

Vampire's Child

Part 2



Susan M. Scott

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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VAMPIRE'S CHILD 2

By Susan M. Scott

CHAPTER VII

At first Alan was very quiet, only speaking when spoken to, answering in as few words as possible.

Terry realized that the poor girl must be shy. She opened a bottle of red wine and poured out a tall glass for Alan and another, although less full, for herself.

As Alan ate and drank the wine, the former boy started to communicate more.

It was agreed that Alan would sell his car and quit her job, by phone of course. Alan was to live with Vicki in her room there at the farm. She would receive a household allowance for clothes, cosmetics and entertainment. The whole family would help her polish her feminine charms. Alan would share the daytime chores with Terry.

The older woman assured Alan that they were few and relatively easy.

“Anything that is very time consuming or difficult, we hire someone to do. After all, we can only be a family at night and, Alan, you will need to rest during part of the day if you are to be up most of the night with Vicki. But we must do something about your name. You’re such a pretty girl. We simply can’t keep calling you Alan. It’s so inappropriate,” Terry concluded.

“Now dear, don’t get us wrong,” Ruth added. “There is nothing wrong with Alan as a name. But it is a boy’s name and, as you are well aware, you are no longer a boy. It just doesn’t fit you anymore. And like older clothes that you have outgrown, it must be discarded and replaced with a new name that does fit, a name you can use in public. Our lawyers will make it all legal later. Do you have any ideas, dear?”

“Well, no, Ruth, I hadn’t thought about that aspect of it yet. You see, at least in my mind, I’m still Alan. And all this has been a shock. I had no idea that I would become a girl. I still think this all may be a crazy dream and I’ll wake up in the morning and be Alan again.”

“Well, even if it is a crazy dream, it won’t hurt to have a pretty new name to match your new gender,” Terry commented.

“I guess you’re right ,Terry,” Alan nervously replied.

“So, any ideas, dear?” Vicki asked.

“Well no. Why don’t you suggest something. I guess I really don’t care.”

“Oh, you should care, dear. I might decide to call you Candy, or Spring, or Peaches. Yes dear, I think you should care,” Vicki giggled. “How about Ann, or Joan, Connie, or Elizabeth? That’s four to consider.”

“Or Cathy, or Trudy, or Joanne,” Terry added.

“Or Angela, Linda, Laura, or Virginia,” Ruth continued.

“Of those I think Linda would be easy to live with. It’s a girl’s name, but it’s not so wildly feminine that I will have a hard time living up to it,” Alan answered.

“Then Linda you shall be!” cried Vicki. “But you are wrong. You *are* a girl now and living up to that will be *very* difficult for you. You sit like a boy, talk like a boy and you even still move like a boy. Linda, you will have to pay attention to everything we tell you and practice hard if you are to learn in the next few months all you need to know to catch up to your biological age.”

“Vicki is right, Linda,” Ruth added. “Right now you look fourteen. The world will put up with your not being polished as a woman yet. But the world will expect you to know everything that Vicki has spent eighteen years learning about being a young woman.”

“Well, that’s enough heavy stuff for tonight,” Vicki said. “Linda is my blushing bride and now that she is newly christened and has eaten, I want to take her bed.”

Linda blushed but Ruth and Terry nodded their approval and kissed their new daughter on the cheek as Vicki led Linda back to the stairs.

Vicki was very aggressive when they got back to her room. She wanted to claim her mate. She knew it was a strange biological thing, but she felt the need. They made love almost till dawn. After bringing Linda to several long orgasms, Vicki had pushed her sex into Linda's face and told her, "Pleasure me, wench!"

Vicki arose from the bed just before dawn, kissed the sleeping girl on her cheek, and went to the cellar where she and Ruth closed and locked the door.

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Linda slept till late afternoon. When she awoke she found Terry sitting by the bed, reading.

Terry had Linda slip on a robe and took the girl downstairs for a big meal. Linda was moving slowly and Terry realized that the poor girl would be very sore for days while her body recovered from its transformation. Terry made a mental note that she must monitor the situation. A young girl's body going through puberty requires special care, she remembered. Terry was pleased to find that Linda knew her way around a kitchen.

Linda found ways to help her cook the meal and set the table. She was starved so she ate for a while, but then found she was full.

"Thanks, Terry. The food tastes great, but I just can't eat another bite."

"Thank you, girl. I like to cook, but you did eat a lot. You have to remember a lot for a one-hundred-ten pound girl is just a snack to an eighteen-year-old boy."

Linda called her, or rather Alan's, boss and informed him, in the best imitation of Alan's voice she could muster, that he quit and would they please send his final check to his home address. The man was very put out about the short notice but since Alan hadn't shown up for work the night before, he was planning to fire the boy anyway.

Afterward Linda felt shaken. Quitting Alan's job brought the permanence of her new life home to her with a vengeance.

Terry took Linda back upstairs where she had Linda take a "nice calming bath." Terry had Linda do her hair the same way Vicki had fixed it the night before. After a few tries, Linda succeeded.

Then Terry launched into a long makeup lesson. She had the girl apply and remove her makeup several times until Terry felt it was presentable.

As dusk approached, they undressed and dressed again in soft sexy fashions to greet their mates.

Terry explained that since Vicki and Ruth didn't really eat, she had a large meal in late afternoon and just snacked from time to time the rest of the night.

When Ruth and Vicki emerged from the basement, they found two stunningly attractive females waiting for them.

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Linda had almost totally forgotten how upset she had felt when she quit Alan's job. Although she was now a girl, she still found that she loved Vicki deeply. It seemed odd to want her so when he was now a girl, but Linda's passion was inescapable.

For the next few nights Linda's life focused on making love with and playing with Vicki. The two girls dressed each other in every outfit in the house. They practiced makeup and talked about their baby. Each day was a shock for Linda. It often took her a minute to realize that she was being addressed when someone called her by her new name. The idea that she was pregnant was simply a fun fantasy that could not be true. But Linda was clearly enjoying and blossoming in the loving environment the family created for her.

Vicki was pleased that Linda was adjusting so well. Each night the sultry raven-haired beauty went out of her way to be sure Linda's love life would shine when the girl compared it to her former life as Alan.

During the days, Linda would often have a snack with Terry after Ruth and Vicki had "retired." She would then read in bed until sleep overtook her.

At two or three in the afternoon, Linda arose, bathed and dressed. Terry and Linda would fix themselves a light meal and then clean up the kitchen. Terry spent the next couple of hours instructing Linda in makeup and teaching her feminine deportment and manners. In a few days they all agreed Linda was able to pass herself off reasonably well as a eighteen-year-old girl. A little tomboyish, but definitely female. Of course, the very feminine body Vicki had engineered for Linda was a great help.

Terry put off having Linda help with the farm chores until her feminine mannerisms were better developed. Most of the farm chores were done by two hands who came early in the morning and were gone by early afternoon anyway. Ruth and Terry had agreed that during Vicki and Linda's "honeymoon"

period, they would allow the couple to focus on each other.

At the end of the first week, Linda's breasts had grown to the point where Vicki's old padded AAA cups were getting too tight. Vicki searched through her drawers and got out all her old bras and organized them by size. She gave Linda several AA cupped bras right away. She also set aside a group of A cupped bras.

"When you need a B cup you can just use my bras, dear. But when you're ready for a C cup, we will go shopping. My bras will never be bigger than they are now. Part of being undead is never changing cup size. I'm looking forward to getting to play with your bigger boobs since my tits are stuck at their current size," Vicki commented.

Linda's hair continued to grow at an accelerated rate. It grew to touch her shoulders. Its rich curls were even more decidedly feminine as her hair became longer.

Terry and Vicki started talking about Linda's needing to make a trip to the beauty shop.

At first Linda was depressed by her increasingly feminine appearance. Her body was rapidly changing, almost before her eyes. But when the teenager reflected on these changes, she decided that it was best that it occur quickly. Linda thought that "getting it over with" would be a relief. She was tired all the time now. Her new family assured Linda that once the change was complete, she would feel much better.

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Early the next week Terry suggested that Linda and she get up early and do some shopping.

“You need to have some clothing of your own. You can’t wear Vicki’s clothes forever. Besides, her clothes don’t really fit you right now,” Terry urged. “We also should have something done about your hair. It looks OK but it could be really cute now that it’s long enough to style.”

Linda swallowed, “You mean go out in public as a girl?”

“Why not? You can’t possibly go out in public as a boy. You’re starting to have a nice little shape and your curly hair is totally girlish. Tell you what, Linda. You dress up to look as much like a boy as you can tomorrow. We can even go by your apartment and you can put on Alan’s clothes. If the sales staff mistake you for a boy, we will just come home.

“But if you do your best to look like a boy and they still know that you’re a girl, we get you really dolled up in a new outfit, then go to the beauty shop and have the works done, no protesting from you. Deal?”

Linda hesitated for a minute before answering, “That sounds fair, Terry. Thank you.”

Linda felt like she had won a major victory. She could put on her old clothes. She could dress up as Alan. But as she thought about it, she wasn’t quite sure that she had won anything.

The right to try to pass as a boy?

Later in the privacy of the afternoon in the room she shared now with Vicki, Linda undressed and went to look at herself in the mirror. She was nude. Linda wanted to see it all. The first thing she noticed was her pair of pert breasts. They had grown into pointed cones with pink fat nipples. Her breasts were still very sore. They seemed to be growing rapidly. Linda realized that she should ask Terry or Vicki for advice about how tender they seemed. Linda quickly put the idea aside. Talking with Terry or Vicki about how her breasts felt was just unthinkable.

Linda observed that her hips were wide but her waist, arms, shoulders and legs seemed almost impossibly tiny. Her rear was well-rounded and in the area where her legs met, there was only a slight parting in her flesh, just in front of and behind her public bone. The empty space with its slight slit left no doubt about her sex. Her skin was smooth and there wasn't a single hair visible on her body.

"Who am I trying to kid?" Linda said to herself, "There really isn't anything left that shows of Alan."

She turned sideways and examined the reflection of her abdomen. "So far nothing shows," she thought.

Linda realized that she really didn't mind the idea of being pregnant, at least in concept.

"After all, our daughter is all that is really left of Alan in some ways," she thought.

As she looked at her reflection, Linda realized that she really didn't know much about being a girl and she knew next to nothing about being pregnant.

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The next afternoon Linda felt very strange walking into Alan's apartment. So much had happened in the last week it was hard to accept this large fragment from her former life. Looking around the apartment, Linda felt like she had entered someone else's home. In a trance, she walked from object to object. She recognized everything and remembered how Alan had come to buy these things. Yet, they didn't feel like her possessions anymore.

Terry watched her for a while, leaving Linda alone until the older woman felt that the teenager was ready to let go.

"We will have to come back soon with Vicki and Ruth and pack up your belongings, dear. I'm sure there are things here you will want to have with you at home. Now go ahead and change, Linda. Remember, you are to do your best to dress like a boy."

Terry went to the window of the small studio and looked out on the street below. The room was too small for any real privacy, but she wanted to avoid embarrassing Linda any more than was necessary.

Linda went to the closet and began to undress. She removed the heels, cardigan sweater, skirt and blouse she had put on earlier. She faced the mirror. In a moment of decision, she removed her garter belt, nylons, panties and, finally, her bra. Her underwear formed an attractive pool of red satin and black lace on Alan's bed.

Almost immediately she regretted taking off the bra. Her breasts were very sore. Without the bra's support, they actually hurt. Linda suspected that they had grown more over the previous night.

"I'll just have to ignore the pain this afternoon," she told herself.

Opening the dresser, Linda picked up a pair of Alan's jockey shorts. She looked at the rough cotton garments, including the fly that was now totally useless to her. Then she glanced at the soft satin panties she had tossed onto the bed.

"They're so pretty," she thought, reaching out to touch the lacy garment.

Linda put the jockey shorts away.

"It won't hurt my effort to look like a boy if I wear just the panties," she decided. "They will be underneath my jeans anyway."

Linda slipped the red satin panties back on. She withdrew a pair of white socks and put them on. Her feet and legs were so much smaller than Alan's had been that the socks just bunched up around her ankles.

She returned to the closet and took out her favorite pair of jeans. Putting them on, she realized that they were way too big around the waist, although the fit in the hips and thighs was OK.

She put on a tie-dyed T-shirt. She was surprised to find that the arms came down over her elbows. Looking in the mirror, she realized that her arms were the same length but her shoulders were much narrower. Over the T-shirt she put on a heavy flannel shirt and tucked them into her pants. The sleeves on the shirt dropped beyond the tips of her fingers. Linda rolled the sleeves up to just above her wrists. The fabric formed a thick cuff that made her wrists and hands

look even more delicate than they had in the cotton blouse and cardigan she had worn earlier.

The waist on the jeans was still much too big. Digging to the back of Alan's closet, she found her oldest belt, one Alan had outgrown almost two years ago. It had a malachite buckle Alan had liked. He had saved it, planning to have the buckle put on a new belt someday. Linda threaded the belt through the loops in the jeans and tightened it as much as she could. It just barely fit. Linda remembered that when Alan had stopped wearing the belt it was because his waist had grown beyond twenty-four inches.

"My waist must be about nineteen inches!" she realized with a shock. The night that Alan had been transformed his waist had been 28 inches.

Linda went to the bathroom to remove her makeup. As she walked, she missed her bra. Her breasts were very sore and they bounced now under her shirt, rubbing her sensitive nipples against the rough cotton of her undershirt. She carefully removed all her makeup and took several pins and two pink berets out of her hair.

Looking in the mirror, several things still were wrong.

The biggest problem was her breasts. Her nipples clearly showed through the two layers of cotton she was wearing. They didn't look big but she sure could tell she had breasts.

"I'll have to wear my heavy coat," she thought to herself.

Linda went back to her closet and tried to slip on a pair of running shoes. They were miles too big. As a

boy, Alan had worn a man's eight and one-half. Linda looked at the low pumps she had worn earlier and saw that they were a woman's size six.

"I hadn't realized how completely Vicki has changed me."

The teenage girl looked further into her closet and found an old pair of court shoes that had always seemed a little tight. She laced them as tight as she could. The shoes just barely stayed on her feet when she walked.

"Terry, I'm ready," Linda said. "Thank you for not watching while I changed."

As Terry turned around to face the teenager, she smiled. The voice alone would give Linda away as a girl the first time she said anything. But the bulky clothes and big coat just emphasized how feminine Linda was. Terry knew that no one could possibly mistake this girl for a boy, no matter what she wore.

"You look very nice, Linda, or Alan, if you like. Now let's go shopping. We will try a department store first. I could use a new purse. We shall see whether the stores personnel think you are a boy or a girl," Terry smiled as they went out of the apartment.

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Twenty minutes later they entered a large department store. Alan had been there many times before. The jeans Linda now wore had been purchased in this store. Stopping at a large display of purses, Terry started to examine a shoulder bag.

Linda just stood a few feet away and waited for Terry.

After a few minutes a salesman approached them.

"May I help you, Madam?" he asked Terry.

"Why yes, thank you. I like this purse design but I want it in Navy blue. Would you have one in Navy?" Terry replied with a smile.

"I think we do. Yes, here it is. Behind the brown. Should I wrap it up for you?"

"Yes, please."

"Is there anything else I can help you with? Perhaps some winter shoes to match?" the man continued.

"No. Not today, but thanks for asking."

"Perhaps, I could help you look for something for your daughter. A lovely girl should wear lovely clothes," he said, gesturing to Linda.

Linda was devastated. She hadn't said a word and had tried to avoid drawing the salesman's attention. Yet one look at her and there was no doubt in his mind about her gender. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Terry smiling at her. Linda knew she was really in for it now. She had promised to go along with the works and she knew Terry would hold her to it.

"Yes, now that you mention it. But first I think we need to get Linda in more appropriate hosiery. She can't possibly try on shoes in those terrible socks. I never will understand why girls insist on wearing clothes that don't fit."

The salesman smiled sympathetically at Terry.

“You will find some very nice hose upstairs in the lingerie department.” As he gestured toward the escalators, he managed to brush his arm against Linda’s right breast.

Sparks of fire jolted from Linda’s nipples to her brain. The contact had stimulated her nipples and jiggled her already abused breast flesh. She winced perceptibly.

Terry noticed and was concerned. The older woman had thought the feel the salesman had coped was reasonably subtle. She realized at once what the problem must be. She cursed herself. They should have known Linda’s breasts would be sore as they grew. They also should have realized the girl would die before she would bring up the topic of her breasts hurting. Her maternal instincts took over.

“Thank you. I think a trip to the lingerie department will be an excellent place to start. First, though, I’d like a cup of tea. Linda, let’s go to the terrace cafe they have here. It’s right next to the lingerie department.”

Terry led Linda to a secluded table. When the waitress came, she ordered tea and Linda ordered a Coke. After they had been served and were alone, Terry began.

“Linda ,please make this easy on us both by being honest. I know you’re shy, particularly about female things. But just now I saw you wince in pain when that man’s arm rubbed past your breast. They are growing rapidly now, faster than they do on a born girl who is entering puberty. They hurt, don’t they?”

Linda was quiet for a minute before she meekly replied, “Yes, Terry. They hurt all the time now. I al-

most put my bra back on earlier because it hurts less when I wear it.”

“You should have, dear. But you had to try to be a boy today. Well, you have tried it. Do you admit that you can’t pass as male anymore? We could visit some more departments, or another store.”

“No Terry, that’s not necessary. You are right. Even in these clothes, everyone thinks I’m a girl.”

“That’s because you *are* a girl, dear. We all know that it’s a shock to you but the truth is you are now a lovely young girl just entering puberty. You need to accept this reality but you also need time to adjust. Today is part of the adjusting. A shopping spree should be fun. Try and enjoy the rest of day. Don’t worry about what you think you should feel. Just enjoy the new sensations and experiences. We don’t expect you to get it all right instantly. In fact the world expects a teenager to be a little unsure of herself.”

A few minutes later, Terry led a very quiet Linda into the lingerie department. They were quickly approached by an attractive older woman.

“May I help you?”

“Yes, please. This is my daughter Linda. She is just becoming a young women and we need to totally redo her wardrobe. I want to start from the inside and work out. As you can see, the poor thing is in desperate straits.” Terry chattered on to cover Linda’s shy silence.

The saleswoman smiled sweetly, “I would love to help. I’m sure we can help you become the lovely girl I see lurking under those nasty clothes.”



The saleswoman led them to the fitting room.

Linda was shocked when she realized that she would not be alone. There were several other women already in the room in various stages of dress. Linda turned beet red. She had been naked with Vicki while they were making love. Being in a brightly-lit room with a group of naked and near-naked women was embarrassing.

The saleswoman noticed Linda's blush and smiled. Thanks to the three layers of clothing Linda was wearing, she didn't notice the teenager's erect nipples. Linda was quick to realize that while Alan now had a girl's body, Linda's response to naked women was still erotic. Her nipples felt as hard as Alan's penis had felt when the teenager had been aroused.

"First time in a group try-on room, sweetheart?"

"Yes," Linda whispered.

"My name is Jenny, what's your name, Pumpkin."

"It's Linda."

"Well Linda, don't give it a thought. We're all just girls here, no point in being overly modest. Now go ahead and undress. I need to take some measurements."

Terry watched with an amused smile as Linda removed her boy's clothes. The teenage girl tried to hide her growing nakedness but in a room full of mirrors, anyone who wanted to look, could. Even the back of the door had a full-length mirror on it. When Linda was naked except for her panties, the saleswoman started to take measurements. Linda was very glad

she had decided against Alan's jockey shorts. She would have been totally embarrassed to have been seen by all these strange women in them. In a flash Linda realized that she was more concerned with fitting in than she was with retaining any remnant of Alan's maleness. The firmness of her nipples, however, informed her there was at least one aspect of Alan's maleness that she still possessed.

When the tape measure went across her breasts, Linda flinched.

"Did that hurt you, honey?" Jenny asked.

Jenny turned to Terry. "This poor child shouldn't be allowed out of bed without a bra. Look at her, poor thing. Her nipples are all sore and swollen from rubbing and bouncing against her clothes. You have got to get her into a bra right away."

"I agree totally. In fact I observe that she has been blossoming so rapidly that her whole breasts seem tender. Jenny, I remember when I blossomed, we rubbed our breasts with buttermilk to avoid stretch marks. In addition to wearing a bra, is there something we can get her to help reduce the stress on her skin? If she takes after me I'm afraid the next few months will result in some remarkable growth," Terry responded to the woman.

"We do have something in the cosmetics department I hear is great. Just rub it on twice each day and stretch marks are totally avoided. I think we may be doing something just in time. Since she is developing so fast, I recommend we get her some bras with replaceable pads. I have a model that comes with pads that will take her to a C cup now. When she becomes an A cup you replace them with smaller ones; when she graduates to a B cup there are more re-

placements. When she gets to a C cup, you just get rid of the pads altogether. Judging by your appearance, I'd guess that she will probably fill out to a C cup in the next year, or two. Faster if quick development is part of her genes."

Terry beamed at the woman.

"That would be perfect, Jenny. Please bring us a large supply of the cream and an assortment of these changeable pad bras. I would also like to see matching panties, garter belts, and camisoles. Linda has been a tomboy too long."

The saleswoman beamed and vanished out the door. A few minutes later, Jenny came back laden with a huge quantity of frilly garments. For the next hour, Linda tried on a variety of bras, teddies, garter belts, nightgowns, and camisoles. Terry already knew her panty size since Linda and Vicki were almost exactly the same size. Jenny also brought them a variety of hose to consider. Linda seemed unable to decide so Terry asserted herself.

"Jenny, we will take four of the bras with the changeable pads. We want them in white, pink, red and black. We also want two panties to go with each. One hipster style; the other tap pants. Please also get us garter belts and camisoles to match. We will take these two teddies, the pink and the powder blue as well. And these three night gowns. The satin, cotton and the flannel," the older woman instructed. "Linda will wear the white panties, bra, garter belt and cami-sole. Oh, and the cinnamon nylons. We also will need a dozen additional pairs of nylons. The ones I stacked over there. Here is my charge card. Please have all the packages delivered to my home."