

Finding Out About the Freaks

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The "Freak Chips" have spread overseas to the US. And the US's line of defense for paranormal activities has sent their top agent to find out about these chips. He'll soon find out that none of the other agencies are willing to give out info, at first.

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1 - Prologue

Prologue:[br]

The PIA[br]

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In a top secret facility in Washington, D.C. lay the headquarters of the Paranormal Investigation Agency: the PIA. The PIA's duty was to investigate any paranormal activities and cease its activities as quickly and silently as possible. The main section of the PIA were regular field agents who investigated suspected paranormal activities, determine if there was paranormal activities, and do what they could to lower paranormal activities. The other section, consisting of fewer in number, deals with the elimination of these paranormal entities (if they can) and are nicknamed "Death's Hand".[br]

The PIA, like its counterparts oversea, had a unique agent that was its trump card. This agent was Legion Haures and he was given the nickname "Death" for being the elite agent with Death's Hand. He's 24 years old; had short black hair, black as the deepest darkness; piercing black eyes that were as black as his hair; stood at an average height of 5'10"; and had an athletic build. He was always dressed in a black trench coat, black button down, black pants, black boots, a red tie, and black sunglasses.[br] His chamber was located on the lowest basement levels of the building. All who knew where his chamber was and how to get to it were the Director of the PIA and his bodyguard. [br]

It was a late and stormy night, approaching eleven at night. Two men walked down the hallway leading to Legion's chambers. One was the Director, T.J. Haskins. He was middle-aged, around the age 50; had short light brown hair that had started to turn gray; emerald green eyes that were always focused on what was ahead; stood at a slight below average height of 5'5"; and he was slightly overweight. The other man was his bodyguard, Derrick Cyrial. He was younger, around 30; had shoulder length dirty blonde hair; had dark brown eyes that constantly scanned the area; stood at an above average height of 6'1"; and he had an average build. Both men were in suits, typical for any government agency.[br]

The men came to the last door in the hallway. The Director opened the door, shedding some light into the dark room, but not enough to see hardly anything in the room. Only silhouettes of items in the room and its master could be seen. His silhouette was seen lying down in a bed in the room.[br]

"Get up, we have a job for you," commanded the Director. "This would be less of a hassle for me if you wouldn't destroy any communication device we give you."[br]

"All of that's a hassle for me. And can't you send out the unit?" asked a tired Legion from the room. "I finally got to sleep."[br]

"Don't forget your agreement with us. It wasn't that long ago." Legion let out a groan as he sat up.[br]

"What is it?"[br]

"There are two vampires and several ghouls that have taken over a night club on the outskirts of D.C."[br]

"They just wanted to party some, what's wrong with that?"[br]

"Keep your smart-@\$\$ comments to yourself!" the Director yelled angrily. Legion started to laugh.[br]

"Can't take a joke," Legion stated as he continued to chuckle slightly, "or is it because it involves making fun of humans?"[br]

“Keep yo...”[br]

“Keep your tongue demon, I know, I’ve heard it before so many times. It seems like you would be used to my outbursts by now.” Legion’s eyes slowly changed to a glowing red that could be seen through the darkness. “Don’t worry, I’ll go and dispose of those monsters.” Legion’s silhouette and eyes slowly faded away.[br]

“Sir, shouldn’t we tell him where the club is?” the bodyguard asked.[br]

“He already knows,” the Director said. “It seems like you would know by now as well.” The Director turned and headed away from Legion’s chamber: his bodyguard quickly followed. As the two walked away, Legion’s door slowly shut on its own.[br]

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Author’s Commentary[br]

My first Hellsing fanfic and my second fanfic in general, woo-hoo. Hopefully the idea for this story hasn’t been done, but I haven’t had time to check to make sure. And why Legion? Simple, for he is many... okay not really. However, both of Legion’s names consist of demon names, if my sources are correct.[br]

Legion, if sources are correct and I remember correct, was a demon that consisted of several demons (perhaps they were just evil souls) and they possessed a man. The demon feared Jesus and didn’t want to be put back to Hell; so Jesus being the nice person he is put all of the demons into pigs. The pigs ended up drowning in a nearby sea.[br]

For his last name, Haures, is a demon who is also considered Flauros. Haures is a Great Duke of Hell and commands 36 (some 20) legions of demons. Also, he is supposedly able to tell the truth to any who conjure him as long as the conjurer puts the demon into a magical circle; if he’s in a magical circle, he can tell you anything: past, present, future, other demons, how the Earth was created, etc. Another, he is supposedly able to be conjured by a mortal to take vengeance on other demons or the conjurers enemies. Lastly, he is often depicted as a humanoid leopard with big claws, is quite strong, and terrible which can take on the form on a man with fiery eyes and an awful (I guess scary) expression.[br]

All I can say is go wiki and other links for helping with a name. And really, I do have reasons for choosing the names, his first will be revealed in story, but his last name is because he can change his eye color to a glowing red. Since I found a name depicting a demon with “fiery eyes”, which I took as meaning fire red eyes instead of angry eyes, and my character (who didn’t have a name yet) could change his eye colors to a glowing red, I thought it would be best and would fit. However, maybe I should have reversed the names so that Haures was his first name and Legion his last, oh well, and in case you can’t tell, I’m not that good at names and I sometimes steal them from other sources.[br]

For a timeline period, at this time, it’ll be before the Valentine brothers attack Hellsing and after the events with Anderson. Of course, the said events involving Anderson could be happening this night or even the next night. Also, this assumes that Hellsing has known about the “Freak Chips” during this time and some rumors and/or reports of this have gotten out to other organizations. Also, this is set in the manga (I guess OVA also but I haven’t seen much of it) if that matters to any as I’m not sure if I’ll completely stick to it or have some deviances from it other than introducing an original character into nonexisting scenes.[br]

And that’s nearly all I can think of talking about except stating that Legion will meet up with Hellsing and other organizations soon. So if you have any questions about the story, life, my interests in demons, girl problems, ideas for titles, or whatever, contact me at [hyperlink](#). Till next chapter, later readers.[br]

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2 - Chapter 1

Chapter 1:[br] Freak Chip[br] [br]

The night was still young on this story night and it was only about 11:30 at night. At a night club on the outskirts of D.C., police and military vehicles surrounded the building. A crowd was slowly growing to find out what was going on at the club. [br]

Inside the night club, the music was blaring and the lights blinding. Blood was all over the place along with the corpses of the unlucky attendees this night. The ghouls fed on the corpses as the two vampires sat and enjoyed the sight. [br]

Both of the vampires were male. One of them appeared to be in his mid 20s; had a shaved bald head; had the usual pair of red vampire eyes; stood at a height of 5'9"; had a muscular build; and he was dressed in a flamboyant outfit sparkled with blood. The other one appeared to be slightly older, around his early 30s; had long flowing black hair that hid the right side of his face; also had the usual red eyes of a vampire; stood tall at a height of 6'3"; had an average build; and was dressed all in white with bloodstains all over it. [br]

"How much longer till that PIA group gets here?" the bald one asked. "I can't wait to shred them apart." [br]

"They'll be here soon," the other replied. "Otherwise we would still be having visitors." [br]

"I hate waiting. I want to kill all of those so called 'Death Hands' agents and especially the one they call 'Death'. This elite agent of the PIA: he'll be easy enough." [br]

"Some stup..." All of the lights and music went out; shrouding the area in darkness and all was silent.

"And apparently they are here now. Ghouls, prepare for company!" [br]

The two vampires reached for their guns, both with machine guns, and slowly rose from their chairs. All of the ghouls rose from the corpses they were eating on and grabbed their guns as well, also machine guns. All of them scanned the area, waiting for the PIA agents to storm in. [br]

The vampires could slowly see their ghouls dropping to the ground and quickly turning to dust. Several of the ghouls fired off their weapons as they fell to the ground. The vampires frantically scanned to find out who or what was killing their ghouls as all were now only dust. The lights and music quickly came back on, startling the vampires, and standing in the middle of the area was Legion with his trench coat open, with the main spotlights on him. The vampires turned their guns to him. [br]

"What's wrong, scared?" Legion asked with a smirk on his face. [br]

"In your dreams," replied the bald one. "We would never be scared by some pathetic human who's working with the PIA." [br]

"Ah, and you must be that elite agent of theirs, Death," said the other vampire. [br]

"So you know about the PIA and about me, for the most part," said Legion as he bent forward and peered over the rims of his glasses: keeping the smirk on his face. "Still, knowing some information won't save or help you. Both of you are going to hell even if you didn't know." [br]

"You first!" yelled the bald one as he opened fire at Legion. The vampire emptied his clip into Legion,

riddling him with bullets. He fell to the ground, landing in a pool of his black blood with the same smirk on his face. "That was too easy. He sure was some elite agent," he bragged as he put another clip into his gun. "At least he died with a grin on his face."

A laugh riddled out through the area. Legion's body slowly rose to an upright position. All of his bullet wounds healed and his clothes mended back together right in front of them. Legion continued to laugh at the two who were in shock.

"Wha... what the hell?!" stammered the bald one.

"You're not human," the other said. "Could you be... a vampire?!"

"I'm not human, but not a vampire," Legion said. "I'm a hanyo: part demon and part human, but powerful enough to kill any pathetic vampire; especially pathetic rejected vampire scum like you."

Legion reached into his coat and pulled out two black .50 caliber pistols; both holding seven armor-piercing, explosive, Mercury-core baptized bullets. The one he held in his left hand had writing on it which read "I am Legion, for I kill many" and the other one had a pentagram on both sides it. He fired at the two vampires, blowing off their heads and turning them straight to dust.

"Few vamps are fun anymore," Legion said aloud, "and only one has challenged me." Legion turned to look at a nearby window. "It's done, Director. Now, perhaps I can sleep." With that, Legion stepped into the shadows and disappeared.

PIA agents who were waiting outside quickly stormed the night club to make sure every ghoul and vampire was disposed of. All was clear at the club and the PIA agents made sure to clear out everything that pointed that vampires were there, including disposing and taking care of corpses that may turn into ghouls.

The night passed and it was midday of the following day. All reports on the incident at the night club claimed that a terrorist group had taken over the club and killed all who were there to make a statement. It was a lie, but even a lie could be the top breaking news across the nation.

However, the main news, at least in the PIA, involved a chip, but this was kept to only the top brass. The Director was in his office alone with the chip on his desk in a Petri dish. Legion appeared from the shadows in the room with his coat buttoned up.

"What's the reason for you summoning me?" Legion asked as he approached.

"Do you know what this is?" the Director asked while indicating towards the chip.

"Ah, it's one of those chips, but not the kind you can eat," Legion answered with a smile on his face.

"It's what's been found in several recent vampires that have been appearing in the area. Apparently, these chips can somehow cause normal humans to become vampires and possess some of the same strengths and abilities as them."

"Humans wanting to become the monsters they fear. Slightly ironic, but nothing more than cheap replications."

"Can you tell us anything about who created this chip? Sense or see something from it?"

"I can only probe a person's mind, not sense the past of an object."

"As I thought," the Director commented as he grabbed a cigar and lit it. "We need you to do some footwork for us. We need to find out about these chips: whose making them and where they are at. So far, we have heard talk that Hellsing in London might know something of this. You'll be lea..."

"I'm an eliminator, not a..."

"You are what I tell you to be!" There was a pause between the two for a moment as Legion gave up on arguing anymore.

"Fine," Legion said annoyed, "but why me?"

"I have a strong suspicion that agencies that know about this chip might not be willing to talk to anyone. So we need your talent to read people's mind. Along with that, there's always a chance that they may try to retaliate against our agent. You stand the best chance of going against any retaliation, especially if

it comes to going against Alucard.”[br]

“Ah, Alucard, the trump card of Hellsing, a vampire who obeys humans, and is possibly the greatest vampire out there.” A smile started to spread on his face again. [br]

“You aren’t to attack anyone unless they attack you first!” the Director commanded. “We can’t afford to have a war started by your actions. Plus, I’m sure Alucard would easily destroy you, and we don’t need that.”[br]

“We’ll hopefully see soon enough.”[br]

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Author’s Commentary[br]

Another chapter down and written in a night. So if there some errors, that’s the reason why. Anyways, talk about story now.[br]

First thing first, Legion’s powers. His abilities and powers are things I’ve had for nearly all my characters that are (none really put online) hanyos. These consist of powers involving darkness (like how he appears and disappears in shadows and darkness), reading minds/telepathy, telekinesis (not shown yet), super human speed/strength/jump height, and some other ones that escape me. However, I believe in different types of hanyos, which each has unique powers and characteristics. In certain ones, they can regenerate, like Legion, Alucard, and Anderson, while others can’t. Some have split personalities and each can control the body; others have a demon that they must possess; and others just have consciences that represent the sides. I try to make each one I write about unique in some way or another.[br]

Next thing is Legion’s guns. The idea for the writing on one of his guns was from the famous phrase involving Legion (demon) which is something like “I am called Legion, for I am many.” So, since my Legion kills things, I thought to switch around things. Also, I was planning on using some phrase on the other one represent Haures, but I couldn’t think of one, so I went with the lazy idea of having clichéd pentagrams on it.[br]

Now, for the bullets, they are exactly the same, at least what users on wikipedia claim, as in Alucard’s Jackal. The only difference is the Jackal fires 13mm bullets and Legion’s fires .50 caliber rounds (which is 12mm if my research is correct) so they’re approximately the same, just a slight difference in size. [br] But for random info, there is a pistol that fires a 13mm bullet (kinda more of a rocket though) and it could be handled by humans and it claims that it didn’t have that much of a recoil: it was called the Gyrojet. Okay, so the Gyrojet is actually a series of guns (not just a pistol) that planned on using gyroscopically for stabilizing the bullet. However, instead of actually firing a bullet, they fired something like a small rocket. That’s what they claim, check online, at least wikipedia.[br]

Lastly, if anyone is wondering about summoning Legion in the end, it has a simple answer. The bodyguard wasn’t present in the office of the Director and the reason is that he was the one who summoned Legion. See, quite simple. [br]

And there’s not much else I can think of talking about for this chapter. Except soon the hanyo Legion will be meeting Hellsing. What happens then is for me to know and to make you the readers want to come back for more: the wise advice of Yogurt. So like always, if you have any questions about anything, don’t get jokes, wondering why the world isn’t an absolute circle, or whatever, email me at [hyperlink](#). Till next chapter readers.[br]

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3 - Chapter 2

Chapter 2:[br]

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Meeting Hellsing[br]

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It was night time in London, approximately midnight. It's been about a day since the attack at the night club across the pond. Word had spread across to England involving the alleged terrorist attack. Several citizens were paranoid that it was a sign of increasing terrorist attacks even over in England. Unknown to nearly all, there was a "terrorist" attack happening in an abandoned school in downtown London.[br]

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The Hellsing organization had already blocked off the area and sent in a unit. The unit consisted of ten soldiers. In the unit was the vampire fledgling Seras Victoria.[br]

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The unit carefully proceeded through the area, clearing each room they came across. There were several corpses laid about school. The only thing that lit the school, without the help of night vision goggles, was moonlight shining through the occasional windows. As they continued moving through the area, heading towards the auditorium, a male voice broke through the area.[br]

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"At last," the voice said, "Hellsing has arrived. I was starting to worry you might not show up."[br]

[br]

The unit finally came to the auditorium and on the stage was the vampire. His appearance was that of one in his early 20s; had long, wheat blonde hair that was tied back into a ponytail; had red eyes; stood at a height of 5'5"; and he had an average build. He was dressed in a leather jacket, open and with no shirt underneath; blue jeans with holes at the knees; and plain tennis shoes.[br]

[br]

"You all will all die now," the vampire said as it ran backstage as the unit fired at him, all missing. They moved towards the stage, as they did ghouls with guns entered from the entrances and rose from the seating in the auditorium.[br]

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"Seras," said the commander of the unit, "go after him. We'll hold these ghouls off."[br]

[br]

"Right, sir," she responded as she ran backstage.[br]

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She noticed a door backstage was open, so she hurried through it. When she entered the hallway, she caught out of the corner of her eye, a man running up stairs to her right. She hurried up the stairs to the hallway on the second story. There was no sign of anyone on this floor: no doors open or no silhouette of someone running through the hallway. Also, there were no sounds of anyone on this floor, only gunshots from the auditorium below could be heard.[br]

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Seras slowly proceeded forward down the hall to the first door. She peered inside through the window in

the door. There was no one in the room from what she could see. Unknown to her, the vampire was above her in a hole in the ceiling, about to pounce.[br]

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As Seras turned around, the vampire pounced on her, knocking her into the door and knocking the rifle out of her hands. Seras knocked back the vampire for a moment. She tried to reach her gun, but the vampire grabbed hold of her before she could get to it. She struggled to free herself from the vampire but to no avail.[br]

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“There’s no point in struggling,” he said to her. “You can’t escape, and soon, you’re friends will be dead,” he licked the right side of her neck, “and it’ll be only us.” As he said that, footsteps could be heard slowly walking towards them. “Who’s there!?”[br]

[br]

“You know, that won’t help you get a girl,” said Legion as he appeared from the darkness: his coat opened. “And I’m sure attacking a girl helps prove you’re a strong vampire.”[br]

[br]

“Who the hell are you?”[br]

[br]

“You can consider me Death, mainly yours.” Legion pulled out his gun with the text on it and aimed at the vampire, hiding behind Seras now.[br]

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“If you’re going to kill me you’ll kill her too.”[br]

[br]

“Have a sense of déjà vu Police Girl?” asked Legion with a smirk on his face. Seras was confused and shocked over the fact he knew about that. “Don’t worry; I won’t do the same thing your master did.”[br]

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“So what are you going to do?” asked the vampire. “Kill the gi...” he stopped as he saw Legion disappear.[br]

[br]

“Kill you,” Legion said with a smirk on his face as he appeared beside the vampire with his gun next to the vampire’s head. He pulled the trigger on his gun, blowing off the vampire’s head and turning the rest of him to dust. “Sorry if that was too close to you,” Legion said in a cold manner as he holstered his gun and turned away from him.[br]

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“Don’t worry, I’m used to it,” Seras said in a slightly cheery tone as she picked up her gun. “However, how did you know about that stuff you said prior along with being able to disappear like that?”[br]

[br]

“Seems like you would be used to this, but I might tell you later,” Legion replied with a smirk on his face as he turned to face her. Gun shots were still being heard from below in the auditorium. “However, I believe we should help out your friends first.”[br]

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In the auditorium, the Hellsing unit wasn’t doing so well. Four of the members were dead and the rest were taking cover backstage.[br]

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“Damn it, hurry up Seras,” the commander thought. One of the members leaned out to shoot at the ghouls and he ended up getting shoot in the shoulder. “We can’t last forever.”[br]

[br]

From behind the unit, a series of shots were shot into the horde of ghouls, killing all of the ghouls. The

unit turned to see Legion and Seras with their guns lowered[br]

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“I was expecting the Hellsing unit to be better than this,” Legion commented as he holstered his pistols. The commander walked up to Seras, turning away from Legion.[br]

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“Who is he?” the commander asked.[br]

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“Well, I really don’t know,” Seras responded. “He just appeared and helped me.”[br]

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“Then he could be one of the vampires,” the commander responded while glaring at Legion.[br]

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“I think I would have killed the police girl if I was with them,” Legion responded, annoyed. “Plus, she’s a vampire.”[br]

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“Now don’t get in an argument you two,” Seras said. “So who and what are you?”[br]

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“I guess I could tell you that,” Legion said reluctantly. “I’m Legion Haures, a hanyo: half demon and half human.” Legion looked at the rest of the Hellsing unit. “But I’ll leave you two to the clean-up. I need to go meet someone,” Legion said as he stepped into the shadows and started to disappear with a smirk on his face. “I’m sure we’ll meet again soon.”[br]

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“I don’t trust him,” the commander said as he turned from Seras and went to the rest of his unit.[br]

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“I don’t know, he slightly reminds me of Master,” Seras thought as she followed behind.[br]

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An hour passed since this event and Seras was in the office of Sir Integra Hellsing. She was going over the events at the school when Integra received a call from her guards in front the manor. She put it on speaker.[br]

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“Yes, what is it?” Integra asked.[br]

[br]

“There’s a man here that’s wanting to speak to you,” the person on the other end answered. “He says his name is Legion Haures.”[br]

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“Legion,” Seras said in an unusually cheery mood, “he’s the one that helped me at the school.”[br]

[br]

“Really? Allow him in and show him up. So who is this Legion?” Integra asked as she hung the phone up.[br]

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“I don’t know much, he just said he was a hanyo and that’s about all I know besides his name.”[br]

[br]

“I guess we get to find out more about Legion soon enough,” Integra commented.[br]

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Legion was led into the Hellsing manor and led up to the entrance of Integra’s office. The guard that was escorting left Legion at the door as he returned to his post. Legion opened the doors and entered the office. In the office was Integra, smoking a cigar and looking out her window, and Seras, who was looking at Legion. He closed the doors behind him and approached Integra’s desk.[br]

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“So you must be Legion?” Integra asked while still looking out the window.[br]

[br]

“Yes, and I’ll take it that you are Miss Integra Fairbrook Wingates Hellsing.”[br]

[br]

“Miss? It’s been a while since I’ve heard someone called me Miss.”[br]

[br]

“My bad, Sir Integra Fairbrook Wingates Hellsing,” Legion rebuttaled with a slight smirk on his face.[br]

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“So what do you want here? I’m assuming it’s something to do with the PIA.”[br]

[br]

“So you do know me?” Legion asked, surprised she had heard of him. “Your know...”[br]

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“Quit with the flattery and get to the point!” Integra responded with a tone of annoyance towards Legion as she turned to face him.[br]

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“Recently there’s been an increase of vampire attacks in both of our lands. We have found that several of these recent attacks had a plant implanted into them that could somehow transform them into a vampire. And this,” Legion produced a picture of the chip and showed it to Integra, “is the chip. We have heard that you might have more information on this chip.”[br]

[br]

“So you came here in a hope that I might help you and your organization and that I knew about this chip, correct?”[br]

[br]

“More or less.”[br]

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“Unluckily for you, I haven’t heard anything about this chip before and, thus, can’t help you,” Integra said in a cold and calm demeanor. Legion could tell she was lying by her mannerisms; something he had taught himself to notice. Legion began to probe into Integra’s mind and could tell she knew about the chips, but a voice cut him off.[br]

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“It’s very rude to read a stranger’s mind, Demon Boy,” said a deep male voice. Legion focused his attention away from Integra and noticed a man with a smirk appearing in the corner beside her: Alucard.

“Or is that what American’s are taught?”[br]

[br]

“At least it’s better than hiding in the shadows and listening to conversations that you aren’t in,” Legion answered with a smirk on his face as well. “However, I was able to learn that your master likes to lie to strangers.” Integra was now visibly agitated over the fact that Legion had peered into her mind and found what he was looking for. “Now, do you want to recant what you were saying earlier?”[br]

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“What are you, some spy!?” asked an enraged Integra.[br]

[br]

“Would I come through the front door, introduce myself, let you see what I look like, and thus let you figure out who I work for? I would be a really bad spy then.”[br]

[br]

“Perhaps we should take care of you to be on the safe side,” Alucard said as he drew his gun and aiming at Legion, while Legion drew both of his in tandem. “Sure those guns will work against me.”[br]

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“They’re more than enough to work against a pathetic vampire who works for humans.”[br]

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“That’s coming from a demon boy who works for humans as well.” The two began to pull the triggers on their guns.[br]

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“You two stop it!” Integra shouted at the two as she slammed her hands on her desk. The two lowered their guns. Integra took a moment to relax. “That chip, as far as we can figure out, it has something to do with a code word: ‘Millennium’. So far, we haven’t figured out what that means nor anything else about the chip besides it’s a nuisance.”[br]

[br]

Legion didn’t pick up any hints that she was lying and he knew he couldn’t read her mind with Alucard near, so he had to take her word. But the code word was something he was sure he had heard before, outside of meaning a thousand years. He was sure he read something involving an organization that was called Millennium.[br]

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“Is that all?” Integra asked.[br]

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“For now,” Legion said as he holstered his guns. “Till our next meeting, adieu.” Legion left the office and mansion.[br]

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“So that’s the hanyo that the Americans have?” Alucard said.[br]

[br]

“Yeah, the so called ‘Death’ of the Death’s Hand,” Integra replied.[br]

[br]

“And I was hoping to test him.” A smirk began to show on Alucard’s face.[br]

[br]

“We can’t afford a war with America if you happen to kill him, unless he starts it of course.”[br]

[br]

“I guess you’re right.”[br]

[br]

“Uhm,” Seras nervously said, “can I take my leave now since I’ve been kinda forgotten?”[br]

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Author’s Commentary[br]

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Poor Seras was left out of the preceding that happened, but she’s not the most aggressive member, now is she? Anyways, hopefully I was able to portray Alucard, Integra, and Seras close to the original source. If not, I’m sorry to all of you who freak out if it’s off by any fraction.[br]

[br]

Also, I’ve noticed, from rereading parts of the manga (mainly the first two and some of the very last ones), that Seras is only with Alucard when hunting a vampire in the beginning and there isn’t any actual mention of the Freak Chip (from what I reread). However, I believe that even though it isn’t stated (again, unless it is and I skipped over it) about the Freak Chip, I believe it is implied that the Freak Chips are involved, but that’s me.[br]

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Now for the story itself. In the beginning of the story, Seras is caught off guard by the vampire. If someone thinks I’m trying to show that Seras is weak or something like that, I’m not; I just know that in

the beginning of the Hellsing timeline (TV series, OVA, manga) she isn't that much better than when she was human (outside of superhuman strength, night vision, ability to see further) especially considering she doesn't drink any blood yet. In the beginning, only when she goes into the vampire rage state (or whatever it is) does she act most like a vampire. Anyways, she's in my top 5 characters for Hellsing.[br]

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Other thing people may have problems with is that Seras was able to get to Hellsing before Legion. This is because Legion doesn't know where Hellsing is, sadly, so he gets lost a little. I think this happened in the manga or one of the animes to someone, but I can't recall.[br]

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Also, am I the only other one who wonders why no one calls Integra as Miss Hellsing and such at any point? I can understand those with Hellsing, but what about anyone with any other organization. I mean, when I am talking to a female and bring up her name, I'm more likely to say Miss than Sir any day unless she's my commander or something. One of the mysteries of Hellsing, along with characters having a fourth dimension for ammo and weapons; of course, that's what Hirano (creator of Hellsing) claimed, so maybe it's not a mystery.[br]

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Another thing, I'm not sure if Alucard can or ever could have told if someone is reading another's mind; oh well, he has another ability that isn't told in the original cannon. And I know it is commented that he can read people's minds, but if this is so, why doesn't he just read the minds of his opponents if they have vital information? However, I'm sure that drinking people's blood and making them a part of you so you always have the memories work as well.[br]

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That's about all I can think of to talk about. Sorry, no strange tidbit of information that ties into the story this time, unless you didn't know about the fourth dimension. As always, you have any questions, cravings, hungers, want some blood, or whatever be it, email me at .[br]

4 - Chapter 3

Chapter 3:[br]

An Age Old Battle[br]

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Legion was perched on top of the Tower Bridge in London. He could see several cars passing by and some boats on the Thames River. And if he looked on the other side of the tower he was on, he could sometimes see people in the exhibition through the windows on it. It was still pitch black out and helped him to stay unnoticed. He was talking to the director of the PIA on a cell phone.[br]

“That’s right, something involving Millennium,” Legion said to the Director. [br]

“And you couldn’t get any info from Integra other than that?!” asked the Director slightly agitated.[br]

“I couldn’t probe her mind any further with Alucard there. He could tell I was looking into her mind. However, I could tell she wasn’t lying when she told me that. Do you have any clues what this Millennium could be?”[br]

“Actually, I might. Have you heard of the Iscariot organization?”[br]

“It’s a secret section of the Vatican who deal with the elimination of demonic entities and also heretics I believe.”[br]

“Yes, but there’s been some talk about something involving Millennium. I don’t know what it is over.”[br]

“So let me guess; I’m to go to Iscariot’s headquarters and speak with their leader.”[br]

“Exactly, now get to your plane and get to it,” the Director said right before he hung up. Legion let out a groan and headed to the airport, where a PIA personal jet was waiting for him to return. On his trip to Vatican City, he received a call from the Director. Apparently, he had set up a meeting with the leader of Iscariot, Enrico Maxwell.[br]

Legion arrived by motorcycle at an abandoned church: the meeting place. There was a car parked outside, which he assumed meant Enrico Maxwell was already here. He walked through the church to the priest’s office in the back, which was where Maxwell and Father Renaldo were.[br]

“So you’re the agent that the PIA sent? Death himself,” Maxwell said with a smug look on his face.[br]

“Yeah, I am,” said Legion as he sat at a chair in front of Maxwell.[br]

“So what is it you and your organization want?”[br]

“I want to know what you know about Millennium.”[br]

“Millennium,” Maxwell took a short pause and Legion closed his eyes. “Perhaps, I do and perhaps I don’t. If I do, what would you give in return? Or do you plan to do like all American’s and try to force your way onto others to get and achieve what you want? Actually it might...”[br]

“I’m done,” Legion interrupted as he got up slowly and approached the door in the room.[br]

“Ah, I’m sure your Director wouldn’t be pleased with you coming back without any info.”[br]

“That’s where your wrong,” Legion sound with a arrogant tone, as he turned to look at them with a smirk on his face.[br]

“What?!” Maxwell’s arrogant and calm demeanor changed to shock and disbelief.[br]

“Your mind is quite open. Perhaps you should learn to figure out a way people can’t probe into it.

Adios,” said Legion as he left them behind in the room.[br]

“Heh, he thinks he’s smart,” Maxwell said with regained confidence, “but let’s see how he does against Anderson.”[br]

“Sir,” said Renaldo, “do you think it wise to attack him? This could start a war?”[br]

“We can’t afford for them to know this information and we can’t afford this mockery of our intellect. Plus, the United States wouldn’t dare to start a war against the Vatican.”[br]

Legion was almost out of the church, and was in the main area, when he noticed something different. First, the room was now completely illuminated by the light coming through all windows. Also, all around the area were several pieces of paper with words written on them, nailed to the walls and the entrance.[br]

“Is this a...” Legion started.[br]

“Aye, a barrier,” said a voice from behind him. Legion turned to see Anderson in front of a cross in the front of the room with a grin on his face as usual. Anderson had two of his bayonets out, one in each hand. “To keep demonic creatures like you out and so you can’t use any of your black arts.”[br]

“I should have expected a trap by lying Catholics.”[br]

“This coming from a demon, a creature that lies quite often.”[br]

“What about you? The Paladin: Father Alexander Anderson. A Father, who uses violence to get his means done, instead of the words of his trade.”[br]

“The Lord has given me the ability and power to destroy creatures like you.”[br]

“Well, we get to see if your so called Lord’s ability can save you.”[br]

Legion quickly drew both of his guns as Anderson charged for him. Legion fired at Anderson several times, knocking him back to the cross and spraying his blood onto the cross. Both Anderson and the cross fell to the ground.[br]

“Very brave of you to face me, even in the light, but what a fitting place for your death father.” Legion holstered his guns and looked back at the door. He could hear a car driving off on the other side; most likely Maxwell and Renaldo. “Now, how to get...” [br]

Several bayonets pierced through Legion’s chest. Black blood dripped to the floor from his wounds and his lips. Legion quickly turned around to see Anderson standing without a single wound on him.[br]

“I see,” Legion uttered as he gritted his teeth, “you’re a Regenerator: just a science freak.” Legion raised his arms to his sides, causing the bayonets to slide out of him and onto the ground.[br]

“This is the miracle that the Lord has given us to battle monsters like you,” Anderson said with a confident grin on his face.[br]

“I’m sure if I fill you with enough holes you’ll eventually stop.”[br]

Anderson charged at Legion raised his guns at him. Anderson was almost upon Legion when Legion emptied both of his guns into Anderson. Anderson quickly got back up again and charged for Legion again.[br]

“Damn it!” Legion said as he started to reload his guns. “Just stay down.”[br]

Anderson slashed and stabbed at Legion several times, but Legion was able to easily dodge his blows. Legion kicked Anderson up into the air. He emptied both of his guns into Anderson as he fell to the ground. He quickly reloaded his guns and emptied his new clips into Anderson, causing dust and debris to cover and hide Anderson. [br]

Legion knew that he was out of ammo and could only hope that Anderson was dead. He holstered his guns and tried to make out Anderson through the dust. A flurry of bayonets was thrown through the dust at Legion: piercing all over his body. Anderson’s laugh could be heard and his grin slowly appeared through the dust.[br]

“You’re out of bullets demon,” Anderson said as the dust cleared. “Time to go back to where you came from.” Legion started to laugh with confidence. “That’s right, laugh in your last moments.”[br]

“Tell me, can you see with blades in your eyes?” Legion asked with a grin back on his face.[br]
“What?!” With that said Legion quickly pulled out two bayonets and threw them at Anderson, impaling them into his eyes. Anderson let out a scream as he dropped the two bayonets he held in his hands. He slowly took out the blades and threw them to the ground.[br]
When Anderson’s eyes had healed, he saw that Legion was no longer there. However, there was a trail of blood and bayonets.[br]
“What a dumb demon,” Anderson said as he took out two bayonets and followed the trail. “There’s no place you can hide!”[br]
The trail went to a brightly lit room. Anderson went into the room and saw that no one was there. Suddenly, the door closed behind.[br]
“Gotcha!” Anderson yelled as he turned and impaled the man at the door. “Wh... what!?” The man that was there was himself. Legion’s laughter could be heard through the room.[br]
“Stupid priest,” Legion said. With that, the room transformed to what it really look liked: nothing but darkness. “I knew that trick would fool you.”[br]
Two blade like items appeared in the darkness and headed straight towards Anderson. The blades cut through his arms and disappeared. Legion appeared in front of him, with red eyes, his arms crossed, and, of course, a mocking grin.[br]
“It’s over priest,” Legion said with a cocky tone. “You lost.”[br]
“For now,” Anderson said as papers appeared from under his coat and started to circle around him. “Next time I will be prepared for your tricks.” With that, the papers hid him and they all disappeared.[br]
“That was some fun,” Legion said. Legion slowly walked through the church, to be relieved to find that the barrier was now gone as well. He walked outside and pulled out his cell phone, calling the Director.[br]
“How’d it go?” asked the Director.[br]
“There were some problems,” Legion said, “but nothing I couldn’t handle.”[br]
“What about the information?”[br]
“I got it.”[br]
“Good, I’ll be waiting for your report,” the Director said as he hung the phone up. Legion got on his motorcycle and headed back to the airport.[br]
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Author’s Commentary[br]

I must apologize if I didn’t get Anderson right in the way he speaks. This is both in his dialect which seems to be Scottish/Irish and even in the English mangas. However, I read scans for most of the manga because I can’t afford to constantly get new mangas or wait for the next one to come to the shores. While in the scans I have, he doesn’t really talk with an accent.[br]
Also, I’m not quite sure on how well Anderson’s regenerator power is. I know he is a improved regenerator, but if say someone threw bayonets into his eyes, I don’t have any idea how long that would take. So I just took a guess that it would take a little more than bullets, especially if we think back to Alucard’s guns in the anime. Usually, when they hit the target, if I remember correctly the bullets are explosive, they happen to cause a huge wound to appear. Even when he shot Seras, there was a big hole in her chest. And so, if that’s what usually happens to the person who gets shot, it makes me wonder why Anderson’s head wasn’t blown off the first time he and Alucard met. Who knows, maybe it’s part of being a regenerator.[br]
Next, as a note: Legion doesn’t have some 4th dimension in which he can supply an unlimited amount of ammo into his gun, say unlike Alucard or Anderson with his blades. Seriously, I can’t be the only one

who notices this and has some problems with it. I don't mean it takes away from it, but it does make you sorta wonder if they do this intentionally, if they just don't care, or if they don't pay attention. Only time it's completely understandable is if it's a comedy, because, well, that'll make sense. But who am I to complain.[br]

Oh well, at least you should know where we're going next. That's right, to see Millennium, well, after we go back home to PIA headquarters. Not sure how it'll go, but I'm sure I'll figure it out soon enough. And don't worry, as I believe I stated in the beginning, this fanfic won't mess with the cannon, it'll go in the blank area where nothing is really described and no one will be killed, that appears in the cannon (the manga and OVA), before they are killed in the cannon. [br]

Also, I almost forgot to mention. If someone thinks it was some stupid plot twist that caused Legion to run out of ammo when he would most likely carry more ammo than that. Let's think about the situation Legion walked into. He knew he would be meeting Maxwell, a human, who might have a bodyguard or two, which was Renaldo, also human. He knew that at worst, he would be possibly going against Anderson, who as far as he knew, was a plain average human, not some regenerator. So Legion carrying six extra clips (42 extra bullets), not counting those already in the gun, seems reasonable, if not over the top already considering it should only take one bullet to kill any normal human. So hopefully I've proven my point if anyone had problems.[br]

That's about all I can think to talk about. So if you have any questions, comments, believe in ETs, or really anything, then email me at [hyperlink](#). Later readers.[br]

5 - Chapter 4

Chapter 4:[br]

Waiting[br]

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It was night finally in America and the director of PIA sat in his office, alone, waiting for Legion's arrival. His guard, who was usually by his side, stood outside to make sure no one got in. The only person who could get in without him knowing, was Legion.[br]

"It's quite flattering of you to wait for me so patiently," said Legion from a corner of the room before he appeared in it.[br]

"It took you long enough," the Director said.[br]

"You expect too much."[br]

"So what did you learn?"[br]

"Not that much. Apparently Millennium is a Nazi operation that dealt with the movement of several items out of Germany and into South America. Also, the name of Millennium was the name of a detachment of the army. Several of the left over Nazis from the Second World War migrated from Germany to all over South America. Besides that, I couldn't find out anything. So unless you want to send units scanning South America for whoever is in charge of Millennium, I say it's a dead end."[br]

"Maybe not," the Director said as he lit a cigar and began to smoke it. "I happen to do a little research into anything that would be related to Millennium."[br]

"And you could have done that instead of sending me," Legion commented slightly annoyed as the Director pulled out a file and put him on his desk. Legion picked up the file and started to look through it.[br]

"Apparently our government has been keeping track of an organization called Millennium, ever since WWII. This organization was trying to create artificial vampires back then, but they could only create ghouls for a few hours."[br]

"How come we didn't know about this then?!"[br]

"This information was on a need to know basis and was top secret. Apparently, we had implanted several agents into Millennium to get information on this project or to at least let us know when we could invade to get the information."[br]

"Then, when the war ended, we continued to monitor them in hopes that they would perfect this method."[br]

"Exactly, however, while we know where our agents are located, we haven't heard anything from them."[br]

"So what are my orders?"[br]

"You will be deployed to South America to wait till we can pinpoint the precise location of one of the key figures in the Millennium. He's only known as Major." Legion was already on the page that had the info on him. [br]

"Seems like he would have a heart attack before inflicting any fear in anybody," Legion said with a tone of cockiness.[br]

“Don’t let his appearance fool,” the Director warned. “There’s nothing he enjoys more than manipulating people and wars. He has a vast amount of soldiers who are on his side and will follow his sick and twisted ways.”[br]

“So another Hitler?”[br]

“More or less.”[br]

“But why is he such a threat if he’s only a major.”[br]

“Even though he’s a major, he takes a lot of control in the Millennium organization. Which causes strife amongst higher officers. However, since all of the soldiers are on his side, it’s unlikely any of them will try to do something about it.”[br]

“Right,” Legion said as he laid the file back on the desk. “However, my main question is how you and the government know so much even from spies years ago that are now rogue? And if you knew about all of this, then why haven’t you acted earlier especially when their project is killing innocents? Or are you all involved with it?”[br]

“You’ve been told all you need to know,” said the Director in a commanding tone. “Now head back to the airport. I’ll inform your pilot of the new destination and he’ll inform you of the rest of the information.”[br]

Legion tried to peer into the Director’s mind, to find the info he knew he was hiding, but to no avail. For some reason, something was blocking his ability to probe for the answers he wanted.[br]

“Fine,” Legion said annoyed as he backed up into the shadows and disappeared.[br]

Meanwhile, at an undisclosed location, several members (all men) of a secret organization located in the US, sat at a round table. They were discussing the current events.[br]

“Is it wise to trust Legion with this information?” said one of the men. “What if he finds out about us or catches onto us?”[br]

“We gave him all the information he needs to know,” stated another. “Plus, he would find out sooner or later. And it’s better he finds out through us over finding out through the enemy.”[br]

“Do you really think he would listen to the enemy?!” yelled another. “He was taught to listen to only us, not anyone else, especially the enemy.”[br]

“Remember, he can read minds as well,” stated the last member of the group. “Anything they tell him, he can confirm by going into their mind. Either way, we run the risk of being found out. We just gotta hope everything plays in our favor. Plus, it’s a great way to test our little toy.”[br]

After that, there was, for the most part, a common agreement over the situation. They could only wait.[br]

It was about a week later. Legion was in South America, waiting to be dispatched to the location of the Major. His location was near an American base that they had set up in South America. His orders were to stay mainly inside his hotel for the duration of his time there, which he had no problem with. It was that night, that he received a call from the Director.[br]

“Time to go?” Legion asked as he answered the phone.[br]

“Turn on your TV,” the Director said. Legion sat up from the bed and turned on the TV. As soon as he turned it on he saw a picture of Seras and Alucard.[br]

“What’s going on?” asked Legion as the anchor continued to talk in his native tongue in the background.[br]

“According to this report, those two have killed and injured several employees and guests at the hotel; along with taking a few hostages. The current militia is about to enter.”[br]

“They can’t be serious. If they do, they’ll be killed. But why would Hellsing need hostages, especially the two vampires?”[br]

“That doesn’t matter! What matters is that they did!”[br]

“But this just seems like...”[br]

“Silence!” the Director said, obviously agitated. “We know the facts; they killed humans, and innocents at that! And our reports aren’t just from some local news.” Legion hung up the phone on the Director.[br]

“What a nuisance,” Legion said as he continued to watch the news. “Just because I’m a monster I side with monsters, how stupid. How do you deal with it Alucard?”[br]

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Author’s Commentary[br]

Not a lot really happened during this chapter. I was planning on going straight to Millennium, but I’m not quite sure where the Major and his group are during this time. If they are at a base, are in a blimp, in England, or where. So I decided to have a slower chapter without any action, something that Hellsing does occasionally. [br]

But besides that little tidbit, I don’t know what else to say or talk about. So I’ll call this commentary done with. So if you have any questions, comments, wonder if they’ll be a sequel to Hellsing, or really anything, then email me at [hyperlink](#). Later readers.[br]

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