Give All You Can

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Summary

After a health scare Will is taken off his suppressants by his doctors, unfortunately this means going through a heat. At the recommendations of his doctors and friends Will uses a heat service.

Enter: arrogant, manipulative, utter dick-Mathew Brown.

It's safe to say that Will's heat is a less than enjoyable experience. Has this put him off heats for life? Or will his friends manage to convince him to give it another chance?

Notes

Read the tags- as with most A/B/O fics there are non-con elements caused by "heats" as people can't consent fully in this state of mind. I would say this fic pushes past that, and while there is no actual rape some of the stuff is very "non-con".

The idea of the heat services etc. in this fic was very much inspired by "Of Sharks and Lighter Things" by Sylvie. I would absolutely recommend it, its a fabulous Teen Wolf fic which is light hearted, fluffy and glorious. I cannot promise that this fic is any of those things (although maybe fluffy towards the end).
enjoy!

- Inspired by Of Sharks and Lighter Things by SylvieW
Chapter 1

Will angrily pushed hair out of his face as he continued marking papers. The university office was stiflingly hot and with Will’s upcoming heat, he was feeling the temperature rise far more than his colleagues.

A small metal fan whirred lazily in the corner, pushing warm air around the room and rustling the essays Will was currently marking. Attempting to mark would perhaps be better phrasing, as the hot room and his unbalanced hormones was making Will’s head fuzzy and unfocused.

Will had never had the “pleasure” of experiencing a heat. He had been on suppressants since he had presented at 16. The doctor’s had considered it too risky to put him through something as stressful as a heat, what with his already serious mental health issues. Will had had no problems with that. To him, heats had always appeared unpleasant and inconvenient. He had watched his omega colleagues, while studying and now as a university professor, having to take time off every two months and wanted no part in it. Not that he didn’t appreciate their decision of course, it just wasn’t something he wanted for himself.

That was until three months ago when he’d been hospitalised with encephalitis. The doctors suggested that the suppressants had been playing havoc with his hormones and this had caused the serious inflammation of his brain. Will was told that if he wanted to make a full recovery he should stop taking them immediately. Indeed, it had been a relatively blissful two months, with his body slowly coming back to its natural equilibrium. He had certainly felt more clearheaded than he ever would have remembered. Now though, his body had recovered enough to put him through his first ever heat.

Will had had plenty of sexual experiences as a student, with omegas, beta and alphas. He had never experienced heat sex though and he had never felt like he was missing out.

For the easiest and most healthy heat, omegas needed an alpha. Not just for knotting, although that was an important part, but for their scent and presence. On an instinctual level, an alpha was soothing to an omega in heat, and most people chose to have one present. It was possible to go through a heat without an alpha but it was stressful and painful and so most straight omegas didn’t put themselves through it. Ideally you would use your alpha mate, or if you were single, a trusted alpha friend. If you were like Will however, introverted and unsociable, you could use a heat service.

It was Beverly who had encouraged it when Will had first brought it up. As a fellow omega, she was someone that Will often went to for advice on these things. She had experienced unaided heats when she was younger (although she shuddered at the memory of them) and had used a heat service for the first few years at university, up until she met her alpha Alana.

“Will, I know it sounds horrendously unpleasant, spending a heat with a complete stranger. But the alphas that work there are trained professionals. Their control is outstanding and I never had a bad experience with them. The first time I tried it I didn’t even have sex with the guy, I felt too uncomfortable. And he was totally fine with it. We just cuddled and watched TV for four days.”

Will had hummed along, nodding in all the right places and agreeing that he probably wasn’t healthy enough to go through a heat alone and unaided.

It had been Beverly’s advice and the stern looks from his doctors that had eventually prompted Will to call the heat service and arrange a meeting. He had gone in to have the meeting only a few days ago and the experience was still ringing in his ears.
He’d been lead to a modern looking and comfortable office, where he was sat across from a middle aged beta man who’d given him a fake looking smile before handing him over a huge stack of papers. The papers had asked for his opinion on everything he could want in a heat partner. Size, shape, eye colour, first language, gender etc. Will had ticked the “no preference” box for all of the aesthetic questions feeling too embarrassed to map out his perfect alpha on paper. The other questions he’d tried to be as honest as possible before quickly pushing the papers back across the desk to the beta.

“We’ll try to take your preferences into account as much as possible but with your heat only being a week away we do have some limited availability. Would you like someone with more experience or do you not mind? We have a few newer employee’s that may be available around that time.” The man had asked, thankfully not trying to force eye contact from across the desk.

“Inexperience is fine, at least we’ll both be in the same boat.” Will had murmured, trying for a weak smile before it crumpled off his face like paper.

The service had promised to contact him when a suitable match had been found but there was still no news. Will was starting to wonder if he may have to face an unaided heat after all. He sighed heavily, wiping sweat off his forehead as he sat back in his chair. The early June heat wave was making things incredibly unpleasant. Deciding that he had done enough marking for one afternoon Will sluggishly pushed himself out of his chair to start packing up his things.

The bus journey home to his forth story apartment was sticky and uncomfortable. Not for the first time, Will wondered whether he should move out of the city. He had to use public transport to get around as there was no place to keep a car, and the noise of the city disturbed his already restless sleep.

Will unlocked his front door before toeing off his shoes and immediately making his way into the kitchen. He opened the fridge unenthusiastically, knowing already that there was nothing in there. Although he did have milk and cheese, so maybe he could attempt to make Mac-n-Cheese. He was disturbed from his musing by his phone ringing and he fumbled around in his pockets to fish it out.

“Hello?”

“Is this William Graham?” A tinny, female voice blurted out from the cheap mobile.

“Yes, yes it is” Will replied, straightening up and inadvertently hitting his head on the fridge.

“I’m calling from the heat service; I just wanted to inform you that we have made a match for your upcoming heat. His name is Matthew Brown. He’s new to our books and you’ll be his first match. Of course all of the screening processes and training have been conducted as usual. I have it written down that you didn’t mind someone inexperienced but I just wanted to check this was still alright with you.” Will nodded along, rubbing the back of his head as he wandered aimlessly around the apartment.

“I was under the impression that I didn’t have much choice, it being such short notice.” The woman sighed from down the phone.

“You always have a choice Mr Graham. Does this mean you would like me to cancel your appointment with Mr Brown?”

“No! No, inexperienced is fine. Thank you for calling to let me know.” Will hadn’t been sure they’d be able to find him someone, and now they had he didn’t want to let them slip through his fingers.
“Of course Mr Graham. Mr Brown will arrive in four days at around 9am, which should be the morning of your heat, am I correct?”

“Yes that’s right” Will murmured already thinking about doing a shop to get the things they would need.

“Very well. If you have any other problems or queries, please let us know. Have a nice evening Mr Graham.” The woman hung up and Will slumped into his sofa.

He no longer felt hungry, instead his mind was worrying about his upcoming heat. He couldn’t help but be nervous, he didn’t know this Matthew Brown. This alpha and he might not get along, or they might find each other unattractive. Will sighed and sitting back into the sofa cushions. He tried to be comforted by Beverly’s good experiences. She was his friend and would never have recommended something that she didn’t think was right for him.

He stood from the sofa and made his way into the bedroom. Tomorrow he would go shopping for supplies but for now all Will wanted to do was sleep.

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Will awoke early on the morning of his first heat. He groaned as he looked at the alarm clock and saw that it was 5am. He debated trying to go back to sleep but he already knew that he wouldn't be able to. He was overheated, sticky and his skin itchy and overly sensitive.

He slowly made his way out of bed to the shower, peeling off his clothes and standing under the shower head. He let the streams of water run down his body, pushing his hair into his eyes. His limbs felt heavy and he didn’t move to sweep the hair out of his vision.

Instead he slumped against the cool tiles, despite his head feeling foggy and slow he was feeling more relaxed than he had for the past few days.

He’d been wound up and frantic for the last week, reading every article he could find about things he might need for his heat. Now though he allowed the stress to drain out of him like the water draining down the plug.

Will had prepared as much as he could, his fridge full of water bottles and fresh fruit. He’d cleaned the small apartment from top to bottom and had a maintenance worker round to fix the air conditioning. Now all he had to do was wait.

He finished in the shower and attempted to towel himself dry before finding it too irritating on his skin and giving up. A wave of fatigue hit him suddenly and his stumbled back to the bed. He curled up and tried to ignore the aching feeling between his legs. He hoped that this unknown alpha hurried up.

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Will started out from his half sleep when someone knocked at his door. His brain kicked into gear telling him that this must be Matthew Brown and his body fizzed slightly with arousal at the thought of letting an alpha into his home.

He wrapped himself in his dressing gown, wanting to preserve some modesty even if it did make his skin itch, and staggered to the door. He pulled it open and jumped slightly as the alpha on the other side pushed his way in.

“ Took your time didn’t you?” He slammed the door closed before turning to look at Will,
“Although you’re very pretty so perhaps I’ll let you off?” He smirked, moving into Will’s personal space and pressing him against the wall. He pushed his face onto Will’s neck and inhaled deeply. “God you smell divine.”

Will’s brain spluttered back into gear as he took in the alpha before him. He was tall with dark hair cut close to his scalp, he was undeniably good looking but with the air of someone who knows it.

Whether it was his rude entrance or the way he was looking at Will, but something about him made Will feel uncomfortable. In his right mind he would have undoubtedly pushed the alpha away and demanded he leave. Will had fended off enough unwanted advances throughout his career to know how to get out of these situations. In his heat addled and vulnerable state though he just stared numbly and let Mathew lick his way up the side of his neck.

“Come, let’s get you out of this robe, you’ll look much better without it. Mathew pulled back as his fingers harshly untied the knot holding the dressing gown in place before pulling it off Will’s shoulders. Will whined high in his throat, his ability for speech fading, as he pushed himself away from the rough treatment. Mathew tutted and pulled him back,

“There much better.” The alpha led him through the small apartment, easily finding the bedroom and pushing Will down onto the bed. “You need an alpha cock, don’t you little one?” Mathew smirked from where he stood at the end of the bed.

Arousal sparked up in Will again and his apprehension faded into the background. He did need an alpha cock and he needed it now. He pushed his legs apart, showing himself to this alpha as he whined again, begging for what he needed so badly. Mathew shook his head disapprovingly, “No my dear, you need to earn it.”

Earn it? Will didn’t know what this alpha wanted him to do but he knew he would do anything if it meant filling the emptiness inside him. He scrambled up onto his knees facing the alpha, hands reaching forwards to unbutton his shirt. His hands were slapped away and Mathew stepped closer to the bed. “Suck me off slut, and make me enjoy it. You need to earn a fuck.”

Will hesitated and his hands reached for Mathew’s belt. This time his was allowed to pull the buckle open and unzip the jeans. He nosed at the alpha’s groin before pulling his jeans and boxers down, following the cock with his hungry mouth as it sprung up to attention. He sucked him down without pause, his other hand on the base of Mathew’s cock massaging where his knot would grow.

The alpha above him groaned and Will felt another thrill of arousal at the thought of pleasing this alpha. He could feel his hole dripping with slick and the feeling of emptiness made his whine again. Mathew grabbed at Will’s dark curls at the sensation pushing him further onto his cock and thrusting roughly. Will gagged slightly at the feeling of the cock hitting the back of his throat but Mathew kept thrusting, maintaining a punishing pace. Will’s hands held on to the alpha’s hips as he scrambled for purchase from where he was kneeling on the bed.

The alpha grunted suddenly and pulled Will forward so his nose was buried in the dark hair surrounding his cock. His hips bucked as he came but he held Will still as his knot started to expand. Will, even in his aroused, confused state started to push back against the alpha.

Some people liked getting their mouths knotted, but Will hated it. The trapped feeling it gave you as you waited for the knot to go down and the vulnerable state it left you in; unable to even see what was going on around you, as your face remained pressed against your partner’s hips. Not to mention the horrible ache it left in your jaw.

It seemed Mathew didn’t care about that though, his hand remaining on Will’s head, firmly
keeping it in place as his knot swelled within his mouth. Will felt tears drip down his cheeks as the alpha above him finally came, forcing mouthfuls of come down his throat.

“That’s a good boy,” Mathew petted Will’s hair like he was a dog, still standing as he did so. “Now you’ve earned your right to get fucked haven’t you.”

Will whined around Mathew’s knot, part of him desperately wanting to have a knot in his hole while another just wanted this ordeal to be over.

“But first I need to capture this moment.” Mathew pulled his phone out of jeans from where they had slid low on his thighs. Will closed his eyes in shame as he heard the sound of photos being taken.

In the back of his head he knew that this was wrong, this man shouldn’t be taking pictures of him like this. The thought faded away as quickly as it had come, instead the insistent aching of his hole taking up Will’s attention.

It took several minutes for the knot to come down and when it did Will hurriedly pulled away from Mathew, scooting up the other end of the bed. The alpha frowned, pulling off the rest of his clothes and following Will onto the bed. He pulled Will close and the omega couldn’t find it in him to put up a fight as he was pressed into the alpha’s side. A rough hand trailed from his hip down to his hole and he gasped a fingers pressed inside him.

“Greedy little thing aren’t you?” Mathew whispered spreading his fingers and feeling the omega tremble under his touch. The pleasurable torture continued and after a while Will grew impatient. He needed a knot filling him, and he had needed it since this morning. His lips parted, swollen slightly from their earlier activities,

“P-Please.” His voice was scratchy and quiet but Mathew heard it. He snorted and withdrew his fingers suddenly, Will whining sharply at the movement. The alpha sat up and moved off the bed again.

“God you are greedy. You think I can knot you again straight after that? You’ve been watching too much porn, real alphas don’t have that kind of stamina.” Mathew moved out of the room and Will scrabbled to follow him. He was desperate and needy, his heat still not abated as no knot had driven it away.

He tried to trail after Mathew but felt dizzy as he slid off the bed and onto the floor. He didn’t have the energy to follow him. A desperate whine built up in this throat as he instinctively tried to call the alpha back to him. Instead of a reply Will heard the TV turn on. Tears built up behind his eyes and he buried his face into the side of the bed he was kneeling next to.

The rejection hurt more than it should have, seeing as Will had only known the alpha for less than an hour, but it cut deeply. Perhaps he wasn’t worthy of this alpha’s attention. The thought made Will curl up on himself more tightly, hiding himself from Mathew’s scorn. His exhausted body slowly drifted back into sleep, even while the heat still boiled under his skin. Will allowed it to happen, desperate for the numbness that sleep would provide.

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Will was startled from his fitful dose when Mathew re-entered the room. He was holding his phone again and Will cringed as he once more heard the sound of pictures being taken.

“Look at you, all doe-eyed and desperate. You look like you’ve been crying sweet heart, it suits
you.” Mathew put the phone down and came closer to him. The alpha hadn’t got re-dressed and arousal shot through Will at the sight of his erection, his brain immediately becoming unfocused and fuzzy.

Mathew grabbed his arm and pulled him up onto the bed. “Despite your pathetic whining earlier, you did earn the right to get fucked. So I’m making good on my promise, aren’t you grateful?” Will was pulled up onto all-fours, facing away from the alpha. He felt dizzy from the sudden movement and jerked at the sharp slap that hit his behind.

“Well? Thank me Omega.” The alpha slapped him again and Will struggled to pull some words together.

“T-hank you.” Will voice was little more than a croak and he faintly realised that he hadn’t had anything to drink yet. Mathew huffed from above him, his hand coming down softer now to stroke the red mark on his behind.

“Good enough I suppose” With that Mathew pushed into him, the mess of slick that Will’s body had produced easing the way. Will gasped at the sudden fullness, his arms giving way at the force of Mathew’s thrusts. He lay there with his hips in the air, the alpha’s hands clenched tightly at his hips, rocking the bed with each thrust. If felt like eating after fasting, or sitting down after running a marathon. His body was so desperate for this fullness that Will found himself spacing out at the sensation.

He came back to himself again when Mathew grunted loudly, his knot swelling again as the alpha began to come. Will pushed his hips backwards, forcing the knot deeper, desperate to feel fuller than he already did. Mathew collapsed onto him, his weight forcing Will to lie flat on the bed, as he panted at the back of Will’s neck.

Finally, feeling fully satisfied, Will found himself drifting off into a more peaceful sleep. His awareness coming back to him slightly as behind him Mathew shifted. Suddenly Will felt a harsh tugging at his hole and he yelped as Mathew forcefully pulled his knot out of him. The alpha rose from the bed and walked into the bathroom. Will listened for a sign of him returning but instead heard the shower turn on. He rolled over onto his side, sniffling slightly as he held back tears.

The heat had abated for now, but the vulnerability still remained and Will found himself desperate for warm arms to hold him close and soothe him into sleep. He wiped at his eyes impatiently. Despite his outward, haughty, appearance, Will had always been a cuddlier and it was no surprise that this unknown alpha didn’t have the patience for it. He forced himself to close his eyes, the more he slept the sooner this would be over.

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The heat continued in much the same way over the next three days. Will was only knotted in his hole five more times. Instead, Mathew repeatedly teased him: making Will beg for attention, only to be pushed away or fucked in the mouth again.

Sucking off the alpha wasn’t terrible. In fact it gave Will some of the attention he was craving, with Mathew holding his head in place or stroking hands through his hair. But the knotting aspect was terrible, Will’s jaw was left feeling like it had been wrenched apart.

He had also gathered the most horrendous bruises from kneeling so long on the ground. And more around his hips from where Mathew held too tightly whenever Will had “earned” the right to be knotted.
Will had never realised that heats were so horrendous. He knew of course that they were no walk in the park but had thought for sure that assisted heats weren’t too bad. His newfound knowledge made him feel sorry for all those omegas who choose to stay off suppressants and had had heats since they went through puberty. If they felt anything like he did, they must be incredibly resilient to keep going through it.

He felt sick and dizzy, not to mention the cramping pain from his abdomen that only faded when he was knotted. He was also starting to feel weak and faint whenever he tried to move. He had wondered if food or water would help and had asked Mathew if he would bring him something. The alpha had laughed and replied,

“I’m not here to feed you, I’m here to fuck you.” As if to make his point he then pushed Will to the ground and fed him his cock instead.

The only water Will managed to get was a few deep gulping swallows at the tap after he had painstakingly crawled himself to the bathroom, his legs too weak to stand. It was almost a relief when Will awoke on the forth day of his heat to find an empty apartment. Although his heat wasn’t over, it had simmered down to a more subtle, suppressible itch beneath his skin. Enough to allow him to stand at least, as his stumbled his way into the shower.

The warm water cleared his mind as he gently rubbed away marks of dried cum and slick from his body. He opened his mouth, tilting it up against the flow of water, allowing his mouth to fill as he swallowed desperately. It satisfied some of his thirst at least and he pulled on some pyjama pants before shuffling into the kitchen.

He gulped down four glasses of water before he forced himself to stop less he make himself sick. He then moved to the fridge, fishing out some of the unused heat food that he had brought in preparation for this week. He slumped at the kitchen table munching his way through punnets of strawberries and raspberries before starting on the bunch of bananas on the table. It was only when he felt full that some of his awareness came back to him.

His head was still slightly fuzzy and his limbs heavy, but he was able to think more clearly now that the desperation had taken a back seat. He felt ashamed. He had been weak, needy, desperate, clingy and pathetic. Was this mortification normal for an omega just coming off a heat? Surely not for those who knew the alphas they partnered with or were in relationships with them. Those alphas would love their partners, despite their apparent weakness. They would know it was only part of the heat, and not their fault. But for those omegas who used heat services, surely they felt ashamed for strangers to see them this way? Will certainly did.

He had a momentary thought that at least it was over now, he would never have to see Mathew again or be reminded of the events of this heat, when he remembered the pictures. Mathew had taken pictures of him, he was sure of it. He could remember the start of the heat, before the events started to blur together, the alpha taking pictures of him knotting Will’s mouth, or Will naked next to the bed. He had taken more throughout the heat, although Will could only remember the click of the camera, his memory indistinct from the heat.

That wasn’t allowed was it? Surely that was a breach of privacy? God what if they were posted online and his students recognised him? Or what if his colleagues saw it? He would lose respect, friends, possibly his job. He had to call the heat services and report it.

Will hesitated, that would mean telling people, they would know that he had been too weak to stop it from happening. Will shuddered at the thought. He couldn’t call them, he couldn’t face the ignominy of them knowing what had happened.
He angrily wiped away tears that he hadn’t realised had started to fall. Will stood from his chair, threw away the remains of his breakfast and walked back to the bedroom. Exhaustion was starting to set in again and he knew there was no point staying awake and worrying. Instead he changed the sheets, dumping the dirty ones on the floor, before falling into a dreamless sleep.
“Good afternoon Mr Graham, how are you feeling?”

It had been three days since his heat and Will was feeling terrible. Today was a check-up with his doctor and Will couldn’t think of anything worse.

He shrugged his shoulders in reply to the doctor’s question, slumping into the uncomfortable office chair. He felt like shit; the past few days had been hellish for his nerves. He was so worried about the humiliating pictures Mathew had taken that he’d become controlled by his paranoia and neurosis.

He’d been watching his colleagues and students closely for any sign that they’d seen something, and he’d taken to searching online for the pictures himself. The process was torturous, searching for pictures of his own heat. But he wanted to be prepared if they did get put online, he didn’t want to be the last to know.

Will had returned to work two days ago, Beverly calling him almost as soon as he entered the office. She’d invited him to lunch, with the promise that he’d give her all the lucid details of his heat, but Will had just shaken her off, claiming he was feeling under the weather.

It wasn’t a lie after all. The heat combined with the stress had taken its toll on Will and he’d lost some weight that he really couldn’t afford to lose. It showed too, his cheeks hollow and his ribs protruding. Will could see the doctor looking at him disapprovingly from across the desk.

If he’d been able to find a way out of this doctor’s appointment he would have done. Dr Richards was a nice man, straight forward and to the point, but Will just wanted to forget the ordeal had ever happened at all. The thought of discussing the events with anyone made him feel physically ill.

Doctor Richards cleared his throat, “I was under the impression that you had decided to take my advice and use a heat service, and not put yourself through an unaided heat Mr Graham?” the man peered at him over his glasses, “You look…. To be frank, you don’t look very well.”

“I did use a heat service” Will replied blandly, he kept his eye line somewhere over Dr Richard’s shoulder, focusing on the bookcase behind him.

“You did?” The doctor looked surprised and he took out a hormone test from one of the cabinets beside him. “Well maybe your hormone levels show some improvement then.”

The test was easy, a simple prick of the finger and an instant reading on the display monitor. Will watched as the doctor examined the results. The man frowned before looking back at Will sympathetically.

“Well your hormone levels haven’t improved at all. Still far too high for a healthy individual. If anything, I might expect a below average result from someone who’s just gone through their heat. Did you feel any better in yourself after your heat Mr Graham, less stressed or tense perhaps?”

Will shook his head; he wasn’t particularly surprised by the results. If every other aspect of his heath had gotten worse why not this one also?
“No Dr Richards, I feel worse than I did before.” Will couldn’t help his short reply, he’d been having trouble sleeping for the past few days and found himself snapping at everyone. In truth he didn’t know how much of the stress he was feeling was due to the horrible heat or whether it was simply caused by his fear of the photos getting online.

“Well most omegas report a feeling of relaxation, comfort and clear-headedness after their heat. Perhaps your unchanged hormone levels are the cause of you feeling worse?” The doctor lifted his glasses and rubbed at his eyes, “I’m afraid I can’t in good conscience put you back on your suppressants with your hormones like this Mr Graham. You’ll have to go through another heat and we can check your hormones again then.”

“But it didn’t work last time so why on earth would you think another heat will change anything!” Will snapped at the doctor. He tried to reign in his temper, but the idea of going through another heat terrified him.

“Perhaps twice is a charm in this case Mr Graham. I’m sorry that this is the case but sometimes our bodies don’t do what we want them to. I can contact the hear services for you and arrange for you to see the same alpha if this would put your mind at ease.” Dr Richards turned towards his computer and Will jerked forwards in his chair.

“No! No thank you. I won’t be using a heat service again. I’ll go through it unaided.” Anything would be preferable to seeing Mathew Brown again.

Dr Richards looked at him disapprovingly, “While I cannot make decisions for you I can strongly advice you against an unaided heat. I doubt it will improve your hormone levels much and two months down the road, we will be in the same position we are in now. It’s not something I’d recommend to a healthy individual, let alone someone who was hospitalised only a few months ago.”

Will nodded along with him. This was all stuff he had heard before, but it didn’t change the fact that he wasn’t prepared to put himself through a heat like that again.

The doctor looked at him kindly, “Perhaps if the heat service didn’t work for you might try asking a trusted friend to assist you instead.”

The doctor rose from his chair and Will followed, shaking his hand before hurriedly exiting the office. At least he had around two months to try and find a solution.

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A week later and Beverly had finally managed to force Will into going to dinner with her and her alpha, Alana. It was a small place just outside of the city and served tasty Italian food. Will liked the quietness of the restaurant; there was a general lack of screaming children and noisy tourists. The owners were friendly too, seating the three of them on the outside terrace where fairy lights took the place of stars.

“I take it from the fact that you’ve been avoiding me that the heat didn’t go very well.” It didn’t take Beverly long to get to the point, although it never did. Will usually liked her blunt and straightforward attitude, but apparently not on this subject.

“I haven’t been avoiding you, I’ve just been busy,” Beverly snorted incredulously into her wine glass.

“Not denying that it didn’t go well though?” Alana delicately curled tagliatelle around her fork,
studying Will across the table.

Will sighed and looked at the tablecloth, “It was horrible. I’m not using the services for my next heat.”

“What? You’re going to go through it unaided? Will I cannot express to you how much that is a terrible idea, especially for you!”

“It can’t be any worse than the heat I just went through.” Will snapped back.

Alana raised her eyebrow, “Is there no one you could ask to help you? If you’re so keen on not using a heat service again”

Will shook his head and Beverly interrupted her alpha’s train of thought with a dramatic waving of her hands, “I think we’re missing the point a bit here! Why won’t you use the heat service Will? What about it has made you decide an unaided heat is more preferable?”

Will set his cutlery down and instead reached for a sip of wine, he didn’t feel that hungry anymore. He looked across the table where Beverly was still eyeing him intensely. These were his friends and if he couldn’t confide in them who could he talk to?

He put the wine glass down carefully, and started talking. He explained how the alpha had rubbed Will the wrong way from the start with his rudeness. How he’d hated the rough treatment and felt powerless to stop it and how vulnerable and humiliated he’d been left feeling when the heat was over. He spoke about how disgusted he was with his own weakness, his dependence on someone he’d never met before, how he clung to every bit of attention. The words brought back that feeling of self hatred and he broke off, not wanting to reenter that state of mind.

Oh Will…” Beverly breathed and Will could see her eye’s were glistening from across the table.

“That’s not the worst part.” Will felt tears welling up in his throat and he looked away, not wanting them to see any more of his humiliation than necessary. “I let him take pictures.”

“Pictures?” Alana snapped. Will nodded weakly,

“I’m so worried about them being put online and the students finding them. It would be so unprofessional, I’d lose all of their respect. And that’s not including what the alumni would think of me. I’d almost definitely get fired” His voice broke again and he snapped his mouth shut not wanting the two women to hear the emotion in his voice.

“Forgive me if I’m wrong, but it sounds like you’re blaming yourself for what happened.” Will lifted his head to look across at Alana’s stern gaze. “That’s fucking ridiculous Will. An omega in heat is vulnerable and exposed. That’s why there are such vigorous training processes for the alphas working in heat services, they should be the ones in control. It sounds like this alpha broke every rule in the book! He took advantage of you Will. He physically and mentally hurt you, which is bad enough, but he did it when you weren’t able to fight back.”

“I- I know taking pictures isn’t allowed but I didn’t want to report it. I didn’t want them to know. I thought the rest of it was kind of… normal?”

“Normal!” Beverly seemed to have regained her voice again as she squeaked the word across the table. “It sounds like a horrible ordeal you went through Will! Nothing like the experiences I had when I used the heat services. We need to report this alpha immediately, get him struck from the register and then file a police report.”
Will wiped at his eyes with the back of his hand. In some ways, knowing he had been taken advantage of made it worse. He was more alone now, isolated by his experience even if he did no longer have to feel ashamed about how much of a pushover he’d been. It hadn’t been his fault, none of it had been.

“I feel so guilty.” Beverly whispered, taking Will’s hand from where it was lying flat on the table. “I was the one who suggested this for you.”

Will shook his head, “No, it’s not your fault.”

“And it’s not yours either Will.” Alana held his gaze for a long moment before Will’s eyes darted away. “I can understand that this would put you off a heat service, but putting yourself through an unaided heat will not make things better.” She paused, “I have a friend by the name of Hannibal Lecter, he once mentored me when I was still a student. He used to work for the heat services, a long time ago now, but he has better control than anyone else I know.”

“Alana,” Will sighed heavily, “I don’t think I could have heat sex with an alpha again, not so soon after....”

“Heat’s aren’t just about sex Will. He could be there to provide his scent, not to mention food and comfort. Those are just as important and it doesn’t sound like this other alpha gave you any of that.”

“But being that vulnerable in front of a stranger? It’s humiliating.”

Beverly interrupted, her hand squeezing Will’s tightly. “What if you met him before? You could go to dinner or something? That way he’s not a stranger, and if you don’t like him you still have plenty of time to find another solution.”

Will groaned, “Why do I get the impression that the two of you are trying to set me up?

Alana gave him a weak smile, “I must admit that I think you and Hannibal would be a good pair. But I think you would also make good friends, if that’s all you wanted.”

“I doubt I’ll find him interesting enough for that”

Alana smiled properly, “I assure you that you’ll find him interesting.”

“But first you need to report this other alpha.” Beverly said interjected cheerfully, finally turning her attention back onto her pasta. “And give me his name so I can hunt him down and castrate him for you.”

She stabbed a tomato so forcefully, juice sprayed out of one side and all over the white tablecloth. Will almost felt sorry for Mathew Brown. Almost.

... 

The day’s trudged onwards but Will was grateful that he now had Beverley and Alana on his side. They had been his rock for the past week despite his initial resistance to their involvement. The two of them were a power couple for a reason and they had forced their way unapologetically into his life. Beverly maintained a constant text stream with Will, talking to him about anything and everything to try and keep his mind occupied. This, combined with Alana popping into Will’s office whenever she was free, allowed Will to feel more connected to people again.

The anxiety left over from his heat had made him jumpy and self-conscious. He couldn’t shake the
worry that the pictures of him would someone reach his co-workers and the fear made it hard to interact with them normally. He had always been a bit of a recluse at work but before Alana and Beverly’s knew involvement, he’d taken avoiding colleagues to the next level. Now though he was getting on far better at work, and with the improvement of his mental health the two alphas had decided he was well enough to contact the heat services.

Will still wanted to put it off, but as both Beverly and Alana had highlighted to him the longer he left it the more likely it was that Mathew Brown would hurt someone else. Their logic made sense of course, but that didn’t make it any easier.

He sat on the sofa in his tiny apartment, his phone in his hand, just staring into space. He waited until he couldn't put it off anymore, the sun had sunk below the horizon and he was dialing the number before he could stop himself.

“Hello, you’re speaking to Emma from Baltimore Heat Services. How can I help you today?”

“… Good evening. My name’s William Graham. I- I used your services for my last heat and I wanted to report the alpha I was with.”

“Of course Mr Graham, what was the date that you used our services?”

“It was three weeks ago, started on the 20th.” Will clenched his free hand into a fist, trying to stop the trembling of his fingers.

“Right OK… yes I’ve got your records here. And the alpha you used was a Mr Mathew Brown.”

Will gritted his jaw, “Yes.”

The woman on the phone hesitated and Will could hear her clicking and typing at her computer. She paused before saying, “You are still very welcome to give us your complaint but Mr Brown has already been dismissed from the heat service.”

“W-what?” Will breathed down the line,

“He was dismissed after we received a complaint from the second omega he was assigned to. The omega reported him the first day he arrived for illicit behaviour of a sexual nature. Namely trying to force the omega to commit sexual acts with him.”

She paused and Will could hear his own heavy breathing down the line. “I must apologise Mr Graham, usually when an alpha is dismissed in cases like this we contact all the omegas they have been assigned to, in order to check they didn’t have similar experiences. But your post heat survey said that you were very happy with Mr Brown’s treatment of you?”

“I didn’t fill in any survey” Will rubbed his hand over his eyes tiredly. This other omega had been braver and stronger than him, reporting Mathew as soon as he stepped a toe out of line. If Will had had the same strength then that omega would never have been put into that situation.

“I- I apologise Mr Graham, there must be some mistake in our system? It says you filled it out on the 23rd at 5pm?”

“I was still going through my heat at that time, I wouldn’t have been able to fill in a survey.” He sighed again down the phone, “My laptop was in the living room, Mathew would have had plenty of time to fill in that survey without me knowing.”

“I must ask for forgiveness again Mr Graham, it has been a complete oversight on our part not to
contact you. Could we perhaps offer you some form of compensation? We do have good contacts with councillors that might help-"

“No thank you. I’m fine. I just wanted to report Mathew Brown and make sure he wasn’t ever allowed to work for you again.” Will interrupted harshly, he hated the pitying tone in the woman’s voice.

“Of course Mr Graham, we can certainly ban him from working for any heat service again. However, may I suggest that you file a police report as well? It would be more far-reaching and could prevent him from ever being allowed to work with omegas again.”

“Yes, yes I’ll do that. Thank you.” Will said tersely before hanging up. He knew it was rude but he didn’t want to think about this anymore.

God he was so weak for not reporting it sooner. But he’d done it at least, and there was no way that Mathew could wheedle his way back into the heat services or back into Will’s life.

Now he could try to move on from the whole experience.

...

After much whining and coaxing from both Alana and Beverly, Will had agreed to meet with Alana’s friend Hannibal.

It was only a few days since he’d contacted the heat services and while he was still feeling incredibly guilty after finding out that Mathew had hurt another omega he was starting to feel like he was adjusting again.

That being said his anxiety had once again skyrocketed at the idea of meeting an unknown alpha, in an unknown place, by himself. Will had obviously done some research and knew at least the name of the restaurant and from its website he’d been able to guess that this wasn’t the type of place he would usually frequent. It was far too classy.

He sat at the reserved table in a secluded corner of the restaurant eyeing the clock above the door. He’d arrived 15 minutes early, and had spent the whole time downing the water on the table, thankful that it wasn’t wine so he didn’t humiliate himself.

The door opened one minute before they’d agreed to meet and a tall, well-built alpha walked in. The man gracefully held the door open for a waitress as he moved into the room and Will’s inner omega swooned at the politeness. Will studied his handsome features looking for a trace of arrogance or self-entitlement, instead all he saw was confidence. Will found himself hoping that this was Hannibal before quickly suppressing that thought, he wasn’t going to get his hopes up about someone before he’d even met them.

Will realised he was staring and looked down at the table as he saw the alpha approach. The man had an amused glint in his eye and Will found himself blushing at the combination of his chiseled face and well-groomed appearance. The man was definitely Will’s type, but that didn’t mean Will was just going to roll over and spend a heat with him.

“You must be William Graham,” The man held out his hand and Will stood to shake it. His voice carried a light accent and Will was briefly distracted before he managed a weak smile and a greeting.

The two of them sat and Hannibal started to make light small talk, which Will eagerly responded to, secretly relieved that he didn’t have to carry the conversation.
Eventually, once the server had taken their order, Will managed to gather the courage to ask a question, he didn’t want to appear uninterested and rude.

"So Alana tells me you used to mentor her"

"Yes, for a time. Although I'm afraid the pupil has far surpassed the teacher."

Will laughed, feeling slightly more confident at the man’s modest reply. "That's not what Alana implied when she spoke about you."

Hannibal smiled at him and took a sip of his wine, "And may I be so bold as to ask what Alana has told you about me?"

"Not much more than that really, just that you used to work for the heat service. And that I would find you interesting."

"Then I must endeavour to meet her estimations"

Will paused, his gaze lifting to meet Hannibal's dark eyes, "I was half tempted to look you up, you know? But I thought it might defeat the point of a blind date." Will blinked at his own boldness. "Not that this is a date! Sorry I didn't mean to assume..." Will trailed off, embarrassed.

Hannibal looked at him, eye’s smiling, over his wine glass "I cannot promise to have had the same restraint. Alana has mentioned you before and I have conducted my own research. I found your most recent publication on medicolegal entomology very enlightening. In fact I wanted to invite you to one of my dinner parties for a while now, but I thought it might appear rude to invite you without us having been properly introduced. No doubt you would have found it strange." His smile made Will shiver slightly as he looked at him across the table, "I can assure you that I will not be withholding such an invitation again."

Will smiled weakly, still humiliated from his earlier social blunder. His mouth didn’t seem to get the message though and he heard himself ask, "So why did you used to work for the heat services, if you don't mind me asking?"

"Money, as much as it seems vulgar to admit it. At the time I was a medical student in Paris and I needed additional funding to take the financial burden off my relatives. That, and I was good at it. I liked providing and caring for people. I knew of other alphas who would take advantage of omegas in their care and I felt the need to prove-"

"That not all alphas are the same?" Will muttered bitterly.

Hannibal looked at him sharply, "That omega’s shouldn't feel ashamed of their biology. That the alphas were in the wrong, not them."

"I- I apologise. It was rude of me to interrupt. And to be presumptuous."

Hannibal smiled again, the sharpness gone and Will felt it's warmth from across the table. "You are forgiven. I must confess that I am usually a stickler for politeness, however I find I am willing to let you off. You are quite charming William."

Will blushed, "Despite my quirks."

"Or perhaps because of those."

Will cleared his throat looking away awkwardly, the server returned with the food and
conversation ceased for a moment. As they tucked into their dishes, Will noticed Hannibal watching him from across the table again. Will smiled in a bemused way and Hannibal put down his fork.

“Returning to your earlier conversation, I would consider this a date. If you wished it to be.”

Will almost dropped the jug of sauce he was pouring over his food. “I’m sorry?”

“I was interested in you before I met you and now I am even more so. I am also attracted to you and I am already looking forward to meeting with you again. Does that clarify it for you?” The alpha smirked at Will’s shock, enjoying the stunned silence his brutal honesty had brought him.

Will tried to compose himself a bit, smiling back at him and trying to ignore the rapid beating of his heart. “Yes, I suppose that clarifies it a bit.”

The alpha held up his wine glass for a toast, “To first impressions then.” Will followed suit, raising his glass and even as his eye’s dropped back to the table. Hannibal was attractive and interesting and Will found himself fond of him already. The idea of spending a heat with him was appealing but that thought made him nervous. He had known this alpha only slightly longer than he had known Mathew, and he wasn’t about to let a stranger take advantage of him again.

But then, it couldn’t hurt to give Hannibal a chance, could it?

…

A week later and it was Will and Hannibal’s second “date”, although Will still wasn’t comfortable calling them that. He’d felt definite chemistry between them at the time but in the days between he’d started to doubt himself and wondered if his feelings were one sided.

Hannibal was far too good for Will: he was a gentleman; he was well-off with a successful career; he was very intelligent, matching Will at every turn; and that didn’t even cover the fact that he was extremely handsome.

Hannibal was obviously only meeting with him as a favour to Alana, to him their relationship was nothing more than business and Will shouldn’t let himself get attached.

Bolstered by his self-reprimanding pep-talk he fixed his coat and stood to get off the bus. They were meeting at Hannibal’s house, and Will had painstakingly mapped out his journey on public transport to get there.

The alpha had been quite insistent that he needed to cook Will a meal in his own home and Will had been happy to oblige him. He told himself it was for the stimulating conversation, rather than the excitement he felt from meeting with an attractive alpha.

Will approached Hannibal’s house from a distance, walking along the path from the bus stop, repeating the directions he’d looked up earlier in his head. He knew the house when he saw it though, the distance he approached from giving him the full effect.

It was a large brick building; the sharp lines of the walls making it appear more intimidating. The windows were tall and ornate, looking like they belonged more on a medieval church than someone’s house.

Will instantly thought that the building suited Hannibal, which was ridiculous as Will barely knew the alpha. Still, there was something about the elegance of the building, paired with its faintly menacing presence, which reminded Will of him.
He walked up the garden path to the door, barely knocking before the entrance was swung open for him.

“Good evening William, you’re right on time.” Hannibal’s smile made Will’s stomach do a flip and he managed a weak smile back as he crossed the threshold into Hannibal’s home.

“Good evening Hannibal, you have a lovely home.” Inwardly a war waged within Will, his pep-talk had flown right out the window as soon as Hannibal had opened the door. He couldn’t deny the attraction he felt for this man, even if the alpha didn’t feel the same. He would just have to maintain his dignity by trying not to make his attraction obvious.

Hannibal was still looking out the door, a slight frown on his face. “Did you not drive William? Where did you park your car?”

“Oh I don’t have one, it’s too expensive in the city so I just get buses instead.” Hannibal seemed to have recovered from his shock and closed the door before helping Will out of his coat.

“I must apologise William, I would have picked you up if I had known. I am aware my home is on the outskirts of the city.”

“Don’t be silly Hannibal; I didn’t expect you to do that.” Hannibal led Will through to a modern looking kitchen, “Still, I must request that you allow me to drive you home, I would feel very rude otherwise.” Will smiled more fully at the alpha’s politeness.

“If it makes you happy” Hannibal’s eye’s caught Will’s in an intense look, and Will froze where he stood.

“It does, thank you.” Will looked away, embarrassed as he desperately thought of something to change the subject.

“The food smells delicious, what are you making?” Hannibal turned back to the stove, as if remembering the meal, gesturing for Will to take a seat.

“Braised lamb with rosemary and artichokes. I’ve also prepared some buttered kale and honey roasted carrots.” He turned to a cupboard and removed two delicate wine glasses, “Do you like red wine William? I thought the meal might go nicely with some Chianti”

Will nodded his assent, watching as the blood red wine filled his glass. Hannibal handed it to him when he had finished and Will took a deep sip.

“You seem very quiet tonight William, are you quite well?”

“I apologise. I’m fine, doing better than I was actually. I just feel… nervous I suppose” Will shrugged and looked away awkwardly.

“There is no need to apologise William. Although I am surprised at your nervousness, especially since we have met before. Is there anything I can do to set you at ease?”

“No! No I didn’t mean to imply It was anything you’ve done. I made myself nervous worrying about tonight I think.” Will shifted in his seat.

“And why were you nervous about tonight? I hope my invitation into my home didn’t make you uncomfortable.”

Will shook his head frantically, “Of course not, I know you’d never take advantage of me, you’re
the most gentlemanly person I’ve ever met. Besides, I’m sure you’re not even interested in me like that.” Will found himself babbling, feeling like he was rapidly losing control of the conversation. Jesus Christ, this evening wasn’t going as Will had hoped, he’d been here five minutes and he’d already made a fool of himself.

Hannibal’s voice was serious when he spoke again and Will focused on his glass rather than look back at him, not wanting to see his disapproval. It seemed Will couldn’t help but be rude.

“I thought I’d made my feelings on the matter quite clear. I am very much attracted to you William. It would, of course, be pleasure to assist you through your heat, if that is something you would like. However I am more interested in starting a relationship with you, something that would last far longer than four days.” Will looked at Hannibal wide-eyed. The alpha smiled gently, “I apologise if that is not something you want, but I believed it would be better that you had no doubts over my intentions.”

There was a long pause and Will let out a shaky breath, “It is. Something I want I mean.” Hannibal’s replying smile had a hint of triumph to it.

“Would you like more wine William?”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!
Next chapter: Will's second heat!
Will awoke sluggishly, the bed sheets underneath him clinging to his skinny frame. He pushed the hair away from his face, hand slick with sweat, before cringing at the wetness between his thighs. Will sat up suddenly, feeling nauseous at the thought that this was the start of it. His second heat.

He slid out of bed, standing and making his way into the bathroom. He showered quickly, scrubbing away as much slick from his body as he could before he emerged, standing shivering in his bedroom. He contemplated trying to go back to sleep, it would be an easy escape. After all it was still dark outside so it was likely some ungodly hour in the morning.

But that wasn’t fair, he needed to call Hannibal and let him know, how else could the alpha decide if he wanted to help? Just thinking about the man caused heat to coil in his belly, and Will rubbed at his eyes trying to maintain some clear-headedness.

They hadn’t directly spoken about Will’s heat, despite having seen each other nearly every day for the last few weeks. Hannibal had been respectful of Will’s clear avoidance of the subject anytime the conversation came close to it and now Will felt annoyed at himself for not having the discussion sooner.

Hannibal must have been able to scent Will’s heat last night so Will calling him shouldn’t be a complete shock. Unless the alpha thought that Will’s refusal to talk about his upcoming heat meant that he didn’t want to spend it with the alpha.

The thought made Will cringe as a cramp tightened its hold on his abdomen. In truth he hadn’t been sure he wanted Hannibal to help him through his heat, but now the thought of being alone, or worse, with someone else, made Will’s skin crawl.

Mind made up he reached for his phone and dialled Hannibal’s number. He’d lost count of the amount of times he’d called the man, despite them seeing each other so much. Will often found himself craving hearing Hannibal’s voice throughout the day and when he mentioned it to the alpha, the man insisted that he call him whenever he had the urge. So far, the alpha had always picked up, or at least called him back within a few minutes. Will wondered absently how he managed it while also seeing clients.

It seemed this call was no exception, despite it being the early hours of the morning, Will had barely held the phone to his ear when he heard Hannibal pick up.

“William? Is something the matter?” Will almost whimpered at the sound of Hannibal’s voice, forcing it down at the last moment.

“Hannibal, I- I’m starting my heat.” Will paused, swallowing thickly, and he heard Hannibal’s breathing hitch down the phone, “I was wondering if you would... help me?”

“Are you sure William? Are you in the right state of mind to be asking me something like this?” Hannibal’s voice was calm and collected and Will felt himself growing wetter just speaking to the man.

“Yes, I’m sure.” He said firmly before hesitating slightly, “I don’t know if I’ll want... everything from you. But I know I want you here, I need your scent.”
“Of course William, we will not do anything you do not want to. I will be there in 30 minutes, I want you to try and get some more rest. I’ll call you again when I’m outside.” Hannibal’s decisiveness made Will tremble as he nodded along with the alpha.

“Yes Hannibal, I’ll try.”

“Good boy.” The alpha purred before hanging up. Will remained where he was for a while, just clutching the phone to his chest as if it could somehow bring Hannibal closer to him. Eventually he stumbled into bed, a distant omegan instinct pulling him to obey Hannibal’s gentle command.

His eyes shuttered closed and he curled into himself, the phone held next to his face ready for Hannibal’s call.

…

Will jolted awake when he felt his phone ringing, and he started to wrestle himself out of his blankets. He needed Hannibal and he whined desperately as he thought about the alpha. He stumbled out of bed towards the door and wrenched it open.

Hannibal stood outside the door dressed, as always, in a three-piece suit with a large hamper sitting on the ground beside him. Will barely hesitated before he pulled Hannibal into a tight embrace, he needed someone to hold him, and Hannibal was the perfect person to do it.

“Hush William, I’m here.” Hannibal wrapped his arms around the trembling omega and stroked his hand soothingly through his hair. Will gripped onto his fine coat tightly, his knuckles white as he tugged Hannibal over the threshold, the alpha barely having time to pick up the hamper before Will shut the door.

When the door was closed Will felt a knot deep in his stomach loosen and he realised some part of him hadn’t been expecting Hannibal to show up. He pushed his face back into Hannibal’s chest allowing the alpha to continue soothing him with a hand in his hair.

“Come now William, let me get you more comfortable.” Will's heart rate spiked at the thought that Hannibal wanted him to undress before pushing the discomfort away, Hannibal had offered to assist Will through his heat and that meant he would expect certain things from him. And if that meant Will stripping then so be it.

Hannibal steered William into his small living room, gently coaxing him onto the couch before turning on the TV. The alpha disappeared shortly, Will barely whining at the loss of Hannibal’s hands on him, before he’d returned with Will’s duvet and some slippers. When Will was tightly wrapped in the duvet and the slippers were neatly in place, Hannibal picked up the hamper and made his way into Will’s pathetic excuse for a kitchen.

“What did you bring?” Will asked, his senses returned for the moment now he realised Hannibal wasn't going to ask him to strip for him. His omega instincts instead purring away now he was comfortable and cozy.

“Food William, some fresh ingredients and some pre-prepared meals I have made myself. Are you hungry now?”

Will shrugged, part of him wanting Hannibal to provide for him and the other part wanting Hannibal on the sofa to snuggle with.

“Perhaps some hot cocoa then?” The alpha suggested and Will purred at the thought, omegas tended to have a sweet tooth during their heats and the hot drink would add to his current cosiness.
Will found himself unable to stop watching as Hannibal moved around his kitchen, there was something so domestic about the scene that it made his heart flutter in his chest and to his horror he felt himself tearing up. He quickly pressed his face into his hands, not wanting to embarrass himself in front of Hannibal, only to feel warm fingers gently pulling his hands away.

“Shhh William,” Hannibal soothed, sitting himself down next to Will and pulling him into an embrace.

“I-I’m sorry, I don’t know why I’m being so pathetic.” Will whimpered as he curled up in Hannibal’s lap.

“You cannot help it William. An omega’s hormone levels are displaced during heat, it is one of the many reasons why omegas are so vulnerable at this time. You cannot help becoming emotional.” Hannibal’s hands gently stroked down Will’s back and he found himself relaxing under the alpha’s soothing contact.

“I love cuddling,” Will whispered deliriously as sleep pulled him under, “I like the closeness of it.” Hannibal pulled him in tighter, his arms wrapped around the omega.

“I can feel your heart beat against my hand. It is like I am holding a butterfly within my palm, fluttering against my skin.” Hannibal murmured, lips pressed into Will’s curls Will wondered absently if he should be embarrassed by his pounding heartbeat, the excitement of Hannibal’s proximity only increasing its ferocity, but the pull of sleep instead lured him to curl up in Hannibal’s arms.

“Sleep William, I will still be here when you awake.” The gentle command seemed to be the last thing Will needed to push him into unconsciousness and he drifted asleep surrounded by Hannibal’s soothing scent.

…

Will awoke gradually, he could hear Hannibal’s soothing voice above him and he wondered absently if it was normal to feel this comfortable around someone you hadn’t known for long. As his awareness came back to him he could hear that Hannibal was speaking in a language he didn’t understand.

“What are you saying?” Will whispered, still on the edge of sleep.

“I was reading to you William, from my copy of Bleak House. Although I am afraid I only have this copy in Lithuanian.”

Will smiled, enjoying the quiet for a moment before he spoke again, “I didn’t imagine my heat would be so different.” Hannibal’s head snapped towards him and he carefully placed the book on the table.

“I apologise, have you changed your mind about my presence here? I will not be offended if you ask me to leave.”

“Quite the opposite, I am very glad to have you here. Although you’ve given me another example of why you’re so different. I didn’t know heats could be like this. I always thought they were lust driven things where no one had any control over what they did.” He paused, swallowing around the sudden thickness in his throat, “It makes me feel ashamed over the way I acted during my last heat.”

Hannibal pulled him up onto his lap, running a soothing hand through Will’s hair.
“You’re barely on the cusp of your heat yet William, I am afraid you will lose some control over your actions over the next few hours.” Will wiped his eyes quickly, not wanting to embarrass Hannibal with his crying.

“You don’t understand, I humiliated myself during my last heat. I was so desperate. If you knew the things I let him do, you wouldn’t be holding me the way you are now. You’d be disgusted at my weakness.” Will spat out, trying to pull away as Hannibal only held him tighter.

“I could never be disgusted by anything you do William. In fact I think I would have trouble thinking anything negative of you at all. Besides I was always taught that during a heat an omega has very little control over their actions, and that is why it is so important for alphas to maintain theirs.”

“So you could go through this whole heat without touching me?” Will challenged.

“I do not think that would beneficial to you, but I believe I could. Would you like to set limits while you are able to? It would certainly make me feel more comfortable.”

Will blushed slightly but nodded at Hannibal’s words, “I like the cuddling and the comfort, it soothes the aching a bit. I wouldn’t mind-” Will stopped and corrected himself, blushing harder now, “I would like to do some sexual stuff but I’m not sure I’d be up for-”

“Knotting?” Hannibal prompted, smirking slightly at Will’s bashfulness.

“Yes, exactly.” Will was a bit less flustered when he spoke again, Hannibal’s hand still combing through his hair. “The doctor I saw about my hormone imbalance, he said that being with an alpha during my heat would help. Only it didn’t last time, and that might have been because we didn’t knot for that long, or not enough.” Will cut off, shaking his head. “It doesn’t matter, but it didn’t work anyway. And maybe it won’t work this time either if you don't fuck me.” Will said harshly, he took a breath to regain his composure before he spoke again. “I don’t think I could go through knotting again so soon. Maybe next time? If there is one?” Will looked up sharply at Hannibal. “I didn’t mean to imply that you would want to…”

Hannibal hushed him and pulled him closer to his chest. “It would be my pleasure to spend any time with you, and a privilege to care for you in such an intimate way again.”

“I just don’t want to be a pity case.” Will whispered

“And you are not one. William, surely I have made my intentions clear by now? I could wait for years; go through hundreds of heats without being allowed to touch you, just to be in your presence. Could you imagine what I would do for a chance to become your mate? To belong to you and you belong to me? No you are definitely not a pity case William.”

“You want to mate me?”

"Eventually, yes. I believe I do. I would obviously like to get to know you better first.

"I think." Will stopped, "I think I want that too. But I'm not sure I'd be saying that so boldly if I wasn't in heat."

Hannibal smiled fondly at him, "I promise I will not hold you to anything."

"Thank you” He snuggled into Hannibal’s chest, breathing in his scent him deeply, “I can’t say I won’t doubt myself again, but I appreciate you saying that.” He turned his face into Hannibal’s shirt and mumbled, “And I never said you’re not allowed to touch me.”
“Good” Hannibal tilted Will head back up and pressed a kiss onto his forehead. Will let out a shaky breath and wrapped a hand around the back of Hannibal’s neck, pulling the alpha down as he pressed his lips onto his. They kissed for a few long moments before Will pulled back, sweeping Hannibal’s hair back from his eyes.

“Take me to bed?”

“It would be my pleasure”, Hannibal stood with Will still curled in his lap, strong arms easily holding the slighter man to his chest as Hannibal crossed the small apartment to the bedroom. He put Will down onto the bed as though he were made of glass, and Will would have teased him for it, except his inner omega purred at the gentle treatment. Hannibal’s hands slid under the soft t-shirt Will was wearing, tracing the lean lines of Will’s waist. He pulled slightly at the hem of the fabric.

“May I take this off?” Hannibal’s voice was husky and Will nodded weakly as he felt himself grow wet at the alpha’s voice. He saw the way Hannibal’s eye’s darkened at the scent as the alpha pulled the t-shirt over his head. His hands immediately resumed their caresses and Will felt himself blushing as one of Hannibal’s hand’s stroked over the sharp jut of Will’s hip.

“Sorry I’m so pointy” Will murmured, embarrassed at what Hannibal must be thinking. He knew he was hardly the omegan ideal of soft curves and child-bearing hips. Instead, he was thin: his ribs and hips visible; and his stomach shallow beneath Hannibal’s warm hands.

The alpha tutted at his words, “You are the most beautiful creature I have ever seen William. I am very familiar with the arts, but the beauty in the art I have seen does not come close to yours.”

Will laughed, “Now that is hyperbole if I’ve ever heard it.”

Hannibal smiled at Will’s laughter, “And yet what I say is completely true.” The softly spoken words sobered Will’s laughter and Hannibal ducked down to press a chaste kiss to his lips. Will moaned and tangled his hands into Hannibal’s hair, deepening the kiss as their tongues pressed together.

Will’s hands started unbuttoning Hannibal’s shirt and the alpha momentarily pulled away to rip it off before Will was pulling him back into a kiss. Will’s hands traced over Hannibal’s muscled torso, caressing each groove and dip, before drifting lower to try and unbutton his suit trousers.

Hannibal pulled back, pulling Will’s hands back up to rest on his wide shoulders “No William. This is about your pleasure.”

Will huffed, a wave of boldness hitting him, “And if my pleasure involves seeing your cock?”

Hannibal laughed at that but didn’t reply, hand’s coming to rest at the waistband of Will’s pyjama pants. “May I?”

“Why should I let you? When you wouldn’t let me?” Will snarked back, nerves making him feel slightly queasy.

Hannibal smirked, “Because I promise to give you the best orgasm of your life.” Will looked at him, wide eyed, and Hannibal’s lips curved further as he added, “So far.”

Will’s hand’s pushed Hannibal’s out of the way slightly as he pushed the pyjamas down, feeling more nervous now as he exposed himself. He only felt the vulnerability for a moment before Hannibal’s mouth licked across the head of his cock. He pressed kisses into the inside of Will’s
thigh before he pulled back to look up at Will’s stunned face.

“Is this OK William?” The dark tint to his eyes sent a flare of arousal down Will’s spine and his cock twitched next to Hannibal’s face.

“God yes. Please Hannibal I need—” he cut himself off with a yelp as Hannibal swallowed him whole, hollowing his cheeks as sucked hard, maintaining eye contact the whole time. Will tossed his head back, hands coming up to clench in Hannibal’s hair as the alpha bobbed his head. Will idly wondered if he should be embarrassed by the sounds he was making, but the dark look in Hannibal’s eyes and the smell of the alpha’s arousal in the room showed him that his noises were appreciated.

Hannibal pulled away slightly and Will reluctantly loosened his grip on him, only to tighten it again as the alpha dipped lower, licking over Will’s aching hole.

“Oh my God. Please don’t stop.” Will whimpered as Hannibal hoisted Will’s long legs over his shoulders. The alpha continued his ministrations, sucking at the rim of Will’s wet hole, digging his tongue in as deep as he could before licking down his thighs to catch any escaping slick. Will could feel himself on the brink of orgasm when Hannibal pulled back again.

Will groaned at the denial, wrenching his head up from where it was buried in the pillows just in time to see Hannibal sucking down his cock again. He moaned as he felt his orgasm building again, before another rush of pleasure crashed over him as Hannibal pushed two of his fingers into his hole. The sudden onslaught forced Will’s orgasm on him unexpectedly as he emptied himself into Hannibal’s mouth, panting as he watched the alpha swallow around him.

Will’s thighs trembled as Hannibal pulled back, pulling his fingers from Will’s slick hole and sucking them into his mouth. Will could see the trail of slick glistening down Hannibal’s wrist as he slowly regained his breath, and he felt distantly embarrassed at just how wet he had gotten. The sheets underneath him were soaked through and he could see dark patches of it soaked into the front of Hannibal’s trousers. His hand reached forward to stroke over the marks he had left and he whimpered as he felt the hot throbbing of Hannibal’s cock beneath his hand.

“Oh God Hannibal please.” He whispered and the alpha hushed him with a languid kiss.

“What was it I said about your pleasure William?” The omega groaned, tossing his head back dramatically. Hannibal grinned wolfishly, after all- he was a musician and he had been an excellent surgeon, it was safe to say he was good with his fingers.

…

Will gasped, brushing his lips against Hannibal's neck as his orgasm rattled through him. Legs clenching and hips pressing into the alpha’s talented fingers. It took Will a few minutes to regain his breath, his heart still pounding after the onslaught of pleasure.

"Hannibal.” He groaned, feeling the mans slick fingers withdraw from where they were pressed inside him.

"Yes William? Did you enjoy that?"

Will laughed, hand coming up to weakly slap at Hannibal's chest, "You know I did, but don't get cocky!"

The responding rumbling laugh made Will shiver and he felt Hannibal pull the bed sheets up around him, pressing them tighter together.
Will sobered up as he pressed his face into Hannibal’s chest, hand stroking over the alpha’s muscled physic. He’d woken up with the fire of heat once again flaring through him and Hannibal had, as promised, quenched that fire with attentiveness and passion.

As his heart rate slowed Will could feel the burn of his heat fading and he knew it wouldn’t remain for long. While only a few days ago Will couldn’t wait for his heat to be over, now all he could feel was panic that Hannibal would soon be leaving. Will couldn’t deny his attraction to the alpha and now that attraction was quickly building into something else. It was idiotic, Hannibal was only with him as a favour for a friend, he had no feelings for Will, and yet here Will was practically clinging to him. He closed his eyes and breathed in the alpha’s scent.

"Did you only agree to help me out of pity?" He whispered into the alpha's skin. He couldn’t contain the question anymore, no matter how much he dreaded the answer.

"I believe I have already told you that that is absolutely not the case. I do not do things for such basic reasons. I agreed to help you because I wanted to. It gave me pleasure to think of helping you in such an intimate way, and knowing no other alpha would get the privilege."

“And it wasn’t just because Alana asked you too?”

Hannibal tutted, combing his fingers through Will’s curls gently. “I agreed to meet you at Alana’s request, yes. Every other meeting however, was an act of pure indulgence. Let me be clear William, I do not do things I do not want to.”

"You promise?" Will breathed. He knew that he was only acting like this because his heat made him vulnerable and sensitive, but he couldn't bring himself to stop. Hannibal pressed a soft kiss to Will’s forehead. "Yes Will I promise."

…

Hannibal breathed slowly into the darkness of Will’s apartment, the sleeping omega still draped across his chest. Hannibal could smell Will’s heat had ended but that did not mean he was going to release his hold on the omega just yet.

He softly traced the line of Will’s arm, blood boiling underneath his cool exterior.

Hannibal prided himself at being good at maintaining control over his emotions. After all, no weak alpha could stop themselves from taking an omega in heat, let along one as delicious as William. And while Hannibal could admit he was very tempted by the omega laying across him, he would never consider taking more than Will was willing to give.

Despite this, he was struggling to keep his composure now, anger welling up inside him at the thought of the disgusting pig who’d touched his William.

When Alana had come to him, asking if he would meet a friend of hers who needed someone to help him through a heat, Hannibal been happy to be of service. Caring for omegas appealed to his base instincts and he always felt relaxed after assisting someone through a heat.

Then Alana had explained a little more, telling Hannibal that this friend had had a traumatic time with an alpha from a heat service and was now considering going unaided through his heat. It had instantly set his inner alpha growling, angry on behalf of the omega who’d been taken advantage of.

Of course, he had controlled himself in front of Alana, but that anger had remained and had only intensified when he’d met William. Hannibal’s instincts instantly told him that this omega was
compatible with him, and as they spoke he realised William was interesting, intelligent and amusing. The fact that an unknown alpha had hurt what was his burnt away at his control every time he interacted with the sweet omega.

After spending a heat with William and watching him in the throes of passion, Hannibal knew that Will was destined to be his mate. No matter how long it took to impress this strong willed omega, Hannibal was certain he would prove himself worthy of William. However their new connection only added to the burning anger inside him. He had now witnessed some of the effects the previous traumatic heat had had on William, making the omega self-conscious and insecure. And it made Hannibal furious.

He breathed slowly through his nose, forcing the fury building inside him back down. Rest assured if he ever met this Mathew, the other alpha wouldn’t be walking away unscathed from the encounter.

…

Will woke up slowly. His legs were entwined with Hannibal’s and he could feel the warm grip of the alpha’s arms wrapped tightly around him. He instantly decided that he’d never felt more comfortable in his life. The heat and irritation beneath his skin had faded away and Will couldn’t help but feel a bit sour that his heat had come to an end. With Mathew he had been begging for the ordeal to be over as soon as it had begun. But with Hannibal his heat had been fantastic. He stifled a pathetic giggle as he remembered what they had done together. They may not have knotted or fucked but Will had still never had sex like it. Perhaps that just demonstrated how poor his previous sexual experiences had been. He snuggled into Hannibal’s embrace affectionately and he felt Hannibal shift as he awoke.

“How are you feeling William?” Hannibal’s voice was rough with sleep and Will couldn’t decide whether he liked it better this way or with its usual smooth composure.

“Better, the itchiness has gone away.” The alpha’s eyes opened slowly and he turn to study Will more thoroughly. In truth, Will hadn’t felt better in years, it was the first time in ages he had awoken without a headache, feeling well rested and comfortable. “Thank you for taking care of me.” He murmured into the alpha’s shoulder.

“It was my pleasure William.” Hannibal pressed a gentle kiss to Will’s forehead and moved to get up. “Allow me to make you breakfast, it has been a while since you’ve eaten proper food.” Will laughed incredulously; the snacks Hannibal had brought him over the last few days had been divine. That being said he was ravenous. He rolled over to watch shamelessly as Hannibal stood and walked out of the room, muscles rippling in a way that suggested he knew he was being watched.

Will stood too, after Hannibal left the room, wobbling slightly on unsteady legs towards the bathroom. He stopped as he saw himself in the mirror. Apart from his messy hair he looked completely normal, his skin clear of any bruises.

He remembered how he looked after his heat with Mathew, covered in marks and scratches, and he was glad that Hannibal hadn’t felt he had the right to mark him all over his body without asking. Still, Will thought as he turned to admire his unblemished neck, maybe he wouldn’t mind carrying a few of Hannibal’s marks.

Will showered quickly, scrubbing away at the dried slick practically painting his thighs before dressing in clean pyjamas. He wouldn’t have to go back to work until tomorrow afternoon, but he had a post-heat doctor’s appointment in the morning that he was already dreading.
Hannibal had dressed himself by the time Will walked into the kitchen and the omega pouted with disappointment before quickly ducking his head as Hannibal crossed the kitchen with two plates.

“Eggs Benedict” Hannibal announced placing some down in front of Will, “One of the few American dishes I have in my repertoire.”

“And why is that?” Will smirked as Hannibal poured him coffee. “You consider our food substandard Doctor?”

Hannibal smirked at Will as he sat down, hand coming up to brush one of Will’s curls out of his face. “Nothing about you is substandard.” Will ducked his head again, blushing at the alpha’s sincerity.

“Thank you, for everything.” Will whispered, desperately wanting Hannibal to understand what he’d done for him by agreeing to look after him during his heat. He met Hannibal’s eyes across the table and he knew at once that the alpha understood what he meant.

“You are most welcome, but please- eat.”

Will sat in the doctor’s waiting room finishing his coffee and pastry he’d picked up from the nearest coffee shop. His appetite had returned with a vengeance after his heat with Hannibal, and he was thrilled. Will didn’t know if he had any more weight left to lose at this point.

After yesterday's breakfast Will had spent all of the day with Hannibal just lounging around and enjoying each other's company. Will had been worried that Hannibal would vanish as soon as Will’s heat was over but instead Will had practically had to force the alpha out the door.

As much as Will had wished that the alpha could stay even longer, they both had lives to get back to. Personally he’d been inundated with masses of marking and meetings after taking a week off, so he could only imagine the backlog awaiting Hannibal’s return to work. However the constant work helped keep his mind occupied. Any moment alone immediately sent his mind back to Hannibal, and he was starting to wonder if he’d developed a bit of an obsession with the alpha.

They’d texted back and forth a few times already today, and they’d also scheduled a date for the following evening. Will was practically buzzing with excitement at seeing the alpha again. As much as he tried to push his feelings down in order to save himself the disappointment of rejection Will couldn’t seem to stop wanting the alpha.

“What’s up Will?”

Will stood quickly, shaking Dr Richard’s hand before following him into his cheerful office.

“I must say Will you’re looking much better than when I last saw you,” The doctor practically beamed at him across the desk. Will managed a faint smile back. It was true he was feeling a lot better; he had more energy, his focus had returned and his mood was better than it had been in years.

And while these were all good things Will worried that it meant his hormones had re-balanced themselves. That meant he could go back on his suppressants, and that meant he might not have an excuse to see Hannibal anymore. After all what if the alpha was only interested in spending heats with him and not interested in a relationship.

“Right lets get the hormone test done shall we” The doctor cheerily took Will’s offered index
finger, pricking it with medical efficiency before wrapping it in a dinosaur plaster.

Will raised his eyebrow as the doctor busied himself with the hormone reader. He smiled sheepishly, “We’ve found the adult’s appreciate them as much as the kids do.” Will tried another smile as he waited for the hormone results.

“Ah! Well that’s excellent news, your hormone levels are right back to normal” The doctor frowned slightly at Will’s lackluster reaction

Will shrugged, “Sorry for not being that excited.”

“May I hazard a guess Mr Graham?”

Will looked up from his hands laying limply in his lap at the kind faced man. “This heat was rather more enjoyable than the last, yes?” Will nodded weakly and the doctor’s face broke into a beam.

“Well forgive me for being absolutely thrilled Mr Graham but it seems to me you’ve come to me with only good news this morning. You’re hormones are back to healthy levels, you look far healthier that I’ve ever seen you and now you tell me you’ve found your mate!”

Will shook his head frantically, “No, no, he’s not my mate. He just helped me through my heat that’s all. That’s why I’m being so pathetic this morning, because I know I won’t get to be with him again.

Dr Richards smiled indulgently at him, “Forgive me Mr Graham but I haven’t read hundreds of research papers on mate compatibility and its influence on health for nothing. You wouldn’t be feeling half so good not if you hadn’t had a serious connection with your heat partner, and a connection like that is rarely one sided. Perhaps you ought to be honest with your heat partner, and be honest with yourself. There’s a connection there.” Dr Richards turned away to fill out Will’s prescription, “Here’s your suppressants Mr Graham, best of luck. And if it isn’t unprofessional for me to say so, I hope to see a mating bite on your neck at our next appointment.”

Will took the slip of paper shakily, a smile slipping back onto his face. Perhaps it was time he was honest with himself. He wanted Hannibal, like no one he’d ever wanted before. And he had to ask him if his feelings were mutual, because even if they weren’t Will couldn’t keep these feelings inside himself any more. After all, he was maybe a little bit in love.

…

The rest of Will’s day slid gently by, while his thoughts lingered on this morning’s appointment. In truth he would not have said no if Hannibal had asked him to mate him after his heat, but the fact that he hadn’t demonstrated again Hannibal’s fine control. Or, as a nasty voice in the back of Will’s head whispered, a lack of interest in anything serious.

He shook himself free of his thoughts and tried once more to focus on the work in front of him. Will was still catching up on the work he had missed, but he found his mood was infinitely lighter than it had been before his heat.

Will could tell his colleagues were staring but he couldn't find it in himself to care. While none of Will's coworkers would call him grumpy or rude to his face, it was very likely something they muttered to each other over coffee. Therefore it must have been a bit jarring to enter the office to find Will whistling a happy tune at his desk.

But he couldn't help it! He felt amazing and found himself unable to stop smiling at everyone he passed, almost frightening the life out of several students and the caretaker.
Will put away some newly graded papers triumphantly before turning to check his emails. He was now familiar with the build-up of work a heat week could cause but he found himself cheerily going through his inbox without a care in the world.

He had almost cleared the week's worth of spam when he clicked on an email titled "for your interest" that had been sent at the start of his heat. He opened it and immediately his good mood disappeared, his face going pale as he read the contents.

"Dear Will, I know your next heat should be coming up soon and I want to extend my services once again. I am now working independently so you will no longer find my name on any Heat Service's books, but you can contact me via email. If you need an incentive, don't forget about the photos I have of you, I'm sure your students would be very interested to see those. I know I love jerking off looking at them. I had a great time fucking your pink little mouth and pussy last time, I look forward to doing it again. Kind Regards, Mathew Brown."

Will stared at the words on the screen until his vision started going blurry. Moving automatically to delete it before hesitating. Should he report this to the police? This was harassment surely? But would Mathew predict Will’s actions and release the images anyway? Had he already done so after Will’s week long radio silence?

Will pressed his head into his hands, what the fuck was he going to do?

Chapter End Notes

..... lets pretend this isn't a year late.

I hope you enjoyed it nevertheless! And don't worry I have learned my lesson and the final chapter is already finished and will be uploaded early next week! Hope you enjoy!
Will knocked lightly on the heavy oak door, head bowed as rainwater dripped from his curls and splashed onto the stone beneath his feet. He couldn’t muster any of the usual enthusiasm he normally felt when visiting Hannibal’s home, his stomach still sick with nerves after receiving Mathews’ email.

“William” Hannibal sounded shocked and Will distantly wondered if it was rude to show up here unannounced, his stomach twisted further at the thought of disappointing the alpha.

Will found himself being gently guided over the threshold, Hannibal’s warm arms wrapping around the omega’s sodden form.

“Don’t” Will protested weakly as Hannibal closed the door behind them, “you’ll get your suit all wet.”

“Fuck the suit” Hannibal growled as he corralled Will towards the living room. “You are soaked through William, you’ll get horribly sick unless we get you warm.”

Will was seated on a soft leather sofa as the alpha bustled about removing Will’s shoes and jacket, draping him in a soft blanket and lighting the fireplace that dominated the lavish room. Will barely lifted a finger, gazing blankly into the flames as Hannibal returned to the sofa, soft towel in hand and a worried frown creasing his face.

“May I?” He gestured to the towel in his hands and Will nodded weakly, closing his eyes as the alpha gently rubbed his curls dry.

“My dear William” Hannibal whispered solemnly, “Whatever is the matter?”

Will took a shuddering breath, attempting to force his mind into a semblance of coherent thought. Instead he crumbled beneath the alpha’s fingers, hands coming up to cover his face and body curling up as he started to sob. Hannibal pulled Will into his arms as he cried, softly stroking the omega’s back and rocking him gently.

“I’m sorry” Will croaked out, attempting pull himself together as the alpha continued to rock him slowly, “For showing up unannounced, and making you and your home all wet, and crying on you like this.” Hannibal shushed him and Will sniffled into the alpha’s firm shoulder.

“Don’t be ridiculous William. I always wish to see you, and I am glad you came to me when something is so clearly distressing you.” Will breathed in deeply to steady himself, breathing in Hannibal’s calming scent before speaking again.

“The heat service alpha who assisted me through my first heat,” Will murmured, “He contacted me while I was on heat leave.”
“Mathew Brown,” Hannibal growled out and Will shuddered at the name.

“Yes, he took pictures of me. I know Alana told you,” Will pressed himself more firmly into the alpha’s hold as he continued, “He threatened to send them around the university if I didn’t spend my heat with him.” Will stopped for a moment, breathing deeply before he continued. “I only read the email today, God knows what I would have done I’d seen it before my heat”

Hannibal rumbled in displeasure at the thought and Will pulled back to look at him, “You must understand how important my job is to me. I would do anything to stop him from sending those pictures round. As it is, I have no idea what to do.”

“You will not have to do anything” Will looked at Hannibal sharply as he continued, “I will deal with it.”

“You can’t! I mean, this is my mess and I should get myself out of it.”

“I mean you no disrespect by this suggestion William. I know you to be perfectly capable of looking after yourself.” Hannibal sighed heavily, gaze staring into the fire as he spoke again. “I told you why I worked for the heat services in Paris.”

“You didn’t want omega’s feeling ashamed of their biology,” Will murmured, remembering the alpha’s earlier words to him. Hannibal nodded and continued.

“I had a close friend called Mischa, a young omega who was also training to be a doctor. She was kind and intelligent and I got along better with her than I did anyone else in the city. However we never shared any romantic attachment and so when her heats came around she always used the heat services. She used to rave about how good they were, how they allowed her to stop taking suppressants and gave her the independence not to worry about going through a heat alone.

“Then she met Francis. I knew immediately something was wrong, she was always so full of energy after her heat but instead she seemed tired, fatigued.”

Hannibal paused, his throat bobbing slightly as he continued. “She refused to tell me what he did to her, I think she was embarrassed by it, but he obviously had some method to coerce her into seeing him again. She continued going through her heats with him and continued to get more and more ill. The greater I pushed her to seek help the more she drew away from me.

“Eventually she dropped out of the University altogether, Francis claimed omega doctors were a waste of time and she listened. I tried many times to get in contact with her to no avail. When I eventually heard news of her it was from an obituary in the local newspaper.” Hannibal closed his eyes at the memory, “The paper claimed she had passed away of some flu or other but I knew the truth. He had not taken care of her, she had got heat sick from lack of care during her most vulnerable time and with no medical attention she had passed away.” Hannibal paused again, taking a heavy breath of air.

“I have a personal agenda you see. I could not reach Mischa and so I could not help her, but I can help you. Please allow me to deal with Mr Brown”

Will found himself nodding, pulling the alpha forwards into an embrace, desperate to soothe the pain that he saw across Hannibal’s face.

“Thank you” Hannibal breathed, arms coming up to press Will closer to him. Will let out a weak laugh, his voice coming out wet with the new tears springing to his eyes.

“It is me who should be thanking you.” He whispered pressing his face into Hannibal’s shoulder.
They stayed like that for a long time, breathing in the calming scent of each other, until Will’s sodden clothes started to soak through the blanket he was curled under.

“Come now, first I shall get you some fresh clothes, then I will make you some warm dinner and then I will see you to bed.” Hannibal stood, the vulnerability that he had previously shown once again safely tucked away, hiding behind a façade of calm. Will knew he was privileged to have been allowed to see that side of him, a side so unlike the alpha persona Hannibal projected to the world.

“I’m really not hungry,” Will protested weakly, mustering a smile at Hannibal’s faintly horrified expression.

“Nonsense, you must eat William, I will not hear of anything else.” The alpha made his way out of the room, and Will smiled as he curled his toes in front of the fire.

“No,” he murmured, “I don’t suppose you will.

…

Hannibal sat at the foot of his bed, the moonlight reflecting on his face as he watched over Will’s sleeping form. The omega looked far more peaceful now he was asleep, the stress of the day no longer etched across his porcelain features.

The alpha turned his head back to the door, his instincts forcing him to keep guard over the omega in his home.

Hannibal was no longer one to fight against such strong instincts. After denying himself the pleasure of destroying Francis all those years ago, he no longer second-guessed himself.

Back in Paris he had been desperate not to conform to the stereotype of his gender, maintaining deep control over any possessiveness and aggression that he felt. But that control had allowed Mischa’s death to occur, so he refused to deny the instincts that ran so deeply within his blood.

Unfortunately, those instincts were in deep conflict. Part of him demanded he remained here, watching over his precious and vulnerable omega and protecting him if necessary, while the other part demanded revenge.

He needed retribution for Mischa and William, he needed to act now to make up for when he had not acted before. Disposing of Mathew Brown would be an act of atonement.

Hannibal inhaled deeply, loosening his tense muscles. He was no feral beast who would tear the throat out of any alpha who crossed his omega. And even though Mathew Brown was a special case he would not lower himself to murder. After all, such an act would upset William, and Hannibal wished to avoid doing anything that might do that.

No, he would get his revenge, but it would be clean.

Hannibal stood and walked to the large French window, his instincts still preventing him from leaving the room. He would need to organise his thoughts and plan a suitable course of action, there was no room for mistakes. Nevertheless, he would act tonight. He would not allow this cockroach of a man to cause any more harm to William, let alone spread the disgusting defamation the pig had planned.

He would keep watch over the omega in his charge and plan his course of action. And when his instincts would allow him, he would pay Mathew Brown a visit.
Mathew was completely unaware of the visitor who would soon be entering his home. In fact he was rather preoccupied by masturbating furiously over photographs of Will.

He’d been going through an enforced dry spell since he’d been dismissed from the heat services. He’d become so reliant on the constant stream of wanton omegas demanding he fuck them, that he’d forgotten how hard it was to pick up omega’s from local clubs.

It was funny how tightly closed they kept their legs when they weren’t in heat, when he knew that as soon as the heat hormones hit them they would beg for it. Mathew imagined the feeling of sinking into those delicious wet cunts as he climaxed, jetting his seed across the laptop propped in front of him.

He slumped in his chair panting as his heart rate slowed, hand lazily pumping his softening cock. The part he missed the most was definitely knotting, the way you could rut into the omega beneath you until you softened completely. You didn't get that with just your hand.

He’d hoped that contacting Will directly would scare the omega into returning to his cock for his next heat but unfortunately that didn’t seem to be the case. Will had been the best omega the alpha had fucked in a while. Plain, vulnerable and sexy as fuck.

Mathew groaned as he flicked through the images of the curly haired omega on his laptop, the pictures making him want to come all over again. It really was regrettable the omega hadn’t come back to him, now Matt’s hand had been forced and the slut’s career and social life would come to an end.

Still there was no reason he couldn’t continue to wank over the photographs, he’d just be sharing them with more people. Really he was doing a service to those uptight alphas at the university, if they couldn’t fuck Will themselves then they should at least get a taste of what it was like.

Mathew paused, maybe that was why his little Willy hadn’t returned. He’d found some academic alpha cock to fuck himself on. Mathew growled at the thought, maybe he needed to pay Will a visit, to remind him who he belonged to.

The sound of the door knocking startled the alpha out of his reverie and his head snapped round to look at the time. 1:30 am. The alpha stood, tucking himself back into his trousers and snapping his laptop shut. Who the fuck could be at his door at this time?

Mathew pulled the door open sharply, keeping the lock on the chain to emphasise how unwelcome this late night visitor was.

“What” he barked peering out in the pouring rain, he could see a tall man standing there, his clothes soaked with rainwater and a distressed look across his face.

“I must apologise for disturbing you, my car has broken down and my phone is out of charge. I was wondering if I might borrow yours?” The man took a step forward and Mathew could smell the alpha scent radiating off him. Despite his designation, the man was respectful, his head tilted slightly in deference and Mathew grinned at the sudden power he felt over the alpha before him,

“Sure why not, I can help a brother out,” Mathew slammed the door shut before flicking the chain free and pulling it open again. He smirked at the alpha shocked face as he stood aside to let him in.

“Thank you so much Mr...?”
“Brown, but call me Mathew. And you are” Matt closed the door leading the alpha down the hall towards the phone.

“Hannibal Lecter” Matt nodded absently, still enjoying the respect the alpha was showing him.

“Probably got a pretty omega wife worried about you eh?” he grinned at the taller man, but he shook his head.

“No, no, nothing of the sort.” Hannibal looked away embarrassed, “I’m afraid despite my age I still enjoy playing the field.”

This caught Mathew’s interest instantly, “Yeah? Bit of a dirty dog are you?” He grinned and got a faint smirk in reply from the other alpha.

“Something like that.”

Matt laughed loudly, thrilled to have found a man who shared his philosophy on life. “Then what are we waiting here for, fuck your phone call, come through for a drink.”

Hannibal followed him into the kitchen graciously as Matt poured them both generous glasses of whisky. “Let me tell you about some of the best pussy I had when I worked at the heat services.”

The two of them sat, conversation flowing almost as quickly as the drink as Mathew enjoyed the impressed looks he gained from the older alpha as he talked about his conquests, conveniently leaving out his recent dry spell.

“I take souvenirs you see, not like a serial killer or anything, but just a little something to remember them by,” Matt slurred over his glass.

Hannibal hummed thoughtfully, “What kind of souvenirs?”

“Pictures!” Mathew grinned at the sudden interested look he gained from the alpha, “Yeah you like that don’t you,” he downed his glass, “come on I’ll show you, I’ve got some ones I know you’ll like.

Matt clunked his way up the stairs, bumbling into his room where he slumped into his desk chair, he gestured dramatically for Hannibal to take a seat on the bed.

“Are you ready to have your mind blown?” Matt flipped open his laptop, lurching forward when he saw the dried come still painting the screen and wiping it with his sleeve. He grinned embarrassed over his shoulder where Hannibal was pointedly looking away.

He clicked open a few folders pulling up the images of Will, “Here are my favourites. I don’t mind showing you these ones as I’ll probably be sharing them online soon.” Matt looked back languidly at Hannibal who’s gaze was focused on the image on screen. “Hey if you give me your email I’ll send them to you if you want.”

“So you keep them all on here do you?” Hannibal nodded to the laptop and Matt nodded seriously, “Yeah I don’t keep backup hard drives, I don’t believe in backing things up, makes it less special you know?” Mathews eyes took on a faraway look, “To be honest it will be a shame to share these online where everyone else can see them, but I have to make a point to the little slut.”

Hannibal stood suddenly and Matt snapped out of his thoughts just in time to watch as Hannibal grabbed the laptop and smashed it on the ground. The alpha raised a foot, slamming it down on the
top of the devise and cracking it underneath his heel.

“WHAT THE FUCK” Matthew stumbled to his feet attempting to shove Hannibal off his laptop only to be slammed up against the wall.

“Now you listen to me, pig.” Hannibal's hand tightened around Matt’s throat as the alpha struggled against him, “You will leave this town as soon as possible, you will never bother William Graham again, and if you contact him I will destroy you. Do you understand?” Hannibal punctuated the sentence by slamming the other alpha into the wall again. “Do you understand?”

“Y-yes” Matt croaked out, shocked at the sudden change in persona. Gone was any notion of deference or respect. Instead the other alpha’s lip was curled in disgust as he released Mathew and let him slump onto the ground.

“You revolt me” Hannibal snarled out, turning to pick up the shattered laptop and slip it into a laptop bag.

Matthew growled suddenly, crouching to jump at the other alpha from where he was still collapsed against the wall. He went to grab at his throat only to find that Hannibal was ready for him. The alpha snatched his hand out of the air, twisting it round and forcing the alpha to move with it.

“Now that was stupid,” Hannibal murmured as Matt struggled against the gradual pressure being put onto his arm, “Because now you’ve made me do this.”

With an almost elegant movement, Hannibal twisted Mathews arm even more while pressing it up against his shoulder joint. There was a sickening crack and Mathew crumpled screaming as he cradled his shattered arm.

Hannibal tutted at the dramatic display, “Now I trust I don’t need to threaten you not to contact the police?” Hannibal stalked around the groaning alpha on the ground. Pausing to gently rest his foot on the traumatised limb and causing a pathetic whine to escape Mathew’s mouth.

“Because I’ll be contacting them about your behavior as soon as I leave the building. After all they have to know that you have been sexually abusing vulnerable omegas and threatening them with incriminating images.” Hannibal hummed thoughtfully as he pressed his foot down with more force. “I imagine they won't ask any questions as to where you sustained this mysterious injury. Law enforcement have little kindness for rats such as you.”

“I won’t tell anyone” Mathew gasped out fingers trying to pry Hannibal’s foot off of his shattered arm. “Please! I’ll leave like you said, I’ll keep quiet!”

Hannibal nodded approvingly, lifting his foot before picking up the laptop bag and walking out of the room, paying no more attention to the sobbing heap laying on the floor.

He’d got what he wanted anyway.

…

Will woke suddenly, a horrid feeling of disorientation hitting him as he sat up on the luxurious bed he was sleeping in. He looked across the dim room, making eye contact with a tired looking Hannibal sitting in an armchair by the window, before he remembered where he was.

He relaxed instantly, slumping back into the pillows behind him. The light peeking through the curtains suggested that dawn was just breaking.
“Sorry for startling you” Hannibal murmured, crossing the room to perch on the bed next to him. The alpha raised a hand to softly stroke across Will’s cheek, as the omega turned his head to press into the touch.

“Why are you all wet?” Will murmured as his awareness came back to him slowly. He reached up a hand to touch the alpha’s hair; his eyes traced the older man’s face as he examined the heavy shadows sitting under his eyes. “You haven’t slept.” Will stated and Hannibal shook his head.

“I had to deal with Mr Brown.” Will sat to attention, his face going pale.

“Already?”

“Yes, I’m afraid I couldn’t leave it.” Hannibal sighed heavily and Will sat up properly so he could move closer to him. “I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed with me, my dear Will.”

The omega shook his head, lips tightening, “I don’t think that’s possible.”

Hannibal smiled wryly, “Even knowing that I completely lost control of my temper?”

“Even then” Will whispered pressing a soft kiss into Hannibal’s temple, “Tell me what happened?”

“Oh course William, although I doubt you’ll be very impressed by my behaviour.” Will tutted and Hannibal smiled faintly as he started to explain what he had done.

“You broke his arm!” Will said shocked and Hannibal looked away, embarrassed. Will laughed and pulled Hannibal’s face back to look at him, pressing a firm kiss onto the alpha’s lips. “How can you think I wouldn’t be impressed by that?”

“I thought you’d think displays of violence rather primitive.” Hannibal murmured, eye’s locked onto Will’s lips as the omega leaned in for another, longer kiss.

“Yes, well,” Will kissed him again, “the prick deserved it,”

Conversation halted for a while as the kisses became longer, Hannibal’s tongue swiping across the seam of Will’s mouth, moving the innocent touches into a different territory. They broke apart breathing heavily and Will gave Hannibal a breathless grin.

“Thank you Hannibal, I don’t know how I can ever repay you.”

“I can think of a way,” Will looked up at Hannibal’s soft reply, the alpha looked almost nervous as he spoke again, “You could become my mate.”

There was a pregnant pause as Will took in Hannibal’s words, the alpha watching him closely but not taking back the proposal.

“You really want me?” Will whispered insecurely, “You’re absolutely sure?”

Hannibal nodded, “It would be an honour”

Will managed a slightly wobbly smile as he replied, “Then yes I would love to mate with you,”

The alpha pressed a gentle kiss into Will’s hair, “Thank you William,” he continued to press kisses down the side of Will’s face, nipping at the crook of his jaw before capturing his lips for a long moment. He pulled back slightly, “Of course I would have to court you properly. At least 12 months of courtship before I’d even consider you ‘wooed’.” Will groaned dramatically and Hannibal smirked as he kissed him again.
“Of course you’d still think courting is necessary in this day and age.”

Hannibal smirked at Will’s exasperation. “Absolutely. I have your first courting gift if you would like it.” The alpha stood and walked over to the bedroom door, picking up a grey laptop bag before returning it to Will.

Will unzipped it curiously, pulling out a battered laptop, his mind suddenly clicking with realisation, “This is Mathew’s” He stated, hand tracing over the deep cracks that covered the surface of the device.

“The only copies are on there. I thought it was fitting that you were the one to dispose of them.”

Will nodded placing the laptop back into its bag. “I’d like to burn it. Would you mind?” Hannibal shook his head.

“I’m sure that can be arranged.”

Will flopped back onto the bed, sighing deeply before suddenly laughing and looking up at Hannibal. “How on earth are you going to top that courting gift?” He grinned and Hannibal shook his head, amused,

“I’ll find a way.” The alpha joined Will on the bed as the omega made grabby hands towards him. They pressed themselves together, Hannibal tracing Will’s spine gently where it pressed through the oversized shirt he was wearing.

“I’m so glad no one else will ever see those photographs,” Will yawned and Hannibal froze in his ministrations. Will opened his eye’s looking at Hannibal’s guilty-looking face. “Oh my God!” Will groaned in embarrassment, “You saw them didn’t you!”

“Only one. But yes I saw it.” Hannibal looked away, “I cannot apologise enough William, just know I would never had invaded your privacy purposefully.” Will nodded, his hands rubbing over his face which was still pink with embarrassment.

“I know that Hannibal,” There was a long pause as Will looked thoughtfully at the ceiling and Hannibal went back to his gentle attention. “What did you think.” Will spoke abruptly and Hannibal looked up, confused.

“I’m sorry?”

“Of the pictures?” Will clarified, a slightly teasing smirk tugging at his lips. Hannibal floundered in an entirely un-Hannibal-like manner, face pinking at the question.

“Well I- I-” Hannibal cut himself off as Will’s smirk grew.

“Did they turn you on?”

“No!” Hannibal regained himself, “I was angry that-“

“But after your anger at Mathew, how did you feel then? Did you like them?” Will was full on grinning now, his fingers playing with the buttons of Hannibal’s shirt.

“I don’t feel like this is very appropriate, those photos were taken without your consent.” Hannibal said awkwardly, his face flushed a delicate pink.

“Yes so I get to decide what to do with them, and right now I want you imagining them, vividly.”
Hannibal swallowed thickly, “In that case. Yes I liked them.” He managed, his voice slightly off-kilter. Will laughed victoriously before swinging himself up and onto Hannibal’s lap.

“Good.” Will said breathlessly pulling Hannibal into a deep kiss and sensually pressing their tongues together. “That’s good.”

Hannibal responded to Will’s actions enthusiastically, his hands quickly slipping from between Will’s shoulder blades to curl around his arse.

“So you don’t want to mate me, but I hope that doesn’t mean you’re not interested in fucking me.” Hannibal scowled at him, pulling Will into a kiss with less tongue and more teeth.

“I do want to mate you. Once you have been properly swept off of your feet.” Will smiled mischievously at Hannibal’s reprimand, “And of course, how will I do that without demonstrating my sexual prowess?” Now it was Hannibal’s turn to smirk as the low tone in his voice made Will shiver in anticipation.

Hannibal moved quickly, flipping the two of them so that Will was pressed into the mattress as he loomed over him. Hannibal pulled the shirt he had lent Will roughly, the button’s flying off as the alpha tore it open. Will gasped as Hannibal dipped his head to bite at his nipple, his free hand coming up to roughly pinch at the other one.

“Please tell me you’re going to knot me.” Will moaned desperately, “I don’t think I can take it if you don’t.”

“Patience William,” Hannibal hissed as his rolled the nipple between his fingers. “I’ll give you what you need.”

Will gasped as Hannibal pulled the oversized boxers the omega was wearing down, the sudden rush of cool air making his cock twitch.

“A work of art,” Hannibal murmured sitting back to properly look Will over, “Every inch of you is perfection.”

Will flushed and turned his face into the sheets, “I hate when you say things like that.”

Hannibal turned Will’s head back to face him, as he drew him in for another filthy kiss. “I never exaggerate; you know I speak the truth.”

Will rolled his eyes, even as pink stained his cheeks, hands coming up to work Hannibal’s shirt off as a form of distraction. The alpha helped, sitting up to pull the cotton off of his shoulders before swooping down to take Will’s cock into his mouth.

Will gasped again, hands clutching at the still damp strands of Hannibal’s hair as his legs came up to wrap around the alpha’s neck, his thigh’s trembling as the alpha sucked him down.

The movement caused a gush of slick to leak from Will’s hole and Hannibal groaned as the scent hit his nostrils, pulling back slightly only to take Will back into his mouth as he bobbed his head.

His hands moved down to clutch at Will’s backside, spreading his cheeks to get more of that delicious scent. His nostrils flared and without conscious thought his fingers moved to press into Will’s hole, the omega arching beautifully beneath him.

“God, Hannibal please,” Will moaned pressing himself onto Hannibal’s fingers with his limited manoeuvrability.
Hannibal pulled off of Will’s cock, instead dipping his head lower so his tongue could join his fingers, his tongue lapping up the pool of slick he found there. He pushed his third finger in, bringing his head up to watch as Will tossed his head back and whined loudly.

“I need more Hannibal, please I need your knot!” Hannibal tutted as he spread his fingers within Will, feeling the silky trembling walls of his body clench back against him.

“I still don’t think you’re stretched enough William. My knot is rather large you see.” Will groaned at the devilish look on the alpha’s face as he ducked back down to continue his through exploration of Will’s hole, gently nudging his forth finger in alongside the others. Will took it brilliantly, his hole stretching easily as he clenched around Hannibal’s tongue and fingers. Will panted in excitement as he imagined just how large this knot would be.

“You better not be exaggerating or I swear to God,” Will muttered hands clenching desperately in the silk sheets beneath him.

“I told you Will, I don’t lie” Hannibal pulled back, slick soaked hands calmly undoing his belt and pulling off his suit trousers. Will watched eagerly as the alpha immediately started pulling his briefs down too, his hard cock springing free of its confines as Will had to consciously swallow the saliva that suddenly sprang to his mouth. It was huge, curving proudly up towards Hannibal’s stomach, the bump of his knot already developing, ready to fill Will until he couldn’t breathe.

“Hannibal, please fuck me now, I needed your cock in me last year.” Will tried to sit up, hands reaching out towards Hannibal’s cock before the alpha firmly pushed Will back down with a hand on his stomach.

“You’re still not prepped enough” He smirked, his four fingers sliding easily back into Will’s gaping hole.

Will groaned in exasperation. “Please Hannibal, I need more!” Hannibal continued his ministrations, looking momentarily thoughtful.

“I’m afraid all I have is my thumb” Hannibal murmured gauging Will’s reaction.

Will groaned at the thought, “God yes, I’ll take whatever you give me.” Will’s hole throbbed at the very idea. He’d never been fisted before, but God would he be lying if the idea of Hannibal’s fist up inside him, spreading him open and stretching him beyond belief didn’t sound amazing.

Hannibal’s eyes darkened and he gently pressed his thumb against Will’s rim, stretching it gently in anticipation of what was to come.

Will whined again, pushing himself onto Hannibal’s fingers more forcefully and the alpha snapped, his thumb tucking up and pushing into Will’s body as the omega groaned beneath him. He pushed his hand forward until the first knuckle slipped past Will’s wet entrance and they both paused, panting to regain their breath.

Will reached down and clutched at Hannibal’s free hand, “Please keep going, I want to feel all of you inside me.” Hannibal’s hand tightened around Will’s fingers, and his other hand continued its gentle advance. He paused again at his second knuckles watching transfixed at Will’s clenching hole sucking him in.

“Are you sure you want-“

“Yes” Will groaned and Hannibal tutted at his interruption. The alpha thought about withdrawing his hand and teasing Will some more as punishment but he desperately wanted to see if Will could
fit his hand inside him.

He pushed cautiously, Will groaning beneath him as his hole gradually swallowed down Hannibal’s hand. Suddenly the resistance was gone and they both moaned as Hannibal’s hand snuggly slid inside Will, the two of them panting from arousal.

“Make a fist” Will whispered and Hannibal groaned pressing his face into Will’s soft thigh. “Please” Will begged, “Just a bit more”.

Hannibal gently clenched his fingers within Will, murmuring soothing words as the omega gasped beneath him. He swallowed thickly as he looked at this thick wrist disappearing within Will’s tiny body. He pushed his hand forwards gently and Will practically screamed.

Before Hannibal had time to panic that he’d hurt the omega he was delirious with the scent of slick as Will orgasmed beneath him, legs trembling, hole clenching and slick squirting out of his hole and flooding down Hannibal’s forearm.

They both remained frozen for a moment as Will regained his breath and Hannibal’s heart slowed from its sudden panic.

“Please will you fuck me now” Will whispered from where he lay prone in the sick sheets, Hannibal’s hand still pressed inside him.

“It would be my pleasure,” Hannibal said wolfishly, gently pulling his hand out of Will as the omega groaned beneath him.

Hannibal lowered his head to lick up the pool of slick between Will’s legs when he felt soft fingers tugging his hair to pull him back up.

“No teasing Hannibal please.” Will murmured his eye’s hazy with want, “I need you to fuck me now.” Hannibal grinned, lifting his head and pressing a slow thorough kiss to Will’s lips. He lifted Will’s limp legs up and draped them over his shoulders, practically folding the slight omega in half.

“Since you asked me so nicely, I will oblige” Hannibal lined up his thick cock up to Wills gaping hole and pressed in, groaning at the slick heat that surrounded him.

Will moaned beneath him, toes curling at the delicious stretch of Hannibal inside him. His fist had been amazing but it just couldn’t reach the same spots as an alpha cock.

Before the alpha could start fussing about hurting him, going slowly and treating the omega like he was something delicate, Will flipped the two of them so he was on top, gasping as gravity impaled Hannibal’s length deeply inside him.

“Will-“ Hannibal gritted out, hands coming up to clench around his sharp hip bones. Will tried to think of some teasing remark but his head was fuzzy with the fierce pressure of Hannibal’s cock pressing against his prostate.

He lifted himself up so he could sit back down onto Hannibal’s cock, feeling the delicious slide of him leaving his body before he slammed back in. Will groaned again, his legs so jelly-like that instead of lifting himself again he instead started rocking on Hannibal’s hard length, his eyes shutting as he kept pressing against that delicious point inside himself.

Hannibal slowly came back to himself as he watched through half-lidded eyes as Will rocked away on top of him, before the urge to thrust harder and deeper overtook him and he sat up, flipping Will
so he was on his back beneath him, his cock still pressed deep inside the slight omega.

“I want to have you on your hands and knees,” Hannibal murmured, leaning down to press wet kisses onto Will’s flushed face, “If you want that too?” Will nodded frantically, pulling himself off Hannibal’s cock and turning round, his hand’s clenched in the sheets under him as he presented.

Hannibal let out an uncharacteristic curse at the display before he surged forwards, pushing his cock back into the hot, tight body in front of him as he began to thrust hard into Will. The bed rocked wildly and the stunning hand carved bedframe started slamming into the wall repeatedly.

Will could barely breathe let alone speak, his body overwhelmed with intense pleasure. His body clenched around Hannibal’s hard length as he groaned out his second, slower orgasm. Hannibal’s ragged breathing stuttered for a moment as he watched slick slide out of Will from the same place his cock was buried inside him.

“Please Hannibal” Will managed, his face now pressed into the pillows where he slumped over from pleasure. “Please don’t stop.”

The alpha groaned and continued his pounding with renewed energy. Thrusting repeatedly until he felt his own orgasm build within him, his balls tightening and drawing up towards his body.

“My knot- “ Hannibal managed to grunt out as he continued to thrust deeply into Will, the lurid sounds of wet flesh slapping against each other filling the room. “- do you want it?”

Will nodded frantically beneath him, “God, yes, please, please give me your knot, alpha.” He could feel it growing, catching on every thrust and he was reminded of the delicious stretch Hannibal’s fist had given him.

Hannibal’s thrusts became more sporadic and unsteady before he let out a low growl and locked himself deep within Will as his knot filled with blood.

Will’s eyes rolled back in his head as the knot suddenly stretched his hole around it, his third orgasm crashing through him more intensely than the others. His hole clenched down around Hannibal like a vice, as if it wanted to keep Hannibal inside him forever.

Above him Hannibal ground his knot into Will’s tight hole, pleasure taking over as he came, his cock spurting floods of come into the smaller body beneath him. He continued his gentle rocking motions as they both came down from their high- Hannibal’s cock still spurting out the occasional wave of come while Will trembled beneath him.

Will panted, open mouthed into the pillows beneath him as Hannibal gently rearranged them so they were lying down, Will’s back against Hannibal’s broad chest as they remained locked together.

They lay like that panting for a long while until Will managed to speak again. “I think your knot is bigger than your fist” Will murmured sleepily, his hole clenching sporadically around the knot still within him.

Hannibal groaned into Will’s curls at the sensation, managing a weak reply “That’s why you needed so much preparation.”

Will laughed weakly, his eyes growing heavy with exhaustion, “That and you enjoyed teasing me” The alpha nodded in concession.

“It was also for that reason.” They both dosed off slightly waking when Hannibal’s softened cock
slipped from Will’s body and the alpha hauled himself to the bathroom and returned with a wet cloth.

“So you’ve demonstrated your sexual prowess, and given me a courting gift—do you not considered me thoroughly wooed?” Will murmured, allowing Hannibal to manipulate him like clay as he cleaned up the mess they had made between his thighs.

“Will, you have no idea the restraint it took to not place a bite onto your neck.” Will laughed sleepily at the confession before Hannibal continued. “But no, by the time I am finished courting you, you will know what it means to be wooed.”

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Almost Exactly 1 Year Later

Will woke up to the delicious smell of sizzling bacon and scrambled eggs as the door to their bedroom swung open.

“Please tell me you haven’t woken me up before 9 on a Sunday.” Will mumbled into the pillow as Hannibal gently placed the breakfast tray down on the bed.

“It’s currently 9:45, is that acceptable?” Hannibal replied pertly as he moved to draw the curtains.

Will rolled over, yawning. “Absolutely. I would have gotten pregnant earlier if I’d have known it would stop you waking me at 7am.”

Hannibal smiled indulgently, sitting on the bed so he could properly lavish attention on Will’s non-existent bump.

Will rolled his eyes at his alpha, while he secretly reveled in the attention. His broody instincts had been reaching crisis point when Hannibal had finally deemed him “wooed” enough to mate, so he had begged that as a gift for his endless patience he should be allowed to come off his contraceptive pills.

Will watched the alpha currently whispering sweet nothings into his stomach. It turns out the begging hadn’t been necessary—Hannibal practically fucked him through the wall at the very suggestion.

Will hummed contentedly at the memory, pre-mating sex didn’t really compare to post-mating sex. But that had come pretty close.

Will brought himself back to the present, running a gentle hand through Hannibal’s soft hair. “You know I don’t think a blastocyst has ears yet,” Will murmured.

The alpha smiled up at him and Will became slightly breathless as the pure joy he could see reflected in Hannibal’s eyes. “It never hurts to try.”

“No. I don’t suppose it does.”

Chapter End Notes
Ta-da! Its finished!
I hope you enjoyed reading- and sorry again for anyone who waited a year for me to get my shit together and finish this story!

Tata for now!

Nim

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!