“How could you do that? Murder our parents? What will you tell the police? Hi, I’m a psychotic witch and I just so happened to kill my parents because I felt like it?” Aphrodite questioned. Luna responded just by rolling her coal coloured eyes. “No silly! I’ll just set our house on fire!” she laughed. Classic Luna. The twins were sitting on the grey vintage sofa reading latest issue of vogue when one of them interferes, “So you’re just going to burn 250 years of our history – great.”

The Nexosa family came from an elite and enchanted bloodline of the world's most powerful witches. Each generation would be stronger than the next as they paired off their rather extensive family with wealthy suitors of equally rich genetics. Their cousins scattered all over the globe from Russia to Norway to Greece. Nowadays the Nexosas are an ancient and elegant family that have been living in Atlanta, Georgia since the mid-1800s.They are probably some of the richest teenage girls in America but it's hard to tell as most of their money comes from land and links to distant relatives and marriages and what-not. Their house itself is named Nexosa Manor, with a vast 200 acres of field and the Sanguinem Lake as their back garden. The lavish halls would once be used for the extreme mid-summer balls and festivals to which the whole of Atlanta would attend. Used to having big families, the siblings are all girls – all with either doe eyes the darkest shade of brown, or a murky tone of grey. They all pretty much looked similar apart from the twins – Zara and Zuzanna with mops of fiery auburn ringlets unlike the rest of the sisters who's hair is a unique shade of dark ashy chestnut brown.

Smirking, Luna commented - "I mean come on there's nothing to do around here! Big sister has to have some fun once in a while" twirling a strand of her curly hair. "You're so bloody irresponsible for a big sister .Go live in Brazil or some other exotic country and find another family to harass. I will sponsor you – just go and don't come back Luna." Hera, the second eldest sister sighs and goes back to cooking tomato pasta for the squad .At this point Luna's eyes thinned into a deathly stare. “You do know I could end all of you like I did the parents .I am the first born!" she shouted highlighting the words 'I am', "You should all be kissing my feet right now because I have more power than all of you combined!” The girls knew their sister had anger issues. Severe anger issues. Manipulation, blackmail, murder. They were the three things she would use to get her way, including magic of course. To challenge her was to sign your own death sentence. After the parents were gone they gave them a proper witch funeral and consecrated their bodies. This was a long process of spells, burning of the bodies and another complex ritual. At least now they knew they were in peace with all the other ancestors .And they could still communicate with them easily – being witches and all .None of that Ouija board stuff though ,this was real. Full on candles and a small blood sacrifice from each of the sisters as a binding agent to their parents on the other side. Luna killed them just because she was bored and their parents respected her right until their very last breath… It was either them or her – and they wouldn’t kill their own daughter and first born. For witches, death is not the end and so they are not scared of it and welcome it with open arms …Kind of.

The girls didn’t respond ; these kind of arguments happened all the time, it was as if Luna was always suspiscious that they were conspiring against her or plotting to kill her.Suddenly they hear the somebody knocking at their door. Simply because doorbells don’t exist in 150-year-old mansions.Luna rushes to it, seeing who she can victimize next… “Oh.You.Again…” she mutters the words with brief spaces inbetween .It was Perry – Hera’s (kind of) fiancé. Hera was the sister who was always desperate for love – the sister who loved too easily, the one longing for a normal life, and the one *always* cleaning up Luna’s mess. “Yeah.Is Hera here?” Perry spoke quietly, afraid of Luna.As soon as Hera heard him she ran to the door, waving her hands as if signaling that Luna should get lost.”Hi.” Hera grinned,grabbing Perry’s arm and leading him inside.”I made that pasta you like and hopefully everything will go well. At least you don’t have to impress Roman and Charlotte anyore.” She let out a slight laugh.”Too early for the dead parent jokes,right?Yeah, that’s what I figured…But I know they’ve moved on and they would want us to get married and take set the girls free!” Still standing in the main hall, Perry brought Hera in for a hug.He knew how hard it was for her, losing her parents and having to take care of the rest of her sisters who were pretty much adults already but unprepared for what life, or should we say Luna, threw at them.Death.Hera was putting on a great brave face, she was only twenty-two after all.With no time for University because she dropped her Law degree.

Before they knew it they were sitting at the dinner table, ready to drop the bombshell on her family. Standing up, her left hand slightly shaking and her right clutching Perry’s, she started, “Ok, Aphrodite,twins, Luna.Especially Luna.” She smiled ,”, promise me you won’t freak! But me and Perry…” she revealed the necklace with her engagement ring that was covered by her beige turtleneck top…”We’re getting married.” She swallowed her fear and pride.Waiting...Waiting…Waiting for their reactions.”Congratulations!” Aphrodite stood up ,smiling, to give her sister a bear hug.The twins also smiling in agreement.Now it was just Luna –still sitting there with no expression until finally she stood up too…”Well that’s bloody brilliant. There’ll be tons of little Heras running around soon!” Luna laughed, and with her amasement, so did Hera.She must’ve had something planned already, Luna doesn’t just accept drama like that lightly, always looking out for something to gain for herself.