"I don't have a crazed serial killer after me," was his retort.

"Careful, Malfoy, it's starting to sound like you care."

Malfoy flinched, then glared. "Just because I hate you, Potter, doesn't mean I want to see you get murdered."

That made Harry grin, though he couldn't explain why. "I was just out for a walk. Feeling restless."

"*Feeling restless*, he says," Malfoy said with an exasperated skyward glance. "Just do bloody laps in the common room!"

"Well, what's your excuse then?"

"None of your business," Malfoy said immediately. The two boys stared at each other in the beat of silence that followed, at a stalemate. Suddenly, Harry got an idea. It might've been a stupid one.

"Well met, Heir Malfoy," he said, bowing slowly. Malfoy stared, blinking incredulously.

"The rumours are true, then," he murmured. Ever so slowly, inch by inch, the Malfoy heir sank into a similar bow, though he was hampered slightly by his arm in a sling. "Well met, Heir Potter."

He straightened up. They stared at each other some more, neither sure what the next step was. Harry had gone and thrown off the rhythm of their usual interactions. "It's Heir Black, too," he threw out impulsively, not sure why he was telling Malfoy of all people. The blond's eyes widened a fraction.

"How— oh, of bloody course," he muttered, shaking his head. "Heir Potter-Black. I should've known." At the look on his face, Harry was almost tempted to throw out his other two names, as well. "Well, that'll shake things up a bit. At least it'll take two of Dumbledore's proxy seats away. Though I don't know if it's worse to let you have them." He made a noise of disgust.

"It won't be," Harry assured. He met Malfoy's eye for the briefest of seconds, remembering what Hannah had said. "We don't need any more seats under Dumbledore's control."

He was sure he'd actually rendered Malfoy speechless. He wished he had a camera for proof. "You are making things interesting, aren't you, Potter?" Malfoy's voice had softened. Harry's lips quirked in a half-smile. "All the same, it'll do you no good if you're dead. Toddle off to your little lion's den, now, won't you?"

"Only if you slither back to your snake pit," Harry retorted, grinning. That actually earned a soft laugh as Malfoy turned away.

Once he was alone, Harry threw his cloak over his shoulders, heading back in the direction of Gryffindor tower with an odd spring in his step. Of all the things he'd learnt since his birthday, one was proving to be more bewildering than all the rest put together.