The Wingates Manor

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The Wingates Manor

by relocation

Summary

When you arrived at the Wingates Manor, you had planned well and agreed to the risks of exploring alone, even in a building that was supposedly haunted. What you hadn't planned for was the other corporeal being stalking the corridors.

Gender neutral reader and friends, it should read the same for anyone- binary or nonbinary, cis or trans. There is no place in story where the reader's third-person pronouns are needed.

Imported from my AO3, originally posted to AO3 and Lunaescence in 2016

Notes

The only gendered characters are the Wingates family and Alucard himself [as he presents himself for most of the present-day Hellsing events].

Reader has some friends who are OCs who play a minor role (there aren't really any minor Hellsing characters that were appropriate to pull in for this fic), but hopefully if you can picture yourself meeting Alucard, you can picture yourself having a couple extra/different friends to real life.

▶ Warnings/Details [potential spoilers for fic]:

There's an assumption that Wingates is Integra's mother's maiden name, rather than a middle name.

It's so satisfying to write a gender neutral reader (and not awkward feeling, something I judge myself quite harshly upon) finally. There are so many little details I was excited to include, and all in all this was a very fun work to binge write (and what a day that was!) and even to edit. I hope you love reading it as much as I loved writing it. Do feel free to talk to me about it.

See the end of the work for more notes

For all the stories you'd heard, the Wingates Manor didn't look like much. You had expected some kind of abandoned mansion, but really, it was only a run-down looking house, albeit a large one, on a wooded lot. From the distance, it looked rather like a church.

"Are you sure this is the right place?"

One of your friends snorted. "Why, are you scared?"

"Because it hardly looks like a shed, let alone a manor. If you tell me it was the wrong place tomorrow, I'll be pissed. And I'm not breaking any windows; if there's no way in, that's it."

"Stop trying to get out of it, go on."

Rolling your eyes, you stepped up and swung over the fence. No one followed.

"What now?"

"Shit, *I* didn't say I would go in that damned house. You should hear some- some more- of the stories. You guys?"

The group glanced between each other, shaking their heads.

"You guys can't be serious." You cracked your knuckles. "I didn't ask any of you to come in, just get over the fence to somewhere you can actually see the windows from. If it's like any other abandoned house it'll be full of rat shit and broken glass; I'm not doing it twice. None of you are leaving before you see my proof."

Some more willingly than others, your friends- and several friends and siblings of those friends- climbed the fence and followed you toward the house. After choosing the windows in the and attic (west-facing) you were to light up, you walked along the tree line. All but two had refused to sit in the gazebo nearest, but they all agreed upon a nook in the bushes, sight lines unblocked by any trees or other objects, while still well away from the manor. Set into the wood, it was unlikely they would be spotted by anyone walking by in the morning.

Following the perimeter of the cleared land, two of your group- someone's younger sibling along with Chris, the darer- led you to the front walkway. The kid hung back while Chris approached you.

"One more time. You have to do it before four am- not that it should possibly take that long, but we're allowing for locked or blocked doorways. You're keeping west, so we'll give you some leeway, but once the sun is up you lose credit. If you're not out by six, we will come look for you, in case you got hurt."

"Give me until eight. I want to really test myself and stay overnight. If I fall asleep and wake up in a sunbeam, that's good enough."

"Eight, then. If you're hurt when we come in or if we can't find you by eight- that is, ten, two hours later- someone will book it into town to get the police- so no fucking around and hiding

on us. Now, if you get into some kind of trouble-"

"Chris, this is a first for me and the first at this *place* for us, but I've given this lecture with you at least ten times this summer alone. I can't promise I won't mess up, but I won't fuck you around."

Chris hugged you close. "And I enjoy doing this a lot, don't ruin it for me by getting yourself hurt. You're up to date on your tetanus shots, right?"

You smiled. "In fact I am."

"Flashlight, batteries, snack, water, some first aid?"

"My flashlight won't die-" You waved Chris' protest down. "It won't die, but I have extra batteries anyway. Here's my water bottle, some protein bars, and I've got band-aids, gauze, tape, and disinfectant wipes. I also brought a hammer in case I get locked in a room. I'm not going to wreck the place, but I will smash a window or something to get *out* if I have to. And there's a blanket in case it's drafty overnight."

"It won't be, it's hot out even now. You're so responsible."

"I told you I'd be ready. I also have a little tarp in case everything is grody when I decide to sit down or sleep. Are you ready to watch me get in, *mom?* Sam's going to be missing you in that group of new faces, don't you want to go and get cuddled up?"

"You're ready. Try the front, it'll look coolest, but if nothing is open, we'll track you around."

You strode to the front door with confidence, then started upon jimmying the window.

Before you got anywhere, a shadow went by, startling you. You hoped Chris hadn't seen you shudder. Definitely some big rats in there.

For all your attempts at prying, including a 'walking' trick you had learned specifically for old windows like the manor had, the window wouldn't budge. You were shaking by the time you tried the third and smallest, unsure if you'd fit, especially without help, even if it were to open. Nothing.

You shone your flashlight over at Chris, who noticed, gestured a bit, then finally pointed to the door.

Typical Chris, too lazy to walk around the house. Being rail thin and able to slip through any crack into a boarded up old building probably eased ignorance to everyone else's difficulty getting inside a place.

Rolling your eyes as you did, you approached the door and gave it a tug. The knob didn't turn, and the thick, carved slab of wood sat heavily in place.

As you turned a way, you paused.

Tk.

You could swear it was the sound of a lock clicking. Hoping Chris wouldn't hear, you rapped on the door with your knuckles, ignoring the angrily molded brass knocker.

The handle turned, if only part way. Clicking your flashlight to a broader beam, you took hold and pulled the door open.

No one was there, and you wondered briefly before deciding that your first attempt had wobbled something and dropped it into place.

It wasn't that you didn't believe in ghosts. You did, in your own way. Chris believed quite explicitly; it was clear you never would have to be embarrassed for thinking about possibilities, or, despite your general nonbeliever outlook, being swayed when something went bump in the night. It wasn't even that you didn't believe in the hauntings you had escorted Chris and other friends and acquaintances to.

The Wingates Manor just had too many stories, which dropped it, at least for you, into the category of 'generic spooky-looking house that people made stories to match.' Zombies, mad doctors, witches, vampires, werewolves, mutants... you had heard all of them and more, and believed none. The idea of a corporeal being existing inside was far more ridiculous than a incorporeal one. Then came the stories of horrific nightmares for years after, people who stopped talking when they went inside, well-corroborated stories (only by friends of friends, of course) about levitation, visions, teleportation, and more. At worst, they were all made up, and at best, they were just people so fearful that they convinced themselves.

That was why it was always your greatest effort not to be scared. Going from friend and assistant to a well known hobbyist across many message boards and local haunts to being another false link in the search for both true paranormal incidents and true, thrilling fear was a disappointing idea.

The door swung shut behind you, thudding into place.

You didn't look back. A breeze must have sucked it closed.

"The basement..." you mumbled. It would probably have more gross stuff going on, be it rats or rotting garbage or moldy mattresses, but once you popped a light out the window, you wouldn't have to return.

Something skittered by, down a hallway. You ignored it, and found the kitchen. The lighter colour made it easier to see around, and you grinned. It was dusty, but there was no semblance of rat scat, or even their prints. You would have smelled the worst option ahead of time, but were thankful to visually confirm it- once, you and Chris had 'rescued' someone from a foul room they had stepped into in the dark, only to fall onto a floor strewn with rat traps. As soon as they had hit the rotting bodies, with nowhere clear to put down their hand, and still more rats skittering around and over them, they had froze up, screaming, and managed to huck their flashlight out a broken window to get your attention. The drive home had smelled like death and your potential adventure-friend ended up going for a rabies shot. You never saw that person nor that house ever again.

The kitchen was empty, but after checking several doors without really looking past them obviously not being doors, you found the jackpot- not the stairs you needed, but a nigh-untouched smoking room. It still smelled richly of cigars, richly enough to make you cough. Confirming to yourself that you could reach to replace them, you gently removed the draping from the two chairs, coffee table, and finally, the portrait hung against the back wall.

You stepped back. The portrait seemed to stare back at you as you inspected it. The man looked like many portraits and photos you had seen from the early to mid 1900s, save for his youth. He wore a full formal suit, slightly heeled shoes, and altogether in dress, looked like a regular man of the time- a politician or soldier or something, some modern noble. His age wasn't so apparent as a still present touch of rebellion- bright eyes burned through the rounded wire frame glasses he wore, a lock of his styled blonde hair fell loose at the side of his face. He was rather thin, exposing his cheekbones, and towered over his family.

As much as he was handsome, his wife looked fierce. Not modernly, fashionably so, but vicious, predatory, and protective of the girl standing between them. Her eyes were narrow, as though she was studying the painter with distaste or distrust. Her clothes were formal, but somehow looked even more workable than outfit of the husband she stood beside. She dressed in browns and whites, in fabric that looked crisp even in the textured paint. Mouse-brown hair fell past her waist, framing her exposed, muscular arm, and she gripped a pistol- actually, you noticed, both she and her husband had their own unmatched firearms.

The girl had and bright-burning, narrowed eyes, and shared her mother's long hair already. She was dressed plainly, but stood with nobility about her, a feel of nobility that only her parents could have matched. The kerchief she wore suited a child, but would have looked as natural on either parent.

Shivering, you took a seat at the smaller of the chairs. One of the most prevalent mysteries you had heard was that no one really knew what had happened to the Wingates. You were starting to believe it. Perhaps they had never returned from hunting some fearsome game. Such a family couldn't have just faded out.

You glanced at the master's chair. It was elegant, huge, and sturdy looking, but something about it was foreboding.

Fear was not acceptable- though of course, you had let some minutes past in your study, and you covered the portrait and side chair first. You sat on the large chair, then jumped. It had felt as though you had backed into someone, their arms locking like a seat belt on your waist. The feeling disappeared within the same moment, and though you leapt up, you were unsure if you had imagined it. Either way, it was probably time to find the basement stairs. The silhouette you saw briefly as the last sheet settled over the chair was, of course, your imagination.

Finished with exploring, you only paused once more- to gaze out the eastern sitting room's stately window upon what must have been the gardens, now grown over with prickled vines.

"It must have been a beautiful manor, back in its prime."

Laughing at yourself for thinking aloud, you kept opening and shutting doors until you finally found stairs.

The stairway and the basement itself were pitch black. Your flashlight beam was interrupted by shelves and, to your dismay, walls. It would be a pain even to find the right room.

Pulling your compass out of your jeans pocket, you tried to decide. A door faced north and the other south. Either could have, or could lack, a window. You shone your light on your compass. It blinked out.

"Shit. Shitshitshit." You shook it, knocking the battery pack against your hand. Nothing. You closed your eyes, trying to focus as you removed the batteries, feeling for the directions, and slotted in the spares that were only supposed to be there for Chris' peace of mind.

With them switched, you clicked the switch again.

Nothing. In checking for it, you found you had made another mistake, though. You had opened your eyes.

Countless eyes looked back at you. Not the brave, stern eyes of the Wingates, but red-irised eyes of all shapes and sizes, sparsely blinking.

You dropped to your knees.

"I'm seeing things. Fuck, did I fall?" You probed your head for injuries.

Some beast snarled at you.

You covered your eyes. "No," you whispered. Whether concussed or haunted, you didn't want to die in a basement of some strange manor; you didn't want to feel yourself torn apart by the beast.

You pinpointed the sound. It was behind the southern door.

The northern room had to have at least some windows, and bailing on account of illness and scary dogs or bears or something was acceptable. You didn't want to fall down the stairs again. Dragging your pack and shuffling the items on the floor with your foot, you shoved through and slammed the door. Your flashlight lit up where it had rolled.

"Stupid thing."

The beam pointed toward a window, and you checked your compass. It spun wildly for a few seconds before pointing you. That was it, the western basement window. Rushing toward it, you could see your group's small fire in the distance. Everything was normal again.

Using your sleeve, you brushed away a thick film of dust and cobweb to make sure your beam would be visible enough. You shone it through, blinking it a few times. Someone stood apart from the fire, and blinked a flashlight back at you. You clicked yours once more in response, to confirm they had seen you, then stepped back.

Something blocked you right at calf height, and sent you rolling over it, crashing flat on your back, winded. Choking, then coughing a few times, you untangled yourself and rolled away. At least you hadn't broken your flashlight again in the fall.

You lit up the item that tripped you, then stumbled backward until you found a curtain or something to pull yourself up with.

That was clearly a coffin. A pace to the side of the window, out of sight of any snoops, a coffin.

You hadn't been so close to one before, but it seemed exceptionally large. You were grateful to notice that there was no smell of corpse rot in the room, and you approached the coffin.

Glancing around, as though there was a chance someone could catch you, you touched the lid. It was not nailed down.

At worst, it was a skeleton- no, maybe a dried out old corpse. *Skeleton* you told yourself, because that felt several steps less horrifying. Swallowing, you lifted the lid.

Empty.

In fact, it looked brand new, if you, a non coffin expert, were to say so.

"Chris, you little shit. You just bought out the Halloween shop last year, didn't you? No wonder it's so huge..."

Resisting an odd urge to reach in, or even try it on for size, you checked your pack. The "dead" batteries were all in the bottom of your bag. Hammer, blanket, tarp, first aid, snack, water... everything was set. Your pockets were also still fine. A knife- technically for cutting through papered off areas or removing sealant from a window pane, but usually only utilized in opening your snacks- was at your right-front. Your compass had been safely in your pocket since you had found the window and you could feel your wallet (with your ID and emergency information, just in case Chris really freaked out) in your back pocket.

Sighing with relief, you approached the door, then listened. No growling, no sound at all. Armed with your flashlight and your hammer, you stepped out.

A dim light flickered on above you, and with grave sincerity you hoped the house was not about to have an electrical fire in the dead of the driest summer you'd ever felt.

Something pulled you toward the South door, and you opened it. You had time, they wouldn't rush you when you had already found the downstairs checkpoint.

Lights came on in the L-shaped room as you stepped in, and you gaped.

It was a full armoury. A locked case with pictures of the weaponry it contained spread across one of the medium walls. Riot gear, formal wear, police gear, several generations of military gear, and even more different dressings that you had never seen before stretched across the rest of the walls, each with several sizes and several pairs of boots to match. You recognized some hazmat gear, but the rest you couldn't imagine what their uses would be. Four smaller

suits hung in one section, low and reachable. Some sort of kevlar-looking suit, another clean suit, a formal suit, and a heavily armoured one. The boots sat atop a chest, labelled with some six weapons of its own, including two swords.

Why, you wondered, was this place not locked?

Moving forward to investigate, you felt a force like a far heavier billow of wind shove you back, and felt a deep sense of foreboding. You accepted it; you weren't sure you wanted to investigate a line of military wear for children, even if the house weren't haunted (and it wasn't, you reminded yourself).

One more case caught your eye. Plain black, it sat closed but unlocked, a roundish pair of glasses atop.

Gingerly setting aside the glasses, you opened it, and found two enormous pistols, the likes of which you had never seen before, and one heavy offset silver blade.

Not one to fool around with strange guns, you picked up the blade and felt something reverberate through you. A flash of red, a sly, teasing grin... and nothing. The blade was inscribed in Latin, but you only caught the "in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti," ending the the verse.

You replaced the blade, feeling as though you had disrespected its previous owner with your fingerprints. After closing and locking the case you exited to the stairs.

The light above came on again, but you were growing tired with the act of convincing yourself that some generator still powered automatic lights. You stepped onto the first floor, and only your flashlight guided you.

The first staircase to the second floor was easy to find, a grand, curved way leading up from the entrance area, not hidden at all. The first real room you found upstairs was a child's bedroom, though at first you assumed otherwise. It was in very stern shades of green, with a double bed and nothing hanging from the walls but a mirror and a bulletin board, the latter of which hung above an oak desk and was littered with notes and maps. A few school books and a singular stuffed bear were all that alerted you to the intended occupant. Something about the room seemed guarded, and you stopped yourself from looking too closely.

The master's bedroom was rich in deep red cloth and dark wood panelling. The four-post bed had each curtain roped open, but it still looked secret and lofty. You noted two unlabelled gun cases- one under either side of the bed, and found a pistol in each of the nightstand drawers. You could only assume they were loaded. There were three photographs on the wall, one quite similar to the portrait downstairs, though black and white, one that was clearly the child, several years older, and one of a toddler with quite possibly the most piercing gaze of the family, even behind a smile. Her straight blonde hair distinguished her from the rest of the family, as did the fact that it was the only colour photo.

That's not what you should be looking at right now.

It seemed as though your personal narrative had stepped away from you, for you thought the last photo was more captivating than its older fellows.

Something drew you to the bed, and you followed it. The mattress was firm, comfortable to sit on, and the bedspread was soft- you tested with your wrists, unsure what was on your hands and unwilling to stain it. Resisting an urge to lay down, you wandered to the bay window and opened one of your snacks, sipping water as you stared out.

You jumped when someone stumbled onto the lot outside, then noticed that the walkway lights were on. How late could it be; had someone come home? Home to an empty house?

Twenty some-odd more men followed the first, walking to the front door from all directions. You cringed on behalf of your friends; this was some security team, and they'd either have a good run or a hard time explaining themselves.

Looking out again as you took your last sip of water, droves were approaching. This was no security team. Piles upon piles of men, crowded into one mass, made their way to the front door. The door you hadn't locked.

You blinked, then looked into the deep, unbroken night. Not a single soul, not even Chris, was out on that front lawn, and the lights were not lit.

Starting to dream?

You were, and you weren't even in the attic yet. You checked your watch, then paused, giving it a flick. It couldn't just be 12:30, you had spent fifteen minutes minimum in each the smoking room and each half of the basement. The second hand ticked steadily along; it certainly didn't seem as though your watch had stopped at any point.

Capping your water, you left the room. Even if your watch was correct, there was no time to dawdle if you were already drowsy.

You were surprised at the short time it took to find a drop ladder to the attic. The cord was just too high, but you managed to hook it with the claw of your hammer. Pulling it into place, you stared up. More darkness, but this was it. Flashlight on its strap and hammer stuck securely in your knapsack, you climbed into the abyss.

Of course, you thought to yourself, without rats there could still be-

The room exploded in squeaking, the sound almost startling you off the ladder. Bats fluttered wildly in all directions while you flattened on the floor. You knew they wouldn't fly into your hair, but pulled your hood up in case of droppings while you lay otherwise still. Hair tangling or not, hundreds of tiny, potentially rabid mammals with pointy teeth were not something you wanted to get in the way of. Finally, the colony all seemed to peel out one window.

Standing up, you shined your flashlight around. Thankfully, neither the floors nor your clothes were deep in guano. In fact, there wasn't a speck that looked off in the room, save for where you had fallen, disturbing the dust on the floor.

It didn't seem natural for such a large colony to be inside, yet not living there, nor did it feel like them following a swarm of bugs through the window was likely. You checked your compass. The exit window faced West. Dodging around more draped furniture, you were at the window in seconds.

It was locked.

You pressed your hands to your eyes. It really seemed to be adding up to something real, but maybe you had just dreamed the bats. You just wanted to set up your camp and have it over with.

You blinked your flashlight out the window until you received a response, then turned around and lowered your bag.

Before you unpacked, you wondered if you could sleep without sneezing all night on the copious dust. As you debated pulling down a draping just to clear more space, you spotted something odd- an open door. A cool breeze blew through, and the narrow stairway behind was dustless. It was only eight or so feet up. You hesitated of your own accord, puzzled, then remembered: the tower. It was what had drawn you to see the outside as a church, though that illusion had thoroughly been erased.

The breeze was cool, but the night still warm. The tower, albeit more exposed, could be a better place to sleep. Besides, just going up was worth it for the bragging rights.

The climb was the least eventful you had done in the house, and the fresh air rejuvenated you; you were yourself again. Looking from the tower, you signalled one last time, and received acknowledgement. Even in the dark of night, you could see that less bodies were near the campfire. A number of people must have bailed as soon as you had given the attic signal. Some of the younger ones and students, you knew, had wanted to be home before morning.

Still watching, you turned west and saw clouds rolling in. At the very least Chris would have the gear and the wherewithal to stay out in the rain to wait. You hoped there was room for one more; you would never hear the end of it if Sam ditched early due to weather while *you* kept Chris out.

The small roof and nonexistent walls of the bell tower offered little protection from the coming storm. Back to the dust. Your throat itched just thinking of it.

"Are you done?"

You stiffened.

"I've been waiting."

You slid off your wristband, gripping the flashlight by the body. It wasn't your favourite signal, but facing escalation, one quick toss and someone would be finding help; Chris would be storming up toward you, following your trail with a seemingly innate ability to map out houses. You turned to the voice.

He was tall, even leaning lazily against the guard rail, and dressed well, a long, cape like coat gracing his shoulders, topped with a matching red hat. He peered at you through circular lenses.

This was it.

"Who are you?"

"Who do you think I am?"

There was silent laughter behind that question, and although you could feel a riddle in his voice, the tone was pleasant.

Stepping back, you replied. "You don't look like a groundskeeper. Mr Wingates, perhaps?"

He laughed heartily, but cut himself short. "No, I am not Sir Wingates, although I don't resent the comparison."

"Just a man then? Living in, or maybe visiting the mansion like I am?"

Or, you thought, following the dumb kid who went in alone. You rested your flashlight elbow on the rail, ready to go.

"That railing isn't very sturdy. No, I am not just a man. I haven't been, and won't be, in your lifetime, or even five of them."

"Is this place really haunted?"

"Haunted?"

"Are you the ghost?"

"Ghost? Haven't you added up the signs? I lead you through them. The family, the coffin, the armoury, the bats. Do you not know who I am?"

He paused for you, but it was all you could do not to gape.

"I am a vampire; I am *the* Vampire. And I am hungry."

So, this was the fate of the Wingates, a family of monster slayers.

"Come inside."

You couldn't drop the flashlight. You couldn't even resist. Something compelled you, and you stepped willingly down the stairs like a dog following him. He let you through the door, and closed it.

Though you wanted to live, something in you was craving his bite. The magic, the mystery, it was all you could want.

"I'm not going to bite you. Sit."

The drapery and dust gone, the attic was a fine, furnished room, but you moved immediately, set on reaching the ladder.

"Do I need to impress upon you the gravity of your situation?"

The ladder disappeared. Crimson eyes surrounded you again, and a snarling many-eyed beast, dripping from its jaws, charged toward you, but sidestepped the closing bite.

This truly was it. Would the loss of sunlight be worth it?

"I'm not going to bite you," he repeated. "Sit."

You approached a chair, watching him.

"Sit down. As I was saying, I am hungry. I can't just hunt innocent humans, or it will cause me problems. Coursing through your body is the substance I need. On the other hand, biting you will also cause me a problem. Of course, turning you might be fun, but I can control my whims."

"All I ask of you is this favour."

He produced a wine glass.

"Bleed for me. Bleed for me, and I will discuss letting you leave safely, keeping your knowledge. I might even talk with you some more, but really, a favour is a favour."

"And if I don't?"

"I'll find some other prey, and you'll wake up on the dusty floor, where you will realize you collapsed exhausted last night. Then I will keep you and your friends out, no matter what it takes. Perhaps someone will be frightened at the window. If they press on, perhaps they will fall down the stairs. I'm sure you understand; all kinds of things can happen in an old house. Of course, all you need to do for their safety is keep them out, and you *will* remember that little responsibility."

You thought for a moment. Even without vampire perks, you were being offered knowledge that went beyond the esoteric. For a bit of blood, you could have the next seven hours with a vampire.

"What's your name?"

"Alucard. You won't even have a scar."

You reached for your knife.

"Stay with me until I leave, and the blood is yours."

The vampire chuckled. "Very assertive, aren't you? Very well, I agree to your terms."

You hoped his assent was genuine, because in that moment, you sliced and watched your blood spurt into his glass, filling it high.

Alucard took your wrist.

"Allow me to stop the bleeding."

His tongue reached deep into your wound, and you jumped, but didn't pull away. You could feel the pain lessen under his mouth, and once the cut had sealed, you watched him greedily lapping the traces of blood from the area.

"Fresh blood... it's been so long since I drank from one's flesh. This is truly a generous favour."

He took a swig from the glass, then cleaned his lips with his long tongue. Tossing his hat to the table so that his long hair could hang loose, he removed his yellow glasses.

Without the shadow he was truly pale, and unguarded, his familiar eyes still shone. He shook his hair aside, then looked at you again as he took your blade.

"Excuse my manners, I will pace myself once this is clean."

You were no longer sure manners were what you wanted.

Grabbing the knife from his hand, you pierced the opposite wrist. The puncture hurt as both a cut and a blow, but you knew it would go away soon.

"Lost little human, are you trying to lead me astray?"

You might have caught him off guard, or he might have allowed it, but successfully, you pulled his mouth to your wrist, stepping astride his lap in the next motion.

"I believe you are. Is this the night you purchased?"

He licked your second wrist clean, then, almost casually, placed his hand on your chest, rubbing a nipple through your shirt.

"I have all night, don't I, Vampire?"

"Then show me what you want first, Human. You don't have to cut anything to inspire me- but I won't complain if you do."

It was only really your second time looking around the room, but you spotted a large day bed in the corner. Like the rest of the furniture, it was dark, but even in the slight distance, an object of obvious quality.

"Over there. Are you taking your drink?"

"I have all night to savour it; it can wait."

"Will you savour this?"

"It is a rather base, *human* pleasure, but it is a pleasure nonetheless, and it too has been a time. Yes, I will, and I'll savour you, the friend who so favours me."

For the first time, you felt rather awkward, sitting on the day bed as he stood before you.

"Where do you want to start- or are you giving me reign to control this? I promise you, I am more than able."

"You lead. I want to know what a vampire will do. But brighten up this area, I want to see you."

"As you wish, my unlikely companion. Is this enough?"

It was not bright, but you could see him clearly. You took his hand, and pulled him down beside you.

He caressed your collar bone, rubbing your shoulder.

"Perhaps the one truly vampiric difference is that my mouth is not usually here, nor here-" his hand slid up your throat- "very much at all. Those are a few very tempting, very delicious spots."

You were only just realizing the enormity of him; his single hand could encompass your neck, yet he didn't feel giant beside you, nor was any part visibly disproportionate.

He is a vampire, you reminded yourself.

"Let me tempt myself."

Shivering from his kisses and languid licks more than fear, you exposed your neck. Alucard seemed to be talking to himself, without interrupting his actions.

"Yes, it smells delicious. It would be easy, so incredibly easy-" his teeth tugged at your skin, inciting a gasp, "but not today. I am no Freak, no producer of fodder."

One hand still at your neck, he moved down, spending more time at your nipples, your shirt pulled up to expose them.

"Just take this off."

Just move down, you thought, but interrupted yourself with a moan before you could speak up.

"Tease," you hissed.

"I thought you wanted me to do this as I would."

One hand still on your neck, he stopped his fondling and removed one glove with his teeth, then the other. His hands were cold, but firm; strong.

"Besides, I don't think you mind being teased. In fact, it doesn't feel like it down here at all."

"Fuck me," you moaned.

"Is that a request?"

"No... yes. You know what I meant."

"But-" he rubbed you, then licked his lips once more. "Isn't this what you've been wanting?"

You sat up quickly, almost bonking heads before he slipped aside.

"Did I overstep?"

"No. Take this off." You tugged the buttons of his vest open, and he brushed you away as he quickly and neatly removed the shirt beneath it.

"Better?"

Although an impatient, teased, deeply ready part of you wanted his pants off and gone, his cock buried deep inside you, you nodded. Moonlight-pale, his torso was firm, and the way the contours of his muscles, some accented with soft dark hair, led down to his remaining garments was tantalizing in its own way. Feeling a pulse between your legs, you wondered if you really were a masochist, the way you were teasing yourself.

"Much. That is what I want to feel against me, if you *must* be a tease."

You were right, his bare chest was enough to stimulate yours as you pulled him on top.

Alucard seemed surprised, but eager, to kiss your mouth. His true shudders of pleasure came from touching your neck, tracing it with his tongue from collar to chin to ear, but he did not shy away from kissing you, sometimes overwhelming you with his bloodsucker's tongue, but usually using his lips, truly kissing, sometimes pulling, gently nipping, and otherwise drawing out little gasps that clearly pleased him to hear.

You were growing more alert, or perhaps more tired, as you realized that the liminality of him was a turn on in itself. His lively, strong body, his deathly cold, his clear predation of your species mixed with the tender, eager, almost innocent pleasure in something so little as a kiss... the paradox was something unique, something new. Even with each of you still half-dressed, you felt yourself edging.

"Vam- Alucard, undress us. Please." Trying to slow yourself down, you realized that you were panting.

He was thick, almost intimidating in his ready state. He looked delicious.

You didn't ask, you pulled him closer and licked the shaft of his cock. If it were possible, you would have sworn it grew even firmer. While you could never deep throat it, you were more than happy to suck it, whirling your tongue around his head and varying pace and suction. You were so ready it hurt, but with the break from physical stimulation, you felt you had taken control of yourself again.

The feeling was wholly removed when Alucard sunk his dripping cock deep inside you in naught but one thrust. You both shuddered. He gripped your hips, holding them firm in place as he picked up his pace.

Each time his cock stroked through you, you became more aware of your growing need to come. You couldn't slow yourself from bucking and tensing around him.

"Tight little human, aren't you?"

"Goddamn- goddamn you, you vampire! You stole my fuck, I'm going to come before I even get a chance to feel you lick me, how many chances for that will I get in my life?"

The vampire's voice rose from its calm, almost jocular tone to something angrier. "How many times will you get any of this, Human? I could suck you dry now, and any other vampire would! I could take your life and instead I'm granting your wishes." He was approaching a roar. "You want to be licked, mouthed, tongued? I will lick you clean, and I hope you use that time to convince me not to drain you."

You knew it wasn't supposed to be sexy, but you lost control of your moaning, and your pace along with it. You bucked your hips desperately, trying to drain yourself of anything left. Tightening around him, you almost didn't realize that his cock, hot and deep within you, was pulsing, filling you over again even as he pulled out.

"Lay back."

True to his word, he first licked away his own spilt cum, then explored your body some more, tasting, feeling out with his sensitive tongue, cleaning away some of the sticky mess you'd made of yourself.

Though exhausted, you could feel the stirrings of desire, and willed them away.

After retrieving his blood from a far table, he sat next to you, and beckoned. Almost automatically, you dipped your head to lick him clean.

"That is welcome, but not necessary."

He was delicious, and much either to mouth now that he was less erect. Though you accepted his disclaimer, you did not mind, and it did not feel as though he did either.

"I'm not going to murder you. Not that you seemed to mind the idea."

You pretended you were still at work, mainly to avoid his face.

"I am not complaining. You are a strange kind of brave, Human."

"I have a name."

"I'm sure you do, but I've already come up with one for you."

You yawned. "What time is it?"

Chuckling, he indicated your watch. "You're in a vampire's illustrious den. Hardly any time has passed at all."

"Do I have forever to speak with you?"

"No, but you have more time than you thought."

Hooking an arm under you, he carried you to his chair, blood in his other hand. You leaned on his cool chest, finally feeling yourself slow down.

"I won't let you sleep through our visit. Let yourself rest, little human."

"I'll give you more blood if you let me stay with you."

"No. You will give me more when you return."

Even in broad daylight, the tower seemed incredibly high. Chris skulked around the building, testing windows, looking for any means of entrance.

"It looks like we're going to take out a window tonight."

"No way.

"Then I will alone."

"Why did I even let you come here with me, if you don't plan on spotting?"

"I get this thing of yours, and I don't want to disrespect these cool old buildings either, but you are being too protective. You haven't let anyone else explore; even if it is truly that dangerous, you know I can do this."

"You won't have to break the window. I have this."

The key was dull in the sunlight, but huge, heavy, and obviously matched to the sturdy hardware on the door. You dropped it back down your shirt, safe on its cord, before Chris had even comprehended enough to react.

"Wait, the key? You found that last time? Why didn't you tell me?!"

"It was given to me by a friend. That is why I'm keeping everyone out."

Chris' deep brown eyes plead with you. "You know me, though. You know I'm not going to vandalize the place or take anything. I must have been the first one to even talk to you about

why we don't!"

"Keeping people like us out is an important job to me. Why does it have to be this place?"

Chris blushed.

"I don't believe you."

"Chris, you knew right away it was the correct key, don't play this."

"I don't believe it's dangerous! You whipped from that basement window to the attic in no time. I wanted to introduce Sam to the hobby, and some places are so dangerous and gross. This place is sealed right up, and you came out clean after sleeping inside."

"Sam has no interest in the hobby. If you just need somewhere cool to fool around, why does it have to be somewhere special to me?"

"We're friends! Of course I want to see somewhere special to you, and that would be half of convincing Sam."

You thought for a minute.

"You're just going to come straight inside and start making out, aren't you?"

"Well, I'm not proud of it, but-"

"Once."

Chris startled at your interruption. "Once what?"

"You two can come in tonight, *if* you stay by the entrance and don't explore this house. I told you, it's my responsibility to keep people out. There's a nook or two hidden by the staircase. You can come in, this once, and spend the night there, far from anything you could damage."

"Done. I can do without walking around in this one, if it's that important. What about you, though? Are you leaving us, or are you going to be exploring with us right in the middle ground?"

You smiled.

"I'll be heading straight to the attic."

End Notes

I love this fic, and I'll always be happy to see comments, no matter how old it gets.

Sequel coming on Halloween 2026

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