

Angelina was saved having to come up with some kind of sympathetic reassurance by the return of the four troublemakers to the till, Sirius with a basket full to bursting with prank goods while Remus had his own much more manageable stack.

Harry stared at the pile as the twins began to ring everything through, his eyes round. "I am so glad I'm heading back to school soon," he declared, and Sirius barked out a laugh.

"What do you mean, pup? This is all just stuff to get you and your boyfriend with before you leave again." His grey eyes danced even as he attempted an innocent face, and Harry eyed him warily.

"You sure that's a war you want to start, Padfoot?" he asked. Sirius' smirk widened.

"Try us, Mischief."

Well, he couldn't say Harry hadn't warned him. The green-eyed Gryffindor turned to the twins, who were watching the exchange with poorly-veiled glee. "Okay, boys, help me out here. Give me your best stuff."

He was met with identical smirks, and as George grabbed him by the arm and dragged him into the back room, Harry was sure he heard Sirius cursing, while Remus just laughed.

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Despite the regular night-time trips into Voldemort's head, Harry was starting to enjoy his routine at Seren Du; with Sirius free and no one expecting Harry to spend part of his summer elsewhere, it was turning out to be the best one yet. The Death Eaters even seemed to be slowing down their assaults, frustrated with how quickly the Order managed to mobilise against them every time. These days, most of Harry's visions were of the Dark Lord torturing his own servants.

Of course, not everything could go to plan; not for Harry Potter. So when he saw the owl speeding towards him as he and Draco finished playing quidditch, his stomach sank.

"I know that owl," Draco said, narrowing his gaze. "Whose is it?"

Harry looked up at the approaching bird, frowning; it was definitely familiar, but not one he immediately recognised. It was only when the owl was hardly a few feet away that Harry recognised it, and his stomach sank. "It's Sully's," he realised, holding out an arm for the owl to land on. It was only a small thing, and it tried to be as gentle as possible, though it held its burden out with urgency. Why was Sullivan writing to him?

He opened the letter, dread building with every line.

*Harry,*

*I need help. My parents have joined Him. They don't want me Marked yet, but they want me doing His bidding, and are to present me to him tomorrow. Can you get me out of here? ASAP? I'm worried what will happen if they take me to Him, everyone knows I'm friends with you.*