*The Room of Requirement, the ‘come and go’ room, it’ll appear when you need it most.*

The doors to the room swung open to reveal pristine marble floors, ancient stone walls which enclosed in its occupants. It was regal and tasteful, just what the trio needed. Trio? Which trio you’re probably wondering, and your first instincts would be wrong. The trio who sought out the room were a brother and a sister, the Princes, and a third girl, a Lestrange.

Narelle and Klorus walked side by side, enveloped in their black overcoats which eluded mystery and mayhem. They were perfect, in every sense of the word. Not a fault. Behind them, a shorter brown haired girl followed, a backpack was swung over her shoulder and she looked on nonchalantly.

Outside, fireworks and uproars of cheers filled the hallways, the Gryffindor house had won this year’s cup, and they weren’t keeping it to themselves.

“I was sorta depending on Slytherin to not fuck it all up this year.” Carmen groaned, the backpack slipped off the fifth year’s shoulder and landed on a heap on the floor.

“What happened to the oh-so-glorious Ravenclaws? Didn’t you win last year? Doing a fine job of holding your own damn title.” Klorus scoffed, his hand placed on the small of Narelle’s back - an action that didn’t escape Carmen’s eyes.

“We weren’t even trying this year. Also, wouldn’t want it to be so unfair on you Slytherin snakes.”

“Snakes eat birds, Ravenclaw.”

“Cut it out, the pair of you.” Narelle interjected, and moved away from Klorus’ touch. She headed to the backpack that Carmen dropped and shuffled through it. “We’ve got booze, snacks, and each other. We can have a better time in here than those Gryffindor pricks out there.”

“Couldn’t agree more, dear sister.” Klorus smirked, a smirk that chilled Carmen’s core when she saw it. It was just wrong, like it demanded conformity.

“Here, brother.” Narelle tossed him a bottle of firewhisky, and he caught it effortlessly.

“I can’t believe we’re related.” Carmen mumbled under her breath, and Narelle quirked a brow.

“What did you say?”

“Oh, nothing. Just pass the beer.”

Narelle threw Carmen a bottle and she smiled; then headed over to the window to observe the fireworks. The younger sibling nudged her older brother, he glanced with a raised brow.

“Hmm?”

Narelle lowered her voice. “You agreed that you’d tell her...”

“No, *we* agreed to tell her. As in, together.”

“Uh-huh, well... get to it then.” She grinned up at him, and while Carmen’s back was turned she planted a kiss on his cheek.

“So demanding, you’re never as such any other time...”

Narelle rolled her eyes and shoved her brother in Carmen’s general direction.

Klorus allowed himself to be pushed, his firewhisky clutched tightly in his grasp. He took a long swing of it, letting it burn down his throat before he headed up the few steps. The empty whisky bottle fell to the floor with a loud crash, and rolled away. The noise caused Carmen to turn, only to be met face to face with her cousin.

“Could you keep it down, I can hardly hear myself think.”

“Why are you complaining? Your thoughts are useless and fleeting. Think about something a little more important, will you?”

“Like what?”

“I and Narelle, we... uh, require... your assistance.”

“Could you speak to me like I’m your blood relative, not your business associate?”

“But this,” he gestured with his hands, “this is just business.”

Klorus was wearing his signature smile, which seemed even more hypnotic partnered with his long overcoat.

“What do you want?” She finally asked, taking a swig of beer, her hip propping against the window ledge.