The seven Muldrow sisters inherited the 7 Crows Publishing Company from their parents. They’d grown up in the printing and distribution business and were prospering since their latest release, *Curses for Telemarketers with a Special Section for Car Warranties*, had been translated into fifty languages.

7 Crows was a small press specializing in media on the craft of magic. Since many authors failed to research this, most of their submissions were useless except for keeping a fire in the cold months.

Wendy, the youngest sister, was skilled in magic like her father. She referred to her gift as “practicing,” and often reminded her siblings about her ability, as if they could ever forget. This made her feel important among a family of superiors. Her duties included proofreading all the manuscripts that met 7 Crows’ submission guidelines and experimenting with spells from the materials. She’d been forbidden to practice on her sisters since the time she cursed the eldest with a furry tail.

The women were all plain, with dark hair and eyes, like their mother. They’d never been popular in school or dated much. Most residents of Sleeping Springs considered the Muldrow’s odd, especially with the whole magic vibe associated with the family business.

The siblings followed a rigorous rotating chore schedule that included office duties. The company ran smoothly, and the sisters were easy-going most of the time. At least, until someone left something out of place or failed to meet their obligations, and bickering and drama ensued.
Exasperated from their occasional tirades and complaining—especially every twenty-eight days—Wendy researched spells until she found one to suit her need. Then she took it upon herself to conjure up a man to service her sisters, and thus, carry on the Muldrow family name.