Granny Smith.

Granny Smith had a job to do. She had to choose someone suitable to be part of the night people. She had three women in mind but each of them would have to be approached or persuaded at a time when they were the most, angry. Indeed, they had to be more angry than they’d ever been. So hateful towards a member of the opposite sex that one of them would willingly sink her teeth into his neck in order to capture his soul forever. And to share him with the vampire sisterhood.

 Granny Smith had three candidates in mind: Emma, Judith and Roseline. She kept her ear to the ground until she got an inclination that the worst had come to the worst in one of their worlds.

Emma was the most problematic because she couldn’t find anyone rough enough to satisfy her . However, that was before she met the woodsman as she was travelling through the woods just north of the village on a cold February night. He was as handsome as hell even if he smelled of woodsmoke most of the time. Emma spent the night at the cottage during the ensuing snowstorm and used her claws to ensnare him. Before the night was through the woodsman had taken a shine to her and she could sink, into the vixen like creature she liked to be. The woodsman lived amongst wolves and she listened to the foxes as she wandered out of the woods after visiting the woodman’s cottage. Soon afterwards, she was spending more time in the woods than in her own home.

That left Judith and Roseline.

Judith had a negative side to her, so negative that Granny Smith believed that she was quite unsuitable to seduce the more handsome of the coming of age.

That left Roseline. As a test, Granny Smith contrived an accidental meeting with the second most handsome member of the opposite sex in the village. Although he was handsome enough he was also conceited and vain. So conceited and vain that three women had dumped him after only: three weeks, a week and a half and three days. And it was Granny Smith who dumped him after three days. That was after he had drunk from one of her potions and found her so irresistible that he didn’t flinch when he got a peck on the neck that drew just the slightest of blood.

Judith fell for him, alright, and it was going very well, too well in Granny Smith’s mind. She also noticed the slightest bite on Judith’s neck. It might have just been heavy petting but a vain man was not what was required in the sisterhood. The relationship between Roseline and the vain man had to end.

Granny Smith had to introduce the vain man to Janet, a young woman of uncertain virtue who needed to settle down due to the rumours regarding her virtues or lack of them. The vain man found himself in a quandary having too much attention thrust upon him that he succumbed to the attentiveness of the new woman in his life.

Roseline was enraged with the man that had fallen for the woman of questionable virtues. She had been keeping herself pure until the night of her betrothal. She was enraged over his fickle nature and questionable virtues.

When Granny Smith learned just how jilted Roseline felt she took it upon herself to contrive a meeting so fleeting that Roseline and Seth wouldn’t suspect that Granny Smith had anything to do with it.

All Granny Smith had to do after that meeting was to undermine Roseline’s confidence. She suggested ways to improve her appearance, suggesting a touch of lace on some of her garments and a slight alteration to her hairstyle. This had the desired effect and all she had to do was to prepare the potion. She had most of the ingredients and the remaining herbs and the final ingredient could be found by the pond in her garden the following day.

Granny Smith held the spitting toad aloft over the simmering broth until she had finished her curses. She squeezed the toad in the way she had been taught by her grandmother. “There,” She said aloud as she put that extra pressure on the back of its neck. The toad spat and its venom went into the simmering brew.

So, when Granny Smith suggested her potion Roseline was only too eager to take the recommended dose. She restyled her hair, wore the garment with the added lace and took on the role of enchantress. Granny Smith gave Roseline another potion to administer to the young man. The young man had no chance. A night of passion ensued and Roseline was besides herself to the point that she gave the young man a love bite he would not forget.

It would be a full moon in three days time and there was a planned meeting of the five, night sisters at the old manor house where the young widow, Emily lived. There would be a roaring fire with one of Granny Smith’s most infamous broths brewing over the flames. And the bats that lived in the belfry would be flapping their wings at the windows trying to gain access to the event of the season. Of course, there would be no witnesses to the event, except for the night sisters and bats and they certainly wouldn’t tell tales even if they could. And who would believe them, anyway.

And there we must leave the tale of Seth. His manhood will of course be tested again and again, sustained perhaps with a bowl of Granny Smith’s potent broth from time to time. And by the time the bats have gone back to roost he might be feeling just as tired after such a hard night. And he will never be quite the same again.

The End.