors are taking orders only from the Ministry of Magic, and it is also true that two Dementors attacked Harry and his cousin a week ago, then it follows logically that somebody at the Ministry might have ordered the attacks. Of course, these particular Dementors may have been outside Ministry control

There are no Dementors outside Ministry control! snapped Fudge.

Dumbledore inclined his head in a little bow, keeping a smile on his face.

Then undoubtedly the Ministry will be making a full inquiry into why two Dementors were so very far from Azkaban and why they attacked without authorization.

Enough, enough, Dumbledore, it is not for you to decide what the Ministry of Magic does or does not do! snapped Fudge, now a shade of magenta on his face. You and the kid next to you dont tell the Ministry what to do, you do not have that right.

Of course it isnt, said Dumbledore mildly. I was merely expressing my confidence, as an ordinary citizen who is concerned about the progress of this matter, that it will not go uninvestigated.

He glanced at Madam Bones, who readjusted her monocle and stared back at him, frowning slightly as though shed understood something.

I would remind everybody that the behavior of these Dementors, if indeed they are not figments of these boys imagination, is not the subject of this hearing! said Fudge, breathing heavily, turning his head to ignore them. We are here to examine Harry Potters offenses!

Of course we are, said Dumbledore, but the presence of Dementors in that alleyway is highly relevant. Clause seven of the Decree states that magic may be used before Muggles in exceptional circumstances, and as those exceptional circumstances include situations that threaten the life of the wizard or witch himself, or witches, wizards, or Muggles present at the time of the

We are familiar with clause seven, thank you very much! snarled Fudge.

Of course you are, said Dumbledore courteously. Then we are in agreement that Harrys use of the Patronus Charm in these circumstances falls precisely into the category of exceptional circumstances it describes?

If there were Dementors, which I doubt

You have heard from an eyewitness, Dumbledore interrupted. If you still doubt her truthfulness, call her back, question her again. I am sure she would not object.

I that I not blustered Fudge, fiddling with the papers before him. I want this over with today, Dumbledore!

But naturally, you would not care how many times you heard from a witness, if the alternative was a serious miscarriage of justice.

Serious miscarriage, my hat! said Fudge at the top of his voice. Have you ever bothered to tot up the number of cock-and-bull stories this boy has come out with, Dumbledore, while trying to cover up his flagrant misuse of magic out of school? I suppose youve forgotten the Hover Charm he used three years ago

That wasnt me, it was a house-elf! said Harry.

YOU SEE? roared Fudge, gesturing flamboyantly in Harrys direction. A house-elf! In a Muggle house! Is that possible?

The house-elf in question is currently employed by Evan, and he is in Hogwarts kitchens, said Dumbledore, I can summon him here in an instant to give evidence if you wish.

I not I havent got time to listen to house-elves! Anyway, thats not the only he blew up his aunt, for Gods sake! Fudge shouted, banging his fist on the judges bench and upsetting a bottle of ink.

And you very kindly did not press charges on that occasion, accepting, I presume, that even the best wizards cannot always control their emotions, said Dumbledore calmly, as Fudge attempted to scrub the ink off his notes.

And Evan Mason next to him he has caused much trouble in the past few years. We are too tolerant of these two boys! Fudge continued to shout, Just at last years Quidditch World Cup finals, he dueled with the bloody vampire in front of all the wizards in the world, and used Transfiguration

Obviously, this was not Evans fault. That is what the Ministry of Magic should be responsible for. If you could ensure the safety of the game, Evan would not have had to risk his life and fight dangerous vampires. Cornelius, do you want to pursue this matter?

Chapter 893: Win the Lawsuit

I no Im not

Fudge looked as nauseous as though he had eaten a fly. Of course he couldnt pursue this matter.

Accusing Evan of using magic in the Quidditch World Cup finals was like holding the Ministry of Magic accountable.

Evan had helped the Ministry of Magic in the World Cup. In the past year, it had taken a lot of hard work and effort for them to get the eyes of wizards and witches around the world off the matter. Let alone re-investigate Evans responsibility. Fudge was not willing to mention it now.

This boy, we all know he wasnt at Hogwarts last term Fudge changed direction.

Yes, I have already talked to you specifically about this matter. At the invitation of Alchemist Nicolas Flamel, Evan went to Beauxbatons for an academic exchange, said Dumbledore calmly. He is a student of Nicolas, and he studied Alchemy with him.

There was another discussion from the benches, and many wizards and witches began to look at Evan again.

They never thought that this young wizard would be a student of the famous Alchemist Nicolas Flamel.

In fact, Nicolas had only partners in Alchemy, and they had never heard of any wizard he accepted as his apprentice.

Since Evan was studying Alchemy with Nicolas, his status had greatly increased, and no one dared to despise this young wizard.

But he was not in Beauxbatons. Hes been seen in Italy! said Fudge angrily, trying to salvage his pride. During his appearance in Sicily, there was turmoil in the giants tribe there

You dont think Evan caused the turmoil in the giants tribe, do you? Dumbledore asked rhetorically, smiling.

No sooner had he finished speaking than some wizards on the benches laughed. Evans size was not enough to stuff a giants teeth, let alone cause turmoil in the giants tribe.

No of course not I of course he couldnt Fudge stammered again.

It was too absurd to associate a fourteen-year-old wizard with the turmoil of the giants tribe. This kind of thing was as funny as Voldemorts resurrection. It was impossible to happen.

He took a deep breath and saw the smiling expression on Evans face, but he didnt know what to say.

There was a lot of evidence that Evan had used magic outside school, but it had not been detected by the Ministry of magic.

Moreover, the events that Evan was involved in were very sensitive. It was something the Ministry of magic was trying to put down, and couldnt be put on the table.

For example, the giants turmoil in Sicily, the massacre of the Centaurs ruins in the Albanian forest and the Gringotts scandal in Egypt, etc. From the feedback from the intelligence agency of the Ministry of Magic, there seemed to be the shadow of this young wizard behind all this.

For some reason, Fudge believed Evan had this ability, but he had no proof.

Minister, I dont think what Mr. Mason did outside the school has anything to do with this inquiry, Madam Bones reminded.

Fudge was getting more and more off topic, and everyone could see that he hadnt gained any advantage.

Youre right, we should talk about Potter, said Fudge flustered. The bad things he did at school

I have to remind you again that the Ministry has no authority to punish Hogwarts students for misdemeanors at school. Its the headmasters responsibility to punish them for their actions, and Harrys behavior there is not relevant to this inquiry, said Dumbledore, politely as ever, but now with a suggestion of coolness behind his words.

Fudge seemed to have been rekindled. Not our business what he does at school, eh? You think so?

The Ministry does not have the power to expel Hogwarts students, Cornelius, as I reminded you on the night of the second of August, said Dumbledore. Nor does it have the right to confiscate wands until charges have been successfully proven, again, as I reminded you on the night of the second of August. In your admirable haste to ensure that the law is upheld, you appear, inadvertently I am sure, to have overlooked a few laws yourself.

Laws can be changed, said Fudge savagely.

Of course they can, said Dumbledore, inclining his head. And you certainly seem to be making many changes.

There was another round of talk on the benches, and Fudge turned a slightly deeper shade of puce. Umbridge, on his right, merely gazed at Dumbledore, her face quite expressionless.

As far as I am aware, however, Dumbledore continued, there is no law yet in place that says this courts job is to punish Harry for every bit of magic he has ever performed. He has been charged with a specific offense and he has presented his defense. All he and I can do now is to await your verdict!

Dumbledore put his fingertips together again and said no more. Fudge glared at him, evidently incensed.

Harry looked at Evan, then at Fudge, and finally glanced sideways at Dumbledore, seeking reassurance; he was not at all sure that Dumbledore was right in telling the Wizengamot, in effect, that it was about time they made a decision.

However, Dumbledore seemed oblivious to Harrys attempt to catch his eye. He continued to look up at the benches where the entire Wizengamot had fallen into urgent, whispered conversations.

Harry looked at his feet. His heart, which seemed to have swollen to an unnatural size, was thumping loudly under his ribs.

He had expected the hearing to last longer than this. He was not at all sure that he had made a good impression.

In fact, he had not really said very much, and it was Evan and Dumbledore who were talking.

He ought to have explained more fully about the Dementors, about how he had fallen over, about how both he and Dudley had nearly been kissed.

Twice he looked up at Fudge and opened his mouth to speak, but his swollen heart was now constricting his air passages and both times he merely took a deep breath and looked back at his shoes.

Then the whispering stopped. Harry wanted to look up at the judges, but found that it was really much, much easier to keep examining his laces.

Those in favor of clearing the accused of all charges; please raise your hands, said Madam Bones booming voice.

Harry's head jerked upward. There were hands in the air, many of them more than half!

Breathing very fast, he tried to count, but before he could finish Madam Bones had said, And those in favor of conviction, please raise your hands.

Fudge raised his hand; so did half a dozen others, including the witch on his right and the heavily mustached wizard and the frizzy-haired witch in the second row.

Fudge glanced around at them all, looking as though there was something large stuck in his throat, not wanting to believe the result.

Then he lowered his own hand. He took two deep breaths and then said, in a voice distorted by suppressed rage, Very well, very well cleared of all charges.

Mr. Minister, since Harry is cleared of all charges, is there any problem with the authenticity of the report? Evan asked at the right time. Is my hearing over too?

Yes, It is! said Fudge grimly, biting every word hard.

He was now angry to the extreme, not to mention answering questions; it seemed he could not wait to tear Evan and the others up to pieces at once.

Oh, is the Ministry of Magic going to investigate the Dementors attack on Harry? Evan continued to ask.

Chapter 894: The Fleeing Fudge

That's the Ministry's business, said Fudge in a strange voice, as though there was something in his mouth.

Looking at his expression, he was obviously angry, and it seemed that he himself was disappointed with his performance.

He slumped in his chair, looking at Dumbledore fiercely, but he could not conceal his frustration.

If it werent for the many people watching, if it werent for his impossibility to beat Dumbledore, if it werent for his lack of courage and IQ, he would certainly be unable to resist rushing to settle accounts with Dumbledore according to the wizards tradition of duel.

Evan couldnt help but smirk, realizing that Fudge was probably not worth worrying about. From what he had seen during the trial, Fudges abilities seemed quite limited. Even if he tried to cause trouble, Dumbledore could easily handle him.

Now Evan was more concerned about Umbridge, she was much more difficult to deal with than Fudge.

She was cunning, had various means at her disposal, and had enough courage to back her actions.

This time, shed ordered the Dementors to attack Harry. This woman was not simple.

Anyone who had a deep knowledge of the Ministry of Magic knew that she was the one standing behind Fudge and had a great influence on him.

After Voldemort came to power later, this woman also played a considerable role.

Of course, Evan was sure that if he dared to provoke her, she would not be pleased.

He was still looking for a reason to leave Hogwarts, and believed that after the beginning of the new term Umbridge should be very cooperative with him.

We will investigate about the Dementors, said Madam Bones solemnly.

Excellent, well be waiting for the outcome of the investigation. Personally, I believe that the Ministry of Magic will find out the truth about the matter, said Dumbledore cheerfully, springing to his feet, pulling out his wand, and causing the two chintz armchairs to vanish. Well, since the things here are over, I must be getting along. Good day to you all.

And then glancing at Evan and without looking once at Harry, he swept from the dungeon.

Its over? Harry said somewhat confused. Dumbledores abrupt departure took him completely by surprise.

He remained sitting where he was in the chained chair, struggling with his feelings of shock and relief.

The Wizengamot were all getting to their feet, talking, and gathering up their papers and packing them away. Nobody seemed to be paying them the slightest bit of attention except the toad-like witch on Fudges right.

She was now gazing down at them instead of at Dumbledore, making Harry feel very uncomfortable.

Ignoring her, he tried to catch Fudges eye, or Madam Boness. But Fudge seemed quite determined not to notice them, and Madam Bones was busy with her briefcase.

Finally, Harrys eyes met Evans, and they sparkled with uncontrollable joy.

Its over! said Evan. Youve been cleared, Harry. In fact, you didnt do anything wrong.

Can we go then?

Well, there should be no problem. We'd better go and say hello before we leave, said Evan.

Since they were leaving victorious, they were naturally more courteous.

It was known that in addition to being responsible for the trial of the cases, the members of Wizengamot also had different positions, jobs and identities. They were the top part of the wizarding world, and it was necessary to maintain a good reputation.

Evan led Harry to the trial bench. Fudge ignored them and deliberately refused to talk to them. The other wizards showed interest in the two people and responded politely. Madam Bones also paid attention to them and told them a few words.

Like Fudge, Percy completely ignored Evan and Harry.

Except for Hermione, Evans relationship with Percy had been one of the best at Hogwarts.

Percy also had helped him a lot at the beginning, especially when Evan had just come into contact with magic; he'd systematically taught him a lot of magic knowledge.

When he graduated, he also gave his research notes to Evan. Although it couldn't be compared with something like Tom Riddle's diary, it was of great significance and contained a lot of his personal experiences.

Who could have imagined that Percy and them would become strangers in less than half a year?

This showed that Percy was really willing to give up everything for the sake of his own political career.

Besides, Umbridge's attitude towards the two people seemed to be too overzealous, but she was typical of hiding a knife in a smile.

Evan pulled Harry away from her; this toad-like woman looked annoying.

Finally, when they went out, they almost collided with Mr. Weasley who was standing right outside, looking pale and apprehensive.

Dumbledore just came out, he didn't say

Cleared, Harry said hurriedly, of all charges!

Harry's counterattack against the Dementors with the Patronus Charm was legitimate defense, and they're going to investigate why the Dementors appeared there, Evan continued, seeing Rita Skeeter standing not far away.

He walked over to her, ready to describe the detailed process of today's hearing.

The use of the Wizengamot Supreme Courtroom to hear them was a gimmicky piece of news in itself.

Evan saw that most of the parchment in front of her was full of text, and the Quick-Quotes Quill was still writing.

As for the specific content on it, Fudge would probably faint directly after seeing it.

At the door, Mr. Weasley took a cautious look at Evan and Rita, still stuck in the good news.

Beaming, he seized Harry by the shoulders.

Harry, that's wonderful! Well, of course, they couldn't have found you guilty, not on the evidence, but even so, I can't pretend I wasn't

But Mr. Weasley broke off, because the courtroom door had just opened again. The Wizengamot were filing out.

Merlin's beard, said Mr. Weasley wonderingly, pulling Harry aside to let them all pass, you were tried by the full court? These are all the members of the Wizengamot. They haven't done this for years!

I think so, said Harry quietly.

Unlike Mr. Weasley's surprise, Rita Skeeter suddenly became excited, her eyes shining brightly. Like a cat smelling a fishy smell, she grabbed her crocodile-skin handbag and hurriedly walked to Fudge.

As soon as he saw her, the expression on Fudge's face became uglier, even a little panicked, and he subconsciously speeded up his steps, almost fleeing

Because of his speed, he stumbled and almost fell. Fortunately Umbridge, who was following him, supported him.

Chapter 895: Adding Trouble

It was a pity that this scene could not be filmed; otherwise it would definitely be the front page of tomorrow.

Evan was considering assigning a dedicated photographer to Rita Skeeter, just as she had done before. A good photo could be the finishing touch of a report and more easily attract readers' attention.

Just give her an extra sum of Gold Galleons every month, and Rita must have a suitable candidate in mind.

Fudge and Umbridge left in a hurry, and Rita Skeeter relentlessly pursued them.

She kept raising questions about the hearing, and didn't intend to let Fudge off so easily.

Some of the passing wizards nodded to Evan and Harry as they passed, but most averted their eyes. They acted as though Mr. Weasley, Evan and Harry were part of the wall.

Percy was the last to leave the courtroom, and when he came out, the atmosphere in the corridor was at its most awkward.

He glanced at Mr. Weasley, his face expressionless, and he marched past clutching a large roll of parchment and a handful of spare quills, his back rigid and his nose in the air.

The lines around Mr. Weasley's mouth tightened slightly, but other than this he gave no sign that he had noticed his third son.

We ought to tell the others the good news, they must have been very anxious up there, said Mr. Weasley, beckoning Evan and Harry forward as Percy's heels disappeared up the stairs to the ninth level. By the way, Evan, I know you're hiring Rita Skeeter to write for the newspaper recently, but

you'd better stay away from that woman. She's only a liar. In the past few years, she has caused numerous troubles. Most of the work of the whole Ministry of Magic has been in response to her. I'll be cautious! said Evan. We'll strictly review her articles before publication.

Be that as it might; Rita Skeeter had a good grasp of the scale. She knew how to guide the reader between the lines without leaving critical evidence.

Even if the whole article was full of nonsense, there was no way for people to say anything.

As for whether she was spreading rumors, and whether it would cause trouble, as long as she was not talking about him, Evan didn't care.

Judging from the current situation, with Rita Skeeter around, Fudge would be somewhat cautious, and that was enough.

I just wish you knew how things stand, said Mr. Weasley, walking up the steps. I'll show you around the Ministry in a moment, and then send you back. I'll have to deal with that trash bin.

What will you have to do about it? Harry asked, grinning. Everything suddenly seemed five times funnier than usual.

After he was cleared, his mood improved a lot, and he could finally relax and visit the Ministry of Magic.

Oh, it's a simple enough anti-jinx, said Mr. Weasley as they mounted the stairs, but it's not so much having to repair the damage, it's more the attitude behind the vandalism. Muggle-baiting might strike some wizards as funny, but it's an expression of something much deeper and nastier, and I for one

Mr. Weasley broke off in mid-sentence. They had just reached the ninth-level corridor and saw Umbridge commanding two wizards to drive Rita Skeeter out, apparently on Fudge's order.

Fudge himself was standing a few feet away from them, talking quietly with a tall man with sleek blond hair and a pointed, pale face.

The second man turned at the sound of their footsteps. He too broke off in mid-conversation, his cold gray eyes narrowed and fixed upon Evan and Harry's faces.

Well, well, well Patronus Potter and Hope Star Mason, said Lucius Malfoy coolly with an ironic emphasis.

Harry felt winded, as though he had just walked into something heavy.

He looked at him angrily. He couldn't believe that Lucius Malfoy dared look at him in the face. He couldn't believe that he was here, in the Ministry of Magic, or that Cornelius Fudge was talking to him in a cordial manner, as though they were best friends, when Harry had told Fudge mere weeks ago that Malfoy was a Death Eater.

Beside Harry, Evan also frowned and looked at Malfoy. He had last seen those cool gray eyes through slits in a Death Eater's hood. He had Apparated into the dark graveyard to renew his allegiance to his old master.

Lucius Malfoy was a very cunning man. His character and the status and wealth of the Malfoy family were absolute. He would not be completely loyal to anyone, and would not really put Voldemorts interests in reign like those crazy people. Hed always had his own plans.

In other words, he was someone within Voldemorts camp who could be swayed.

In Evans view, he could actually cooperate with Malfoy; there were no fundamental differences between them.

Of course, he needed to be extra careful when dealing with Malfoy; he was far more troublesome than Rita Skeeter.

At the very least, there was nothing in Evans current hands that could impress him.

However, after he understood Voldemorts attitude toward the Malfoy family after he returned, Evan believed that he still had a chance. Voldemort would certainly not easily forgive Malfoy for destroying one of his Horcruxes.

He would keep this matter firmly in his heart, and then let the family go to death little by little

When Malfoy understood all this, it would be the moment when he would betray Voldemort without hesitation.

The Minister was just telling me about your lucky escape, Potter, drawled Mr. Malfoy, his gray eyes fixed on Harry. Quite astonishing, the way you continue to wriggle out of very tight holes Snakelike, in fact

Mr. Weasley gripped Harrys shoulder in warning.

Yeah, said Harry, taking a deep breath, yeah, Im good at escaping

Then Lucius Malfoy looked up at Evan.

Look at your companion, Potter, if I were you, I wouldnt let a Mudblood stand beside me, he said slowly.

If I were you, Mr. Malfoy, I wouldnt be standing here leisurely, said Evan, smiling from the corner of his mouth.

He decided to give him a wake-up call and stimulate him a little by the way. It would be better if Malfoys defection could be accelerated.

In fact, this was a good opportunity; otherwise he really had no way to contact him.

Just a few words could add some fatal troubles to Voldemort and Lucius, which was really appropriate.

After youve lost and damaged your masters important thing, based on your understanding of him, do you think hell easily let you go? Evan said.

What do you mean? Lucius narrowed his eyes. I dont understand what youre talking about.

Youll understand. Draco and I are classmates, and despite our differences, weve managed to get along quite well overall. Naturally, I wouldnt want to see him step towards his own destruction, said Evan, gazing back at him and enjoying the gradually changing expression on Lucius face.

Chapter 896: A Good-faith Advice

Alarmist! Lucius approached Evan, and his lips moved slightly.

His face showed an uncontrollable fleeting flash of panic, and then returned to the previous indifference.

Really? You think so? said Evan calmly, everything was under his control. Its just a good-faith piece of advice, Mr. Malfoy. Time will tell, but Im afraid itll be too late by then

This time, Lucius didnt speak anymore, his gray eyes fixed on Evan.

He still didnt understand the deeper meaning of Evans words. Why was this boy sure that Voldemort would attack Draco?

But there was one thing he had to admit. Because of the diary, he had indeed offended Voldemort.

He still remembered that it was a night eighteen years ago when Voldemort suddenly came to his familys mansion by himself, met him secretly, gave him the ordinary-looking diary, and told him that it was The Dark Lords highest trust in him.

Lucius was overjoyed by the supreme trust of the Dark Lord. That was exactly what hed been dreaming of.

With this trust, he could bring the power of the family to the top and restore the glory of the Malfoys.

But soon, this trust became worthless with Voldemorts failure to escape, and the diary became a hot potato. Lucius didnt know what it was, but if it were discovered by the Ministry of Magic

He had dealt with a lot of things related to Voldemort at the time, hesitated again and again, but kept the diary.

In the following thirteen years, Lucius came to believe that Voldemort would never return!

And the study of that diary also made him feel scared. He had some guesses about it, but he didnt dare to tell the result, and he didnt even dare to think about the evil words. The diary brought him infinite fear.

Finally, he decided to transfer the diary and pass the trouble on to Dumbledore.

Lucius devised a conspiracy for this, not only to get rid of the trouble as he wished, but also to drive Dumbledore from Hogwarts, cleanse the school of all the Mudblood students, and frame everything against the annoying Weasleys.

It was killing four birds with one stone, but things did not develop in the direction he had anticipated.

It was not until Voldemorts resurrection that he realized that he had made a huge mistake

He should have kept that diary forever. It was Voldemorts trust in him.

Now, he had thrown it away with his own hands.

Evan was right. With his knowledge of the Dark Lord, Voldemort would not bypass him easily.

There was still some fluke in his heart, and Voldemort might consider his unwavering loyalty

But would that be really the case? Would Voldemort really forgive him?

Lucius was very uncertain, and he suddenly didn't want to stay here. He decided to go back and find out what the diary really was, and restore it before the Dark Lord asked for it.

He had to repair the diary at any cost

If you want help, you know what to do! said Evan softly.

Humph! Lucius snorted coldly.

He understood what Evan meant. This boy was really bold, trying to persuade him to defect. He was not that stupid.

If Evan knew he was going to repair the Horcrux, he would definitely tell him that he was stupid.

Baffling, I have no idea what you're talking about. Lucius's voice returned to normal.

Lucius, stay away from Evan! Mr. Weasley frowned, standing between them.

Ah, Arthur Weasley, what are you doing here? Lucius returned to his former glib tone.

He had that look of contempt, as though he had just noticed that Mr. Weasley was here.

I work here, said Mr. Weasley shortly.

Not here, surely? said Mr. Malfoy, raising his eyebrows and glancing toward the door over Mr. Weasley's shoulder. I thought you were up on the second floor. Don't you do something that involves sneaking Muggle artifacts home and bewitching them?

No, said Mr. Weasley curtly, clenching his fists.

What are you doing here anyway? Harry asked Lucius Malfoy.

I don't think private matters between myself and the Minister are any concern of yours, Potter, said Malfoy, smoothing the front of his robes. The gentle clinking of what sounded like a full pocket of gold could be distinctly heard.

Really, just because you are Dumbledore's favorite boy, you must not expect the same indulgence from the rest of us. Shall we go up to your office, then, Minister? he said, looking deeply at Evan.

Certainly, said Fudge, turning his back on Evan, Harry and Mr. Weasley. This way, Lucius.

They strode off together, talking in low voices.

Mr. Weasley waited until they disappeared into the lift before he breathed a sigh of relief.

Evan, what did you tell him just now? Mr. Weasley asked, turning to look at them.

Nothing, just a little more trouble to him and his master, and it may not work.

That being said, Malfoy's betrayal was only a matter of time.

Giving Lucius a little hope might help Voldemort and the Death Eaters' internal disintegration.

I don't know what you want to do, but you'd better be careful

I really don't understand. Why wasn't Lucius Malfoy waiting outside Fudge's office if they've got business to do together? Harry glanced at Evan and burst out furiously. What was he doing down here?

Trying to sneak down to the courtroom, if you ask me, said Mr. Weasley, looking extremely agitated as he glanced over his shoulder as though making sure they could not be overheard. Trying to find out whether you'd been expelled or not, in addition to the outcome of Evans' inquiry. I'll leave a note for Dumbledore when I send you back; he ought to know Malfoys been talking to Fudge again.

What private business have they got together anyway?

Gold, I expect, said Mr. Weasley angrily. Malfoys been giving generously to all sorts of things for years. Gets him in with the right people then he can ask favors, delay laws he doesn't want passed. Oh, he's very well connected, Lucius Malfoy even the fall of You-Know-Who did not have much impact on him.

The lift arrived; it was empty except for a flock of memos that flapped around Mr. Weasley's head.

He pressed the button for the Atrium and the doors clanged shut; he waved the memos away irritably.

That's right! Harry seemed to have thought of something, and said slowly, if Fudge is meeting Death Eaters like Malfoy, how do we know they haven't put the Imperius Curse on him? He's behaving really like

Chapter 897: The War Dance

If Fudge had been hit by the Imperius Curse, perhaps he would have acted more intelligently instead of being so foolish.

His performance at the hearing today was enough to prove that he was not under the Imperius Curse; otherwise a giant would have been needed to control him.

But thanks to him, the hearing that the Ministry of Magic had been preparing for so long became a joke.

"Don't think it hadn't occurred to us, Harry," muttered Mr. Weasley in a voice Evan and Harry could hear. "But Dumbledore thinks Fudge is acting of his own accord at the moment ... which, as Dumbledore says, is not a lot of comfort... Best not talk about it anymore just now."

The doors slid open and they stepped out into the now almost-deserted Atrium. Evan saw Rita being stopped by Eric the security man.

"I'll go and have a word with her," said Evan, "about the hearing report..."

"Alright!" said Mr. Weasley, looking at Rita Skeeter. He was still upset because of Lucius's meeting with Fudge, "It's really not a good time to visit the Ministry of Magic. Harry, you and Evan will wait for me in the Atrium. I'll go up and call the others."

Evan and Harry left the lift and walked to the golden fountain.

“No, ma’am, the minister won’t let you in,” said Eric, keeping Rita outside the Atrium.

“People have the right to know the truth, Fudge...” Rita kept cursing, and her clothes looked a little messy.

Evan hurriedly walked over, dragged her to a corner, and whispered the details of today’s trial.

It was mainly about Fudge’s performance and their promise to investigate the Dementors incident.

Harry didn’t go with him. In fact, he admired Evan and Hermione for being able to deal with Rita Skeeter. In the last semester, he had experienced the skills of that woman.

Harry stopped by the golden fountain, pulled his money bag from his pocket, and looked at the statues again, feeling happier than ever. Then, he turned his money bag upside down and emptied not just ten Galleons, but the whole contents into the pool.

More than ten minutes later, Rita Skeeter, who had learned the detailed process from Evan, Disapparated and left with satisfaction, ready to go back to revise her report. Only then did Mr. Weasley come down with Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Fred and George.

“I told you two not to run around. Fortunately there has been no trouble...” Mr. Weasley said.

“We just went to Percy’s office!” Fred said with a smile, and walked over to Evan.

“Just outside the Minister’s office, it’s a rather large hall with luxurious furnishings. His desk is placed there, and it’s full of Percy’s papers.” Fred followed, winking at Evan.

Seeing their faces, Evan wondered what prank product they must have left near Percy’s desk.

“What is it?” Evan asked directly.

“Our new product, a Portable Swamp!” Fred said, lowering his voice.

“It’s all camouflaged, just under the chair. He’ll be surprised when he finds out.” George continued.

Meanwhile, Harry told Ron, Hermione, and Ginny again about the outcome of the trial.

“Congratulations, Harry!” said Ginny, blushing as she looked at Harry.

“I knew it!” Ron punched the air, “You always get away with stuff!”

“They were bound to clear you, it was obvious. I analyzed it in the newspaper,” said Hermione, who had looked positively faint with anxiety and was now holding a shaking hand over her eyes. “There was no case against you, none at all.”

“Yeah, everyone seems quite relieved, though, considering they all knew I’d get off,” said Harry, smiling. “The inquiry about Evan is over, too. Fudge has completely failed...”

They walked in the empty Atrium, everyone with a smile on their faces.

To celebrate Evan and Harry’s acquittal, and their successful revenge on Percy, Fred and George were doing a kind of war dance to a chant that went “They got off, they got off, they got off...”

Soon, Ginny joined in, and Hermione danced along for a while, but she couldn’t keep up.

“They got off, they got off, they got off...” The three people sang over and over again.

“That’s enough, settle down!” shouted Mr. Weasley, though he too was smiling. “Really, you guys, this is the Ministry of Magic.”

When they got back to Twelve Grimmauld Place, Mrs. Weasley, after learning the news, first gave Harry a strong hug, then hugged Evan, and wiped her tears of joy with her apron.

“Well, you guys, sit down and have lunch, especially you, Harry, you hardly ate breakfast...”

They all sat down at the table, still digesting the good news.

“The specific report on the trial can be published out tomorrow. If Rita’s fast enough, I think I can get her report in the afternoon,” said Evan. “You probably can’t imagine Fudge’s expression then.”

“Really funny,” said Harry, feeling the same sense of relief and exhilaration he had felt after narrowly escaping Lucius Malfoy earlier in the year, now welling up inside him again. He was really amused when he recalled Fudge’s performance, too.

“Of course, once Dumbledore turned up on your side, there was no way they were going to convict you,” said Ron happily, now dishing great mounds of mashed potatoes onto everyone’s plates.

“Yeah, he swung it for me,” said Harry. He felt that it would sound highly ungrateful, not to mention childish, to say, “I wish he’d talked to me, though. Or even looked at me.”

He really did hope that Dumbledore could say a few words to him, and then he remembered what Evan had told him before. As he thought this, the scar on his forehead burned so badly that he clapped his hand to it.

He’d been contacting Occlumency recently, but there had been no progress.

Evan had already told Harry what he knew, he himself was not very proficient in this complex magic skill, and he could barely master it. In the face of Harry's current situation, there was a limit to what he could do to help.

Perhaps it was time to ask Snape for help. Snape's mastery of Occlumency had become almost instinctual. Over the past decade and a half, he had tightly sealed and protected his thoughts, even when no one wanted to know what he was thinking. He had never let his guard down and had never stopped using this magic.

Evan noticed Harry's abnormality. Did that mean that Voldemort had also known the outcome of the trial and was losing his temper? In other words, did he know about it from Lucius...?

Instigating Malfoy's defection would not be so fast, Voldemort might not have known yet that three of his Horcruxes had been destroyed.

The more the soul split, the weaker the connection between the souls was.

But if the destruction continued, Voldemort would know sooner or later, which was why Evan did not find all the Horcruxes and destroy them in one go.

In the meantime, this also meant that Lucius Malfoy would be in trouble sooner or later.

The pain of Harry's scar came and went quickly, and none of the others had noticed a thing. All of them were now helping themselves to food while gloating over Harry's narrow escape.

Fred and George were still singing, Hermione and Ginny were muttering something.

"I bet Dumbledore turns up this evening to celebrate with us, you know," said Ron happily.

Chapter 898: The Prefect

"I don't think he'll be able to, Ron," said Mrs. Weasley, setting a huge plate of roast chicken down in front of Harry. "He's really very busy at the moment, but Arthur told me Kingsley was coming tonight. Remus and others are also here, we can have a small celebration."

Busyness was still the norm of the Order of the Phoenix, and in the next few days, everyone who came here would be in a hurry.

Even Bill had been assigned a task and had no way to help make the broom.

In fact, Harry soon discovered that living at the headquarters of the Anti-Voldemort movement was not nearly as interesting or exciting as he would have expected.

Though members of the Order of the Phoenix came and went regularly, sometimes staying for meals, sometimes only for a few minutes' whispered conversation, Mrs. Weasley made sure that Harry and the others were kept well out of earshot.

Public opinion from the outside world was also calm. After a big setback in the trial, Fudge suddenly became quiet.

He seemed to have finally understood that the more he did, the more mistakes he made, or a new conspiracy was brewing.

In a word, Fudge was back to the old way. He began to slander Dumbledore, Evan and Harry as much as possible, trying to discredit them; but this time the media was no longer all one-sided articles.

Evan's review was full of bad comments about Fudge, which attracted a large number of readers. This was the collision of two completely different voices, and no one could beat the other for the time being.

It was true that, compared to Fudge, ordinary people in the wizarding world seemed more willing to believe in Dumbledore. But Voldemort's resurrection was an exception, and no one wanted to believe it.

They thought Dumbledore might be old and confused, but Fudge was actually worse than him...

As Lupin told Evan, why Fudge had won in the election was not how well he'd performed, but his competitors were worse than him. This was actually a game to compare who was worse than whom. That was the essence of the campaign.

They didn't have to worry about these things. Under Evan's guidance, they were at ease to make black, thick and big broomsticks.

Hermione and Ginny had already drawn the design, but there were still many difficulties in turning it into a real object.

Besides, Evan was still sorting out the fighting skills and spells that should be taught to them.

He found that apart from himself and Hermione, no one else could even master the common dueling spells and had to help them learn the basics.

Harry and the Weasleys were pretty good. Many adult wizards might not even be able to use the Shield Charm.

This sounded funny, but it was true...

As for training according to the Auror's method, they were still a long way off, and they would have to wait a while before they could start.

In this way, time flew to the very last day of the holidays.

Evan had been drawing runes on the parchment and designing the broom sensor. This was the most difficult part. Next to him, Harry was sweeping up Hedwig's owl droppings from the top of the wardrobe when Ron entered their bedroom carrying three envelopes.

"Booklists have arrived," he said, throwing two of the envelopes to Evan and Harry. "I was downstairs with Ginny just now, and a group of owls rushed in. About time, I thought they'd forgotten, they usually come much earlier than this!"

Evan was going to be in fourth year at the beginning of the new term. He opened his letter: It contained two pieces of parchment, one the usual reminder that term started on the first of September, the other telling him which books he would need for the coming year.

Apart from the normal items, there was nothing new, only the Defence Against the Dark Arts class needed new teaching materials.

It was obvious that each new Defense Against the Dark Arts class had a different textbook assigned by the professor.

“Only two new books,” Harry said, reading his list, “The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 5, by Miranda Goshawk and Defensive Magical Theory, by Wilbert Slinkhard.”

Crack.

Fred and George Apparated right beside them.

“We were just wondering who assigned the Slinkhard book,” said Fred conversationally.

“Because it means Dumbledore’s found a new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher,” said George.

“And about time too,” said Fred.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked suspiciously, jumping down beside them.

“Well, we overheard Mum and Dad talking on the Extendable Ears a few weeks back,” Fred said, “and from what they were saying, Dumbledore was having real trouble finding anyone to do the job this year.”

“Not surprising, is it, when you look at what’s happened to the last five?” said George.

“One sacked, one forced to resign, one dead, one’s memory removed, and one locked in a trunk for more than half a year,” said Harry, counting them off on his fingers. “Yeah, I see what you mean.”

This position had been cursed by Voldemort, and whoever took over was unlucky. It was Umbridge’s turn this year.

“Yes, no one dares to accept this position, and I don’t know who is so bold,” Fred said, leaning over to Evan, “Evan, have you designed your sensor? I can’t wait to try my new broomstick!”

“It’ll take a while; I still have to think about some things,” said Evan.

“Just design it before the game starts,” George said, “Hey, Ron, what’s up with you?”

Ron did not answer. The others looked around.

Ron was standing very still with his mouth slightly open, gaping at his letter from Hogwarts.

“What’s the matter?” said Fred impatiently, moving around Ron to look over his shoulder at the parchment.

Fred’s mouth fell open too.

“Prefect?” he said, staring incredulously at the letter. “*Prefect?!?*”

George leapt forward, seized the envelope in Ron’s other hand, and turned it upside down. Something scarlet and gold fell into his palm.

He was immediately excited, his eyes widening.

“No way,” said George in a hushed voice.

“There’s been a mistake,” said Fred, snatching the letter out of Ron’s grasp and holding it up to the light as though checking for a watermark. “No one in their right mind would make Ron a prefect...”

The twins’ heads turned in unison and both of them stared at Harry.

“We thought you were a cert!” said Fred in a tone that suggested Harry had tricked them in some way.

“Yeah, we thought Dumbledore was bound to pick you!” said George indignantly.

“Yeah, you’ve done so many things!” said Fred.

“Ron is not bad either. He’s been the school champion last term!” said Evan as Ron’s letter reached him.

He saw Ron still immersed in the shocking news and did not react.

Chapter 899: Prefect Ron

The Prefect was the end of Hogwarts’ special management system, and only students in the fifth year or above could serve.

As the name suggested, the prefects were the top administrators of their respective year at the school.

But at Hogwarts, the power of the prefect was much greater, and it was not just about managing students in his own year.

One male and one female student were chosen from each House in their fifth year to act as prefects. They would continue to be prefects in their sixth and seventh years until they left school.

Thus, there were approximately six prefects per House and twenty-four prefects in the whole school at one time.

They assisted professors in managing students, maintaining order, communicating various notices and activities in time, and organizing students’ participation in various activities.

In other words, the prefects had been distinguished from ordinary students and became members of the school management.

The prefect had the right to deduct points from students. Although the Heads of Houses could check these deductions, they rarely did so.

Unless the students were very dissatisfied with the reason for the deduction of points by the prefect, it was hard to say whether they could succeed in appealing to them.

But there was one thing for sure; offending a prefect would definitely not end well.

At Hogwarts, who did never break the rules?

No one wanted to do it next to a person who could deduct points, always watching you.

Therefore, under normal circumstances, young wizards did not want to offend the prefect who had a lot of power.

In addition to deducting points, the prefects had many special privileges, such as the special prefects' carriage on the Hogwarts Express, and the bathroom reserved for prefects on the fifth floor of Hogwarts, and even the house-elves would provide special individual services for the prefects. ...

For those who had ambitions and desire for power, being Prefect would be the first step for them to build their own power.

They would make full use of this identity to influence students at the same and lower years. This influence would still be effective even after graduating from Hogwarts, not to mention that the prefects themselves had special small gangs.

In this regard, Slytherin's students had always done the best, and could bring this influence into full play.

It was said that after the school Sorting Ceremony each year, students from other Houses went back to sleep, but the students of Slytherin all gathered in their common room to let the first-years choose the prefect of their age.

These non recognized prefects, also known as Hidden Prefects, were the administrators of Slytherin students.

The prefects could go one step further and become Head Boy or Girl, the highest position a student could hold.

Each year, both the Head Boy and the Head Girl were selected among all the seventh year students in the school.

The Head Boy and Head Girl had the right to lead the prefects and even participate in the daily decision-making activities of the school.

The Hogwarts Board of Governors met with the new Head Boy and Head Girl every year and listened to their various suggestions about the school.

Generally speaking, the Head Boy and Head Girl were selected from the prefects, but there had been exceptions when Harry's father was promoted directly from ordinary student to Head Boy. In history, there had been even cases where a young wizard who was not in the seventh year and yet became Head boy.

However, the selection of both the prefect or the Head Boy or Girl was subject to a criterion, that was, the best students in the same year and in the school.

That was the reason why everyone had been surprised that Ron became Prefect. Apart from becoming a champion last year, there were not many remarkable notes in his daily performance at school.

As Fred said, no one in their right mind would make Ron Prefect.

It seemed that Dumbledore had a good reason for doing so!

“Yeah, our little Ron is a champion at Hogwarts,” said Fred disapprovingly.

The Triwizard Tournament had become a joke, and there was nothing commendable about the champion that everyone had envied.

“I suppose all the mad stuff must have counted against Harry,” George continued.

“Yeah,” said Fred slowly, looking at Harry who hadn’t reacted yet. “Yeah, you’ve caused too much trouble, mate. Well, at least one of you has got their priorities right.”

“We’ll have to wait until next year, and if there’s nothing wrong, Evan must be the prefect. Maybe he’ll be the Head Boy.”

That said, Fred and George were giving Ron a scathing look.

“Prefect ... ickle Ronnie the prefect...”

“Oh, Mum’s going to be revolting,” groaned George, thrusting the prefect badge back at Ron as though it might contaminate him.

Ron, who still had not said a word, took the badge, stared at it for a moment, and then held it out to Harry as though asking mutely for confirmation that it was genuine.

Harry took it. A large P was superimposed on the Gryffindor lion. He had seen a badge just like this on Percy’s chest on his very first day at Hogwarts.

The door banged open. Hermione came tearing into the room, her cheeks flushed and her hair flying. There was an envelope and the same badge in her hand.

“Evan, I...” she said, brandishing her letter. She spotted the badge in Harry’s hand and let out a shriek.

“You ... you got it, Harry, I knew it! Me too, Harry, me too! “

“No,” said Harry quickly, pushing the badge back into Ron’s hand. “It’s Ron, not me.”

“It’s...what?”

“Ron’s prefect, not me,” Harry said.

“Ron?” said Hermione, her jaw dropping. “But ... are you sure? I mean...”

She turned red as Ron looked around at her with a defiant expression on his face.

“It’s my name on the letter,” he said. “Is there any problem?”

“I ...” said Hermione, looking thoroughly bewildered. “I ... well ... wow! Well done, Ron! That’s really...”

“Unexpected,” said George, nodding.

“We all thought the same!” Fred said.

“No,” said Hermione, blushing harder than ever, “no, it’s not ... Ron’s done loads of ... he’s really...”

“Great, both Hermione and I think so,” said Evan, walking over to shake Hermione’s hand.

In a somewhat tense atmosphere, Hermione’s little hand gripped Evan’s tightly, reflecting her inner tension.

It was so embarrassing that everyone thought Harry would be the prefect.

Especially the misunderstanding that Hermione broke in just now, it even lifted this matter to the top. Ron had been greatly hurt in his feelings and self-esteem.

In fact, even he himself thought that Harry was more suitable than him to be the prefect.

But this was not important, what mattered was the result. He became the prefect...

Whether for Harry, Ron or everyone, it would take some time to digest this shocking news.

Chapter 900: Great News

At that moment, the door behind Evan and Hermione opened a little wider.

Mrs. Weasley backed into the room with a smile on her face, carrying a pile of freshly laundered robes.

“Oh my God, I can’t believe it. I heard from Arthur. He sent an owl specially. What just happened is really great news!” she said excitedly, with a slight tremor. “How could they do that? I heard that Dumbledore fought for it, and the Board of Governors would agree. Minerva will come over to announce it. We should celebrate tonight. I never thought of...”

“Oh,” said Fred, annoyed, covering his eyes with his right hand. “I knew it would be like this.”

“Even Professor McGonagall’s coming?” said George, with a surprise in his voice. “I know it’s incredible, but isn’t it too exaggerated? Charlie, Bill and Percy never enjoyed this kind of treatment back then.”

“This is different. After all, there has been no such thing for many years. Whoever hears about it will feel it amazing and incredible,” said Mrs. Weasley, putting the robes on the bed, “Arthur told me that the last time this happened was three centuries ago, when...”

They all blinked. What was Mrs. Weasley talking about?

They’d thought she was talking about Ron becoming prefect, but it didn’t seem to be the case.

Instead, she was talking about a wizard of more than three hundred years ago, and furthermore it had to be specifically approved by the Hogwarts Board of Governors...

“Mum, what are you talking about?” said Fred. “I don’t understand.”

“Yes, I’m so excited; after all, this is great news. No ... no ... I can’t tell you the news for the time being, at least it shouldn’t be told by me. After all, Minerva hasn’t come yet, and things are not certain. Anyway, it’s up to her to announce it,” said Mrs. Weasley.

She took a deep breath, and it could be seen that she was trying to restrain her desire to speak out.

They glanced at one another, their eyes full of curiosity. Mrs. Weasley didn’t often look like that, which showed that what she knew was indeed very interesting. It was a great piece of good news. That’s why she behaved like this.

“Is Hogwarts holding the Triwizard Tournament again?” Fred guessed.

“It may be a similar event. I’ll be seventeen years old this time. I must become a champion,” said George.

“What are you talking about? This event is held every five years, plus this incident that happened last year, I bet the reopening of the Triwizard Tournament may be postponed indefinitely!” Hermione said. “Besides, now is not the time to hold this kind of exchange event.”

She, too, looked curiously at Mrs. Weasley, but the latter was obviously planning to keep this secret completely.

This kind of situation was the most tormenting time. She said a little and aroused everyone’s curiosity, but refused to tell what was going on. They could only make a blind guess here. What was Dumbledore going to do? What was going to happen at Hogwarts?

Evan blinked, and this time he didn’t even have a clue.

“I can’t say, you will know it tonight. After all, today is the last day before school starts. By the way, I should prepare more food. Everyone should celebrate in the evening,” said Mrs. Weasley, even her voice trembling, as she started sorting the robes into three piles, “Okay, Ginny said the booklists had come at last. If

you give them to me I'll take them over to Diagon Alley this afternoon and get your books while you're packing. Hermione, do you have any special needs?"

"Thank you, I bought everything last time I went to Diagon Alley with Evan!" said Hermione. Her small face turned red again, as she remembered the scene of herself and Evan going to buy underwear, and what they had done in Diagon Alley...

"Oh!" Mrs. Weasley continued. "Ron, I'll have to get you more pajamas, these are at least six inches too short, I can't believe how fast you're growing ... what color would you like?"

"Get him red and gold to match his badge," said George, smirking.

Although he didn't know what Mrs. Weasley was talking about, she obviously didn't know the news that Ron became a prefect.

"Match his what?" Mrs. Weasley said absently, still thinking about what was in her heart, and rolling up a pair of maroon socks and placing them on Ron's pile.

"His badge," said Fred, with the air of getting the worst over quickly. "His lovely shiny new prefect's badge."

Fred's words took a moment to penetrate Mrs. Weasley's preoccupation about other things.

"His ... but ... Ron, you're not...?"

Ron held up his badge, finally showing a smile on his face.

Mrs. Weasley let out a shriek just like Hermione's.

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it! How is that possible? This is even more shocking than the news just now, how could they do that?" Mrs. Weasley burst into tears. "Oh, Ron, how wonderful! A prefect! That's everyone in the family!"

"What are Fred and I, next-door neighbors?" said George indignantly, as his mother pushed him aside and flung her arms around her youngest son.

"Wait until your father hears! Ron, I'm so proud of you, what wonderful news, you could end up Head Boy just like Bill and Percy, it's the first step! Oh, what two things to happen in the middle of all this worry, I'm just thrilled, oh Ronnie..."

Fred and George were both making loud retching noises behind her back but Mrs. Weasley did not notice; arms tight around Ron's neck, she was kissing him all over his face, which had turned a brighter scarlet than his badge.

"Mum ... don't ... Mum, get a grip..." he muttered, desperately trying to push her away.

She let go of him and said breathlessly, “Well, what will it be? I’ll buy it for you when I go to Diagon Alley this afternoon. We gave Percy an owl, but you’ve already got one, of course.”

“W-what do you mean?” said Ron, looking as though he did not dare believe his ears.

“You’ve got to have a reward for this!” said Mrs. Weasley fondly. “How about a nice new set of dress robes? Or a new cauldron, Charlie’s old one’s rusting through, or a new rat, you always liked Scabbers...”