

Vampire's Child

The Beginning



Susan M. Scott

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Vampire's Child

By Susan M. Scott

CHAPTER I

Alan Davis was in a bad way. Oh, he had been in love before, or had said he was, but never like this. The young man couldn't eat, sleep or think straight. Every time he tried to concentrate on something he ended up thinking of the girl.

Alan didn't seem able to get to first base with her. The subject of his infatuation was a raven-haired beauty who sat in front of him at night school. They both took high school Civics on Thursday evening.

Her name was Vicki Smith.

Alan didn't know why she was finishing high school at night. Everyone else in class had dropped out and returned after learning how hard it was to get a decent job without a diploma. But Vicki was just too smart; she reminded him of the kids on the Honor Role, not a dropout.

Vicki Smith had long black hair, almost white skin, blue eyes and dark red lips. She never came to class early and never stayed late. Vicki hardly ever spoke in class, but she was plenty smart. She turned in her assignments on time and always got an A. She took lots of notes and ignored the social life among the other students. Everyone said she was standoffish, but Alan loved her desperately.

The young man knew it was crazy. He couldn't even get her to talk to him. After weeks of trying to start up a conversation, he decided to write her a letter. It was an act of desperation and it disgusted him, but he had to attract her attention somehow.

As he wrote to Vicki, he wished that he had finished high school. Soon after he turned sixteen he had dropped out. Now, two years later he was in night school, desperate to get his diploma. His old friends who had stayed in school had already graduated and gone on to better things; college, jobs with a future, even the services.

After dropping out it had taken Alan months to find a job and the one he did finally get was washing dishes in a restaurant. In a near panic he had tried to enlist but without his diploma even the Army had turned him down. When he had dropped out his parents had given him a thousand dollars and made him move out of their house.

Now he just made enough money at his minimum wage job to pay the rent on the dingy one-room apartment he had found, put a little gas in his car, and cover his other expenses. In fact if he didn't get to eat at the restaurant for free, he couldn't have afforded the tuition for night school.

Washing dishes for forty hours a week had quickly convinced him that he had made a mistake in dropping out of school. It was true that there was no guarantee that if he got his diploma he would get a better job, but Alan was now sure that without the diploma he wouldn't. As he finished the letter he again wondered why Vicki was in night school. When the letter was finished he read it over.

Dear Vicki Smith:

I guess you must know I'm interested in you. I've been watching you every Thursday during class. This may sound a little crazy but I think I love you. Please allow me a chance to talk to you. You might find that you like me. If you don't, I won't bother you further.

As you know I have tried to get you to talk with me. I know its awkward and dumb to write to you. I hope it doesn't put you off me. Please be assured that I am sincere.

Hopefully Yours;

Alan Davis

After reading the letter over again, Alan folded it and put it with his Civics homework. The next Thursday he placed the letter on her notes during the break. Vicki looked at the folded paper, picked it up and placed it in her book bag without reading it.

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The next week was hell for Alan. He hoped Vicki would read the note and allow him to talk to her after class. Alan made a point of getting to class early. He tried to catch Vicki's eye when she came in. The black-haired girl nodded to him, smiling slightly as she took her place.

Almost immediately the class started.

Alan was so excited that he could hardly follow the teacher's lecture on the two party political system. When the teacher stopped for a break, Vicki turned in her chair and, for the first time, spoke to Alan.

For the first few words Alan was so thrilled he barely heard what she said. Her voice was high and delicate, like wind chimes made of glass. At last what she was saying started to register in his brain.

"Thank you for the sweet letter, Alan. If you walked me to my bus stop tonight after class, I'd be pleased to talk with you then."

"I have a car. Can I drive you home?" Alan blurted out.

"It's a long way out in the country," Vicki started to reply.

"That's fine. We would have more time to talk. I don't care if it's hundreds of miles!"

Vicki smiled, "It's not that far. No flat tires or running out of gas now."

“I promise. The tank is nearly full and I have a new set of wheels on the buggy. They’re only retreads, but they should be safe.”

“OK. We will talk then.” Vicki turned back to her notes.

The class started again in a few minutes. Alan could hardly tell what the teacher was saying, he was so excited. On the other hand, Vicki was again taking careful notes on everything.

When the class ended ninety minutes later, they waited a moment for the crowd to clear.

As Alan and Vicki walked out into the hall together, Alan found himself with nothing to say. He was deeply embarrassed to finally be with the girl he loved and yet be unable to speak. Alan was so busy devouring the raven-headed beauty with his eyes that he could hardly see where he was going. Fortunately they arrived at his car without major mishap.

Alan opened the car door for Vicki. In her one-inch heels she was a little taller than Alan. As Alan slipped behind the driver’s seat, Vicki broke the silence that had enveloped them.

“Alan, for a boy who wanted to talk with me, you’re certainly quiet. What’s the matter, cat got your tongue?”

“Oh no! Well. ah, you see, Vicki, I just can’t get over how beautiful you are and how lucky I am to finally get to spend a little time with you. I guess I’m kind of scared.”

“In that case, Alan, get this buggy rolling. Head out of town on route 23 and I’ll do some talking for a while. You just drive safely and listen.”

Alan started the car and headed out of town. As he drove, Vicki noticed his narrow shoulders, delicate frame, and soft facial features.

“Just about my size and all skin and bones, hasn’t filled out yet. My, my, this is quite a temptation,” Vicki thought to herself.

Aloud she said, “Now Alan, may I call you Alan?”

“Sure!”

“Good. You call me Vic. Now Alan, I’m very flattered that you find me attractive.”

“It’s more than that, Vic,” the boy interrupted. “I can’t explain it, I know we don’t even really know each other, but I love you. Like love at first sight or something. You know?”

“OK, I’m flattered that you love me, and I do find you attractive,” the girl continued. “But I’m really a very dangerous girl to love, or even to get involved with. I’m very, very dangerous. I can hurt you, worse than you could imagine. I’ve hurt boys before. So I’m warning you. For your own good you should just stay away from me.”

“If you knew how I feel, Vic, you would know that that’s impossible. I guess I will just have to take my chances with you. It hurts so bad when I can’t be near you that it couldn’t be worse if you hurt me later.”

“You really mean that, Alan?”

“Yes I do, Vic. I’d risk anything to be your boyfriend. I can’t concentrate on anything else right now. Whatever I try to do I find myself thinking of you.”

“Would it change your mind if I guaranteed you that you will get hurt if you hang around with me? I don’t keep a boyfriend very long. Some have just disappeared, never to be heard from again.”

“Ah gee, Vic. You don’t look that mean. I don’t think anyone as nice as you could intentionally hurt someone.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t do it intentionally! I just get kind of wild and lose control.”

“I don’t think I understand all that. What I do know is, that not being able to get to know you seems so terrible to me that I’m sure that whatever else happens it won’t be worse,” Alan stated with finality.

“Well, Alan, if your sure you want to take the risk, and I can’t talk you out of it, we will give it a try.”

“You mean it, Vicki?”

“Yes, Alan, I do. I’ve been pretty lonely lately and as I said, you are attractive to me.” Vicki gave the boy a big smile, “I think you’re real cute. in fact. I know it took guts to write me that letter. You know, I was being intentionally standoffish in class just to insure that this sort of thing wouldn’t happen.”

“So that’s it. I never could figure out why you were so quiet in class. Say, if you’re willing to see me, how about a movie tomorrow night?”

“I don’t think so, Alan. I’ll tell you what. You think about what I’ve said. I guarantee that if you get in-

volved with me, you will get hurt. Maybe sooner, maybe later. If you still want me to go out with you next week, I will. You can ask me again after class next Thursday, if you still think seeing me is what you want.”

“Vic it won’t make any difference. I will still want to see you. But if you want to wait another week, I guess I can handle it.”

“Good. It’s important to me that I give you time to think. Now turn down the next road on the right and let me out when you come to a big iron gate. It’s about a quarter-mile down the road and on the right.”

Alan followed Vicki’s instructions. Soon he was waving to her as she opened the gate and went through. Vicki waved back, closed the gate and was gone.

As he drove the twenty miles back to town, Alan hummed a tune. He felt very good. For the first time in weeks he felt that he had something to look forward to. He was positive that things were going to work out well between himself and Vicki.

As Vicki walked up the long drive toward her parents rambling Victorian farm house she smiled. The girl was glad that Alan was so persistent. This time she promised herself she wouldn’t screw things up. The thought reminded her that she was hungry. Vicki walked over to a large barn that was located about one hundred yards from the house. Her family kept a number of sheep and dairy cattle on the farm. They worked the farm a little but the main purpose of the livestock was to allow Vicki and her mother Ruth, to feed without having to find a human victim.

The black-haired girl picked out a plump ewe and herded it into an empty stall. She stroked the animal's head until it was calm. As she petted the sheep she whispered softly to it, telling it about her conversation with Alan. Then Vicki lowered her mouth to the ewe's neck and slowly bit. Her long sharp canine teeth sank deep into the animal. Vicki began to suck, drawing the sheep's sweet warm blood into her body.

As the vampire girl drank, she continued to pet the now frightened animal. When she was full, she used her saliva to seal the animal's neck wound.

Vicki then dated the tag around the sheep's neck. Neither she or her mother would drink from the animal again for six weeks, allowing enough time for the ewe to fully recover.

A few moments later, Vicki entered the house calling, "Hi Mom, I'm home."

There were two women in the parlor; one appeared to be only a little older than Vicki while the other looked to be about thirty-five. Both looked up and smiled.

"Hi dear, how was class?" the younger of the two replied.

She had black hair, like Vicki's. Her skin was also almost white. She seemed a few years older than Vicki but was just as pretty. An observer might have guessed her age at twenty-five, maybe thinking she was Vicki's older sister.

"Class was fine, the material was interesting, but I'm not sure what the significance of the two party system has for me now."

The older woman spoke; she had auburn hair and was also very attractive, in spite of her additional years.

“You look much too happy about a civics class. Now tell us what else happened.”

Vicki smiled and went over to the woman sat on the arm of her chair and gave her a hug.

“Gee, Mom. You always know what I’m up to, don’t you?”

The woman smiled and kissed her daughters hand.

“Come now, tell us,” she prompted.

“Well, I’ve met a boy. Or rather he met me. And I’ve warned him and he still wants to see me. Isn’t that great!”

The two women exchanged glances, then the younger one spoke. “You warned him? You mean you told him how we live? What we do for food?”

“Of course not. Who would believe that anyway? I told him, his name is Alan, that I was dangerous and that I would end up hurting him.”

“Well, Vic, that’s true enough. Do you think seeing him is a good idea? Remember what happened last time,” the older woman responded.

“Why do you have to bring that up! I have control now. I can stop before he is dead, I really can! It won’t be like last time. Honest!” she yelled.

“You’re almost grown now, and you must learn for yourself. It’s been over a year since your change. Your new body chemistry will demand things you may not have realized yet. Yet the only way for you to learn is to explore new experiences. I’m glad you have met someone you like. We know the last year has been very lonely for you in many ways. Just remember that whatever you do, or feel you need to do, we will be there for you. You can count on our help and support,” the younger woman said in sympathetic tones.

“Oh thanks, Mom! I knew I could count on you. I think I will go do my homework. See you in a couple of hours,” Vicki called as she dashed out of the room and up the stairs.

The two women were silent for a while.

Then the older one spoke, “Ruth, are you sure you did the right thing last year? Bringing her back like this?”

“Oh, Terry, don’t be a toad! She was dying. She was almost dead. Would you rather she had died? I think I remember you crying and begging me to do it!”

“Of course you’re right, Ruth. I love her too much to let her die if there is any other way. Please forgive my misgivings. When I see her now, I see our daughter, but I also see something else. The ‘power’ changed her and is still changing her. I suppose it changed you but I didn’t know you before.”

“Terry, I’m not letting you off the hook that easy. I remember you sitting by her bed begging me to save her if I could. I believe your words were ‘Ruth, please do something. Reach out with your powers and save our daughter!’ It’s now time for us to accept some of

the responsibility that comes from creating a new vampire.”

“You’re right, Ruth. I’m sorry. Why don’t we go to our room while Vicki does her homework? I’d like to make it up to you.”

“Now you have a real good idea there, Terry!”

The two women, hand in hand, quickly went to their bedroom.

CHAPTER II

The next Thursday night Vicki was very nervous. She hoped that Alan wouldn’t change his mind. But, for the boy’s sake, she also hoped that he would. Vicki arrived at class early. One look at Alan as he entered the classroom convinced her that he had not changed his mind. If such a thing were possible, love shown in his eyes when he saw her.

His smile and his first words confirmed her impression.

“Hi Vicki. What would you like to do tomorrow night?”

“Oh, anything. A movie would be fine.” Vicki responded.

She was still unsure of her values and her own control. All through class she asked herself, “Do I have the right to involve this boy in my life?”

Vicki thought about the disease that had nearly killed her the year before. The disease *had* in fact killed her, she reminded herself. She remembered the fear and dread of her last seconds of life, then waking up finding herself apparently alive and healthy. She remembered her mother explaining to her that she was now undead, a vampire. The girl shuddered as she remembered the driving hunger that had consumed her for months. There hadn't been enough blood to satisfy her.

“How can I try to live like a normal teenager again, dating boys I can never be with during the day? Boys who will seem like food to me sometimes, who might not be safe near me when I'm hungry?” the black-haired girl pondered.

Vicki stole a glance at Alan's fine profile. He was good looking in a soft, cuddly kind of way. She was very lonely. Vicki decided that since it was Alan's idea, and he had been warned and discouraged and still wanted her, she would abide by his choice. The teenage girl smiled looking forward to her date the next night. After class she accepted Alan's offer to drive her home again. Before she slipped out of the car, Vicki leaned over and kissed Alan on the cheek.

The next night Vicki had a great time. The best she had experienced since she fell sick over three years before.

Alan took the raven-haired girl to a double bill at the Fox Theater in town. Afterward he drove them to a Starbucks Coffee shop where they talked for hours.

Alan was so happy just being with Vicki that he failed to notice that she never really drank any of the rich mocha coffee he had ordered for her.

Vicki drew the boy out and Alan enjoyed telling her all about himself. Vicki learned that he lived on his own and had a job he didn't like as a dishwasher.

Alan explained that he was going to night school trying to finish his high school diploma so that he could get a better job. He confided that he might want to go to college later. Months of washing dishes had convinced him of the need for more school.

Vicki did explain that she had been very sick for a couple of years and missed a lot of school.

"Are you alright now?" Alan interrupted, his voice full of concern.

Vicki felt a pang of guilt as she lied.

"Yes, I'm much better now. But I will always have to lead a less than normal life. I get tired easily and have to spend a lot of time just resting."

Later, when Alan pulled up in front of Vicki's home, she didn't object when he took her in his arms and brought his lips down to cover hers.

She found herself responding strongly to his kiss. When Alan hesitantly started to slip his tongue into her mouth she was quick to suck his organ into her mouth where she licked and tickled the probing organ with her own tongue. A few moments later she felt Alan's hand unbutton the top of her blouse. She gently pulled away.

"Not yet, Alan. This is only our first date. I like you but I need to get to know you better. OK?"

"Sure, Vicki. Anything you want is OK with me as long as you want to see me again."

“I sure do!” Vicki’s smile was electric.

She kissed him again and was out the door laughing and running up the drive before he knew she was gone. She stopped and waved at the gate, then she was gone.

Alan didn’t know how she moved so fast.

“Must have blinked,” he thought as he started the car back up.

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Later, in her room. Vicki slowly undressed, slipping out of her shoes, skirt, blouse, half-slip, and bra. Standing in front of the full-length mirror wearing just her white lace panties, nylons and garter belt, she moved her hands up her sides to cup her breasts. She massaged and squeezed her nipples until they stood out swollen with her growing excitement.

The girl then slid her right hand down into her panties. Vicki stroked her public area until she felt her labia grow slick with her lubricant. Delicately she spread her pink vaginal lips and brought her middle and index fingers into contact with her now erect clitoris. As she moved her hands, she felt her clitoris throb, she felt her body quicken. She wished Alan was with her doing this.

Vicki gasped. She hadn’t masturbated since she fell sick. Her body’s need asserted itself. Vicki found that her pleasure was deeper, richer than it had been before. It had grown from the childish finger experimenting she had tried in the past to a powerful force. Her body’s ability to experience sensation was also

amplified by her change. Now the sensations felt nearly overwhelming as she brought herself to orgasm.

As she came Vicki murmured, "Alan, oh Alan. I *will* love you. I will!"

Afterwards she nearly lost her balance and had to sit down on the edge of her bed.

As she slipped into her nightgown, Vicki hummed a little tune. She knew she wanted, even needed, more than the pleasures she could give herself. The memory of Alan's lips on her brought a warm flush to her white cheeks. Vicki knew she had to have him. She wanted to feel his thin willowy body enfolded in her arms and thighs as he buried himself in her womanhood. The idea of his chest on hers brought her nipples again to taught erection. She moved her hand to masturbate again. This time she was slower and more deliberate.

As she came, Vicki again murmured Alan's name over and over.

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For the next month Alan and Vicki went out as frequently as Alan could get nights off work. Generally they were able to get together two and sometimes three times in a week, always at night. Alan was surprised to find that Vicki was willing to meet him after he got off work at 11:30 P.M., if he wasn't too tired. They went to midnight movies, or to his apartment where they would talk and watch late night movies or listen to his stereo.

Vicki's parents didn't seem to mind when he got her home. Vicki herself wasn't concerned as long as she got home by dawn. The black-haired teenager was adamant about his getting her home before first light. She explained theirs was a working farm and she had chores that had to be done early.

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For their first few dates their necking was limited to kissing and touching each other. As the weeks went by, their petting became increasingly intense. At the end of their third week of dating, Vicki allowed Alan to unbutton her blouse. Smiling, the raven-haired girl reached behind her back and unclasped her bra to allow Alan access to her breasts. Alan had been dating for several years but he was still young and had never gotten beyond the kissing stage of petting before.

Alan gasped with wonder when he beheld Vicki's exposed breasts. Her skin was milk white, almost devoid of color. Her two mounds of feminine flesh were crowned with rose-colored nipples that nearly matched the red of the girls lips. These twin rosettes stood out proud and firm as Alan's shaking hands moved to touch them. Vicki's breasts were well-formed but still smallish, about a B-cup size. Alan wondered if they would grow larger as Vicki matured into womanhood.

The couple enjoyed Alan kissing and fondling Vicki's breasts for hours. Vicki loved the sensations he created as he made love to her breasts. She encouraged him and sometimes their dates started with the girl playfully opening the top buttons of her blouse as she gave Alan a "come-hither" look. Their sex play became bolder.