Briefly

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/735.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Other, Y/N (reader insert)
Fandom:	Hellsing
Relationships:	Alucard (Hellsing)/Reader, Alucard (Hellsing)/You
Characters:	Alucard (Hellsing), Reader, You, Integral Fairbrook Wingates Hellsing
Additional Tags:	One-Sided Attraction, Horror, Blood, Ficlet, Flash Fiction, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Non-Graphic Violence, Canon-Typical Violence, Unnamed Reader, Reader-Insert, Gender-Neutral Reader, No Use of Y/N for Reader-Insert, Second Person POV, Able-Bodied Reader-Insert
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-10-30 Words: 770 Chapters: 1/1

Briefly

by relocation

Summary

You had only a moment with your saviour, and he didn't care anyway.

Imported from my AO3, originally posted to Lunaescence in 2009.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The creature was nearly finished and soon would leave... unless it decided to look for survivors. It wouldn't matter; you weren't sure if you could ever leave the closet. You would have to see the remains that it left... if it left. If it didn't, you wouldn't be leaving the closet anyway.

"Oh my god!"

"Get in here!"

Your parents were panicking. You did not know what was wrong but your mother was crying harder than you had ever seen. Your father came into view, dripping with blood. He hugged you tightly before closing the door and disappearing.

The door couldn't shut out the sound.

The chewing and ripping noises had stopped; you held your breath. Would it find you now? Or would it leave?

You peaked through the crack of the closet door. The creature sniffed the air, but only smelled the blood of the deceased. You wouldn't have allowed it if you had a choice, but the blood your father had spilt in your hug had saved your life.

Seeing it searching, you pushed your back against the wall again. After what felt like an eternity, yet still didn't feel long enough to be safe, you looked out again. The creature seemed to be gone. Still, something was wrong.

You shuddered and clutched your ears as the air exploded with noise, your reaction smaller than the one you may have had if not trying so desperately to conceal yourself.

You calmed yourself as much as you could. It was only a car backfiring, no one carried guns on hand these days, not in your neighbourhood. It was just close, that was all.

Something grunted and you turned, fighting the acid rising in your throat upon gazing upon the dismembered heap that had been your family. Surely they weren't still alive... not after the screams, the ripping, the tortured wails and, finally, the satisfied murmurs of *something* eating. They couldn't be alive.

You stared in horror as your mother raised her head, then stumbled to her feet, bloody but intact. Your father followed and as they swayed, unbalanced, you only were able to form one word, one you thought had left your vocabulary years ago:

"Mommy?"

Before you could comprehend what was happening, both of your 'parents' lunged toward the closet, mouths gaping to expose rows of pointed teeth. Their pallid grey skin was not that

which you remembered and their eyes might as well have been gone. But before they tore down the door, you heard two earsplitting bangs and they disappeared from view.

Arms around your knees, you hid your face and began to shake.

"Target eliminated. Two additional ghouls found and disposed of." The voice was a low purr. Footsteps passed your door, but, when the shock began to wear off and your throat hitched on a sob, they paused.

Slowly, the door opened and you buried your face deeper.

"One survivor." Then, with a low laugh, "You were almost this small, weren't you, *my master?*"

Giving in to curiosity, you looked up. Standing above you was a man in fantastic Victorian dress, wearing a long red overcoat and dangling what appeared to be an extremely large handgun from his fingertips.

As you stared in awe, he leered at you, exposing his own pointed white teeth. His orange eyes watched you, gleaming over his round glasses, but it was the teeth you were interested in. He was one of *them*.

Helpless, you curled into the fetal position, rocking on the floor. Your keening rose to a wail. He had you trapped and you both knew it.

"Those... they were your parents? I *had* to kill them, you realize. All that was left of them were the ghouls. Fodder from that scum vampire." His words weren't very calming or sympathetic, they sounded more determined toward making you be quiet.

You continued to sob and he rolled his eyes. "Humans." With that, he lifted you and carried you outside where a woman waited.

She glanced at you. "I'll call her an ambulance."

He shrugged. "Whatever you say, my master," he said carelessly, leaving you before the woman, but you shook your head vigorously.

"What does she want, Alucard?" This woman, though masculine, was obviously of high status and had no issues ordering the monster about.

You wanted to stay. You wanted to follow him. You wanted to find out what had happened to your parents and how it could be dealt with so calmly.

Your 'saviour' simply laughed at your thoughts and faded from sight, leaving his master to cover the incident and erase him from your life.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I always appreciate comments, no matter how long it's been.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!