

Chapter 6

The Shroud of Lethifold

“Harry, wait up!” shouted Hermione, scrambling with all her might to catch up to the able wizard.

“Bloody hell, Harry,” gasped Ron, pumping his legs and arms in wild accordance, measuring *his* mad attempt to match Harry’s rampant pace, “Do you think you can” – He huffed – “slow down – just a – bit?”

“Nope. Can’t,” answered Harry resolutely. “I’ve got to owl Hannah.”

“You *know*, don’t you?” gasped Hermione, still plugging along after Harry, and following an extensive amount of effort, finally managing to reach his side.

“Know what?” asked Harry innocently, his eyes aflame with obvious perplexion.

“You know what it is!” exclaimed Hermione in an accusatory fashion.

“No, I don’t. But I believe Hannah would know, and I can’t understand why Scrimgeour hasn’t owled her yet.”

“Maybe he *has*, and you just haven’t been made aware of it. Scrimgeour isn’t exactly forthcoming with regards to the inner workings of the Ministry, you know,” came Hermione’s swift reply.

With the departure of Hermione’s last words, Harry found himself crashing wildly into a pair of wizards hurrying around the corner before him and knocking him to his knees. As his head and eyes rose to tackle the two figures responsible for such an unwelcomed mishap, one of them, blessed with a familiar and rather pleasant voice, beckoned for him.

“Harry!” gasped Hannah, clutching her chest in surprise. “What are you doing here at this late hour?”

“Potter,” came Snape, the second figure, who greeted Harry promptly thereafter. Snape slithered suggestively behind Hannah, cupping his hands upon her shoulders in a clear effort to taunt Harry, who grunted deep in protest, prompting Hannah to shake free of Snape’s intimate grasp.

“I’m *here* because the Minister had called on me to review a suspicious article recovered by one of our fellow aurors,” replied Harry, openly annoyed by the visual compilation of Hannah and Snape together... not to mention *alone* together. Re-directing his

attention back to Hannah, he inquired briskly, "What are *you* doing here... and with *him*, no less?"

"W-we – I mean, *I* –" Hannah's words cart-wheeled in reckless abandon before she recovered her composure enough to fulfill her reply, "Severus and I, too, have been called upon by the Minister to –"

"The Minister interrupted our *private* dinner with an urgent owl, asking us to examine a peculiar artifact he uncovered," Severus was quick to intervene on her behalf, and with a rather disgustingly pleasing grin as he did so.

"You mean the artifact that *MAD-EYE* uncovered," corrected Harry between his firmly gritted teeth and fixed callous expression. "We've all just come from the Department of Mysteries... we've seen it."

"*And?*" inquired Hannah, skirting forward importantly, her eyes wide with consequence.

"*And*, I was just about to owl you... But now that I see you're already here – with *SNAPE*, I reckon you can go on and see it for yourself. In the meantime, I'll bid you goodnight and see you when I see you – next weekend, I presume, unless you've got another urgent house meeting, or private dinner, or something of that silly nature to attend," he finished sharply, shoving rudely past them.

"Harry, please don't be so bitter," pleaded Hannah ruefully, shoveling him away from the others and into the cordon of their own privacy.

"I can't believe you're having private dinners with *Snape*," spat Harry heatedly, his head contorted with equal unrest.

"We had supper in the Slytherin flat, Harry. It's where we live... where *I* live," she was quick to tune her words in an attempt to appease him. "Would you prefer it if I ate alone in the teacher's lounge, or the Great Hall, or perhaps in the dungeons, so long as I'm light-years away from Severus?" she pushed on testily. "Because, by all means, Potter, if that would suit you best, I could certainly see to it that he and I don't so much as have a glance at each other, no matter what the circumstance. Of course, that would create all sorts of tension for everyone, the students included; but if it would make you happy –"

Harry gave an aggravated snort and replied brusquely, "Do whatever you like, Hannah. Just don't expect me to be supportive of anything that involves you and Snape resplendent in 'togetherness'. This whole business of him sharing your flat just reeks of last year's rubbish."

Hannah rolled her eyes with sheer exhaustion, further prompting Harry to spit out viciously, "So, what's next then? Eh? Are you lot to share a bed because *his* doesn't suit him properly?"

“Now that’s just preposterous,” hissed Hannah in reproach. “Honestly, Potter, what do you expect me to do? Dodge Severus day and night like a player would a rampant Bludger in a Quidditch match? I’d have to stow away in the attic with Peeves to accomplish such a feat!”

“Leave the castle and come back to Grimmauld Place with me,” said Harry definitively.

“Harry, I can’t. I’d lose the head of house post, remember?” pushed Hannah.

“To hell with the Head of House post, Hannah! It’s not worth it if it means all this distance between us – the uncertainty – the bloody fights –”

“I will *not* have this discussion with you again, Harry, I will *NOT!*” snapped Hannah.

“Ms. Black! Mr. Snape!” cut a shrill and anxious voice through the darkness of the opposite end of the corridor from where they had gathered.

Harry could only see well enough to distinguish a short squat figure plodding anxiously toward them. The lighting in the hall was tender, but he recalled, without contemplation, the one behind the familiar sharp clacking sound of high heels and the prominent swooshing reverberation of heavily hosed legs rasping together.

“Ugh, it’s *Umbridge*,” he muttered with pure disgust. “I reckon that’s my cue for the parting of the ways. I have no interest in being anywhere *near* that wretched woman.”

“Potter, wait!” called Hannah anxiously. “I’ve left something in your office for you, something I hope will ease the worries of us being apart.” She was certain to supplement her words with an offering of a sweet, reassuring kiss whilst reaching her hand to capture his, but Harry wasn’t sated by her sentiments in the least.

“Unless it’s a letter from McGonagall stating that Snape’s been reassigned to a separate flat on the opposite side of the castle from you, I doubt it will bring me much relief,” he snapped.

Hannah frowned, as did Harry. He couldn’t think of anything that could possibly settle the commotion of his insides churning within him, even if such a letter *had* existed. As far as he was concerned, Snape had everyone right where he wanted them, and Snape wasn’t backing down, nor was Hannah. This left Harry very little room for negotiations.

“See you later, then,” he Harry stiffly, and he turned to make his leave, but not before Hannah’s hand found his again and she had gathered him up into her haunting embrace, one which Harry had never managed to contest once it had been so eloquently delivered. She kissed him, once again, lovingly on the lips, and Harry surrendered to her instantly, closing his eyes, accepting every ounce of her affections, no matter how thick his disappointment in her lay.

“Check your desk then. I love you,” she whispered tenderly.

"Me too," answered Harry, inexplicably and suddenly settled in a dream state. He turned an instant celebratory smile as he noted the potent scowl now amending Snape's former grinning show.

"Don't you have work to do, Mr. Potter?" sang Umbridge in a wretched tempo.

"Who are you, now – Madam High Inquisitor of minding everyone else's business?" inquired Harry rudely.

"Really, Mr. Potter!" gasped Umbridge, affronted. "You seemed in such a hurry to part the Minister's company only a few moments ago, that I was simply trying to free you up a bit – allow for you to reach your intended destination in due time, you see."

"No, you were butting in where you don't belong, as usual. No worries, *Delores*, I'll not keep you from tending to your essential task of playing merciless messenger for Minister Scrimgeour and fetching these two at his beckoned call." – He gestured her with a brisk shooing motion of his hands – "Well? What are you waiting for? Go on with you. Mustn't keep him waiting now, or you'll likely jeopardize that promotion you've been seeking out by stabbing your fellow colleagues in the back, eh?"

Umbridge gave a troubled start.

"We'll speak soon, Harry," purred Hannah, snuggling into him. In doing so, she managed to achieve her goal: the complete eradication of a once unsettling moment. She further secured her incredible deed by planting yet another palatable kiss on his lips before skirting off in the direction where Umbridge was impatiently waving her.

Harry looked on smugly as Snape attempted his claiming of Hannah by the waist, to which Hannah responded by swatting Snape's arm away. She then turned to bestow upon Harry a loving wink, followed by a most radiant grin.

"Man, that Umbridge has got some nerve, hasn't she?" snorted Ron, distracting Harry from reveling any further in his minuscule moment of triumph, yet a triumph just the same. "I tell you, Harry, one say so from you to Scrimgeour and I'm willing to bet that battleaxe Umbridge would be sacked instantly. I'll never understand why you just don't let that woman have it."

"There's nothing I can do to Umbridge that she isn't already doing to herself, Ron," said Harry, stepping hastily into the lift in his effort to reach the Auror's office at once. "She's got to be the least respected witch in wizarding history. Even if she never finds the error in her ways, she'll pay for it in spades with karma," he added definitively.

"Well, she hasn't yet. So, there's loads of witches and wizards who detest the old crone; they still abide by her every word. I tell you, it's as though she's poisoned the tea of everyone in Great Britain with some sort of *Brain Washing Serum*. Karma sure has a way of taking her good old time. It's quite maddening, actually. Take what I did for Hagrid

in Diagon Alley last summer, for example: all those galleons I gave up – just handed over to him, just like that,” – He snapped his fingers – “to save his great oaf of a brother from being shuffled off to Azkaban, and I haven’t seen so much as a knut of it, Have I?”

“Honestly, Ronald, sometimes you can be so tactless!” hissed Hermione. “To think we may have another dark wizard on our hands and you’re still going on about some stupid sack of gold you gave up *ages* ago!”

“There’s most definitely another dark wizard in the making, Hermione, I can feel it,” concurred Harry forebodingly. “And what’s worse, I believe it’s someone we know... someone who is as much afraid of death as Voldemort was, and we all bore witness to the resulting chaos that *his* fears managed to summon.”

“Then, you truly believe it’s happening again? Really? You don’t think it’s just some sort of-of dark magical experiment gone awry, or some sort of sordid joke?” inquired Ron, nervously.

Hermione shook her head, instantly taking the liberty of elaborating further on Harry’s words. “Harry’s right, Ron. Something in the energy of that bit of magic we saw most definitely suggests that it’s not just a crazy gag or experiment; it was too well organized, too intently driven. And the way Scrimgeour exploded when Harry was leaving – he fears it as well, everyone does. Whoever’s responsible for that... *thing*, they’re searching for more than just mere power. This is about seeking out and acquiring total and utter world domination.”

Ron gave a prominent shudder in response to Hermione’s eerily delivered decree.

“Here we are then,” breathed Harry disquietly as the doors to the lift rattled wide open, allowing for him and his friends the ability to spill evenly into the corridor.

“Why are you making such a fuss over heading off to the Auror office at this late hour anyway, Harry?” grumbled Ron. “I was hoping to relax a bit tonight, especially since we’re likely to be swamped with weekend duty over all this tentative ‘new Dark Lord’ madness.”

“I’ve got a book stashed away in my desk that Hannah gifted to me in recognition of scoring my Auror post... It belonged to her father, and it’s full of all sorts of stuff about dark magical articles. She claims it’s the last of it’s kind left of it in existence; it’s been out of print for ages; all the others were commandeered and destroyed by the ministry – outlawed completely.”

“What do you mean by bringing an article such as that into the ministry, Harry?” pressed Hermione with alarm. “Tonks will have your head if she discovers you have such a thing in your possession – and here of all places!”

“I didn’t mean for it to stay here,” explained Harry. “Hannah dropped it off to me and I merely forgot about it.”

"Forgot about it?" scoffed Hermione irritably. "You're speaking of an object that is so incredibly illegal, it could be the key to your undoing as Auror and earn you a one way ticket to Azkaban, and you just happened to let it slip your mind?"

Harry merely rolled his eyes, unmoved, and with his friends in tow, he chose to travel the last of the heavy stone enlaced passageway to his office in silence. Upon his arrival at his desk, he took instantly to shuffling through his drawers in search of the book.

"That's odd," he mumbled with a hint of distraction. "I left it right here in the rear of *this* drawer, I'm certain of it," he said a bit louder and with a newfound sense of concern. "Dimmit! Well, it couldn't have very well just walked off on its own, now could it? This drawer was secured by a special sealing charm I crafted with my elf magic. It was an incredibly intricate charm. Not just anyone could be able to crack it." Looking around he proclaimed further, "On second thought, maybe I was mistaken? Perhaps I moved it in my haste and just forgot where I stored it?" With a raise of his wand, he called out anxiously, "Accio, Dark Magic Journal!"

Nothing.

"Someone's been going through my things," concurred Harry anxiously, upon noting that the drawer above the one he was searching had been pulled back slightly and several papers were peaking out haphazardly through its opening.

"Maybe Hannah retrieved it when she was in your office earlier. She mentioned she had stopped by and left you something," suggested Hermione, picking randomly across the pile of papers that were strewn with out reason across his desk. "Honestly, Harry, it's a wonder you can find anything in this mess." By the grace of a brisk swirling motion of her wand, chased by the suggestion of a clever silent incantation, the papers that lay scattered before them began to stir lightly before forming into neat, organized stacks across the right side of Harry's desk. "Here's the parcel she left for you, Harry," said Hermione, handing him a neatly wrapped, thin article trimmed with bone colored straw ribbon.

Harry received it with a nod of wordless acknowledgement, quickly stripping the item of its packaging, his stomach relenting to a stiff, aching knot at the site of what he uncovered. "Sirius' mirror," he murmured, his mouth going as dry as the Sahara.

"Again?" muttered Ron, sounding bored. "I thought Remus confiscated those from you lot last year?"

"He did," said Harry. "*Obviously* she got them back."

"Which means—" droned Hermione, equally unimpressed.

"*She's* got the other one," concluded Harry.

"I'm willing to bet that *she's* taken the book back," said Hermione pointedly. "If that thing we saw in the *Department of Mysteries* is documented anywhere, that's likely the place it would be, you said so yourself, and I think Hannah realizes it as well."

"Don't be daft, Hermione," snapped Harry. "Hannah would've given me some indication if she'd taken it. She's never been one to just go rummaging through my things at random."

"Harry, I adore Hannah, you know that," sighed Hermione, "but you do realize that she can be immeasurably sneaky when she finds it in her best interest to be so, and I do believe that now would be one of those occasions, particularly if it means protecting you from finding yourself landed before the Wizengot, yet again."

"Well, let's find out then, shall we?" replied Harry challengingly. And holding up the enchanted mirror until he found his reflection, he called out steadfastly, "I wish to speak with Hannah Black."

There came a flicker of bluish-silver, then ample light in streams. Within an instant, a well-known face manifested before him, its owner speaking in a notably hushed and hurried manner, "Potter? What is it? You know very well I'm in the middle of something of extreme importance at the moment."

Harry frowned. "I need to know if you took that book that belonged to Regulus... 'The Millennium Edition of Dark Arts Magic and Magical Creatures?'"

Hannah scoffed and replied swiftly, "Potter, what are you going on about? I would NEVER allow such a book in my possession, or in yours, for that matter. It's been banned by the ministry for ages. You know that as well as I!"

Harry's face fell. "B-but you handed it to me just the other day. It was sitting right here in my drawer and —"

To Harry's dismay, Hannah's face rushed from his view. There came a loud CRACK, a steady scuffle, and then... absolute Darkness.

"What the bloody hell?" he snarled, shaking the mirror with distraction. "Hannah, you still there? Hannah? Hannah Black? I wish to speak with Hannah Black!" He shouted with angst, his voice swiftly becoming more desperate, the torment of the memory of this very moment eerily mocking that of last year's, when Remus appeared behind him in his dormitory to announce he'd confiscated the mirror's twin. Out of instinct, he turned to have a look around him, expecting to see Remus or perhaps even Tonks in new possession of Hannah's mirror, but there was no one in the room, set aside from him and a rather disillusioned looking Ron and Hermione.

"Hannah?" he called out blindly. "HANNAH BLACK!"

“Good heavens, boy! What in Merlin’s name are you going on about in here?” hissed the voice of a wiry old woman, who had appeared magically behind them by clear virtue of Apparition. Her face was contorted in unrest as she lingered irritably in the doorway to Harry’s office. “The whole of the ministry can hear you ranting and raving about like some crazed lunatic!” she scolded. “If it’s Hannah Black you’re looking for, she checked in about 15 minutes ago with Professor Snape, and the two of them scurried off to the Department of Ministries. Send her an urgent inter-department owl, if you must speak with her at once, for heaven sakes, or head off to the Department of Mysteries to find her yourself. Just keep your blasted voice down!” And just as mysteriously as she had come, she vanished into the darkness.

“What’d you do that for, Severus?!” snarled Hannah, watching on as the mirror she once held in the firm grip of her hand was knocked completely from her grasp. The enchanted possession plunged to the ground, where it cracked at her feet, then skipped off the shiny marbled flooring like a stone on a smooth lake: skipping and gliding, skipping and gliding again, then sliding off... into the veil. “Nice one, Severus!” she snarled formidably. “Now how am I to retrieve it?” Raising her wand, she called out in succession, “Accio mirror! Accio Mirror!” to no avail.

Scrimgeour’s face shone a deep scarlet amongst the quarry of this newly generated commotion, and his voice rang out in deep and horrendous tones of rebuke, “Would one of you be so kind as to tell me *exactly what book* Mr. Potter was going on about that he claimed ownership to? A book that has been formally banned by the Ministry for nearly a century, deemed as exceedingly precarious, not to mention highly illegal?!”

“It’s nothing of the sort, Minister. It’s all a misunderstanding, really,” answered Snape with a dismissive chortle. “You know how delusional that Potter can be when he’s vying for attention, particularly when he feels threatened, as he does now that Hannah and I are sharing the same living space. Come Hannah,” said Severus quickly. “We’re due back at Hogwarts for a meeting with the other heads of houses within the hour; we must make haste and not leave our colleagues waiting.” He grabbed her by the arm and yanked her along side of him.

“You took it, didn’t you, Severus?” hissed Hannah low in reproach, snapping her arm away from him.

“Don’t be silly, girl!” snorted Severus nervously, scrabbling to retrieve her. “Now, let’s GO,” he said brusquely through a clenched tooth smile. And turning briefly to address the minister, he said swiftly, “Do let us know if you hear anything further, Minister. We’ll do the same. Good evening to you.”

The minister replied with little more than a suspicious narrowing of his eyes and an dissatisfied grumble.

"Severus?!" hissed Hannah again, struggling hard in her battle against Snape's stronghold.

Severus' further reply consisted meagerly of his piqued eagerness to escort Hannah from the premises. Hannah's feet shuffled anxiously beneath her in her protest to abide by him, only managing solid ground when Severus brought her to a halt before the streets of Muggle London inside the Muggle phone booth entrance to the Ministry.

"Oh, isn't this just a lovely predicament you've managed to find us in. Now, would you kindly release your greasy grip on my arm?" huffed Hannah.

Severus crinkled his nose at her.

"And, move over, for Merlin's sake!" she snarled, shoving him aside by throwing her hip to him until his back was left crashing into the glass of the booth, causing a loud rattling sound to incur. Looking around Hannah inquired bitterly, "What are we doing in this God-awful tin can anyway?"

"It's the Muggle entrance," answered Severus snappishly.

"I realize that, Severus. I'm not an idiot," scoffed Hannah, crossing her arms impatiently before her. "Why is it that we aren't we traveling the Floo network?"

"It's too dangerous," whispered Severus eerily.

"Dangerous?" snorted Hannah. "I think it's safe to say you've officially lost it, Sev," she scoffed, and then she rustled with the handle on the telebox in her means to escape the confining space.

"Just *what* do you think you're doing?" inquired Snape sternly, blocking her exit.

"I'm dodging your bloody stupidity, that's what I'm doing," Hannah rebuked.

"Hannah," started Severus exhaustedly, "you must trust me. I know what's best for you."

"Humph! *This* coming from a man who's just willingly set my attacker free by virtue of a web of deceitful LIES!" snapped Hannah.

"And I've already told you, I have my reasons for doing so," replied Severus hauntingly.

"You have your reasons," scoffed Hannah. "I suppose you also have your *reasons* for nicking that book I gave to Harry?" she continued testily.

"I didn't *nick* it. I simply removed it from the possession of the ones who would likely stand in the way of our mission."

"Our...mission?" echoed Hannah, crossing her arms boldly before her. "And what *exactly* might that *mission* be?" -With her acquiring the mere image of Severus' subtle signature upper lip twitch and the evasive flashing of his cold onyx eyes, Hannah gasped. She knew precisely what to make of his silence - "Merlin sakes, Severus, why didn't you tell Scrimgeour that you know what that thing is? The whole of the wizarding world is on the verge of outright panic! They're resting their faith and trust entirely on the hopes that one of us will be able to come forth with the information needed to solve its dreadful mystery. And here you are with precisely the essential information the ministry needs to stop this - this *monster* before things get out of hand, yet you're stowing it under your bloody cape like some sort of Muggle superhero, out to save the day with one single-handed sweep!"

"I told you, I have my reasons for keeping what I know a secret, Hannah," snapped Severus impatiently.

Hannah scoffed. "All geared toward suiting *your* wants and needs, I'm sure."

Severus growled low in censure.

"Look, Sev," started Hannah arrogantly, "you may not have a care about the fate of your fellow man, but I happen to desire the wellbeing of Muggles and Wizards alike; one without the likes of frightful clots like Voldemort and his nasty clones prowling about, poisoning the countryside with their malice and shoddy fashion sense."

Severus' eyes collapsed beneath the heat of his petulance toward Hannah.

"Perhaps we ought to make haste and return to Hogwarts?" he suggested impatiently.

"Oh, no, no, no... I'm not going anywhere with you. On the contrary, *I'm* marching *you* right back down to find Scrimgeour so that you tell him what that thing is."

"As you wish," he said in a surrendering sense, bowing with a mocking sense of graciousness. "In turn, I shall dutifully inform him of the book I confiscated from Potter's possession. One that will surely get him shipped off to Azkaban, or at best, a trial with the Wizemgot that will see him sacked from his post as Auror."

Hannah's jaw dropped as Severus flung open the masque of his outer robes to reveal the contents settled inside the inner pouch.

"You foul, loathsome, evil..."

"You say the sweetest things," sneered Snape.

"I cannot believe you are blackmailing me over a silly book!"

"Believe it. And this is far from silly, Hannah. In contrast, I do believe that quite soon we will find ourselves at the mercy of the hands of rather an indestructible mastermind, if

we are not cautious. For, every moment you and I stand here bickering like children, he's getting stronger."

"He? Merlin's sake, Severus! You actually know who's behind all of this mad magic?!"

"Severus hung his head in wordless acknowledgement before admitting, and quite reluctantly so, "I have an idea, but I—"

BANG! A thunderous and inexplicable event cut Snape's admission short, echoing hideously through the night, and blaring onward, up and down the cobblestone streets of London.

There came, instantly thereafter, a prominent scream from the alleyway to the right of the ministry phone booth from where they stood, level with Muggle London. Wands were igniting with the turbulent blaze of fireworks every which way they turned. Familiar voices were bellowing out incantation after incantation in frantic succession, "EXPELLIARMUS! STUPDIFY! IMPEDIMENTA!" Louder and bolder these voices grew. The lights emitted from the tip of the wand possessed by one silhouette in particular impelled Hannah to burst past Snape and through the glass doors that once confined her to the small space.

As rampant and chaotic as the incident was, all seemed to move clearly in obscenely slow motion. The skies were fully aglow in perfect shades of electric purple, white, green, and violent shades of pink.

And then Hannah saw it, the thing that Ron, Hermione, and Harry were battling so desperately. It was massive, nearly the size of a large Muggle tractor trailer. Silken black, flat, and paper thin, flowing with ease, yet threateningly so, it lay like icing on a cake about a familiar figure, who's now fatty thighs and two-sizes-too-small tacky pink heels hugging her swollen feet were the only thing *not* embraced by it's horrific clutches.

"It's Umbridge," squeaked Hannah.

"What's left of her, that is," came Snape's haunting addition.

Hannah's eyes widened with a certainty; she now knew precisely what the thing was that they were fighting. Without hesitation, without a mere moment's more of wading in contemplation, she lunged forward, her wand arm extended in a bold show as she screamed out, "EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

Harry wheeled around to catch sight of Hannah's brilliant capon exploding against the glistening stars of midnight sky. He watched in awe as her magical exposition chased the eerie figure off into nothingness, leaving the remnants of Umbridge's charred and writhing legs as the only mark of Umbridge's former self.

"Bloody Hell!" howled Ron in terror.

“Oh no - oh no - Oh no,” chanted Hermione in a whirlwind of panic, while Harry stood beside her, his wand arm still drawn, his jaw practically laying like a puddle of pudding on the ground at his feet in the wake of his shock of the moment that had just come to pass.

“Severus! Over there! Look!” shrieked Hannah, pointing passionately off into the distance, ahead of her. There, a tall, svelte, blacked-out figure appeared to be commanding the strange article to adhere to his shoulders and to take the form of an enchanted cape. In the blink of an eye, upon securing the mysterious attraction to himself, the strapping silhouette vanished into a pool of darkness.

“What was THAT!?” Harry finally came around to bellow out.

Hannah looked to Severus, who returned to her a clear expression of foreboding before announcing boldly, “The Shroud of Lethifold.”