

"I was just about to call you in, anyway; Ceri made lunch," he replied. Turning for the kitchen, Draco reached out, catching Harry's hand and bringing it to his lips.

"Be careful, won't you?" he said, and Harry smiled.

"We'll be fine."

He trusted Sully not to let the portkey fall into the wrong hands.

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Harry and Tonks waited outside the gates of the Pottery for hours. Harry was a little surprised that Tonks didn't switch back to his usual female form, but he didn't ask; if he was comfortable, that was all Harry cared about.

They chatted while they waited, though both were regularly checking their watches, shifting anxiously from foot to foot. At last, there was a burst of colour, and Sully appeared with the chocolate frog card clutched in his hand, a backpack slung over one shoulder. He was pale, dark eyes full of stark relief. "*Thank you*," he gasped, grabbing Harry in a tight hug. Harry hugged back, feeling the younger boy practically collapse against him.

"You're safe," he promised. It took a few moments for Sullivan to gather himself, stepping back with a deep breath. The Ravenclaw looked around.

"Tonks?" he checked, and the auror grinned. Sullivan's eyes widened just a fraction, trailing over his masculine form. "You look great."

There was a strange edge to his tone that had Harry tensing, but the look in Tonks' eyes was almost... sympathetic?

"Where are we?" Sully asked, peering around in confusion. Of course, he couldn't see the house.

"Oh. The Pottery can be found on the northeast edge of Thetford Forest," Harry told him. At once the boy let out a gasp, whipping around to stare at the manor through the open gates that had suddenly appeared. "Come on, let's get you settled in."

"The Goldsteins have turned, too," Sully told him as they headed down the drive. "Anthony's pretending to be a sleeper agent. He won't get Marked, not when he can pretend to be on the Light side. I wouldn't have either, but... Anthony's better at Occlumency than I am. And he knows less. I talk to Luna a lot," he added in explanation. Harry nodded in understanding, though the knowledge still sat sour in his belly. Anthony might know less than Sully, but he still knew enough about Harry's personal life, and his history with Dumbledore.

Harry just hoped Voldemort didn't feel the need to truly press the Ravenclaw for information.

"So be careful what we say around Anthony in future," he finished with a grimace. Sullivan nodded. A sudden thought struck Harry. "Do the Death Eaters know you know about the Goldsteins?" If they were hoping to use Anthony as a sleeper agent, they would not be