

Fight or Flight

Von Sydney

Kapitel 4: Something is different tonight

My first Hellsing-Fanfiction. Very OOC and very strange.

Something is different tonight:

Integra hesitated. Once again she looked at the letters in front of her. It took her three times until she was able to understand the meanings of these goddamn tiny symbols. With a sigh she adjusted her glasses. Was it possible that her eyes turned even worse than they were already? Her sight didn't become better after rearranging her glasses. She stopped overlooking the cost estimates for repairing three damaged cars and the bill for buying a full new set of semi-automatic rifles.

With one swift motion she removed the spectacles from her nose and rubbed her eyes. It was late already. The sun had set before hours. And the light of her computer wasn't comfortable to work. Maybe her eyes were only tired after another bad, exhausting day...

Nevertheless, she found no reason to interrupt her normal rhythm and to shift the remaining work to the next day. If one began with such inattentiveness, he could omit it in principle. Without discipline the organisation would not run.

She suppressed a yawn. Tonight it was not the first. This was unusual for her.

When her gaze met the big, old clock opposite her desk, she noticed that it was almost three o'clock in the morning. This however wasn't unusual. She was used to work during the nights. Her branch of business allowed her to spend the nights working. As a countermove she had the time to sleep until the late morning hours most days. She was still human – even when some people questioned that circumstance – and as a human she had to sleep regularly.

What irritated her more than her bad sight was her feeling of temperature. Did someone turn on the heating in the middle of April? Or was there another reason, why she felt so terrible hot?

Integra loosened her tie and opened the first buttons of her shirt. When these measures brought no relief, she got up and opened one of the big windows behind her desk, throwing a look at the dark night.

She felt a headache starting and decided to make a pause to look at the stars. Away

from the town one could observe them almost every evening; however, she seldom took the time for such activities. It wasn't the matter that Integra normally didn't stay outdoors at night, but when she did so, there were normally more advisable directions to look at, if she didn't want to lose her head.

She reached for the bottle of whisky, which stood on the small cupboard beside her, and for a glass to put the drink in.

The alcohol made her tongue tingling and suddenly she felt very dizzy.

"Maybe, in your current state, it isn't a good idea to consume such kind of liquid, my master", a voice from behind said.

"This is not your business." Integra paused. "And by the way, what "state" do you mean?" She swayed, when she turned around to face her servant. Who else would appear at this time? Who else would appear, when she just take a break? When she felt strange and dizzy?

He took a few steps forward, while he answered. "My master is telling me, that she doesn't know, that she has a fever?" He now was very close to her. Too close.

"A fever? Don't make a fool out of yourself Alucard. That doesn't suit you."

Integra couldn't keep herself from taking a step aside. He looked at her with a fixed glare of his crimson eyes above the edge of his sunglasses. Today they seem to glow stronger than normal. It made her feel uneasy. Slowly he lifted a hand and laid it on her forehead. She was too fascinated from his action and felt too muzzy to prevent it.

"You are burning, my Master", he announced with a self-satisfied grin, that exposed his fangs.

Integra didn't protest anymore. It was the first time that the grip of his undead, cold hand didn't feel unpleasant at her skin. He didn't remove his hand. Integra was sure that, in her current state, Alucard didn't need to read her thoughts to recognize that his master liked his touch.

With his free hand he took the glass of whisky out of her warm fingers. She didn't stop him. Her limbs were getting heavier with every breath she took.

"I don't think that you need this anymore tonight", he said with a look at the golden liquid. "After all I'm responsible for my master's well-being."

"Alucard, you are exceeding authority, I think." They both knew that this was a last desperate try to keep command. She tumbled slightly, when she tried to step away from the vampire to get an adequate distance between them.

"We will see... my master", he said, before he seized Integra and disappeared with her in the shades.

Alucard didn't mind to put his master to bed again eventually. It somehow amused him.

By the way, it is really not recommendable to consume alcohol when you have a fever or a cold. (And it is even more unrecommendable to take aspirin after the alcohol in this state. In the best case you will feel like human jelly - in the worst case you get a free ride to the hospital.)