The Sickhouse

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The Sickhouse

by relocation

Summary

Hiding to avoid a trespassing charge, you got stuck inside an abandoned sanatorium alone. Back when you asked Alucard if ghosts and other monsters were real, he just laughed, but the further you explored the hospital, the more haunted it seemed, until you announced your presence to just the wrong audience.

If only someone designed to take on supernatural threats was there, looking for a little fun.

A ten-year anniversary sequel for *The Wingates Manor,* just in time for Halloween.

Notes

Happy Birthday to The Wingates Manor (a few months late). I've always loved how it came out, and the idea of writing a ten year anniversary fic and doing a Halloween release really grabbed me.

- warnings (violence)
- warnings (smut)

Calling it out before the fic- this takes place in the 90s, people are texting on something like the Nokia 5110. There is a character limit to texts, and they cost money. I know most readers/writers on here probably prefer writing out their texts in full, but the tech was different. Also there are like ten texts in the entire fic, so please bear with it.

Likewise, this takes place in England, so flashlight → torch and so on, and the cops aren't usually leaving guns around. It's weird for me too, please pretend along with me that this a version of yourself that is used to those things

See the end of the work for more notes

The exploration wasn't going well. The abandoned hospital was supposed to be straightforward, but somehow you and your friends kept getting turned around and separated, and, multiple times, you had to backtrack almost all the way out to get everyone back together.

Maybe the place really was haunted.

Still, the confusion was nothing compared to the stress of sudden flashing blue lights and the sound of sirens coming in through the broken windows.

You swore. This was supposed to be easy; the sanatorium was far out from the city, and all the nearby houses had been abandoned to the elements. You'd thought that everyone coming along knew better than to blab about it ahead of time. Shoving away that uncharitable thought, you considered that whoever owned the land now might have installed cameras; as respectful to the space as you intended to be, you had not gotten permission to explore it, and maybe someone else had done something to warrant better security.

At least everyone seemed to be managing to stay together as they ran down the flights of stairs and out the back exit. You took up the rear, but just as you hit the last step, a light beamed across the landing, and you dodged back.

It was time to be mature. You could just admit that you were exploring the building—you knew for a fact that there weren't any actual anti-trespassing signs, and the doors had been unlocked—it would probably just be a slap on the wrist, and if there was a fine, your friends would help you pay it.

You instincts disagreed with that assessment, and you dodged back behind the low wall holding the railing and held your breath.

Something indecipherable rattled off on the cop's radio, and he swept the room again, then went to block the door.

Willing yourself to be absolutely silent, you backed up the stairs. You would just have a quick look-see out the windows above. If the cops were heading out, you could just avoid meeting them at all, and if things were serious, you would just proceed with caution. It wasn't like you were carrying spray paint or anything, or even camp gear, there was nothing to imply you'd do anything untoward with the space.

On the third floor—you skipped the second, lest your footsteps be heard below—you approached the window, then froze.

Why did they have guns? And not just a few of them, it was like the fucking army had showed up to this one abandoned hospital.

You couldn't spot your friends, but the car was still there, so either they were hiding out or were with the authorities somewhere down there.

Though you considered yourself brave enough, it *wasn't* enough to walk out in front of a bunch of apparently pissed off or paranoid cops waving their weapons around. You didn't think you had even seen them carrying before—well, not British bobbies, at least.

Your instinct was to freeze, and you allowed it. Not completely literally, you moved back into the hall and sat down on a filthy chair with a torn up seat cushion—no springs or anything that could cut you, just disgusting, though blessedly dry foam. It affirmed your decision to buy heavy work jeans for this sort of thing.

If you were lucky, they'd find what they were looking for on a lower floor and get out of there. If you weren't, maybe it would be like the movies; 'come out with your hands up!' and you'd be escorted out and maybe get in some trouble. If you were *really* unlucky… well, that was best not considered. Regardless of what you did at this point, there was no easy way out. You should have just followed your friends, or admitted to that first cop that you were there. Now it might just be a game of trying not to get shot.

Maybe it was time to get out of the urbex hobby. If—*when*—you got home, it might be time to hang up the sturdy jeans forever.

So you waited, remaining still and hopefully unthreatening, in easy view of the double doors leading to the stairwell, though it was unnerving to wait there with only the light of your flashlight.

Just as you thought they must be leaving, there was a commotion. First shouting, then several shots were fired below, and your heart exploded in your chest. You doubled over on the chair, breathing heavily and willing yourself to calm down.

You didn't want to approach the window again—what if you looked like whoever they were shooting at?—but you heard cars starting, and, one by one, the sound of them driving away. Bearing up your courage, you stood up, still keeping a close eye on the stairwell until you were fully in the office. It looked like there were less flashing lights outside, so you cautiously looked out.

They were leaving, but it wasn't all good news; your friends were being escorted out, two cop cars tightly ahead of and behind their van. You pulled your mobile phone out and dialed, but it went straight to voicemail without even ringing. You tried another number, and got the 'Your call cannot be completed as dialed,' message. No one was picking up, no one even had their phones on.

As you watched, the final police car left, sirens off.

You tried not to panic.

Of course they wouldn't just leave you there; they had to be coming back for you as soon as they were free of the filth. You had enough batteries to last several hours of exploration, so what was a little more time investigating solo? At least by yourself you wouldn't have to keep turning around because someone turned the wrong way, or got separated, or was too scared to go piss outside by themself. Really, this was the ideal situation. When they came back, you could all have a casual look around, but in the meantime, you could really map the place out.

Taking a deep breath, you resolved yourself to the plan. You'd keep your phone at the ready for when they finally checked in, and in the meantime, you'd explore.

You wanted to start from the bottom and work your way up—or at least the second level, since the group had been relatively together on the ground floor—but you were still rather spooked by the sudden appearance of the authorities. Why not just take a slightly disorganized route, if it made you feel a little bit more steady on your feet?

So you exited the office—it had been uninteresting anyway, just some cabinets with the doors removed, nothing to really explore—and headed down the hallway.

The place had clearly been picked over by previous explorers looking for souvenirs, but it had enough remnants of its old life to give you a thrilling shiver up your spine. The largest room was filled with metal bed frames on casters, what remained of the once-sterile white paint now dingy with reddish stains coming up from the rusty metal it peeled away from. They had been scattered about, but you could see the lines of fading on the walls, indicating that once they had been lined up neatly. The room had a large window, but when you approached it, you saw that it had been nailed permanently shut, whether in some backwards medical effort to keep TB patients away from fresh air, or later, to keep folks like you out—though that seemed unlikely, considering the unlocked doors. It had been abandoned a long time, so you couldn't really say.

The floor of the ward was littered with destroyed mattresses—some appeared to have come off the hospital beds, but at least several others had clearly been dragged up at some point, whether by vagrants or by teens looking for a place to hook up. There were some magazines, mostly nudies, but there were some random outliers, and at least one Christmas catalogue.

You avoided stepping on anything, not just out of attempted politeness, but to make sure you didn't discover anything nasty *under* whatever you might step on, and headed out of the room.

There was a crash below, and you froze.

It remained silent for some time, and you laughed. Probably just a rat or something, finally confident to reveal itself with the invading humans gone, knocking over something or other that got in its way, though you still remembered your thought from earlier.

Maybe it was haunted.

That was silly though, and you certainly hadn't gotten turned around since your friends had left. Rats and the adrenaline of doing something forbidden, that was what made up a haunting.

The ward had nothing else interesting, so you continued down the hall, looking in each room. The next several were offices, then two closets, one of which had a dumbwaiter for the laundry—you wondered if the laundry facilities were destroyed beyond recognition, for you hadn't seen them on the first floor, nor your rather unsuccessful exploration of the second, or if there was a basement you hadn't found, with such facilities inside. All that was on those shelves, or what remained of them, were metal cans of cleaning materials with damaged

labels, all probably containing more dangerous compounds than the tuberculosis itself, though there was also the handle of a mop, most of its strings long decayed or chewed off for rodent nests.

Next was something a little more interesting—you were pretty sure it was a staff lounge; it didn't seem big enough to be a cafeteria. There wasn't much left there, but there were some interesting, obviously quite vintage dishes, only several of which had been smashed on the floor. They were made of a rather thick china, and had a simple set of lines around the edges, ending just outside the hospital's crest—some sort of coat of arms featuring the Rod of Asclepius. There was also a break between counters where an oven might have once been, and there was still a sink, though you kept your distance, as it was filled with dead bugs.

There was a bit more of a racket downstairs, almost a scuffling. Something bigger than rats, foxes maybe. Something scrapping down there. All the more reason to keep going up.

You rushed through the rest of the third floor; you had spent too much time there anyway. Nothing else was all that interesting anyway; more bed frames and dirty floors, plenty of abandoned beer cans and some broken bottles—actually, the last room you looked in had what looked like a head mirror and some instruments, but your heart was racing.

Racing with excitement to go up another level, of course.

On the fourth floor, the layout nearly identical to the floors below, you found another window to look out. No one was down there.

You dialed out again, going through each friend-slash-accomplice's number. No answers.

When you tried someone else, who hadn't come along, they picked up just long enough to mutter "fuck off, it's three AM," before hanging up on you, and they didn't pick up again. Nor did anyone else.

where r u fuckers

You sent the message off to your best friend and most likely respondent.

Maybe, perhaps, it was getting a little too late. It was a long walk to get anywhere, but your torch's batteries, and the refills for them, would be better spent on getting out of the woods than wandering a grimy abandoned building, no matter how excited you had been to finally explore it.

After all, ghosts weren't real, but trespassing violations were. Mobile phones running out of batteries with nowhere to charge them up were, and you hadn't seen a single landline remaining in the hospital.

There was another crash, and a sound like a moan.

…who had said ghosts weren't real, anyway?

Vampires were real, Alucard had made that clear, back in the attic of the Wingates Manor, when he drank your blood and—

No, you couldn't get distracted with that.

You had asked him once if there was anything else like him out there, and he had looked deep into your eyes and assured you there was nothing quite like he.

When you pressed, asking about ghosts, and zombies, and werewolves, he just chuckled, and you assumed that you were being silly, that one kind of monster didn't mean that others existed… but he hadn't actually said no.

For a long moment, you regarded the stairs, listening. There were still shuffling noises, and they sounded kind of big. No more strange moaning though. Maybe a few cops had stayed behind, and were looking around. Or maybe—your heart brightened just a touch—some of your friends were still there, looking for you. They had last seen you on the first floor, after all. That sound was probably just the wind, or one of them complaining.

Still nervous—if it was your friends, why hadn't they yelled for you?—you started down the stairs. From the second floor landing, you could see a few silhouettes in the scant morning light coming through the windows. You stopped there, not wanting to burst straight out among them.

Not wanting to seem threatening, nor sneaky, you stood tall to announce yourself, though you kept your light down; no need to make a scary face, nor blind anyone with its beam. You choked slightly, and cleared your throat.

There really seemed to be a lot of people moving around down there, near the base of the steps. None of them had lights, either, and as your eyes adjusted to the dim light, it especially seemed like there were just too many people crammed in.

"I'm here," you said, in a friendly, clear voice.

They all shifted, but none said anything.

It was too creepy. Politeness be damned, you shone your torch across the room.

A crowd looked up at you, with pallid, greyish skin and slack jaws. Their eyes were sunken, yet seemed to glow an eerie orange reflecting your torch. Some had red smeared over their hands and mouths. There was a police uniform, conspicuous on the floor, stained and surrounded by gore.

You ran.

It broke the spell; they all started chasing you. They didn't sound fast—you weren't exactly looking back to check—but there were so many of them, and they were making noises now, guttural groans, like the air was only moving sluggishly from their lungs, though the higher you climbed the staircase, the more they sounded like grunts of frustration.

You reached the fifth floor. It was the highest level—well, there was the roof, but you weren't going to chance whether it was locked or not. The things, the zombies or whatever they were,

they were still behind you. You yanked the doors closed behind you, and wedged a chair under the two knobs, in hope that it would somehow prevent them from being pulled open.

In one of the rooms, a mattress spring lay on the ground, just peaking out from under its bed. Good enough, you could get shots later, if—when—no, *if*—you survived the nightmare. You grabbed it, just barely avoiding the pointed ends in your rush, and brought it to the doors, stretching it open and winding it around the pair of doorknobs, using whatever strength you could to bend the ends around each other. The wire was stiff, it wouldn't quite lock tight around itself, but it seemed like it would hold.

You stood, heaving for breath for a moment—how were tuberculosis patients supposed to go up all those stairs?—but didn't stop there. Scouring the fifth floor, you found another bed spring, and this time you did cut yourself, winding it around the knobs with the previous one, but now things were shoving on the door, pounding into it, and you couldn't stop there. You roughly cut a chunk of wire, properly flexible wire, from where someone had tried to pull the copper from the walls, and knotted that around the knobs too, twisting it in a tight figure eight to hold them tight together.

There was more and more noise though, and the doors were straining against the weight of all of those things pushing on them, occasionally rattling when they pulled the handles, though for the most part it seemed to be pushed further and further against its hinges.

Watching, your body was frozen, but you kept planning. The offices had smaller, single doors, maybe those were safer? Maybe some of them would even lock. But what could you do to lock them up any tighter than that? The double doors on the floor's ward might be a better bet, you could do them up like these ones, and maybe even shove some furniture in front of them.

Even then, even if you barricaded it enough, what then? No one would answer their fucking phones, and you didn't think you had a couple hours to wait for those at home to wake up and start answering. And what if your friends came back looking for you, trying to pick you up, with those monsters between you and them?

There was a metallic twang as the first spring popped off the shuddering doors, and you ran.

You did end up in the ward. None of them seemed to be through yet, but you weren't opening the doors back up to check.

Only once you started dragging stuff around did you realize another problem. The ward's doors, worse even than those in the stairwell, swung either way to let the beds through. You couldn't simply block them, they could be pulled open the opposite way.

Maybe they wouldn't figure it out; they didn't seem to be doing a good job with the other pull doors either.

There was another loud, metallic sound from the hall, and the racket, both vocal sounds and pounding against the doors, grew louder.

You hadn't noticed when you started crying, but you had to use your sleeves to wipe the tears away so you could see what you were doing. More springs, this time yanked out of the mattresses, they were better than nothing, and you couldn't even feel them poking and scratching your hands anymore, not over the buzzing in your head. Three of those wrapped around before the first zombie-thing reached the door, managing to wedge its fingers through the gap, but not strong enough on its own to open them.

More sounds, more monsters, but they weren't coming fast; it was like they were wedging their way through the stairwell doors one at a time.

Damn the germs from all the god-knows-what you had touched, you held your light in your teeth, using both hands to pull more wire from the wall, and managed to shove the doors tight together, no fingers between them—what if severing the fingers just left them worming around in the room to infect you?—and you wrapped it tight around, even tighter than on the last set.

There was only so much you could do to prevent the doors from being pulled open, but as more and more of those things pushed at them, you moved the beds, half-rolling them on their casters, half-dragging them over whatever shit littered the floor, building up a solid line from the doors to the opposite wall— at least it was a *small* ward. You were sweating, and as it soaked through your shirt and your stupid, thick, expensive, exploring jeans, it felt like it was freezing to your skin. Still you pulled up the dirty, thin mattresses and jammed them between the final bed and the wall, trying to give them nowhere to move inward while still preventing your structure from pushing the doors out.

You tore whatever linens you could find—mattress covers, bed sheets, long abandoned clothes—into ribbons, and worked around the end bed, tying the knobs together again, then across to the opposite walls—right door pulled leftwards, left pulled rightwards—jamming the improvised ties through the hinges on cupboards and knotting them around the legs of heavy desks.

There was nothing else there you could see to do. There was no further space to obstruct the doors, there wasn't a hint of a weapon—maybe you should have grabbed a broom or something, *anything* to push them back when they breached your doors—you couldn't see anything useful. Even the garbage on the floor was crushed and torn up, whether it was always that way or happened from your frantic darting around.

You looked at the window.

Surely you could survive a drop like that. It was only five floors. Four, really, if you climbed out and lowered yourself as much as possible before jumping. Of course, breaking your legs was a risk, but you just had to land correctly, right? You had climbed all over abandoned ruins before, you could land a little jump, if you were careful.

It wouldn't be that hard. You didn't even have to do it for sure, maybe they would leave, or someone would come for you—surely all those police had left to bring in a special task force, maybe the actual army this time. You just had to open up the window, and wait, and if they breached the door, you would jump down. They were slow. You would be out of there before they could even get back down the stairs, and it would be daylight soon. If vampires were the

thing that actually existed, these things probably couldn't follow you under the sun. Of course, the road was rather shaded, but it would work, right? It had to.

This window was nailed shut too. You staggered away from it, and vomited. For a long while you continued to heave, even after there was nothing left inside you.

You didn't know how much more you could take. Your chest and throat hurt from panting, your legs from running, your hands were bleeding, half-scabbed in some places.

Still, a few nails. That wasn't *that* big a deal. You dug through your pockets, cursing that you hadn't brought your bag. There was a hammer in your bag, but no, you didn't think you'd need that for a famously easy to explore building with friends along to help you out.

Your pocket knife was something. You tried to jam the tip into the window frame, levering it to pull back on the nails.

Nothing happened, and you cut into your fingertip. The moans behind the doors seemed to grow louder; hungrier.

Pivoting, you closed the knife and put the handle against the underside of the nail's head, trying to yank it out with sheer determination.

Still nothing, and you were sure you weren't imagining it, the monsters in the hall were salivating, their vocalizations, even their breath sounded wet.

Your mouth felt too full of saliva too, and you swallowed, then began digging away at the wooden window frame. Surely the nails weren't so deep, you just had to dig them free, or even just split the frame's wood away from them so the window could move.

You got one nail free, though your own nails, your fingernails, had broken back in the process of prying it free of the wood, your motions frenzied and desperate once its shaft was visible. It was nearly six inches long, but it was out, and you'd get the next one too. You let it fall to the ground and started chipping away.

There was another twang, a crash, and at once the noise of the monsters was louder.

In your rush to open the window, you hadn't noticed the tearing of fabric, or the snapping of the electrical wires. It was only when one of the bed springs popped off, bouncing off the ceiling, that you noticed how close they were to getting inside.

They had managed to yank the doors in either direction, one inward and one out, and one of them was cramming itself between, leaving smears of blood and viscera on those doors as it dragged itself through, gripping the head of the metal bed frame you had tried to block it with.

Unsecured, the bed didn't give it much purchase, but it didn't matter, the mass of bodies outside the doors were pushing it on.

You grabbed something—maybe a broken chair, it didn't matter—and threw it at the window.

It bounced back, hard, almost hitting you, but you grabbed it, this time running at it, throwing your weight against the chunk of metal as it crashed through.

Glass shattered, and it slashed at your arms.

You hadn't had the follow through, nor the height to go out the window behind whatever that bit of metal was; the sill was higher than your waist, but the glass was broken, at least.

Somehow it looked even more threatening now though, pointed, broken glass, some already splashed with your blood, surrounding the gap that really didn't look big enough for you to jump through.

You looked down through it, and your vision swam with spots.

Now your mouth felt dry, and you swayed a bit on your feet.

Five stories was kind of high.

Your adrenaline had peaked, and though you weren't quite aware of it yet, even in that ward, firmly on your feet, you were crashing down.

There was no way out. Was getting slashed to ribbons, falling into a crumple of broken bones, and trying to drag yourself away really better than whatever those monsters would do?

Even if you survived the drop, you might go through all that just to be eaten anyway. Actually, you probably would. Definitely, maybe.

You looked at your knife, discarded on the floor, then back to the doors.

The monster was nearly through. It's hips seemed to be somewhat caught, but it was looking straight at you with those glowing, orange eyes. You hadn't noticed the teeth before, distracted by the blood around its mouth, but they were pointed, bestial.

Would it be quick enough? Maybe if you went for your throat, maybe that would be fast enough to get yourself out of there for good before you had to feel that maw on your skin.

The monster sudden lurched forward, it was through, and you were still there, unmoving, thinking about whether you could end it in time, if only you grabbed your knife.

Then it was the one to freeze, and something seemed to be behind you, a presence that had perhaps crept in through the window, or up through the floor. No less predatory than the zombies, but somehow your head felt cool again. Not present, or collected, but nonetheless calm.

You were okay.

This was fine.

It was all going to work out now.

You felt a mouth on your neck, teeth not yet penetrating, seeking just the right spot.

"Alucard," you breathed, melting.

There was a bang, and blood splattered all over you.

Your ears were ringing; that was nothing like the police shots fired two floors below you, it was like a canon, and your head was pounding. Turning around, toward the source of of the splatter, you saw a body, its head fully destroyed and gone. Whoever it was, though, it definitely wasn't Alucard. Rail thin, and though its missing head muddled things, it looked too small, and there was a much more obvious reason it wasn't him.

He was standing right in front of you.

There was still a trail of smoke seeping from the tip of his gun, and he was muttering something under his breath.

The zombie had fallen, seemingly dead, seemingly *properly* dead on the floor. Another was wedged partway through the door after it, but it too had gone still.

You looked at Alucard, then back down at the dead vampire, and suddenly all the disgust and terror hit again and you were gagging and heaving again, unable to take your eyes off the shattered remains of the skull poking up through blood and pinkish-grey brain matter.

Ears adjusting to the quiet muttering, you caught the last thing Alucard said:

"— may need a moment. Am I dismissed, *my master?*"

There was no response, but you felt his large hands on your shoulders, turning you around to face the relatively-unstained wall. You breathed heavily, but your gut stopped, and you could pretend, just for a moment, that the few bits of spatter were just more of the stains that had naturally accrued on the abandoned building's walls. The sense of calm from before the gunshot was gone, but you still felt better than before.

"Alucard?" you asked, still not sure he was really there. Actually, you weren't sure any of this was real. Maybe you would turn around and find you had just locked yourself up in a panic, or even better, maybe it was all a dream.

He touched your shoulder again, and you turned to look at him. He was just as you remembered: tall, imposing, dressed impeccably in red and black, his shoulders easily broad enough to block your view. You met his eyes, and they flashed with amusement behind his round yellow glasses.

Almost without your mind's consent, your body stepped forward, and you let yourself fall against Alucard's chest. He didn't embrace you, but nor did he move away. You realized that you were shaking; every nerve under your skin seeming to tremble. With some effort, you calmed your breathing.

He clasped one hand tightly, though not painfully, around your arm, holding you in place, then after a moment pushed you back away from him, literally holding you at an arms length.

Startled, you looked up at him.

"Why are you here?" you asked.

He laughed softly.

"A better question is why are *you* here, almost being eaten by ghouls?"

"Ghouls?"

He tilted his head back, indicating the 'zombies,' though you couldn't see past him.

"Did you come here to save me?" you asked, the question slipping from your tongue before you could think to hold it back.

He laughed, still quiet but with more mirth this time, and you flushed with embarrassment, which only made your head ache worse, and you became more aware of the stinging up and down your arms and the throbbing pain in your hands.

"I came to this place," he said, "to destroy that sorry excuse for a vampire. It was a surprise to find you here, ready to allow another vampire to ruin you."

"I thought he was you—"

"That thing, me?"

"I haven't exactly met many vampires!" you said, frustration powering through your fear and shock, if for only a moment. "I didn't see his face. And I felt… so calm."

"He wasn't as useless as I thought, then. I should have given him the chance to try to fight back."

"Would you be so offended if I was bitten by someone else?"

The conversation had almost distracted you from where you were, what had happened. It was starting to feel like a nightmare, one Alucard had woken you from.

"Perhaps, but not knowing that he had enthralled you first."

"Was they why you didn't let him fight? Jealousy?"

This time his laugh was harsh, scornful.

"You don't know what you're talking about, *human*," he said, voice cold. "You don't want *me* to bite you either; I know for a fact you're not a virgin."

You had no idea what that had to do with anything, but he kept talking.

"—and I came here, so hungry, only to find you here, dripping with blood. Maybe I should bite you, if that's what you want—!"

He grabbed your wrist and you jerked backward, slipping, and found yourself dangling from his grip, trying to get your feet back under yourself.

Alucard didn't bite you, though. His tongue swept over the viscera on your face, firm, intentional, thirsty, and when he deigned to stop, he yanked back your sleeve and licked your arm, the pointed end dipping deeper into the cuts from the broken window, making you flinch.

At first, despite the pain, it was intimate, almost elegant the way his tongue swirled over your skin, and though you didn't think he had altered your state of mind, you were fascinated, watching with your toes just touching the ground, for he had drawn you up so high. You stared at his long tongue, and his sharp white teeth, wicked, yet not even touching your skin.

As he continued though, it grew more frenzied. His fangs never scraped you, but you felt their hard, slippery enamel slide over your skin as your wounds healed and his licking was firmer, broader, looking for every drop of blood remaining on your newly-pristine arm. They closed just enough over the tip of your finger to hold it still. He sucked the blood from your cut, and you felt something else tugging within you.

He pulled back, breathing heavily, but did not release you. For a moment, he stood as though frozen, then he yanked you toward him, his face burying into your neck, huffing in your scent, breath damp.

You couldn't help but squirm at the sensation, but you didn't really struggle. Ever since meeting him, you had thought about being bitten. Sure, you hadn't come to a decision—you hadn't, in your conversation with him that first night, asked about drawbacks or anything—but being a vampire had always sounded romantic and appealing. You weren't even sure the other vampire had done anything to keep you still, when you thought it was Alucard making the decision for you.

After a few more deep breaths, Alucard released you, neck unscathed.

"You—" you started, then swallowed, getting up your nerve. "You don't think you could clean these up too, do you?"

Holding out your hands, you grimaced. You knew they were bleeding, and the weird aches and shooting pains from punctures were getting to be too much, but you hadn't really looked before, to see how puffy and inflamed your skin had already become, nor how much greyish dust and grime had settled into the crusty blood. You weren't sure if it was your imagination, but your jaw felt tight.

He didn't grimace though, he took your hand in his and drew it up to his mouth, licking the fresh blood from the wounds, then slowly, almost tickling you, wet the entirety of it, softening the dried and scabbed over places and consuming it on his second or third pass. He repeated it with your other hand, then, even more eager, worked up your arm, taking the cleaner blood away from the cuts. When he was done, he spat out a bit of glass.

There was still a bit of soreness inside your limbs, but the stinging and throbbing and shooting pains had all cleared up as the wounds healed.

"You're all too tempting," he said, his low voice almost a rumbling in your ear, and as you pulled yourself closer, you could feel a weight pressing against you, declaring that he meant it in more way than one.

"Is it that bad, being a vampire? You said I wouldn't want it, but I don't think I'd mind a little bite," you teased, though you weren't joking.

He pulled back, also in more way than one.

"Is that why you keep trying to tempt me?" he asked, with a mix of amusement and haughtiness, and didn't wait for an answer. "No, human, you're mistaken. If I bit you, you would turn into one of—"

He whirled you around to look at the dead ghouls, grey and decaying on the floor.

"—*them*."

Your head spun. It wasn't that he couldn't turn you; that sucked, but the idea of being a vampire wasn't quite real in your head yet anyway. It was the rotting bodies and their inhuman jaws, and not just the two that had breached the room, but you could see more, fallen against the doors and slumped over the one that had made it halfway in. It wasn't just the disgust or fear now, either; you didn't want to turn into one of those monsters, mindlessly hungry, unrecognizable. Something that would have killed your own friends, had they returned.

Alucard caught you as your knees gave out, but rather than helping you get your footing, he just lowered you more gently to the floor.

"Do you understand now?" he asked from above.

You nodded.

"Close your eyes."

There was no pressure behind it, but you obeyed.

"Open."

The bodies were gone; the entire hospital was gone. You were in what appeared to be a bedroom, with shiny hardwood floors, the furnishing done in dark wood and deep red fabrics. The air wasn't dank and musty anymore, it was clean, almost sweet.

He helped you stand, and led you to the bed, laying you down. It wasn't too soft, but then, you doubted a vampire needed a soft bed. It *was* enough to stretch out across, as Alucard leaned over you, studying your face. With his white gloves—somehow still pristine even after touching your bleeding wounds and dirty clothes—he wiped something from your face, then, more gently, brushed a crust of tears from around your eyes.

"I thought you might rather tempt me with something else," he said, looking down at you.

You reached out, pulling his hips toward you. If anything was going to cleanse your mind, it was this.

Letting you guide him forward, he reached between your legs, rubbing you through your clothes.

You moaned, but as you relaxed, your vision flashed. Corpses, piled up against the door, blood and brains all over the floor. The glowing eyes and dead faces leering up the staircase at you.

By some spell Alucard was keeping you aroused all through it, even as your stomach churned.

The vivid memories faded, but you shivered.

"Is this real?" you asked in a whisper, looking around at the perfect, crisp room, lit just perfectly so that you could see Alucard, though you couldn't pick out where the light came from.

"Real enough," he said, pushing your shirt up to your collar bones.

Your breath hissed through your teeth. Something in you was already pulsing with need for him, but you closed your eyes, trying to sit up.

"What does that mean?"

"We haven't gone anywhere, but inside the illusion, everything is real. The ghouls are gone, the bed is perfectly clean; I haven't just made you think so. You won't wake up with more scrap metal poking into your skin."

Although you couldn't really comprehend what that meant, you shook your head.

"I don't think I can do this. I still know there's a corpse right there," you said, gesturing in what you were pretty sure was the right direction.

Alucard sighed, disappointed, and the vision faded.

You had pointed slightly to the left of the dead ghoul, and seeing it again made your head swim.

"Please don't start gagging again."

"I'm not," you said, though you swallowed hard.

"Shall I escort you out?" he asked. "Or do you want to take the quick way down?"

He looked at the broken window, and you shuddered.

"Can we just be somewhere else? Anywhere else? For real, I mean?"

You were shaking again.

"Close your eyes," he said, and again, you did.

He picked you up easily into a bridal carry, and there were some odd sounds before you felt him bringing you through the doors of the ward; your shoulder bumped into one as he moved you, but it swung away, albeit with a little resistance, as though something was blocking it.

You supposed there was.

His easy pace down the stairs was calming, almost lulling you to sleep. After sprinting around, heart pounding, already out late, you probably needed the rest.

He carried you out what you were pretty sure was the back door—you were having trouble paying attention, but it seemed to be right off the end of the stairs—and a ways further. When a twig grazed over your arm, then another on your leg, you realized he was carrying you into the woods behind the hospital yard. Though he hadn't prompted you, you opened your eyes.

It wasn't much more welcoming than the hospital. Far less disgusting, but you were surrounded by dark, imposing trees that seemed to glare down at you, and the deciduous ones were nearly empty of leaves, their branches like great clawed hands shadowed against the moon.

It wasn't that you were scared of a few branches, but the threatening aura left you ill at ease.

"Alucard?"

"Hm?"

"All the ghouls are dead, right? There aren't more… out there?"

He laughed.

"The ghouls all died with the vampire that created them. You have nothing to worry about. Well…" he trailed off, but from the shrugging gesture he made, lifting you a little higher with it, you understood the answer. Nothing, other than him.

And nothing was scarier than him.

You let him place you down, and this time the illusion was not quite so complete. A four poster bed, with the duvet and curtains a few shades darker than those Alucard wore, but the room wasn't there.

"I thought you might prefer to see your surroundings."

You appreciated it, and you showed him by resuming your activities, tugging him closer to you as you sat on the edge of the bed, lips begging to be kissed—and you pulled back, suddenly becoming all too aware of the taste in your mouth.

Alucard gave you an inquisitive look, then comprehension appeared on his face. His right arm disappeared, and you stared at the space it had left. It was fully gone, and his body seemed to be leaking shadows out from where its socket should have been. Only a moment later, it appeared before you, a bottle between the thumb and forefinger, and a stemmed glass betwixt his fingers.

Making no effort not to stare, you took it, pouring yourself a few splashes, then swallowing them in one, coughing slightly at the harsh, dry flavour.

"I may never have drank it myself, but I don't believe gin is usually taken in one shot."

You might have flipped him off, but your hands were busy. You poured yourself another, and swished it through your teeth, then spat it out on the forest floor, kicking some leaf litter over it. For a second you considered having another good swig, but decided otherwise. One might lead to more, and as much as you wanted to forget what had happened, you wanted to remember what was coming next.

"Wait," you said, interrupting your thoughts. "You've never had gin?"

"It was after my time."

Not wanting to think that over, you touched his arm, trying to initiate again, but you heard the surge of cars approaching the hospital again. You tried to ignore it, then remembered.

"Shit, is that more cops?"

You checked your pockets, not waiting for an answer.

"I left my phone in there! They're going to think I had something to do with this!"

"They won't."

"I'm pretty sure they will!"

"They won't," he repeated, but with a disgruntled sigh, Alucard faded away, his whole body disappearing this time, though some shadowy substance lingered. You wondered if he had left completely, but then again, the bed was still solid under you. Taking the opportunity, you untied your boots and kicked them off.

After a few minutes, he reappeared, starting from his hand, which held out three things—your knife, your torch, and, of course, your phone.

You stuffed them into your pocket, trying not to look away as Alucard came together, disproportionate and wispy at first, solidifying into solid shapes and features—too many eyes—that morphed back into the form you recognized.

He was terrifying, but he was everything.

This time you didn't let yourself hesitate or tease, you reached directly between his legs, feeling his cock, soft after his departure, but quickly getting thicker, heavy in your hand.

Now he obliged you, stepping one knee beside you on the bed as he pushed you down, and backward, until your face aligned with his. Laying against you, he kissed your neck, tempting himself this time.

You tipped your head toward his, almost nuzzling him, and he turned toward you, meeting your lips.

He was almost uncharacteristically gentle, and you returned it in same, carefully pressing your lips to his, occasionally 'nipping' them in your own, but with no teeth or firmness, just enjoying his cool, smooth skin against your own. His hair was silky where it brushed against you, and for some time, you soaked in the attention, scarcely aware of the heat forming between you.

That couldn't last forever though, and soon you were writhing below him. He refused to break away from the kiss, but did not accept your tongue into his mouth, and when you tried to push toward him, to get more intense, he just pulled back, more gentle than before. It was infuriating, yet you only wanted him more. You tried to pull him closer, but he was immovable, and even pulling on his hair elicited no response. If he was growing more aroused, you could not feel it, and that made you flush with even more frustration. Unable to take the kiss further, hands apparently useless, you rolled your hips up, trying to grind against him.

Laughing, he changed position, not blocking you, but allowing you to rub onto him, all the while keeping up the kiss.

There wasn't much to align yourself on for a stronger pressure; you assumed you were against his stomach, and though he was allowing you to work yourself into a frenzy, that was all he did.

Finally, you glared up at him, and he pulled away from your lips.

"You want me to tempt you?" you asked, and he gave you a curious, laughing grin.

You bit deep into your own lip, and blood erupted in your mouth.

He held back a moment, long enough for you to suck on the wound, swallowing and letting it coat your mouth, but the change in him was instant, it was like that was exactly what he was waiting for—and maybe it was, maybe that's what he had been goading you toward all along. He licked a stream of blood from your chin and pulled your body tight against his, lifting you over him and rotating until he sat, leaned on the headboard, your body aligned straddling his lap, directly against his cock.

You could feel how hard he was through both of your layers of clothes, and you moaned aloud as it touched you, somehow immediately, intensely arousing against your own aching, throbbing parts.

Alucard didn't hesitate now, he stuck his tongue deep down your throat, pushing past your gag reflex, taking every hint of blood away before it could disappear, then swiped the inside of your mouth and, in a weirder, perhaps less sexy way, between your teeth and your lips,

before sucking on your swollen lip, deep and hot, pulling the blood from it before releasing it to heal.

"I told you I was hungry," he hissed into your ear, and you moaned at the shiver it sent through you.

As you managed to pull yourself a little more together, you became aware of a ringing.

"Fucking hell," you muttered, and with great reluctance, shifted your weight to get to your phone and turn it off.

"Are you going to answer?" he asked, reaching a hand between your legs, and you cried out with startled pleasure.

You almost did, then he touched you again, you moaned aloud, and you you saw his game. Tossing it aside—no one had answered *your* calls anyway—you held his shoulders for balance, rutting against his hand.

It stopped ringing, and you began to undress him, tugging at the buttons of his waistcoat.

With a look of amusement, he took off your coat. In your arousal you had almost forgotten that it, torn at the sleeves, open, and filthy, was still between you.

You got the waistcoat unbuttoned, but allowed him to take over for his shirt—he was much quicker at it—and were reminded of just how huge his hands were when they reached under your shirt, caressing you as they moved up your body, then peeling it off over your shoulders and head. He tossed it aside, leaning in, his long, pointed tongue stretched out of his mouth, reaching for your nipples—

The phone beeped, indicating a message had been left. Then again, for a text. And then again, and again.

"I should smash the thing," you muttered, though it was too expensive for you to go through with it.

"Check it," Alucard said, this time not teasing you, though he did settle you against him, your pelvises and more still touching.

You flipped it open. There were a number of texts from your friends, but most from your best friend, and you opened them first. There were a lot of texts in succession, probably sent while your phone was left in the sanatorium. They were long; you had to scroll down your screen to read most of them.

cops took our phones ru ok?

seriously pls answer

just got them back

PLEASE im genuinely worried

they said somthing about rabid animals in the building nd since u hid theyd have 2 escort u out after

but there was like 100 cops n they talked 4ever I think somethings up

we r coming to pick u up

Then, most recent,

idk wtf is going on but theres a bunch of ppl in hazmat suits n they wont let us in

Another arrived while it was in your hand.

where r u?

Feeling a little bit bad for ignoring the call, you wrote back:

Sorry lost my phone

Im alive

U can go home

Maybe you should have sent some sort of explanation or reassurance, but you weren't going to peck out a text letter by letter while Alucard was underneath you. After a pause, remembering just how alone you were in that godforsaken hospital, you found you didn't feel *that* bad, and added:

Fuckers

Turning it off, you stuffed it down into your pocket, only to find Alucard's hands at your waist, undoing your belt with a feather-light touch.

Sliding off his lap—you weren't quite sure how to remove them while on top of him, and you really didn't want them on the bed with you anyway—you stepped off the bed and unzipped, taking them off along with your underclothes just slowly enough to tease him. You were too ready to get rid of them to do much more than that, but he seemed to appreciate it, because before you even finished stepping out of them, he was squeezing your ass, encouraging you back toward the bed and his lap.

"No more distractions," you whispered.

For once he was the one to gasp in surprise, though it was more of a hiss through his teeth, as you dropped your mouth straight to his cock, touching your lips to it through his thin trousers, inhaling its scent and exhaling your hot breath upon it, watching and feeling it grow hard again.

He made no move to undress; you supposed he was too dignified, or something, to admit just how much he wanted it.

You were almost frustrated, then you remembered he had literally saved your life—then abruptly buried that thought, because then you would have to remember what from.

In any case, *you* weren't too proud to admit how much you wanted to suck it, so, rubbing against his leg, nearly panting with desire—how did it feel so good just to press against him?—you undid his belt, then opened his fly.

He shifted his weight slightly, letting you remove them, and as the waistband passed his knees, they sort of disappeared into the shadows.

That was fine. You had already seen him do it with his entire body, and his arm along with the sleeve on it. What was important was that his cock, thick, swollen, and throbbing, was out, bouncing heavily against his abs. *Fuck*, you hadn't gotten a chance to look at those before the phone interrupted you.

For just a moment, you resisted your lust to enjoy the view, his cock erect and mouthwatering in the foreground, the sculpted abs of his torso, and his perfect, masculine face looking down at you, hat gone, his hair in smooth waves…

You couldn't wait any longer; you dropped forward onto your elbows and swallowed him.

Alucard was big; you knew that all along, but being confronted with exactly how much he filled up your mouth still felt like a shock, but from the quickness of his breath, you could tell he didn't mind that you were only fit for his head. He tasted like nothing, not even sweat, yet somehow his flavour filled your head, making you ache for more, ache to make him come. Holding yourself up with one hand, you stroked him in your other, moaning, sucking him, bursts of heat firing off not just where you thrust against him, but behind your eyes, in your head, making you even more euphoric.

He pushed you back, gently, by the shoulder.

You looked back, mouth still open, not ready to stop, but followed his lead nonetheless.

Alucard drew you forward, back into his laps, kneeling, straddling over him, then used his arms, cradling your back as he leaned you away. Holding you with one arm, he reached down, grasping his cock and rubbing it against you.

Feeling it touch you was somehow nearly enough to send you over already, and your muscles clenched and tensed, though you managed to hold off, instead joining in, thrusting yourself against it, shuddering with pleasure each time your head slid over his.

As your breath turned body trembled and your breath grew shaky and irregular, he pulled your face in closer again, and his kisses weren't teasing at all this time; he held your head in his grasp and kissed you, letting your tongue in this time, letting you push harder against him, bruising your own lips with the force. With a strange exhalation, his tongue reached deep down your throat, deeper than you could take his cock, and all you could do, all you *wanted* to do as he brought you closer and closer was suck and swallow it. If only he would enter you and fuck you from both ends.

He adjusted and the head of his cock prodded, enormous, against your entrance. Breaking the kiss, he released your head and licked his own gloved hand, his saliva thick and shiny, flowing easily over the fabric, too viscous to soak in. You had been swallowing that, practically drinking it down, and somehow the thought made you throb.

You leaned in to kiss him as he reached between your legs to the place where his cock rested against you, then slipped his fingers in between, rubbing you with his slick saliva, dipping his fingers in hardly a touch at a time.

It didn't feel as though he was wearing gloves; if anything his hands felt hot and alive as he teased you, finally slipping a finger inside, stroking you with his too-long thumb as he stretched you out.

You didn't notice when you stopped kissing him; all you could think of was the way you were swollen against his fingers and his cock, and each impossible millimeter he stretched you.

Three of his enormous fingers inside you, he pulled back, pushing his cock against your hole, and you flinched.

"Still too much?" he asked. "You want something easier?"

You didn't answer, but he chuckled darkly, reaching as though for his pocket with one hand. Before you could follow his gaze, he caught your chin, making you look at him, then his lips, then kissing you again, if with a touch of distraction, as he slid his fingers back inside you.

He shook his arm or something, there was a metallic clunk, and the soft thud of something falling on the bed, bouncing slightly.

You pulled back to see him pointing his gun—you hadn't properly seen it before, it was enormous; you doubted you could lift it, let alone fire it—casually across at a tree a good distance away, and pulled the trigger.

You flinched, but there was nothing but a click. Another, and another, and another, until eventually, he was satisfied. Next to him on the bed lay its magazine.

As you watched, he licked it, his tongue caressing and curling around the silver barrel, leaving a slippery film over it, eyes closed, the action almost loving. Then he met your gaze, and slowly, yet with incredible ease, slid the wide, rectangular length deep down his throat, until only the grip was visible.

Fuck. All you could do was stare as he showed off, pumping it in once more before he pulled it out, wet and shining.

"Well?" he asked, sliding the smooth metal between your legs, offering it for you to rub against.

It felt dangerous, somehow more dangerous than being with the vampire, but you shifted forward, and he laughed as your tip just touched it, then jerked away from the cool metal.

"I see," he said, and somehow his face came closer to yours, though his shoulders still touched the headboard. "You want to warm it up."

Angling it up, he pressed it against your perineum as he slid his fingers out of you.

Then he waited.

Aroused, so aroused that you hardly comprehended what you were doing, you sank yourself over it. There was a small hitch, a bump on the tip that popped inside you, but once it was inside,you were quickly used to it, just as the cold had gone from a shock to a thrill. Alucard's saliva still seemed to coat you, and though you bottomed out quickly, you moaned, sinking yourself again, begging to take just a bit more.

With his free hand Alucard stroked you, bringing you further and further along, shivering against his touch yet begging for more, aloud now. The world around you had faded from perception, all you knew was how desperate you were to get off, and for Alucard to come inside you.

You didn't know how deep it was, or how long you had rode it, all you knew was that the metal was no longer cold, it was as hot as you were inside when Alucard slid it out, and without breaking your rhythm, you dropped onto his cock.

Your eyes flew open—you hadn't realized you had closed them—as the head of his cock entered you, its slight flare stretching you just that much further. It wasn't the first time, no, but his body was still anything but familiar.

It felt too good; you could feel your own fluids running down your legs, and with a shudder they gave out from under you.

Alucard caught you as you impaled yourself, rolling you onto your back. He seemed to be losing control too, fucking you with hard, sure strokes, his face buried in your chest, then your neck, panting into your ear as he picked up the pace.

You moaned, mouth open, unable to stop yourself as he pounded you deep, each stroke pushing you closer and closer, hotter inside despite his chilled skin.

He thrust hard and your teeth snapped shut on your tongue.

You might have done it on purpose if you had thought of it, it had worked well on your lip, but you were beyond thought, and Alucard clamped his mouth over yours, not kissing, not probing or teasing or tasting, just lapping the blood from inside your mouth, overwhelming you, forcing you to shake and cry and come, waves of heat and pleasure radiating from deep within you and bursting, disorienting, in your head just as his load exploded into you.

Laying under him, you huffed in hard breaths of the cool night air; for all you had moaned and gasped, it felt like the wind had been knocked from you. Alucard lifted his weight from you, in the same motion pulling out, still semi hard, and you felt his cum spread he did.

His breathing was not laboured at all, but he lay behind you on the bed, one arm over you, almost protectively.

You grew vaguely aware of the tears in your eyes and the fluids—so, so much saliva, and precum, and fuck knows what else—all over your stomach and thighs, cooling in the fall air.

Alucard stroked your arm, and though you felt as though he had exposed every last part of you, given and taken everything there was, you almost felt aroused again.

"Sleep," he said, and you did.

You awoke, and jerked up, unaware of your surroundings, then slowly looked around. You were in your own bedroom at home.

Your phone was on your nightstand, next to your knife and flashlight, and all of them were clean.

In fact, you were still in your clothes, and somehow, they were clean too.

It was a little unnerving that Alucard knew where you lived, and it hurt, a little, that he had sent you home without saying goodbye.

You reached for your phone, and saw there was one more thing on your nightstand. The key to the Wingates house. You definitely hadn't left it there.

Maybe this was a gift. You could imagine that it was all a nightmare, and if you wanted to seek the truth, or perhaps something easier, you knew where you were welcome.

End Notes

I feel like this is a necessary disclaimer even though it shouldn't be: obviously don't use real guns for gunplay irl. alucard is literally supernaturally attuned to his (and even he made sure there was nothing in the chamber), he's not going to make an accident that kills someone. (he *is* going to make an intentional that kills someone)

re: Alucard being bigger than his gun, I'm not saying his dick is necessarily *longer* than the Cassull (or that he hilted either one in you), but it is thicker in at least one direction (the 'shaft' of the Cassull is a long rectangle to whereas a cock is a cylinder). also I wasn't super in a huge cock fetish mood, but I was watching clips and I love when Alucard is just like, uncannily too big, or his arms are too long, etc, and this is what ended up happening.

I'm of the opinion that Alucard used resources at Hellsing (and maybe a little sleep hypnosis) to get you home, in bed, and with clean clothes. Might have been kind enough to carry you but I don't see him doing laundry, and I don't think his talents could be applied in that way (unless it was solely dirtied by blood).

note about how everything after the second eyes closed was maybe gonna be an illusion

According to wikipedia, 'wtf' apparently wasn't in use yet, but on the other hand they credit it to a website that I highly doubt invented it, so I'm comfortable having it be something people already casually used.

This isn't important to the plot, but just in case anyone doubted that I had a plan, the story Hellsing would have been investigating was that there were a bunch of suspicious disappearances/'animal attacks' in the areas surrounding the abandoned sanatorium. Before Hellsing has a chance to investigate, an armed police force is sent to look for serial killer(s) and cult activity. It turns out a vampire has been turning ghouls and sending them to wait in the hospital basement, where they are ordered to remain hidden, but kill anyone who discovers them. The police receive word to get out and let Hellsing's special task force in, but it's too late, they have already found the basement, and in doing so lead the ghouls out to the first floor, and everyone investigating is killed. The rest get the hell out, both on orders and because what just happened is terrifying. The reader is technically safe until seeing the ghouls and re-activating the vampire's orders.

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