

Alucard Faustus

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Submitted: March 12, 2006

Updated: March 25, 2006

A story of a renegae timelord. Born Alucard Vincent, who later changes his name to Alucard Faustus, because of his uncanny intelligence. The story of his adventures accross time and space!

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1 - 1: Genesis

Morning arrived, as the first light of the burnt orange sky touched upon the houses of the Gallifreyan gentry. As it slowly crept through the windows and lightly onto the face of one, Alucard Vincent. He opened his eyes as the light spread upon his pale skin. He rolled over in discomfort, he did not need to get up now, and time was most certainly on his side! Disgruntled and torpid he fell back to sleep, he did not need to get up because today, he had just decided, would be a lazy day for this virtuoso, or at least, so he would have liked to believe; as a sudden knock at the door woke him from his slumber with a start.

Annoyed, he rolled over,

“What is it?” He grumbled inaudibly.

“You have been ordered to appear in front of the presidency” Came the reply

“Gahh! What now?”

He did not receive a reply this time; instead he heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps slowly fading away.

Reluctantly he swung his feet out of bed and onto the shaggy carpeted floor beneath. He swept his long red hair out of his eyes and slowly adjusted his vision to the light. He was a mysterious person with a very devious attitude, probably why he belonged to the Prydonian Chapter. He looked round the room upon the typical Prydonian colours of scarlet and orange, which stung his eyes as they did every morning.

He stood, stretched, and relaxed, before walking toward his wardrobe. He carefully and precisely dressed himself in his usual fashion. Black shirt and trousers and his black waistcoat with deep red trim, topped off with his famed light blue cravat, which he claimed once belonged to Nicolas Flamel, an apparently immortal French alchemist from the history of Planet Earth. Of course nobody ever believed him, but it had become natural to say he was friends with Flamel.

As he donned his polished boots he glanced over at his desk, recognising the unfinished Trilogic game from the previous night. He walked over to his desk, picked up the smooth pieces and completed the puzzle. He placed it upon his shelf with care, next to various other nick-nacks he had picked up over the

years, including his many pieces of unused psychic paper and the plans of his own 800 XT model TARDIS, custom designed and built by his own hands. A further glance at his desk revealed many books piled upon it. He searched through such titles as "Rassilon: Advanced Edition" and "Blinovitch's Theorems" before finally selecting a book from the aforementioned Planet Earth, entitled "Macbeth", he was quite partial to Shakespearian tragedy. He had always said, apart from Gallifrey, that Planet Earth was his most favorite place. He picked up yesterday's news article, the words '30 TTs Officially Announced Obsolete' headed the article.

"Finally" He muttered whilst making his way to the door with his book under his arm, pausing only put on his coat.

Long, black, with a deep red trim...

...naturally.

* * *

Closing the Prydonian Chapter House behind him, Alucard stepped out onto the amber tinted street, watching the silver leaves falling from the trees. He let out a heavy sigh and started to make his way down the street. As he walked he stared up at the colossal ivory towers that dwarfed everything aside from each other, wincing at the sight of them. He never did like Gallifreyan architecture, or its décor for that matter. Old English 19th century was more his style, he even had wood paneling and drapes in his room. Putting it simply, he was an odd duck, possibly the only Gallifreyan to abhor their architecture; of course, he only told people who were close to him that fact. Whilst he was respected by his inferiors, the academics, and even his superiors, he never managed to fit in. He breathed out another heavy sigh and continued walking.

'Maybe I should get some breakfast,' He pondered to himself.

Scanning the street for the nearest restaurant, he made his way to the news stand. He purchased the latest news article entitled '39 TTs to Replace Type 30s'. He glanced at it for a moment, concentrating mainly on the picture showing the interior of the new model. Disgusted at the décor, he muttered,

"My 800 model is far superior to this antiquated piece of junk!"

Of course, many would disagree because the interior of his TARDIS, like his room, was 19th century styling. Only he and a select group of others admired it. Sighing, he folded the news article and slid it into his coat pocket as he made his way to the 'Artron Pallet', the local restaurant.

He was just about to enter when he paused momentarily, he could have sworn he heard a voice.

“Grandfather!” came the voice for the second time.

He looked over his shoulder. A beautiful girl in her late Gallifreyan teens was racing toward him. Instantly he whirled around to face her.

“Grandfather!” Repeated the voice.

“K...Katherine?” He stammered.

Katherine Vincent, his beloved granddaughter, was running toward him, tears streaming down her face, her long brown hair flowing behind her.

Before he knew what had happened, Katherine had swung her arms around him and held him tightly, her head pressed firmly against his chest, tears still streaking down her cheeks.

“Grandfather,” she repeated affectionately.

He embraced her, placed his hand on her head and slowly began to stroke her hair.

“Katherine, whatever's the matter?”

“I was so worried about you!” She stammered over her many tears, “Why didn't you come and see me after you got back?”

“Oh...” he said softly

“I heard you were badly hurt! I couldn't stop panicking!” she uttered, still holding him tightly; “Everyone was saying you had to regenerate!”

“Ah...well, yes that was true” He paused for a moment “Wait a second, how did you recognise me? I have a new body!”

She let him go. Wiping back the tears, she smiled weakly.

“You may have a new body but your clothes certainly aren't new! Is your wardrobe full of the same stuff?”

He chuckled, “Touché. As sharp as ever I see, Katherine. I am happy to see you are well,” He said, resting his hand on her shoulder.

“Likewise, Grandfather! I know you can regenerate but I still feared the worst,” She stopped for a moment, “But the mission was a success, right?”

“Why, most certainly! One thing though...”

“What? What is it? Are you ok?” She said distressed.

He ran his fingers through his long hair.

“Do you think I look good with red hair?” He winked at her.

“Oh Grandfather!” She slapped his arm, “You had me worried again!”

“Yes,” He chuckled “I seem to be doing that a lot lately,”

“It's going to be a while before I get used to your new body,”

“My sentiments exactly,”

She paused, “Where are you going?”

“Are you speaking geographically or philosophically?”

“Philosophically,”

“Then I'm going to get some breakfast. Would you care to join me?”

Her face lit up, “I'd love to!” She said cheerfully.

“Well, I see that's cheered you up. Only this time, you'll have to pay; there'll be a little problem with me trying to pay on credit,” He motioned toward the restaurant, “Old Malick won't recognise me!” He laughed to himself

He opened the door for Katherine.

“Ladies first,”

“Well, you're certainly more polite than your previous body!” She giggled as she entered.

“And just what is that supposed to mean?” He questioned as he followed her in.

2 - 2-Exodus

Chapter Two: Exodus

After pulling a chair out for Katherine, Alucard found his own chair and sat down, placing 'Macbeth' on the table as he did.

They were sat at the very back of the dark room, surrounded by much Time Lord 'Memorabilia' hanging off the dull brown walls. A considerable distance away from the other patrons, as it was usually Alucard's custom to do so whilst in the 'Artron Pallet'. The sturdy wooden tables and chairs around them supporting all manner of items, from dining utensils to leftover food. The smell, Alucard thought, the smell was probably the restaurant's best feature, the clear smell of varnished wood, with the distinct aroma of cooked food mixing with it. Whilst the place was always under constant threat from the Council to declare it a health hazard, patrons still kept coming and going, always happy, never complaining.

Up at the front of the room resided the bar, where many night time brawls with the Shobogans would no doubt ensue. The bar, unlike the manner of everything else, was indeed well kept and always gleamed. Today was no exception, as many happy patrons sat at it, indeed, drowning what could only be their sorrows.

But the most eye catching thing about the bar was the owner's Time Lord Academy qualification which hung above it. No one was quite sure why he kept it, as he had received the lowest possible mark, and promptly took up ownership of the restaurant afterwards. Yet he looked after his qualification with care, not even Alucard knew why.

Mind you, Alucard thought, it was said that the legendary 'Omega' received the lowest possible mark. Yet he went on to become one of the greatest Time Lords in history, creating the very thing that powers TARDISes remotely. The Eye of Harmony. Alucard had studied Omega's history very closely; he was supposedly killed in a freak accident after creating it. But in reality, had been sent to an anti-matter universe where he went insane and tried to destroy the Time Lords completely. The fact that the restaurant's owner has received the exact same grade was a bad omen, a very bad omen indeed.

“What do you think the presidency want with you?” Katherine asked.

“To tell you the absolute gospel truth...” He began, pausing to hang his coat on his chair, “...I have absolutely no idea. I suspect it will be about the mission.”

“Alucard!” A voice echoed from the front of the room.

Alucard put his hand over his eyes, “Oh no,” He said emotionless.

A sizeable, corpulent gentleman was walking toward the table, his hands held up high. Alucard got out of his chair, walked over to Katherine, bet down and whispered in her ear.

“I'm going to regret coming here after all,”

Katherine giggled as he walked over to the gentleman.

“Malick, my good friend! He greeted, “How's things here, good sir?”

A deep booming voice that surpassed even Alucard's, roared from Malick's throat, “Never better! Business is great! I'm great! My best friend has returned! What could be wrong? But what I really want to know is about your mission!” He winked at Alucard with his unnatural twinkling eyes.

“Just a second there Malick. How did you know it was me? From all the way over here? Even you can't have seen this body yet!” He said running his fingers through his hair.

“One word: Clothes. When are you going to get some new clothes Al?”

“If anyone else questions me about my clothes today I will personally tear their arms off with my bear hands,” He said calmly, raising his eyebrows, “And don't call me Al,”

“Yeah, yeah,” Malick shrugged, waving his hand, “I'd like to see you try!” He laughed, “Anyway, the mission. Do I get the details?”

“Yes, well, not in front of...” He coughed, gesturing toward Katherine behind him.

“Ah! I see. But of course, my friend. Follow me please,”

Alucard turned and walked over to Katherine, “I won't be long, it's just a little chat. Have whatever you want but make sure to order me some tea, Earl Grey, five sugars, and a portion of treacle pudding,”

“Treacle...”

“...pudding, yes. I won't be long,” With that he whirled around, followed Malick up to the front of the room and disappeared behind a large door marked `Private'.

She breathed a heavy sigh and slumped into her chair. He was most certainly more polite, but she could definitely see the stubbornness of his previous body showing through.

She stared at her Grandfather's chair, and upon his coat. There was no doubt, she loved his coat, and indeed admired his unique dress sense, differing from that of the other time lords, it was a pity he always wore the same things.

Glancing upon it she noticed numerous pieces of dust scattered on it. Slowly she got out of her chair, walked around the table, and picked up his coat. She stroked it. She had always loved its feel. It was so soft and warm, yet so light and thin. You never got this sort of material on Gallifrey that's for sure, she

thought to herself.

She put it on. It was far too big for her, but she sat down, almost bathing in the luscious soft material, with an enormous grin plastered on her face. After quite a while she took it off. It was so dusty, she thought. She started to brush it, but reluctantly stopped. Grandfather would notice. She hung it back on the chair, but as she did a small black box fell out of the inside pocket and landed with a dull thud on the floor.

Katherine looked at it, puzzled. She bent down and picked it up. She caressed it, a beautifully made, leather bound box, rectangular in shape, and indeed very tempting.

She stood up and looked around the room. Nobody had seen her. She stared at the box solemnly.

'Should I open it?' She pondered to herself.

* * *

Alucard took a sip of his tea, put the cup on the saucer and placed it on the table.

"Now then, where were we?" He asked

"The Presidency?"

"Ah, yes, well, let's not talk about that for the moment. I'm still thinking of various excuses I could use!" He laughed as he picked up his steaming bowl of treacle pudding, taking a deep sniff of the wonderful aroma.

"I have to ask, Grandfather. Why have you got treacle pudding for your breakfast?" Questioned Katherine

“Ah!” He chuckled, “When you get to my age you'll understand,”

“But you're nine hundred and seventeen!”

“Fair play. You've got a long way to go yet,” He said ominously as the first spoonful of pudding was eaten, an almost orgasmic look upon his face, “Are you sure you don't want any? Malick had it specially made, it's a great recipe!”

“No thank you, Grandfather. I'm not accustomed to the sort of food you like,” She said, taking a sip of the warm green beverage, of which Alucard abhorred.

An awkward silence fell over them. Glancing round the room, Katherine noticed the many patrons, conscious or otherwise. Many of them sat eating a range of Gallifreyan foods, or drinking brightly coloured beverages. A lot of them had a very shady look about them, the kind of look where you would cross the street if you saw them coming toward you. She sat back in her chair, picked up her drink, and held it in her hands, as her thoughts turned, once again, to the mystery of the box she had stumbled upon.

She sat gazing into her mug, a pensive look upon her face.

“Something bothering you?”

She looked up. Her Grandfather had finished his pudding and was now sat, cross legged, tea in hand, deeply immersed in his book. He spoke very calmly, not looking up from his book.

She thought for a moment, “What were you talking to Malick about?” She said finally.

“I'll tell you when your older, Katherine”

“What? When I'm nine hundred and seventeen?”

He laughed, “Well played,” He winked at her before returning to his book, “I'll tell you one thing though...”

“What's that?”

“If I had been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better arrangement of the universe,”

“What happened, Grandfather? Why won't you tell me?”

He snapped his book shut, “Right, well, can't mope around all day! I better get moving! The presidency wants to moan at me, remember?”

She giggled and promptly finished her drink. She got up out of her chair, “It does mean your going to have to pay though,” She smiled at him.

“Oh! Damn! I knew I should have worn different clothes,”

“Do you have any other clothes?”

“That's a good point. I've only other clothes I've got are my formal robes and there's no way in hell I'm wearing them in public!”

Katherine giggled again as he stood up and made for the door. Alucard paused and leaned against the bar.

“Service please!” He shouted to Malick.

“On the house!” Came the reply.

Alucard shrugged, put his hands in his pockets and muttered to Katherine, “Convenient plot device, eh?”

He opened the door for Katherine. She stepped out onto the street and he followed her afterwards. Waking down the street he spoke grimly,

“I'm really not looking forward to this,”

She took hold of his arm, “You'll be fine, I'm sure you will!”

“I hope your right, Katherine. I really hope your right. I've just got a very bad feeling that I cannot explain,” He shrugged, “Maybe I'm just being silly,”

They reached the end of the street. Katherine let go of his arm, and he turned to look at her.

“This is where I have to leave you,” He put his arms around her and hugged her, “I'll be back soon. Wait for me in the Prydonian Chapter House common room. Don't worry about me,”

“Grandfather...” She began, the first of many tears seeping from her eyes

“Shush now,” He said calmly stroking her hair, “It’s ok, we will talk more when I return,” He let her go. Wiping a tear from her eye he said softly, “Cheerio, Katherine. I’ll be thinking of you,”

Before Katherine could reply he had waved goodbye and turned the corner at the end of the street and was now out of sight, leaving Katherine alone on the street, tears streaming down her face. Her thoughts slowly turning, once again, to the tempting mystery of that peculiar box.

3 - 3-Leviticus

Chapter Three: Leviticus

Leant up against the wall of the Presidency building, Alucard looked around nervously and delved deep into his inside pocket of his coat. He withdrew the small black box, caressed it apprehensively and muttered under his breath,

“This is not the first time you've caused me trouble, and I bet it won't be the last,”

It trembled ominously in his hand, as if it was speaking to him.

“The Hand?” A voice murmured behind him.

“Jesus!” He recoiled, immediately shoving the box back into his pocket.

There stood Malick, hands in pockets looking very solemn. The twinkle in his eyes had vanished. In front of him stood the darker side to Malick that only Alucard knew of.

“Jesus?” He asked confused

Alucard chuckled, “You wouldn't understand. But what's the big idea sneaking up on me like that?”

“You know very well. The Hand. You have it!”

“Not exactly,”

“How so?”

“Now is not the time for such formalities! The presidency will revoke my title if they discover I have this!” He took the box out of his pocket and thrust it into Malick's hand, “Take this and give it to Katherine. Don't tell her what it is. Whether or not it is the hand is irrelevant for now. I cannot waste anymore time! Chancellor Arc will have my head if he has to wait any longer!”

He approached the buildings heavy silver front door, the Seal of Rassilon emblazoned upon it. He opened it and turned to Malick.

“I have put all my trust in you. Don't let me down,”

“Al! You can count on me! I've never let you down before and I don't intend to start now!” Malick reassured him.

“Thank you. I expected no less from you, my friend,” With that he walked through the door and out of sight.

Malick stood there, staring at the box. The twinkle slowly returning to his eyes.

“And don't call me Al!” Alucard snuck his head round the corner for a fleeting moment before disappearing for a second time.

Malick smiled to himself, stuck the box into his pocket and slowly headed up the street.

* * *

Alucard closed the door behind him and stepped into the reception room. He was greeted by a white and silver paneled room. A row of chairs lay to his left, while on his right resided the receptionist's desk. Sat behind it was a picturesque young woman. Her blonde hair complementing her bright green eyes. Her cute nose and colourful cheeks blending perfectly with her snow white skin. Alucard walked over to the desk and leant against it.

"Remember me?" He asked.

The woman turned her head, let out a scream of joy, leapt out of her chair and ran into Alucard's open arms.

"I'll take that as a yes then, Mina?"

"Of course!"

"Wait," Alucard paused, "How did you..." He began.

"Clothes," She interrupted

He laughed and thought about mentioning that he said he would tear the head off the person who mentioned his clothes next, but decided against it.

"I must say I love your new body!" She said rubbing his shoulders, "It's very handsome!" She leant over and kissed him on the cheek.

"Maybe there's an upside to this after all," He winked at her, "So..." He began as he picked her up and set her down on the desk, his hands around her waist, "...did you miss me?"

"Only every moment you were gone!" She said stroking his cheek, "I'm so glad your back!"

"Are you busy later? Only I've got a few things planned if you'd like to join me?"

Mina's eyes lit up, "Sounds fun," She winked at him "I'd love to join you. I've yet to get acquainted with your new body,"

"Certainly does sound fun," Alucard said playfully.

Mina's intercom buzzed loudly,

"Mina Cerveau! Return to your work immediately and send Alucard through!" Came the unmistakable voice of President Denver.

Alucard buried his head in Mina's lap and muttered,

"Why now? Why now?"

Mina stroked his hair, "You'd better go," She jumped down from the desk and kissed him softly on his lips, "Later, I look forward to it,"

Alucard hugged her one last time. He walked toward the door, blew Mina a kiss and disappeared behind it.

* * *

Alucard stared round the room. It was much different from the reception. A large circular room surrounded him. Metallic black, with a single strip of blue neon running through the middle of it. The Seal of Rassilon took up most of the floor. In the centre of the room lay a large oblong block, again, black with the familiar blue neon strip. Seated at it were the three highest ranking members on the Gallifreyan Presidency. To Alucard's left sat the aforementioned Chancellor Arc, an old, frail man, yet an extremely notorious reputation preceded him. To Alucard's right sat Chancellor Pen, Alucard's favorite member of the Presidency. A small man with scruffy black hair and a mousy expression. Finally, sat between them, was President Denver, Gallifrey's most competent President. Every other president before him were insane eccentrics, only achieving their position through family ties. Denver was a very strong willed man, with very straight hair that fell over his right eye. Each were wearing the traditional gold formal robes of the presidency. Each looking very ceremonious.

Alucard approached them and calmly slumped into the chair placed before them.

“So, what's this about?” He asked.

“You know very well,” Replied Denver

“Do I?” Alucard shrugged.

“Yes, The Hand,” said Arc very slowly, a sinister smile creeping on his face.

* * *

Katherine sat in a large soft blue chair in the centre of the common room. The room was eerily empty, as the many empty chairs and tables surrounded her. She sat with the very familiar black box in her hands. Why had Malick given this to her? Why did her Grandfather have it? What exactly is it? There were so

many questions floating in her head. Again she considered opening it. Malick had told her not to but it couldn't help being so tempting. She stroked it and thought of what it could be. It obviously had a vital importance. She did not want to let her Grandfather down yet she couldn't shake the feeling that something bad was about to happen.