Show & Tell

by ishipthemsogoddamnhard

Summary

Hannibal and Will discuss some of their sexual predilections, resulting in a display of eager willingness to explore them...

Notes

Written as a 900 follower Tumblr fic giveaway - Season 2 therapy session smut

Hannibal weighed up the possible outcomes of his next question. He had led Will down this path tonight and now here they were, on the brink of discussing something he had often wondered about the empath. He took a deep breath. "Would you say you have any, what some might call unusual fetishes? Kinks perhaps is the right term."

Will toyed with one of Hannibal's pencils on his desk and deliberately avoided his assessing gaze. They had been discussing his night with Margot, his thing for Alana, his dating history in general, his past experience with men. Just when Will thought the personal interrogation was done with, Hannibal had asked that.
He eventually looked up, mildly incredulous. Yes, after almost a year, their conversations were this intimate but usually they flirted with the subject. With each other, really, and nothing more. Tonight there was an atmosphere you could have cut through, especially now those words hung in the air.

"I'm not sure why you ask." Will said, stalling and not sure what Hannibal might want to know.

"I find it can tell you a lot about yourself." Hannibal shot back immediately, keeping his face neutral though he was entertaining some truly shocking thoughts about what his friend might say.

Will turned. They stared at each for a long time, and Hannibal could tell there was something salacious bubbling up to the surface in Will's mind.

"I'll tell you mine, if you tell me yours." Will levelled back at him before pacing off around the office. If he was going out on this risqué limb, he wasn't going alone.

"I have been known to enjoy spanking...being the one doing it that is." Hannibal said without even a flicker of shame. Will didn't know why he was surprised - by the answer or the brazenness of it's delivery. Hannibal was a dom. The fact only made it harder to make his own carefully chosen words come out.

Will swallowed. "I quite like...to be tied up." He said, looking down and tapping absently at the back of the chaise as he wandered past it.

"You enjoy the pressure and control of everyday life being taken out of your hands." Hannibal concluded matter-of-factly. Will nodded, having to admit that sounded pretty accurate. "I like to enhance mine." Hannibal added. They both ignored that. Hannibal knew there was more Will had to say and waited patiently, head following Will's form on his meandering trail across the room.

"There was this time...when I was a teenager." Will started, unsure how to describe it. "I saw my neighbour...she was a little older than me...I uh, watched her masturbating." Will blushed and looked unseeing out of the window.

"You have a deep rooted link to voyeurism, and it is likely to only be intensified by your increased empathy." Hannibal explained. "You are often an unseen guest in people's psyches." Will looked sharply at him then.

"Yes." He agreed in barely a whisper. "I could feel how she felt and I...I got off on it."
licked his lip almost unconsciously at the hazy memory of that sultry summer night. Hannibal couldn't stop staring at this action. Will's confessions were stirring something he usually managed to keep a lid on.

"Funnily enough, I actually enjoy being watched...or more accurately, knowing I can be seen." Hannibal smirked. "Textbook narcissism, I expect." He was not his usual cool self at all anymore.

The unspoken knowledge that they might be frighteningly compatible in bed was left to silently fill the room, until Hannibal decided to break it.

"If you will indulge me, Will, please come over here." He stood and went towards the back corner, under the mezzanine, where there was a full-length mirror. Will hesitated for a moment before joining him, heart pounding.

Hannibal stood behind him and looked over his shoulder, speaking to his reflection as he snaked his hand around his hip. Will inhaled sharply at the sudden and unexpected contact. "If I were to touch you here, you could watch me doing so, and I could observe your observations." Hannibal said quietly and studied mirror-Will's flushed, slack-jawed face, as he watched his therapist's hand tease closer to his clearly growing erection.

Will was startled but his curiosity mixed with the remembered desire of his naughty formative experience, and the tangible desire resulting from this sinful suggestion.

"Show me." Will said, voice hoarse and unable to deny his own arousal at stepping right across this forbidden line. They locked eyes in the glass as Hannibal's nimble fingers moved to unzip Will's pants. His breathing turned shaky when Hannibal freed his cock and wrapped his hand around it. He realised he could feel the older man just as hard against his lower back as he began to stroke him.

Will watched Hannibal pleasure him; while Hannibal drank in the beautiful expressions that crossed Will's face as he worked him steadily towards his orgasm. As his moans increased in urgency and his body trembled with need, Hannibal curled his free arm around Will's slim waist to support him.

"Perhaps after I make you come I will have to spank you for this wanton display, Will." Hannibal purred in his ear and enjoyed the desperate little furrow of Will's brow, as he looked up to meet his lustful gaze once more. "Or perhaps I will just tie you down and fuck you..." He felt the shudder run through Will at those words as the younger man spilled hot and whimpering over Hannibal's hand, big blue eyes fixed on the sight.
Will regarded mirror-Hannibal from under his lashes, also weighing up some consequences. He took a deep breath. "Perhaps you *should* do that, Doctor." Will raised his brows and the Hannibal’s dark eyes flashed fire...

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