

# Vacation or no Vacation, that is the question

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*Ceras had this "bright" idea that Sir Integra should go on vacation, so she drags Integra, Walter, Pip, and Enrico off to America for a vacation.*

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# 1 - "good" ideas

Hi little shiney peeps ^\_^ I think you should all know the procedure by now but for those who are new, I don't own Hellsing ect. Though I do wish I owned Enrico ^\_^ Okie please enjoy fic.

Note: the other chapters will be longer ect. This is just setting it up.

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The day had started well for Sir Integra, she had gotten a good nights sleep (finally...), had a good breakfast, finished bills and was now starting on the paperwork. Oh the paperwork, that was when her day started to go downhill.

"Walter!" Integra called out, trying to get her voice to reach over the paperwork.

"Yes Sir Integra?" Walter came over to his master's desk, looking tentatively at the paper.

"I would like some tea."

"Sir Integra..."

"What?"

"You have already drunken more tea than a normal person should."

"You point?" Integra was tired and irate, Walter's questioning was not helping the situation.

"I was just saying, maybe you should try something else, oh and while you are at that, stop smoking."

"You know that would be a snow balls chance in hell." A voice chirped from the door. Walter and Integra looked to see who it was; well Integra tried to see whom it was -\_-...

"I guess you are right Ceras." The butler looked at the young vampire then turned to leave.

"No Walter don't leave just yet, I have an idea." She seemed rather happy with the idea in her head, which never meant anything good.

"What is it Ceras?" Integra sighed; mentally going through a list of things that could stem from this conversation.... All the while Walter was cringing as memories came back from Ceras's last "good idea" which consisted of trying to get Sir Integra and Alucard together...

"Well, since everyone around here is stressed I figured we could all use a vacation." Ceras beamed at Integra when she had finished saying this.

“We?” Integra looked doubtfully at Ceras.

“Ya, you, me, Walter, Pip, and a few others.”

“A few others?” Walter asked; he didn’t like the direction that this was going.

“Um, ya...” Ceras suddenly started shifting uncomfortably.

“Who?” Integra stood up and walked around her desk so she could see Ceras better.

“No one that important...”

“I resent that!” An indignant voice broke through Ceras’s sentence.

“ENRICO!?!” Integra looked shocked and pissed at the same time.

“Who else would it be?” Enrico (Riko) smirked at Integra, obviously pleased by her reaction.

“Anyone else.” Integra mentally groaned, she had already figured that the plans had been made and now was the “get Sir Integra to go” stage.

“Oh don’t sound glum.” Enrico stepped fully into the office and looked around. “Damn, you have money.”

“Enrico, language!” Father Renaldo also walked in, scowling at the young priest in front of him.

“You never cared before.” Enrico pouted at the older man.

“Well you where never in the presence of a lady before.”

“She says worse!”

“Enrico.”

“Yes.”

“I don’t care.”

“Fine, be that way.” Enrico scowled and turned back to Integra.

“What do you mean I have money? The Vatican is as rich as hell.” Integra looked curiously at Enrico.

“Yes, but do you actually think that they want to spend any of it?”

“Erm, no.”

“Exactly. Now I was dragged all the way over here and I demand to know why.” He scowled at Ceras

who was carefully looking away.

“Ahem, well Ceras here decided that we all need a vacation.” Walter sighed and shook his head when he was finished.

“Oh, that sounds lovely but I just remembered that I am saying mass this Sunday, well thanks for the invitation but I really can’t make it. Bye!” Enrico started for the door but was stopped by Renaldo.

“Don’t be such a party pooper Enrico, I am sure it will be fun.” The old father smiled at Enrico and pulled him back in with strength that know one knew he had. “Plus, it will be a good time for you and Sir Integra to get over your differences. Young lady I think it’s a fine idea and Enrico will be attending, and he tries to get away feel free to hit him with a large heavy book.” The man smiled then left the room humming some random tune.

“Lord what did I do to disserve this?’ Enrico and Integra moaned at the same time.

“Just think of it as a test from God.” Walter said as he pushed the two out of the office. “Now go pack, Ceras said that the plane leaves early tomorrow morning.” With that done Walter smiled and headed down the hall.

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Okie this is my first time writing a Hellsing fanfic so please don’t mind if the characters are OOC. But ya... Enrico, Pip, Ceras, Walter, and Integra all get to go on vacation together ^\_^ doesn’t that sound nice?

Anyway I am not sure where I am going to send them so if you have any ideas feel free to suggest them.

Ok Please read and review.

## 2 - Arguments and Plain trips

Okie I have decided what I am going to do w/ them for vacation ^-^ but you will have to read the chapter to find out! Bwa hahahahahahaaa!!! Ahem, yes, anyway, I do not own Hellsing, though I wish I could own Enrico ^. ~ Okie, on with da fic.

### Arguments and Plain Trips

Integra scowled as she panned through her large closet. She had no idea where they were going or what to pack. Life was not being nice to her today.

“WALTER!” She yelled, coming out of her closet with an array of clothes.

“Yes Sit Integra?” The butler showed up with several brochures in his hand.

“Where are we going?” She asked while dumping the clothes on her bed and going through them.

“I can’t tell you that.”

“What if I said it was an order?”

“I would have to disobey Sir Integra, but you have to understand, it’s for your good.” Walter gave her one of those “you’ll understand soon, trust me” smiles.

“Going anywhere with Enrico can’t be for my good.” She said, shoving the last bit of clothing into her bag. She turned, grabbed a book and headed out her door. “Oh, and how long is the flight?”

“However long it takes to get across the Atlantic Ocean.” Walter winced, expecting some sort of enraged yell, but, to the mans relief, it did not come. When he looked up she saw a dumbfounded Integra.

“Ya, that was my reaction to when I found out we were going to America,” Enrico said as he walked up, obviously not pleased with the whole situation.

“America?” Integra finally gasped a little.

“Yes, America.” Walter nodded while picking up his bag.

“Why?” Integra turned a critical eye towards Ceras.

“Well, look, ummm, you will see when we get there.” Ceras tried to smile but it didn’t turn out right.

“Great, you know I could get abduction charges on your pet vampire over here.” Enrico looked at Ceras

with a mix of disgust and hate.

“How? I don’t believe you resisted this whole thing.” Integra looked at him, trying to hide her smirk.

“Yes he did.” Ceras’s eyes flew open realizing she had just incriminated herself.

“Oh... But as he said before, the Vatican won’t give him the money to do so.” Integra opened the door of the car and hopped in, followed by Ceras then Enrico finally Walter.

“They will for this, they like to sue people, it’s there past time.” Enrico opened his bag and pulled out his book, he paused before starting to read, “I thought another one your annoying people where coming?”

“Oh Pip? He said he would meet us at the airport, had some last minute things to do.” Ceras scowled when she said this.

“Hmm...” Enrico settled back and began to read.

After a largely uneventful car ride with the only that was note worthy was when the driver flipped off some kids for running in the middle of the street, and you have to know this was a Sunday. So Enrico’s reaction was quite amusing. When they got to the airport they found Pip waiting for them with what looked like camping gear behind him.

“Hey, what took ya so long?” He asked, giving everyone a cheerful smile, most returned it, except for Enrico who was busy trying to finish the last page of the chapter.

“Oh, crazy road day today, amazing for a Sunday and all...” Ceras mused while unloading the trunk.

“I’ll say...” Enrico muttered while taking up his bag.

“Well, I already have your tickets and the plane is about to leave so we better hurry.” Pip grinned then turned, took some of the equipment, and walked inside. Everyone did the same, except for the grinning part.

Once inside they found the terminal quickly and soon found their seats. For the sake of the readers I’ll tell how they are sitting, and this is a jumbo jet so it has two seats on the side, three in the middle, then another two on the other side. On the right side of the plane sits Pip and Ceras, in the middle sits Integra, Enrico, and a guy named Bob, and on the far left sits Walter and a guy named Anh-Quan.

“So, what did you mean when you said you had some last minute things to clear up?” Asked Ceras as they all sat down.

“Um, I just had to talk to an old friend of mine, she needed me to clear a few things up.” Pip bit his lip, knowing how Ceras would take this.

“She?” Ceras glared at him, while shifting to “I am going to pout” mood.

"It's not like that!"

"Well if it isn't why did you just get defensive?"

"Because you always take it like it was!"

"I do not!"

"Yes you do!"

"SHUT UP!" Enrico finally yelled, when they finally shut up he smiled, sighed, and sat back down.

"Wow... he's scary when he's mad..." Ceras mumbled, trying to keep her voice to a whisper.

"Ya, I wonder if it's a Roman thing..." Pip mused while looking through the SkyMall magazine. (A/N: I don't own SkyMall magazine either)

"Probably, either that or it's a Catholic preist thing..."

"I go with that one."

"Ya..."

Integra looked over at the two people whispering as she heard snippits about preists, anger management and coffee. She sighed and shook her head, kids these days... Wait, she was still young... aw well...

At least Enrico is quiet and somewhat polite, she thought to herself while she continued reading her newest book.

"What are you reading?" Enrico interrupted her chain of thought.

At least he was for a while... she thought bitterly, then turned to answer. "I am reading Ann Rice's book, Interview with a Vampire. And are you reading?" She prayed that he not get started on some random sacrilegious argument with her.

"Hm, sounds just charming, I am reading Michael Crichton's AirFrame."

"Oh... What is with you men and science fiction?"

"What is with you Protestants and being sacrilegious?"

"Why did you answer my question with a question?"

"Why did you just answer my question with a question?" Enrico smirked, for some reason he enjoyed getting into little verbal arguments with Integra; at least it was something to do.

“Hm?” Integra mentally groaned, she should have seen it coming, now they would be stuck in this argument for the rest of eternity. They still hadn’t finished their last argument about extinction or the one about the Hindenburg or the one about creation or the one about the inquisition or the one... Maybe I should stop while I am ahead, she thought.

“eh, never mind.” Enrico sighed and went back to reading his book.

I am really starting to wonder about his sanity... She mused as she too went back to her book.

“Well, looks like they are starting to get along...” chuckled Walter as he sat back into his and turned on the music. Well, we are in for a long flight... he thought as he drifted off to sleep.

Ok that’s it for now, I reason Integra and Enrico both would have a love for books so that’s what they will be doing in their free time during this trip, apart from antagonizing each other. Ya, I also believe that their list of argument topics is rather long.

Ok so that’s it for now, please read and review.



### 3 - Symbolism and Airports

Ok, this is the next chappy ^\_^

Enrico: Duh...

Me: -\_- shut up Enricy.

Enrico: Enricy?

Me: ^\_^ isn't it cute?

Enrico: No.

Integra: I think it is.

Enrico: That's just like you.

Integra: Why you little bas-

Alucard: Master, I would advise you not to finish your sentence.

Integra: (pouts) I hate you all.

Enrico: (pats her on the arm) That's nice.

Integra: Ahh! Get away from me you slut.

Alucard: Now that was just harsh master.

Integra: all of you leave me alone!

Walter: You heard the women now shoo!

Ok note for those who don't know, Pip is a character in the Manga; they didn't put him in the series for some reason beyond me... now on w/ da fic!

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Symbolism and Airports  
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“Well master, I have decided to be kind and respectful to you from now one...” Alucard said while bowing. Integra smirked and turned to the other person in front of her.

"And you Vatican scum?" She sneered at him.

"I will be humble and will forever bow and grovel at the feet of Hellsing" Enrico mumbled while giving her a deep bow. Integra smiled evilly, then she felt a particularly nudge on her arm, it kept intensifying till she realized that she should probably wake up...

"Oh how I hate this..." she mumbled while letting herself enter that waking world.

"Integra, Integra, hey Hellsing lady wake up." Enrico kept poking Integra in the arm while whispering to her. The food cart had arrived and he didn't know what she liked and the food cart lady, whom for the sake of the readers we will call Belle, was insistent that Integra choose what wants to eat.

"What is it Enrico?" She finally growled as she sat up.

"Food is here and I don't know what you want." Enrico growled in response while motioning to the lady.

Integra looked up and glanced at the cart, it had two types of sandwiches, turkey and ham. "Uh, I'll have ham and a coke."

"Ok, here you go." Belle smiled and handed Integra the sandwich, a cup w/ ice and a bottle of coke.

"Thanks."

Belle nodded and headed on down the isle. Integra turned and looked at Enrico w/ a raised eyebrow. "You aren't eating?"

"I don't trust plane food..." He muttered while returning to his book.

"Right..."

The plane ride lasted for another few hours (cough hack cough) and finally they were nearing decent in North Carolina.

"Why, of all places, are we in North Carolina?" Enrico scowled and glared at Ceras.

"Oh, we are really going to Florida, this is just a layover."

Enrico stared dully at her for a moment, trying to comprehend what she just said. "Florida? That's hick country!"

Integra chuckled when she heard and looked at Ceras with an amused eye. "You chose Florida for our destination? That was... nice of you"

"NICE!?! We are in the middle of fracking gator and hick country! The only excitement they have is square dancing!" Enrico gasped and looked around, seeing if anybody agreed with him.

Ceras pursed her lips and glared at him. "Fine, you don't have to like it but that's where you will be

stuck for a while... Not to mention you will be sharing a tent with someone." Enrico's face went three shades whiter when she said this. "Share? With who?"

"I don't know yet!" and annoyed Ceras growled and walked off the plane.

"Well someone is in a pissy mood." Enrico muttered as he followed her. Integra shook her head and sighed.

"I am sure you didn't help either."

"Well, I would like to know who I am going to be stuck with for the next eternity."

"Oh don't be so negative!"

"Eris is here."

Integra cast a weird look at Enrico. "She's the Greek goddess of chaos, also known as Discordia."

"So?"

"Well your Catholic and she's a pagan goddess."

"Well I was just saying that Eris is here, chaos, it's a theory you know. The Chaos theory, it says you can't predict anything because in order to you have to use a linear equation, and almost everything in this world is non-linear."

"...Right..." Integra said.

Enrico gave an impatient sigh then looked up at the computers displaying the flight information. "Ugh, America is disorganized..." he grumbled while looking at the jumbled up and non-organized screen.

Pip yawned and looked around, "So, where is our next gate?"

"Um, it's gate B 13 I think." Walter said while squinting at the screens.

Integra looked at Walter disbelieving, "You think?"

"Well I can't tell, it says flight 66613 is in gate B 13 and B 6."

Ceras gawked when Walter said that. "Flight 66613? That's all unlucky numbers! 666 is the number of the devil and 13 is just unlucky!"

"HEY! I resent that." Enrico said while he headed up to the service desk. "I'm going to ask. Ok?" The group nodded then followed him. The lady at the desk smiled at them. She had red hair and freckles; her nametag read 'Ms. Kisses'

"Hello, and how may I help you?" She smiled again, blinding them all with her un-naturally white teeth.

"Uh, ya, we are going on flight 66613 and we aren't sure which gate it's at." Integra said while pulling away a dazed Enrico. 'Men,' she thought, 'can't live with them and you can't kill them.'

"Oh, that would be at Gate I 13. It's down this hall to the left."

"Thanks." Integra gave a curt nod then dragged everyone away.

Soon everyone was on the plane and the plane was in the air. (gee isn't that a good thing?)

"I don't trust this thing." Integra said while looking around.

"Look just because we were at Gate I 13 and the plane is 66613 doesn't mean it's bad." Enrico said while looking up over his book. Right then an ominous crack of thunder boomed. "And I am sure that was just a coincidence."

Integra shook her head, "I'm not ruling out sign from God just yet."

"Oh don't be a worry wart master." A voice said from behind them.

Integra reeled around to come face to face with the person she rather not see. "Alucard, what in seven hells are you doing here?"

!END!

Ok that's it for now. Yes Alucard showed up ^\_^ It's only cuz I need to even out the numbers. -\_-;

Ya they are going to Florida, possibly one of the most boring places on the face of the earth (trust me I lived there)

Ok for the symbolism, the 66613 I explained in the text but the Gate I 13, think about it.... What organization does Enrico work for? Iscariot section 13, I 13, very good ppl!

Ahem, yes, please review!!! I would greatly appreciate it.

Oh, and who could share rooms? I already have Enrico and Integra, but the others I don't know yet. Ok please R&R!

## 4 - Untitled

Ok this is a list of some of the argument topics that Enrico and Integra might have. I know that it has nothing to do with the story, I just felt like sticking it in.

Ok here we go,

1. The Hindenburg
2. Creation
3. Gay rights
4. Abortion
5. Inquisition
6. Extinction
7. Chaos theory
8. Music
9. Church Government
10. Da pope and da patriarch
11. Excommunication
12. Vampires
13. The doctrine
14. The bible interpretations
15. Clothing -.-
16. Hair -.-;
17. Weapons
18. Boundary lines
19. Treaty

20. WW 1
21. WW 2
22. Any war
23. Crusades Whether King Arthur really did everything in legend
24. Sir George and the Dragon
25. Pagans
26. Atheists
27. Agnostic
30. Harry Potter
31. Eragon
32. LOTR
33. Anyway book that could be "sacrilegious"
34. Anything sacrilegious
35. Sci fi versus Fantasy
36. Ann Rice
37. Bram Stoker
38. Internet sites
39. TV
40. Movies
41. Art
42. Necklaces
43. Fanfics

Ok that's it for now, I might use some of these arguments later in the fic. you don't have to review on this, I just felt like sticking it in.

## 5 - Plans of Vampires and Catholics

Okie here I am, back with yet another chapter of this fic. (Hear crowds roar in background) ^-^ I feel loved. Anyway, I don't own Hellsing, desperately wish I did but I don't.

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Random Plans of Over Zealous Catholics and Vampires.  
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"Actually master, there is only one hell." Came Alucard's smooth reply as his P.O.ed master turned to stare at him.

"I don't care Alucard, why are you here?" She growled, trying to keep her voice low. Enrico had twisted himself around to look at the snarky vampire.

"It would figure that you would know that there is only one hell." He said as he set his book down. Integra shot a cold glare at him.

"Shut up and stay out of this Maxwell." She said.

"Actually I think eet would be a good idea for da Chief to, a, join." An accented voice said. Enrico paled and glanced to the person next to Alucard.

"Heinkel? What are you doing here?" He asked, also trying to keep his temper in check.

"Eet's not jus me Chief, Andersong ees here too. Eet vas he and the Nosferatu's idea." She said, trying to escape blame.

"Then why are you here with them?" He asked calmly.

"Eh..."

"Uh huh, I will talk to you and Andersong later. For now let's just try and behave." He cast a dark look over at the Vampire. Alucard nodded as he settled back into his seat.

Ceras sighed and shook her head.

'I should have known Master would come.' she thought wearily.

'Yes, Police girl, you should have.' came Alucard's voice in her head.

'Master, what are you planing?'

'Hmm? I am not planing anything Police girl.'

'Something tells me you are.'

'Police girl, your instincts are improving. Very good.' Ceras scowled and turned her head to look out the window.

'Don't deny it Police girl...' She shook her head and leaned against the seat, soon she fell asleep.

Walter looked over at the group. Enrico and Integra were arguing... again... Ceras and Alucard were asleep, Pip was reading, Heinkel was listening to music, and Andersong was staring into space. 'Well... We are quiet the group. Three obsessive compulsive Catholics, two Protestants, two vampires, and an atheist... This will be an amusing trip...' he thought as he turned his attention back to the magazine he had been reading.

"I tell you Integra Harry Potter will bring no good to the world." Enrico whispered to her. Integra rolled her eyes.

"What do you think will happen Maxwell?"

"People will turn away from God. Nothing good will come of it."

"... I think you worry to much."

"I do not."

"Yes you do. Nothing bad will come of Harry Potter. You want to know bad? George Bush is bad. Him and his stupid war." Integra growled back at her stubborn seat partner.

"Yes, I give you that. But not everything of his is bad."

"Like what?"

"His stand on abortion."

"What right does the government have to tell me what to do with my body?"

"You would be killing an innocent. A child of God, it's no better than murder!"

"And killing 'heretics' isn't bad?"

"These people willfully turned from God, besides they would have walked off a cliff sooner or later."

"What did they do to annoy you and the Vatican?"

"They murdered countless civilians, blew up churches and other structures, and open fired on crowds. And that's just the beginning."

Integra paused, 'well, if they had done that in England I guess the same would have happened, if not by Hellsing then by the police. But still... they kill people in the name of the church doctrine, it's like the crusades... or the inquisition.'

"You kill people in the name of the church doctrine right?" Integra asked. Enrico nodded and raised an eyebrow. "Then it's like the crusades or the inquisition. You kill people you don't like and go around saying that you did it for God. How sick can you get?"



"You could house and feed Vampires, follow a false religion, and murder unborn children." Enrico said simply as he picked up his book. Integra's eyes narrowed as she glared at him.

"My religion isn't false, the vampires I have do NOT harm people and a fetus is NOT a child, it's a small thing of DNA, hardly bigger than a centimeter or so, in my body!" She spat, trying to keep her voice low but not quiet managing it. A couple people on the plane turned and looked at them.

"Keep your voice down, we will carry on this argument when we have the time and place to yell and scream all we want." Enrico said as he turned a page in his book. Integra nodded and sat back, leaning to the far end of her seat, trying to get as far from Enrico as she could. 'Lord I hate him. He is so... so... unbearable, and stupid, and arrogant, and snarky, and vain, and over zealous, and close minded, and... and... errg I wish he would just die.' Integra fumed silently.

'Now master, don't say that.'

'Go away Alucard.'

'You aren't being very nice master, me thinks you need some time away from everyone.'

'Alucard, LEAVE! And that's an order.'

'As you wish master.'

'And he is another person I wish I could be rid of for a while.'

The rest of the ride went by pretty slowly. Everyone minded their own business... Well almost everyone, Alucard decided he would have fun reading everyone's mind on the plane, but besides him everyone kept to themselves. After an hour they landed at the Orlando airport. They got off the plane and headed for the baggage counter thing... (Don't remember what it's called)

"Ok after this we will go to the campsite." Ceras said as she pulled her bag off of the turnstile.

"And where are we going police girl?" Alucard asked while trying not to stare at people's necks.

"Eh, Blue Springs. It has a campsite, and you can go swimming and tubing."

Enrico looked up at the mention of swimming, "How cold is the water?"

"I dunno."

"Why? Is little Maxwell scared of cold water?" Integra sneered at him as they all walked out of the baggage claim and into the car rental.

"No, I just prefer not freezing my @\$@ off."

Heinkel, Andersong, Pip, and Walter all nodded in agreement. Integra sighed and shook her head. "Well, you don't have to go swimming."

"Yes I do. I will go, but I would prefer if it isn't cold."

"Ah."

Renting the car and driving to the campsite was rather uneventful and the Authoress is a lazy bum so she's not going to write it. Anyway, they soon arrived at the campsite and unloaded.

Pip glanced around and found everyone setting up. 'Well this is going better than I thought. I was sure Integra and Maxwell would be trying to kill each other. At least that's what Walter said would happen. And the Scottish priest isn't attacking Alucard, which is a good thing. Everything seems to be going well.' he thought contently as he started to prepare for the fire.

"No Maxwell that pole goes on the other side of the tent!" Integra screamed at the blond preist.

"No Hellsing, the pole that goes over there is shorter, see, this one belongs over here." He yelled in return while pushing the pole into the slot that it belonged in. Integra fumed for a bit then started to work on the other side of the tent, occasionally shooting glares at Enrico who ignored them.

Pip sighed and shook his head as he turned back to setting up the campfire. 'I spoke too soon.'

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End

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Ok that's it for now. Heinkel is a character from Crossfire, that little side manga that is in the back of Hellsing. She's either German or Austrian, I'm not sure. Anyway Andersong hasn't said anything cuz I don't know how to right Scottish accents. Heh, heh, anyway please review.