

*Sully*

“Fuck,” he muttered, looking up at Draco with panicked eyes. “We have to get him out of there.” If Sullivan’s parents took him to Voldemort, the Dark Lord could rip through his Occlumency barriers and learn all about Harry’s plans.

“How?”

The owl stayed on Harry’s shoulder as the two boys hurried back towards the house, clearly expecting a response.

Harry knew that Tonks was the only one home; Sirius and Remus were out on Order business, Snape and Charlie were both working, and Narcissa was over at Malfoy Manor. Tonks wasn’t even supposed to be there long, just hanging out after a training session so the boys could fly without breaking the rules.

“Tonks!” Harry called, hoping the auror wasn’t getting ready to leave. “Tonks, where are you?”

Tonks came hurrying out from the direction of the kitchen, his wand raised warily. He blinked at the sight of the two teens and the owl. “What’s the matter?”

“The Fawleys have turned Dark,” Draco told him grimly.

“You know my friend Sullivan?” Harry pressed, and Tonks nodded, “he just wrote; he needs sanctuary, as fast as possible. His parents want to take him to meet Voldemort tomorrow.”

Tonks swore, and Harry could practically see him mentally switching to auror mode, his shoulders tightening like he was about to duel. “Bugger. Right. We can’t go in and get him ourselves, not without risking making everything worse.” He sent a warning look at Harry, who couldn’t even be completely offended — going in and rescuing Sully in person *had* been on his list of options. “Is that his owl?”

“Yeah. Waiting for a reply.”

Tonks nodded, and looked frantically around the hallway. Then he dug into his pocket, pulling out a chocolate frog card. “Portus.” The card glowed, and Tonks held it out to Harry. “Send him this; it’ll take him to the Pottery wards when he says your name. I’ll take you over there to wait for him.” He glanced at Draco. “Are you okay to wait here? The others will worry if they come home to an empty house.”

Draco gave a short nod. Harry summoned writing supplies, scrawling out a quick explanation and tucking the card securely into the envelope. He attached it to the little owl’s leg, hurrying over to the still-open front door. “Fly quickly,” he murmured to the owl, watching it take off into the bright blue sky.

He turned back to the others, frowning; he had no idea where Sully lived, no idea how long that might take. “We should eat something and head over there,” he suggested, and Tonks nodded.