Hannibal: Are you in love with the monster?

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Summary

Clarice has to prove that her mentor and friend didn't kill those girls and that someone is framing him but who can she trust?

Notes

Decided to make the second part, so I am pausing it briefly so I can bring the chapters here and edit them as well, I hope you like them!!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Prologue

Clarice felt like she was drowning in a pool of people who believed Will was a serial killer. She didn't even want to go to class anymore and why should she? Her mentor and friend was no longer there and she had a feeling that her application might be terminated to the Academy because of what is happening with Will. Then she'll have to deal with people looking at her with pity or, even worse, accusing her of not seeing Will's true nature.

True Nature...yeah, right.

Will didn't kill Abigail or those other girls, the only person he had killed was Garret Jacob Hobbs and that was to save Abigail from her own father who was cutting her neck. She knew that he didn't and she was going to somehow prove it.

Her knees were bent and pressed against her chest, her arms were wrapped around the top of her bent legs and her forehead rested on the top of her knees as her eyes were closed. She had been like that since she had gotten up this morning, just sitting on the cold hardwood floor which wasn't a nice feeling against her partially bared butt. Probably wasn't a good idea to do this while she was wearing nothing but a white men's dress shirt and black cheeky panties but she didn't feel like moving at that moment.

She had gotten in a very good mind frame and didn't want to leave it.

She heard nails clicking on the hardwood floor, heading towards her. Clarice looked up to see her black German Shepard walking towards, wagging his tail slightly. "Hey, Bishop." Clarice bent over and stroked his head, smiling. She was able to name her dog, she had hoped to introduce him to Will and have Bishop know who was allowed inside her room without her permission.

She had gotten Bishop from a friend that was a private breeder of the breed that trained the dogs that worked in the police force, he was very good at his job too which is why Clarice had gone to him. So Bishop knew how to attack intruders and how to take orders from his human partner.

Clarice stood up and stretched, "Mmm, time for a shower...and food." While she's been home, she'd be doing some house cleaning as well as some gardening to get her mind off what was happening with Will.

Her cell phone rang and she looked down at it, seeing that it was Dr. Lecter then she walked away from it to shower. She wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone so why couldn't they get that hint and stop calling her?

Not only that but Will had told her not to trust Dr. Lecter and not be alone with him, which meant that she's going to have to somehow find a new doctor but make it look like she's not avoiding him.

That should be easy...not especially when the Dr Lecter knew her so well by now.

But she was going to prove that the so called evidence was a lie and that Will didn't do it, and that someone was framing him!

Even if it killed her in the process....
Chapter 2

Kaiseki Part 1

HANNIBAL LECTER’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A knife sliced down on a cutting board, mincing scallions into miniature onion rings in a succession of rapid chops. All sound is dulled. The rhythmic breathing and heartbeat of the knife-wielder against the organic hum of his circulatory system. Time suddenly slows and the rapid chops become dreamlike and methodical as Jack Crawford’s reflection appeared on the blade of the knife. Time abruptly returned to normal and the knife continues its rapid chopping fire. And then it stopped. The knife-wielder scoots the diced scallions into a ceramic dish with the blade, then places the knife across the bowl’s mouth. Hannibal Lecter’s reflection appeared on the blade of the knife.

The light reflecting off of his kitchen knife dances briefly across his face.

Hannibal stands across the island from Jack Crawford, who studies him intently. Jack’s mouth is moving, but only Hannibal’s rhythmic breathing and heartbeat against the backdrop of his humming circulatory system is heard. Hannibal took a breath and exhaled, and sound returned to normal. A dawning concern is washing over Jack. Then something subtle changes in Hannibal’s eyes, almost immeasurable. But Jack measured it. His rhythmic breathing and heartbeat, which beats steadily over the next action, but eerily does not accelerate. Jack’s hand drifts toward his coat, brushing his thumb across the fasten of his sidearm holster. Time suddenly slows and revealed Hannibal throwing his kitchen knife at Jack. Jack dived out of the way as he draws his gun from his holster and Hannibal’s knife moves through Jack’s hand at the wrist, his gun clatters to the floor. Hannibal vaults over the kitchen counter as Jack pulls the knife out of his wrist, swinging it immediately. The blade whisks through the air, narrowly missing Hannibal.

He yanks another knife from the cutting board and swings it in a deadly arc. Jack jackknifes his torso to avoid the blade, slashing back at Hannibal with quick swipes. Hannibal deflects Jack’s knife with his own and they dodge, parry and block each other’s blades. Jack thrusts and slices into Hannibal’s waist, who twists around the knife, knocking it from Jack’s grip. Hannibal lunges his knife at Jack’s belly, meaning to gut him. Jack blocks the knife with a cutting board and then smashes the cutting board into the side of Hannibal’s head, knocking him off balance, but not quite down.

He grabs Hannibal and bodily swings him crashing into the cupboards. Hannibal throws his weight back at Jack, driving him across the kitchen, but not far. Jack is solid. Jack maneuvers his arms around Hannibal’s throat and begins to squeeze a chokehold. Hannibal writhes and kicks, trying to throw Jack off balance, but to no avail.

His eyelids flutter and pinch as he tries to focus and remain conscious. His body goes limp and he slumps in Jack’s arms... just enough for his shoulder to drop and allow his hand to reach a shard of glass on the floor.

Hannibal plunges the shard of glass into Jack’s neck. He recoils and stumbles back, clutching his neck. Hannibal acts quickly, picking up a butcher knife and turning on Jack. Still clutching his neck, Jack stumbles back into the pantry. Jack falls inside, kicking the door closed on the advancing Hannibal. Hannibal throws his shoulder into the pantry door, Jack’s foot braced against it. Jack holds his neck wound with one hand as he fumbles for his phone with the other. The door splinters....
TWELVE WEEKS EARLIER

Clarice's Brick House - Night

Clarice sat on the floor in front of Bishop as she teaches him some simple whistle commands, according to his breeder Bishop only liked women and wouldn't listen to an male trainers hence why the dog had been given to her.

Hopefully he'd soon know what each whistle means and would act upon the command without her actually using words.

HANNIBAL LECTER’S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A sea urchin's flesh is gently pulled out of the shell. A beautiful piece of pink meat, it is thinly-but-generously sliced and arranged on the clean bones of a fish and adorned with a sauce. On a tastefully-ornate Japanese serving tray the sashimi plate joined plates of water clams and squid, beautifully arranged and garnished with leaves and flowers.

"This course is called mukozuke. Seasonal sashimi. Sea urchin, water clams and squid." Hannibal said as he placed Jack’s dish in front of him.

"Beautiful." Jack praised.

"Kaiseki. A Japanese art form that honors the taste and aesthetic of what we eat." Hannibal said.

"I feel guilty eating it." Jack said.

"I never feel guilty eating anything." Hannibal said.

Jack tastes the sashimi, savoring it, then he said, "Can’t quite place the fish."

"He was a flounder." Hannibal said. "I last prepared this meal for my Aunt Murasaki under similarly unfortunate circumstances."

"What circumstances were those?" Jack asked.

"A loss. This is a loss. Will is a loss. We’re mourning a death." Hannibal answered.

And Clarice is a lost too since he hadn't really spoken to her or seen her since that night...

"Will’s "death" is on me." Jack said.

"It’s on both of us." Hannibal said.

"It’s the last thing I think about going to sleep and the first thing I think about when I wake up." Jack said. "Will’s gonna be convicted of five murders. I’ll be convicted of one."

"You’re not on trial." Hannibal said.

"I will be. In the halls of the FBI. So will you. According to Will Graham, this was all you." Jack said.

"Will was your bloodhound. You can’t ignore where he points." Hannibal said.
"I'm not ignoring it." Jack said.

The words hang in the air for a moment.

"You have to investigate me. It’s in my best interest, and yours." Hannibal said.

"I’m also not ignoring the fact that my bloodhound went mad before pointing your direction." Jack said.

"We can’t define Will only by his maddest edges." Hannibal said.

"We can’t define Will at all." Jack said in a somber note.

"How's Clarice doing?" Hannibal asked casually.

Jack shrugged his shoulders and said, "I haven't seen her since that night." He ate another sashimi. "She’s been avoiding everyone and apparently changed her cell and house phone numbers, which she hadn't given to anyone."

"Will she be kicked out of the Academy?" Hannibal asked.

Jack just shrugged his shoulders, he hoped not because Clarice is a very talented trainee.

**BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY**

On the pebbled banks of a river, tall mature pines give way to a snow-capped mountain range in the distance. A lone fly fisherman wearing waders appears up ahead. Thigh deep in the water, it's Will Graham with a peaceful expression on his face, Will gracefully casts his fly into the water and waits for a fish to bite.

He couldn't be happier. He's a long way (emotionally and physically) from the jail cell where he was.

Will sits shackled inside one of six cage-like cells lined up in a semicircle facing Dr. Frederick Chilton, who speaks as Will stares into middle distance, ignoring him.

Will casts a new line and waits. On the bank of the river, the black stag slowly approaches. Will stops, remaining still as to not spook the beast. The black stag suddenly startles and bolts. But before Will can question what set it off, a tug on his line reveals he's caught something. Will works to reel in his catch, but whatever lurks beneath the dark waters is big.

And strong.

Then a broad, black pair of antlers pierces the water's surface and pushes into the air. The skeletal man stag rises from the water.

Will startles out of the virtual reality of his mind that suddenly turned against him.

"What did you say?" Will asked.

"I said, how does that make you feel?" Chilton asked.

Will focuses and finally turns to look at Dr. Chilton, "Makes me feel like I’m sitting in a dunking
tank and you’re lobbing softballs, hoping to make a splash, but you keep missing the target."

"Fortunately, I have time for a few more lobs. You’re in my hospital. You’re my patient now, Will." Chilton said.

"I’m not talking to you, Frederick." Will said. "I want to talk to Dr. Lecter."

**BEDELIA’S HOME OFFICE - DAY**

Hannibal up the sidewalk, his shadow sliding up along the sidewalk and door as he approaches the front door and knocks. A moment, then Dr. Bedelia Du Maurier answers the door, bathed in Hannibal's shadow.

"Hello." Bedelia greeted.

Bedelia sits across from Hannibal in her home office.

"Will Graham has asked to see me." Hannibal said. She says nothing. Watches. Listens. "I would like to see him. I continue to be curious about the way he thinks despite all that's happened."

"He's still influencing you. Will Graham asking to see you betrays his clear intent to manipulate you." Bedelia said.

"And if I agree to see Will?" Hannibal asked.

"It betrays your clear intent to manipulate him." Bedelia answered.

"I miss him." Hannibal admitted.

"Is it possible you're confusing your needs with those of your patient's?" Bedelia asked.

"Will was never just a patient." Hannibal answered.

"He's changing your behavior and you're hoping you can change his." Bedelia said.

"I only wanted to help Will." Hannibal said.

She studies him a moment, then said, "The way we think is flawed, but the flaws are systematic. Even when irrational, we are predictable." She paused then added. "You're obsessed with Will Graham."

"I'm intrigued." Hannibal said.

"Obsessively. He's going to take advantage of that. He already has. He nearly cost you your reputation." Bedelia said.

"My reputation is intact." Hannibal said.

"For the time being." Bedelia stated.

Those words hang in the air.

"Will is my friend." Hannibal said.
"Why? Why is he your friend?" Bedelia asked.

"He sees his own mentality as grotesque but useful, like a chair of antlers. He can't anticipate his thoughts. He can't block them. He can't repress who he is. There's an honesty in that I admire." Hannibal answered.

"I imagine there's an honesty in that you can relate to." Hannibal said. "What can't you repress, Hannibal?"

Hannibal holds her gaze. Finally, the glimmer of a smile turns the corners of his mouth almost imperceptibly.

"....And how about his protege?" Bedelia asked staring at him.

"....She hasn't been talking to anyone, she had changed her numbers." Hannibal said.

"She had taken Will's arrest hard?" Bedelia asked.

"Yes, she had but she is refusing any sort of comfort."

"Because she is in denial?"

"Yes but I want to be there for her, to comfort her if I can."

Bedelia shifted in her chair and said, "You're possessive of her."

"I'm challenged and intrigued by her."

"Possessively, you'll scare her off if you are not too careful."

"I'll be careful with her." Hannibal said with a small smile.

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A boiling froth then a needle plunger pulled the fluid in, a vein is then tapped twice. The needle penetrated flesh then the needle plunger pushed the fluid in the vein. The Tear-stained desperation gives way to surrender as his pupils dilates. He stares into middle distance as a spray of resin coats his face with an even application of sealant.

The layer of resin slowly hardens over the surface of the eye and its lid, sealing the victim's gaze behind it.

**FBI - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Kade Prurnell, 40s, smooth and politic, a career bureaucrat, sits opposite Alana and Jack in the conference room.

"Agent Crawford." Kade said. "We're ready for you." His face is set as he listens to the woman. "According to Dr. Bloom, you were warned against putting someone with Will Graham’s issues into the field."

Alana, stern, is next to Jack.

"That is correct." Jack said.
"Were you aware that Dr. Bloom was going to file this report?" Kade asked.

"Yes. She told me she was going to." Jack answered.

"Did you advise her against it?" Kade asked.

"I told her to do what she felt she had to do. Evidently, she felt she had to file the report." Jack said.

"These are allegations of misconduct. Damning stuff, Jack." Kade said.

"I never stated anywhere that this was misconduct. In my opinion, it was a lapse in judgment." Alana said.

"A lapse in judgment is misconduct." Kade said. That hangs in the air a moment. "There'll be an internal investigation."

"There should be." Alana said.

"A federal examiner is someone who arrives at the battlefield after a battle and bayonets the wounded." Kade explained. Prurnell wants Alana to understand the severity. "You wounded Agent Crawford. Who do you think gets the bayonet next?" Alana has no response. "There is a general desire to see this go away quickly and quietly." She fixes Alana with an intimidating stare. "Dr. Bloom, with that in mind, I would appreciate it greatly if you were to recant your report." She feels the institutional pressure to step back into line.

"No." Alana said. Wrong answer. "Will Graham's life has been destroyed. How that happened has to be a matter of record." She looked to Jack. "I'm sorry, Jack."

Jack turns to Prurnell, "Dr. Bloom is not easily swayed."

Prurnell looks at them both. Sighed, "This is going to get ugly."

"It already has." Jack stated.

"Oh and as for FBI Trainee Clarice Starling, she will remain here...she hasn't done anything wrong and we can't lose such a talented trainee." Prurnell added as she looked at Alana who most likely had mentioned the fact that Clarice had left Will alone.

Alana didn't look to happy about it...

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

Will sits upright, staring into middle distance. Will listens as a cell block klaxon sounded and the gate door opened briefly, then closed with a resounding lock. A visitor approaches down the long corridor with a click in his heel. Will looks to the bars of his cell, then closes his eyes.

The click of the visitor's heel transforms into a hollower, heavier hoof clop. The shadow of antlers crawls eerily across the floor, the harbinger of something terrible. Finally, one black hoof stepped in front of the cell.

His eyes remain closed, until...
"Hello, Will." Hannibal's voice greeted.

Will opens his eyes, sees Hannibal standing outside his cell.

"Dr. Lecter." Will said.

"Lost in thought?" Hannibal asked,

"Not lost. Not anymore." Will said. "I used to hear my thoughts inside my skull with the same tone, timbre and accent as if the words were coming out of my mouth."

"And now?" Hannibal asked.

"Now my inner voice sounds like you. I can't get you out of my head." Will said.

"Friendship can sometimes involve a breach of individual separateness." Hannibal said.

"A blurring of self and friend?" Will asked.

"Yes." Hannibal said.

"You're not my friend. The light from friendship won't reach us for a million years. That's how far away from friendship we are." Will said.

"I imagine it's easier to believe I am responsible for those murders than it is to accept that you are." Hannibal said.

"Sure is." Will said.

"Your inner voice can provide a method of taking control of your behavior. Accepting responsibility for what you've done. Giving those thoughts words encourages clarity." Hannibal said.

"I have clarity. About you." Will said.

Hannibal blinks, adjusts his tack, "Our conversations, Will, were only ever about you opening your eyes to the truth of who you are."

Will steps closer to the bars, closing the distance between them. Only inches now, but separated by the barrier.

"What you did to me is in my head and I’ll find it. I’m going to remember, Dr. Lecter, and when I do, there will be a reckoning." Will said.

Hannibal smiles at this, nods. Proud as he said, "I've got huge faith in you, Will. I always have..."

**Clarice's Brick House**

Clarice was staring at her phone with a frown on her lips, how was she supposed to find any evidence if she avoided everyone? Looked like she was going to have to suck it up and play nice until she gets what she wanted.

Will out of prison and proven innocent.
She wanted him to met Bishop, Clarice thought that Bishop would actually like Will despite being a very sexist dog.

Clarice stroked said dog's head then Salem before she dialed a number and put her phone to her ear, time for her to get started....
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Clarice is politely cool towards the people she is angry with...or she's plain out angry and hostile it depends on how angry you get her lol.

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

Alana sits on a folding chair opposite Will, outside his cage.

"How are the dogs?" Will asked.

"Good." Alana said. "Winston keeps running away, but the others are adjusting."

"Where does Winston go?" Will asked.

"Home." Alana answered.

"He's not going to find me there." Will said.

"Not today. But maybe one day. He might. I hope that he might." Alana said. "With the right defense."

"I don't currently have legal representation." Will said.

"You keep firing your lawyers." Alana said.

"They're the FBI's lawyers." Will said.

"Then I'll find you a lawyer who's not affiliated with the FBI." Alana said.

"What defense do you think I have?" Will asked.

"Automatism. Allows a defendant to argue they shouldn't be held criminally liable for their actions due to unconsciousness." Alana said.

"Unconsciousness?" Will repeated.

"Neurological dysfunctions like encephalitis can be considered an acceptable excusing condition." Alana said.

"Presuming I did it." Will said.

"Your mind was on fire. You didn't have any control of what you were doing, much less remember doing it." Alana said.

"What if I could remember? What if I remember how this was done to me?" Will asked.
"What if you remember how you did it?" Alana asked.

**BSHCI - DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Dr. Chilton wearing headphones as he listens to this conversation on his laptop via a concealed microphone. A red light on the screen indicates he is recording...

"You believe Hannibal." Will's voice said.

He had a pleased-with-himself smile on his lips...

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

"I believe the Will Graham sitting across from me now is incapable of that violence. I believe you lost your mind and, for periods of time, you weren't the Will Graham I know." Alana said.

"I hear Hannibal's voice in the well of my mind. I hear him saying words he's never said to me. It isn't my imagination. It's something else." Will said. "Have you ever helped a patient recover memories?"

A slow swinging pendulum. It could be a decriminalization but then Alana sitting behind a metronome that emits a regular pulse of light.

**BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY**

Will, hands in cuffs, shackled to a bar in the scarred metal table. Alana speaks as the metronome moves back and forth. Her voice slow, soft and reassuring and Will does as she commands...

"Close your eyes." Alana said. Will’s heartbeat slowing down. Gradually his heartbeat matches rhythm with the metronome's. "Feel the heaviness in your limbs..."

Will, eyes closed. Darkness. The Metronome pulses, briefly illuminating Alana in the darkness before plunging her into shadow once more. Alana appears to be coated with a tarry black shadow, her features barely distinguishable as she speaks, "Imagine yourself in a safe and relaxing place..." Will watches as Shadow Alana moved closer, seductively. "...safe and secure here, safe to relax completely..." Shadow Alana leans in for a kiss, lips parting. "No matter how deeply you go..." The tar of Shadow Alana washes over Will in a kiss. "...my voice will go with you."

*He opened his eyes. Will sits at the end of the table covered with an elaborate feast, meats and fruits overflowing from their dishes. The reflective light of the metronome washes over him.*

"Now that we're in a safe place..." Alana's voice said. "...listen." The Wendigo man stag sitting directly across the table from Will Graham, it side at the head of the table. "Can you tell me what you hear?"

*Hannibal's voice is distorted, dreamlike as he said, "See? See?"*

Will glances down and sees an ear, bloodied and torn, lying in front of him on his plate. *He opens his eyes abruptly, breaking the hypnosis.*

Alana turns off the metronome and its pulsing light fades. Will is visibly shaken from the haunting images in his head.
"This isn't working." Will said.

"What did you see?" Alana asked. He doesn't respond. She reaches across the table and wraps his manacled hands in her own. Holds Will's gaze. "Will. What did you see?"

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Will was back in his cell but he had another woman standing before him, sitting in the chair that Alana had sat in.

"I wanted to bring Bishop but figured that wouldn't be a good idea...didn't want him to bite Dr. Chilton." Clarice said dryly.

"Yeah, probably wouldn't be a good idea." Will agreed just as dryly. "How's you classes going?"

"Not going to lie to you, Will, but they've been tough." Clarice admitted. "I have to literally bring myself to go to class...it's just not the same without you there. I have been having some even more terrible nightmares."

Will cocked his head to the said and asked, "What kind of nightmares?"

"Oh, you know the usual ones but now I dream of you." Clarice said. "But the most important reason is that why did you tell me not to trust Dr. Lecter and not to be alone him?"

"...I want you to come to the answer yourself, Clarice." Will answered. "I want you to use that ability of yours and listen to your gut...just like your father and adopted father had told you."

She stared at him then she nodded her head, slowly.

Clarice sighed heavily and said, "Can I confess something, Will?"

"Sure...nothing can surprise me or get worse."

"You're a funny man, Will Graham." Clarice said with a smile. "I still think about us getting together, romantically, even now. I never stopped thinking about it but I know why we never crossed that line."

Will smiled sadly at her.

She reached out and gripped his manacled hand in hers as she said, her voice cracking as tears welled up, "We're broken...damaged by life."

"You're not damaged, Clarice, you're injured but not damaged."

"I feel damaged though, Will." Clarice said. "I told you about the lambs, I told you that I can still hear their screams so I am damaged."

Will looked at her sadly, tears welling up in his own eyes as he so badly wanted to hold Clarice in his arms. To ease her pain and to allow her to ease his own pain.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hannibal places the plate in front of Dr. Chilton and moves to his own seat. As he sits, he said, "Salted and ash-baked celeriac with foraged sea astra. Frederick, you have tested me. It is rare that I cook a meatless meal."
"I lost a kidney. I have to watch my protein intake." Chilton said.

"You didn't lose it, Frederick. It was taken from you. I remain impressed with your recovery."
Hannibal said.

"One can grow to love beets." Chilton said. "Alana Bloom was visiting your former patient today."

"Will was never my patient." Hannibal said.

"The irony's that Mr. Graham is my patient, and he refuses to speak to me. Makes me feel like I'm fumbling with his head like a freshman pulling at a panty girdle." Chilton said.

"Will is going to be challenging for any psychiatrist." Hannibal said.

"He is so lucid, so perceptive, he's trained in criminal psychology and he's a mass murderer. He's a prized patient. Or should be." Chilton said.

"You thought you'd be like Beaumont studying digestion through the opening in St. Martin's stomach." Hannibal said.

"As it turns out, I don't think we're any closer to understanding him now than the day he came in." Chilton said.

Hannibal takes a nearly-imperceptible pleasure at that.

"How was Dr. Bloom's visit?" Hannibal asked.

"He asked her to hypnotize him to recover memories." Chilton said then he motioned to the food. "This is delicious."

This piques Hannibal’s interest and he asked, "Was he successful?"

"Only in playing Dr. Bloom. It's sad to see a brilliant psychiatrist fall for such hoary old chestnuts." Chilton said.

"She wants to believe him. I do, too." Hannibal said.

Chilton looks disappointed at that, plows on.

"You do realize that you're his favorite topic of conversation. Not with me, of course, but with anyone else who'll listen." Chilton said, he is digging and teasing here. Enjoying himself. "He tells everyone you're a monster."

"If you believe Will Graham, then you're dining with a psychopath." Hannibal said.

Hannibal smiles and Chilton follows suit, raises his glass.

"Wouldn't be the first time." Chilton said.

He tips his glass to Hannibal and then drinks as Hannibal watches over the rim of his own drink.

"Oh and Clarice Starling was there too." Chilton said as if he had just remembered that.
Hannibal's interest is once again piqued as he said, "Oh?"

"Yes, apparently Mr. Graham had told her not to trust you and not to be alone with you, she didn't
know why but when she asked him all he told her was to look for the answer herself and to listen to
her gut." Chilton said. "She even confessed about still wanting to be in a relationship with him,
romantically that is."

So that's why she has been avoiding him, Will had gotten to her before Hannibal could. Well, he
would just have to fix that and as for this romantic relationship that she desired from Will, he
would have to fix that too...

**RIVER - DAY**

A low, man-made dam has been overrun by logs and trees, likely from a compromised beaver-
made dam. The closed sluice gates used to fill it from a nearby river have been breached. The pit
on the other side has three feet of dirty water in it.

Two Parks and Rec Laborers approaching the dam in a small boat. They climb out of the boat, onto
the dam and look down into the pit and see the stagnant water in it.

"Somebody's blasting beaver dams." The first Laborer said.

"Ah, man..." The second Laborer said.

The first Parks & Rec Laborer sloshes down the slope of wooden debris in chest waders and thick
rubber gloves, carrying a wooden pole, "This smells real bad."

The second Laborer Parks & Rec enjoys his discomfort with a dry stare. "Probably dead beavers."
The second Laborer said.

The waders slide through the water. The first Parks & Rec keeps inching forward, feet sticking
now. "Aw, god. I stepped in something." The first man said.

"Probably a dead beaver." The other man said.

The first Parks & Rec Laborer tries to move and nearly loses his balance, "It's stuck to the bottom.
Something pretty big."

He digs in with the wooden pole and stirs the water sucks and gurgles, and then a swollen, bloated
corpse rolls to the surface, skin sloughed away, dark with decomposition, eyeless from the
attentions of insects. Horrific. The first Parks & Rec drops the wooden pole, he fights for balance,
but loses the corpse bobs and falls toward him. He tries to push it away, but soft, soggy flesh
comes away in his hands and they go under.

The second Parks & Rec yelled out, "Buck!"

**BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY**

Beverly removes a DNA swab from the figure's mouth.

"I am amazed what falls off the best of us when moving through a room." Hannibal said.

"Lessons learned from cellular decay: Enjoy the world while you have it and give a little bit back." Beverly said.
"When possible, I try to leave an indelible mark wherever I go," Hannibal said.

"Hopefully not with your DNA." Beverly said.

"How long will you have my suits?" Hannibal asked.

A pile of garment bags and beyond it, an agent in the hair and fiber room running a static comb over the fine tailoring of one of Hannibal's suit jackets.

"You might have to think about supplementing your wardrobe." Beverly said.

"I frequently do." Hannibal said.

Beverly smiles; she tries to be of some comfort, "You know this is all a formality. Nobody expects to find anything."

"I know." Hannibal said.

"Except for maybe Will Graham." Beverly said.

"He'll have to be disappointed. The beauty of what you do, Ms. Katz, is in its certainty. It'll be your evidence that convicts Will." Hannibal said.

An almost-imperceptible wince from Beverly.

"I found enough of it. No need to infer or intuit or trust." Beverly said.

"So much simpler than psychiatry. You can't trust the human mind, but the brain is an imagination machine. We only see part of the world and it manufactures the rest." Hannibal said.

"Will has done some manufacturing." Beverly said.

Hannibal sighs, feigning sadness at Will's predicament, "Will is doing his best to understand where he is and why."

"You were supposed to protect him." Beverly stated.

"From himself?" Hannibal asked.

"Yeah. I'm not mad at you. Not any more than I'm mad at myself. We all missed it. Whatever it was. Is." Beverly said.

"We all are not suspects." Hannibal said.

"You're not a suspect. You're the new Will Graham." Beverly said.

"Have you spoken to Clarice?" Hannibal asked casually.

Beverly shook her head and said, "No, not since she had made it clear that she doesn't believe that Will is a mass murder...I tried calling her once but found out that she had changed her cell phone and house numbers."
RIVER - DAY

Hannibal's following Beverly through a field of grass, approaching the river that is now a crime scene.

Jack stands, looking down into the dam pit where Brian and Jimmy are in haz-chem waders and gear, down in the water. A small hoist is carefully raising a badly decomposed corpse from the water as they oversee. Technicians address three more bodies, one with a deep footprint in its abdomen.

Jack looked to Hannibal and said, "Thank you for coming, Dr. Lecter. I was hoping you could help me with a psychological profile."

As Hannibal nodded, he allowed Beverly and Jack to see him feign a slight unease at the bodies, averting his eyes for effect.

"We're standing in people soup." Brian said.

"We're spoons. And it's gazpacho." Jimmy said.

"What?" Brian asked looking at him.

"It’s cold. So it’s gazpacho." Jimmy said.

"I thought that was vichyssoise." Brian said.

"This is number four. At least one more down there." Jack said.

"How long have they been here?" Hannibal asked.

"Hard to say. Somebody went to a lot of trouble to preserve them. Been coated with some kind of resin." Jack said.

"Big guy was partially sealed. Rotting from the inside out. Other three look like they were embalmed." Beverly said.

"Whatever he's doing, he's still figuring out how to do it." Jack said.

Hannibal approaches the bodies and studies their shape, "Were they injected with silicone?"

"They were injected with something." Beverly answered.

Jack turned to Hannibal, curious what he'll say next.

"A technique for making resin-coated models out of fish. Helps the body retain a lively shape in death." Hannibal said. "He's making human models."

"Make models out of things you keep. These were tossed in the river." Jack said.

"Then they were imperfect." Hannibal said.

"...Are you guys standing in people soup?" A familiar, southern accented drawled out from above them.
They all looked up and over to see Clarice standing there with her hands on her hips, and a little away from Jack, Beverly and Hannibal, she was staring down at Jimmy and Brian with a raised eyebrow.

Hannibal could barely contain the smile he saw her but she wasn't looking at him or anyone else expect for Jimmy. Though Jack didn't seem surprised to see her here so he must have been expecting her to show up. Though he couldn't understand why he or anyone else didn't hear her car approach when it had such a throaty and loud engine.

"Hey, Clarice!" Jimmy said cheerfully, smiling and waving.

Clarice chuckled and shook her head, "Only Jimmy would greet me so cheerfully while standing in people soup." She seemed to be fine with Jimmy but she seemed to be ignoring the others.

"It’s cold. So it’s gazpacho." Jimmy said.

"Okay but it's still nasty." Clarice said.

"Wanna join us?"

"I would love to, really I would, you have no idea how sad I am about it." Clarice said sarcastically. "But I have this allergy about being anywhere near human gazpacho, sorry."

"You sure? It's fun." Jimmy said as if trying to persuade a small child to eat their greens.

"Zeller?"

"No, me." Jimmy said with an too innocent smile.

That made Clarice's twitch as if she was going to smile and break the cool politeness that she had going on, "I'm sure it's fun but it's not that fun."

"The coolest person here is doing it."

"Zeller?"

"Oh yeah, so much fun and...OhmyGod, did that dead guy just touch my butt?"

"I'm sure he didn't mean it." Jimmy said.

"Of course he didn't, he's dead and juicy and that's just even worse." Clarice said as she moved away from the body.

"Where'd you get the waders?" Brian asked, probably to see if she would talk to him like she was talking to Jimmy.

She looked at him and said, coolly polite, "From Will. He got them for on my birthday three years ago, told me he would teach me how to fish but never gotten around to it." Clarice smirked at him and the others as an awkward silence made its way over them as she made her way to the other side...
of the bank, climbing out and stepping over tree debris. "...Ugh, doesn't anyone come in and clear up the forest? That's the second branch that almost poked my eye out." They could hear her muttering as she walked off. A phone rang and she answered it, "Yes? Hi, Dad. Where am I? Acting out a scene from *Evil Dead 2*, what are you doing?" She made a humming sound. "Fishing, eh? Will would have liked you, damn shame he can't met you. Well, I have to get untangled because I don't want to run in to any wild animals...I don't want to kill Bambi or his friends. I'll see you soon." There was a grunt and joyful shout, "I'm free!! Ha Mother Nature couldn't keep me!"

"You're talking to yourself, Clarice!" Jimmy shouted at her with a smile.

"...Damn that's the first sign of insanity." Clarice said. "Well, better call the nut house and reserve a padded cell next to Will, pretty soon I'll be obeying the voices in my head..." She looked around. "I see no signs of people on this side....expect for me so I don't count." Clarice looked back at the water and sighed heavily. "Ugh, this is going to be fun..." She climbed back into the water, after a brief struggle with the tree debris once more. "I swear to God, I am going to come back one of these and light this area on fire, the trees have it out for me...and the water too...and the dead, squishy bodies."

Laughing at Clarice's antics, Jimmy looked at Brian and said, "It's nice to see that she hasn't changed much."

Clarice smiled at Jimmy and then smirked at Brian.

Brian didn't look like he shared his opinion but he wisely kept his mouth shut, which was probably a smart thing because if he had said any rude to her, which he was sometimes prone to, Hannibal would have to kill him for his rudeness.

**BEDELIA’S HOME OFFICE - DAY**

Hannibal sat with Bedelia in her home office, handing her the legal document he just signed. She casually glances it over.

"I'm giving you informed consent to discuss me as your patient." Hannibal said.

"With who?" Bedelia asked.

"Jack Crawford." Hannibal answered.

She stared at him and considered, then she said, "Disclosure of patient information should always be limited to the requirements of the situation." A pause. "What's the situation, Hannibal?"

"Will Graham made accusations. Jack's only being thorough." Hannibal replied. And Clarice has been avoiding him..

"You're keeping Agent Crawford close." Bedelia said.

"We share an obsession." Hannibal said. Bedelia doesn't move her eyes, waiting for him to continue. "I got to be Will Graham today," He then noticed her inscrutable look. "I consulted at an FBI crime scene. I stood in Will's shoes. I looked through his eyes. And I saw death how I imagined he would see it."

Her eyes narrow as she asked, "What are you up to?"
"I'm being as open and honest as I know how. As a reasonable person." Hannibal said.

"As a reasonable person, why are you inviting the FBI's scrutiny?" Bedelia asked.

"It would seem Jack Crawford is less suspicious of me than you are." Hannibal said.

"Agent Crawford doesn't know what you're capable of." Bedelia said.

"Neither do you." Hannibal said.

That gives her a momentary pause, then she said, "Clearly there are areas of your therapy that I won't be discussing with the FBI or anyone else."

"Yes, I know." Hannibal said.

"You maintain an air of transparency while putting me in the position to lie for you. Again." Bedelia said.

"You're not just lying for me." Hannibal said it so casually as to not betray a threat, but Bedelia sees through the veneer.

"How far is this going to go? Your flirtation with the FBI?" Bedelia asked.

"I'm curious about that myself." Hannibal said.

Bedelia watching through Hannibal's human veil then she asked, "Have you seen Clarice?"

"Yes, today at the crime scene but she was only talking to another person named Jimmy Price." Hannibal said.

Bedelia crossed her legs and said, "You should clear up any misunderstandings that you may have between the two of you."

"Even though her mentor and friend had told her not to trust me and not to be alone with me?" Hannibal asked.

"She deserves to hear both sides, don't you agree?" Bedelia asked.

Hannibal nodded his head, silently agreeing with her.

**SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY**

A subway train screamed out of a tunnel. Packed with stressed end-of day commuters.

Roland Umber, a lean, young black man, does the thousand-yard stare as he grips the handrail. Someone breathes as he watches him. Then moves. A figure slides beside him. Roland breathes. Eyes ahead. And then a hand slides across his forearm where he grips the rail. A whispering, lingering touch.

He jerked his head toward the figure. Freaked out.

The figure speaks, "You have nice skin..."
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Clarice breaks her promise to Will...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kaiseki Part 3

BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Brian taps his pen on the hard shell of a corpse there are two bodies (including the bloated body with a footprint in its abdomen) on drawers and four bodies on tables.

"Dental and medical records placed the six. All adults, men and women, different ages, different ethnicity, from different states." Brian said. Zeller, Starling, Price and Katz with Jack who had told his team that Clarice was helping them. "Nothing in common except they lived alone and disappeared from their homes with their vehicles."

"And they all had large amounts of heroin in their systems." Jimmy said.

"Enough to be the cause of death?" Jack said.

"And then some." Jimmy said.

Jack studies the non-bloated bodies and said, "There's unusual skin discoloration in these bodies."

"We found traces of BHT, which is a color preservative." Beverly said.

"He wants them to look alive." Jack said as he takes that in.

"He shoots them up with a little china white, injects preservatives. Fills their bodies with silicone so they don't emaciate, then seals them in a hard resin shell." Brian said.

"Maybe he's making mannequins out of real people. Like in that Tanya Roberts movie from the '70s." Jimmy said.

Jack moves on to the laceration patterns on the corpses and asked, "What are these punctures?"

"Eyelets. Something was threaded through. Bodies were likely strung up. Mounted or presented." Brian said.

"How is he choosing them?" Jack said.

"We've got nothing. Appears random. But if this is the discard pile, I'm curious how many were keepers." Beverly said.

"I want a list of any missing persons who disappeared with their vehicles in the surrounding states."
Jack ordered.

Jimmy and Brian hop to it as Beverly stands there, Clarice is watching nearby. She would have volunteered her ability to help them solve this case but she doubted they would want it because of what happened to Will.

It was sad really...

**BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY**

Clarice was sitting across from Will at the table, he was of course chained to it and she had her hand in his as they talked in hushed tones.

"I hope I didn't make this awkward because of my confession the last time I visited, Will."

Will smiled and squeezed her fingers, "You didn't, I appreciated your honesty and I would never hold it against you."

She smiled at him and said, "Thank you, Will, for everything and when you get out we're going to celebrate."

He smiled at her, pleased that he had her at his side during this time. Fighting for him and supporting him as best as she can.

**BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY**

Will sits in his cage. The clicking of heels on stairs signals the arrival of Kade Prurnell, who is escorted in by a security guard who waits for her on top of the landing.


"Am I still an FBI employee? Or that pending the outcome of my trial." Will said.

"Point of the trial isn't so much whether or not you did it, it's whether or not you knew you were doing it... when you did it." Kade said.

"Sounds like I'm unemployed." Will said.

"Dr. Bloom is hard at work on your unconsciousness defense." Kade said.

"The FBI made me do it." Will said.

"The FBI made you a murderer, yes. That is Dr. Bloom's position. As you can imagine, she's not popular." Kade stated.

"What's your position?" Will asked.

"Our point of view is, you were already a murderer." Kade said she studies Will. "The prosecution is going to paint you as an intelligent psychopath. You conspired with your neurologist to cultivate an illness that would ultimately become your alibi."

"And then I killed my neurologist to broom the footprints behind me." Will said.
"Which is what everyone is going to hear when you take the witness stand, regardless of what you say." Kade said.

"What's to be done about that?" Will asked.

"Let's discuss it." Kade said. "If you plead guilty, you will spare us all a trial and I will see to it personally you're comfortable here."

"I'm pleading innocent." Will said.

Kade doesn't hide her disappointment as she said, "You very publicly lost your mind. Some would argue, theatrically. The prosecution certainly will."

"All part of the performance. Just not my performance you're watching." Will said.

"You're going to be found guilty and you'll be given the federal death penalty. That is the inevitable conclusion we are rocketing toward." Kade said. "I'm trying to save your life."

"I'll have to save my own life." Will said unflinching in his resolve while Clarice was trying to find proof of his innocence, Will knew that she had her own problems to focus on and not focus too much on his own.

Though he knew she would try to help him, no matter what.

**WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jack's sedan pulls into the driveway and stops. Jack inside and through the odd emptiness of the place. The evening sun shines through the curtains, capturing the dust hanging in the air. A sense of abandonment amidst the residue of an investigation. Jack standing in the room. Trying to get a sense, a scent. Like a bereaved man standing in the space a loved one once occupied.

A low growl builds behind Jack and he turns to the door to be greeted by sudden loud bark. Winston stands in the open doorway. Hackles raised. Jack looks at the dog as if he were looking at Will, sad. Winston takes a step closer to Jack who raises a hand.

"Winston. Sit." Jack ordered. Winston's growling subsides and he does as instructed. "I suppose you blame me, too."

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Alana climbs the porch stairs of Will Graham's house. She walked inside to find Jack sitting against the wall, Winston's head in his lap, nuzzling his hand.

"Hello, Jack." Alana said.

"You need to take better care of this dog." Jack said.

"I feel horrible. I got all the dogs chipped. Least they're not running away to anywhere I can't find them." Alana said.

"He's looking for Will." Jack said.

"Isn't that why you're here?" Alana asked.
Jack acknowledges that with a small nod, then he said, "I understand why you felt you had to file that report. You questioned my judgment when my judgment needed to be questioned."

"Yes, it did." Alana said.

Jack appreciates her bluntness, "It's going to help Will's defense if it's on record."

"Yes, it will." Alana said.

Jack now clearly understanding that Alana threw him under the bus in a desperate attempt to save Will Graham. "How is his defense coming along?" He asked.

"Declaring Hannibal's guilt is more important to Will than establishing his own defense." Alana said.

"Hannibal's not guilty." Jack said.

"Neither is Will. He's clinging to the hope Hannibal did this so he doesn't have to face what he did." Alana said.

"I envy your certainty about him." Jack said.

"You used to be certain." Alana said.

"Convince me he didn't know what he was doing. I want to be convinced." Jack said.

"A psychopath wouldn't be so scared of the truth, Jack. And Will's terrified, but that's not stopping him from trying to find it." Alana said.

"Somebody needs to find the truth." Jack said.

"We are who we are in the now, and we are the sum of our memories. If Will doesn't remember what he did, he'll never accept the truth." Alana said.

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

Will Graham sits at his table, looking at a tray of food. Pulls back the cellophane and regards the unappetizing meal. Mashed potatoes, gray vegetables and overdone meat that he struggles to cut with a plastic knife. He puts it to his mouth and chews.

Will sits in a chair at the table, head held back, eyes rolling as a metal tube is forced between his teeth. A plastic-sheathed arm holds his head/throat in an embrace. Hannibal’s face comes into focus and he puts something down the tube, Hannibal pushes the food down with the handle of a wooden spoon. Hannibal removes the tube and pushes Will’s mouth and nose closed with one hand, as his embrace stays ever tight with the other. Will’s face goes red, and then his throat works convulsively and he swallows. Hannibal releases his nose and mouth and Will gasps for air. Hannibal’s hand reaches for a loaded needle on the table, an empty one already lies beside it...

Will coughs up the chewed meat back into the tray, Will’s eyes go wide at the recovered memory...

**BEDELIA'S HOME OFFICE - DAY**
Bedelia leads Jack inside, indicating a chair. "Please." Bedelia said. Jack takes the seat and she sits opposite him. "How to best provide a psychological profile of Hannibal Lecter."

"You're not performing an evaluation for legal purposes or serving as an expert witness, we're just talking." Jack said.

"Let's talk. Certain personality types prefer to interact with the world differently than others." Bedelia said.

"What's Hannibal's personality type?" Jack asked,

"He is the social antisocial." Bedelia answered.

"Meaning." Jack said.

"Meaning he's not easily influenced. I imagine you have that in common." Bedelia said.

"We do," Jack said.

"Hannibal's capacity to be shaped by his social environment seemed nonexistent until he met Will Graham." Bedelia said.

"What was it about Will?" Jack asked.

"We are as much about ourselves as we are about those around us." Bedelia said.

"Hannibal saw himself in Will?" Jack asked.

"Will Graham convinced Hannibal he was seeing someone as unique as himself. Just as he convinced you what Will Graham you were seeing," Bedelia said.

"We both thought we knew him." Jack said.

"You're not here to understand how Hannibal was fooled. You're here to understand how you were." Bedelia said.

"I suppose I am." Jack said

"Did you see yourself in Mr. Graham?" Bedelia asked.

"I saw an asset. And a friend." Jack said.

"Your mistake. Hannibal made mistakes, too. Mistakes I believe he will continue to make. Will Graham is an unfinished crossword puzzle. A grid of boxes neither of you have given up trying to fill." Bedelia said.

Jack mulls that a moment, then he said, "I don't know how to help Will. I worry that he's a psychopath. And I worry that he isn't."

"Psychopaths are narcissists. And narcissists often masquerade as sensitive introverts." Bedelia said.
Will stares into middle distance. He once again gracefully casts his fly into the water.

"Will?" Jack's voice said.

Will turns to see Jack standing on the shore.

Will on his feet, facing the wall, coming out of a fixed thousand-yard stare. Jack Crawford stands outside his cell.

"Hi, Jack." Will greeted.

"Where were you just now?" Jack asked.

"Gone fishin'." Will said. "What are you doing here?"

"Feeling sentimental." Jack said. "I wanted to remind myself who you were. See if I could remember the man whose classroom I walked into,"

"I remember that man. Memories are all I have. Imagine how nice it is to stumble on a new one." Will said then added when he saw Jack's look. "I was almost certain. Almost. Certain. Hannibal Lecter did this to me. It's a funny thing, doubt."

"Doubt isn't natural. We imprint on a version of the truth and have a hard time letting it go." Jack said.

"I had nothing to prove to myself or anyone else that Hannibal was responsible. Not even a memory." Will said.

"Had nothing? You have something now, Will? You recover a memory?" Jack asked.

"Yes." Will said.

Jack bows his head. He's almost amused. Will is energized.

"You know that's meaningless." Jack said.

"Not for me." Will said. "He did it so well. There wasn't even an orgy of evidence. There was just enough to convince you."

"We investigated your claims about Dr. Lecter. Thoroughly. We've gone over every fiber of every stitch of clothing. We took his DNA. We took his fingerprints. We found nothing." Jack said.

"You let the fox into the henhouse." Will said.

"Yes. Yes, I did. You stood over a dead girl's body in that field and described yourself to me." Jack said.

"I described Hannibal Lecter." Will said.

"I can't hear this anymore." Jack said.
"I'm not the intelligent psychopath you're looking for." Will said.

"Good-bye, Will." Jack said as he turns and walks away.

"May not believe me now... you will." Will said.

**CLARICE STARLING'S BRICK HOUSE- NIGHT**

Clarice was in her living room, kneeling on her rug in front of a roaring fire in the brick and stone fireplace that was in her living room. She had a wine glass in her hand as she stared at the fire, staring but really seeing it as her mind took her to a memory...

She was at the Hobbs' residence with Will, Alana, Abigail and Hannibal. They were cleaning up the graffiti when Abigail asked, "Are we going to re-enact the crime?" She looked to Will and Alana. "You be my dad. You be my mom." And to Hannibal. "And you be the man on the phone."

Hannibal is caught off guard. More so by Abigail’s steely nonchalant stare that follows her comment.

Realization dawning, Clarice sits up right spilling her wine but she ignored it as she leapt to her feet and ran up the stairs to change out of her sleeping wear. Once dressed, she ran down the stairs, slipping into her jacket as she grabbed her keys and bolted out of the house. She made sure to lock the door before running to her car and driving off.

If Will knew where she was going, he would be very angry with her since she was going against what he had told her to do...

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Beautiful classical music played.

An antique clock reads 7:31. On the desk is the page a leather-bound appointment book under 7:30, it says, "Will Graham" and just underneath his name was "Clarice Starling" Hannibal sat with a glass of wine, staring into the empty chair where Will would have once sat.

As the music soars, Hannibal’s face clouds...

"Dr. Lecter?" A soft feminine lilting honey magnolia accent, a southern voice, said just as a hand gently touched his shoulder. He looked over his shoulder to see who it was, even though he knew who it was since no other woman had an accent like hers, or scent.

Hannibal was surprised to see Clarice but he hide it before it could be shown. He had been thinking about ways to see her again but he had never thought that she would come to him on her own accord.

"Ms. Starling, how good to see you again." Hannibal said as he stood up. "I thought you were avoiding me."

"I'm sorry, Dr. Lecter." Clarice apologized. "I just didn't feel like seeing anyone not in a work area after Will was taken away...I didn't want to see the pity or blame on their faces."

"Why would they blame you, Clarice?"
Clarice smiled at him though there was a hint of sadness in there, "Because I was supposed to ground him but I didn't, I wasn't always with him."

"It's not your fault."

She laughed at that but it was mocking, dry, "Try to tell Dr. Bloom that."

"Did she say anything to you?"

"No but I could see it on her face and my gut tells me it..." Clarice said with a shrug.

Hannibal motions to the chair across from him, "Please, excuse my rudeness, Clarice. Have a seat."

Clarice sat down with a small grateful smile.

"Would you like a glass of wine?" Hannibal asked as he stood up and went to get her a glass.

"Yes, please."

He returned with a glass filled with red liquid and handed it to her.

She took it with a smile and said, "Thank you..." Clarice took a small sip as he sat back down.

"I missed our conversations." Hannibal said.

"Yeah, well I miss my conversations with Will but I'm never going to have those again." Clarice said. "Especially if they convict him and put him on death row..." She closed her eyes as she tilted her head back and rested it against the back of the chair, running her hand through her hair and tapping a nail against the side of her glass.

"Do you believe someone is framing him?" Hannibal asked kindly, smoothly as he watched her neck flex with each swallow.

Clarice lowered her head so she can look at him and said, "Yes, I do...my gut tells me that it is whenever I think about it." She then added. "Before you can say that my gut isn't something that could be truly be used or whatever, my gut was upset the day my pa was shot and then it was upset again when he died. I know for a fact that when my gut is telling me something then I have to stop and listen to it...it's hard to explain."

"I understand, Clarice." Hannibal said with a smile.

She smiled at him in return before she noticed the time on the clock and said, "I have to go now, I have to be up early tomorrow." She stood up and placed the wine glass on the table. "Thank you for talking to me and for the wine, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal stood up and said, "You're welcome and please, don't be such a stranger."

Clarice smiled at him as he led her to the door, opening it for her, "I won't...Good night, Dr. Lecter." One last smile was shared between them and she walked away, leaving him watching her back.

But unbeknownst to him, the smile that was on her face had vanished to be replaced by a very thoughtful look on her face.

**BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - NIGHT**
Will's face breaks into a smile. Will is chained to the table, watching, as Beverly enters, the door closing and locking behind her.

"It's good to see you." Will greeted.

"Don't know how I feel about seeing you. I'll let you know when I do." Beverly said.

"Does Jack know you're here?" Will asked.

"No, but he shouldn't be surprised." Beverly said.

"I'm surprised." Will said.

"I'm compartmentalizing." Beverly said. "A lot of people are missing."

"Do you have the file with you?" Will asked.

"Yes." Beverly said.

"And pictures." Will said.

"Yes." Beverly said. She opens a file and shows him the six victims from the soup. "The first six bodies ended up in the same place. Dumped in a river, caught in a beaver dam."

"What does he do to them?" Will asked. "And why didn't you ask Clarice for help?"

"He targets them, follows them home, abducts them and preserves them." Beverly said. "Jack is afraid that she'll become like you."

"You want to know how he's choosing them, don't you?" Will asked. "Of course he is but he doesn't have to worry about her, Clarice is strong."

"Thought you would have some ideas." Beverly said. She shows him photos. Pushes the file across the table. "This second group are all missing, under similar circumstances, from three different states." She hands him a bigger sheaf of photographs. Will takes it, focuses on the pictures, concentrates. "Tell me what you see?"

Will closes his eyes and in the darkness of his mind a pendulum swung. He opened his eyes and studies the faces in the missing persons pictures as he flips through the photographs. The pendulum swung. A victim's face partially illuminated by the reflective light of the pendulum. Another victim's face. Another. Another. He concentrates on the faces as he gathers the pictures up and fans them on the table and begins arranging them. Beverly watches as he slides the pictures around and around. The victims' pictures are now ordered according to skin tone light to dark. He looks at Beverly.

"It's a color palette." Will said.

**GRAIN SILO - NIGHT**

Darkness.

Dark eyes as they open.
Roland Umber. He groans, struggles, gasps for air. He is stuck, trapped in close confinement. His eyes roll as he sees what he is trapped by and he starts to freak out. It is soon revealed why he is freaking out: he is stitched along the arms and legs to other bodies, bent and formed around each other in a human tapestry.

As a scream starts to build in Roland's throat...

Chapter End Notes

As you can see, Clarice doesn't accuse Hannibal out right...at least not yet.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Figured I should try something different, you know who every episode of Hannibal has this teaser before the credits? I thought I should try doing that with this 'episode' ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sakizuke Teaser

GRAIN SILO - NIGHT

A Sri Lankan man, dead clouded eyes staring, lies on his side, naked in a pronounced question-mark posture. And he appears to shudder because the corpse sewn snugly along the length of his back is moving as well. But the rejuvenation is an illusion, their movement created by Roland Umber who is still alive, desperately trying to free himself from this nightmare. The flesh of his left side, like the bodies around him, shines with a coat of resin. But his legs, torn and bleeding, have been pulled free from the stitching. Only his arm stays anchored to the corpse beside him. With a determined yank, stitches snap, flesh tears and Roland screams. The cry soars up into the huge cylinder he’s in.

But Roland is free.

The silo door shakes and rattles against the paddle lock securing it closed. Finally, bolts pop and the door swings open, Roland stumbling out into the night. The night is dark, moonless, and all he can see are the dark shapes and shadows of an old shed building and the hulking corpses of old machinery and cars. The exterior of the silo feels derelict, a junkyard, bounded by the whispering blackness of a cornfield.

Roland who moves as best as his resin-coated skin and his injuries allow. His head swivels, searching, and then his eyes squint at what looks like the distant blinking lights of civilization. But it is headlights. Suddenly, Roland is fixed in their glare, blinded and bewildered. Puts an arm to his eyes to shade them.

Blazing headlights suddenly hurtle toward him. He runs for the labyrinth of abandoned cars. The pickup races toward him. As Roland dives behind old metal, the pickup skids to a halt. The bright spotlights aimed at the junkyard, transforming it into a contrasting field of bright light and black shadows. Roland hunkers down behind a rusted-out car.

The driver’s door clunks open and the killer steps out, loading a rifle. He walks in front of his own headlights, scanning the junkyard in silhouette.

Behind Roland, the eye of the flashlight travels across the empty cars, searching. He climbs inside an unlocked Tercel, narrowly escaping the beam of his Pursuer's torch.

Winding through cars, led by his flashlight shining on the Tercel's aerial antenna which still shudders. The Pursuer's hand grasps the car door handle, wrenches it open and the opposite door is open. Roland Umber is gone. Suddenly, the Killer swings round to find that the cornstalks still swinging where someone brushed through them..
The cornstalks tight and ominous around Roland. Breathless, he watches as the flashlight sweeps the corn, then points at him.

He bolts, running away through the rows of corn.

Roland Umber bursts out of the stalks and runs across the open field, headed for a line of trees.

The Pursuer emerges from the rows and raises his gun. The crosshairs find Roland as he nears the line of trees.

He is about to enter the cover of trees. A shot rings out and a nearby tree is hit by a bullet, spraying bark. Roland keeps charging forward and disappears in the woods.

Roland Umber stumbles blindly through the trees, a bobbing flashlight searches for him in the background. Branches clack and crackle off his coated skin. Then, a noise ahead a rushing sound. Cars? Irrigation of a family farm?

From behind, a sound he’s certain of: his Pursuer closing in.

A glance over his shoulder and the flashlight beams confirms. Roland Umber runs faster. The trees ahead thinning. He finds a reserve of speed, buoyed by the road or freeway or farmhouse that could lie ahead.

Roland Umber emerges from the thicket of trees and drops: he falls off a cliff's edge, hitting an outcropping of rock and ricocheting off of it. Gravity delivers his body to the river, where the current takes hold of it and carries it downstream. Above him, the Pursuer appears at the trees' edge, hidden by the flashlight's halo, searching the embankment in vain.

CLARICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Clarice was staring out her kitchen window as she sipped her coffee, thinking about what had happened yesterday, which had been a lot and some of those things had been major bombshells. The young woman wore her normal outfit, which consisted of dark denim jeans, a black dress shirt and black leather jacket. She'd feed both Salem and Bishop before she feed herself and poured her coffee.

She found out that Hannibal was the Ripper and was the one who framed Will for the murders of those girls.

Why he would do that to just Will and not her, Clarice had no idea but she’d find out why.

Her blue eyes narrowed as she took another sip of her hot drink, her thoughts racing as she stared in middle distance. Clarice couldn’t outright accuse Hannibal for those murders and framing her mentor and friend, Jack would think Will is tricking her, clouding her judgement. But in reality, both mentor and protege knew that it was actually Hannibal that was tricking everyone and that they were the ones who had their judgement clouded. She sighed as she placed her now empty coffee cup in the sink, she’s been sighing a lot lately, ever since Will has been locked up and she had to deal with the gruesome alone, without him backing her up.

Clarice pushed her hair back from her face with a slightly shaky hand before she grabbed her keys and purse and walked out of her house.

BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY
Will sits across from Hannibal and Alana, who stand behind a white line on the stone floor. Despite the defiance Will showed Hannibal when he last visited, he is more civil. He appears wrung-out. Haunted.

“I've lost the plot. I'm the unreliable narrator of my own story.” Will said. “I'm trying to place myself somewhere in the frame of my mind and I have no bearings. No landmarks to tell me who I am.”

“You have an incomplete self. We are who we are in the now and we are the sum of our memories. There are pieces of you... you can't see.” Alana said.

Will chews on his words before muttering, “I'm afraid to see. I don't know who I am anymore and I'm afraid.”

“Without remembering, you're seized by something imagined. It has the brilliant immediacy of a childhood fantasy and is just as real.” Hannibal said.

Will hangs his head, trying to contain his emotions, “I don't know what's worse. Believing I did it or believing you did it... and did this to me.” He finally glances up at Hannibal, eyes brimming.

“Hannibal's not responsible, Will. And neither are you. We have to get to the truth of what happened. It's the only way you can move forward.” Alana said.

Will forces himself to confront despite overwhelming emotion, he looked to Hannibal, “I felt so betrayed by you. All that felt real to me was the betrayal. I trusted you. I needed to trust you.”

“You can trust me.” Hannibal said.

Will winces, feeling the burn of wanting to believe Hannibal, “I'm... very confused.”

“Of course you are. Ideas and perceived experiences have the same effect on our minds as tossing a rock into a pond. It all ripples.” Alana said.

“How us help you, Will.” Hannibal said. “Let me help you.”

Will clenches, holding his feelings at bay as he admits, “I need your help.” He's finally overcome with the emotion and can no longer hold back the tears now running down his cheeks.

Alana watching helplessly, Hannibal watching curiously...

BSHCI - CELL BLOCK - DAY

Will is led in shackles down the long corridor by a guard and a nurse. Will's head is hung low, clearly still emotional from the confessional meeting with Hannibal and Alana Bloom.

The door clangs shut and the guard and nurse step away. Will weeping quietly as the guard's footsteps recede down the hall and end with a closed door. Once alone, Will's weeping ceases almost immediately. His face going cold and calculating... a game is afoot.

Chapter End Notes
Clarice isn't the type to enjoy lying but she will if she has to...
Hannibal and Will refuse to mention Clarice for obvious reasons, though she will be flattered that she has two hot men talking about her lol

**Sakizuke Part 1**

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Bedelia lost in pensive thought as she waits. Finally, Hannibal opens the door.

“This is a pleasant surprise.” Hannibal said.

“May I come in?” Bedelia asked.

Dr. Du Maurier enters, followed by Hannibal. She takes in the space. She smiles faintly, something clearly on her mind.

“Please. Sit.” Hannibal said as he motioned towards a chair.

She doesn't sit instead she said, “I won't be staying long.”

“I'm curious. What couldn't wait until our next session?” Hannibal asked.

“We don't have a next session.” Bedelia then she noticed his look. “I'm no longer your therapist.”

Hannibal pauses, an imperceptible wound, “May I ask why?”

“I reached the limit of my efficacy. I don't believe I can help you.” Bedelia said.

Hannibal asked, wry, “Are you giving me a referral?”

“I'm not. I'm just ending our patient-psychiatrist relationship.” Bedelia said with a shake of her head.

“You tried to end it before.” Hannibal stated.

“I'm grateful for your persistence with engaging me after my attack. However, in light of all that's happened with Will Graham, I've begun to question your actions. Particularly, your past actions with regards to me. And my attack.” Bedelia said.

“Did you share these questions with Jack Crawford?” Hannibal asked.

“No. Nor am I going to. I would look just as guilty as you. And perhaps that's what you intended.” Bedelia said.

“What exactly am I guilty of?” Hannibal asked.

“Exactly, I can't say. I had to draw a conclusion from what I glimpse through the stitching of the
person suit you wear. And the conclusion I've drawn is... you are dangerous.” Bedelia said. “Clarice Starling is right to avoid you when the two of you are or will be alone.”

“I'm sorry you feel that way.” Hannibal said choosing not to tell the woman that said woman had visited him the night before.

She studies him one last time, then, “Please don't come to my home again.” Then she adds. “I'll show myself out.”

She moves to the door, opens it. Before she steps through Hannibal said, “I'm resuming Will Graham's therapy.”

“To what end? Besides your own.” Bedelia asked.

“He asked for my help.” Hannibal said.

“Then maybe you deserve each other.” Bedelia said and with that, she exits leaving Hannibal standing there...

BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Roland Umber’s body lies on a slab. Beverly speaks across it to Jack. Jimmy and Brian are there with Clarice standing close by leaning against a table. Hannibal is there as well, silent and observing.

Clarice was subtly watching Hannibal as he observed them.

“His name is Roland Umber. Has the same profile as the other victims. Lived alone, disappeared from home, large dose of heroin in his system.” Jimmy said.

Zeller leans forward to see around Hannibal as he said, “Only major difference is the eyelet punctures are all uniformly torn.” He indicates the torn punctures on Roland Umber's body.

“This victim wasn't unstrung. He was ripped from his moorings.” Jack said.

“Whatever his imperfection, it was enough to aggravate the killer into tearing him down.” Hannibal said.

“He was discarded in a tributary four hundred miles away from anything that feeds into the dam where the first victims were found.” Beverly said.

“Like dandelion seeds, casts bodies in every direction but his own.” Hannibal said.

Leaning forward, Zeller finds Hannibal is in his way again. Hannibal steps back and bumps into Beverly.

“We know they're dead when they hit the water. Their lungs are dry. But the buffeting in the current causes so many postmortem injuries, you can't tell them apart from the ones they got when they were alive.” Brian said.

Beverly gently guides Hannibal to a more strategic spot, “Stand here, please.”

Clarice smiled at Hannibal, amused.

“There may be trace evidence preserved in the craquelure.” Hannibal said.
“The what?” Jack asked confused.

Hannibal points to a series of tiny cracks in the resin as he explained, “It's French for the cracks that appear on an oil painting as it dries and becomes rigid with age.” Then he adds when he noticed their looks, “Cracks are not always weaknesses. A life lived accrues in the cracks.”

“Could be something in there. Fiber, debris, might help track where the bodies were before they got dumped.” Beverly said.

Jack is still puzzled, “What do the victims have in common?”

Beverly displays the victims’ photographs on a table as she explained, “What if it isn't what they have in common. What if it's what makes them... different.” On the table, the victims’ photographs, and Roland Umber's, are arranged as Will did to feature the victims. “Each of these people has a slightly different flesh tone. It could be like a color palette.”

Jack, Jimmy and Brian stare at Beverly, not sure where she's going. But Hannibal is. He nods, thinking.

“The color of our skin is so often politicized, it would almost be refreshing to see someone revel in the aesthetic for aesthetic's sake. If it weren't so horrific.” Hannibal said. “We're supposed to see color, Jack. That may be all this killer has ever seen in his fellow man. Which is why it's so easy for him to do what he does to his victims.”

“Which is why there will be a lot more bodies on his color palette.” Beverly said.

Hannibal looked at Beverly and said, “A fascinating insight, Ms. Katz. It's as if Will Graham himself were here in the room with us.”

Jack turns his scrutiny from the photos to Beverly herself, “Yes, it is.”

Clarice couldn't help the smirk that curled her lips as she stared at Beverly, that was the same thought that she had and that no one was willing to ask but it looked like Beverly had gone to talk to Will.

**BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Beverly sits facing Jack who stands, gazing out his window.

“How's Will Graham?” Jack asked. She opens her mouth to answer, but before she can, he barked out. “Shut your mouth.” Then he adds. “Is there a reason you didn't come to me before talking to him?”

“I figured you'd say no.” Beverly said. "And no one was going to ask Clarice."

“You figured correctly.” Jack said. "I don't want what happened to Will, happen to Clarice."

“But I knew you'd want to say yes.” Beverly said. "Will doesn't think so, he seems to think she's strong and stubborn enough to remain grounded."

Jack looked at her and asked, “You knew that?”

“You put me in an awkward position, Jack. I had to go because I knew you wouldn't. If you had gone like you wanted, I wouldn't have had to. And like I said, no one was going to ask Clarice.” Beverly said. “Why didn't you?”
Jack stares at Beverly, then decides to remain calm, “Because Will Graham is either delusional or a psychopath, neither of which I can trust.”


“I'm listening. This is what I hear. If he is delusional, I made him that way. If he is a psychopath, then everything in my gut is wrong.” Jack said.

She watches him, absorbing everything he's said, “You think he's innocent.” Just like Clarice.

“I don't know what I think.” Jack said.

She's not intimidated and responds evenly, “I think he still wants to save lives. That's what I think. And Clarice thinks so too.”

“I've bent rules here in the name of trying to save lives. But there is an internal investigation. I am under a microscope. The Office of the Inspector General has ordered a psych evaluation to determine my competency to sit in that chair.” Jack said. "Clarice thinks he's innocent, he's blinding her and she doesn't know it.”

“I'm sorry, Jack.” Beverly said. “What do you want me to do? If you don't want me to go back, I won't. Clarice doesn't seem the type to follow blindly.”

Jack glances around his office, heaves a deep sigh and gathers his thoughts. Finally he said, “We didn't have this conversation. And since we didn't have this conversation, you should do what you believe it is your job to do.” Then he adds. “Do you know what your job is?”

“Yes, I do.” Beverly said.

“Then do it.” Jack said. “Though I am curious about why you didn’t tell Clarice?”

Beverly looked at him and said, “I don’t have her new number and she doesn't look like that she's been getting enough sleep.”

**BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - NIGHT**

Hannibal stands over Roland Umber's body. At the back of the room, Price and Zeller are busy at work. Hannibal swings a metal arm holding a magnifying lens and asks, “May I?”

Clarice is reading a book about Jack the Ripper on a chair close by, her focus entirely on the book in her hands.

“Knock yourself out.” Brian said.

Hannibal’s eyes drift back to the cracks in the resin-coated skin. A notion floats behind his eyes and takes purchase. He leans in and very inconspicuously smells the craquelure on the corpse’s wrist without drawing anyone's attention. His nostrils flare as he draws its scent, ignoring the scent of the woman sitting in the room with them.

Hannibal stands upright after being bent over the body, looking through the magnifying lens. He considers the craquelure of the corpse and smiles almost imperceptibly.

"Trying to find the meaning of life, Dr. Lecter?" Clarice's southern twang broke through his thoughts.

Hannibal straightened and turned towards Clarice with a noticeable smile, "Something like that,
"You won't find it looking at a corpse, Dr. Lecter, all you see is the meaning of death." Clarice said as she closed her book and placed it in her purse.

"How would I find the meaning of life? Looking at a live person?"

She smiled at him and said, "Something like that, Dr. Lecter." She glanced at her wrist watch and stood up. "Time for me to head home, I got a cat and dog to feed. I'll see you gentlemen tomorrow." Clarice waved goodbye as she walked out of the lab, her heels clicking on the hard floor.

**BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY**

Hannibal running his shoe over the line of tape on the floor. Will sits on a stool in the belly of his own therapy cage. He has resumed his act of wounded bird and it remains authentic.

“I’ve been advised to stay on this side of the white line.” Hannibal said.

“Select patients have taken to urinating on the therapists.” Will said. “The stone you’re standing in front of? If it were wood, it’d be warped.”

“I would argue, drawing a line might encourage a pissing contest.” Hannibal stated.

“I'm not interested in a pissing contest with you, Dr Lecter. Please. Pull up your chair.” Will said.

Hannibal scoots his chair across the white line and sits, “You said the light from friendship won't reach us for a million years, that's how far away we were. I hope our friendship feels closer today.”

“Friends have a symmetrical relationship. Psychiatrist and patient, that's unbalanced.” Will said.

“There is a power differential between psychiatrist and patient. One that I'm well aware of, particularly with my own therapist.” Hannibal stated.

“But we're just having conversations.” Will said.

Hannibal smiles, seeing a glimpse of the old Will Graham, “You threatened me with a reckoning.”

“I did. I can't claim unconsciousness on that one.” Will said.

“You were searching for something in your head to incriminate me. I can only assume you didn't find it.” Hannibal said.

“Not much in there I recognize.” Will said.

“Whatever you remember, if you do remember, will be a distortion of reality. Not the truth of events.” Hannibal said.

“I'm realizing that.” Will said.

Hannibal studies Will, inscrutable as to what he sees, “Beverly Katz has come to see you.”

Both men were avoiding mentioning Clarice, at least not at the moment since both men cared about the young woman though for different reasons.

Will sees her as a younger sister.
Hannibal sees her more than a patient, he was in love with her.

“Yes.” Will said.

“Does she show you pictures?” Hannibal asked.

“Yes.” Will answered.

“Wouldn’t want Alana Bloom to worry you’re dwelling on anything morbid in what’s to be a time of recovery.” Hannibal said.

“It's the only thing that feels normal.” Will said.

“The violence?” Hannibal asked.

“The structure of understanding the violence. That feels normal.” Will answered.

“You're missing pieces of yourself. Careful what you replace them with.” Hannibal said. “What did you see in the pictures?”

“This killer. He's not stringing his victims up. He's stitching them together. Every body is a brushstroke. He's making a human mural.” Will said.

“Why does he do it?” Hannibal asked.

“He's missing pieces, too.” Will answered.

**HANNIBAL LECTER’S OFFICE - DAY**

Hannibal was sitting across from his patient, who was sitting silently across from him watching him watch her.

“It’s weird, not being able to see Will every day like I used.” Clarice said finally breaking the comfortable silent they were in. “I used to come here with him too.”

Hannibal’s eyes scanned her face and said, “You two were always together.”

“...Yes but not as much as I would have thought.” Clarice said.

“What had happened to Will isn’t your fault, Clarice.” Hannibal said. “I thought I already told you that.”

Clarice shrugged her shoulders and said, “I know but the guilt is there.”

Hannibal leaned forward and gently placed his hand over hers, “I am here to help you, Clarice.”

She glanced down at his hand before she looked up at him, “Thank you, Dr. Lecter.”

“Now can you tell me why you look so tired?” Hannibal asked. “Does it have to do with Will?” He felt the hand underneath his tense and shake, he immediately grabbed her hand, holding it.

Clarice closed her eyes and took a deep breath, “You remember my nightmares about the lambs?”

“Yes.”

“Well, they're even worse now,” Clarice said. “Will is mixed in there with my dad and the lambs.”
“Why, Clarice?”

“...Because I am worried about him, Dr. Lecter.” Clarice said. “He didn't kill those girls.”

“Not everyone shares the belief.” Hannibal asked as he rubbed her wrist with his thumb in a comforting gesture.

“...I know, Dr. Lecter.” Clarice said. “But I don't want to lose him either.”

“Why is that?” Hannibal asked.

“Because I lost too many people that I have ever cared about.” Clarice said. "I was too young when my mama died and I lost my dad then I was sent away by an uncle because I tried to save of the lambs. I was alone for a long time before I met Will and I don't want to go back again.”

“You aren't alone now, you're with me.” Hannibal observe. "And I will never let you be alone again.” It annoyed him how much she and Will got along and how she refused to leave him alone. And how strong their bond is.

Clarice nodded her head and said, “That’s right, Dr. Lecter...I thank you for that.”

**DR. DEY’S OFFICE - DAY**

No somber hues of Hannibal’s office or the modern simplicity of Bedelia’s. This office exudes austere civil service. Dr. Adam Dey, the Bureau psychiatrist, faces Jack. He begins the psych review session just like dozens preceding this one.

“An "evaluation" measures worth.” Dr. Dey said. “Anxiety on your part is expected.”

“I'm not anxious. I'm actually very curious what you have to say about my state of mind and my competency.” Jack said.

“I'd be anxious if I were you.” Dr. Dey said.

“Because most psychiatrists in your position are compelled to reduce patients to items on a checklist?” Jack asked.

“Yes.” Dr. Dey said.

“I'm here as much to better understand myself as I am to be evaluated by you.” Jack said.

“That's refreshing. Most people sitting in that chair don't appreciate the process.” Dr. Dey said.

“The scrutiny of others has never made me uncomfortable.” Jack said.

“And the empathy of others? How does that make you feel?” Dr. Dey asked.

Jack studies him, whose empathy is he referring to? “I don't mistake understanding for empathy. I realize somebody can understand me without knowing me. Not easy to know another person.” Jack answered.

“It's often easier to understand someone if you don't know them.” Dr. Drey said. “How well did you know Will Graham?”

“Before I shot him or after?” Jack asked.
“Yes.” Dr. Dey answered.

“Before I shot him, I thought I knew him pretty well. I thought he was my friend. After I shot him, I wondered if I ever knew him at all.” Jack answered.

“You weren't prepared for that.” Dr. Dey said.

“I was trained to prepare instincts, reactions, gestures, get them by heart so I could act even when I am uncertain, even when I have doubt.” Jack said.

“Have you prepared yourself for Mr. Graham's criminal trial?” Dr. Dey asked.

“Now that I am anxious about.” Jack answered.

“I understand the prosecution will be seeking a federal death penalty.” Dr. Dey said.

“That's what's got me anxious. I'm afraid Will Graham is going to die and I still won't know who he is.” Jack said Dr. Dey's silence encourages Jack to continue. “The last act of certainty I had regarding Will was shooting him. It was the only thing I could do in that moment to help him. I haven't been able to help him since.”

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

Beverly stands on the other side of the bars, holding an abridged file of photographs and forensic data.

“Dr. Lecter has advised me against dwelling on anything morbid.” Will said.

“I know you want to stop these murders as much as I do.” Beverly said.

“Reasons to stop multiple murders do occur readily to me, but I'm going to need something in return.” Will said.

Beverly stares at Will, curious what game he's playing. “There are things you don't have. I can talk to the chief of staff.”

“Chilton?” Will asked.

“He's being very cooperative.” Beverly said.

“Of course he is. He loves when I have visitors. He's recording every word. He's gossipy that way.” Will said.

“What do you want, Will?” Beverly asked.

“I'm wondering if you can get me the thing I really want.” Will said.

“Try me.” Beverly said.

“I want you to ignore all the evidence against me.” Will said.

“You're right. I can't get that.” Beverly said.

“How many more colors is this killer going to add to his box of crayons?” Will asked.

“Say I were to ignore the evidence against you, what then?” Beverly asked instead of answering.
“Strike it from your mental record. Start over. If I'm guilty, you'll find more evidence. If I'm not guilty, maybe you'll find that too.” Will answered.

“All right. I'll keep looking.” Beverly said.

“Good. Let me have the file then. I'll tell you what I think.” Will said. Beverly puts the file in a tray, slides it through the bars. “Do you mind if I do this privately?”

“Yes.” Beverly said she places the folding chair against the opposite wall, sits.

Will rips the envelope open, leaving torn edges where the staples were. He shakes BAU photos out of a padded envelope. Shots of Roland Umber at BAU. Will glances at Beverly through the bars and returns his attention to the pictures.

Will focuses on the photos and he closes his eyes.

A long beat before the ambient cell block sounds are replaced as the drone of Will’s blood flow presides.

He opens his eyes, glancing down at the photo in his hands, of Roland Umber's wounds. He lowers the photo to reveal Roland Umber on a metal table.

The environment is wrapped in shadow and mood. Will now stands over Roland Umber's corpse on a metal table, Beverley behind him on the other side of the glass wall. Will stares at the ragged wounds of where flesh tore away from stitching.

“Skin isn't as discolored as the other victims'. Looks fairly well preserved, all things considered.” Will whispered. “Why would I throw you away?”

Will looks to the envelope the photos came in. Its end had been stapled shut, but when it was opened and where the staples were removed, the paper is torn.

“Did Roland Umber have any priors with substance abuse?” Will asked.

Beverly watches Will standing in the middle of his cell, as if he's in the BAU, his back to her in the corridor.

“He was in an outpatient treatment program for drug addiction.” Beverly answered.

“Heroin?” Will asked.

“Among others.” Beverly answered.

Will studies poor Roland Umber, dead on the slab.

“Had a high tolerance for opiates, the overdose didn't kill him. He survived what was done to him.” Will said. “He tore himself free. He ran.”

Will finally turns to face Beverly.

“How did he end up in the water?” Beverly asked.

“Killer didn't put him there. He'd have put him back in the mural if he caught him. Other bodies were dumped. Roland Umber got away.” Will answered.

“Got away from where?” Beverly asked.
“This killer needs someplace private to do what he does. A warehouse, a farm, someplace abandoned, upstream from where the body was found. It'll be close to the water.” Will answered.

“Thank you.” Beverly said.

“I'm curious. What'd Hannibal Lecter have to say about Mr. Umber?” Will asked.

“He thinks the killer tore him down, dumped his body like the others.” Beverly said.

“That may be what he said, but not necessarily what he thinks.” Will said.

**GRAIN SILO - DUSK**

A grain silo looms behind, a royal sentry in a bearskin hat. Hannibal, his clear plastic suit over his traditional three piece, crosses the property. He walks along the field of corn, toward the grain silo.

He approaches the silo and regards a steep metal staircase on its outer wall, leading to a silo opening twenty feet up.

Hannibal sees mud clumped on the lower steps that’s still moist. Hannibal turns his gaze upward from the locked door and begins to climb the metal staircase. Hannibal reaches the upper opening. He steps into the silo’s upper catwalk and he sees the true order in the carnage on the silo floor. The mass grave reveals its intended form and purpose: The bodies, with their variety of shades and positioning, form a unified picture -- the image of a huge, glowering eye. A stern, unblinking representation frozen in resin and death.

Hannibal sees light come through the lower opening. A man, the killer, enters with a lantern and a resin tank with a spray wand.

“Hello.” Hannibal said. The Killer who spins to see Hannibal in his plastic suit, watching from above. He then added with the utmost sincerity, “I love your work.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Clarice has a scare but she heads to Hannibal's house...you'll just have to read what happens there :P

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sakizuke Part 2

FARMYARD - DAY

A panel truck pulls to a stop, not an ambulance. On its side: "MONTGOMERY COUNTY CORONER" lit by the strobe of pulsing red and blue police lights. There was a second truck -- "FREDERICK COUNTY CORONER"... a third: "CARROLL COUNTY CORONER." Beyond it, "HOWARD COUNTY."

A full-blown crime scene, populated by considerable local and state police presence. FBI personnel work amongst them. Body bags have been lined up. Each pile flapping in the wind, weighted down with a heavy stone, ready to be filled.

Beverly and Hannibal approach the silo, navigating around the crime scene personnel and between waiting rows of body bags.

“Vous and Will Graham are a good team. You gave us the "what" we were looking for. He gave us the "where."” Beverly said. “Corn dust in the craquelure.”

“And Will's insight?” Hannibal asked.

“He didn't think Roland Umber was discarded. He escaped. We just had to go upstream from where his body was found until we hit corn.” Beverly explained.

“We do make a good team.” Hannibal said.

They approach Jack Crawford near the silo and Beverly hands Hannibal off, Clarice isn't anywhere in sight, or smell, so she must not be here. Jack hands Hannibal crime scene gloves.

“Dr. Lecter. Follow me. Might want to prepare yourself. You haven't seen anything like this before.” Jack said.

“I'm sure I haven't.” Hannibal said.

Jack and Hannibal inside are inside the grain silo, moving across the expanse of bodies like dunes of sand made flesh. Hannibal takes in the magnitude of the horrific display. Jack turns to see him staring, genuinely awestruck.

“How can being human go so bad?” Jack asked.

“When it comes to nature versus nurture, I choose neither. We are built from a DNA blueprint and born into a world of scenario and circumstance we don't control.” Hannibal said.
“Praise the mutilated world.” Jack said.


“This feels ritual. In the vicinity of voodoo. Is it human sacrifice?” Jack said.

“I'm not sure if it's an offering, but it's certainly a gesture.” Hannibal said.

“To who?” Jack asked.

Turning to the human mural, Hannibal points to the caucasian man in the fetal position at the center of the brown iris, one leg tucked under the other as if it has been amputated at the knee.

“The eye looks beyond this world, into the next, and sees the reflection of man himself.” Hannibal said. “Is the killer looking at God? A challenge of equals? "I can be as terrible as you. I can take and I can create.".”

“Sounds like human sacrifice to me.” Jack said.

“Not to appease, but to defy.” Hannibal said.

“Is it an existential crisis?” Jack asked.

“If it were an existential crisis, I would argue there wouldn't be any reflection in the eye at all.” Hannibal said.

“Someone who could do this... are they likely to keep doing it?” Jack asked.

“This could be his beginning and/or his end.” Hannibal said.

“You said he doesn't see people. He sees... material.” Jack said.

“Those in the world around him are a means to an end. He uses them to do what he is driven to do.” Hannibal said,

As Jack considers Hannibal's words…

DR. DEY’S OFFICE - DAY

“Will Graham was a means to an end. I used him. To do what I was driven to do. I saved lives...” Jack sits facing his OIG therapist, Dr. Dey. “...at the expense of his. I thought anything I could put Will through, he would fight his way back to himself, but I was wrong.”

“Maybe he's still fighting.” Dr. Dey said.

“Maybe he's not.” Jack said.

“Point is, you don't know. It's okay to not know. Can't know everything. You can't be certain of it all.” Dr. Dey said.

“Knowing that Will descended into such savage behavior... changed the way I see him. The way I see people. The world feels darker.” Jack said.

“And you're worried who else in your life could change so drastically?” Dr. Dey said.
“I'm feeling guilty, not paranoid.” Jack said.

“You can't take responsibility for someone else's actions.” Dr. Dey said.

“I'm not. It's not just the guilt of what I did to Will Graham, it's the guilt of watching so many lives fall apart because of what I did.” Jack said.

“What did you do?” Dr. Dey asked.

“I pushed him. When I was warned to stop, I kept pushing.” Jack answered.

“You miscalculated.” Dr. Dey said.

“I failed.” Jack stated.

“This's our second session. I rarely see a patient a third time. I work a tic sheet, write up my findings and that chair empties.” Dr. Dey said. “I only learn how accurate my evaluations are after the fact. When I hear secondhand that an employee is back on track, or one has been let go.” Then he adds. “Or that they've taken their own life. Or someone else's.”

“Dynamics of the job” is the official Bureau line.” Jack said.

“We all fail, Jack.” Dr. Dey said.

“Yes, we do. I look at my friend. And I see a killer. And I'm failing to reconcile those things.” Jack stated.

“You lost faith in Will Graham, you didn't lose faith in yourself. That's what you have to reconcile.” Dr. Dey said.

**BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT**

The eye composed of bodies stares back, tiny numbered flags dot iris and pupil. A new tiny “21” numbered flag is planted.

“Forty-seven bodies. We've identified nineteen of them, but not this one.” Beverly said.

The human mural is an enlarged photograph, it's mounted on an easel between the bodies of Roland Umber and Reflected Man, side by side on tables.

“No record of fingerprints. He was never arrested, never had a job that required any kind of security clearance or background check.” Jimmy said.

Various bodies are present in the BAU, not only in the morgue, but in the hall, on tables, gurneys, morgue drawers.

“Hopefully he's been to a dentist.” Brian said.

Jack was standing next to the man and looking at him, “Why am I looking at this man?”

“Stitch patterns on John Doe Twenty One match Roland Umber.” Beverly indicates the lateral stitches on both John Doe Twenty-One and Roland Umber; both travel similar lines.

“John Doe Twenty-One was Roland Umber's replacement in the mural?” Jack asked.

“But bigger.” Jimmy said as he indicates the leg, amputated below the knee.
“Too big, really. Killer cut off his leg to make him fit.” Brian said.

Clarice stared at John Doe with a thoughtful look on her face that went ignored by all expect Beverly who wondered about it.

HANNIBAL LECTER’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The butcher’s paper is unwrapped, revealing the missing leg. The meat saw’s blade separates the foot from the ankle in a single slice. Hannibal meat-saws the rest of the leg into medallion-sized slices.

BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

Jack studies John Doe as Zeller, Price and Katz look on.

“He changed colors mid-brushstroke.” Beverly said.

“ ‘The eye looks beyond this world, into the next, and sees the reflection of man himself.’ There wasn't supposed to be a reflection.” Jack said.

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Hannibal dices vegetables, adding them to a roasting pan along with a sprinkle of sea salt. Next, he carefully places the medallions on top of the vegetable medley.

BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

“This killer was having an existential crisis after all.” Jack said.

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A ladle of Risotto Alla Milanese pours onto the plate, surrounded by vegetables, sprinkled with herbs and spices and finally crowned with a perfectly-roasted section of tibia bone, standing upright in a medallion of human beef.

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“How did he find his faith?” Jack asked.

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Using a marrow spoon to scoop the marrow from the center of the bone, Hannibal takes a bite of the Ossobuco and washes it down with a sip of a perfectly-paired wine.

CLARICE STARLING’S HOUSE-NIGHT

Clarice screamed into a sitting position, covered in sweat and panting heavily. Her white dress shirt clung to her chest and shoulders because of the sweat, she pushed the sheet and blanket off before she swung her legs over the side and ran her fingers through her damp black hair.

She suddenly stood up, she no longer wanted to be alone in this house...she was afraid for some reason and needed to be with someone.

Clarice was running down the stairs, grabbing her keys, long trench coat and purse. Then she was out of her house and running towards her car, she unlocked it and climbed inside. She turned on the
engine and peeled out of her driveway, racing down the street and away from the danger.

Clarice needed to get to safety and there was only one person’s house that she can go to…

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Frantic knocking caused Hannibal to pause in washing of the dishes, he dried his hands and placed the towel on his shoulder as he started to walk towards the front door, slowly and methodically.

That is until a familiar southern voice that never failed to send shivers down his spine was heard over the knocking.

“Dr. Lecter! It’s Clarice! Please, let me in!”

The fear and panic in her voice caused him to pick up his pace until he reached the door and opened it to find Clarice standing on his front porch in nothing but a white dress shirt and trench coat with her purse. Her hair and parts of her skin was still wet as if she had been sweating or just gotten out of a shower but why was she here?

Instead of asking that question, Hannibal took a step towards her and wrapped a comforting arm around her as he led her inside his house, “Come inside before you get sick, Clarice.”

“I am sorry for barging in on you like this, Dr. Lecter.” Clarice said now dressed in one of his pajamas though it was too big for her and it swallowed her. “Thank you.” She took the hot drink from her and took a sip. “Hot Cocoa and brandy?” Clarice looked at Hannibal who sat down next to her.

“IT’ll help warm you up, Clarice.” Hannibal said. “Now can you tell me, what sent you driving all the way here at night and in such a panic?”

A shudder ran through Clarice’s frame and then she started to tremble, Hannibal quickly took the cup away from her and placed it on the coffee table that was in front of his couch.

“I had another nightmare, Dr. Lecter, and I just felt an intense fear.” Clarice whispered. “...and I ran, I didn’t want to stay there any longer than I had to.”

Hannibal silently watched as Clarice trembled until he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against him, tucking her head underneath his chin as he cupped the back of her head with his hand while the other one ran soothingly over her back.

Clarice gripped his shirt as she struggled to calm herself and since her head was tucked under his chin, she didn’t see his face cloud with anger at the fear she was showing. And it was his fault, he had caused this to happen but framing her mentor, her support.

“You can stay here for the night then I’ll drive you back to your house after breakfast and stay with you until you are once more relaxed to remain in your own home.” Hannibal murmured his voice didn’t match his facial features.

“I don’t want to impose anymore on you than I already have…”

“Do you have anywhere else to go?”

“...No, I don’t.”

Hannibal smiled and said, “Then you are staying here.”
“Alright.”

He stood up with her still in his embrace and said, “I’ll take you to the guest bedroom, you need your rest and don’t worry, nothing will harm you while I am around.”

“Thank you, Dr. Lecter.”

She missed the tone of his voice, the protectiveness that wasn’t professional for a therapist to have with their patient nor did she hear the possessiveness either. All Clarice heard was the kindness and warmth.

Hannibal led her to the guest bedroom and opened the door, “Here you go...I’m just down the hall so if you need anything, just knock on my door.”

“I will, thank you again Dr. Lecter.”

“You’re welcome, Clarice. Now get some sleep and I’ll see you in the morning.” Hannibal said before he closed the door with a smile, which he lost as soon as it was sealed. He glanced at his hand to see that the knuckles had turned white because of the firm grip he had on the knob.

He released the door and took a deep breath, a waft of her scent mixed with his came up and soothed his anger...a little. Hannibal turned and headed back towards the kitchen, he needed to finish cleaning before he went out again...

**BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jack works at his desk. His intercom buzzes and a woman's voice announces, “A Dr. Bedelia Du Maurier is at security. She's asking to see you.”

Jack reacts, curious and thoughtful, “Authorize a visitor's pass.” Jack Crawford approaches and sits casually next to Bedelia Du Maurier in the lounge chairs at the rear of his office. “What can I help you with, doctor?”

“Closure.” Bedelia said. “This perhaps should and may have to be our last conversation, at least on the subject of Hannibal Lecter.”

Jack studies her a moment, then asks, “Are you pleading the Fifth?”

“No. I simply can't offer you any more insight than I already have.” Bedelia answered.

“Not accounting for future insights?” Jack said.

“I feel it would be irresponsible if I continued to see Hannibal Lecter.” Bedelia said.

“Irresponsible for who?” Jack asked curious.

“For me.” Bedelia said. “I can only help Hannibal if I'm in a secure place. Emotionally. I'm not feeling secure at the moment. So I'm recusing myself from the situation. I hope you understand.”

“I'm not sure I do.” Jack admitted.

“Hannibal and I have both been traumatized by dangerous patients. He had his Will Graham. I had mine.” Bedelia explained.

“Hannibal doesn't strike me as particularly traumatized. And, frankly, neither do you.” Jack said.
“I've been doing considerable thinking about my attack. Too much thinking. Nevertheless, it's been a necessary-but-unpleasant reminder that I have unresolved issues.” Bedelia said.

“Have you thought about seeing a psychiatrist?” Jack asked.

“I'm losing faith in the profession.” Bedelia admitted.

“I'm trying to find it.” Jack said. “Maybe Hannibal can help you resolve your issues. He's very good.”

“I'm doing my best to avoid working out my issues with Hannibal Lecter.” Bedelia gathers her coat, standing to leave. “Good-bye, Agent Crawford.” Then she adds. “Obviously, I can't control whether or not you or the FBI contacts me, I can only tell you what I told Hannibal. I prefer that you don't.”

**BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY**

Will watched as his protege stepped into the hall, he could hear her high heeled boots clicking on the ground and she had a very familiar walk, and walked over to a chair that was innocently sitting in front of his cage. Clarice sat down in the chair and crossed her legs as she returned Will’s stare.

“Hello, Will.”

“Hello, Clarice.”

“How are you?”

“I’ve been better and you, Clarice?”

“Eh, same...it’s weird helping with a case by myself without you hovering nearby to help me whenever I get stuck.” Clarice said with a small smile.

Will chuckled and said, “You hated that.”

“I thought I did but now that it’s gone, I miss it...I miss you, Will.”

“I miss you too, Clarice.”

Clarice looked down and fidgeted with her hands before she blurted out, “I’ve been continuing my sessions with Dr. Lecter, Will...I really need someone to talk to, especially with what’s going on in my life. Like last night for example.”

At first Will was angry when he heard that but then he noticed her tone and body language: something bad happened last night.

“What happened last night, Clarice?”

His protege took a deep, shaky breath before she released it slowly, “I had another nightmare, this was bad compared to the others. I was afraid when I woke up and ran to Dr. Lecter for safety...he’s the only one I have who could protect me from my nightmare.” She looked up at him with a sad expression on her face, one that Will returned. He wanted to ask her about her nightmare but he knew that she wasn't ready to tell him just yet especially right now.

“It’s fine, Clarice, just be careful around him.”

“Oh, I will.” Clarice said with a sad smile. "I am on guard around him even though it appears that I
“Good girl.”

Clarice looked at her mentor and said, “I’ll get you out of here, Will...somehow.”

“No, I don’t want you to put yourself in danger...I’ll get myself out of this and don’t worry, I won’t do anything drastic.” Will said with a small smile at the end, which his protege returned.

She looked at her wristwatch and said, “I have to go, I’ll talk to you later...take care, Will.”

“And you as well, Clarice.” Will said as he watched his student stand up and walk out of the hall.

He was worried about her but he knew that as long as he was in here, he couldn’t help her so he had to rely on Hannibal to protect her...for now.

Will is on his belly in his cage, he stares at Beverly Katz and Hannibal Lecter sit side by side, the personification of good and evil working as one, saying nothing. When Hannibal sat down in his chair, he had caught a whiff of Clarice’s perfume. It was faint but his nose still caught it, she had been here talking to her mentor.

Just what had they been talking about?

“Now you’re just taking advantage. You're going to burn me out before my trial and then where will I be?” Will asked breaking Hannibal out of his thoughts and bring his attention to the matter at hand.

“Can't afford to let you burn yourself out for nothing, but maybe for something?” Beverly asked.

“What would Jack say?” Will asked.

“Jack Crawford's excellent administrative instincts are not often tempered by mercy.” Hannibal stated.

“Clearly.” Will said then to Beverly. “If you brought him as a psychiatric safety net, I've fallen through that net before. No offense.”

Hannibal nods, none taken. Beverly cuts through Will’s BS.

“I'm devoting a lot of time to this mural, Will. It's hard for me to focus on anything else I've been tasked to do. Could use your help.” Beverly said.

Subtle, but perhaps not subtle enough for Hannibal. Beverly walks the crime scene photos over to Will. Will, getting the drift, begins to flip through the crime photos, studying each momentarily before moving to the next.

“During the nineteenth century, it was wrongly believed the last image seen by the eyes of a dying person would be “fixed” on the retina.” Hannibal said. As Will finds the overhead photo of the eye.

“What would be the last image fixed on this dying eye?”

Will takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes. A pendulum swings in the darkness of Will Graham’s mind, keeping rhythm with his heartbeat. His eyes are closed. The pendulum is now outside his head. It swings behind Will, wiping away Hannibal and Beverly. The pendulum swings and the corridor outside his cell plunges into darkness. The pendulum swings and the floor under
his feet goes completely dark.

Will Graham stands amongst the mural of bodies, still holding the photo of the carnage in his hands. The pendulum swings and the photo disappears. The pendulum, snapping into place as Will snaps into focus. He turns, taking in the bodies.

“I made you pliable. Molded you. Set you and sealed you where you lay. This is my design. A dead eye with vision and consciousness.” Will said and he, a large speck of dust in the eye, stares upward, searching for what the eye sees. “I am fixed and unseeing... unless someone else sees me.” Will glances down at the Reflected Man in the mural. “Someone else has. They were here.”

Hannibal stands with Beverly, watching Will. He smiles an almost-imperceptible smile.

Will steps carefully over the bodies as he said, “One of these things is not like the other things. One of these things just doesn't belong.” He is standing over the Reflected Man. “Who are you? Why are you so different from everyone else? I didn't put you here.” Then he adds. “You... are not my design.”

Suddenly, a noise from above causes Will to look to the ceiling where a silhouetted figure watches from above, his antlers rising majestically into the air.

Will is now lying naked, his leg missing, his body configured into the opening in the mural where the Reflected Man once was. A needle suddenly pierced Will’s forearm and pulling thread through, drawing the length through.

He looks from the sutures through his arm to the one wielding the needle. The light silhouette the figure until it shifts and then it’s Hannibal Lecter, eerily comforting.

“Killing must feel good to God, too. He does it all the time, and are we not created in His image?” Hannibal said.

Will is immobilized, with a dawning realization...

Will looks up from the photo. Beverly and Hannibal watch Will, waiting for him to draw a conclusion from his process. Will tries to gather himself together, knowing Hannibal is watching him closely.

“The killer is in the mural.” Will said.

“What do you mean? Literally?” Beverly asked.

“I mean, the man you're looking for has been sewn into his own mural.” Will said then he motioned to the picture. “This man.”

“What happened to his leg?” Beverly asked.

“Whoever sewed him in... took a piece of him. As a trophy. Question is, who sewed him in.” Will said.

“He must have had a friend.” Hannibal said giving nothing away..
What? Were you expecting sexy times with Clarice and Hannibal? Not yet~
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Clarice and Bedelia have a chat...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sakizuke Part 3

DEY’S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Dey is at his desk, signing paperwork. Jack stands in front of him, coat in hand.

“You passed your psych eval, Jack.” Dr. Dey said.

“That the extent of your diagnosis?” Jack asked.

“My diagnosis is, you're an intelligent man and being smart spoils a lot of things.” Dr. Dey said.

“Go back to work.”

“Not as satisfying as I hoped.” Jack said.

“You're troubled because you still care about Will Graham.” Dr. Dey said.

“I care about who I thought he was.” Jack said.

“One quality in a person doesn't necessarily rule out any other quality. They can exist side by side, good and terrible.” Dr. Dey said.

“Love the sinner, hate the sin.” Jack said.

Dr. Dey nodded his head and said, “A little churchy, but yes.”

“The next time I'm supposed to see Will is in court.” Jack said.

Dr. Dey studies Jack, considering how best to advise, “I've spoken to the families of murderers. They experience a complex series of emotions similar to what you've been going through. Anxiety, shame, anger, guilt.”

“Because they blame themselves for fostering a monster.” Jack said.

“So do you.” Dr. Dey said.

“How do they cope?” Jack asked.

“I've found the most successful at coping often stay in touch with their imprisoned loved ones.” Dr. Dey said.
“You want me to visit Will Graham.” Jack said.

Dr. Dey looks at Jack long and hard. “I want you to forgive Will Graham so you can forgive yourself.”

Jack as that sinks in...

**RIVER - DAY**

*Will Graham fly fishing. He casts his lure and watches it land with a small plip that breaks the surface of the river.*

*He shades his eyes from the sun, his gaze falling to the water flowing around his waders. A pale body drifts by just beneath the surface.* Will startles as a klaxon sounds.

Will stands in the middle of his cell. Footsteps approach from down the hall and a chair slides on the concrete floor.

His eyes follow the action, “I don't know you.” A woman sits across from Will.

“My name is Bedelia Du Maurier.”

“You're Hannibal Lecter's therapist. What's that like?” Will asked.

She studies him, somehow identifies with him.

“I've heard so much about you, I almost feel as though I know you.” Bedelia said.

“You don't.” Will said.

“No, I don't, but I understand you better than I thought. I wanted to meet you before I withdraw.” Bedelia said.

“What are you withdrawing from?” Will asked.

“Social ties.” Bedelia said.

“You're a psychiatrist. Isn't our sense of self a consequence of social ties?” Will asked.

“It certainly is in your case. It may be small comfort, but I am convinced Hannibal has done what he believes is best for you.” Bedelia said.

“That's not small comfort, that would be no comfort.” Will stated.

“You can transform this experience.” Bedelia said. “The traumatized are unpredictable because we know we can survive. You can survive this happening to you.”

“Happening to me.” Will repeated.

Bedelia steps right up to the bars.

“Step away from the bars. Ma'am, step away from the bars.”

Gate klaxon sounds as a nurse and guard enter the cell block.
Will joins Bedelia at the barrier of his cell and she whispers so quietly she may be only mouthing the words, “I believe you.”

A nurse and guard approach from down the corridor.


Will stares at her, a wave of emotion washing over him as Bedelia steps away, gathered by the nurse and a guard and escorted back down the corridor. Will begins to tremble. A great relief having heard three simple words he's needed to hear.

**COFFEE SHOP- DAY**

Clarice looked up when she heard the chair scrape back and the blonde haired woman sat down in, placing her cup of coffee down. The black haired woman took in the appearance of the unknown woman.

“I don’t know you.”

“My name is Bedelia Du Maurier.”

“Hello. May I ask why you wanted to met me? I won’t even ask how you got my number.” Clarice asked curiously.

Bedelia studied her, she can see why Hannibal is attracted to her. Clarice Starling is quite pretty and quite intelligent.

“I've heard so much about you, I almost feel as though I know you.” Bedelia said.

“You don't and there’s no way to truly know someone.” Clarice said. “You think you know someone and then you learn something new about them that blindsides you.”

“No, I don't, but I wanted to meet you before I withdraw.” Bedelia said.

“What are you withdrawing from?” Clarice asked.

“Social ties.” Bedelia said.

“You're a psychiatrist.”

“That’s right.”

“Whose?”

Bedelia took a sip of her coffee and answered, “Hannibal Lecter’s.”

Clarice took a sip of her coffee and said, “Didn’t know he had one.”

“It’s not normally something one tells other people.” Bedelia said. “I mean do you tell people that you have a psychiatrist?”

“No, I don’t.” Clarice admitted.

The blonde haired woman smiled at the younger woman, “Just came back from visiting your mentor.”
Clarice looked at her, interested and curious, “Oh?”

“Yes...I just wanted to tell you that I believe him.”

Silence as the other woman stared at him, most likely trying to see if Bedelia was being honest or not. But Clarice seemed to believe her because the black haired woman smiled at her, thankful towards the blonde haired woman.

Bedelia stood up and said, “Good bye, Ms. Starling. And don’t be angry at the people who don’t believe Will.”

“Good bye….”

The blonde haired woman walked out of the coffee shop, leaving the black haired woman was staring down at her coffee. Clarice ran her hand through her hair with a small smile, happy that at least one other person believed in Will.

**BEDELIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The sound of a key in the door breaks the quiet. Light spills in as the door opens. Not Bedelia but Hannibal who enters with a key of his own in his gloved hand. The transparent plastic of his bespoke crime scene over-suit catches the light of a distant streetlamp.

He quietly moves inside, closing the door behind him.

Hannibal creeps further into the hall and asks the darkness no questions. He turns to the living room and sees that almost every piece of Bedelia's furniture is beneath a clear plastic cover. All the furniture has been protected against dust for an indefinite period of time.

He takes in the shroud over the chairs. He walks the room's periphery, searching for some sign that she isn't truly gone. Hannibal pauses and sees something on Bedelia's chair. It’s a cut-glass perfume bottle.

Hannibal takes in the shadow of Bedelia's fragrance and picks it up, considers it for what it is: a memento of friendship.

“You're not alone, you know…” A hypodermic needle deftly withdrawn from a vein. The Muralist is lying, unclothed, in his own mural. He is configured into the space from which Roland Umber pulled free. A shadow cast by the gas lantern moves over him. Hannibal is in his plastic suit, kneeling, the syringe in hand. “In The Resurrection, Piero della Francesca placed himself in the fresco. Nothing flattering -- he depicted himself as a simple guard asleep at his post. Your placement should be much more meaningful.”

The Muralist's face, increasingly complacent, clouds over, “It's not finished.”

“I'm finishing it for you. We'll finish it together.” Hannibal said as he trades the hypo for a large curved needle and filament. Hannibal licks the tip to thread latter through the former. “When your great eye looked to the heavens, what did it see?”

“Nothing.”

Hannibal glances up to the roof of the silo and said, “Not anymore.”
“There is no God.”

“Certainly not with that attitude. God gave you purpose. Not only to create art, but to become it.”

“Why are you doing this to me?” The man asked.

“Your eye will now see God reflected back. It will see you.” Hannibal leans over and begins sewing the man down. “When God looks down at you, don’t you want to be looking back at Him?”

Hannibal sews. Blood flows. And sews. More blood. Then, incredibly the man says, “Yes.” As the narcotic takes hold, his life ebbing away, the Muralist recalls their agreement. “What is it you wanted from me?”

“Only this.” Hannibal said and stitches the Muralist into his own masterwork, making Will Graham’s forecast come to pass. A valentine. And just as Will intended.

CLARICE STARLING’S HOUSE- NIGHT

The sound of a key in the door breaks the quiet. Light spills in as the door opens. Not Clarice but Hannibal who enters with a key, he looked around and listened. Salem and Bishop appeared at the top of the stairs, staring at Hannibal.

“Your animals seems fine.” Hannibal said to Clarice was was standing in the doorway.

Clarice looked up at them and said, “That's good, I was afraid they'd try to break out in order to look for me...Bishop more so than Salem.” She made a move to step into her house but Hannibal stopped her with his hands on her shoulders. The black haired woman looked up at him, curious and confused.

“Please, let me search your house in case you forgot to lock the door behind you...I insist.”

She silently stared up at him, blue eyes searching his face before she finally nodded her head and took a step back since she couldn't remember if she had locked her door last night or not.

“Thank you, I’ll be quick.”

Clarice watched him walk away from the doorway as her two pets raced down the stairs, brushing passed Hannibal to greet their owner. Hannibal left Clarice cooing over her pets as he searched her house, he first searched the first level before he climbed the stairs and searched the second floor. He found nothing, at least until he reached her bedroom and picked up a faint smell of another man.

Will has been in her house before, probably sometime before he was locked though the scent should be almost gone by now. Hannibal looked around and spotted a jacket draped over a chair, it's clearly one of Will's jackets and it still had his scent on it.

Hannibal’s face clouded in anger at the thought of another man being in Clarice’s bedroom, Will was going to learn that the Cannibal didn’t like another rooster anywhere near his hen or her house.
Possessive much, Hannibal?
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Clarice wanted to punch Ms Vega

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hassun Teaser

PRISON - EXECUTION CHAMBER - DAY

A clock on the wall reads 12:05. In the center is a body in a scorched jumpsuit, strapped upright in an electric chair. A leather mask obscures the face. The current conductors still attached to the head. Smoke hangs around the body.

Will stands, taking in this tableau. He wears a sharp courtroom suit, incongruous for him. All sound is dulled as if his ears were blocked, the ambient noise of Will’s circulatory system provides an organic hum. He closes his eyes. A pendulum swings in the darkness of Will Graham’s mind, keeping rhythm with his heartbeat.

His eyes are closed. The pendulum is now outside his head. The clock hands click back to midnight with a loud clunk. The body in the chair suddenly jerks and bucks against the restraints as the electrical current blasts through it with a dreadful high buzz. Veins distend in the body’s tensed arms. Smoke comes from under the hood and the jumpsuit starts to smolder and scorch as the shaking intensifies. The smoke retracts back into the body. The veins in the arms relax. Just like that, the body is still. The jumpsuit unblemished. A terrible tension pause. The mask sucks in and out as the condemned man breathes. Jailer remove the mask from the condemned man to reveal Will Graham strapped into the electric chair The pendulum stops. And time moves suddenly forward again as the be-suited Will Graham strides forward and reaches for a wall-mounted power lever; lowers it with a shunk. The current surges into the condemned Will.

BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

“Mr. Graham, it's time.” A man’s voice said.

Will eyes open. Sits up on his bunk to see a male nurse holding up a suit in a clear plastic dust cover.

Will is standing in his cell, putting up his starch white dress shirt. He knots his tie, he finishes his knot, smooths it down.

COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

“...Let me tell you the story of a mild-mannered FBI instructor who was asked to create a psychological profile of a murderer.” A woman, Marion Vega a prosecutor, said. She has the floor. A smiling assassin. “Garret Jacob Hobbs, the Minnesota Shrike, killed young women who looked just like his daughter. He killed them and he ate them.” Vega pauses and looks at Will. He sits, shackled, with his attorney Leonard Brauer. Judge Bertrand Davies. An audience in the gallery, Clarice is sitting close to Will. His only defendant but she wasn’t allowed to testify on his behalf
because of her adopted parents and that Will refused to allow her to risk her budding career for him. She hadn’t been happy about that, and she made it known by wearing all black clothing. No jury. A bailiff stands guard. “Will Graham understood how Garret Jacob Hobbs thought, which is how he caught him. Shot Hobbs dead as he cut his daughter's throat. Will Graham saved Abigail Hobbs's life. But this profile he created of her father was so vivid, he couldn't escape it. In an unconscious state, he killed three more young women.” She has a remote for a projector in her hand and she clicks it. The lights dim, the lights flicker across Will's face as a slide changes on a screen. Slide: Cassie Boyle mounted on antlers. “Cassie Boyle.” Marissa Schuur impaled on antlers. “Marissa Schuur.” Abigail Hobbs. Will looks down. “And Abigail Hobbs. Mr. Graham saved her from her father, but couldn't save her from himself. He killed her and ate her. At the very least, we know he ate her ear.” A ghastly image of the ear Will threw up. “What he did with the rest of her is locked away in the recesses of Will Graham's traumatized mind, or so he would have you believe.” She paused for a beat. “Something else you should know about Will Graham. He's an eideteker. He has a remarkable visual memory. He is keenly insightful to the human condition and I would argue, the smartest person in this room. Capable of creating a psychological profile of a different kind of killer, one that would become his alibi.”

Clarice really hated this woman, she was just itching to punch her right in the face...not that would help his case but it would make her feel better.

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“Moment of truth.” Kade said.

“If I knew what the truth was.” Jack said.

“There’s nothing wrong with your instincts.” Kade said.

“My instincts have not yet arrived at conviction.” Jack said.

“Mine have. With the benefit of no prior involvement and no personal connections to the accused.” Kade said.

“Meaning, I can't be impartial.” Jack said.

“Of course you can be impartial. But right now, you're not. You have to believe something. As long as there is reason and evidence to believe. You have reason. You have evidence.” Kade said. “Will Graham is playing a game.” Kade Prurnell is certain in her beliefs. The courtroom door opens and Jack turns, expecting to be called. His nerves evident. But it is just a bailiff exiting. Kade softens. “I understand why that would be hard for you to accept.”

“Let’s hear that theory.” Jack said.

“It is easier to be a man who missed a friend's suffering than it is to be the head of Behavioral Sciences at the FBI who missed a killer standing right in front of him.” Kade said.

“There's a reason you're a witness for the prosecution, Agent Crawford.”

“What reason would that be?” Jack asked.

“If you can't represent your own beliefs, represent the Bureau's. Will Graham lied to the FBI. He lied to you. And you know it.” She holds his arm, reassuring, cheerleading. “Let yourself off the hook, Jack.”
Jack is on the stand. Mid-testimony. Vega in front of him, but Jack’s eyes are on Will Graham. Will does not look away. While Clarice is looking between the two men, curious about what will happen to the two former friends. There is a female bailiff on duty.

“How did you meet Will Graham?” Marion asked.

“I met him at the opening of the Evil Minds Research Museum. He disagreed with what we called it. He told me the title mythologized banal, cruel men who don’t deserve to sound like supervillains.” Jack answered.

“What was your first impression?” Marion asked.

“He was intelligent. And arrogant. And very likely on the spectrum.” Jack answered.

“Which is why he was never real FBI. He failed the screening procedures.” Marion said.

“Yes.” Jack said.

“But you felt he was qualified to work in the field.” Marion said.

“Under my supervision.” Jack said.

“You believed he was valuable because he can think like a killer?” Marion asked.

“He can think like anybody. He has pure empathy and projection. He can imprint profiles on the blank slate of his mind for us to read.” Jack said.

“Sounds like a supervillain.” She points to a table in front of the bench. It is laden with marked evidence bags, dozens of them, including five fishhooks, for each of the victims.

“Five horrendous murders. Over forty different pieces of forensic and physical evidence. That tell us Will Graham knows how to think like a killer because he is one.” Jack looks up at Prurnell and then at Will. Vega presses. “Rather than being tormented by the work he did, Will Graham enjoyed the cover his role at the FBI gave him to commit his terrible crimes.”

Jack looks at Kade Prurnell, causing Clarice to look at her as well before she looks away dismissing the other woman. Clarice knew about the other woman, she had wanted to talk to the FBI trainee but had been blocked by her adopted parents’ lawyers who refused to allow the other woman to question her. Mostly because they knew how’d Clarice would react to the balant accusing of Will killing those girls when the trainee had a gut feeling that he didn’t kill those girls and that he was innocent. Then Jack looks at Will and the silently watching Clarice, “I don’t believe that to be true.”

Marion is thrown off guard by that, Clarice casually lifted her hand and covered the small smile that appeared on her lips.

“Agent Crawford?” Marion asked.

For Jack, this is a moment of clarity; he looks at Will, talking to him; committing to what he feels to be true. “Will hated every second of the work. Didn’t fake that. He hated it and I kept making him do it.”

“Why then, when you gave him the opportunity to quit, did he refuse?” Marion asked.
“Because he was saving lives. I was warned by more than one person if I pushed Will, I would break him.” Jack said. “I put checks and balances in place, then ignored them. And here we are.”

In the gallery, Prurnell looks saddened. She exits, Clarice watches her go with no smile on her lips. She was happy but she knew what this meant for Jack...he was basically killing his career for her mentor and for that Clarice forgave him for shooting her mentor but she was also sadder by it too. Will stares at Jack on the witness stand, and Leonard Brauer can't hide a smile as he makes a note.

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Will Graham is at the defense table with Brauer. Brauer is late 40s, cocksure and aware of his own abilities.

“What does Jack Crawford drink? Because whatever it is, I need to send him a very expensive bottle.” Leonard said.

“He said I'm a killer because he drove me insane.” Will said.

“He paved the road for your defense.” Leonard said.

“He didn't say I was innocent.” Will stated.

Brauer shakes his head. A pragmatist. “Innocence isn't a verdict, Mr. Graham. "Not guilty" is. This isn't law, it's advertising.”

“Advertising trivializes, it manipulates, it's vulgar.” Will said.

“Boo-hoo. So's the law. We have to create the desire to find you "not guilty," which does not exist in this courtroom. We're manipulating the consumer into buying something they don't need. They don't want your innocence. Unconsciousness in a pretty package, that I can sell.” Leonard said.

The paralegal brings the envelope down to Brauer. “Thank you.” The paralegal turns to leave and Brauer opens the envelope and takes out another envelope. He pulls open the second envelope. Shakes it over his legal pad. “If I take the moral high ground with you, I'll get you killed.” Flakes of dried blood drop like snow onto the pad and Will’s face falls when a human ear drops onto the pad. Gray, spotted with dark blood around the rough edges of the incision. “I think I opened your mail.”

Chapter End Notes

...I freaking loved Brauer
Chapter 10

Hassun Part 1

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Amber on amber as late afternoon sunlight shines through brandy as it splashes into a glass. Hannibal pours at his desk, considers Jack Crawford sitting in a therapy chair.

“That was a good and brave thing you did for Will today.” Hannibal said.

“May have cost me my job.” Jack said.

Hannibal carries the drinks and hands Jack his before sitting down. They both swirl and savor before taking a sip.

“The prospect doesn't trouble you as much as I would have thought.” Hannibal said. “And I am sure Clarice appreciated it.”

Jack smiles at that. Raises the glass in an ironic toast, “Feel better than I have in weeks.” He chuckles. “Yeah but she was upset about it as well...said that she’ll have something else to be guilty over.”

“Clarity will do that.” Hannibal said. “Tell me, Jack. Was your testimony meant to be a resignation?” He smiles sadly. “Yes, Clarice is like that…”

“Something very appealing about walking away from all the noise. I'm content to let the chips fall.” Jack said. “She shouldn’t blame herself, it was my choice.”

“The magic door is always attractive. Step through and leave all your burdens behind.” Hannibal said. He didn’t say anything more about Clarice, he knew her well enough by now to know how she thinks.

“I've given my life to death.” Jack said.

“Your role is to save lives.” Hannibal said.

“It’s to prevent more deaths. If I'm involved, then someone already died. There are never any happy endings because of the beginnings.” Jack said.

“And now death has followed you home. Come to live in your house.” Hannibal said.

That weighs heavily on Jack, “Bella's managed to keep where we sleep from looking like a sickroom. There are flowers, not too many. She insists no pills are in sight.” Then he added. “I've been thinking about taking my wife back to Italy. We could live there. Bella could die there.”

Hannibal leans forward, a friend consoling another, “You're not sick, Jack. You don't have to go into the ground with her. When Bella is lost to you, the FBI could still be there.”

“You’re telling me not to commit professional suicide?” Jack asked.
“As a friend, I’m telling you not to force an issue for the short-term emotional satisfaction it can have.” Hannibal said.

BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - NIGHT

Hannibal stands beside Jack, watching him thoughtfully. Jack absently listens as Beverly, Brian, Jimmy work on the ear and the envelopes, reporting their findings. Lips move without sound until their voice slowly fade in. Clarice was sitting on a chair, watching them with her arms crossed over her chest and her legs crossed.

She had finally given her new number to Beverly and Jimmy, Jack had her new number already because she had called him to tell him that she'd continue to work with him. Ignoring Brian completely, who kept glancing over at her but she also ignored that.

“Shrunken capillaries. The ear was cut from a corpse no more than forty-eight hours ago.” Brian said

“Before the trial started.” Beverly said.

“We fumed it all -- ear's clean, no prints on the envelopes besides the courier, paralegal and the lawyer.” Jimmy said.

Hannibal leans over the ear in fascination, Clarice was watching Hannibal once more.

“One thing's for sure. Will Graham didn't do it.” Beverly said.

“Although, I wouldn't be surprised.” Brian said.

Clarice rolled her eyes but doesn’t say anything.

“The timing is deliberate, choreographed to drop the ear at the start of Will's trial.” Jack said.

“Such a gift has great significance.” Hannibal said.

“A "gift." From who?” Jack asked.

“Will claimed someone else committed the crimes he's accused of.” Hannibal said.

“He said that someone was you.” Jack said.

“Perhaps he was half right.” Hannibal said.

Jack looked at Hannibal, considered what he is saying.

Brian blurted out, “You gotta be kidding me.” He was angry and impassioned.

Suddenly Somebody is Watching Me started to play causing everyone to look around, trying to find where that song was coming from, Clarice pulled her phone out of her jacket and said, “Whoops...sorry, thought I put it on silent...Hello? Clarice Starling, speaking...Ah, hi Dad...The trail was boring until someone sent an ear which is totally proving Will’s innocence, kind of, it’s not much but there’s a little ray of sunshine coming through my cloudy days so those who think otherwise can suck it.” Brian sent her a look which she returned. Hannibal was amused, Clarice was in a mood today. “So what’s up? Really? Coming for a visit again? Awesome, I can't wait to see you two again but no more surprise shopping trips, Mom almost gave me a heart attack with her last surprise shopping trip. Alright, bye.” Clarice hung up her phone and looked at Jack, putting her phone in her back pocket. “Sorry, that was my Dad.”
“Put your phone on silent, Clarice.” Jack said.

Clarice inclined her head and said, “Yes, sir.” She pulled her phone out and put it on silent before she puts it back into her pocket.

**COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY**

Will stares into middle distance, Clarice was once again sitting close by. She had just arrived but she had made sure to be silent as she walked into the courtroom.

“The prosecution calls Freddie Lounds to the stand.” Marion said.

He heaves an exasperated sigh as he hears the door open and Freddie, Clarice pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed heavily.

Great...the one person who didn’t like Will almost as much as Brian.

“I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.” Freddie said once she sat in the stand.

Marion Vega questions Freddie Lounds, mid-testimony, “Would you please describe your relationship with Abigail Hobbs?”

“It was sisterly. We were very close. I was helping her write a book about surviving her father.” Freddie said.

“Did you ever discuss Will Graham with Abigail?” Marion asked.

“Yes. She bonded with him after her father's death, even saw him as a father figure. Which he took advantage of until Abigail began to feel threatened by him.” Freddie said.

“Did Will Graham ever threaten you?” Marion asked.

“He told me it wasn't very smart to piss off a man who thought about killing people for a living. I believed him. I was terrified.” Freddie said.

Clarice snorted, loudly, at that which caused Freddie to glance at the black haired woman who just stared at her.

“You spend a lot of time with murderers and their victims. Why were you terrified?” Marion asked.

“Will Graham never struck me as a victim. He was something else.” Freddie said.

“Why was Abigail so afraid of him?” Marion asked.

“Her father killed young women as substitutes for her. She told me she was worried Will Graham wasn't interested in substitutes.” Freddie said. A catch of breath as Freddie's emotions suddenly catch her.

Leonard stood up and said, “This is all hearsay, your honor.”

“We'd argue excited utterance...” Marion said.

“I'll allow it.” Judge Davies said.

“Abigail told me she believed Will Graham was going to kill her and cannibalize her like her father
wanted to do. She was right. I should have listened to her.” Freddie said.

“You blame yourself for her death?” Marion asked.

“I blame Will Graham.” Freddie wipes her eyes, she stares Will down.

Marion looked to Leonard Brauer and said, “Your witness.”

Brauer stands and said, “Miss Lounds, I've only been recently retained on this case, so forgive me for not having all the details. Can you remind me how many times you've been sued for libel?”

Freddie hesitates, then, “Six.”

“Six. How many times did you settle?” Leonard asked.

“Six.” Freddie answered.


Clarice covered her mouth when she heard that, she was trying hard to not let the smile show but it was hard...whoever picked this lawyer was amazing because this guy was awesome.

She really needed to send Mr. Leonard a wine or something.

**COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Jack Crawford standing in the center, he is blocking Freddie Lounds's path, “You and I spoke at length about Abigail Hobbs. You suspected her of complicity in her father's crimes.”

“I remember our discussion.” Freddie said.

“Just chose not to mention it.” Jack said.

“No one asked.” Freddie looks at Jack, deadly serious now. Real emotion. “Abigail was a frightened girl, who put her trust in Will Graham. And he killed her.”

“Your testimony made her death sound like it was premeditated.” Jack said.

“Murder, Jack. Her murder.” Freddie stated.

“Did that conversation with Abigail Hobbs ever happen?” Jack asked.

Freddie stares, then, “You're looking after your friend. I'm looking after mine.”

"So you're going to kill Will just because you think he killed Abigail? You are such a lying bitch.”

Both Freddie and Jack turned around to see Clarice walking towards them, her posture was stiff. Angry.

Jack moved to block the other woman but Clarice acted like he wasn't even there as she stared Freddie down.

"That conversation never happened because Abigail would have said something to me."

"Not if she thought that you were blinded by his true nature.” Freddie said.

Clarice laughed in a sarcastic manner and said, "I am not blinded, you all are. Will didn't kill her,
some other asshole did but you don't care about that, Freddie. All you ever cared about was ruining lives and I won't let you ruin Will's." She turned on her heel and stormed away, heading back into courtroom.

Jack watched her leave before he said to Freddie, "You shouldn't have said what you said, Ms Lounds, Clarice gets even more motivated the more people claim that her mentor is guilty."

Freddie doesn't say anything to that as she too watched Clarice leave.

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

Hannibal faces Will standing on his side of the bars.

“It seems you have an admirer.” Hannibal said.

“You think someone sent me an ear because they admire me?” Will said.

“The boundaries of what's considered normal are getting narrower. Outside those boundaries, this may be intended as a helpful gesture.” Hannibal said.

“How far would you go to help me?” Will asked.

“It hadn't occurred to me to send you an ear. But I'm grateful and intrigued that someone has.” Hannibal said.

“Gratitude has a short half-life.” Will said.

“So can doubt. Our ideas are not set in stone. When exposed to new thoughts, they adapt into their most potent form. I have new thoughts about who you are. There may very well be another killer.” Hannibal said.

“I want there to be.” Will said.

“Some part of you still suspects me.” Hannibal said.

“I don't know what anyone is capable of anymore. Even myself. I know there's no evidence against you.” Will said.

“There never was.” Hannibal said.

“Accusing you makes me look insane. I'm not insane. Not anymore.” Will said.

“You may not be guilty.” Hannibal said. “Tell me about your admirer, Will.”

“He's experienced. A sophisticated killer. He has a wit and a whimsy. Parodied the crimes I investigated so well I didn't know he was there. He's connected to me somehow. He knows me. Or thinks he does. He certainly knew about the cases.” Will said.

“You could be describing me.” Hannibal said.

“I once thought I was.” Will said.

“This ear you were sent presents an opportunity, Will. If someone else is responsible for your crimes, perhaps he now wants to be seen.” Hannibal said.

“Why would he want to be seen now?” Will asked.
“He cares what happens to you.” Hannibal stated.

Will Graham holds Hannibal's gaze.

“How’s Clarice doing?” Will asked suddenly surprising the other man by asking the only thing they silently agreed upon to never talk about.

“She’s doing about as well as anyone who has someone they care about locked away for crimes they didn’t commit.” Hannibal said.

“Yeah...I told her not to testify for me.”

“Why?”

“Because she’d ruin her career before it even started.”

“To Clarice, her career is already ruined because you’re her mentor and she refuses to find a new one.” Hannibal said.

Will smiled fondly at that and said, “That does sound like her...I keep thinking that I’d see her camped outside my cell every time I wake up.”

“She is surprisingly very loyal to you.”

“Yeah, she is...” Another fond smile.

“Why is that?” Hannibal asked, he had to keep the anger from his voice when he saw that damn smile again.

Will shrugged and said, “I have no idea to be honest, though she did say once that crazy attracts crazy so that’s why she was here...”

“You think she’d become like you.” Hannibal said.

It wasn’t a question but Will answered it like one.

“Yes.”

“I think Clarice is stronger than you think she is.”

Will doesn’t say anything, he just lets that sink in.

HANNIBAL'S LECTER'S OFFICE-DAY

“I’m going to testify for Will.”

Hannibal looked up from his paperwork when Clarice said that as she paced in front of his desk, he wasn’t surprised by her announcement because he knew that she wouldn’t have sat in the background and let them send her mentor to death.

Her loyalty was a beautiful thing but he wanted it to be directed at just him.

“Are you sure about this, Clarice?”

Clarice nodded her head and said, “Yes, I am.” She sat down heavily on the couch and sighed, running her hand through her wavy hair. “I know he didn’t kill those girls...he felt guilt for killing
Abigail’s father so he wouldn’t kill her. If he was a stone cold killer, he wouldn't have been able to properly express that especially with how well he trained me to read stone cold killers.”

“So you’re going to testify to help his case, to show them that he didn’t do it?”

“Yes, I am.”

Hannibal stood up and walked over to her, he sat down next to her.

“This could ruin your career.”

Clarice let out a humourless laugh at that and said, “My career was ruined as soon as this whole thing started, it started when he agreed to mentor me. And I don’t care about my career, all I care about is saving his life.” She looked at him and took his hand in hers, surprising the man. “Will you help me if I should need it, Dr. Lecter?”

“...Yes, I’ll help you.” Hannibal said as he gently squeezed her hand. “You don’t need to ask me that, Clarice.”

The woman smiled gently at him, grateful towards him.

BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

“...I believe Will's empathy disorder, combined with the effects of viral encephalitis…” She turned her head. “Do we have to do this? Like this?”

Alana sits in a solitary chair opposite Will Graham locked into his therapy cage. Shafts of sunlight giving the space a cathedral feel. Leonard Brauer paces to one side. Alana is speaking to him.

“I don't want the first time you do this to be in court.” He said then in a court voice. “Dr. Bloom, weren't you and the accused romantically involved?”

Alana doesn't blink, “How is that relevant to the case?”

“It's relevant to your testimony. In that court, your affections, your pro anything Will Graham will be on trial. Get all starry and non-blinky like you did and it'll undermine you and me, but mainly him.” Leonard said.

“My testimony is based on my professional…” Alana said.

“You're smitten with the accused, Miss Bloom. It's adorable. But not our brand of defense,” Leonard said. Alana looks caught. “Marion Vega will smell it on you like you stepped in Young Adult and tracked it into the courtroom.” Then his is court voice. “Were you and Will Graham romantically involved?”

Alana looks at Will, then at Brauer; this is all so painful, “There was a kiss.”

“How was it?” Leonard asked.

Alana again can't avoid looking at Will. Then at Brauer, “The advance came from Will. And I rejected it.”

“Because he was dangerous?” Leonard asked.

“Because he was unstable.” Alana answered.
“If he had been... stable?” Leonard asked.

Alana looks at Will. Her eyes say one thing, her words another. She looks at Brauer -- definite.

“I don't have romantic feelings for Will Graham. I have a professional curiosity.” Alana stated

That sits in the air. Brauer breaks it. Pleased.

“I like "professional curiosity." It's so... indifferent. Unless you look like you're lying when you say it. But you didn't.” Leonard said.

“She wasn't lying.” Will said.

Alana is looking at Will, the painful truth of this hurts.

**CLARICE STARLING’S OFFICE- DAY**

“What is your relationship with the accused?”

“I was his student, his protege...he was teaching me how to empathize with serial killers and mentally recreate their crimes with vivid detail but to mainly help me empathize with the victims themselves.” Clarice answered without hesitation.

“There was nothing romantic between the two of you?”

“No, it was strictly a mentor/protege relationship.” Clarice said.

“Very good, Ms. Starling.” Leonard said. “Were you afraid that he’d make you dangerous as well?”

“No, I wasn’t...I trusted Will with my mind.” Clarice said.

“And with your life as well.”

“Yes, I did...he protected me from Tobias and I saved him from getting shot by the hands of a brainwashed child.” Clarice said.

“Why are you so willing to throw your career away for the accused?”

“Because I was never once threatened by him or felt threatened by him.” Clarice answered smoothly. “When a serial killer first starts off, they normally kills someone close to them and I never once saw that in Will.”

“He could have been tricking you.”

Clarice shook her head and said, “I know Will, I could read his moods and I saw no lies or anything like that.” She looked at Leonard. “How was that?”

“Good, you’re doing very good.” Leonard said. “I want to thank you for agreeing to do this.”

“No thanks are needed.” Clarice said. “I wanted to do this and no one is keeping me from helping Will. Not even Will or my adopted parents.”

“And you will help him.” Leonard said with a smile.

**BSHCI - DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE - DAY**
Prurnell sits opposite Dr. Frederick Chilton.

“Is this what people call backchanneling?” Dr. Chilton asked.

“I'd like to hear your opinions on Will Graham, Dr. Chilton.” Kade said.

“Will Graham has been a topic of fascination in psychiatric circles since he began lecturing at the FBI. But he rejected all requests for interviews. Alana Bloom was fierce in protecting him from scrutiny and Hannibal Lecter jealously kept him to himself. Had they not, these tragic deaths might have been averted.” Dr. Chilton said.

“Why are they so loyal to him? The physical evidence of the crimes and the man Will Graham presents are so very different.” Kade said.

Chilton sits back, enjoying his place as oracle, “Will presents as a wounded bird. But he does not ask for help. Nothing makes people feel better than caring for someone who won't care for themselves.”

“Jack Crawford is no bleeding heart. He's the director of the BAU.” Kade said.

“Jack Crawford's emotions have compromised his view of the facts. He lacks clarity. That is Will's gift.” Dr. Chilton said.

“A conscious manipulation?” Kade asked.

“Without a doubt.” Dr. Chilton said.

“Someone sent him an ear. Before those details were made public. I have to consider the fact we are making a terrible mistake.” Kade said.

“Or it is another emotional manipulation. For an antisocial man, he has a lot of friends.” Dr. Chilton said.

“You think it was sent on his behalf.” Kade said.

“I would not be surprised.” Dr. Chilton said.

“You sound like a man with clarity.” Kade said.

“I believe I do.” Dr. Chilton said.

“Then I'm right? Will Graham is in the right place here with you?” Kade asked.

“On that we can agree.” Dr. Chilton said.

**BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - NIGHT**

Jack, Zeller, Price and Katz are gathered around the ear. Looking seriously concerned and energized.

“You've identified the ear?” Jack asked.

“We ID'd the knife that cut it off.” Brian said.

“It's Will Graham's. The blade matches the cuts on Abigail Hobbs's ear and on this one.” Beverly said. Jimmy zooms images of the two ears on a screen. “It was presenting in court as evidence.
And then it went to the courthouse evidence room.”

“It was checked out by a bailiff at the courthouse. Andrew Sykes. And it never went back.” Jimmy said.

Certainty growing in Jack. Energized.

FBI SUV - NIGHT

Jack sits in the passenger seat of an FBI SUV, looking at a neat tract home, all lights dark. He raises a handset.

“Go.” Jack ordered.

BAILIFF’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shadows move out of shadows as two FBI agents pause on either side of the front door. One nods at the other and he crowbars the lock, the door flies open and the sudden glow of fire fills the car window next to Jack’s face, reflected, bathing Jack’s face in heat and light as the darkness is chased from the windows of the house and flames can be seen. Jack bursts from the SUV and the reflection disappears. The house windows shatter outward as the heat and flame inside builds. Jack shields his face as we hear the roar and rush of the fire.

It was quiet and a muted stillness, the calm after the storm. A fire crew is leaving, their job done. The house is still intact, but the windows are gone and the place is smoke damaged. Local cops are putting up incident tape and turning it into a crime scene.

The house still sighs and groans from heat contraction. The interior is dark, eerie shadows thrown by work lanterns. Smoke hangs in the air and water drips. Jack navigates the burned home with a flashlight. His feet splash through gray puddles. Jack turns his flashlight into the lounge and his face tightens in grim horror. In his flashlight beams, the cauterized body of the dead Bailiff has been impaled on the rack of a huge stage’s head.

Jack stares at the body like it is a personal insult.

Chapter End Notes

Clarice will always do what she feels is right...which may be tested later on in the series.
Chapter 11

Hassun Part 2

Clarice was driving towards the Bailiff’s house, she had gotten a call from Jack asking her to come over ASAP. And Clarice took the quickest shower and got redressed in record time then she got coffee because who knew how long she'd be working.

It wasn't as though she had been getting any sleep since Will's arrest and trial...

She had noticed that she was losing her color because of the lack of sleep she had been getting, the interrupted sleep because of her nightmares. The one before Jack's call had been bad, she had dreamed of Will’s execution and she was thankful for Jack for calling her.

BAILIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hannibal and Jack were waiting for her outside the house, they watched as she climbed out after she turned off the engine and then she slammed the door shut. Clarice stuck her hands in her jacket’s pockets as she walked towards the two men.

“You look terrible, Clarice.” Jack said in a way of greeting.

And she did, she looked pale with bags under her eyes. It didn’t look like she was getting much sleep at all.

Clarice smiled at Jack and said, “Yeah, well with everything that’s been going on I haven’t been getting much sleep, Jack.”

“You should invest in some sleeping pills.” Jack said.

“No, thanks, Jack.” Clarice.

“Are you ready?” Jack asked as he motioned towards the house.

“As ready as I am going to be, let’s go.” Clarice said she looked at Hannibal and smiled. “Hello, Dr. Lecter.”

“Hello, Clarice.” Hannibal said with a soft smile before the three of them headed towards the house.

A smoke-blackened face torn into a permanent clown's mask. Burns can't hide what was done to the dead bailiff's face. Right ear missing, Glasgow smile cut into his cheeks. Beverly, up close to the body as she tweezes trace evidence into a bag. Work lights now illuminate the mutilated corpse. His uniform is fused to his charred body. A badge and name tag, "Andrew Sykes,” melted into his chest. Brian taps it with his tweezers. Jimmy comes from the front door, walking Jack, Clarice and Hannibal through. The woman was walking between the two men, she had her hands in her jacket’s pockets.

“Wanted to give us a warm welcome and still leave something to find.” Jack said.

“An arresting piece of theater.” Hannibal runs a gloved hand against the soot on the wall. Rubs it in his fingers and smells it.
Hannibal approaches the body closely. Jimmy steps back to let him take it in, Hannibal slowly walks around the corpse on the stag's head.

“It's Will Graham's greatest hits.” Brian said.

“Are we addressing the elephant in the room? The charred, mutilated elephant right over there.” Jimmy said.

"That's not an elephant, Jimmy, that's a stag's head." Clarice said. "A charred stage with an equally charred and mutilated man on it's antlers."

"Figure of speech, Clarice." Jimmy said as he waved his hand at her in feign dismissal causing Clarice to smile.

“Could we have been that wrong?” Jack asked.

“About Will Graham? No. We couldn't. He practically took a selfie with each of his victims.” Brian said.

Hannibal watches the proceedings like a polite dinner guest watching a family argument, but not engaging in it. Clarice was walking around the bailiff’s body mounted on the stag’s head, he could tell that she was listening to their conversation but wasn’t saying anything about it until she felt the need to.

“The evidence we found was immediate and almost presentational. May as well have been gift-wrapped.” Beverly said.

“That's what Will said about Cassie Boyle when she was found in that field. "Field kabuki.".” Jack said.

“There wasn't any evidence before Will was apprehended and there hasn't been any since.” Beverly said.

The Asian woman looked at Clarice who wasn’t saying anything, she was surprisingly quiet during the whole conversation.

Which wasn’t a good sign.

“He ate a girl's ear. It was inside his stomach. God knows how much else of her was in there.” Brian said.

“Should've taken a stool sample.” Jimmy said.

Clarice threw her pen at Jimmy and gave him an annoyed look when he caught her pen and looked at her, he gave her an apologetic smile before he tossed it back to her and she caught it

“Knock it off.” Jack ordered.

She stuck her pen back into her jean's front pocket before she moved to stand next to Hannibal.

“Tell me, Jack. What impact could this have on Will's trial?” Hannibal asked.

Jack considers the implications...
Jack and Kade stand before the large, ornate desk of Judge Davies as he gets into his robes.

“This murder raises serious doubts about the case against Will Graham.” Jack said.

“Your team provided the evidence.” Judge Davies said.

“The overwhelming evidence.” Kade said.

“Then you understand how significant it is for me to question it.” Jack said.

“We heard your testimony, Agent Crawford. Are you sure you're not trying to assuage your own guilt.” Kade said.

“Yes. I'm sure.” Jack said.

“I'm not.” Kade said.

“Why is it so important to you that Will Graham be found guilty?” Jack asked.

“I have no agenda here. What is important to me is the truth.” Kade said.

“Andrew Sykes was mutilated in the exact manner Will Graham allegedly mutilated his victims. In ways that have not been made public.” Jack said.

“Will Graham isn't saying he didn't kill those people. His lawyer's running an unconsciousness defense. In effect, he's admitting the acts, just not the responsibility.” Kade said.

“Will has always maintained his innocence, despite gaps in memory. Whatever Brauer's strategy, this would offer a new line of defense.” Jack said.

“That's for Mr. Brauer to tell me, Agent Crawford, not you.” Judge Davies said.

“Yes, your honor.” Jack said.

“If Mr. Brauer does bring up this murder, I will give him leeway to present it in evidence.” Judge Davies said.

“Thank you, your honor.” Jack said as he risks a glance at Kade Prurnell, who meets his gaze.

Dr. Chilton is on the stand, “...Will Graham manifests publicly as an introverted personality. He would have us believe he places on the spectrum somewhere near Asperger's and autism. Yet, he also claims an empathy disorder.”

“You choose your words very carefully, Dr. Chilton. You chose the word "claims."” Marion said.

“Will Graham has never been diagnosed. He won't allow anyone to test him. He has carefully constructed a persona to hide his real nature from the world. He wears it so well, even Jack Crawford couldn't see past it.” Dr. Chilton said.
“But you did?” Marion asked.

“Mr. Graham and I had no personal relationship for him to manipulate. I have objectively studied him and the crimes of which he is accused. These murders were measured and controlled. The confused man Will Graham presents to the world could not commit those crimes. Because that man is a fiction.” Dr. Chilton said.

“You discount the encephalitis he was suffering as a cause?” Marion asked.

“He managed his illness with the help of his neurologist, whom he murdered for his trouble.” Dr. Chilton said.

“Is Will Graham an intelligent psychopath?” Marion asked.

“There is not yet a name for whatever Will Graham is. He kills methodically and I believe he would kill again, given the opportunity.” Dr. Chilton answered.

“Thank you, doctor. Your witness.” Marion said before she looked to Brauer.

Brauer stands up and said, “Dr. Chilton, Will Graham spent his time catching murderers for the FBI. You don't see a contradiction between that and the cold-blooded killer you describe?”

“No, I don't. Will Graham is driven by vanity and his own whims. He has a very high opinion of his intelligence. Ergo, he caught the other killers simply to prove he is smarter than all of them, too.” Dr. Chilton said. “Saving lives is just as arousing as ending them. He likes to play God.” Chilton smiles certain in his damning testimony.

Clarice crossed her arms over her chest as she watched Dr. Chilton, she really didn’t like that man...she should have punched him when she had the chance, damn another regretted decision.

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

Will Graham lies on his bunk. Somewhere off, a demented soul begins screaming in a repetitive wail. A mind in torment. Will stares into the ceiling as the wailing continues, unabated... Will closes his eyes.

**BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY**

Hannibal stands outside the doors. Will shackled to the table within. The doors open and Hannibal enters, he sits and pushes a file across the table to Will.

It slides across the table. It's a wide shot of the burned home of Andrew Sykes, his body on the stag's head in all its glory. Will looks at Hannibal, long and slow. Then he pulls the photo toward him, shackle chains rattling on the table.

“My admirer?” Will asked.

Hannibal nodded his head and asked, “What do you see?”

He begins reading a forensic report and then turns back to the image of the crime scene: a wide shot of the burned room.
Will closes his eyes...

_In the darkness of his mind, a pendulum swings. The pendulum is now outside his head. It swings, wiping away Hannibal. And the privacy room plunges into the darkness. The crime scene photo fills frame. Pull up and away from it to reveal Will standing in darkness. He stands in the room in the picture, pre-fire/pre-murder._

_The bailiff enters in his uniform, turning on a light. He sees Will. He knows Will. The stag's head stands in the center of the room. The bailiff looks confused. Before he can speak ..._

_“I shoot Mr. Sykes once, collapsing lungs, tearing through his heart's aorta and pulmonary arteries.” Will said as he raises a silenced handgun and shoots the bailiff square in the chest. “He will die believing we were friends. It is his last thought.”_

_The bailiff's face falls in shock and blood blooms on the chest of his uniform... Will moves to the dying bailiff and, as he would fall, Will grabs him. Lifts him bodily, Will swings him, high and hard, down onto the stag's head. The antlers burst brutally from the bailiff's chest..._

_“His death isn't personal.” Will said._

_Will's hand, gloved, removes Will’s pocketknife from the evidence bag. He stands over the dead bailiff. Will's face knots in effort as he starts to cut, etching a glasgow smile._

_“He is merely the ink from which flows my poem.” Will said._

_He stands to reveal he has now cut off the right ear. As it drops into an evidence bag._

_“My tribute. This is my design.” Will said._

_Will stares down at his work....._

_Will looks up from the photographs to Hannibal._

_“It's not the same killer. He murdered his victim first, then mutilated him.” Will said. "Whether it's me he thinks he's copying or someone else, that's not how we roll.”_

_“How do you roll?” Hannibal asked._

_“Cassie Boyle's lungs were removed when she was still breathing. Georgia Madchen was burned alive. What I found of Abigail was cut off while her heart was beating.” Will said._

_“Then this is blunt reproduction?” Hannibal asked._

_“You knew that already.” Will said._

_“Would've liked to have been wrong.” Hannibal said._

_“Occam's broom. You intentionally ignored facts that refute your argument and hoped nobody noticed.” Will said. "Jack would probably like a third opinion though, have him talk to Clarice...she needs to hon her skills and she won't fall, I can promise you that.”_

_“You noticed. I wanted to dispel your doubts once and for all.” Hannibal said. "I will ask her when I see her, I know she won't fall."
“My doubts about what?” Will asked.

“Me. I want you to believe in the best of me, Will. Just as I believe in the best of you. This crime offered us both reasonable doubt.” Hannibal said.

“It offered us a distraction.” Will said.

“Maybe this acolyte has given you your path to freedom. Even Jack Crawford is ready to believe, Will.” Hannibal said.

“It would be a lie.” Will said.

“No greater than the lie that binds you here, that claims you are guilty.” Hannibal said. That lands on Will. “I must admit to selfish motives. I don't want you to be here.”

“I don't want me to be here, either.” Will said he wanted to be with Clarice, protecting her from this man before him.

“Then you have a choice. This killer wrote you a poem, Will. Are you going to let his love go to waste?” Hannibal asked.

Will pondered that choice...

**BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY**

“I'm confused.” Alana is mid-discussion with Will Graham and Leonard Brauer.

“We were heading one direction and now, we are heading another.” Leonard said.

“You're going to abandon your defense strategy, the entire case you've built...mid-trial.” Alana said.

“Exciting, isn't it?” Leonard asked.

“This seems reasonable to you?” Alana asked.

“Not only reasonable, fashionable. There's a killer on the loose, demonstrating all the hallmarks of Will Graham's alleged murders.” Leonard said he looked at Will. “Somebody out there likes you.

“You suffered an illness whose brutality was matched only by its perversity. This happened to you, Will. We all saw it happen.” Alana said.

“I didn't see all of it.” Will said.

“I didn't see any of it.” Leonard said.

Alana eyes Brauer and decides to remain calm.

“It was cruel. And it was real.” Alana said. “Do you think this killer committed the murders you're accused of?”

“Don't answer that. Not in front of me. It's inconsequential.” Leonard said.
“But is it true?” Alana asked.

“You're being awfully high and mighty, Dr. Bloom. Adorable, but high and mighty. Very ivory tower. Very reductive. Very far from the point, which is the exoneration of your friend Will Graham.” Leonard said.

“And the point you're trying to make is reasonable doubt.” Alana said.

“That's a win.” Leonard said.

“Best you can hope for is mistrial.” Alana said.

“Will Graham's alive. Also a win.” Leonard said.

“You won't be able to plead unconsciousness again.” Alana said.

“Your fast, triumphant diagnosis of unconsciousness was the best play we had. Now we have a better play.” Leonard said. “Needless to say, I won't be calling you to take the witness stand.”

Alana takes that in stride, “Who's taking the stand in my place?”

COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

“Defense calls Dr. Hannibal Lecter.”

Hannibal stands in the aisle of the courtroom. Eyes straight ahead. As he walks forward, Will turns his head and sees only Hannibal in his smart suit as he moves past and toward the witness stand.

“I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God…” Hannibal said.

Will turns to look at Hannibal on the stand and, for a split second, sees the man stag in Hannibal's suit.

Brauer stands before Hannibal Lecter.

“Describe your relationship with Will Graham.” Leonard said.

“I was asked by Jack Crawford to monitor Will's emotional well-being while he consulted on cases. I was never officially his psychiatrist.” Hannibal said.

“If you weren't his psychiatrist, what were you?” Leonard asked.

“I was meant to be Will's stability. I failed him in that.” Hannibal said.

“How did you fail?” Leonard asked.

“I was unable to determine if Will's condition was due to mental illness or stress from his work at the FBI.” Hannibal said. Hannibal looks straight at Will. Holds his gaze. Jack and Alana are in the gallery. Prurnell to one side of them. “My mistake was never considering his innocence. Until the murder of a bailiff from this courthouse.” Hannibal looks at Will and then at Jack. In the gallery, Prurnell turns to Jack Crawford. Hannibal locks eyes with Will.
“How do you know this, Dr. Lecter?” Leonard asked.

“I have been asked to consult on the case by Jack Crawford. He wanted a profile of the bailiff's killer,” Hannibal said.

“You believe the bailiff's murder was committed by the same person guilty of Will Graham's alleged crimes?” Leonard asked.

Marion stands and said, “Profiles aren't evidence, they're opinion. This is hearsay.”

“I'll allow it.” Judge Davies said.

Leonard said, for Vega's benefit, “Thank you, your honor.”

Hannibal looks at the judge now, “I believe there are alarming similarities in the crimes.”

“Will Graham accused you of the crimes for which he stands trial. And yet, here you are, testifying on his behalf for the defense.” Leonard said.

“Will rightfully couldn't accept these actions as his own. A mind faced with the possibility of committing such deeds finds an alternative reality to believe in.” Hannibal said.

“You don't blame him for that?” Leonard asked.

“No. Will Graham is and will always be my friend.” Hannibal holds Will's gaze.

Leonard said to Marion Vega, “Your witness.”

Vega stands and said, “Dr. Lecter, what was the cause of death in the bailiff’s murder?”

“A bullet to the heart.” Hannibal answered.

“And Will Graham's victims, alleged victims? Their cause of death?” Marion asked.

“Mutilation.” Hannibal said.

“That's different than a bullet.” Marion said.

“No two crimes of any killer are going to be exactly the same.” Hannibal said.

“Is it common for a killer's mode of operation to be wildly divergent?” Marion asked.

“Not common. Not unheard of either.” Hannibal said.

“Your honor, the witness's personal beliefs and biases are driving his conclusions.” Marion said.

“These are clearly two different killers, two different cases. The prejudicial impact outweighs the probative value.”

Leonard stood up at that and said, “There is sufficient similarity to consider this defense on the issue.”
“I'm ruling this defense inadmissible, Mr. Brauer. All previous testimony on the matter will be stricken from the record.” Judge Davies said.

“Thank you, your honor.” Marion said.

Jack and Alana react to the finality of the judge's statement. Hannibal glances at Will, an apology, then averts his eyes.

“Defense calls Clarice Starling.” Leonard said suddenly with a small smile.

At that Will turned around and looked to see Clarice walking, protege and mentor shared a look as she walked passed him but she looked away and sat down. The woman was smartly dressed, wearing a three piece dress suit, she wore light makeup.

“I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God….” Clarice said. "Even though my Pa told me to never swear on the Bible."

There was soft laughter through the courtroom and Will had to stifle a smile, Clarice had this natural ability to put people at ease with her humor and sharp wit.

Leonard walked over to her and leaned against the witness stand, placing one of his arms on top of it. He smiled at Clarice had caused Hannibal and Will to bristle, they both knew that Clarice was a very attractive young woman and that any man who had ever crossed paths with her had noticed it. Thankfully Clarice herself seemed not to notice it or realize it.

“Describe your relationship with Will Graham, please Ms Starling.”

“I was his student, his protege...he was teaching me how to empathize with serial killers and mentally recreate their crimes with vivid detail but to mainly help me empathize with the victims themselves.” Clarice answered without hesitation as she kept eye contact with Leonard.

“There was nothing romantic between the two of you?”

“No, it was strictly a mentor/protege relationship.” Clarice said once again with no hesitation.

Will was grateful for that even though he knew that she still wanted a romantic relationship with him but knew why it couldn't happen between them.

“Were you afraid that he’d make you dangerous as well?”

“No, I wasn’t...I trusted Will with my mind.” Clarice said.

“And with your life as well.”

“Yes, I did...he protected me from Tobias and I saved him from getting shot by the hands of a brainwashed child.” Clarice said.

“Why are you so willing to throw your career away for Will Graham?”

“Because I was never once threatened by him or felt threatened by him.” Clarice answered smoothly. “When a serial killer first starts off, they normally kills someone close to them and I never once saw that in Will. I never felt that urge to run away from him, to stay away from him. And I always trust my gut, Mr Brauer.”
“He could have been tricking you.”

Clarice shook her head at that and said, as adopted a sad look with tears brimming in her eyes, “I know, Will, I could read his moods and I saw no lies or anything like that.” Will knew those tears weren't faked, she was allowing people to see her true emotions the ones that she kept buried deep inside her.

“Nothing further, though off the books, you’re very attractive.” Leonard said causing Clarice to smile at him then he looked at Marion, Hannibal and Will once again bristle at his comment.

“Your witness.”

“Ms. Starling, what exactly is your relationship with Will Graham?”

“Mentor and Protege.” Clarice said.

“Was that it?”

“No, I was also there to ground him...to make sure he stays in reality.”

“Were you with him at all times?”

“It would be inappropriate of me to go with my professor to his house, I kept my grades up through hard work. My Pa raised a good girl.” Clarice said with a smile. “So no, I wasn’t with him at all times.”

“So it’s possible that he could be tricking you.”

Clarice shook her head and said, “No, I know, Will...and he knows me, we keep nothing from each other.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I am.” Clarice said.

“You never once felt threatened by him?”

“No, like I told Mr. Brauner, when a killer first gets their taste for blood it’s normally someone they knows...someone they're close to.” Clarice said. “Or someone they are in love with...and I was always alone with him and here I am, still alive.”

Marion stared at her before she looked at the Judge and said, “Nothing further.” Clarice stood up and walked out, she and Will shared another look as she walked passed him.

JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack is sitting alone at his desk. Bailiff crime scene photos before him. A drink in his hand. Looking for answers...

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hannibal sits alone in the shadows, intent, facing the empty chair, as his music plays.

"Once again looking for the meaning of life, Doctor?"

He blinked and looked up into the smiling face of Clarice Starling, he didn't hear her knock or even come in.
"Ah, hello Clarice, I wasn't expecting you." Hannibal said with a smile.

"Clearly not, thought I should surprise you." Clarice said as she sat down with a smile, she crossed her legs and interlaced her fingers together and placed them on the leg on top as she leaned forward almost as if she was going to partake in a secret. "And I have successfully surprised you."

When she had leaned forward, so had Hannibal who couldn't seem to resist doing so it was as though she had charmed him into moving. "Yes, you have." Hannibal said with a smile.

With a smile, Clarice leaned back and said, "We haven't had any dinners together since that night...though after what had happened, I can't exactly say that I am too upset about it."

"Yes and I have been meaning to ask you over to dinner so I apologize." Hannibal said with a small smile.

"Ask me whenever you want but at least give me a few hours heads up so I can mentally get myself ready." Clarice said with a smile. "I feel like I need it in order to not make a fool of myself when I am around you, Doctor."

Hannibal leaned forward once more and said, "Why do you feel that way?"

Clarice just smiled and shrugged her shoulders before she glanced at her wristwatch and stood up, "Sorry, Doctor, maybe I'll tell you some other time but I need to get home and try to get some sleep. Good bye, Dr. Lecter." She then did something surprising she leaned down and placed a kiss on his cheek, it wasn't a romantic one more of a kiss that one would give a close friend.

She then straightened and walked out of the room, leaving Hannibal to sit once more in the shadows, alone.

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL/CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

He stares at the ceiling from where he lies on his bunk.

**COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING**

A janitor pushing a motorized circular floor scrubber down the hall. He wears headphones and tinny rock music can be heard. He stops at the doors to our courtroom. Pushes them open and flicks on the lights.

They illuminate the room and the janitor gasps Where the mighty seal once adorned the wall behind the bench, a terrible sight now is revealed.

Judge Davies, mutilated, hanging suspended from the hook that once held up the heavy plaque. His arms out sideways in a Christlike pose, supported by a wooden rod. He has been made into the iconic statue of Justice -- the top of his head is missing and bandages cover his eyes. He is holding a set of scales in one hand. Judge Davies’s brain sits in one scale, his heart in the other. The janitor stands, stunned, the tinny music still rapping a beat against his ears...
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

So officially Clarice and Hannibal get sexual during their time in Italy...I won't say anymore about it, you'll just have to wait and see ;)

Hassun Part 3

COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

In the center of the scale was a bloody heart. It bounces up and down slightly as the scale rocks.

A crime scene in progress. Katz, Price and Zeller are processing the dead judge, Jack observing with Clarice standing at his side. Hannibal walking down the aisle, awestruck by the tableau.

“Not only is justice blind, it is mindless and heartless.” Hannibal said.

“Judge was killed in his chambers, then hauled out here for display.” Jack said.

“How did the killer get so close?” Hannibal asked.

“There was no signs of a struggle. Mutilation was postmortem.” Beverly said.

“He was shot in the chest just like the bailiff. Can't find the entry wound because he removed the heart.” Brian said.

“But there's an exit wound. No slug. Must have took it with him.” Jimmy said.

“A trophy.” Hannibal said.

“Gruesome trophy…” Clarice muttered.

Jack averts his eyes from the death tableau. He speaks privately to Hannibal, “I didn't know how much I wanted this to end, until it didn't. No verdict. No ending. It starts over. Right from the beginning. Like the trial never happened.” Then he asked. “Why?”

“Psychopathic violence is predominantly goal-oriented, a means to a very particular end.” Hannibal said.

“The killer wanted a mistrial?” Jack asked.

“It's an elegant, if rather unorthodox, solution.” Hannibal said.

“To what?” Jack asked.

“He spared Will a guilty verdict and, for the moment, spared Will's life.” Hannibal said.
“Is this the same killer? Or is Will still on trial in your mind?” Jack asked.

“I feel like St. Peter, denying Will a third time. Like you, I fear my hopes about him were wrong.” Hannibal said. “I don't think it's the same killer.”

Hannibal looks past him and Jack turns to see Kade Prurnell in the doorway to the court. Taking in the terrible sight.

“Excuse me.” Jack said.

Jack leaves Hannibal and comes to join her in the doorway to the court. They are silhouetted in the door frame, as the crime scene work continues behind them.

Kade Prurnell looks shaken, but is controlling it.

“The killer exerted careful control of the environment and left very little evidence behind.” Jack said.

“He's making a good case for Will Graham.” Kade said. “The trial was meant to be the end of this. Instead, the circus just added another ring.”

“And we're the clowns.” Jack said.

“Who's "we," Jack?” Kade asked. “This doesn't seem to be going your way. We don't get our way because we don't know where that way leads.”

“I've gotten off track.” Jack said.

“I know you haven't had a chance to write your 302 yet.” Kade said.

“Actually, I have. A copy's been submitted to the Office of Professional Responsibility. Everything I did and saw with regards to Will Graham and this trial is in there.” Jack said.

“Will I be surprised by anything I read?” Kade asked.

“No.” Jack answered.

“You have to force yourself out of this train of thought, Jack. The trial was going wrong before this murder. It was going wrong because you wanted to believe Will Graham.” Kade said, Jack can't argue that point, simply takes it in. “You must be a very good friend to risk everything for him.”

“A cogent reminder of the pitfalls of faith in our fellow man.” Jack said.

Jack is pained. She sees it.

“Everyone at one point or another leaves someone behind. Cut him loose or there's a good chance that that someone left behind, today or tomorrow, is going to be you.” Kade said.

The prospect makes Jack feel so tired and yet he knows it is his fate.

**BAU - FORENSICS LAB - DAY**
A web page clicks up on screen. "Murda-bilia." It is a website dealing in murder memorabilia -- killers' signatures, former belongings, etc.: amateurish paintings, handwritten notes, creepy vials, that sort of thing. Jimmy turns away from the screen to reveal Jack and Hannibal with Starling, Zeller and Katz.

“You want a signed Gacy painting, this is the guy who'll get you it. Name's Jonathan Mullion. I went through all of the bailiff's email traffic. Three messages he replied to were using a nym server which furnishes an untraceable address.” Jimmy said.

“Belonging to this guy Mullion.” Jack said.

Beverly looks at Jack and Hannibal.

“We found an old partial print in Sykes's house. Not enough points to stand up in court, but it came back to Mullion. He was arrested for breaking into a murder scene and stealing artifacts.” Beverly said.

“Look at the date, Jack.” Brian said.

Jack looks at the report, his face falls, “Mullion was arrested in Florida. Same day Cassie Boyle was killed. There's no way he was in Minnesota.”

“Will Graham was in Minnesota.” Brian said.

Jack looks at Hannibal, saddened.

A snort came from Clarice before she said, “So was I, Zeller.”

Brian looked at her because her comment of So why aren't you accusing me as well? went unsaid but heard loud and clear.

“We got an address?” Jack asked as he ignored Clarice's comment.

MULLION'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A door splinters and flies backward, Jack is standing there with gun at the ready. He steps into a weird, dim single-room-occupancy apartment. There are strange outsider art type stuff, amateurish paintings, handwritten notes, creepy vials; it's serial killer memorabilia.

A desk sits amid the clutter. A green glow from the laptop that sits above it. The screen saver winks: "JUST SAYING HI TO THE FBI." Take in the crumpled paper on the desktop.

Hannibal, Starling, Zeller, Price and Katz are now in the room. Zeller, Price and Katz are cataloging evidence.


Hannibal stands over the laptop. Looks at the message winking on there.

“Poor Will. I fear his new friend has condemned him.” Hannibal said.

Hannibal moves away from the laptop. Just like that, as if by magic, a pair of folded eyeglasses sits by the laptop.
Hannibal walks to the foreground as, behind him, Brian said, “Are these the judge's eyeglasses?”

"Yep." Clarice said popping the 'P' as she stared down at the eyeglasses, her eyes narrowing at them in thought.

Where they there?

Her blue eyes moved to Hannibal and stared at him before she looked away just as he turned his head to look at her.

BSCHI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

A shaft of light. Will's hand wafts through it, turns as if to catch the light. Alana Bloom sits opposite him.

“I was hoping a verdict would've helped focus your mind to get better. Make what happened to you less terrifying and confusing.” Alana said. “I can't exactly blame your lawyer.”

“Faith in any sort of legal justice has never been any more comforting than a nightlight.” Will said.

“There are so many miscarriages of justice when it comes to identifying psychopaths. You could have easily been misdiagnosed.” Alana said.

“I've already been misdiagnosed.” Will said.

“Not by the court.” Alana said.

“Not yet.” Will said.

“How are you feeling, Will?” Alana asked.

“I'm numb except for dreading the loss of numbness. I walked out of that courtroom and I could hear my blood like a hollow drumming of wings. I had the absurd feeling whoever this killer is, he walked out of that courtroom with me.” Will said.

“He didn't.” Alana said.

“He's going to reach out to me.” Will said.

“What does he want?” Alana asked.

“He wants to know me.” Will said. “What do you want?”

She considers the question before answering simply, “I want to save you.”

She holds his gaze for a long moment, then looks away, somewhat embarrassed by her admission. Will quietly slides his arm across the table and takes her hand in his.

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Another woman sat across from Will, sitting in the same chair that Alana had been sitting in. Mentor and Protege stared at each other from across the table, studying each other.

It was Will that broke the silence, “I thought I told you not to testify.”
“I know but I wanted to help you.”

“...Thank you.”

“You can thank me if it helps, Will.”

“I’ll thank you regardless, Clarice.” Will said. “...You don’t look like you’ve been getting enough
sleep.”

Clarice shrugged her shoulders as she said, “Between you being locked up and trying to keep Dr.
Lecter from knowing I am suspicious of him, and you know about my nightmares, I haven’t been
getting much sleep.”

Will quietly slides his arm across the table and takes her hand in his as the tears Clarice has been
keeping at bay started to fall...
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

I want to make this as real as possible and show how Clarice falls in love with Hannibal (though she doesn't realize it until after she goes with Jack to Hannibal's house and sees Alana there and the evidence of their sexual encounter), which will be happening soon so I hope you enjoy that chapter and tell me what you think.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Takiawase Teaser

RIVER - DAY

Nimble fingers tie the lines of leader and tippet, wrapping the end of one line around the other.

“Wrap the leader around the tippet. Four, five, six times. Tuck the end between the lines. Tighten. Trim.” Will wearing waders, thigh deep in water. Will finishes tying the leader and the tippet together.

“It's called a blood knot.”

Will is talking to Abigail Hobbs, also wearing waders, standing next to him, watching him complete the knot.

“Your father taught you how to hunt. I'm going to teach you how to fish.” Will said.

“Same thing, isn't it? One you lure, the other you stalk?” Abigail asked.

“One you catch, the other you shoot.” Will said.

“What are you trying to catch?” Abigail asked.

“The one who caught you... and didn't let you go.” Will answered.

“The one that got away.” Abigail said.

“Catch a fish once and it gets away, it's a lot harder to catch again.” Will said.

“Have to be smarter than the fish.” Abigail said.

“You have to connect to the fish. The fish is in the current, you're connected to the river. Have to be still. Have to be close. Have to think clearly, control your emotions and act efficiently. Never let the fish know you're fishing.” Will said.

“Don't fishermen always lie about what they catch? Or don't catch.” Abigail said. “Everybody thinks you're lying about the one that got away.”

“That's why I have to catch him.” Will said.

“I hope you do.” Abigail said.
Will gathers up his pole, ready to cast his line.

“Last thing before casting a line: name the bait on your hook after somebody you cherished.” Will said.

“So you can say goodbye?” Abigail asked.

“If the person you name it after cherished you, as the superstition goes, you’ll catch the fish.” Will said, he casts the line and watches it plunk in the distance.

“What did you name it?” Abigail asked.

“Abigail.” Will answered.

Will stands in the middle of his cell, or figuratively in the currents of the river of his mind.

Will Graham holds the human mural crime scene photo on one side of the bars, while Beverly stands on the other.

“You were right. Killer was in the mural. Just where you said he'd be.” Beverly said.

“The lion among the lambs.” Will said.

“His name was James Gray. Found his vehicle near the farm. Enough DNA in the bed of his truck for us to be confident he's the Muralist.” Beverly said.

Will glances at a report in the same file as the mural photo, “You found as much evidence on him as you did on me.”

“I'm glad you said it.” Beverly said.

“Who sewed him into the mural?” Will asked.

“We don't know. But clearly, he didn't do it himself. He may have had a partner. Another killer. Maybe they had a suicide pact.” Beverly said.

“There was no partner. This Muralist acted alone right up until he was sewn into his own mural.” Will said.

“No signs of a struggle.” Beverly said.

“Whoever he is, this second killer understood the Muralist well enough to find his canvas. Well enough to convince him to be part of it. He's charming and he's insightful.” Will said.

“You have an idea who that might be?” Beverly asked.

“I do.” Will answered.

“Please don't say, "Hannibal Lecter."” Beverly said.

“I'm saying Hannibal Lecter.” Will said.

“ Didn't you stop ringing that bell?” Beverly asked.

“Not for you. And I'd appreciate if you kept the ringing between us.” Will said. “Clarice keeps the
“God’s sake, Will. I’d say you lost your mind, but look where we are.” Beverly said as she indicates the cell block around her. Will doesn’t blink.

“I’m not asking you to believe anything you can’t prove. I’m just asking you to prove it.” Will said. She considers the request a moment, then shakes her head, “Hannibal Lecter has no reason…”

“That’s exactly right. He has no discernible reason other than his own amusement and curiosity.” Will said.

“That’s hard to prove.” Beverly said.

“Whimsy. That’s how you’ll catch him. There will be a very clever detail to find on James Gray. He wouldn’t be able to resist. Something that’s probably been overlooked. Something hidden.” Will said.

“I’ll look for clever details. But I’m not looking for Hannibal.” Beverly said.

“As long as you’re looking. You look out there. I’ll look in here.” Will said.

**BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY**

Will and Dr. Chilton were sitting in the Therapy Hall.

“I’ll give you the same deal I gave Beverly Katz. You know what it is. You recorded our conversation. Or are we pretending that you didn't.” Will said.

“Remind me just the same.” Dr. Chilton said.

“Quid pro quo.” Will said.

“This for that? What "this" are you offering in exchange for my "that"?” Dr. Chilton asked.

“I’m quite the topic of conversation in psychiatric circles.” Will answered.

“I shared my diagnosis of you on the witness stand. Your personality disorders, neuroses, all forgeries.” Dr. Chilton said.

“Even if that were true, I'd still be a psychopath of some interest.” Will said.

“A particularly-manipulative one at that. Poor, confused, wounded bird for Agent Crawford and Doctors Lecter and Bloom. And for me, well, I get the psychopath's triumvirate: charm, focus and ruthlessness. The charm, of course, being debateable.” Dr. Chilton said.

“Either I'm a psychopath or I'm delusional. Or I'm right about Hannibal Lecter. Aren't you curious which one it is?” Will asked.

“Will you allow me to test you?” Dr. Chilton asked.

“Thematic Apperception. Minnesota Multiphasic. I'll take them all. You'll be the first and last word on the mind of Will Graham. You could dine out on that for years.” Will answered.

That clearly has an appeal for Dr. Chilton and he asked, “What about Dr. Lecter?”
“Shouldn't you be my one and only psychiatrist, Dr. Chilton?” Will asked.

“Ideally.” Dr. Chilton said.

“Now about your "that" for my "this."” Will said. “Do not discuss me or my therapy with Hannibal Lecter.”

“You're a common point of interest for both of us. He'll want to know why I won't discuss you and why he's not allowed to see you.”

“I refused to engage in my therapy so you confined me to solitary out of spite. He'd believe that.” Will said. “Or better yet, tell him you've decided I'm no longer any of his business. I'm now under your exclusive care.”

Dr. Chilton is intrigued by Will Graham's proposal...

**CLARICE STARLING'S HOUSE- DAY**

Clarice was doing to light cleaning before she went to work, she was separating the clothes her had gotten from her Mother and from Beverly, the nightgowns in her dresser was from the latter. She had gotten a second dressed and a wardrobe which will now be the new homes of her nicer clothing and nightgowns.

She stepped back and smiled before she finished getting ready and left the house after feeding Salem and Bishop.

**MEADOW- DAY**

The afternoon sun shines. A honey bee flies with purpose, its honey stomach full of nectar. The bee across a bucolic field of wild daisies, into a thicket of trees. Darting between the low-hanging branches, the bee zeroes in on its beehive and lands gracefully on the exposed honeycomb. As it's met by other bees (and begins its GPS waggle dance), worker bees maintaining the hive's food stores. Finding an empty hexagonal cell in the densely packed honeycomb, reveal the beehive fills the rotting head cavity of a man’s corpse.

It sits upright against a tree, its decaying face looking skyward as if enjoying the sunlight. A single bee crawls from the corpse's honeycombed eye socket and takes flight. Within seconds, more bees follow. As a black cloud of bees expel themselves from the eyes of the corpse with an ominous drone...

Chapter End Notes

No Clarice, she'll be in the next chapter I promise!
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Well, look at that! Clarice is in here!! And d'awww, there's a cute scene with her and Hannibal! Pfft cute and Hannibal in the same sentence? Hehe

Takiawase Part 1

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY


"Lazarus had it good." Bella said. She was looking more frail, she places Hannibal's Rembrandt and puts it down. "My social circle doesn't include a friend with power over death. I suppose I should've embraced Facebook while I had the chance."

Hannibal smiles, allowing Bella her gallows humor as she runs her hand across her head, effortlessly collecting hairs.

"I should never have let Jack talk me into chemo." Bella continued as she moved to her chair.

"He's trying to extend your life." Hannibal said.

"He's trying to extend a quality of life that's not worth the effort." Bella said.

"Jack's effort or yours?" Hannibal asked.

Bella mulls that a moment, then she said, "He's getting lessons from a nurse on giving me medications. Was practicing injections on a lemon and now has moved on to his thighs."

"What's good for the goose." Hannibal said.

"He needs the practice." Bella said as she extended her arms. "My veins have collapsed. I'm vomiting my stomach lining. On a good day, I sleep fifteen to eighteen hours. On a bad day, I don't sleep. My best-case scenario is prolonged pain management."

"Jack will help you manage. He loves you and when you are gone, he will feel your silence like a draft." Hannibal said.

"My silence is inevitable. The war is over. Cancer is an occupying force. I want to surrender. While I still have my dignity." Bella said.

Hannibal looked at her and asked, "You considering ending your life?"

"Suicide seems like a valid solution to my problem." Bella answered.

"How does that make you feel?" Hannibal asked.
"Alive." Bella said. "How does that make you feel?

"I've always found the idea of death comforting. The thought that my life could end at any moment frees me to fully appreciate the beauty, art and horror of everything this world has to offer." Hannibal said.

"A death benefit?" Bella asked

Hannibal acknowledges her play on words with a slight smile as he said, "One of many. Upon taking his own life, Socrates offered a rooster to Asclepius, the god of healing, to pay his debt."

"What debt would that be?" Bella asked.

"To Socrates, death was not a defeat, but a cure." Hannibal answered.

Bella was considering his words...

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Clarice was sitting across from the good doctor (she stifled a snort at that thought, he wasn't a good doctor but he was good looking...) and she quickly shook that thought away before he figured out what she was thinking by just looking at her face.

"How are you doing, Clarice?"

Clarice shrugged her shoulders as she said, "Between Will being locked up and working on the case, though I haven't been much help because no one has been asking for anything, I haven’t been getting much sleep. Oh and you know about my nightmares."

"What kind of nightmares? Can you tell me one?"

Clarice took a shaky breath and released it before she stood up and walked to the window, and said, "I dreamed of Will being executed and all I could do was stand there and watch it happen, I couldn't move at all."

Instead of saying anything, Hannibal stands up silently and walks up behind her to gently place his hands on her shoulders to find that she is trembling a little as she stares out the window, his strong, beautiful Clarice Starling was afraid. And that thought made the Cannibal angry, he didn't want her to be afraid and hated himself for making her feel that way. And it made him jealous of Will Graham.

He was calm and composed as he enveloped the woman in his arms and pulled her towards him, her back against his chest. Clarice doesn't tense up nor does she try to pull away, she simply allows him to hold her. His chin rested on top of her head as he started to rub her arms, in soothing strokes trying to ease the trembling that shook her entire frame.

Clarice takes a deep breath before she slowly lets it out, her body relaxing fully against his. Their bodies are flushed together, there is no space between their bodies. The trainee allowed Hannibal to hold her in silence, comforting her and chasing away her fear.

He loosened his hold when she moved, thinking she was pulling away but she simply turned around to face him, wrapping her arms around his waist as she tucked her head underneath his chin. She took another deep breath and let it out, her breath brushing against his neck as she exhaled and
he had to fight not to shiver at the feeling. He buried his nose in her curls and breathes in her scent as he gently cupped the back of her head.

They just held each other until her time was up.....

**MEADOW - DAY**

Heavy smoke drifts through the air. A man in a beekeeper suit is wafting more smoke skyward with his portable bee smoker. Brian and Jimmy (also in beekeeper suits) positioned over the discolored corpse.

"Hive seems well established. Basic nest architecture in place." Jimmy said.

Zeller's eyes dart over Price's shoulder to find Jack standing at a safe distance, sans beekeeper suit. Zeller and Price immediately approach, pulling off their bee helmets.

"Local police were supposed to exterminate the bees to work the crime scene. But apparently, somebody shut that down." Jack said.

"I did." Jimmy said.

"He did." Brian said.

"Colony Collapse is already wiping out the bees, there's no reason to murder them too." Jimmy said.

Jack eyes Jimmy, then indicates the body by the tree, "How long has he been out here?"

"From the decomp, I'd estimate death at two weeks." Brian said.

"Which makes sense with how much honey is being produced." Jimmy said then added when he saw their looks. "I love bees. The drone is nature's most-talented suicidal swordsman. When he mates with a queen, his ejaculation is so explosive, it's audible to the human ear."

"How audible?" Brian was unable to stop himself from asking.


"Do bees naturally hive in animal or human carcasses?" Jack asked.

"No. The victim was purposely repurposed as a human apiary." Jimmy answered.

"Purposely." Brian said.

"Somebody removed eyes and part of the brain to make room for a hive." Brian said.

Jack's interest is piqued when he heard that...

**BAU - MORGUE - DAY**

A morgue drawer is opened and a cooled body under a sheet slides out.

Beverly offered Hannibal a small container of smell-blocking ointment; he raised his hand in polite
refusal. Clarice is standing near him with her hands in his jacket's pockets, when Beverly had walked passed Hannibal she had caught a whiff of Clarice's scent coming off him and the same went for Clarice. The Asian woman was wondering why but it didn't look like they were sleeping together.

Clarice treated Hannibal as she always did, Beverly figured that if she did sleep with the man the dark haired woman would have been acting weird and treating Hannibal differently.

"Zeller's in the field, otherwise I'd ask him to help me with this." Beverly said as she smeared a dab inside each nostril before she handed it to Clarice who does the same, the other woman was helping her with this case since she still hasn't quite forgiven Brian yet, then pulled back the sheet revealing James Gray, the remains of the stitching still laced through his flesh. "You were a surgeon, right?"

"I was a surgeon and a doctor." Hannibal answered.

"What's the distinction?" Beverly asked.

"A surgeon can stand to look at a mutilated body. But a doctor can't stand to see a life wasted." Hannibal answered.

Beverly swings the magnifying lens over James Gray's body.

Hannibal motioned to James Gray as he said, "Have you found any evidence on the Muralist's friend?"

"That's what I need your help with. Might not be a friend. Might not even be an acquaintance. Whoever killed him, understood him. That doesn't mean that he knew him or even met him before he killed him." Beverly said.

"So often you open your mouth and I hear Will Graham's words come out." Hannibal stated.

Beverly stares, resists a smile, then confesses, "Will and I have an arrangement."

"Oh?" Hannibal asked intrigued.

"He's agreed to consult with me on cases, if I keep investigating the murders he's accused of with Clarice's help of course." Beverly said she added the last part when Clarice had shot her a look.

"I'm happy to hear that. Will needs a champion now more than ever." Hannibal said.

"He has you, doesn't he? You think there's a chance he could be innocent. I know you do." Beverly said. "And Clarice..." The Asian woman had quickly added that when she saw the look that Clarice had shot her again.

"I believe there's a possibility." Hannibal said. "How is your investigation going?"

"I have nothing but Will's word. I'm just relieved he's not saying the killer is you anymore." Beverly said.

"At least not to me. Who does Will believe killed the Muralist?" Hannibal asked.

Beverly wheels over a tray of autopsy tools, including scalpels, scissors, rib cutters, vibrator saws
and forceps. "Doesn't know. He thinks, if James Gray's killer hid him in the mural, he may have hid something else." She said.

"A signature?" Hannibal asked as he studying James Gray. "What kind of killer seeks to depict the unconscious, instinctual strivings of his victim by sewing him into his own human mural?"

"It wasn't just for appearances." Beverly answered.

"You have to get to the truth beneath the appearances." Hannibal said as Beverly wryly hands him an autopsy scalpel. "Freud used psychoanalysis to delve into the subconscious mind and reveal a patient's true intentions."

"What were James Gray's killer's true intentions, if not friendship?" Clarice asked as she watched Hannibal work.

"Only by going deep beneath the skin will you understand the nature of this killer's pathology." Hannibal answered.

Clarice and Beverly are studying Hannibal as he places the scalpel...

**BSHCI - INFIRMARY - DAY**

Will sits in handcuffs and shackles, accompanied by the medical flair necessary for his session. Dr. Chilton sits opposite him, regarding him with curiosity.

"Before I start asking you questions, I need some confidence you'll be telling the truth when you answer." Dr. Chilton said as he presents Will with a consent form on a clipboard.

"What's this?" Will asked.

"A consent form. You're agreeing to a narcoanalytic interview. You. Me. And our friend, sodium amytal." Dr. Chilton answered.

"Something to loosen my tongue." Will said.

"Something lawfully used in the evaluation of psychotic patients." Dr. Chilton corrected.

"What would you use to induce memory loss in a patient, psychotic or otherwise?" Will asked.

"Hypothetically?" Dr. Chilton asked.

"Of course." Will answered.

"Psychological trauma or neurological trauma? Or both." Dr. Chilton said.

"What sort of neurological trauma?" Will asked.

"The protein synthesis that moves memories from short-term to long-term can be interrupted, but that requires tools and skills. And a certain level of unorthodoxy." Dr. Chilton answered.

"Does Hannibal Lecter possess those tools and skills?" Will asked.

Chilton studies Will a moment, then he said, "Dr. Lecter has indicated to me that he is open to the
unorthodox when it comes to treating patients."

"I wonder how that subject came up. Sharing stories of the unorthodox?" Will asked.

Dr. Chilton indicates the clipboard and said, "Sign here."

Will signs his name....

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Will allows his head to loll back, feeling the drugs hit his system, and stares at the fluorescent light above him. The rhythm of his circulatory system filling his ears.

It flickers faster than the naked eye can see, but as the drugs overtake Will's vision, the flicker slows, gradually becoming a quick strobe and then a slower strobe.

His head rolls back onto his shoulders, eyes open, lit by a strobe light flashing in the same rhythm, fast as a rabbit’s heartbeat. Sweat is already on his brow. He reacts...

_Hannibal kneels next to Will in his normal therapy chair, injecting a syringe into his vein and depressing the plunger. He's silhouetted by a STROBE LIGHT PULSING in front of Will._

_Hannibal looks up at Will as he said, "I want you to draw a clock for me."_  

Dr. Chilton sits opposite Will, conducting his interview.

"Did Dr. Lecter administer any drug therapies during your sessions together? Sedatives or hypnotics? Ethanal, scopolamine, midazolam?" Dr. Chilton asked.

Will surrenders to the flow of the drugs in his veins as he said, "There was something. Don't know what it was. Wasn't supposed to know. I remember a strobing light."

_Hannibal sits opposite Will, behind the strobing light which only intermittently illuminates him._

_"The strobe causes neurons to fire en masse, like striking many piano keys at once. The dissonance might foster a change in your mind." Hannibal said._

Will glances at the drawing on the table next to him: a normal clock face. Lit by the strobe flash, the image changes: flash. The clock as he perceives it. Flash.

_The numbers and hands are piled to one side, a reflection of his inflamed brain. Flash. The image is correct again. When Will looks again, Hannibal's face is a living Picasso portrait, like the clock’s, his features are piled to one side. Words literally coming from one side of his mouth, "Is something wrong?"_  

As Will slips into a full-blown seizure, everything goes black...

"Will...?" Dr. Chilton's voice cuts through the darkness.

Will glances up at Dr. Chilton sitting opposite him.

"He was inducing seizures. That's how he created the blackouts. The lost time. It was strategic.
"Planned." Will said.

"You would only see a seizure response in a brain afflicted with photosensitive epilepsy." Dr. Chilton said.

"Or afflicted with something just as damaging. Like encephalitis." Will stated.

"That would suggest a radically unorthodox form of therapy." Dr. Chilton said.

"Yes, it would." Will said as worry began to eat at his insides.

His protege was alone with Hannibal now, he had no way of protecting her from what the man had done to him...

**BSHCI - STAIRWELL/NURSES' STATION - DAY**

Hannibal stands outside the nurses' station as Dr. Chilton descends the stairs, frustrated and apologetic.

"Dr. Lecter. I am so embarrassed. Didn't get my message? I canceled your appointment with Will Graham." Dr. Chilton said.

"Is everything all right?" Hannibal asked.

"I can explain. Shall we?" Chilton said as he leads Hannibal up the stairs of the cell block. "Will's at a delicate place in his therapy. I don't want to confuse him any more than he already is."

"Confuse him? Isn't it your opinion he's an intelligent psychopath?" Hannibal asked.

"It was, but my opinion is evolving. After administering a narcoanalytic interview, therapeutically-vital information has come to light." Dr. Chilton answered.

"What sort of information?" Hannibal asked.

"What Will Graham suffers from may not be a single condition, but a continuum of illnesses, all with different neurological mechanisms. Some naturally occurring, others appear to have been induced." Dr. Chilton said.

Hannibal stops on the stairs at that.

"Induced by whom?" Hannibal asked.

"Did you ever use any kind of light stimulation in your treatment?" Dr. Chilton asked instead of answering, in a manner of speaking.

"Light stimulation is a standard tool for neurotherapy. It's meant to increase cerebral blood flow." Hannibal answered.

"Evidently, it was overloading his visual cortex. Creating seizures, lost time, gaps in his memory. Almost strategically, it seems." Dr. Chilton said.

"You suggesting it was intentional?" Hannibal asked.
Chilton stands on the next step, rising to Hannibal's eye level, but lowering his voice conspiratorially. "All our conversations about psychic driving. You were so curious and eager to hear what I had to say while saying very little yourself."

"I had very little to say." Hannibal said.

"I've been thinking about the possibility you may have been psychic driving Will Graham all along." Chilton said.

"A bold accusation, Frederick." Hannibal stated.

"To know with any certainty if you were manipulating Will's memories, I'd need to understand how and why. Under a cone of confidentiality." Chilton said.

"As a professional courtesy." Hannibal said.

"You're not the only psychiatrist accused of making a patient kill. We have to stick together." Chilton said with a smile.

**JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jack lies next to Bella as she packs the end of a PAX Vaporizer with ground herb.

"Last time I did this, this wasn't the way you did this." Jack said.

"A vaporizer. Easier on my lungs." Bella said. "The young man at the dispensary called this "Purple Kush." He told me all his cancer patients love its "deep-body stone"."

"You have a marijuana sommelier?" Jack asked.

"Yes." She inhales from the vaporizer and exhales. Jack reaches for the vaporizer. But Bella pulls it away. "Don't they still drug test you?"

"I'm supporting my wife." Jack said.

Bella hands Jack the vaporizer and he inhales. She watches him, loving him, yet unable to stop herself from telling him.

"I filled out my advance directive today. I added a DNR." Bella said.

"You're harshing my buzz." Jack hands the vaporizer back to Bella and changes the topic. "I read an article that said magnetic hyperthermia is looking more promising for lung cancer."

Bella takes Jack's hand and they both fall silent. Then, hoping some context will help him understand, she says, "I know what to expect from the lung cancer. I am my mother's daughter. I watched her go through exactly what I'm going through now."

"I know you did." Jack said.

"I remember sitting by her bed when she woke up in such pain, all she could do was scream my name. I didn't know how to help her. So I did nothing. I just sat there and waited for her to fall back asleep." Bella said.
"There was nothing you could do." Jack said.

"There will be a time when there's nothing you can do. I don't want you to remember me pleading with you to make the pain stop." Bella said.

"It's not how I'm going to remember you, Bella. I'm going to remember you walking on the quays in Italy, the glittering water reflected in your eyes. How your hands smell like thyme when you come in from the garden. How you wore that round hat and white gloves the first time I saw you and I whistled "Begin the Beguine." And I'm going to remember how beautiful you are right now." Jack said.

Bella's voice waivers. She stops, wipes at a tear, "Good. Because I don't want to lie in bed and waste away while you watch. I'm going to insist on a few things, for as long as I can still insist. And that's one of them."

"And when you can't insist anymore, I will do the insisting for you." Jack said wishing he could respect that, but knowing he can't.

**BAU - MORGUE - DAY**

The "Bee Man" lies on the morgue slab, the honeycomb removed from his hollow head. Zeller and Price stand over the body, comparing notes with Jack and Clarice.

"Duncan Halloran, fifty-two, divorced and bankrupt. Reported missing six months ago." Brian said.

"A week prior to his disappearance, Mr. Halloran lost a workmen's comp claim for chronic back problems." Jimmy said

"What do we know about his death?" Jack asked.

"Considering any postmortem morphological changes, it looks like his white blood cell count was through the roof when he died." Brian answered.

"Are you telling me his killer was a fever and/or a massive infection?" Jack asked.

"Lock them both up." Brian said.

Jack studies the remains of Duncan Halloran, "No money. No family. No reason to live. Alive or dead or dying, who put him under that tree?"

"It's possible we're dealing with a religiously-motivated individual here. In Hinduism, honey is one of the five elixirs of immortality. In Christianity, the bee is considered to be an emblem of Christ; his mildness and mercy on one side and his justice on the other." Jimmy said.

Zeller draws their attention back to the corpse, "Look at the orbital bones. The sphenoid here." Jack and Price move to the slab. Zeller indicates the magnifying lens positioned above the eye sockets. "Tiny punctures. Behind where the eyeballs would usually be. Something long and sharp was pushed into the brain." He waits a beat. "The man was lobotomized."

"Lobotomized?" Clarice echoed before she winced. "Ow..."
A pleasant, warmly-lit room with acupuncture charts on the walls and shelves of herbs and raw honey, among other things. A man, Lloyd Roat, scarecrow thin with twisted arthritic hands, lying on a therapy table with acupuncture needles in his face, arms, hands and chest. Acupuncturist Katherine Pimms, 40s, hippie-chic, offers Lloyd a polite smile before tapping a needle into his chin.

"How are you sleeping?" Pimms asked.

"Not well. My arthritis is killing me. I can't take much more of it." Roat said.

"A course of bee venom therapy would soothe the inflammation." Pimms said.

"I can barely afford this treatment." Roat said.

Katherine offers him another polite smile, "That's a problem for another day. Right now, you need to quiet your mind. Live in the present." She inserts a needle above his eye with a tap. "Did you feel that?"

"No." Roat answered.

Katherine taps another needle into his neck along the spine, "Did you feel that?"

"No." Lloyd pauses, realizing something's wrong. He can't move.

Pimms picks up a long, heavy-gauge needle and a small ball-peen hammer from a tray and turns to Lloyd.

"Good. Then you won't feel this." Pimms said.

The tip of Katherine's needle slips under his eyelid and travels across the surface of his eyeball until it finds the top of the eye socket. With a sharp tap, the needle sinks in deep...
Chapter 15

Takiawase Part 2

PARK - DAY

A sparsely-populated field featuring mature trees and rolling hills. A laughing little girl and her father playing frisbee. The father tosses the Frisbee to his daughter, but the disc sails over her head and lands at the heels of a man staring up at the sun.

The youngster rushes up to the man and picks up her Frisbee. Glancing up at the unmoving figure, she frowns.

"Mister, you're not supposed'a stare at the sun. You'll hurt your eyes." The little girl said.

As if lost in a mental fog, the man slowly turns toward the sound of the little girl's voice to reveal that he has no eyes. Instead, runnels of sticky honey flow from his eye sockets like melting gold.

BAU - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

He lies on an examination table, restrained at wrists and ankles. Docile, he stares blindly at the ceiling, quietly moaning or mumbling in an unintelligible babble as Zeller and Price perform a "living autopsy" on his naked flesh. Zeller shines a small flashlight into Lloyd's eye sockets.

"Multiple holes this time. Over a dozen. Both eye sockets. The lesions severed most the nerve tracts to the frontal lobes." Brian said.

Jimmy examines Lloyd's skin, which is covered in bee stings, as he said, "He's covered in bee stings. It's like he got swarmed. He must be floating in apitoxin. Probably can't feel a thing."

"Him not feeling anything's got nothing to do with bee stings. He's been lobotomized. Welcome to the world of the living dead." Brian said.

Jimmy pointed to a monitor displaying a magnified area of Lloyd Roat's skin as he said, "There's a pattern."

Price and Zeller take a closer look at the magnified area as Beverly and Clarice entered and approached the living autopsy.

"Hey." Beverly said.

Prize and Zeller turn to see Beverly standing in the doorway.

"Look what the Katz dragged in." Jimmy joked.

Clarice laughed at the very cheesy joke, she couldn't help it. It was totally something that Jimmy would say.

"What are you looking at?" Beverly asked.
"A pattern." Jimmy said.

"A pattern." Brian repeated.

Jimmy zeros in on the area in question. Several bee stings appear more inflamed than the others, "Some of the bee stings triggered allergic reactions, others didn't."

"Look. The inflamed bee stings are all in line with the body's meridians. On acupuncture points." Brian said.

"The killer's an acupuncturist?" Jimmy asked.

"The stings are hiding needle marks." Brian stated.

Both women looked at him and stereoed their question, "What did you say?"

"The stings are hiding needle marks." Brian answered.

Realization dawns on Beverly and Clarice...

**BAU - MORGUE - DAY**

Body storage compartments open, the bodies displayed. Beverly reexamining the stitches on James Gray's body, hidden beneath the equine suture filament is a finer surgical suture which has been used to close a scalpel incision.

Beverly is stunned by what this could mean.

"Stitches are hiding stitches." Beverly said as she looked at Clarice.

"Interesting..." Clarice muttered as she grabbed a pair of surgical scissors and carefully removes both sets of sutures and opens the wound.

Beverly stood next to Clarice as the other woman removed the sutures, *Only by going deep beneath the skin will we understand the nature of this killer's pathology. It's empty. A bloody void.*

Both women looked inside before they looked at each other.

"He took his kidneys." Beverly said.

Beverly and Clarice quietly considers what that could mean...

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

Will sleeps on his cot, drenched in sweat. The rhythm of his breath rises and falls in his ears. In the distance, he can hear an argument growing somewhere down the corridor.

"I think I'm losing my mind. Just tell me if he's real."

"I don't see anyone."

"No, no, he's right there."
"There's no one there."

"You're lying."

"We're alone. You came here alone."

"Please don't lie to me."

Will opened his eyes, sits upright, swinging his feet off the bed, holding his head in an attempt to silence the voices.

"What's happening to me?"

Hannibal stands next to Will, who is doused in sweat, mid-seizure. Seated at the table is Gideon. Hannibal looks into Will's rolling eyes and confirms to Gideon, "He's had a mild seizure."

WILL standing on the other side of the dining room table, watching himself.

"That doesn't seem to bother you." Dr. Gideon said.

"I said it was mild." Hannibal said.

Hannibal sits at the head of the table, opposite Gideon.

"Are you the man who claimed to be the Chesapeake Ripper?" Hannibal asked.

"Why do you say "claimed"?" Dr. Gideon asked.

"Because you're not. You know you're not and you don't know much more about who you are beyond that." Hannibal stated. Gideon is struck silent by that assessment. "A terrible thing, to have your identity taken from you."

Will is stunned at the recovered memory. He closes his eyes. As he opens his eyes, he is lying in his bed. He stares up at the ceiling.

BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

Will and Beverly are in the Privacy room. Pictures between them on the table, of the Muralist and the voids where his kidneys were.

"Whoever killed James Gray, didn't just take his leg." Beverly said.

"Was he missing organs?" Will asked.

She stares at Will, curious how he figured it out, then, she said, "His killer took both of his kidneys. None of the other bodies in the mural were missing organs."

"They had a different killer." Will said.

She presents a photo illustrating the stitches on sutures.
"Sutures hidden under the stitching that wove him into the mural. One crime made to look like another." Beverly said.

"Like the Copycat." Will said. "And the Chesapeake Ripper.

"Now you're saying Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper?" Beverly asked.

"Also the Chesapeake Ripper. Were the kidneys surgically removed?" Will asked.

"Yes." Beverly stated.

"Dr. Lecter was a surgeon." Will said.

"I know he was. I asked him to consult on James Gray's autopsy." Beverly said.

The pit of Will's stomach drops out.

"If you invited him with an actual agenda, Hannibal would know it." Will stated.

"He said, "Only by going deep beneath the skin will we understand the nature of this killer." Thought it was a little corny, even for him." Beverly said.

"He's toying with you. He toyed with me for months." Will said.

"He pointed me to the evidence." Beverly said.

"He pointed you to an absence of evidence. He's baiting a hook. Stay away from Hannibal Lecter. Go to Jack. Tell him everything." Will said.

"I can't bring this up until I can back it up." Beverly considers, then. "The Chesapeake Ripper kept surgical trophies. If Hannibal's the Ripper, what's he doing with his trophies?"

A horrible thought crosses his mind. He closes his eyes, considering the possibility.

_Cassie Boyle silhouetted in the setting sun, impaled on a severed stag head, covered with black birds._

_Will eats a sausage and Hannibal smiles._

Will reels from the horrifying realization, then, "He's eating them."

Beverly stares as Will suppresses a shudder, knowing that he's been eating Hannibal's trophies, too.

**HOME HOMEOPATHIC SPA - KITCHEN - DAY**

The contents of the honeycomb flow from the honey tap, including pieces of wax, filling a mesh bowl and dripping the strained honey into a jar.

Katherine is surrounded by jars of honey and larger metal honey extractors. The sunlight through the jars of honey casts the room in a warm glow.

A silhouette fills the etched glass of the front door. The doorbell rings.
Katherine opens the door to reveal Jack Crawford standing on her front porch with Brian and Jimmy. Beyond the porch, two police officers.

"Katherine Pimms?" Jack asked.

"Yes." Katherine said.

"I'm Agent Crawford with the FBI. Agent Zeller and Agent Price. We'd like to ask you a few questions about former patients of yours." Jack introduced himself.

"Mr. Halloran and/or Mr. Roat?" Katherine asked.

"Yes." Jack answered.

"Would you like to come in?" Katherine asked.

Crawford, Price and Zeller question Katherine Pimms.

"When was the last time you saw Duncan Halloran or Lloyd Roat?" Jimmy asked.

"Whenever their last appointments were. I can check my calendar, if you want. Have you found them?" Katherine asked.

"Yes, we have. Mr. Halloran was deceased. Mr. Roat may as well be." Brian said.

"Poor Mr. Halloran. If there were a single example that we're not all created equal, it would be him." Katherine said.

"What were you treating him for?" Jack asked.

"That man trudged from one terrible disease to another. He had severe combined immunodeficiency. Life didn't seem to be going his way." Katherine said. "I find people don't get their own way because they often don't know themselves where that way leads."

"Where was Mr. Halloran's way leading him?" Jack asked.

"He couldn't envision a dignified end of life. Much nicer for him to die in a meadow, head full of bees." Katherine said then added off their looks. "Did you taste the honey? Couldn't bring myself to. It seemed morbid." Furtive glances around the room at that admission.

"You left him in that field to die?" Jack asked.

"I brought him to that field to die. But I didn't kill him. Just quieted his mind so he could die in peace." Katherine said.

"And Mr. Roat? Quiet his mind, too?" Jack asked.

"Oh, yes. He suffered from crippling arthritis. After he was quieted, I saw him walk pain-free for the very first time. I watched him wander off and I knew... I knew then that this moment now, here with you, was inevitable. I was good as caught." Katherine said.
"You wanted to be caught." Jack said.

"I wanted people to know I can help. I can't make the pain go away, but I can make it so it doesn't matter." Katherine said.

"You can't help anyone anymore. Not like this. Not where you're going." Jack said.

"I bet I can. You think I'm wrong. You stand there and intellectualize another person's pain of being alive relative to your own. If you can imagine yourself surviving that pain, you can imagine them. But we are not created equal, are we?" Katherine said. "I've protected these people from hopelessness. And that's beautiful."

"These people?" Jack repeated.

-----

The door of the greenhouse opened and Jack entered the beautiful floral environment, overgrown and borderline unkempt. Jars of honey refract the harsh sunlight into amber beams of warmth. Scattered bees flit from flower to flower, gathering pollen. Something moves, concealed in the plant life ahead.

Jack trains his weapon on the movement. Then something else moves. He swings around to see a bald man with his head down. Then a woman, her hair matted to her face. All of a sudden, A man with a shock of hair is standing very near Jack, his eye sockets dripping honey.

Jack lowers his weapon. It's clear none of these lobotomized people mean anyone any harm.

Jack is horrified by what he's found, turns to Katherine standing in the doorway behind him, flanked by Zeller and Price, both dumbstruck by what they see.

"They were suffering. Is it so wrong to want to end that for them?" Katherine asked.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Hannibal opens his office door to find Bella waiting for him.

"Please come in." Hannibal

Bella has a lighter air about her. Dressed perfectly, hair and makeup beautifully done, she enters the office with a small gift bag on her arm.

Bella's personality change is not lost on Hannibal, even as she leans in the doorway and inquires, "I hate to ask, but could you help me to my seat?"

"Of course." Hannibal guides her to the seat opposite him.

"It's unnerving, not being able to walk across the room." Bella said.

"Nothing can be so unnerving to someone strong as being weak." Hannibal said.

She sits as though she's just walked a thousand miles, "I was so weak after chemotherapy, Jack had to physically pick me up. Was the second time he carried me across the threshold." She gets lost in that thought a moment. "I brought you something."
"A gift?" Hannibal asked.

"Paying my debt." Belle stated.

Bella tries to lean forward to pick up the gift bag, but can't manage. Hannibal picks it up for her and opens it. Inside the display box is a valuable French 20-Franc gold coin. It's displayed so that the coin's rear side, depicting a proud, fully-plumed rooster, is facing up.

"Coq Gaulois." Hannibal said.

"For helping me understand that death is not a defeat, but a cure." Bella said.

Hannibal realizes the significance, "What have you taken, Bella?

"My morphine. Every last bit of it." Bella's eyes focus. Some tears. She pulls herself together. "I didn't want to die at home. I didn't want Jack to find me. I didn't want him to make that call, to be in the room with my body, waiting for it to become a ceremonial object apart from him, separate from who I was, someone who he can only hold in his mind."

"You denied him his good-bye." Hannibal said.

Bella said as she drifted, "I denied him a painful good-bye. Allowed myself a peaceful one. Will you tell Jack I love him very much?

"Yes." Hannibal answered.

"Good-bye, Dr. Lecter." Bella said, her vision tunnels as Hannibal grows more and more distant, her breathing rising and falling at the edge of perception until finally, one last breath is taken and exhaled.

Hannibal remains seated, watching Bella die, with curiosity, in the utter silence of the room, for an uncomfortably-long moment.

"Good-bye, Bella."

But even he was watching Bella, he was thinking about another woman, if she would ever be diagnosed with cancer will she try to kill herself and would he allow it?

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal and Clarice kiss in the next chapter ^^ so prepare for a steamy kiss scene and an awkward aftermath xD
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Steamy kiss scene!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Takiawase Part 3

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bella's body lies still. Hannibal stares, as if waiting for the life that just left Bella's body to return. It doesn't. He curiously retrieves the gold coin from its display box. He turns it over in his hand, considering it and its meaning, before finally flipping it into the air.

It turns in the air above Hannibal before he catches it.

He examines the fate of the coin, then stands and moves to a cabinet and opens it. He pulls out a gatemouth satchel and retrieves a small glass bottle.

The syringe plunges into the rubber end of the bottle and pulls one c.c. of naloxone into the syringe.

Hannibal stands over her a moment, thumps the side of the syringe, then carefully injects the needle into her JUGULAR.

He depresses the plunger and the naloxone flows into Bella.

He studies Bella, and she almost immediately stirs. Her eyes open. Even in her state, she realizes what's happened...

"No..." Bella whispered.

Hannibal looking down at her...

JACK CRAWFORD'S SEDAN - NIGHT


The painted lines of the asphalt fly one by one beneath the undercarriage of his sedan. Exhaling. Inhaling. Exhaling.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY- NIGHT

Hannibal was sitting in front of Clarice, they were sitting in silence after he broke the news about what Jack's wife had tried to do. Her already pale skin was more even paler when the news had been broken to her, she clearly hadn't been expecting it. In fact she had looked even more paler.
when she had first entered his office like something bad had happened before she arrived but after being told that Jack's wife almost killed herself Clarice literally turned white.

Clarice blinked her blue eyes rapidly as if she was snapping herself out of it then she started to collect her stuff.

"....I should go." Clarice said as she stood up. "Jack needs me, sorry Dr. Lecter, but we're going to have to finish this tomorrow..."

Hannibal stood up as well and just as she started to walk away, he took a few steps forward and grabbed her arm the doctor turned her around to face him

Just as Clarice opened her mouth to question his actions, he placed his hands on her face and tilted her head up as he lowered his head down to hers and pressed his lips against her full lips.

He swept inside her mouth like a conquering army, bulldozing past any tentative explorations and plundering her heated response. Clarice whimpered and sucked on his tongue, pressing herself closer against him. He went to her head like a shot of whiskey but tasted a whole lot better. He sent the same fire curling into the pit of her belly with none of the bitter acid on her tongue. Instead, he was smooth and rich and sweet like fine chocolate, and for once in her life, Clarice didn’t worry about the treat going straight to her thighs. She rather hoped he would.

Hannibal, though, seemed determined to take the long road. His hands glided over her shoulders and down her arms, raising goose bumps in their wake. Everywhere they touched, she tingled, her nerves on high alert. Her breasts pressed against his chest, molding to his hardness, and when she shifted restlessly her thighs rubbed against his, and pushing a moan through her swollen lips. Clarice then dropped her purse and jacket to place her hands on his shoulders, gripping his suit's jacket.

A growl rumbled in his chest, a low, thrumming response. She felt his hands slide beneath her arms to close around her ribs, tightening as if to warn her trying to escape. As if the thought had even crossed her mind. She wanted to put less distance between them, not more. She wanted to be skin to skin. Closer if she could manage it.

The intensity of her need surprised her, but she didn’t stop to think about it. She didn’t want to waste that kind of time. For the first time in her life, she burned with desire. Clarice wasn’t normally like this; she was normally in control of her emotions.

And that acted like a bucket filled with cold water being tossed on her, it woke up her mind and cooled her hormones. Now her hands were used to push herself away from Hannibal's lips, panting heavily. Her breasts heaved with each pant, her eyes were closed as she struggled to calm herself down.

He was the reason why Will was imprisoned, she shouldn't be kissing him or wanting to have sex with him.

No matter what she or her body wants.

Clarice stepped away from him and sighed heavily before she opened her eyes and looked up at him, "I'm sorry, Dr. Lecter but we shouldn't have done that...especially with what is happening right now." She quickly bent over and collected her dropped purse and jacket.

"You don't have to apologize, Clarice, it was my fault I shouldn't have done that." Hannibal said. "Should I take you to the hospital? I am going there myself."
She eyed him warily and said, "No, thank you...I'll go tomorrow. Good night." And Clarice quickly left his office, her legs helped her make her get away.

Hannibal is left there, staring after her before he looked towards the window and smiled....

**HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Jack stares at his wife, Bella, in her hospital bed. She looks back, melancholy. Inhaling. Exhaling. Inhaling. He approaches her bedside, taking a seat and bowing his head over the hand at her side. He quietly begins to weep as sound returns to normal. A steady blip of her EKG trace, the green line pulsing. Bella's life as an electronic signal. She looks at Jack. She holds his gaze and he holds hers.

The door opened and Bella stirs. Takes her a second to get her bearings and realize Hannibal now stands in the room.

"I'll come back." Hannibal said.

Before he can leave, Bella calmly asks, "What are you doing here?"

"I came to apologize. I couldn't honor what you asked of me." Hannibal steps to the bed and bends and places the coin she gave him in Bella's hand. "I'm sorry."

Bella slaps him with her other hand, hard and sudden. Hannibal's face is rocked, he does not make a sound. Bella stares at him, unrepentant, Jack stands, stunned.

"Bella." Jack said.

Bella said to Hannibal, "Get out." Then she repeated it as a whisper. "Get out."

Hannibal turns and exits without another word.

**BAU - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Beverly knocks on the door, looking inside. No one there. Zeller rounds a corner, carrying a giant hunk of freshly harvested honeycomb, presumably from Duncan Halloran.

"Hey. Have you seen Jack?" Beverly asked.

"There was some emergency with his wife. Dr. Lecter called and asked him to meet him at the hospital." Brian said.

"Is Mrs. Crawford all right?" Beverly asked.

"We don't know. He wouldn't say." Brian said.

Beverly considered that, then, "So Hannibal's at the hospital, too?"

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Beverly standing in front of the open refrigerator. Beverly is engulfed in its light. The shelves stacked neatly with exotic foodstuffs. Beverly lifts hands in latex gloves and pulls open clear drawers, but no cuts of meat. Not what she is looking for. She pulls out a penlight and switches it on. Moves to the pantry door, which is locked. She squats and takes out a lock-picking kit,
inserting two tools into the lock and working.

Beverly opens the door. She steps inside, the room illuminated by the large glass front freezer. Beverly moves toward it, past an aerator sitting on the counter, filled with red wine. She slides the door open and peers within. Frozen food vacuum-packed and sealed. She moves things around. Her gloved hands smearing the condensation on the slick plastic. Her face lit by the glow of the freezer's light. She reaches inside and lifts out a vacuum-sealed kidney, and another.

"Gotcha." Beverly said.

She leaves one and slips the other inside her coat. She closes the freezer, turns and knocks the aerator of wine off the counter. It crashes to the floor, shattering. Beverly silently curses herself out, then something catches her eye. The spilled wine seeps between the cracks in the floorboard. Beverly runs the toe of her boot along the seam in the floor.

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Beverly, gun drawn, slowly comes down them, flashing the penlight before her. It catches highlights, off reflective tiles, of the room around her. She finds a switch and a series of overhead fluorescent lights flickers on, one by one. Beverly reacts to what she sees.

"Omigod." Beverly whispered.

The last overhead fluorescent flickers on behind her, revealing Hannibal standing several feet away.

As she turns, he moves.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Gunfire erupts from below, muffled, but clear. Finally, gunfire then a bullet blasts through the floor, splintering the wood in a hole.

Chapter End Notes

....and then he kills Beverly after that kiss....

and who is he smiling at? Oh, you know who ;D and it will led into something that will happen later....
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Freddie and Clarice have a brief truce...kind of, Clarice doesn't punch her in the face
lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mukōzuke Teaser

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Hands bring a basket from underwater in a deep sink. Fresh, clean water runs over oysters within the basket. The tap turns off, drips. A sharp knife as it opens an oyster, and then another. Bacon sizzles as it is laid in a hot pan. The fat blisters and then pops with a stinging hiss. An egg flies up in the air and comes down on the back of the sharp knife. The chef twists his wrist, the Benihana trick, and magically, the egg yolk and white drop where he wants them.

An espresso machine sucks and drips into a china cup. A refrigerator door opens and hands reach in to take a pitcher of juice. The refrigerator door closes. Hannibal, in his bathrobe, as he places his ingredients on the plate to create a beautiful breakfast.

BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY

A tray of breakfast flop is placed on the table. Will, in shorts and T-shirt, sits and regards his reconstituted eggs with distaste. Around him, the sounds of the asylum waking up.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Jack is lost in thought. Thousand-yard stare. Movement distracts him. He looks up, Hannibal places the breakfast tray in front of Jack who still wears a rumpled suit from the night before. He takes in the food, Hannibal sits opposite.

"You have to eat something, Jack. You've been up all night. Feed the body, feed the mind." Hannibal said.

Jack stares at the food for a long moment, then he said, "She knew she couldn't beat the cancer, so she was going to beat it to the finish line. One way or another, she was going to win. It's a strange cocktail of pride and despair."

"One way or another, she will. All you can do is hope she finds more reasons to live than not to." Hannibal said.

"I can't blame her for wanting to control how she dies." Jack said.

"I believe those who can no longer function at an acceptable level have the right to die." Hannibal said.
"She cast you in the role of executioner. She wanted you to let her die. I'm grateful you didn't." Jack struggles with his emotion, tries to keep it at bay.

"As a doctor, I had no choice. As a philosopher, I had too many. It wasn't what I could do for Bella, it was what I couldn't do to you. I'm a better friend than therapist." Hannibal said.

"You're a great friend." Jack said. "My wife is alive and I feel like I'm mourning a loss. There's a numbness where relief should be." Hannibal studies Jack, genuinely sympathetic. "Do you think she'll try again?"

"I don't know. Bella wanted to die. Your wife took actions to die. I violated her trust stopping her." Hannibal said.

"You may have violated her trust, Hannibal, but you've earned mine." Jack said.

Hannibal considering this...

CLARICE STARLING'S HOUSE- DAY

Clarice is sitting at the dining room table, a mug of coffee in her hands as she stares at the wall across from the table, Salem and Bishop were eating their breakfast but Clarice's own breakfast had long since gotten cold.

She wasn't truly seeing the wall in front of her, her mind was going through many situations that had happened to her the nightmares, Will being locked away and now the kiss that Hannibal Lecter had given her.

When did this all go wrong? When did she start losing control of her life? Did it start when she joined the FBI Academy? Or did it start when Will took her as his protege? Or did it start when she had first met Hannibal that day in the coffee shop?

Clarice missed Will, she missed his guidance, his support but now she was alone...alone with a killer who seemed to want to either harm her or keep her with him at all time, away from the outside world.

She sighed heavily and stood up, she needed to get ready.

OBSERVATORY - DAY

Early-morning light sends long shadows across the park. Freddie stares at the observatory through the windshield. Trepidation and anticipation mix on her face. A decision to be made. She makes it. Opens the glove compartment and pulls out a gun. Checks its load. And then places it in her pocket. Then, steeled, she gets out of the car.

Freddie crunches up the gravel. Each step makes her less certain of her purpose. And more determined to overcome her fear. She pauses at the observatory door that was open, of course. Her hand grips the gun in her pocket. She pushes the door and steps into the darkness beyond. Freddie disappears into shadow...

Freddie gingerly enters the observatory. Walls appear as moving shadows as beams of light from the outside strike and disappear. Freddie continues, carefully scanning every darkened corner with her eyes. Inching closer and closer toward the main telescope room, the feeling she's about to see something horrible is palpable. Freddie moves stealthily through it, she steps into a pool of light made by the sun shining through the open telescope doors. She stops dead. Stares in shock and
horror. Freddie retrieves her camera, raises it to her eye and as she takes a picture...

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

Hannibal Lecter stands opposite Will Graham's cell. Will stands beyond the bars, appraising him.

"Surprised Chilton let you see me. Said I was no longer your patient. I'm under his exclusive care." Will said.

"Unfortunately, I had to insist. Were you lying to me, Will? When you told me you wanted my help?" Hannibal asked.

"No."

"Dr. Chilton accused me of using unorthodox therapies during our conversations. Suggested that I drove you to kill." Hannibal said.

"That's not what I believe." Will said as he approaches the bars, lowers his voice. Hannibal steps closer to better hear as Will's volume is but a whisper. "Chilton gave me a narcoanalytic. Said it was sodium amytal. But it was more than that. It felt like a hypnotic. Midazolam or temazepam."

"Hypnotics that alter perception and render you easily suggestible." Hannibal said.

"I remembered strobing lights in your office. You putting a needle in my arm, injecting me." Will said.

"What was happening while you were experiencing this memory?" Hannibal asked.

"Chilton was doing the same. Putting a needle in my arm, injecting me. Fluorescent lights were flickering and he was telling me what I remembered. I could see it like a memory, like it happened to me." Will answered.

"A memory of injection while you were being injected." Hannibal stated.

"Yes." Will said.

"I've treated patients whose situations were not dissimilar to yours. People who discover that some part of their memory, as they know it, is based on a falsehood." Hannibal said.

"Why is he doing this to me?" Will asked.

"Because you don't know what you can trust to be true. You only know what you wish to be true. That can be taken advantage of, Will." Hannibal said. "We both know it is a painstaking process to reconstruct a coherent personal history, piece by piece, when so many pieces are missing."

"Even the pieces I remember don't correspond to fact anymore." Will said.

"Certainty will be found with those who care about you, not those who condemned you as a psychopath." Hannibal said.

"You've never condemned me. You've always been my friend." Will said.
Hannibal allows a small smile...

**OBSERVATORY - DAY**

Jack and Clarice, followed by an armada of FBI sedans and police squad cars, emerges from a car. He marches grimly for the entrance with Clarice at his side, her hands were stuff into her jacket's pockets. To one side, two uniformed officers are with Freddie. She sees Jack and Clarice, she breaks away and comes toward them both. She's the last thing he needs and Clarice is tensing up at his side but isn't removing her hands from her pockets though she does move a little closer to Jack. Jack goes to brush past her, but Freddie gets in the way. Genuine. Horror still on her face.

Clarice stops and looks at her when she sees it.

"Send someone else in there, Jack." Freddie said. "Send Ms. Starling if you have to."

He looks at her, sees genuine concern. But he can't follow her advice, he goes to brush past but Freddie stops him.

"You should prepare yourself." Freddie said. "She's one of yours.

Freddie steps back. Jack enters the observatory but before Clarice can follow him, Freddie placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Look, I know we exactly haven't seen eye to eye or been the best of friends but watch him, okay?"

Clarice stares at him before she nods silently and Freddie releases her, and Clarice follows after Jack.

Jack moves through the observatory, Clarice is right behind him. Jack stops causing the woman behind him to stop as well.

Beverly stands in profile to Jack, fully clothed, back-lit by the light coming from the open telescope doors. For a second she looks alive, frozen in a moment. Jack and Clarice moves closer to reveal that Beverly has been sliced vertically down the middle. Her near third is encased tightly in between. The rest of her body as been cut into thin vertical strips. Each encased in glass. These displays are aligned across the floor of the observatory like a shocking set of museum cases housing priceless antiquities. In profile, these displays show a bloody, visceral cross section of Beverly's innards.

Jack and Clarice stare in horror...

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**Chapter End Notes**

Can you believe that? Hannibal kisses Clarice and then he does that to Beverly? He's a well dressed hot Cannibal....
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

After this episode is the one where Hannibal and Alana have sex and Clarice realizes her feelings for him....

Müközuke Part 1

BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

"At approximately 9 a.m., I received a call from Freddie Lounds..." Jack said to Jimmy and Brian who are sitting opposite to Jack at his desk. Both men's faces have fallen with grief and shock. No one speaks. "Following an anonymous tip, she discovered a female body and immediately alerted my office..."

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The cold steel table. Light glints off stainless steel fittings and neatly-arranged autopsy tools.

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"Clarice and I were among the first on the scene. The victim was our colleague, Special Agent Beverly Katz." Jack said.

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The static-free room where Beverly worked, The fiber collection brush rests unused on a counter-top.

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"She was killed in the line of duty. Result of direct adversarial force." Jack said.

Gathered agents sitting in rows, all the BAU team is congregated with other agents, all looking at Jack Crawford at the front of the room.

"She will be memorialized at FBI Headquarters and field offices so that her ultimate sacrifice will always be remembered." Jack continued to say.

Brian, Clarice and Jimmy in the front row, still numb. The woman hasn't spoken since finding Beverly's body with Jack, he is worried about her. Other agents take in the terrible news. The room is stunned.

BSHCI - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

Will's breathing is tight, a man fighting strong emotions. Jack and Alana sit opposite him, their mouths moving, but Will doesn't hear the words. Faces somber. Their lips moving, but the words are faint, their faces slide in and out of focus.
**Beverly stands in the doorway behind the glass.** Will averts his eyes, numb with shock.

The ambient hum slides away and Will's voice comes up, "I want to see her."

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - DAY**

Will is yanked into a straitjacket by Matthew Brown (late 20s, white) and another male nurse. Fetters are attached to Will's ankles. Double-lever-lock handcuffs are placed on Will's wrists. Will is led backward into an upright wheelchair, shackled to its frame. Matthew approaches with a bite-guard mask.

The mask is raised toward his face. It comes closer and closer. They buckle the mask to Will's head...

**OBSERVATORY - DAY**

With a BSHCI logo van unloading Will from the back of it. Freddie uses a long lens to capture him in the mask and restraints.

Will is being pushed in his restraints by Matthew and the male nurse towards Jack and Clarice who are standing side by side. Will sees what Beverly has become. Horror.

"Leave us alone." Jack said.

Under Clarice's watchful and curious gaze, Jack comes to Will and looks him in the eye, and then moves round behind him to unstrap the mask. It falls away from Will's face, his eyes never leaving Beverly. Jack leans in close and begins to unshackle Will. Jack pulls straps and buckles, releasing Will. Will is free now and Clarice is now standing next to him. Jack stares at Will. A nod, then exits. Leaving Will alone with Clarice.

Will stares at the glass enclosures of Beverly's body. The echoing, dull PLIP-PLOP of dripping water and blood as she defrosts in her glass containment. He can't do this, Will sits down and puts his head in his hands. Breathing ragged.

"....Will...." Clarice murmurs at his side, her voice soft and sad.

Clarice placed her hand gently on his back and rubbing soothing circles as she watched her mentor with sad eyes, blue eyes red and puffy. She must have been crying before she arrived here.

Beverly stands over him. She regards her dead self.

"You said you just interpret the evidence. So interpret the evidence." Beverly said to Will.

Will is alone again with Clarice not that she was able to see what her mentor saw.

Will stands up and gently takes Clarice's hand in one of his, he needs her strength and support now. More than ever. He stares at water and blood dripping between the glass partitions, from Beverly's thawing body. Clear puddles slowly clouding with red. Will forces himself to take in the tableau itself. The ambient hum of his circulatory system sounds in his ears.

He closes his eyes and at his side, Clarice did the same.

*A pendulum swings inside Will's mind. His eyes open but Clarice keeps her eyes close, she'll be the voice that her mentor will focus on. A voice that would bring him back to her, much like a siren's*
song that lured sailors. Now the pendulum swings outside his mind, across the scene before him. The sheets of glass slide together the slices of her separated by inches instead of feet. The sheets of glass slide upward, out of sight, leaving a whole Beverly standing, staring. There is bruising on Beverly's neck, indicating strangulation.

The pendulum swings and the bruising disappears. Will stands facing Beverly. The pendulum swings once more, and the observatory darkens around Will and Clarice. Will raises his hand to Beverly's throat as she stares inscrutably, but can't bring himself to actually touch her.

"I strangle Beverly Katz, looking in her eyes. She knows me. I know her. I expertly squeeze the life from her, rendering her unconscious." Clarice's southern accented voice said from his side.

Beverly lies frozen with Will standing over her.

"I freeze her body, preserving shape and form so I can cleanly dismantle her. She cuts like stone." Clarice continued to say.

The blade of band-saw moves down the length of her body.

Will stands opposite Beverly's inscrutable body.

"I pull her apart, layer by layer, like she would a crime scene." Clarice said her voice seems to embrace Will, letting him know that he isn't alone.

Suddenly, the glass sheets drop from above and separate Beverly. They accordion outward to their original positions. Will is staring at the full tableau once more.

"This is my design." Clarice said.

He stares at Beverly sliced into pieces.

"I will leave no usable evidence. But she found something. She found me. What she found is already gone." Clarice said. "But what did I take from her?" Clarice's voice cracked near the end but remained strong, her grip on his hand tightened.

A tear spills from Will's eye. It leaves his cheek and drops, the thaw water cloudy with blood rippled where the teardrop joins it.

Will and Clarice turns to see Jack Crawford standing behind him, the mentor kept holding Clarice's hand. He no longer cares what the other man thinks, he needs her support and strength.

"It's the Chesapeake Ripper." Jack said.

"The Ripper and the Copycat." Will said then added off Jack's look. "One killer. Two masks. Same monster beneath. Beverly helped me see it."

"Help me see it." Jack said.

Will stifles his initial response, knows Jack can't hear it then he said, "She was looking for a connection between the Copycat and the Ripper."

"And you think she found it." Jack said.

"She found something." Will said. "Where were you last night?"
"I was at the hospital with my wife." Jack answered.

Will considers that, then he said, "I told Beverly to go to you, tell you everything she knew. Instead, she went looking for evidence." He added. "She met the Ripper last night, Jack. She'll be missing organs. He had to take his trophies."

"Who is he, Will?" Jack asked.

"Beverly made her connection to the Ripper. You have to make your own, Jack. I can't make it for you." Will answered.

"Then what did I bring you here for?" Jack asked.

Will glances over his shoulder at dead Beverly, "To say good-bye."

At that Clarice gently turned her mentor towards her and hugged him, wrapping an arm around his shoulder while her hand gently cupped the back of his head and gently pushed him down until his face was pressed against her neck. Will took a deep breathe, taking in her perfume and skin cream and her shampoo and conditioner and allowing it to soothe his grief somewhat. He feels Clarice press her face against his shoulder as a shuddering sigh tore through her body and into his.

Jack doesn't say anything as he watches mentor and protege share this grief together.

**BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY**

Dr. Chilton stands opposite Will perched in his cage.

"Would you like to talk about what happened at the observatory?" Dr. Chilton asked.

Will stares into middle distance, unresponsive, then he said, "You discussed my therapy with Hannibal Lecter, Frederick. Counter to our agreement."

"I gave him a peek before I snatched down the shades. Then you whispered I was planting false memories with hypnotic benzodiazepines." Dr. Chilton said with a smile.

"I have appearances to maintain." Will said.

"Is that quid pro quo?" Dr. Chilton asked.

"Tit for tat." Will answered.

"Beverly Katz paid you a visit before she was murdered. What did the two of you talk about?" Dr. Chilton asked.

"You mean, you weren't listening?" Will asked instead of answering.

"You met her in the privacy room, it's the only room in the facility I'm not legally allowed to monitor." Dr. Chilton answered.

Will stifles a scoff, then he said, "And you let that stop you? We talked about the Chesapeake Ripper and then she went and found him."
"Psychopaths can be indifferent to those sorts of setbacks." Dr. Chilton said. "I consulted with the FBI on the Chesapeake Ripper murders years ago. The first time he killed one of Jack Crawford's people. It's becoming very personal for Jack."

"I'm taking it personally." Will said.

"I know something about the monster you're dealing with. He's a well-educated man. A socially-competent man. He has surgical experience or, at the very least, know-how." Dr. Chilton said.

"You thought Abel Gideon was the Chesapeake Ripper." Will said.

"Evidently, I was wrong about that." Dr. Chilton said.

"Gideon knows who the Ripper is." Will said.

"And I suppose you do, too." Dr. Chilton said.

"Wouldn't it be interesting if we both said it was the same man?" Will asked.

"Yes, it would." Dr. Chilton said.

"Shame we can't talk to Abel Gideon about the Chesapeake Ripper. Just think, Frederick, you could be the one who catches him after all." Will said.

Chilton takes that in...

BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

Beverly lies on a morgue drawer, two thirds of her body sliced vertically in narrow slabs. Jack stands over her, quietly pushing the drawer back into its steal casing and closing the door with a sad sense of finality. He remains there a moment, by the closed morgue drawer. Jimmy and Brian are nearby, watching.

Clarice had left for home after Will went back to the BSHCI. With Beverly's murder, her already frayed nerves became even more frayed and she didn't want to see Beverly again...at least not right now.

"Beverly isn't your responsibility. You should be allowed to grieve the loss, not wade through it." Jack said.

"What about you, Jack?" Jimmy asked.

"I can't afford the luxury of grief." Jack answered.

"No luxury in feeling this way." Brian said.

"If I grieve Beverly, I'm not catching the Ripper." Jack said.

"We're not running away from what happened, Jack. Beverly wouldn't." Jimmy said.

"I've already double-checked the autopsy. What you found at the observatory wasn't all Beverly." Brian said as he motioned towards the kidneys that are mid-dissection on an evidence tray. "These kidneys were placed into her body after she was killed. They're not hers. I typed them against DNA..."
samples. They belong to the Mural Killer. James Gray."

"Whoever killed James Gray and sewed him into his mural also murdered Beverly. Swapped out their kidneys." Jack said.

"The Ripper harvests organs. Now he's swapping them out?" Jimmy asked.

"Used to think he killed in sounders of three or four victims, then nothing for months, even years. He wants us to know he never stops. He just kills as different killers." Jack said.

"Beverly. James Gray. What about the bailiff and judge at Will's trial?" Brian asked.

"Will was convinced whoever killed the bailiff was not the Ripper." Jack said.

"Still leaves the judge. There was no physical evidence that linked his murder with the bailiff's." Jimmy said.

"Beverly was looking for connections between the Ripper and the Copycat. I want to know every move she made. Trace her cell phone, her GPS. We have to find what she found." Jack ordered.

"Right now, all we have to go on is, find her kidneys, find her killer." Brian said.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Hannibal observes the kidney a moment, turns it just so, a flash in his eye. He pats the kidney dry, then he deftly trims the membrane from the kidney-proper. He then pushes the kidney through a hand-cranked grinder. Thick coils of minced kidney extrude from the other side.

The minced kidney is laid into sizzling clarified butter in a heavy cast-iron skillet. Hannibal hits it with a splash of cognac. A flame curls high from the skillet.

Hannibal takes a forkful of kidney and a sip of red wine.

**CLARICE STARLING'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-NIGHT**

Clarice was lying in bed with the sheets and blanket on her waist as she stares out the window, her eyes were red and puffy from the tears she had cried when she had gotten home. Salem and Bishop weren't with her, they were downstairs while she cried...

Though that probably had to do with her throwing stuff and screaming as she let out her grief.

She rolled over onto her side and pulled her blankets over her head as she let out a shuddering breath and sniffled.

**BSHCI - CELL BLOCK - DAY**

The security gate buzzes. Matthew and another nurse and accompanying security guards lead a shackled Abel Gideon through the gate and down the hall, using prods attached to a belt around his jumpsuit.

Dr. Gideon takes in his surroundings, unfazed by his fetters.

One of the guards opens the cell and Gideon is shuffle-walked inside and unshackled. He glances
out into the corridor to see Dr. Chilton leaning on his cane, watching the proceedings.

"Frederick." Dr. Gideon greeted. "Turns out, all the king's horses and all the king's men could, in fact, put Humpty back together again." A pause. "Is everything where I found it?"

"With one or two exceptions." Dr. Chilton said. "I know people consider me autocratic, not the most loved of administrators. But that nurse you murdered. She was well-liked. So were the attendants you killed." Matthew and the other nurse exit down the corridor, leaving Chilton with the two security guards still inside the cell. "There's nothing like grief and trauma to pull people together." He paused then adds. "Welcome back, Dr. Gideon." And with that, he exits.

BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Matthew and the nurse have just finished securing Will in his cage. Dr. Gideon watches with interest, wincing and grabbing his ribs as he turns. Matthew and the nurse move away.

"Mr. Graham. You always did look like the boy next door. Is it true that you ate that poor Hobbs girl?" Dr. Gideon asked.

"You can call me Will now that we're of equal social standing." Will responded

"I'd like to talk to you about the Chesapeake Ripper." Will said.

"Thought I was the Ripper." Dr. Gideon said.

"You're the pretender to the throne." Will replied.

"Are you my new therapist? Somewhat radical approach. Then, Frederick always did like that sort of thing. What did you offer him to bring me back? I'm the last person he wants to see. I give him a visceral chill in his guts. What's left of them." Dr. Gideon asked.

"You know who the Chesapeake Ripper is. You've met him." Will stated.

"So Frederick gets to catch the Ripper after all. What do you get?" Dr. Gideon asked.

"I want to stop the man who murdered my friend." Will answered.

"The Ripper's playing out a mannerly dance, getting close, but not too close, offering tokens of goodwill, but not giving away too much." Dr. Gideon said.

"He gave you away. I remember the night in Dr. Lecter's house. The night I took you there." Will said.

"The night you tried to kill me." Dr. Gideon drawled out.

"How do you think I found you? He sent me to kill you, Abel." Will asked him.

"Am I your evidence? Oh, you're in trouble, Mr. Graham." Dr. Gideon asked surprised before he laughed.

"Why would you protect him?" Will asked.
"He's done nothing to me. You were happy enough to try and kill me yourself. You have it "in you," as they say. I'm intrigued to see what you try when I say no." Dr. Gideon answered then added when he saw Will's look. "He's the Devil, Mr. Graham. He's smoke. You'll never "catch" the Ripper. He won't be caught. If you want him, you'll have to kill him."

"Fair enough." Will stated calmly.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Mmm, why was Will staring at Clarice as if he had never seen her before? Mmm....do you smell love triangle?! Because I do! And said love triangle would be from outsiders and even Hannibal's POV, not Clarice and Will.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mukōzuke Part 2

BSHCI PRIVACY ROOM- DAY

Will sat staring in middle-distance with Clarice sitting across from him, she had just finished telling him about her newest nightmares.

"Not going to be executed now, Clarice so you don't have to worry about that any longer but I wish I can do something about your nightmare about Beverly."

Clarice nodded her head and said, "I know but my mind likes to take me there when I am asleep..."

"You stay at someone's house."

"Where would I go, Will? The only two people I would have stayed with, I can't." Clarice said. "One is locked away in the loony house and the other one is dead."

He lowered his eyes and said, "I'm sorry..."

"I don't blame you, Will, for her death or for being locked away." She waved away his apology. "The only person that I can stay with is Dr. Lecter and I really don't want to do that."

"Good idea."

Clarice sent him a wary smirk at that and said, "I listen to my gut and it said that was a bad idea."

"Smart gut." Will said with a soft smile as he stared at Clarice as if he had never seen her before.

Noticing the look that he was giving her, Clarice tilted her head to the side and asked, "What?"

"What what?"

"Why are you staring at me?" Clarice asked with a playful roll of her eyes.

"Nothing...you're strong, Clarice."

She scoffs at that and said, "Is that what you think? I am barely holding on to my sanity, Will. All that's keeping me together is my desire to prove your innocence and rub it in everyone's faces."

"That's what I meant, you are strong to stand by what you believe in and oppose anyone to tries to change your mind."
"Oh, that's not strength, Will, that's just Southern stubbornness." Clarice said with a laugh and wave of her hand.

"Stubbornness, strength it's the same thing in my book." Will said. "Thank you for everything."

Clarice smiled and said, "Don't thank me yet, Will, anyways I have to go...I'll see you later and take care of yourself, Will." She stood up and collected her things before she walked over to him and hugged him then she walked out of the room after knocking on the door.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Hannibal is holding open the door to his waiting room.

"Hello, Frederick. Please." Hannibal greeted with a smiled as he waves Dr. Chilton in past him.

Chilton watches as Hannibal moves toward his liquor cabinet.

"Is it too early for a brandy?" Hannibal asked.

"Depends on the brandy." Dr. Chilton answered.

"Frapin, 1888." The other man stated.

"Then it's never too early." Dr. Chilton said.

The cognac seductively splashes against crystal as Hannibal said, "You and I are both proponents of unorthodox treatments of the mind. Strategies others might not choose to understand. What I'm trying to understand is why you would transfer Abel Gideon back to your hospital for the unworried unwell."

"It wasn't for selfish reasons." Dr. Chilton said.

"Selfishness is the original sin of man, according to the JudeoChristian morality." Hannibal said.

"We're not talking about morality or ethics, are we, Dr. Lecter? But rather, concealing their absence." Dr. Chilton asked with a smirk.

"Gideon disemboweled you, Frederick. Brave of you. Or perhaps wise. To keep the evidence of your misdeeds under your own roof." Hannibal stated smoothly.

"My misdeeds and yours. Although Graham is loath to admit it, you clearly violated his trust." Dr. Chilton said.

"Neither of us controls our stories well enough to get anything from exposing the other's misdeeds." Hannibal said.

"Here's to that." Dr. Chilton said as he raises his glass. "I brought Gideon back because I thought he may be useful in Will Graham's therapy. He shot Gideon, yet has no memory of it."

"We know memories, emotions and even spiritual experiences can be manipulated while under hypnotics." Hannibal said.

"Will Graham believes I planted memories during the narcoanalytic. Really is an extraordinary
"Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence." Hannibal said.

"I'm trying to set Will on the path to rebuilding his broken brain, picking up your pieces, as it were." Dr. Chilton said.

"You've analyzed my patient, perhaps you'll allow me to analyze yours." Hannibal said then added when he noticed his look. "I'd like to interview Abel Gideon."

Chilton study Hannibal and his request...

"Hello, Clarice." Hannibal greeted with a smile at the woman who was sitting in the waiting room.

"Hello, Dr. Lecter." Clarice said as she walked into the office, she brushed pasted him and as she walked by him Hannibal's nostrils flared and he caught the whiff of Will's scent coming off her, mixed with her own scent. She must have touched him, hugged him even.

"Did you visit Will?"

Clarice stopped in mid-taking off her purse and looked at him, "Yes, I had something to tell him."

"And not something you could tell your psychiatrist?" Hannibal asked as a wave of jealously went through him but he kept it out of his facial features and tone.

He didn't wan to scare her off after having kissed her though she did seem skittish around him.

She eyed him before she said, "I dreamt about Beverly last night, he understood my pain..." There was an edge when she said that last part that had him staring at her.

"I understand your pain, Clarice."

"You didn't know her, like I did, Doctor." Clarice said as she ran her fingers through her hair. "I knew since I first started going to the Academy and we came fast friends, she was my first friend."

She sat down on the chair.

"You shouldn't keep this in until you either tell myself or Will, Clarice." Hannibal said as he crouched down next to her. "You should get a journal and write your nightmares as soon as they happen and we can discuss it during our sessions. And you should stay with someone if you feel this way."

Clarice smiled softly and said, "Will said something similar to me, Dr. Lecter and like I told him, the two people that I normally would have stayed with are gone. Well, one is locked away in the nut house while the other is dead."

Will Graham and Beverly Kratz.

Hannibal showed no outward reaction to the sound of their names but he was pleased to get rid of two rivals.

"Why don't you stay with me, Clarice?"

Clarice got even more skittish now as she eyed him and said, "I don't know if that's a good idea,
"Is this about the kiss? I did apologize for it, I shouldn't have done that when you were clearly stressed." Hannibal said.

Clarice said softly, "I'm not angry, I just don't think it's a good idea for a patient to live with their psychiatrist."

"A good idea but you are not safe at home, alone." Hannibal said.

She smiled at him and said as she reached for his hand, "How about this, Dr. Lecter, why don't we make it official that you stay with me until I go to bed so that way we can both sleep soundly at night?"

He stared at the small, pale hand that was touching his before he looked up at her, "I still prefer if you stay with me but I can accept that idea."

Clarice smiled at him and said, "Excellent...I can't wait then. I'll see you tonight then?"

"Yes." Hannibal smiled at her as well.

Yes, he would kill any one that he viewed as a rival or threat of this woman...

**BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY**

Abel smiling to himself in his cage, "You don't have to stand way over there. I'm a cutter, not a pissier."

Hannibal walks toward him, he stops outside the line on the floor.

"Hello, Dr. Gideon." Hannibal greeted the man.

"Our brains devote more space to reading the details of faces than to any other object. Dare I say, I've never seen yours before." Dr. Gideon said.

"I'm Dr. Hannibal Lecter. I was Will Graham's psychiatrist." Hannibal said.

"He's not a great advertisement for your abilities, Dr. Lecter." Dr. Gideon said.

"That remains to be seen." Hannibal said.

Gideon grins at Hannibal as he said, "I bet you're a devil at the bridge table. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"The pleasure's mine," Hannibal said.

"Course, now that I know your name, I'm aware of you by reputation." Dr. Gideon said.

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Dr. Chilton as he listens to this conversation.

"I can see why Chilton both admires and resents you, Dr. Lecter." Dr. Gideon's voice said.

Chilton slow blinks.
Hannibal and Gideon stood across from each other, still talking.

"Esteem in psychiatric circles still eludes him, even as it clings to you. He very much wants to be you." Dr. Gideon said.

"He should be more careful what he wishes for." Hannibal said.

"You should have been more careful with Will Graham. That young man has got a bone to pick." Dr. Gideon said.

"With me?" Hannibal asked.

"Who's to say." Dr. Gideon said.

"As a therapist, I'm concerned with finding ways to overcome resistance, not build it up." Hannibal said.

"You built up something, Dr. Lecter." Dr. Gideon said. "And I worry about his pretty little trainee, her loyalty to him is admirable but is it all that is? Loyalty? It could be love but whatever it is, she'll end up getting hurt and lose that prettiness."

Hannibal takes that in...

Hannibal is exiting the asylum as Freddie is coming the opposite way with her bag slung over one shoulder, she pops the cap off her camera and snaps a shot of Hannibal.

"Rude of you, Miss Lounds." Hannibal said.

Freddie replaces the cap as she said, "Did you think I was above that sort of thing? You seem disappointed."

"We evolved the ability to communicate disappointment to teach those around us good manners." Hannibal said.

"Unfortunately, I didn't evolve the ability to feel shame." Freddie said.

"You should explore that in therapy." Hannibal said.

"The one time I saw a psychiatrist, it was under false pretenses." Freddie said.

"Happy to entertain you for a moregenuine conversation. So what brings you to the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane?" Hannibal asked.

"I'm interviewing Will Graham. At his request. Imagine that." Freddie said.

Hannibal is surprised.

"I'm trying." Hannibal said.
"Lot of effort to get me through the door. Will must have the chief of staff wrapped around his finger." Freddie said as she carries on up the steps. "I may take you up on that genuine conversation, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal watches her go. "Please do." Hannibal said.

BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY

Matthew leads Freddie toward the privacy room, "Do not pass him anything but soft paper. No pens, no pencils. Do not accept anything he offers you. Do not let him touch you. Do not touch him. I will be right outside."

"I know the drill." Freddie said as she hands him a business card. "If you ever want to make a buck by dropping a dime, give me a call."

They have reached the privacy room.

Will sits inside, shackled to the table. Matthew opens the door. Freddie and Will regard each other, the door closes behind Freddie. She doesn't sit, she stands and appraises Will.

"It's good to see you again, Will. Let me rephrase that. It's good to see you in here. Where you belong." Freddie said.

"Thank you for coming." Will said.

Freddie places a recorder on the table in front of Will as she said, "Beverly Katz. She was murdered by the Chesapeake Ripper, wasn't she?"

"I don't want to talk about that." Will said.

"You don't want to talk about your friend that was killed. Maybe you want to talk about mine. You ever think about Abigail Hobbs?" Freddie asked.

"I think about her. I grieve her." Will said.

"You murdered her." Freddie stated. "Why am I here?"

"You have a wide readership." Will answered.

"We know the Chesapeake Ripper is a fan. Enough for me to be his first call regarding Beverly Katz." Freddie said.

"I have an admirer. And he seems to fit your demographic, too." Will said.

"My demographic is murderers and people obsessed with murderers." Freddie said.

"Talking about the man who killed the bailiff and judge at my trial." Will said.

"And you think he's your admirer?" Freddie asked.

"He killed the bailiff to give me an alibi, and he killed the judge because he threw that alibi out." Will said.
"So is your admirer crazy?" Freddie asked.

"I don't think anybody who is as careful as he is could be crazy. I think he's different. A lot of people may believe he's crazy, and reason for that is, he hasn't let people understand much about him." Will said.

"But you understand him. Are you trying to catch him or contact him?" Freddie asked.

"I would like to establish a line of communication. Your website seems like a good place to do that." Will said.

"I could open it up for you. Ads, editorial, chat rooms, monitoring incoming mail. I could be discreet." Freddie said.

"In exchange for?" Will asked.

"Exclusive rights to your story." Freddie said.

Will stares at her a moment, considers, then he said, "It's all yours, Freddie."

She smiles, studying Will, then she said, "You want to talk to your admirer, we'll have to send an invitation."

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The TATTLECRIME.COM website is on an iPad on a desk. Beneath the banner is an iconic full-screen image of Will Graham in the bite-guard mask stares from a screen. Under it, a headline: "Exclusive: Will Graham First Interview. The Mind of a Killer."

"...I believe this man wanted to help me, even though his motives for that are unclear. He killed people in my name. I'd like to ask him why..."

Hannibal reads the screen, his emotions unreadable.

A soft knock is sounded on the door causing Hannibal to look up and then it is opened slightly to a crack, Clarice poked her head in and smiled at him.

"Ready to go, Dr. Lecter?" Clarice asked as she opened the door wider.

Hannibal smiled at her and said, "Yes, just let me get my things." He turned off the iPad and collected his things before he walked over to her. "Are we taking separate cars?"

"No, I had someone drop me off here while he and another friend drove my car to the garage, it had been acting weird lately." Clarice said.

"And you just now decided to get it looked at?" Hannibal asked as they walked out of his office and headed towards his car.

Clarice shot him an entirely adorable sheepish look that was paired with an just an adorable blush, "Yeah? I've been busy lately with much more important stuff then car problems."

"How will you get to school?" Hannibal asked as he opened the passenger's side door.
Clarice smiled at him in thanks before she climbed in and said, "Either Jack or Jimmy can pick me up."

"And how will you be getting to your sessions with me, Clarice?" Hannibal asked once he was inside the car and started the engine.

"...Erm...I didn't think about that." Clarice sheepishly admitted.

Hannibal smiled as he drove down the street towards her house, "I can pick you up for our sessions too, Clarice."

"I don't want to take advantage of your kindness, Dr. Lecter."

What a sweet little thing, her father had raised a typical southern lady with her good manners.

"You're not, it would be my pleasure." Hannibal said.

Clarice looked at him and said, "If you say so...."

They lapsed into silence for the rest of the drive, Clarice staring out the window and Hannibal allowing her scent to embrace him and seep into his skin and the fabric of the seats.

He would be smelling her in an enclosed space from now on and he had to stifle the smirk that wanted to appear on his thin lips...

**THERAPY HALL - NIGHT**

Will sits in his cage and Matthew standing nearby, watching Will. He studies Will a long moment as Will simply stares into middle distance.

"Would you like a book, Mr. Graham?" Matthew asked.

"I have my imagination." Will said.

"We have the most sophisticated virtual reality system known to man right between our ears." Matthew said.

"How much longer are they going to be inspecting my cell?" Will asked.

It's a routine inspection. Shouldn't be much longer." Will drifts back to his imagination. A moment, then Matthew adds. "I read your TattleCrime interview. You're a very articulate man. I agreed with a lot of what you said. You're right. People don't understand much about me. Or you. At least we understand each other." Will absorbs this. Matthew comes closer, quieter, leaning on the bars of the cage as he speaks. "There's something we don't have. Or maybe we just evolved not to need. Like losing the vestigial tail or being born without an appendix." A pause. "You were hiding inside the FBI. That's talent. If you hadn't gotten sick, they would've never found you."

"You chose a great place to hide." Will said.

"If you spend time in a mental hospital, you pick up the drill. You could pass as an orderly, get a job doing it when you get out. They may never suspect you were ever in." Matthew said.

"You realize Chilton records everything said in this room." Will said.
"Who do you think wired the mic? Or unwired the mic, as it is right now." Matthew asked.

"You killed the bailiff during my trial." Will said.

"Thought it might exonerate you. I read your file often enough. Easy to recreate your work." Matthew said. "It was so specific. Though the bailiff was a bitch to get on that stag's head."

"And the judge?" Will asked.

"I shot the bailiff, but I did not kill the judge. That was somebody else." Matthew said.

As Will takes that in, a buzzer sounds. Matthew and Will turn to see two guards enter from the far end of the hall.

"We're all done." One of the guards said.

"They're all done." Matthew said.

Will appraises Matthew, cool and controlled as the other man opens the cage and unshackles Will as the guards approach.

"Why were you trying to help me?" Will asked.

"You ever see the way smaller birds will mob a hawk on a wire? You and me, we're the hawks, Mr. Graham." Matthew said.

"Hawks are solitary." Will said.

"That's their weakness. Enough of those little birds get together and they chase hawks away. Imagine if the hawks started working together." Matthew said.

They walk toward the waiting security guards who escort them through the large glass doors at the far end of the hall.

Matthew guides Will down the stairs, toward the cell block, flanked by the two security guards. He waves at a nurse in the station and the block doors open. The two security guards wait outside the block as Matthew leads Will down the hall.

"Why did you want to talk to me?" Matthew asked.

"I need a favor." Will answered.

"I'm always happy to do a favor for a friend. Just say the words." Matthew said.

They stop outside Will's cell. The bars slide open and Matthew leads him in. Unshackles Will. Now Will is free. The two men regard each other. Matthew smiles. Will looking at the deadly Matthew. A choice to be made.

"I want you to kill Hannibal Lecter." Will said.

Matthew smiles and steps out, and the bars slide back across Will. Matthew turns and walks back down the corridor.
Gideon watches Matthew walk past, then grins in the shadows.

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT**

Will Graham sits on his bunk, head down, contemplating Hannibal's murder.

"Will?" Alana stands on the other side of the bars.

Will acts perfectly normal, stares at Alana and greeted her, "Hi."

"Hi. Sorry to drop in unannounced." Alana said.

They smile at each other, connection always strong and near the surface. So much water under their bridge.

"What's on your mind, Dr. Bloom?" Will asked.


"Suspicious?" Will asked.

"Uncharacteristic" is the word I'd choose. And slightly worrying." Alana said.

"Don't have to worry about me." Will said.

Alana looks at him, she wants to hold him, "You've gone through so much, Will. I don't want you to lose sight of who you are."

"I haven't lost sight of who I am. If anything, I'm coming into focus." Will said.

"I know you feel powerless about what happened to Beverly and you want to do something about it." Alana said.

"Would that be so bad?" Will asked.

Alana was confused by that, "Depends what you're thinking about doing. There is no solution to grief, Will. It just is."

"Beverly died because of me. Because she listened to me. I won't let that happen again." Will said he looks at Alana, he wants to tell her.

"Will? What have you done?" Alana asked.

"What I had to." Will answered.

He turns from the bars and walks back to his bunk. Alana watches him for a beat, but he doesn't look up.

Alana waits briefly at the gate. Finally, it buzzes and opens. She walks through to find Dr. Chilton on the stairs.

"What is it about you, Dr. Bloom? The most sinister neurochemistry in the field can't help
percolating in your presence. The interesting ones just fall at your feet. Will Graham, Abel Gideon, they're chatty as can be. You're like catnip for killers." Dr. Chilton said.

"Hello, Frederick. I understand Abel Gideon has returned to the roost." Alana greeted.

"I believe you and I are his only surviving psychiatrists. Pulled the tongues out of all the rest." Dr. Chilton said.

"Pulled more than that out of you. Have you noticed anything different about Will since Gideon arrived?" Alana asked.

"That's certainly the point. Gideon's part of Will's therapy, helping him reclaim his past." Dr. Chilton answered.

"Can I see him?" Alana asked.

Chilton smiled at that....

**BSCHI - THERAPY HALL - NIGHT**

Alana is now facing Dr. Gideon in his cage.

"You look wonderful, Dr. Bloom. That color brings out your eyes, even in the dank gloom of this place. Like a flower blossoming among the weeds." Dr. Gideon said. "Of course, I would say the same thing about Trainee Starling."

"Glad to see you alive, Dr. Gideon." Alana said.

"Mr. Graham didn't do a particularly good job of killing me. He was very sick. And a poor shot." Dr. Gideon said.

"Good enough shot to put a bullet in you before you put a blade in me." Alana said.

"For which I am sincerely grateful. Despite his gun play, I have a sneaking admiration for Mr. Graham." Dr. Gideon said.

Alana studies him a moment, then she asked, "I've been wondering about that night. How'd you know where I live?"

"A little birdie tweeted in my ear," Dr. Gideon said.

"Why would a birdie tweet that?" Alana asked.

"I imagine said birdie wanted me to kill you. Or wanted Will Graham to have reason to kill me. Either way, you and I are equally expendable." Dr. Gideon said.

"You were trying to find the Ripper that night. Did you?" Alana asked.

"I found Will Graham."

"Will's not the Chesapeake Ripper."

"No, he isn't. Not yet. All the things that make us who we are. What has to happen to change those
things? So much has happened to Will Graham. He's a changed man." Dr. Gideon said.

"Maybe he's looking for redemption." Alana said.

"Mr. Graham isn't interested in redemption. But revenge, now there's a trinket he'd value." Dr. Gideon said.

"Revenge against who?" Alana asked then comes to a realization. "He thinks he knows who killed Beverly Katz?" Alana asked.

Gideon looks at her, thinking before he said, "For the courtesy you have always shown me, I am going to give you a gift. I'm going to give you the chance to save Will from himself."

"How?" Alana asked.

"He's in a biblical place right now. But that rage will fade. And when it does, Will Graham will either be a murderer or he won't. Up to you." Dr. Gideon said.

"He's institutionalized. He's really in no position to kill anyone." Alana said.

"Not with his own hands. If only he had a little birdie who could tweet murder into a sympathetic ear." Dr. Gideon said.

Under this, Alana is getting more worried and fearful as she asked, "Who does he want to kill, doctor?"

Adrenaline racing, Alana moves quickly down the steps. Hands trembling, she pulls her cell phone from her purse. Scrolls through her contacts urgently. Finds Hannibal Lecter's name. And hits "CALL."

Alana fearing the worst as the phone ringing....

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The phone on his desk rings out. No one there to answer it.

**PRIVATE CLUB - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT**

Hannibal is swimming a powerful freestyle stroke in an Olympic-sized swimming pool. The only sound, the minimal splash of the swimmer's powerful arms as he cuts the water. An otherwise-unoccupied private pool in a high-ceiling, ornate space. The tiled walls flicker with reflections and shadows. Hannibal does a perfect flip turn and glides back toward the other end. He is glistening. Moving gracefully through the water.

His breathing regular, stroke powerful. Totally engrossed.

A figure standing at the edge of the water.

Hannibal is closing in on the end of the pool, he executes another flip turn.

The figure is wearing a swim cap. Tinted, reflective goggles: it's Matthew.

Hannibal's swimming hard, unaware that he's no longer alone. With a powerful kick, Matthew is suddenly swimming next to him. Keeping pace. Even crowding him. Hannibal kicks it into another
Hannibal stops at the edge of the pool. Wiping the water from his eyes, he turns back to size up his overly-competitive pool partner.

To find that the pool is empty.

He turns to find Matthew standing over him, partially silhouetted against the overhead lights. Matthew raises his hand to reveal he's holding a tranquilizer gun.

He fire a dart into Hannibal's chest. Hannibal jerks at the sting. Pulls the dart free, its cargo already having an effect. Hannibal reaches for the side of the pool, but his hand misses. His eyes roll, he goes under, Matthew becoming a dark, blurred phantom.

Rays of reflected light strike the water as Hannibal's body, unconscious, balletic, artful, sinks beneath the surface...

Chapter End Notes

Clarice and Hannibal to spend more time together though that will get ruined...
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Final part! And the next 3 parts is the episode where Alana and Hannibal do the bed rock....sorry, I couldn't help myself

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mukōzuke Part 3

PRIVATE CLUB - STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

The white-tiled space of a large steam room. Long, with a raised set of steps at one end. Grand and ornate. Heavy steam hangs in the air, softening and dilating everything. An indistinct figure moves at the far end.

A rivulet of blood runs down a central drain in the floor.

The blood comes from deep cuts in his wrists, which are bound to a broken mop handle running across his back, arms outstretched. Christlike. He is standing on a bucket, a noose around his neck, the taut rope disappearing upward. His feet shuffle precariously on the bucket.

"Judas had the decency to hang himself in shame at his betrayals." Matthew is now clothed, the dart gun in his waistband. "But I thought you'd need help."

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack stands in the middle of the room with Clarice at his side, having picked her up on his way here.

"Dr. Lecter?" Jack called.

Alana on the second-floor library.

"Hannibal?" Alana called.

Jack approaches Hannibal's desk and opens his calendar.

"He's not here. He's not home." Alana said.

"I saw him not that long ago, he had taken me home because my car is in the garage." Clarice said.

Jack nodded to Clarice, grateful before he asked, "Did he tell you where he went?"

Clarice shook her head and said, "No, I didn't think to ask. I'm sorry."

"Nothing in his calendar. What is it you think Will's done?" Jack asked but before she can respond, Jack's cell phone rings. He answers. "This is Crawford. Thank you." He looked at Alana and Clarice. "We have a trace on his cell."
BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT

Will Graham sits on his bunk. Nothing more he can do now. The pieces are in play. The steady drips hit the basin of the sink.

Water continues to drip in a steady succession.

PRIVATE CLUB - STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

Blood spatters on the marble. Hannibal is losing the fight to stay conscious. He wobbles, but regains his balance.

Did you know that the phrase "to kick the bucket" came from exactly this situation? You could kick it away now yourself and it'd all be over. Quicker than bleeding out. It's a choice. Life is about choices. Good choices. Bad choices." Matthew said.

"Hobson's choice. Another old phrase," Hannibal said. "You're a nurse at the hospital. You're setting a standard of care. Are you Will Graham's admirer?"

"We have a mutual respect." Matthew said.

"Will's not what you think he is. He's not a murderer." Hannibal said.

"He is now. At least by proxy." Matthew said.

"He asked you to do this?" Hannibal asked.

"What are friends for?" Matthew said with a smile.

Hannibal considers that, impressed by Will's moxie.

"Now I'm going to ask you a few yes or no questions while you still have enough blood coursing through your brain to answer them. Ready?" Matthew asked.

"Ready." Hannibal said.

Matthew looking closely at Hannibal, "Did you kill that judge?"

Hannibal stares, but it's enough for Matthew to hear "yes."

"I can ask you yes-or-no questions, you don't have to say a word and I'll know what the answer is. The pupil dilates with specific mental efforts. You dilate, that's a "yes." No dilation equals "no." Matthew said. "Are you the Chesapeake Ripper?"

Hannibal smiles and his head lolls forward and his feet slip. He recovers and looks down at the grinning Matthew.

"How many times have you seen someone cling on to a life not really worth living? Eking out a last few seconds. Wondering why they bother." Matthew said.

"I know why. Life is precious." Hannibal said.

Matthew looks at Hannibal, incredulous, then starts to laugh.
BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT


PRIVATE CLUB - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Jack, Clarice and Alana come into the pool area. Jack is disappointed to see the pool empty. Clarice motions to a door at the far end, they look at each other. Jack and Clarice draws their guns as they slowly started to move forward.

PRIVATE CLUB - STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

Matthew stands in front of Hannibal as he drifts and then starts, regains his balance. Steam wreathing them.

"Look at you. The Chesapeake Ripper. Wonder what they'll call me. The Iroquois used to eat their enemies to take their strength. Maybe your murders become my murders. I'll be the Chesapeake Ripper now." Matthew said.

"Only if you eat me." Hannibal stated.

Hannibal's eyes flutter open and closed, and when he opens them again he sees movement behind Matthew.

Jack and Clarice are coming through the steam at the far end.

Hannibal looks down at Matthew, at the dart gun in his waistband.

"Hands where I can see them." Jack ordered.

Clarice simply backs up his order by keeping her gun aimed at Matthew, her blue eyes trained on him though Hannibal had seen them briefly flick over to him.

Matthew looks frozen. Looks at Hannibal who smiles. Matthew shrugs. Not about to die. He starts to raise his hands.

Hannibal suddenly shouts, "He's got a gun, Jack!"

Matthew stares at Hannibal, face falling. A high caliber bullet crashes into his chest and sends him spinning.

Clarice's smoking gun outstretched, it hadn't been Jack that had fired like Hannibal had been expecting.

On the floor Matthew coughs up blood, he looks to Hannibal and then kicks the bucket beneath his feet.

Jack, horrified, running toward Hannibal. He slips in the water and blood, he falls to the tiles. And what seems like an eternity away, Hannibal Lecter struggles at the end of a rope.

Hannibal is kicking as his throat is crushed under his own weight. Things start to dim and the world is fading.
Jack scrambles to his feet.

And then Jack is there. He lifts Hannibal up. Holding him around his thighs, his clothes becoming slick with Hannibal's blood. Jack pushes him higher to create slack. Hannibal's eyes meet Jack's. As Jack holds on, Clarice is next to him, putting away her gun and helping Jack to support Hannibal.

Her clothes and face slowly become covered in Hannibal's blood, covering her pale skin.

Alana stands in the steam room, Jack and Clarice are holding up Hannibal. Her face falls in horror.

"Call an ambulance!" Jack ordered.

Jack holds the weight of his friend, blood dripping onto his face. Soaked and desperate.

Clarice holds the weight of her doctor, blood dripping onto her face. Soaked and desperate, and worried that Will was somehow the cause of this...

Chapter End Notes

I had Clarice shot Matthew instead of Jack mostly because it would led to a scene that will happen much later...
And we are finally in the 'episode' I am sure most of you are looking forward to and that's to see Clarice come to terms of her feelings to a certain Cannibal ;D

There should be a warning for a sassy Clarice xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Futamono Teaser**

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A hard, somber chord is struck on the harpsichord, the chord reverberates and then a single note begins again, like a ray of hope, as music begins. A hand plays along the white-on-black keys of a harpsichord. As it moves up the scale, only three or four keys sharp as they are played.

The hands move across the keyboards, stitched wounds in the wrists, still raw. A spot of blood weeps onto the keys. A somber refrain moves toward a lighter, more-uplifting sound. And then stops. The dampers fall on the strings and silence is sudden. The echo of the music still in the air.

The hands belong to Hannibal, a sheet of paper on the music stand before him, the staff partially filled with musical notation. He lifts a fountain pen and carefully marks the next few notes.

**CLARICE STARLING'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT**

Clarice is staring into the dancing flames in her fireplace, a small glass of whiskey is held limply in front of her. She is sitting on the hard wood floor with her back pressed against the sofa behind her, one leg is bent and over the other leg that in bent and resting on its side on the floor. The hand holding the glass is on the top leg while her other hand is tapping out a song that only she could hear.

Bishop is sleeping on the sofa behind her while Salem is lying next to her.

She took a sip of her drink before she pulled out her phone and texted someone then she stood up and walked out of the room to get ready to visit a certain someone...

**BSHCI - STAIRWELL/THERAPY HALL - NIGHT**

Jack walk, escorted by a security guard, down the stairs.

Will stands almost at attention in his cage as Jack approaches, somber and slow.

"You're moving smoothly and slowly, Jack, carrying your concentration like a brimming cup." Will said.

"Hannibal Lecter was almost murdered by an employee of this hospital. An attendant we believe killed the bailiff and judge in your trial." Jack stated.
"He killed the bailiff. He didn't kill the judge. That was the Chesapeake Ripper." Will corrected.

"You know this?" Jack asked.

"He told me." Will stated.

"And then you told him to kill Hannibal Lecter." Jack said.

"Nothing I said made that happen, Jack. It just happened." Will said.

"Don't seem too broken up about it." Jack said.

"There is a common emotion we all recognize and have not yet named. The happy anticipation of being able to feel contempt." Will said.

"You have contempt for Hannibal." Jack said.

"I have contempt for the Ripper. I have contempt for what he does." Will said.

"What does he do, Will?" Jack asked.

"What does he do? What is the first and principal thing he does? What need does he serve by killing?" Will asked instead of answering.

"He harvests organs." Jack answered.

"No. That's only the action of what he does. Why does he need to do it? The Ripper kills in sounders of three or four, in quick order. Do you know why? I know why." Will said.

"Tell me." Jack said.

"Because if he waits too long, then the meat spoils." Will said.

"He's eating them? Hannibal Lecter is Garret Jacob Hobbs? A cannibal?" Jack asked.

"Not like Garret Jacob Hobbs. Hobbs ate his victims to honor them. The Ripper eats his victims because they're no better to him than pigs." Will said.

"With the exception of Beverly Katz, there's no connection between Hannibal and any Ripper victims." Jack said.

"No immediate connection. He likely identifies his meals years in advance, earmarks them, then waits with the patience of a python." Will said.

Jack looks at Will in frustration, "Hannibal Lecter is not the Chesapeake Ripper. And have you told Ms. Starling about this?"

"Who else do you know with unusual culinary tastes? If the Ripper's killing, you can bet Hannibal Lecter's planning a dinner party." Will said then add when he saw Jack's look. "You and I probably sipped wine while swallowing the people we were trying to give justice, Jack." He pauses for a beat. "Who does he have to kill before you'll open your eyes? And I didn't have to tell her anything,
she figured it out on her own. Clarice is a smart girl, Jack."

----

Will and Clarice sit across from each other, eyeing each other up. The trainee is wearing her normal black leather jacket and dress shirt but instead of jeans she's wearing skinny slacks (must have been something she had gotten from her adopted mother because Clarice Starling was a jean woman) and high heeled black pumps.

"I thought we were going to prove your innocence the right way, Will."

She was angry but she wasn't yelling at him, Will knew her well enough by now that when she's talking coolly and calmly that Clarice Starling was pissed.

"I didn't want him to hurt you as well before that, Clarice."

Clarice stared at Will for a few silent minutes before she leaned forward and placed her hand over his, "I don't know how to explain this, Will, but he won't hurt me."

"How do you know that?"

"It's just a feeling, I don't know how to explain it but I can feel it."

The mentor stared at his protege before coming to a realization, "You're in love with him..."

Clarice leaned back in surprise and blinked rapidly at her mentor.

"How in the hell did you come to that conclusion?" Clarice demanded her southern twang coming out.

"Your face tells me otherwise."

"Yeah, well I think you've been in here for too long that it's messing with your senses now. Come back to earth, Will, before you lose yourself completely." Clarice said. "We really need to get you out before you start telling me that Hannibal is in love with me and therefore won't hurt me because of it."

Will gave his student an entirely un-amused look, not appreciating her sass. Or the thought that Hannibal is in love with her, something Will doubted that could happen and would protect her from him.

"Just promise me that you'll be smart about how you interact with him and don't do anything stupid." Will said.

Clarice made a X over her heart with her finger and held up her hand, "Right hand to God that I'll be smart how I interact with him and not do anything stupid."

He still had that worried and scared look on his face but Clarice didn't know how to ease that worry and fear from him...

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Alana watches Hannibal cut the heart into morsels for the skewers. The bandages on his arms can be seen as he cuts. He scrapes pieces of meat into a bowl of marinade, one by one.

"Funny how we revere and romanticize a simple pump. Merely a muscle. Yet such a potent symbol
of life and the things that make us human, good and bad. Love and ache." Hannibal said.

Alana takes the pieces of heart meat from the marinade and skewers them with pieces of vegetables between each morsel.

"All of them skewered." Alana said.

"It's a thematic dish. My heart certainly feels skewered." Hannibal said.

"You have the scars to prove it." Alana said.

She touches the marks on Hannibal's neck where he was hanged.

"I feel as though that noose were still around my neck. It's strange to have nightmares. Never used to." Hannibal said.

"Don't make the mistake I've made." Alana said.

"Which is?" Hannibal asked.

"Being your own psychiatrist. I'm always assessing my feelings instead of acting on them." Alana answered.

"It's the safest course." Hannibal said.

"You have to find a better way to deal with what happened to you." Alana said.

"I'm metabolizing the experience by composing a new piece of music." Hannibal said.

"Harpsichord or theremin?" Alana said.

"Harpsichord. Stravinsky said, "A true composer thinks about his unfinished work the whole time; he's not always conscious of this, but he's aware of it when he suddenly knows what to do"." Hannibal answered.

"Do you know what to do?" Alana asked.

"I need to get my appetite back." Hannibal answered as he smiles at her and raises his glass, he sips the red wine.

"Have you spoken to Clarice?" Alana asked.

Hannibal struggled not to react to the mere sound of her name and said, "No, I haven't...she probably has no idea what to say to the man that her mentor almost had killed."

Alana smiled sadly and said, "Just don't be too harsh on her, she looked to be just as horrified as we were."

Hannibal smiled at Alana and said, "I won't, it's not her fault. She knew nothing about this and she shot the man who tried killing me."

She had shot someone to save Will and now she killed to save Hannibal, it made the Cannibal feel love towards the lovely Trainee and wish that she was here instead of Alana.
The Rolodex is set on the counter and Hannibal flicks through it. Pauses at one card, ponders and then keeps flipping. Stops. Pulls out a card which reads: "SHELDON ISLEY- BALTIMORE COUNCILMAN."

The cards spin, finding a card for steak and kidney pie, Hannibal regards the card.

PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

Bright, gorgeous flowers occupy the abdominal cavity of a dead man, his ribs pulled outward to form a cradle for the blooms. In a perfect merging of flesh and flora, lush greenery twines through Sheldon Isley’s opened, gutted body. His hollowed-out abdominal cavity houses an intricate pattern of flowers. Leaves, branches and blooms explode skyward from his upward-stretched arms. He is merged with the roots of a tree, his body melding with the trunk. The tree stands in a sea of black asphalt. A beautiful blossom floats from its branches, slowly falling to the ground.

A parking attendant in the foreground, staring at the tree. He carries a lunch pail, which he drops in shock.

Chapter End Notes

Ooooh, Clarice isn't amused by Will's attempt of murder....nor is he amused by her sass but get over it, Will, you tried to kill someone when Clarice said she'd help you so take your punishment like a man.

You deserve to get sassed by Clarice for that stunt, just be happy she hasn't abandoned you!
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Clarice thinks that the Chesapeake Ripper has a lot of free time on his hands....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Futamono Part 1

PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack takes in the scene, he looks at the tortured figure built into the tree, his frozen scream. Clarice is standing next to him wearing her black leather collar, dark grey dress shirt and dark denim skinny jeans with black high heeled pumps. Jimmy and Brian are starting to assess the tableau. They talk, Jack just stares.

Clarice is staring at the man, trying to figure out how that was even possible and felt that the killer had way too much time on his hands...and that he need help.

"He's been literally grafted in place -- these are living roots." Jimmy said.

"....If anyone makes a crack about a true hugger, I'm going to punch them in the face." Clarice said as she stared at the body in disgust. "It's now in poor taste."

Jimmy and Brian agreed with that, silently and whole heartedly.

"He's got varicose vines. Threaded through from his heels, under his legs, his back, through his torso and out his fingertips." Brian said he was impressed. "Followed some pretty tricky endoscopic surgical paths."

"Don't praise the man, Zeller." Clarice said. "The man just grafted another man to a tree."

"Chesapeake Ripper usually cherry picks his organs. He took every last one. Except for the lungs." Jimmy said before Brian and Clarice started to argue.

Brian looked away from Clarice and said, "Stocking his shelves."

"There'll be something about the lungs. Why else leave them?" Jack asked and stepped forward and looks at the corpse. The artfully arranged flowers. It offends him. "The time he devotes to what he does. He takes real pride. Belladonna for the heart, a chain of white oleander for the intestines, ragwort for the liver."

"The flowers are all poisonous." Jimmy said.

"This is judgment. Ripper believes his victim was toxic. A poisonous man. Who is he to moralize?" Jack asked as stares at the body like it speaks just to him. "He's the eye of a storm. Working in a place of calm while the winds blow us all over. He's so damn certain, it makes me sick."
"He is certainly arrogant about it." Clarice said.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack and Hannibal silhouetted by the fireplace, brandy snifters glowing in their hands.

"Bella's alive. And seemingly accepting of that fact for now." Jack said.

"She'll be alive for as long as she wants to be. Not a moment of that will be negotiable to you or me." Hannibal said.

Jack considers that a moment, then he said, "You gave me my wife back, Hannibal, then the Ripper took Beverly. Can't help feeling one paid for the next."

"Paid who? God?" Hannibal asked.

"The piper. Beverly was looking for me the night I was in the hospital with Bella. She knew I was there, she knew who I was there with." Jack answered.

"There is no causal relation between Bella's life and Beverly's death." Hannibal said.

Jack is not so sure that is true, "If Bella had died, Beverly would have found me. Bella lived. So Beverly left me alone with my wife. What she did next got her killed."

"You can't take that on, Jack." Hannibal said.

"Not taking it on. I'm making note." Jack said.

"What you're making are connections where there aren't any." Hannibal said.

"There are connections. There is a pattern taking shape and I just have to convince my eyes to see it." Jack said.

"I've convinced myself of something I refused to see for a long time." Hannibal said.

"All it took was Will Graham trying to kill you to see it?" Jack asked.

"Yes. I can't help Will. I can't trust him. He's in a dark place where the shadows move. It's not safe to stand with him anymore," Hannibal answered. "I am concerned about Ms. Starling and her loyalty towards Will, she will end up getting hurt."

Not by his hands, of course. He would never hurt her enough to cause any lasting damage.

"He knows something's there. In the shadows. Close to him. But he can't see it. I feel the same way. Clarice is well known for her stubborn loyalty and won't falter in it despite how many people tell her otherwise, it's probably why Will liked having her around." Jack said. "We found another Ripper victim. A Baltimore councilman."

"I'm sorry, Jack. I can't. Not only do I have to let Will go, I have to let this all go. I nearly died. Would have if it weren't for you and Clarice. Can't dwell on death anymore." Hannibal said as he struggled not to react about her and Will's relationship. "I never thanked her for saving me but she hasn't been answering her phone whenever I call her, have you seen her?"
Clarice and Will shared a connection that greatly annoyed the Cannibal who wanted to be the only one to have such a bond with the Trainee.

"I don't blame you." Jack said. "Yeah, she's working with me on this new Ripper victim...saw her earlier today."

Hannibal puts down his drink and turns to Jack, "We both have to transform our misfortunes into life-enhancing events. We have to facilitate our own post-traumatic growth, Jack. We have to strengthen our social ties and resist the temptation to brood." He turns this little tidbit in his head. "How is she doing?"

Jack raises his glass and Hannibal does the same as the latter said, "When you figure out how you do that, you let me know." Jack takes a sip of his drink. "As good as one can be when a friend and mentor is locked away and guilty for attempted murder."

"I'm going to start by hosting a dinner party. I hope you'll come." Hannibal said. Hopefully she comes later for her ride back home then he could see for himself how she is doing...

Jack stares at him, then he said, "I wouldn't miss it."

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Hannibal looked up when a soft knock sounded on the door, he closes the book that he had been reading. He stands up and walks towards the door, he opens it and smiles when he sees who it was.

"Ah, Ms. Starling, I was being to think you've been avoiding me." Hannibal teases her gently.

Clarice stares at him silently before she said, "No...Jack has been taking me home and picking me up."

"That sounds like you're avoiding me."

The woman stared at him before she said, "Do you blame me? My mentor did have someone try to kill you after all."

"You and Jack saved me though." Hannibal said. "You killed the man that was trying to kill me on Will Graham's order."

She shoved her hands into her jacket's pockets and said, "Yeah, and no one has even bothered to ask if I was okay."

"Are you okay?"

"....A little, I shot someone before but I didn't kill her." Clarice said. "This is my first time shooting to kill and I am conflicted about it."

"Why?" Hannibal asked.

Clarice doesn't answer instead she glances at the time and said, "We'll continue this some other time, Dr. Lecter but I have to get home and feed my animals before the dog decides to eat my shoes."

"Of course, Clarice." Hannibal said with a smile as he collected his stuff and walked out with her.
Will lies on his bunk. Gideon lies against the adjoining wall in his neighboring cell.

"You should have let him die." Will said calmly.


"He's going to kill you, you know." Will stated.

"Can't get me in here." Gideon stated. "And your pretty little student doesn't seem to think as you do about Hannibal."

"Here is exactly where he'll get you, Abel. The moment I convinced the chief of staff to put you in a cell next to me, you were stamped with an expiration date. Anyone who gets too close, gets got. Miriam Lass. Abigail Hobbs. Beverly Katz. He's the Devil, remember. Smoke. And Clarice is smart, she'll do what she thinks is right." Will said then added to the ceiling. "I'd be very nervous if I were Dr. Chilton."

Chilton listens to headphones, reclining on the couch, a shadow falling over his face.

"Frederick's in mortal danger and you want an apology from me?" Gideon asked.

"I don't want an apology. I want you to know you made a mistake. Only way you and Frederick are going to get out of this alive is if the Chesapeake Ripper is stopped." Will said.

"Trying to find your taste for it?" Gideon asked.


"Doesn't sit well on your palette, does it? Like copper on your tongue. Not your flavor." Gideon said.

"Hannibal Lecter deserves to die." Will said.

"I tried to save a severely-burned patient once with grafts of someone else's skin. That skin seemed to agree with the man. For a few days. And then it withered and died." Gideon said.

"Wanting to kill Hannibal Lecter is just a phase? Permanent solution to a temporary problem?" Will asked.

"Wearing someone else's skin doesn't always work. Our immune system recognizes it as foreign, kills it." Gideon answered. "I recognize what is you and what is not you. You didn't bring me here to help you kill Hannibal Lecter."

"I brought you here to bear witness." Will said.

"To tell Jack Crawford that I sat in Hannibal Lecter's cobalt blue dining room? An ostentatious herb garden, Leda and the Swan over the fireplace. And you. Having a fit in the corner. That's
where I asked him if he was the Chesapeake Ripper. And he avoided the question by suggesting I kill Alana Bloom." Gideon said.

"Yes. Tell Jack that." Will said.

"I'll tell Jack Crawford everything if you tell me why Hannibal did it." Gideon said.

"He wanted to see what would happen. If you did kill Alana. Or if I killed you. He was just curious." Will explained. "And you saved his life."

"I wasn't trying to save Hannibal Lecter. I was trying to save you." Gideon said.

**BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY**

"That's where I asked him if he was the Chesapeake Ripper. And he avoided the question by suggesting I kill Alana Bloom..."

Dr. Chilton, fingers steepled under his chin, breaks finger formation and presses "stop", Jack sits opposite him and staring at Chilton.

"Abel Gideon is a lunatic." Jack said as he briefly thought about Will's and Gideon's comments about Clarice.

What did that mean?

"He's psychotic, not psychic." Chilton said.

"We know Gideon has a history of being susceptible to suggestion." Jack said.

"The simplest explanation as to why he can describe Hannibal Lecter's home is that he was there." Chilton said.

"Will could have given him details." Jack said.

"No such details were given. There hasn't been a word exchanged between those two men in my hospital that I haven't heard." Chilton said.

"Then you're aware what Will is accusing Hannibal Lecter of." Jack said.

"Oh, yes. I am aware. I am intrigued. And I am grateful that I have trouble digesting animal proteins, as the last meals I've shared with Hannibal Lecter have been salads." Chilton said.

"You believe it?" Jack asked.

"Hannibal once served me tongue and made a joke about eating mine. It's hard not to at least consider it." Chilton answered.

"Will is delusional. And wants to reinforce his delusion. With you. With me. With Abel Gideon."

Jack said.

"That doesn't mean he's not right." Chilton said.

"No, it doesn't. Chesapeake Ripper is murdering again and Hannibal Lecter is throwing a dinner
party." Jack can hardly believe the words as they leave his mouth.

"He fits the profile. He's attracted to medical and psychological fields because they offer power over man. Cannibalism is an act of dominance." Chilton said.

"You're afraid." Jack stated.

Chilton is, but does his best to hide it as he asked, "Have you seen Hannibal's drawings?"

"Yes." Jack asked.

"He's a remarkable artist. Just imagine what he creates when not restricted to a canvas." Chilton said.

Jack considered that...

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hannibal performing the latest evolution of his composition. The piece is tonally charged, but bent toward obscuring obvious key centers and harmonic and melodic traditions. Very much an extension of his own personality.

He comes to a chord progression, his expression darkens. The phrase simply isn't working for him. He stops playing abruptly.

He starts the phrase again, changing it slightly. It still doesn't work. Hannibal closes his eyes and takes a calm breath, he finally opens his eyes.

The fountain pen scratches the last measure from his sonata.

BAU - MORGUE - DAY

Standing on a foot ladder, Brian runs a small chainsaw through the branches rising out of the Tree Man's head. Jack, Clarice and Jimmy wearing protective eye-wear, speaking over the chainsaw buzz.

"His name is Sheldon Isley. Baltimore city councilman." Jimmy said.

Zeller ceases chainsawing to add, "Ripper's a politician now."

"At least a conservationist. Five, six years ago, Isley brokered a woodlands development deal despite the disapproval of the EPA." Jimmy said.

"Councilman Isley paved paradise and put up a parking lot."

"What he paved was an important nesting habitat for endangered songbirds. The son of a bitch." Jimmy said.

Clarice looked at Jimmy in surprise and said, "You need to wash that mouth of yours with soap, Jimmy..."

Jimmy smiles slightly at her and shrugged his shoulders.

Zeller reaches into the branches and pulls out a nest, "Autopsy gave us what you'd expect from the
Chesapeake Ripper. Premortem surgical dissection, latex glove impressions, body posed before rigor set in."

"What have those lungs coughed up?" Jack asked.

"Water. Councilman drowned. Lungs are filled with aspirated water." Brian said as he points out the Tree Man's legs. "He was standing in water up to his thighs for forty-eight to seventy two hours prior to his death."

"To feed the tree?" Jack asked.

"It's possible." Brian said.

Jimmy guides Jack to a microscope with a video feed, "Here's the exciting part. Tree Man actually bears fruit." On the plasma screen were curious, geometric single-cell creatures flick back and forth. "Diatoms. Unicellular colonies. Good as fingerprints. No two water sources have the same diatom population."

"The water in his lungs gives us a location of death. Show me." Jack said.

Then a map of Virginia appeared on the plasma screen.

"Fifty-mile radius -- here." Brian said as he traces a circle in the Virginia woods.

Jack stares at it, contemplating his next move.

**DOG PARK - DAY**

Jack and Alana walking as they watch the posse of dogs run across the leaves.

"My head is full of conspiracies. There are too many versions of events. He said. She said. He said. He said. She said. It's maddening." Alana said.

"In my experience, that usually means a lot of people are lying about a lot of different things," Jack said.

"The one thing I have clarity on is, Will Graham tried to kill Hannibal." Alana said.

"And he believes it was a righteous act. May be guilty, but he doesn't feel guilty about that call." Jack said.

"That says more about Will than it does about Hannibal. If you're worried about him, talk to his psychiatrist. He gave you consent." Alana said.

"We can't find Dr. Du Maurier. Left notice she would be traveling and would prefer not to be contacted. Last anyone has heard from her." Jack said.

"Why'd you say it like that, Jack?" Alana asked.

Jack more or less ignores the question, turning to the dogs. There appears to be one more dog in the pack.

"Did you get a new dog?" He asked.
"I... yes. I'm fostering. A dog I found. At an animal shelter." Alana answered.

"Swapping one stray for another?" Jack asked.

"I haven't given up on Will. Just reevaluating who I think he's become." Alana answered.

"I don't think Will has changed. I think he has adapted." Jack stated

"Adapted to what? Hannibal?" Alana asked.

"I don't know." Jack answered.

Alana shakes her head and said, "Hannibal has been a teacher, a mentor and a friend. I knew him before you, or Will or any of this."

"I don't claim to know anybody." Jack said.

"I look at these dogs and I see the best of Will, but he is lying. He's manipulating. He's playing a game and he's not scared. Not anymore. That's what's making him dangerous." Alana said.

She bends as a new dog brings a stick to her. She rubs its head, throws the stick into the leaves the new dog races off.

Jack considered Alana's loyalties...

**BSHCI - THERAPY HALL - DAY**

Will standing in his therapy cage. He squeezes his eyes shut, wrapping hands around the bars. Will's fists tighten on the metal. Then finally Will's eyes relax and open.

"Hello, Dr. Lecter." Will greeted.

Hannibal Lecter is standing outside Will Graham's cage.

"I feel like I've been watching our friendship on a split screen. The friendship I perceived on one side and the truth on the other." Hannibal said.

"It's a terrible feeling, isn't it?" Will asked.

"You've been lying to me, Will." Hannibal answered.

"I don't have a gauge for reality that works well enough to know if I've been lying or not." Will said.

"You understand the reality of Beverly Katz's death. You understand your role in that." Hannibal said.

"What was my role?" Will asked.

"Beverly died at your behest. You're as angry with yourself as you are with whoever murdered her." Hannibal answered
Actually, I'm not. I'm singularly angry at whoever murdered her." Will said.

"You tried to kill me, Will. It's hard not to take that personally. However, if I were Beverly's murderer, I'd applaud your effort." Hannibal said.

"I'm no more guilty of what you've accused me of than you are of what I have accused you of." Will said.

"Jack Crawford and Alana Bloom believe you were responsible." Hannibal said.

"Where does responsibility begin and end, Dr. Lecter? With a final act or the events that led to it?" Will asked.

"I don't expect you to feel self-loathing or regret or shame. You knew what you were doing and you made your own decisions. Decisions that were under your control." Hannibal said.

"You think I'm in control?" Will asked.

"I think you're more in control now than you've ever been." Hannibal said. "You found a way to hurt me, Will. I wonder how many more people are going to be hurt by what you do." A pause then he adds. "I'll give Alana Bloom your best. And I will take care of Clarice Starling."

It's a veiled threat and they both know it expect for the last part, it didn't sound like a threat expect as a promise.

"Good-bye, Will." Hannibal said.

Will is not amused by that...

Chapter End Notes

And ladies (I don't know if I have some male readers) the next chapter is the part when Hannibal sleeps with Alana...
Hands flick through the Rolodex, a card: "Walter Givens - Real Estate" is plucked from the box.
Liver and pancreas are sliced.
A sudden hot sizzle as they drop into a pan of butter.
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Technicians wheel a sheet-covered body into the morgue where Tree Man now lies on a gurney.
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Another card: "Jackson Bender - Auto Sales" is selected.
A long bone is cracked for its marrow.
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Another gurney is wheeled into the swiftly-filling space. Zeller and Price waiting to receive it, Jack and Clarice are watching this escalation of bodies through the glass.

**BSHCI - THERAPY HALL/STAIRWELL - DAY**

Jack is standing in front of a single cage holding Dr. Gideon, Clarice is standing just behind him but not too close so she wouldn't get in his way. Dr. Frederick Chilton stands a respectful distance away.

"I’m sure you and Frederick have had many a conversation about my bad behavior. How does he describe me?" Gideon asked. "And it's nice to see you again, Ms. Starling. You are the only lovely thing in this world that I always look forward to catching a glimpse of."

No response from the woman, she just stared at him with her arms crossed over her chest and an unimpressed look on her face.

Dr. Chilton chimes in from where he’s perched near the wall, distracting Gideon from the trainee, "A pure sociopath, by the book."

"Do you mean your book, Frederick?" Gideon asked.
"Yes." Chilton answered.

Gideon turns to Jack, ignoring Chilton, "Life’s too slippery for books, Agent Crawford. Anger appears as lust, lupus presents as hives. How does Dr. Chilton present?"

Jack’s patience is growing thin as he said, "I respect Dr. Chilton’s opinion."

"Would you say Dr. Chilton is beyond reproach? Before you answer that, I’d like to note, the term "sociopath" hasn’t been used by any respectable psychiatrist since 1968." Gideon said.

"Dr. Gideon, do you have information about the Chesapeake Ripper?" Jack asked.

"Down to brass tacks." Gideon said.

"You told Will Graham you were in Lecter’s home. Why were you there?" Jack asked.

Gideon doesn’t so much as glance at Chilton when he answers," I’ve never set foot in Hannibal Lecter’s house. I only just met the man last week. However, Dr. Chilton was kind enough to share the details of his dining room."

"Why would he do that?" Jack asked.

"Yes, why would I do that?" Chilton asked.

"Mr. Graham has been keen to believe Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper. Dr. Chilton is doing little to disavow him of that notion and encouraged me to do the same." Gideon said.

Dr. Chilton stares, unimpressed. He doesn’t let Dr. Gideon get the best of him. He crosses to Jack and Clarice nearer the cage.

"I apologize, Agent Crawford, for wasting your time." Chilton apologized. "And yours as well, Ms. Starling."

"It’s not your actions or betrayal I resent, Dr. Chilton, it’s the lies." Gideon said.

Chilton said to Jack, "I’ll walk you two out."

Dr. Chilton leads Jack and Clarice across the therapy hall to the stairs.

"Dr. Chilton hired a nurse who’s had experience in mental hospitals, but not as an employee. That nurse attempted to murder Hannibal Lecter and you blame Will Graham. You’ve got the right box, Jack, but you’re looking in the wrong corner." Jack and Chilton continue up the stairs. With some finality, Dr. Gideon addresses Dr. Chilton before he can exit. "Suppose you’ll have me beaten again for this, won’t you, Frederick?"

At that Clarice stopped and looked back at Gideon but she doesn’t say anything, she just stares at him before she looked away and followed after Jack.

**BSHCI - CELL BLOCK/STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Gideon and two guards walk into the stairwell. They hold him with the prods attached to his belt. Moving him along the stairs with unfriendly nudges from the prods.
"All your coiled resentment. So bad for the digestion. Was that poor Nurse Shell I murdered a good-time girl with a beer or two inside her?" Gideon asked. "Or a loved sister with a smile for you all. Maybe it was those eyes... she had such beautiful eyes." A pause then he added. "It's why I had to take them."

"Shouldn't've struggled, Dr. Gideon." The guard said.

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The male nurse sits sipping coffee and filling in paperwork at the desk. The monitors depicting an empty cell block.

A drop of blood hits the mesh overhead, then drips.

The drop of blood lands in the creamed coffee, creating a marble of crimson.

Before he can look up, a body in a jumpsuit smashes, back first, into the roof of the cage, making it shudder and bend...

Blood sprays the paperwork on the desk.

The figure lies sprawled on top of the cage.

Above, the two guards can be seen looking over the balcony.

The fallen figure is Dr. Gideon, unconscious.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A gloved hand places a delicate hors d'oeuvre on a porcelain ornate plate. There are many plates close by. Gloved hands continue to deliver hors d'oeuvres to their destinations until all the plates fill.

A large table is covered with a pristine white tablecloth. With the energy of a Busby Berkeley routine, black-and-white dressed servers come into the room, moving in choreographed unison, first placing candlesticks and flower arrangements then, one after another, they place plates of food, bowls of fruit and platters of meat. Until the complete buffet is finished, a magnificent spread.

A bow draws across the neck of a cello. Fingers press strings. The gleaming wood polished to a high sheen.

The string quartet plays Mozart's "Dissonance" as a party is in full swing with well-heeled guests.

Four servers emerge from the dining room, like dancers in a chorus line, and head into the room.

The servers spread through the crowd with platters that guests turn to take food from, creating a swirl of movement through the room.

As servers move on and two guests turn to chat, Jack had just arrived and is surveying the room.

Hands take morsels of food from the servers' trays and pop them into their mouths. Teeth bite and gnash. Jack watches as they chew and swallow.
Jack is watching and wondering, he can see Hannibal talking to two guests. Alana is nearby. She takes an hors d'oeuvre from a passing tray, a morsel of meat on a pick, and eats it.

Dr. Chilton approaches and saddles up alongside Jack, eyeing the hors d'oeuvres as they move through the room.

"Prosciutto roses. Heart tartare. Beef roulade. Needless to say, I won't be eating the food." Chilton said. "Where's your lovely shadow?"

"Dr. Chilton." Jack said. "Working over time with Zeller and Price, she wasn't in a socializing mood."

"Hannibal the Cannibal. That's what they'll call him, you know." Chilton said. "Shame, really, I was looking forward to seeing her again."

"Not according to Abel Gideon." Jack stated as he ignored Chilton's comments about his trainee.

"Gideon's caused me enough trouble today. The fact that he lied to you makes me even more certain he was telling Will Graham the truth." Chilton said as he eyes the roast pig's head on the buffet table.

"Why did you come here tonight if you're so convinced?" Jack asked.

"Darwinism. I don't want him to think I suspect anything. Keeping my mouth shut on the whole affair." Chilton said.

"Biting your own tongue so Dr. Lecter won't be tempted to?" Jack asked.

"Don't want to be perceived as a threat, which is why I shouldn't be standing here, talking to you." With that, Chilton limps off.

Jack turns and approaches Hannibal and Alana.

"Hi, Jack." Alana greeted.

"Alana." Jack greeted in return.

"Alana." Jack greeted in return.

"Jack, I'm happy you're here. In many ways, you are the guest of honor. You saved my life, after all." Hannibal said. "And that goes Clarice as well who had killed the man who tried to kill me, shame that she couldn't be here though."

Jack turns back to Hannibal, "I'm afraid I can't stay. But I'd like to take some food to go."

Hannibal smiles, he turns and waves to a server, "I'll have one of the staff bring you something from the kitchen.

Jack waves the server to stop, "No. This is good." Then to the server. "Just bring me a container and I'll help myself. From here." Hannibal nods to the server who moves off. "Do I have your permission to do that, Dr. Lecter?"

"What are you doing, Jack?" Alana asked.
"Do I have your permission?" Jack repeated.

Jack watches Hannibal. The server returns with a Tupperware with a lid. Jack takes it in his hands.

Hannibal said to Jack, "Help yourself."

Jack takes a latex glove from his pocket and uses it to place food into the Tupperware. Hannibal glances across the room to see Dr. Chilton watching the exchange curiously. As Jack seals the container, Hannibal smiles sadly.

"Eat it soon or it'll spoil." Hannibal said.

**BAU - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Jack holds the food container as he greets Brian and Jimmy who are emerging from evidence processing.

"Test this." Jack said as he handed the container to Clarice who takes it from him without question before she then handed it to Jimmy.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The room has been tidied, but evidence of the party remains. Alana sits at Hannibal's harpsichord, doubling the keys she's playing until it becomes clear she's performing a slow, dreamy version of "Chopsticks" Hannibal slides next to her. She smiles and he watches her for a moment, then starts playing his composition at the opposite end of the keyboard.

"The ending to my composition has been alluding me. You may have solved my problem with "Chopsticks". Hannibal said.

They smile as they play, hands crossing over the keys, pushing their shoulders together.

"If only all problems could be solved with a simple waltz." Alana said. "Jack's treating you like a suspect. He's pointing fingers in the dark."

"I've walked away from Will, but I'm still trailing his accusations." Hannibal said.

"I've walked away, too. I want to walk away from all of it." Alana said.

"What does walking away leave us?" Hannibal asked.

"Each other." Alana answered.

Hannibal looks at Alana, admiring her, appreciating her.

"Most stable elements, Alana, appear in the middle of the periodic table. Roughly between iron and silver. Between iron and silver, I think that is appropriate for you. Between strength and elegance." Hannibal said.

Alana turns to face Hannibal. He feels her gaze and turns to her, their hands stilled on the keys.

"Aren't you tired of talking? I think the last thing either of us needs to do right now is talk." Alana said.
She leans forward and kisses Hannibal. Gentle. He lets her and then he returns the kiss, passionate, alive.

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Alana’s pale skin in stark contrast to the crimson bedding. Lamplight warms her back, casting Hannibal partially in shadow in front of and beneath her.

Hannibal’s hands move up the length of Alana’s back, drawing the red sheets to her shoulders as he rises up to meet her in a kiss.

She stretches out her arms, raising the sheet like wings.

Hannibal’s back, silhouetted by the glowing red silk.

Sweat drips from the nape of his neck, down his spine. Alana’s arms wrap around his back, crawling up into his hair.

She throws her head back in ecstasy, rich auburn wisps rolling like a field of kelp in the ocean current.

Hannibal and Alana intertwined.

His mouth on her chin, on her lips, on her neck.

The heel of Alana’s foot slides down the length of his spine.

Hannibal’s arms cradles Alana’s head, her neck flexing over the side of the bed as Hannibal kisses her shoulders and chest.

Alana’s hands slide up the back of Hannibal’s neckline, grabbing a handful of hair and pulling him into a kiss.

He flexes, lengthening the musculature of his body.

She flexes, her back arching, pushing her against Hannibal.

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Hannibal sleeps soundly next to Alana. After a moment, he opens his eyes. He watches Alana. He finally stands. He takes Alana’s wineglass from the bedside table. With a white cloth, he wipes the rim, then sets the glass back down. He snaps his fingers close to her ears; she doesn’t stir.

He looks again at Alana sleeping, then leaves.

**HOSPITAL - DR. GIDEON’S ROOM - NIGHT**

Gideon lies propped up in a hospital bed, curtains drawn all around on an oval frame. His face is bruised. IV drips and monitoring are hooked up to his body. A thick bandage around his torso.

The door to the room open and then slowly close.

Gideon’s eyes open as footsteps squeak on the floor. He sees a tall shadow behind the curtains as it approaches. He watches as the shadow moves toward the foot of the bed.
The curtains are drawn back and a tall figure in surgical scrubs, gloves and a mask stands before him.

He pulls down his mask to reveal Hannibal Lecter.

"Hello, Dr. Gideon." Hannibal greeted.

"I knew you'd come." Gideon said.

Hannibal smiles at Gideon.

Chapter End Notes

*pokes head out and takes in the damage* Wow...I got some really die hard Clannibal fans here

Clarice's response will be in the next chapter!
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Realization happens for Clarice

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Futamono Part 3

HOSPITAL - DR. GIDEON'S ROOM - DAWN

Early morning light begins to creep through the windows.

The curtains surrounding Gideon's bed, a ghoulish silhouette hangs beyond them. A flash ignites behind the curtain, the silhouettes of two men examining the body. Jack and Clarice approaches, he opens the curtains to find Brian taking forensic photos of the body as Jimmy dusts for fingerprints.

The body seems to be floating on his belly, horizontally suspended two feet above the bed. His skin is pinched/stretched/pulled many different directions by wire fishing leaders. Each line ends in a handcrafted hook, the barb pushed through the skin of the dead man's back, arms and legs. But that dead man is not Abel Gideon. Instead, it is a Baltimore Police Officer, his gun belt still around the waist of his uniform pants. His torso is bare and opened, the skin held back in flaps attached by fishhooks. The contents of his abdomen on the bed below, his badge sits on top.

The finger clip from the monitors is attached to his hand.

Clarice made a disgusted look at she stared at the scene before her, now that was disgusting and she had seen a lot of disgusting stuff lately.

"Put a heart monitor on the guard so no one'd know Gideon was missing, least for as long as it took the guard to die, which wasn't long." Brian said.

"Long enough." Jack said.

Jimmy indicates the dead police officer, "Fishhooks. Hand-tied flies. Like the ones Will Graham used to make. This one has human hair. A tooth."

"There's no way Gideon could have done any of this with his injuries, much less get out of bed." Brian said.

"Last time Gideon escaped custody, he was trying to find the Chesapeake Ripper. Found him all right. And tonight, the Ripper found Gideon." Jack said.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Alana is asleep in Hannibal's bed. She stirs slightly and slowly opens her eyes. Hannibal is sleeping quietly next to her. Alana stares peacefully at the ceiling, the morning after sleeping with a friend. As she begins to think too much, she realizes Hannibal has opened his eyes and is watching her.
"You're awake." Alana said.

"I didn't want to interrupt whatever it was you were thinking about." Hannibal said.

"Was thinking about funerals. And how they often make us want sex." Alana said.

"It's one in the eye for death." Hannibal said.

"Not that we...not that this was... funeral sex." Alana said.

"Of course it was. We both just buried a friend. We buried Will." Hannibal said.

"There's something liberating about finally letting him go." Alana said.

"Yes, there is." Hannibal said before he kisses her, then stops and looks at her reassuringly. " We have a lot of reasons to do this. Not just funeral reasons."

She kisses him back. The doorbell rings. Hannibal rises from the bed, shrugs on a robe.

"Last time someone rang my doorbell this early, it was a census taker." Hannibal said as he goes to the curtains and draws them, revealing the morning sun and allowing it to spill into the room. "I'll see who it is."

Three loud raps on a heavy oak door.

The peephole goes dark, then Hannibal opens the door to find Jack and Clarice standing outside.

"Hello, Jack." Hannibal greeted before he smiled at Clarice. "And Clarice."

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Hannibal leads Jack and Clarice into the living room.

"What can I do for you?" Hannibal asked.

"Gideon took a fall down a stairwell last night. Was hospitalized. Security guard standing watch was killed in what looks to be another Chesapeake Ripper murder. Now Gideon is nowhere to be found." Jack said.

"He escaped?" Hannibal asked.

"We know he didn't walk out of the hospital. His back was broken. Someone took him. Someone he knew." Jack answered. "Where were you last night?"

"Here." Hannibal answered.

"All night?" Jack asked.

"Yes." Hannibal answered.

"Anyone besides you can verify that?" Jack asked.
Hannibal's quiet a moment. Then, from behind Jack and Clarice, "I can." Clarice and Jack turn to see Alana standing there. Jack flashes surprise, but tamps it quickly though Clarice just stares at Alana. "I was here with Hannibal all night, Jack. What are you accusing him of?"

Hannibal reads Jack's frustration and perhaps relief when he looks at Clarice though, there was a lack of facial expressions on her face in fact she seemed to be completely carved from stone by how emotionless she was.

Her blue eyes were hard, empty as she stared at Alana then her eyes flicked towards Hannibal before she looked away and said to Jack, "Wow...I'll be outside, Jack, it's too hot in here for me." And without waiting for Jack to respond, she leaves.

Her back was rigid, tense as she walked away and her hands were clenched into fist.

"I'm not accusing him of anything. Only asking his whereabouts." Jack said.

"That's not all you were asking." Hannibal said.

Jack looks evenly at them, nods, forced to accept that Hannibal isn't the Chesapeake Ripper...

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Clarice violently opened the car door and then slammed it shut before she leaned her head back and rested it against the headrest as she stare up at the ceiling, her eyes slide close as a painful laugh tore passed her lips and she bite her lower lip. She lowered her head and looked out the window, cupping her chin in the palm of her hand.

She silently stared out the window as a tear slide down her cheek, where it hang off her jaw before it landed with a plop on the back of her hand.

She had been in love with Hannibal Lecter, her doctor but it was cruelly revealed to her after he had slept with Alana.

Was the kiss a lie? Was he trying to calm her down from going to see Jack in such an emotional state? And was the faint flirtations from the doctor a lie as well? Did he get tired of Clarice simply because she refused to fall for his charm?

Clarice closed her eyes as she sighed heavily, shakily.

She won't avoid him but she will avoid her feelings for him, she will bury it and keep it hidden.

BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY

"Geese, pigs, cows." Brian said.

Brian stands in front of a monitor, Jimmy and Jack look on. Clarice is standing close by, watching it with her usual silence though there was an air around her that just screamed anger. She was angry about something but was keeping it under wraps.

"Not cows. Wagyu beef. I'd say, a hundred dollars worth right there." Jimmy said.

"Sure it wasn't Kobe?" Brian asked.

"All Kobe is Wagyu, but not all Wagyu is Kobe. Least we know Dr. Lecter wasn't serving up people." Jimmy said.
"Want people? The Chesapeake Ripper was tying flies with them. Just like Will Graham allegedly did." Brian said.

Brian, Clarice Jimmy and Jack standing over a row of fishing lure taken from the security guard's back.


Jimmy indicates four lures, in partial stages of deconstruction, in individual grids.

"These four lures here are almost identical to the ones we found at Will's house, made with materials from the exact same human remains." Jimmy said as he points to trays. "Abigail Hobbs, Marissa Schuur, Donald Sutcliffe, Georgia Madchen."

"Will didn't kill any of them. There was no Copycat. It was always the Ripper. He's finally taking credit for those murders." Jack said.

Clarice smiled at that, her first real smile since she had got here, and clasped her hands together.

"May be taking too much credit. We found something else in the lures." Brian said.

With tweezers, Jimmy plucks a curled, wispy wood shaving from one of the deconstructed fly grids.

"Madrona bark. It's a tree almost nonexistent on the East Coast. But this bark was peeled recently." Jimmy said.

Brian gestures to the map of the area that showed up on a plasma screen.

"There's a small stand of madrona in Virginia." Brian said.

"Inside your diatom search area." Jack said.

Brian zooms in with his hand, à la an iPad, "Here."

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

A thin, flexible boning knife cuts thigh meat off the bone in one rectangular piece. Rosemary is crushed and dropped into a bowl of salt and pepper and scattered on a wood board. This mixture is scattered on a board, and the rectangular piece of thigh meat is rolled across it, coating the meat with seasoning. Dried fruit forms a channel of stuffing down the center of the rectangle of thigh meat, which wraps around it in a cylinder. The thigh meat is being wrapped with bacon. A wire garrote slices through a block of red clay, cutting it into pats, which are rolled into thin sheets, like pastries. Clay sheets are wrapped around the cylinder of thigh meat wrapped in bacon, the edges pinched to seal in the moisture and flavor.

Hannibal's reflection in the oven door.

A chair at the end of the table, on either side is a metal IV stand with a bag of fluid hanging from
it. The left one holds a clear fluid, the right one blood. Hannibal comes into the room, carrying the roast leg joint wrapped in a clay shell. And a plate of canoe-cut marrow bone. He places them on the table in front of his guest, Dr. Gideon.

Gideon has an IV in one forearm and another one inserted at his clavicle. A thick bandage is wrapped around his chest. He is conscious, alert, but very unwell.

Hannibal stands to Gideon's right. The table before him immaculately decorated with two place settings.

"Rôti de cuisse. Clay-roasted thigh and canoe-cut marrow bone." Hannibal said as the Cannibal uses a wooden mallet to crack open the clay shell, revealing the moist, pink meat underneath. "I love cooking with clay. Creates a more-succulent dish and adds a little theatricality to dinner." Using a pair of tongs, Hannibal removes the pieces of clay away from the roast and lifts it onto a platter as he speaks.

"Prometheus fashioned man out of clay and gave him fire." Gideon said.

"We come from clay, return to clay." Hannibal said.

"Ashes to ashes, and all the rest." Gideon said.

"Shall I carve?" Hannibal asked

"You already did." Gideon stated.

As Hannibal begins to cut the meat, Gideon's left leg is amputated high up the thigh.

"Your legs are no good to you anymore. You've got a T-4 fracture of the vertebra, this is a far more practical use for those limbs." Hannibal explained.

"Hard to have anything, isn't it, Dr. Lecter? Rare to get it. Hard to keep it. A damn slippery life." Gideon said.

"We can only learn so much and live. Irony is, life is full of lessons." Hannibal said.

"So is death, apparently." Gideon said.

Hannibal cuts delicate slices of the pink meat.

"You were determined to know the Chesapeake Ripper, Dr. Gideon. To wear that skin before you die. Now is your opportunity." Hannibal said.

Hannibal lays slices of meat on Gideon's plate, then his own.

"Intend me to be my own last meal?" Gideon asked.

"Yes." Hannibal replied.

"How does one politely refuse a dish in these circumstances?" Gideon asked.

"One doesn't." Hannibal said as he puts food into his mouth and savors it. Gideon looks down at the plate featuring his own meat. "The tragedy is not to die, Abel, but to be wasted."
"Three words. Creutzfeldt–Jakob disease." Gideon said as he looks at Hannibal, cuts a forkful of the meat. And he puts his own meat in his mouth and chews. "My compliments to the chef."

-------

Hannibal plays the harpsichord, alone now. As the final rondo builds...

**BSHCI - WILL GRAHAM'S CELL - NIGHT**

Will does sit-ups in his cell.

**VIRGINIA BARN - NIGHT**

Moonlight on crisp white snow. The hulking black shadow of a heavily-built wooden barn stands stark against the white. A black sedan pulling up on the opposite side of the barn.

Jack exits the car as well Clarice. They take in the barn; the two heavy gate doors barred on the outside. Jack pulls out his gun and a Maglite and walks toward it, his feet crunching on the snow. Clarice is right behind him, covering his back. His breath frosts the air. Jack walks up the wooden ramp to the heavy doors.

Blackness, except for slivers of faint moonlight shining through the wooden beams. The sound of the heavy bar being thrown. And then the door opens and a piercing flashlight beams pierces the darkness.

Jack silhouetted behind it as he and Clarice enters the barn slowly. He plays the flashlight around the space, cautious. Tense. Cobwebs and old wood. Heavy old machinery and hand tools. Dust in the air. A skittering sound and Jack swings the light and gun, catching a rat scurrying for cover...


-------

Hannibal plays the final movement of the sonata...

-------

A rending sound of wood and metal. A door opens to reveal a flight of wooden stairs, he throws down the iron bar he used to force the lock.

Shines his light right at us as he starts down the stairs, Jack moves down the wooden stairs, gun and flashlight before him. Clarice follows after him, covering both of their backs as she walked down the stairs. A dark, low cellar space, the concrete floor dominated by the tops of two circular water cisterns.

Jack scans the room, his flashlight beam our only light source, casting harsh shadows and movements. He checks the room for danger, light reflecting off dirt-smeared windows in the far wall; blackness reflecting back from the other side.

Jack stills as he hears movement, at his side Clarice also stilled and tilted her head to the side. Heart thumping. A scraping sound.
He moves to the cisterns, the old stone topped with much newer metal lids. He pulls the first one off, flashes the light into it, dark water rises a third of the way up the steep slick sides.

The sound again.

Jack moves to the other cistern, he can definitely hear something inside...

He throws off the metal lid. Swings his gun and flashlight into the cistern.

Jack is stunned because standing in the empty cistern is a dirt smeared, scared woman. She blinked up into his flashlight beam. She shields her eyes with her right hand. Her left arm is missing. Jack's world crashes down around him; he can barely utter the name of his former FBI trainee...

"Miriam?" Jack asked.

Clarice stared down at the other woman in silent surprise....

Chapter End Notes

Yes, Clarice did want to punch Alana but resisted that urge mostly because of the fact that she didn't know what she had been feeling towards Hannibal nor were they a couple...despite the fact that he had kissed her.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

I know, I know you wanted to see Clarice's thoughts and reaction towards Hannibal and Alana and how she'd react if she's alone with either one of them or with the both of them together....

I want to make you wait for it ;D

Yakimono Teaser

VIRGINIA BARN - NIGHT

A nascent crime scene. Work lights and flashing neons. Cops' and FBI agents' breath frosting the cold air. An ambulance is exiting. Jack was standing alone, haunted, watching the ambulance drive away.

Then he is joined by Clarice who gently placed her hand on his shoulder but doesn't say anything...

BAU - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Miriam stands on a white sheet, wearing a paper gown, stoic, as technicians move around her, combing and tweezing for evidence. Scissors snip a hair sample. Miriam stares forward, she opens her mouth as a swab is taken.

BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack sits in darkness. Listens to the old recorded message...

"Jack, Jack... Jack, it's Miriam. I don't know where I am. I can't see anything... I was so wrong... Please, Jack. I don't want to die like this..."

He replays the recording.

"Jack, it's Miriam..."

-----

Miriam is still being processed, dirt is scraped from beneath the nails of her right hand. Her blood slowly fills a test tube. Each time the evidence is put into bags, onto slides and labeled.

"...I was so wrong..."

FBI - MIRIAM LASS'S DORM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Miriam's one-armed silhouette, ghost-like against the opaque shower curtain. She stands under the jet, washing away the dirt and grime of her captivity.
"...I don't want to die like this..."

-----

Miriam sits, staring into middle distance. Her left arm resting on her knee, the round, smooth oddness of the stump where her left arm should be... And, finally, her eyes, tears slowly bud and build on her lashes.

Miriam barely audible said, "Thank you." Finally, Miriam looks at Jack who was with her. There is belief and gratitude. Her voice raspy and low. "I knew you'd never stop looking..."

Jack guilt washes over him because he knows different.

"Can I see him?" Miriam asked.

"Who?" Jack asked.

"The Ripper." Miriam answered.

"We haven't caught the Ripper." Jack said.

Her stomach plunges, helpless, frustrated, scared.

"He's still--?" Miriam asked trailing off.

"We need your help, Miriam. You know who he is." Jack answered.

"I don't. Know who he is." Miriam said.

"You found him." Jack stated.

"I don't remember finding him. He got inside my head.

"Do you remember being taken?" Jack asked.

"I remember a dream about drowning. Then being awake. And not awake. Being myself, and not myself. I remember I could smell salt air. We were by the sea. For weeks. Months. Longer. Days and evenings blurred, I'd wake up to the smell of fresh flowers and the sting of a needle." Miriam said. "I wasn't afraid. Fear and pain were so far away, on the horizon, but not close. Never close."

"I was reckless with your life." Jack said.

"I was reckless with my life." Miriam said.

"I saw what I needed in you and I used you. I let you break the rules on my behalf while I hid behind deniability." Jack said.

"Please, Agent Crawford. Don't apologize to me for my mistakes." Miriam said. "He treated me very well until the end. Until he put me in the ground. Even when he took my arm. He told me what he was going to do. I went to sleep. I woke up, it was gone. Said he was giving it to you."

"Did he tell you why?" Jack asked.
"He said he wanted to give you hope." Miriam said.

"Can you identify him?" Jack asked.

"I could hear his voice. I couldn't see his face. All I could see..." Miriam answered before she trailed off. "...was light."

"Why didn't he kill you, Miriam? Why were you spared?" Jack asked.

"I wasn't spared. He was just saving me for last." Miriam answered.

**CLARICE STARLING'S HOUSE - DAY**

Clarice and Miriam stared at each other, no hostile staring like Miriam was upset that Jack had replaced her but more like curious staring like they wanted to see what made the other woman ticked.

And Clarice had also found her, she was there when Jack had found Miriam.

Jack had felt comfortable enough to leave the two women alone together as he made a phone call in her kitchen.

Clarice's wrist was in a brace, apparently she had hairline fractures on her wrist because she had punched something hard last night (it must have happened when Jack had dropped her off at home) and not get into any fights at least for a week...her doctor that he was a funny man.

The two women stared at each other until Jack came back, a bond was forming between the two women something that would later confuse Jack and any other man that knew them.

**BAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Alana is with Hannibal in the small room with a two way mirror.

"They found a witness. A survivor. The only victim of the Chesapeake Ripper who lived to tell." Alana said.

"Is this witness watching me now?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes." Alana said.

"It seems I am the usual suspect." Hannibal said.

"I keep having angry, imaginary conversations with Jack Crawford about that. I wish I could tell you why this is happening." Alana said.

Hannibal looks to the glass, "I don't think even Jack can tell me why. His witness must not be able to identify the Ripper by sight." Hannibal stands and approaches the glass. "Jack wants them to hear my voice. Otherwise, I'd be in here alone." He looked back to Alana. "Still, I appreciate your company."

------

Jack, Clarice and Miriam watching Hannibal and Alana on the other side of the glass.
"There's new evidence in Will's case. Evidence he didn't commit the crimes he was accused of." Alana said. "Will's innocent, Hannibal."

"He's not innocent of trying to kill me. And he's not innocent of what is happening here." Hannibal said.

"He thinks you're the Ripper." Alana said.

Hannibal approaches the glass and said, "He's no longer alone in that."

-------------------

Miriam's heart thuds in her chest as Hannibal gets closer. Tense. Her breath held. Hannibal now stands square to the glass directly in front of Miriam. She looks at him intently. As if they could touch.

Jack watches Miriam closely while Clarice placed her uninjured hand on Miriam's shoulder in a soothing gesture.

Miriam slowly drags her eyes from Hannibal. She looks at Jack and shakes her head before she shots the dark haired woman a small smile, thankful towards her.

"It's not him." Miriam said.

"Are you sure?" Jack asked.

"Yes. He's not the Ripper." Miriam answered.

Jack staring at Hannibal through the glass, Hannibal looking back as if he could actually see Jack.

"Alright, Clarice, go in there and talk to them for a little bit then tell them that they can leave."

Clarice pushed away from the wall and said, "Yes, sir." She left the room and then opened the door and stepped out, she closed it behind her and then walked to the other door where she opened and stepped inside.

"Hello, Doctors, why don't we have a seat and talk for a bit." Clarice said with a smile as she motioned with her uninjured arm which both Alana and Hannibal noticed.

"What happened to your arm, Clarice?" Hannibal asked.

"Ms. Starling, Doctor Lecter, I insist that you call me that from now on." Clarice said with a coolly polite as she sat down. "And as for my arm, I punched a wall and got hairline fractures in my wrist for my trouble. Though my wall now has a fist size hole in it so I can say we're pretty much even..."

Hannibal's eyes narrow when he heard her words and then saw her saw, she was treating him differently now...there was a wall now between them that wasn't there before.

"Anyways enough about me, I hope we didn't ruin your day by asking you to come, Dr Lecter and Dr Bloom." Clarice continued to say with that coolly polite smile still on her lips. "But I can honestly say that my day wasn't ruined because that means Will is a free man...once the charges get
dropped."

"He tried to get Hannibal killed, Ms. Starling." Alana said.

Clarice looked at her and said, "I don't believe that... the nurse probably misheard him or something, it's a shame that I killed him though." She looked back at Hannibal. "You may go now, have a nice day." Clarice stood up and left the room without another word and with the smile still on her lips.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Just a warning, Clarice straight up kisses Will on the mouth in the chapter...not for any romantic feelings mind you but because she's just so happy....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yakimono Part 1

BSHCI - STAIRWELL - DAY

As Dr. Chilton approaches the gate, he raps his silver handled cane on the bars and the gate buzzes and swings open. Dr. Chilton limps toward Will's cell. As he approaches the last cell on the left, Will is standing in the middle of his cage. He's no longer wearing his prison jumpsuit; he's wearing civilian clothes.

"This is very sudden." Will said.

"The federal prosecutor has dropped all charges. Since you weren't convicted of killing anyone, the basis for your sentencing to this institution is null and void. The Chesapeake Ripper has set you free." Chilton said.

"You're my psychiatrist, you could have kept me here if you wanted." Will said.

"I'd love nothing more than to see you trade places with Dr. Lecter." Chilton said.

"Now that's a prize patient." Will replied.

Dr. Chilton waves his cane at the CCTV camera. A moment, then Will Graham's cell door opens. Will steps out.

"You may have been exonerated, but Hannibal Lecter has yet to be incriminated. Which means, there's a cannibal on the loose. I have no intention of ending up on his menu." Chilton said.

"Then confess, Frederick. Might be the only thing saves your life." Will said.

They start down the hall.

"Confess to what?" Chilton asked.

"Confess to bonding with Hannibal Lecter over your mutual practice of unorthodox therapies. Dr. Lecter with me. You with Abel Gideon." Will answered.

"Abel Gideon has been playing his own game. Was wheeled out of that hospital by the Chesapeake Ripper. Curious what bargain they struck." Chilton said.

"Unless I unburden myself?" Chilton asked.


"So if Hannibal kills me, he'll look more suspicious? Or are you simply suggesting I kill my career before Hannibal can kill me?" Chilton asked.

"I'm suggesting you convince Jack Crawford however you can. Like your life depends on it." Will said.

The gate buzzes, opens. As Will steps through, Chilton asked, "Why didn't Hannibal just kill you?"

"Because he wants to be my friend." Will answered.

-----

Will comes through the doors under the guards' pulpit and into the main hall. Sunlight shines through the windows, creating shafts of light and shadow. Will walks toward freedom, pausing to look at the brutal therapy cages where he spent so much time. Walking down the hall, through the pools of light, he realizes Jack is waiting for him, standing near the base of the stairs. Will stops short but then gets a surprised hug from the companion that he didn't see with Jack.

He caught Clarice's perfume before he even heard her voice.

"Congratulations, Will!" Clarice shouted before she placed a kiss right on her mentor's surprised mouth then she pulled away and smiled at him.

"You need a ride?" Jack asked.

He wasn't going to lecture Clarice about kissing her teacher on the lips, he understood why she did it: she was happy. Even if it wasn't appropriate.

"I was going to call a cab." Will said as he noticed her arm brace.

He sent her a questioning look, Clarice smiled at him and mouthed that she would tell him later, in private.

Clarice linked her arm through his and said, "Nonsense, I will take you home."

"We found Miriam Lass. Alive." Jack told Will.

"You catch the Ripper?" Will asked.

Jack shakes his head "no."

"How is she? Miriam." Will asked.

"Traumatized." Jack said.

"Don't beat yourself up too badly." Will said.

"You beat yourself up about Beverly?" Jack asked.
Will's hesitation is a yes, but he deflects by saying, "Beverly's dead. Miriam's still alive. Trauma victims recover, Jack. Disaster has a way of putting life in perspective."

"Miriam thanked me. When we found her. For not giving up on her." Jack said. "I did give up on her. I gave up on you, too. I thought she was dead and I thought you were crazy. I stopped trying to find both of you."

"You didn't have to find me, Jack. You just had to listen to me." Will said.

"I put Miriam in a room with Hannibal Lecter. She stated definitively that he is not the Chesapeake Ripper." Jack said.

"Was that definitive enough for you?" Will asked.

"No. It wasn't." Jack admitted.

Will considers that, then he asked, "Where did you find Miriam, Jack?"

**VIRGINIA BARN - DAY**

Jack's sedan pulls up and the engine shuts off. Jack, Clarice and Will exit the car, Will holding a thick evidence file in his hands. Jack nods at a couple of FBI agents guarding the entrance, who stop and stare at Will Graham's arrival. Jack leads Will toward the open barn doors.

"Property was foreclosed years ago. Appears as though the Ripper's been using it about as long." Jack explained.

Will regards the dark, ominous building and then follows him with Clarice at his side.

-----

Will walks through the large barn doors, taking in the scene. Rows of potted trees, wrapped in gauze, with weeping branches that cascade down to the floor, under grow lights mounted to the beams of the barn's rafters.

Jack walks down the stairs, into the cistern room, indicating for Will and Clarice to follow behind him.

"Will, Clarice." Jack said.

-----

The basement is lit by work lights creating eerie shadows across a large, coffin-sized freezer. A rack of large glass slides, like the ones that encased Beverly Katz, lines a wall near the buzz saw that sliced her into vertical slabs.

For a brief moment, Will sees Beverly's reflection in a pane of glass. He averts eyes inadvertently toward a kill room.

Linoleum is rolled out on the wooden floor to give a cleanable surface. Centered on it is an autopsy table, stainless steel picking up highlights, a drain running around the sides, a pipe running into a vat beneath. A roll of knives and surgical instruments upon it. Will eyes several heavy glass jars filled with blood resting on another table.
"It's Beverly Katz's blood. He drained her before he froze her. Before he cut into her." Jack explained.

Clarice frowned sadly as she looked at the jars before she looked away. She had lost a friend to the Ripper, she had almost lost Will to him.

Bunches of dying flowers, vines and branches are on the autopsy table, coiled in a withering mass.

Will looks at the file as Jack walks him through the space, toward a pair of raised cistern openings.

"The Chesapeake Ripper's most-recent victim drowned in this cistern. The water in his lungs led us here." Jack looks into one of the two cisterns, black water halfway up its walls. Above each cistern, a block and tackle hangs from a hook in the ceiling. Jack moves to the dry cistern. "We found Miriam down there. She believes the Ripper brought her here to kill her. He was saving her to be his last victim. He knows we're close to catching him."

"He's been caught before. Catch a fish once and it gets away, it's a lot harder to catch a second time." Will said.

Jack watches Will as he surveys the room, he watches Clarice move towards him and grab his hand.

Will takes a breath, exhales, then closes his eyes. At his side, Clarice did the same.

A pendulum swings in the darkness of Will’s and Clarice’s minds, keeping rhythm with their heartbeats.

His eyes are closed. The pendulum is now outside his head. It swings behind Will, Jack Crawford recedes into the shadows. The pendulum swings on the other side of the room, disappearing evidence markers and work lights. The dying flowers, vines and branches on the table rejuvenate and bloom anew, restored to a fresh state of life.

The crime scene has now been decriminalized in Will's head.

Will opens his eyes to darkness.

The tree man in full bloom, in front of Will, rooted to the floor of Hannibal’s office. Tree Man’s branches grow, reaching out of him and stretching to the ceiling. Will takes it all in.

"I sewed the seeds and watched them grow. I cultivated a long chain of events leading to this. This, all of this, has been my design." Will said.

A dramatic theater curtain closes on the proscenium arch of Hannibal's office.

Will glances down at the cistern to see Miriam Lass at the bottom, looking up at Will.

"It's theater." Will said before he unceremoniously closes the cistern lid.

He and Clarice opened their eyes, releasing their hands from the other.

"Every time the Chesapeake Ripper kills, it's theater." Jack said.

"The Chesapeake Ripper didn't bring Miriam here to kill her. He brought her here for you to find." Will said.
Clarice is silent as she listens to the two men talk with her gloved hand in her jacket's pocket.

"The Ripper isn't self-destructive. He doesn't want to get caught." Jack said.

"He wants you to catch someone. Like he wanted you to catch me. Somewhere, in all this evidence, you'll find something that will lead you away from Hannibal Lecter." Will said.

"Miriam Lass already has." Jack said.

"Two years is a long time to have Hannibal in your head. You can't trust her, Jack. You can't trust any of this to be what it seems." Will warned him.

Jack considered that warning while Clarice watched him....

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

The house sits nestled amidst bare trees and snow. Silence. Will walks up to the porch, enjoying the crunch of fresh snow underfoot. Clarice is watching him from her car, she had just gotten it back from the garage and had been cleared to drive, having argued her case to the doctor that her car was automatic and she was perfectly capable of driving it with one hand.

It was obvious to Will that her doctor was charmed by her.

The door opened revealing Alana inside. She barely has time to greet Will before the dogs squeeze past her. Will rushes to meet them as they bound up to him, and he is engulfed in their unbridled joy. He drops to his knees in the snow as he pets them. Alana cannot help a smile.

"Welcome home." Alana said as she glanced towards Clarice who was now walking towards them after slamming her car door shut with more force than necessary.

"Thank you. Thank you for taking care of them. They seem happy." Will said he glances at Clarice who was now standing next to him, getting swarmed by his dogs. They knew her, liked her.

"Happy to see you." Alana said.

Will is momentarily overwhelmed with the dogs swarming around him, each wanting to greet and lick. He notices a new dog.

"Who's this?" Will asked.

"Applesauce. She's mine. She likes applesauce. I rescued her." Alana attaches a lead to Applesauce's collar.

"Picking up some of my bad habits?" Will asked.

"Picking up your good habits." Alana said. "You challenged my whole framework of assumptions about the way you are. The way I think you are."

"The way you think I am isn't always a reliable guide to who I am." Will said.

"I was wrong about you." Alana said.

"Because you didn't believe me? Or in me? Because you let me question my own sanity, my sense
of reality?" Will asked.

"Because you tried to kill Hannibal." Alana answered.

"You think I tried to kill Hannibal. Just like I think Hannibal killed Beverly Katz. And so many others." Will said.

"You're wrong about him." Alana stated.

"You're wrong about him, Alana. You see the best in him. I don't. I'm not being pessimistic. I'm just a realist depressed by the truth." Will replied.

"What was done to you doesn't excuse what you did. Are you going to try to hurt Hannibal again? Is he safe?" Alana asked.

"From me? Or for you?" Will reads her in an instant before she can answer. He's saddened by what he sees in her face, but covers. "I'm going to stay as far away from Hannibal Lecter as I can. I suggest you do the same." Alana looks at the dogs vying for Will's attention. Will added to the dogs, "Come on."

He leads the dogs into his house, leaving Alana in the cold.

When Clarice moved to follow him, Alana placed her hand on the other woman's arm.

"He's wrong about Hannibal."

Clarice roughly jerked her arm from Alana as she turned to face the other woman, "Oh? Why? Is it because you are sleeping with him and hope he is wrong because you don't want to face the fact that you were sleeping with a monster?" The black haired woman kept digging in, her anger riding her hard. "Don't even think that Will is influencing me, Ms. Bloom, he isn't I have came to the same conclusion as he did on my own."

She gave the other woman one last cold look before she turned and walked into the house.

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"Good to be home, Will?"

Will looked up and smiled at Clarice who was removing her jacket, gloves and scarf to reveal a black button up dress shirt that she wore tucked into her dark jeans.

"Yeah..." Will said. "Thank you, Clarice."

Clarice smiled at him before she sat down on the sofa next to him, "I didn't do anything though."

"You were the only one who stood next to me from the very beginning, you were the only one who still believed in me."

"That's because you're just too damn cute." Clarice said as she playfully nudged her mentor.

Will chuckled at that and said, "You know what? I always knew that deep down but it still hurts." He was playing with her, falling into the routine that they had before they had been separated from each other by Hannibal.

Clarice fell sideways into his lap, looking up at him as she raised her uninjured arm and gently
wrapped it around his neck as she said, "Awww, poor baby! Did I hurt your wittle feelings?"

He playfully shoved Clarice off his lap, causing her to laugh loudly and he soon joined in her laughter. It was infectious, her laughter.

She had used her quick wit and laughter to calm his anger after she had told him what had happened to her arm. She had punched the wall when she had remembered how Hannibal had played with her emotions and then slept with Alana, she was angry and couldn't reveal it to either Doctor.

**BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jack sits down opposite Dr. Chilton.

"What can I do for you, doctor?" Jack asked.

"It's what I can do for you. I'm offering my services on the Ripper case, pro bono, of course." Chilton answered.

"You'd like to be helpful expediting Hannibal Lecter's arrest?" Jack asked.

"I've consulted with the FBI on previous Ripper murders." Chilton answered.

"You have an agenda with this investigation, Dr. Chilton." Jack said.

"Yes, I have an agenda. Living. I should be assigned an FBI escort. Everyone who believed Will Graham about Hannibal Lecter is dead." Chilton said.

"Except you and Clarice." Jack said.

"Except me. I'd like to remain not dead for the foreseeable future." Chilton said. "And in her case, she's very lovely and knows how to make people not want to kill her."

"Do you have something substantial to contribute or just an opinion?" Jack asked.

"I have a witness. If Will is not a suspect, then he is a witness." Chilton said.

"To his own manipulation?" Jack asked.

"We've had remarkable success recovering memories. He remembers so much of what was done to him." Chilton answered.

"Why hasn't Will told me about this?" Jack asked.

"Because you told him his memories were meaningless." Chilton stated.

Jack stares, feeling the blow.

"I imagine Hannibal Lecter used the same coercive techniques on Miriam Lass that he used on Will Graham. He buried memories in both of them." Chilton continued to say. "I dug those memories out of Will, I can dig them out of Miriam."

"Miriam Lass is not your patient." Jack said.
Miriam is looking down. Intent. She uses her right arm to throw her hair across her shoulder. Miriam wears a sports bra. She throws a strap across her shoulder. Tightening the leather. A plastic cup is slid snug against her stump, fastened in place. Miriam takes in the new prosthetic limb. Miriam slowly lifts the new arm, the metal Terminator-esque fingers move.

Miriam slides a lifelike skin glove over the metal prosthetic, making the arm suddenly seem incredibly lifelike. Miriam lifts both hands in front of her, regards them. Takes her real hand and scratches the back of the fake one.

"Are you an FBI agent?" Miriam asked.

Will is in the room with Miriam with Clarice who had formed a friendship with the other woman, he had no idea how it happened but it did.

"No. I used to teach at the academy." Will said. "Two days ago, I was an inmate at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Courtesy of the Chesapeake Ripper."

"The Guru told me the only person who demonstrated any practical understanding of the Ripper is you. Didn't mention you were a victim." Miriam said before she looked at Clarice. "And how do you know Clare Bear?"

"The Guru?" Will asked. "Clare Bear?" He was surprised by that, normally Clarice doesn't let anyone call her by that nickname unless they were in her small inner circle of friends which had only had Will and Beverly.

"Jack Crawford. We called him the Guru. He has a peculiar cleverness." Miriam explained. "Clarice said I could call her that, we have a lot in common."

"He's my mentor, Miriam." Clarice said when Will didn't. Apparently hearing her nickname had caught him off guard, it was cute.

"The Guru tells me you don't remember much about what the Chesapeake Ripper did to you. I couldn't remember either." Will said after looking at Clarice. He didn't understand why she wanted him as a mentor still but was happy that she did.

"Couldn't?" Miriam asked.

"I remember now. Not all of it. Pieces. I was under his influence. The Chesapeake Ripper used some kind of light to induce seizure responses in my brain. He created blackouts and lost time." Will said.

Clarice falls silent as she listens to them talk.

Miriam quietly breathes, struggling with the familiarity of what Will is telling her. Her voice is just above a whisper. In the safety of the FBI, it's still terrifying to recall.

"I remember the light. He always stood in front of it, at a distance from me, silhouetted, very still." Miriam said. "Like we were in the garden of the hurricane's eye. He would play chamber music. I
Will reacts, hearing the familiar haunting solo cello that plagued his own nightmares rising in his ears. Clarice sees this and walks over to him, she places her hand on his shoulder and gently squeezed his shoulder in a show of comfort and support for her mentor.

"Then his voice, low and even, would pull me to him. Like a current." Miriam said.


"I knew there were conversations. I would sometimes hear myself and wonder who was speaking with such intimate knowledge of my thoughts. He knows everything about me." Miriam said she catches Will clocking her scratching her prosthetic hand and becomes suddenly self-conscious. "It itches. Like the arm is still there. At least I have something to scratch now. But how do I scratch the itch in my head?"

"We can help you remember, Miriam. You and I are part of his design." Will offered. "The Ripper wanted you free. He wanted me free, too."

"Neither of us is really free. He's not done. He told me he was going to kill me last and that's exactly what he intends to do." Miriam said.

"You're safe now." Will said.

"I won't be safe until he's dead." Miriam said.

Clarice walked over to her new friend and hugged her, pressing her head against hers as she gave her the comfort that she needed so badly.

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"Are you and Will dating?"

Clarice snapped her head towards Miriam in surprise, if she had been drinking she would have choked on it or spat it out.

"No! Why do you ask that?!"

Miriam shrugged and said, "You two seem comfortable around each other, you are always standing next to him and he seems to like it when you touch him and are close to him."

The black haired woman snapped her mouth shut before she looked up, thinking, "Oh my God...how many have wondered that about us!?" She slapped her forehead. "So embarrassing! But no, we're just friends who are very comfortable around each other." Though only she and Will knew the truth.

"That could lead to romance, Clare Bear."

"What are you? Cupid?" Clarice asked as she playfully jabbed Miriam's arm with her finger. "I don't see the wings....you don't seem to be wearing a white diaper nor are you blonde." Her blue eyes scanned the other woman. "And I am not seeing any arrows and a bow."

Miriam smiled, it was probably her personality that had caused Miriam to open up to Clarice. She was open and friendly to everyone, she always wanted to make people smile and laugh. To make
them feel good around her.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannibal comes into the dark room. Moves toward the refrigerator, he stops and lifts his nose to the air.

"The same unfortunate aftershave. Too long in the bottle." Hannibal said.

Hannibal opens the refrigerator door and the light illuminates a gun pointed at his head, Will Graham behind it.

"Our last kitchen conversation was interrupted by Jack Crawford. I'd like to pick up where we left off. If memory serves, you were asking me if it'd feel good to kill you." Will said.

"You've given that some thought." Hannibal said.

"You wanted me to embrace my nature, doctor. Just following the urges I kept down for so long, cultivating them as the inspirations they are." Will said.

"You never answered my question. How would killing me make you feel?" Hannibal asked.

"Righteous." Will said.


"You tell me. How did Miriam Lass find you? You made sure no one could find you that way again." Will said.

Hannibal looks past the gun barrel, into Will's eyes, "If I'm not the Ripper, you murder an innocent man. You better than anyone know what it is to be wrongly accused. You were innocent, Will, and no one saw it."

"I'm not innocent. You saw to that." Will stated.

"If I am the Ripper and you kill me, who will answer your questions?" Hannibal asked he waited for a beat then added. "Don't you want to know how it ends?"

Will doesn't respond, he just slowly steps backward into the shadows, disappearing into darkness.

Hannibal watching the space where Will stood....

Chapter End Notes

Clarice would either choked on her drink or spat it out, she doesn't like those sort of surprised questions xD
Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

Clarice may or may not have told Hannibal about the kiss....whoops xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yakimono Part 2

Hannibal opens the door revealing Miriam Lass.

"My name is Miriam Lass. I'm with the FBI. I would show you my credentials, but I'm actually just a trainee." Miriam said.

"Never just a trainee. An agent in training." Hannibal said.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

"Please come in." Hannibal said to Jack, Clarice and Miriam.

He steps to one side and Miriam steps into the office before him, Clarice walked passed him with a quick glance before moving to be at Miriam's side. Hannibal looks at Jack and then follows, his eyes were on both women. Taking note of how they stood close to the other, of how they seemed to take strength from the other.

And how Clarice seemed to avoid looking at him all together.

Miriam Lass, haunted yet professional. Jack Crawford standing behind her and Clarice Starling at her side just within touching distance in case the other woman needed her. Miriam looks at Jack, who nods at her, and she moves around the room. Clarice doesn't follow her, she reminds where she is at but her eyes follow her new friend. Hannibal's very aware of this, sensing an agenda.

"I would have been happy to come to your office, Jack." Hannibal said as he drew his eyes away from Clarice, wondering when Clarice and Miriam had time to form such a close bond.

Was it because he had killed her only female friend and that she had felt the need to replace her? Or did they sense that they had something in common with the other that had drew them together and neither of them knows what it is?

"I wanted to do this here." Jack stated.

"I'm sure you have your reasons." Hannibal said.

Miriam crosses to the table with Hannibal's drawings.

Hannibal steps behind Miriam as she leafs through his drawings, he looms over her shoulder.

"These are beautiful. Yours?" Miriam asked as she picks up a portrait drawing and studies it.
Hannibal nodded his head and said, "I enjoy portraiture. A subject's mental processes betrayed only by the expression on their face." He looked at Clarice. "You should model for me one of these days, Clarice, I think I can capture your mental processes beautifully."

Clarice raised a shapely eyebrow at that and coolly said, "You should have Dr. Bloom model for you, Dr. Lecter, I am sure she'd enjoy it." She tilted her head to the side. "You can even paint her like one of those French girls." She was frank and blunt in her speech pattern as she stared at him.

She was angry...and jealous? It was hard to tell, when she wanted to Ms. Clarice Starling could have a very well made poker face that made it hard for people to read her emotions correctly which she had on right now. The only one who was able to was Will and he wasn't going to reveal his secrets about how he did that.

"Miriam, I thought Dr. Lecter could be helpful during your recovery." Jack said bringing the tension between Hannibal and Clarice to an end before it even began. The black haired woman looked away from Hannibal, moving to get a better view of Miriam all together ignoring Hannibal.

"The most-important aspect of a successful recovery is recognizing that life will never be the same." Hannibal said.

"Then I'm well on my way to a successful recovery." Miriam said.

"The Chesapeake Ripper sent me a message from you. It was recorded shortly after you were taken." Jack stated.

"It's me? My voice?" Miriam asked.

"Yes. I debated whether I should play it for you. Still debating." Jack said.

"I want to hear it." Miriam stated before she looked at Clarice who answered her silent request and stood next to the other woman, placing her arm around her shoulders in a loose hold that Miriam could easily leave from if she wanted to.

Jack presses "play" on his smart phone.

Miriam listens to her terrified voice, Clarice had her eyes closed as she listened. Jack watches Hannibal watching her, steely.

"Jack... Jack, it's Miriam. I don't know where I am. I can't see anything. I was so wrong. Please, Jack. I don't wanna die like this."

Tears well in Miriam's eyes as the message cuts out, Clarice gently squeezes her shoulder with her hand. She remains quiet for a long moment, reeling, finally Miriam said, "I don't remember it." Miriam's hand absently scratches against her prosthesis, Clarice noticed the movement but doesn't comment she keeps her gaze on Miriam resisting the urge to turn her head to fix Hannibal with a stare.

"Would you like to try?" Hannibal asked Miriam which caused Clarice to look at him with an unreadable look in her lovely blue eyes.

"Open your eyes." Hannibal said.

The drapes are drawn and the room is dark. Miriam now sits opposite Hannibal. A metronome and light pulsing between them. Jack and Clarice stands behind Hannibal, in the shadows. A phone line ringing, waiting for the line to pick up.

She holds a phone to her cheek, the light of the keypad the only source of illumination. The phone continues to ring until an automated answer, "Jack Crawford." Then a beep tells to leave a message.

*Miriam Lass feels the walls in the darkness, the illuminated keypad the only source of light.*

"Jack... Jack, it's Miriam." Miriam said.

"Tell me where you are." Hannibal's voice asked.

"I don't know where I am." Miriam said.

"What do you see?" Hannibal asked.

"I can't see anything." Miriam said.

Jack watches Miriam, over Hannibal, from the shadows. Hating this. Clarice was watching Jack from the corner of her eye, knowing that he was hating this. Miriam's hand absently scratches her prosthesis.

"I was so wrong. Please, Jack. I don't want to die like this." Miriam said.

"Miriam, what was the last thing you remember before making that call, before waking in the darkness?" Hannibal asked.

She looks past the strobing metronome to Jack and Clarice in the shadows.

The shadows seem to recede around them even as the blackness deepens. Jack looks at Miriam, and then, as she watches, his torso suddenly sprouts wounds and implements, they burst backward from his body and he becomes a standing wound man.

Miriam averts her eyes from Jack as Wound Man, glancing down to see she's holding the wound man drawing, the last thing she saw before Hannibal choked her unconscious.

"The Wound Man." Miriam said.

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Clarice's posture was both defensive and aggressive as she stood alone with Hannibal in his office, her stare was leveled on him. She had told Jack that she would met him outside after Hannibal was done talking to her, he was the one that had told Jack that he wanted to talk to Clarice alone about their next future session.

At the moment he was simply staring at her.
And Clarice wasn't in the mood for him, she wasn't a plaything. She wasn't something that he could play with to entertain himself whenever he wanted to, whenever he was bored or whenever he felt that Clarice was too emotional. There were ways to calm her down when she was like that and a kiss isn't one of those ways.

"Was there something you wanted to talk to me about?" Clarice asked politely, she may be angry at him but it didn't mean that she'd have to be rude about it though she will be frank about it.

She wasn't going to let him play with her emotions again, not when she had buried her feelings about him and left the cold indifference and the wounded feminine pride.

"How is your arm?"

She glanced down at her injured arm and shrugged her shoulder, "It's fine, Doctor said I can take off the brace tomorrow but don't punch anymore walls."

An awkward silence fell between them, something that Hannibal didn't like at all.

"You don't seem to be happy about Dr. Bloom and myself." Hannibal stated deciding to be blunt about it, something told him that she wouldn't play along if he was vague about it. That she wouldn't like it and close down even more around him, that she would put an even higher wall around her mind and emotions.

A slow, almost lazy, blink was the only outward sign of movement from her other than that she was like a stone statue in her stillness.

"You and Dr. Bloom are adults that are capable of making their own choices, Dr. Lecter, it shouldn't matter if I am happy or not." Clarice said with another small shrug as she stared at him. "Though I would appreciate it if you don't kiss me again especially if you don't mean it. For example, I kissed Will on the lips when he was released because I was happy and I meant it."

She kissed him? That was surprising since they both always stated that they had a strictly friend relationship or was it a lie? Hannibal fought down the jealousy and rage that wanted to come to the surface and reveal themselves.

Who would have guessed that he would be such a possessive man? He wanted to keep her all to himself and wanted to be the only one who touched her, who protected her, who provided for her.

"You don't think I meant that kiss?"

"No. You probably meant for it to calm me down, that I didn't need to burden Jack with even more worry and stress. You had snapped me out of it. It would have been a stupid move on my part, he didn't need it at that moment." Clarice stated calmly. "But did you mean it romantically? No, you didn't because it's obvious you didn't mean it... Good bye, Dr. Lecter, have a nice night." She was obviously ignoring the fact that he had taken her to an opera, she clearly assumed that he takes Alana there as well.

"You won't be needing my help?"

Clarice stopped with her hand on the door knob before she looked over her shoulder, "No, Dr. Lecter, Will is out so you're help is no longer needed. Thank you for your help though." She opened the door and walked out, leaving Hannibal standing there.

**BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY**
A flower petal is under a magnifying lens, dusted to reveal a smudged, partial fingerprint. Brian and Jimmy are presenting to Jack, Clarice and Alana.

"We found a fingerprint on a flower petal. A partial, smudged. Not enough points for a courtroom, but it triggered a match." Jimmy paused then added. "Hannibal Lecter."

Alana looks shocked, Jack's world takes another turn. Clarice, though, had a carefully blank look on her face as she kept her gaze focused on Jimmy and Brian out right ignoring Alana who had been sending Clarice looks during the entire time.

Again, Clarice had ignored the looks. She didn't want to punch Alana, she wouldn't hurt Will like that. Something that Alana clearly didn't care about when she had slept with Hannibal.

"After all these murders, the Ripper's gonna leave a print now?" Brian asked.

"Will said whatever evidence we found would lead us away from the Chesapeake Ripper." Jack said.

"We also found sodium amytal and scopolamine in Miriam's blood." Brian said.

"Dr. Chilton used scopolamine and sodium amytal on both Gideon and Will during their therapy. One claimed to be the Chesapeake Ripper, the other accused Hannibal." Alana said

"You've got the right box, just looking in the wrong corner." Gideon pointed me right at him, told me Chilton was the Ripper." Jack said.

"Wait. I'm confused. Who are we saying is the Chesapeake Ripper? Dr. Lecter or Dr. Chilton?" Jimmy asked.

"Bring them both in." Jack ordered.

**DR. CHILTON'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - DAY**

Chilton lets himself in through the front door and throws his keys onto a dresser. Walks into the house. He throws his coat over a chair back and then stops. Listens. A faint, regular beeping can be heard. Slow and rhythmic.

Chilton moves toward it, like sonar pinging. It gets louder at the foot of the stairs and he starts to ascend. Following the beeps like a beacon, drawing him closer.

Chilton comes up the stairs, onto the landing. The beeps are getting louder. A steady pulse. Confused and tense, Chilton moves down the hall. The slow beep plays a double rhythm with his own faster-beating heart. The beeps get louder. Getting slower. Slower still. Winding down.

The slow beep becomes a solid tone as Dr. Chilton pushes open the door and steps inside and stops dead in his tracks.

Abel Gideon, now missing all four limbs, lies on a bed. An IV drip under one clavicle, wounds neatly bandaged. The tone rises up, becoming louder and louder in Chilton's head. Overpowering his now thundering heartbeat. Despite himself, Chilton moves forward, fascination and dread combined. All Gideon's limbs have been neatly removed. He stares, lifeless, at the ceiling.

Dead.
Chilton stares until finally he breaks the spell, he knows he is in trouble. Turns and runs for the stairs, the tone receding behind him.

Dr. Chilton comes hard and fast down the stairs, panicked. And falls headlong over a packed suitcase at the foot of the stairs. It wasn't there before. Chilton is sprawled, looks up as a pair of well-shined shoes appears before him.

Hannibal Lecter now stands in front of him. In his plastic kill suit.

Chilton scrambles to his feet. Backs away.

"Hello, Frederick." Hannibal greeted.

"Oh my god." Chilton said.

Hannibal regards him calmly. There is a sudden insistent rap at the door. Two shadowy figures seen through the glass.

"That will be the FBI." Hannibal said.

Chilton goes to shout for help, but as he opens his mouth, Hannibal covers it with a chloroform pad.

"When you wake up, your only choice will be to run." Hannibal said.

Chilton struggles against Hannibal's grip, but Hannibal is too strong and Chilton is weakening by the second.

The world goes fuzzy, in and out of focus as unconsciousness takes him. Hannibal's face slides in and out. Chilton slowly falls to the ground. We can hear his slow breathing. Hannibal's feet move away.

The knocking comes again.

"One moment, please..." Hannibal said.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

As a kitchen timer starts to buzz. A hand clicks it off to silence.

Hannibal moves from the timer to the oven and opens the door. He pulls out the tray onto the worktop. The roast looks fabulous, steaming and juicy and brown. He savors the aroma.

Smiles to himself, pleased with it.

"Are you absolutely sure I can't interest you in a bite?" Hannibal asked.

Brian and Jimmy standing on the other side of the counter.

"We need to get going, Dr. Lecter." Brian said.

"Will we be long?" Hannibal asked then he motioned to the roast. "Only asking if I should refrigerate or cover and cool on the counter?"
"Put it in the fridge." Jimmy said.

DR. CHILTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

His eyes are closed. He stirs. Groans. Licks his lips. Rubs his face with a hand and it leaves a thick smear of blood down his cheek... Slowly, his eyes open. Groggy. He comes to, looks down at himself.

Dr. Chilton sits in an armchair. His clothes are covered in blood. One hand holds a bloody chef's knife. There is a bloodied FBI-issue automatic handgun in his lap. He takes this in. Can't remember. Disbelieving.

His own bloody footprints track across the floor from the kitchen, where two dead FBI agents have been displayed.

The first sits on the kitchen worktop, a curved gash in his abdomen. His intestines are looped around and tied into a large, ostentatious bow. The second is lying on the floor, kitchen knives and implements sticking from his bare torso, a conscious reconstruction of the Jeremy Olmsted/Wound Man killing.

Chilton drops the knife. He stands and the gun thumps to the floor. He staggers closer to the bodies. A hand to his thumping head, leaving another blood smear. Up close, the tableau is even more horrific. Dazed, he picks up the gun and grabs a couple of suitcases.

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Will sits with a case file, reading, the dogs at his feet. Clarice is reading another case file with her head resting against his thigh, she had came to his house clearly agitated and all she said was Dr Lecter and left it at that.

Will didn't want Clarice anywhere near him but knew that she was doing it for him even though she was no longer comfortable around the Doctor.

The pack of dogs all jumps up as one, barking and agitated. Will moves to the window after Clarice had sat up to let him stand up.

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Dr. Chilton, his coat thrown over his bloody clothes, pulls his red sports car up before the house. The stolen gun lies on the passenger seat and he puts it in a pocket before getting out of the car. He grabs his suitcases out of the trunk and starts walking for the house. Chilton approaches, the front door opens and the dogs stream, barking, onto the porch and down at him. He stops dead, frightened, he looks up at Will as he comes closer.

"May I use your shower, please?" Chilton asked.

Clarice appeared behind Will and for once, Chilton didn't bother to flirt with her.

DR. CHILTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Gideon's head and torso lying on a stretcher. Jack, standing near the dead FBI agents, stares at Gideon's body being wheeled through the house. Jimmy is with him.

"Gideon hasn't been dead long, no more than a couple of hours. Chilton's been cutting steaks off of
him for days." Jimmy said.

Brian emerges from the library, holding an old medical text. He approaches Jack, who stands over the Wound Man corpse. Zeller indicates the library he just came from.

"Chilton's shelves are filled with old medical books." Brian said as he opens a book revealing an illustration of Wound Man.

"Wound Man." Jack said.

"This illustration's in a lot of early surgical texts. It's the Ripper's sixth victim." Brian said.

"Chilton was consulting on the Ripper case when Miriam disappeared. She must've talked to him, made the connection. Beverly made a connection, too." Jack said as he stares at the illustration, cold getting colder. "Chilton's been part of the Ripper investigation since before Will Graham, before Hannibal Lecter, before Miriam Lass. He had access to case files, he knew everything the Ripper needed to know."

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Will watched as Chilton paces, freshly showered, clothes changed, hyped, brain working overtime. Clarice is next to Will, leaning against him slightly as she watched Chilton pace, while she didn't like him she couldn't help but feel bad for him.

Though she made sure to keep any signs of it off her face and out of her posture.

"I have the same profile as Hannibal Lecter. Same medical and psychology background. We are both doctors of note in our fields. Of course it would be me. Hannibal was never going to kill me. I'm his patsy." Chilton said. "I have to leave the country. I'm leaving the country."

"If you run, you look guilty." Will said.

As always Clarice was silent, she was just watching until she felt she had something to add to whatever her mentor had to say.

"You didn't run and you looked plenty guilty. Abel Gideon was half-eaten in my guest room. I have corpses on my property, you just threw up an ear." Chilton said.

"There's an APB on you right now. They've canceled your credit cards, they're tracing your phone." Will said.

"I have cash and I tossed my phone," Chilton said. "Jack Crawford thinks I killed two agents -- three agents. You know what tends to happen to people who do that? Shoot on sight."

Clarice looked at Will and said, "He's got a point, they're not going to let him proclaim his innocence."

"I'm going to prove that Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper." Will said.

"With my help." Clarice chimed in and Will shot her a disapproving look but doesn't say anything, he knows that is an argument that he will lose to: Clarice was very stubborn when it came to Will.

"I know you will. And when you do, I will read about it from a secure location and reintroduce
myself to society at that time." Chilton said then his head whips round as the low rumble of a car approaching sets the dogs to barking again. He whips out the gun from his pocket and points it at a suddenly-wary Will at his side Clarice tensed up but she doesn't move an inch. "What did you do?"

"I called Jack Crawford." Will said.

Chilton shakes his head when he heard that, "No, no, no..." He backs to the window, gun still on Will. He looks out, he sees Jack is getting out of his car and walking toward the house. Will and Clarice moves toward the front door. "No. Stay there."

Will keeps walking as he said, "You're not a killer, Frederick."

Chilton knows he won't fire but just as Clarice was about to follow Will out, she does something surprising: she looked at Chilton over her shoulder then she subtly sends a glance at the back door then she follows Will out of his house.

Will walks onto the porch to meet Jack, he comes down the steps. Jack's face is murderous, he doesn't say anything or even blink when Clarice appears on the porch, leaning against a post and crossed her arms over her chest as she stared at Jack.

"Why did you come alone, Jack?" Will asked.

"Where is he?" Jack asked.

"Why did you come alone?" Will asked.

"Is he in the house?" Jack asked.

"I told you everything isn't what it seems. The Chesapeake Ripper is still playing with us. All of us." Will stated.

"I'm not playing." Jack replied.

"You going to kill Chilton? Jack up the law and get underneath it?" Will asked.

"You wagging the same tongue that gave the order to kill Hannibal?" Jack asked.

"Difference is, Chilton's not the Chesapeake Ripper. Hannibal is." Will said.

"The Chesapeake Ripper isn't playing all of us, Will. He's playing you." Jack said.

Clarice was silent, she kept watching Will and Jack talk. She knew that Jack wouldn't appreciate her two cents on this matter so she wisely kept such comments to herself and just watched.

Jack goes to enter, Will steps in his way.

"Jack. Wait. Let me bring him out." Will said then he added when Jack shakes his head. "He's got a gun."

Jack holds Will's gaze then he pulls out his own gun.

"Good." Jack said.
He pushes past Will and walks up the steps, onto the porch, he walked passed Clarice who kept her gaze on Will. He steps in fast, gun first. Ready to fire only to find the back door swinging open...

Chapter End Notes

How will Hannibal fix this tension with Clarice? Why by asking her to go to Florence Italy with him, of course!! Well, more like a demand...Well, more like he snatched her!

Also the reason why Clarice is with Will is so that his aftershave could be on her whenever she sees Hannibal next...uh oh xD Danger, Clarice Starling, Danger!
Did I also forget to mention that Will will also have Clarice's scent on him as well? Whoops

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Yakimono Part 3**

**WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - WOODS - DAY**

The bare skeletal trees black against the crisp white snow.

Chilton stumbles through the woods, he was wearing totally inappropriate shoes crunch through the snow, the owner tripping and stumbling, away from Will's house.

Jack plowing through the snow after him with his gun at the ready. Bloodlust high in him.

Dr. Chilton stumbles, falls, dropping the gun he carries. He grabs it up and fights to his feet, gasping, terrified...

"CHILTON?!!" A raw yell, it echoes through the woods.

Chilton hears it around him, as if surrounded, and redoubles his efforts. He crosses a frozen stream, the ice cracking under his feet, the water below sucking off his shoes. He clambers up the other side...

Jack's progress faster, more determined. Following the footprints ahead of him. Breaking into a run. Jack sees the limping silhouette of Chilton ahead of him.

"Chilton!" Jack shouted.

He raises his gun and fires. The bullet scatters splinters from a tree as Chilton passes it. The receding echoes of the shot ring around the woods.

Dr. Chilton moves into a snow-filled clearing amidst the trees. Staggers across it.

"Stop right where you are." Jack ordered.

Chilton halts then he turns to face his hunter. Jack has his gun at arm's length, sighting down the barrel. Jack's finger on the trigger. As Jack approaches, Chilton drops to his knees in the snow. He holds out his arms like a penitent. The gun falls from Chilton's fingers and nestles in the snow.

Jack moves toward Chilton, finger aching on the trigger. His nemesis finally before him. Jack stops ten feet from Chilton who gasps, exhausted. Head down. His arms slowly fall to his sides.


**BAU - EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY**
Dr. Chilton's face is now clean of blood. He looks exhausted, standing on a white sheet as he hands his clothes to Jimmy. Brian writes down the inventory...

"...one two-piece suit in charcoal gray, one white shirt, fifteen-inch collar, one billfold containing cash, credit cards and driver's license. One set of car keys..." Jimmy said.

Chilton stares forward as he said, "I need to speak with Will Graham."

"I don't care what you need." Brian snapped.

Their hatred is palpable. Chilton's predicament is starting to land hard.

"One Montblanc fountain pen in silver and black..." Jimmy continued to say.

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Dr. Chilton now sits opposite Alana Bloom. He is cuffed to the table and wears an orange jumpsuit.

"Does it have to be you? It seems like a final indignity." Chilton said.

"Not like you to hide an achievement." Alana said.

"The achievement isn't mine." Chilton stated.

"Whose is it? Hannibal Lecter's?" Alana asked.

"Those are just words coming out of your mouth. No weight to them. No consideration they may be true." Chilton said.

"They're not true." Alana said. "You were using coercive therapies, influencing Abel Gideon and Will Graham to point the Ripper investigation in false directions."

"You can't see it. And you won't see it until it's too late. Don't say I didn't warn you, Dr. Bloom." Chilton said.

Jack and Miriam stand in the viewing room. Watching this interview. She stares at Chilton. Her prosthetic arm is folded across her chest. She scratches it furiously with the other hand.

"In fact, I believe those should be my last words on the subject of the Ripper until my lawyer arrives." Chilton said.

Chilton turns his head toward her.

"You're waking now. Waking, calm."

A distorted man is silhouetted by a hypnotic, strobing. The distortion adjusts revealing Frederick Chilton silhouetted in the strobing light, holding his cane.

"Waking in a pleasant room. Safe." Chilton said.

Miriam is shaking. Jack watches her as she unravels. The shaking is involuntary, some giant feeling trying to escape. Tears fall down her cheeks.
"It's him. It's him. It's him." Miriam said.

Jack moves to her, her distress is all the answer he needs, and he grabs her in a bear hug. Pulling her to him, her eyes away from the glass. A moan escapes her as she cries into Jack's shoulder. She rocks against him and then pushes away. He releases her, he realizes too late that she now holds his gun. Miriam lifts the gun and aims. Fires through the glass.

As the bullet hits Chilton in the face, his head snaps back and he goes over backward in a spray of blood. Alana diving for cover.

Alana is on the floor, looking at Chilton who lies half-up, half-down, his body held up awkwardly by the shackles on his wrists. Blood ripping from his ravaged face to the floor.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Classical music plays in his officer, an ornate clock shows 7:30. An appointment book. A beautifully-handwritten entry at 7:30-8:30: "Will Graham" and under his name "Clarice Starling".

Hannibal Lecter sits in one of the two armchairs. A glass of red wine in hand. Enjoying the music. A knock at the door disturbs his reverie. He places his glass down and goes to the door, he opens it to find Will Graham. Will has cut his hair, it is shorter, neater. Everything about him seems focused.

"Hello, Will." Hannibal greeted the other man.

"May I come in?" Will asked.

"Do you intend to point a gun at me?" Hannibal asked.

"Not tonight." Will answered.

He lets Will into the room and as the other man passed him, Hannibal caught a familiar scent waffling off of him.

Evyan skin cream and L’Air du Temps.

Clarice, she was with him not that long ago and long enough to let the scent mix in with Will's.

Hannibal's grip tightened on the doorknob as anger surged through him.

Will asked, not noticing Hannibal's anger, "Are you expecting someone?"

"Only you." Hannibal said. "And maybe hopefully Clarice."

"Kept my standing appointment open." Will said. "Clarice will be along, she had to collect herself."

"And you're right on time." Hannibal said. "I hope it wasn't anything to do with the Doll Maker."

"I have to deal with you. And my feelings about you. I think it's best if I do that directly." Will said. "I hope so..."
She took deep breaths and let them out slowly as she struggled to calm herself, she was very pissed off and she needed to do this before she saw Dr Lecter. First Will told her his insane plan to prove that Hannibal is the Ripper then Miriam shooting Chilton (seriously how does one not even fucking feel when someone is taking your gun?!) and now this? Fuck. Her. Fucking. Life!

"First you have to grieve for what is lost and what has changed." Hannibal said.

"I've changed. You changed me." Will said.

"The friendship that we had is over. The Chesapeake Ripper is over." Hannibal stated.

"It had to be Miriam, didn't it? She was compelled to take his life so she could take her own back." Will said.

"How will you take your life back?" Hannibal asked.

"I'd like to resume my therapy." Will said.

Hannibal stares as Will sits in his familiar chair. After a long moment, Hannibal follows suit and sits opposite him. The two of them, regard each other.

"Where shall we begin?" Hannibal asked.

As the corners of Will's mouth threatened to curl...

Hannibal was watching Clarice with an amused air as she laid face down on his sofa, face pressing into one of the pillows there. He had caught the smell of Will's aftershave coming off her when she had walked in but he then saw the look on her face and instantly forgot about it as his concern grew.

But she didn't say anything instead she flopped in an unladylike manner onto his couch and proceed to bury her face into a pillow.

"If you are trying to suffocate yourself, Clarice, I would advice against it." Hannibal said playfully. "After all I do know how to do CPR."

Clarice moved her head so that she could look at Hannibal and said, "That's not even funny..."

Mmm, her Southern twang was thicker than usual he wanted to drown himself in it, close his eyes and let it wash over him. Let it touch his senses.

"Wasn't trying to be, Clarice, now tell me what's wrong."

"...How does one not feel someone take your gun?!" Clarice said. "I would have felt that because I don't like people touching or even going anywhere near my waist!" Mostly because that was one of her sensitive places but he doesn't need to know that."There were other stuff that happened to me today but I won't bore you with the details."
Ah, apparently she had a lot of things happen to her today that seemed push his little Starling passed her breaking point.

She was lovely in her anger.

But instead of saying that to her, he didn't want to scare her off when she seemed to getting comfortable around him again, he said, "Did you tell Jack that?"

"No but I wanted to, it was on the tip of my tongue." Clarice said. "I literally had to swallow my tongue in order to stop myself from saying it."

Hannibal smiled at her and said, "That was a good thing to do since I don't think Jack would have liked that."

Clarice smiled and shook her head, "No, he would not." Then the smile disappeared from her face. "I don't know if I should help, Dr Lecter, this whole thing is drowning me...breaking me."

Hannibal sat forward and reached out a hand, stopping before it made contact with the hand that she had on her knee. He looked up to met her eyes to find them staring at his hand before she raised her own eyes to meet his and then keeping the contact, she raised her hand and lightly touched his hand. Hannibal took the freely offered hand and held it in a loose grip.

"I am here for you, Clarice, always." Hannibal said.

She stared at him then her lips started to curl up slightly.

Chapter End Notes

Clarice swears when she's really pissed, she tries not to but she can't help it....and her southern twang gets thicker.
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

Bad thing about switching everything over for story 2 is that all the comments for the later chapters got lost but I didn't forget the amazing things you ladies had said!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Su-zakana Teaser

RIVERBANK - DAY

Hazy winter light shines through skeletal tree branches and glints off snow. Highlights reflect off the water of a river in the distance.

Jack and Will on the ice of the frozen waterway. Ice fishing. Will is unhooking a trout he has just caught. He deftly unhooks it as Jack looks on. A bucket of ice lies on the ice next to Will, filled with live trout.

Jack breathes frosty air and claps his gloved hands together, he is out of his element.

"I get it. The great outdoors. I get the attraction. In the summer." Jack said.

"Trout are harder to catch when the water is really cold." Will said.

"That's another argument for summer." Jack said. "Thought trout were hunters. They should be chewing on my hook."

"In the cold, their metabolisms drop. They're not as hungry." Will said.

"That's the question. How do you catch a fish who isn't hungry?" Jack asked.

"You have to change tactics. Use live bait that moves and excites them to action. Gotta make him bite even though he's not hungry." Will said.

"Make him act on instinct. He's always a predator." Jack said.

"You have to create a reality where only you and the fish exist, where your lure becomes what he wants most, despite everything he knows." Will said.

"Wrong move and he swims away." Jack stated.

Will looks at Jack and said, "I'm a good fisherman, Jack." Will picks up his fishing gear, hands Jack some stuff to carry and they start heading for home.

"You hook him, I'll land him." Jack said.

CLARICE STARLING'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-DAY
"You and Jack are up to something, Will."

Will looked up at Clarice as she walked over and placed a mug of coffee down next to him.

"I have no idea what you are talking about, we just went fishing." Will said.

Clarice rolled her eyes at that and said, "I wasn't born yesterday, Will, so please don't treat me like I was."

"I know you weren't, Clarice, but that's all we did." Will said not wanting to drag her into this, he didn't know if she would be safe from Hannibal despite the suspicion that he felt that the other man might be in love with her.

Though he had a insensitive way of showing it...

Will knew that Clarice had been upset when she had found out that Alana had slept with Hannibal but she seemed to have gotten over it now that he was out and with her, she felt safer with Will at her side. He knew that but he wondered if anyone else thought differently.

"Uh huh." Was all Clarice said before she took a seat next to him and placed her coffee mug down as she pulled another case file towards her, she turned her body so she was leaning against him.

Will knew that her perfume and skin cream would be all over him as would his aftershave, which is what he wanted.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A knife blade whisks through some vegetables, creating medallions that are scooped up and placed in a court bouillon. A container of water with fish, a trout is plucked from the water.

From under the head, without opening the belly of the trout, the insides are removed by the Gilles cavity. It is immediately splashed with vinegar.

The trout is placed in the near-boiling pan and its skin immediately turns blue, Hannibal is engrossed in his work.

Four blue-skinned trout are presented with their tails flipped under and pulled through their mouths, as if the trout has swallowed its own tail.

The dishes are picked up and he walked out of the kitchen, Hannibal places them on the dining room table.

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Will and Jack sit opposite one another as the fish is placed between them with Clarice sitting next to Will, their scent still mingling together, and she would be sitting next to Hannibal as well when he sits down. Hannibal pours wine for them all as he struggled to keep the anger and possessiveness of smelling their mingled scents from showing outwardly.

Were they dating? No, Clarice wouldn't have been able to keep that from him so why were they scent seemed more mix then before Will's arrest? Did Clarice feel lonely without her mentor and friend that she felt the need to be more physical than she used to be?

"Truite saumonée au bleau with vegetables and broth, served with hollandaise sauce on the side."
Hannibal said explaining the dishes. "Beautiful fish, Will."

"It was my turn to provide the meat." Will said.

"More flavorful and firm than farmed specimens. I find the trout to be a very Nietzsche-ian fish. Trials of his wild existence find their way into the flavor of the flesh." Hannibal serves food onto each of their plates. Then he added. "I hope "providing the meat" doesn't mean you still harbor doubts about what I serve at my table."

As Hannibal sits down, smiling at Clarice who is silently watching the conversation as she ate. She was an observer, she only talked when she felt the need to when she felt that her voice needed to be heard. Will doesn't answer; Jack answers for him, "No doubts, Dr. Lecter. Only the wounds we dealt each other before we got to the truth."

"Which is why we need to move past apologies and forgiveness. Chilton has many victims besides the dead." Hannibal said as Jack looks at Will, nods at this. "We will absorb this experience and it will change us. We are all Nietzsche-ian fish in that regard."

"Makes us tastier." Will said.

Clarice kept the wince that wanted to show because of what her mentor had said to herself. He wasn't acting like he was suspicious of Hannibal anymore? Did it mean that he was wrong? If so then he should really watch what he says around the man.

Hannibal considered Will before he glanced at Clarice who was watching Will with a thoughtful look at her face but she must have sensed his eyes on her because her head turned towards him and she fixed him with a small smile, just a quirk of her full lips.

"None of our actions were personal." Jack said bringing Hannibal's attention from Clarice to him now.

Clarice kept the sigh of relief when his gaze left her to herself, no need to let him know how uneasy she felt whenever he looked at her.

"I tried to have Hannibal killed. Isn't that personal?" Will asked.

"You thought I was a killer." Hannibal said.

"I don't blame Miriam Lass for shooting Frederick Chilton. I wanted to kill him myself." Jack said. Jack looked from Hannibal to Will, unwilling to commit.

"Greatest crime now would be to walk away from what we've shared and suffered. In many ways, we need each other. We're the only ones who will know what this feels like." Hannibal said.

Will eats the fish and said, "This fish is delicious."

He holds Hannibal's gaze....

**HORSE STABLE - DAY**
A traditional barn-like building surrounded by a paddock with horses that stamp and snort, their breath misting the cold.

A stable hand is leading a Veterinarian with his bag into the stable.

"I came in this morning and found all the horses with hoods on. She was lying dead in her stall." The stable hand said.

In a stable, a dead horse lies on its side, stomach extended.

"She had a foal two days ago?" The veterinarian asked.

"It was born dead. She hasn't eaten since, pining I guess." The stable hand answered.

The veterinarian bends to examine the dead horse, "Feels like she's still pregnant. Did they check for twins?" The stable hand shrugs, doesn't know. The veterinarian looks unimpressed with the medical work. "Who performed this C-section?"

"She didn't have a C-section." The stable hand answered.

The veterinarian looks confused, he leaned back so the stable hand can see a rough line of stitches across the horse's belly.

"Those weren't there yesterday." The stable hand said.

For a moment, confusion clouds the veterinarian's face. Then he makes a decision. Reaching into his medical bag, he finds a scalpel and cuts the stitches loose. He reaches through the thick wall of muscle with a gloved arm and then pulls the innards free. As the horse's insides pour out onto the floor, entangled in the guts and organs is the nude body of a young woman.

The veterinarian falls back in horror at his discovery....

Chapter End Notes

Clarice is in the dark about the trap that Will and Jack are setting for Hannibal as the ice fished (this shouldn't be a spoiler since I am sure most of you had seen the TV series if not....whoops xD) mostly because they don't want any harm coming to her.
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

Clarice goes to the ranch but doesn't enjoy it, because of her history....

....And sorry about this chapter but Alana and Hannibal slept together again *dives into my bunker*

Su-zakana Part 1

HORSE STABLE - NIGHT

Hannibal studies the dead horse's face, running a hand across its neck, almost unconsciously. Jack standing over him with a considerably pale Clarice standing just behind him, Hannibal was keeping a careful eye on her since he doubted that Jack knew of her history about ranches and how uncomfortable she will be.

"I agree with the pagans. The horse is divine. All beasts of burden are sacred animals." Hannibal said.

"This kind of mutilation often presents as cult activity." Jack said.

Brian unpacks his kit next to the womb woman, now lying on a sheet of plastic. Jimmy stands over the horse, photographs the sutures and incision. He cranes his camera, trying to get a good angle in the abdominal cavity.

"When an animal's sacrificed, it's presumed the power of the beast will be psychically transported to whoever's offering up the goods." Jimmy said.

"Which is why sacrificial animals should be healthy, without any defects. This horse was dying." Hannibal said.

"Its womb was more or less intact." Brian said as he shines down on the womb woman revealing a constellation of small bruises on her throat with a portable ultraviolet lamp "Victim was deceased before she was enwombed. Ecchymosis of the subcutaneous tissue is consistent...."

"She was strangled." Jimmy said.

Zeller tucks the lamp away, grabs a flashlight and peels back an eyelid to find the whites of the eye are blood red.

"She was scrappy. Put up a fight." Brian said.

Jack and Hannibal watching and listening nearby.

"The horse is a chrysalis, a cocoon meant to hold the young woman until her death can be
transformed." Hannibal said.

"Transformed into what?" Jack asked.

"Life. A new life. This is a birth. Or it was intended to be. This is every bit as much about giving life as it is taking it." Hannibal answered.

"What's the thinking?" Jack asked.

Hannibal studied the macabre madness laid out before him as he said, "Conflicted. I see what he's done. I don't understand why he's done it. This killer doesn't think like anyone else, Jack. You'll need someone who doesn't think like anyone else to catch him."

Jack realizing exactly who Hannibal is referring to....

"You okay, Clarice?" Jimmy's question drew both men's attention to the young woman who had wandered over to Jimmy's side.

Instead of answering, Clarice turned on her heel and rushed out of the barn. Jimmy and Jack moved to follow her but Hannibal raised his hand and said, "I'll go check on her, she'll probably open up to me." He left the barn to find her dry heaving near the back of her car, Hannibal walked over to her and gently placed his hand on her back, rubbing soothing circles as he waited for her to calm down. She apparently had the foresight to pull her hair back in a ponytail before she got here.

"...Is it the lambs again, Clarice?"

She takes a shuddering breath before she straightened, he kept his hand on her back, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, "Yeah...sorry, Dr Lecter, this happens every time I see or go to a ranch."

"Why did you come here then?" Hannibal asked as he opened her passenger side door and gently ushered her to sit down before he reached to the cooler that was on the floor board and opened it then he handed her a bottle of water.

Clarice didn't say anything about his rudeness instead she took the bottle of water and tried to open it but her hands were shaking too much to open it, Hannibal then takes it from her and opened it for her, "Thank you...I wanted to get over my childhood trauma, Doctor." She takes a drink of the cool water.

"You don't have to do this, Clarice, you're clearly not ready to face this." Hannibal said soothingly.

Clarice lowered the water bottle and laughed humorlessly, "I can't let this rule my life, Doctor, I can't continue to feel this way every time I see a ranch of any kind." She shook her head. "I'm going to be alone for the rest of my life if I don't and I want what my parents had, the love and companionship...the friendship and understanding."

That was more a lot more information about her mind frame then she would have normally told him and he was happy.

He opened his mouth to tell her that she wouldn't be alone, that she could find that in him when her phone suddenly rang.

She twitched in surprise before she fished it out and looked at the screen, a smile curved her lips before she answered it, "Why hello there, Dad, what can I do for you?"
Hannibal had at first thought it was Will but apparently it was that man again, the one that had been with Clarice when her mentor had been locked away.

"....Mom is heading to my house with new clothes? Okay, I'll be right there." Clarice said. "Uh huh, bye." She hanged up the phone before she placed the phone back in her pocket and looked at him. "Sorry, Doctor, but can we finish this another time? I have work to do, tell Jack where I went and that I'll be with my mom."

She had no problem calling other men by their first names but with him, she refused and always called him by his title no matter how many times he had told her otherwise. It made him very possessive over her even more.

Instead he smiled and said, "Of course, Clarice, but don't stay out too late though."

"I won't, Doctor." She smiled before she stood up, brushing against the doctor because he didn't step back to give her room to move.

Clarice faltered a little as her eyes rose to met his and maintaining eye contact, she side stepped away from his presence all the while her body moving against his. He had thought he had caught a different scent other than her skin cream and perfume and Will's aftershave.

But she had showed no reaction to the fact that he had affected her in anyway.

**CLARICE'S HOUSE- NIGHT**

Clarice pulled up next to Danielle's car and turned off her car, she opened the door and slammed shut the door with a little more force then necessary. Hannibal had rattled her friendly indifference towards him by standing so close to her when she had gotten up and the fact that he didn't move back to allow her to walk around her car didn't help her rattled state either.

She had savagely beaten down the arousal that she had felt when their bodies touched, by forcing herself to remember her daddy's death. That had done it's job, nothing like thinking about that day to cool ones arousal. He was with Alana and she wasn't the type to tempt a man from his girlfriend or wife, her mama and daddy had raised her right as did her adopted parents.

And it didn't help that every time she moved, she caught of whiff of his cologne and aftershave. A nice spicy scent that was obviously expensive and fit him very well, it was going to stay in her jacket for a while now.

Fan-fucking-tastic.

"You, my dear, don't look like you haven't been getting any sleep at all." Danielle observed when Clarice walked from her car to where she was waiting by the front door.

Clarice chuckled humorlessly and said, "Had a lot of stuff on my mind, mom, been cutting into my sleep...and my nightmares don't help."

"You have been telling people about your nightmares, right?" Danielle asked.

"And I have been writing them down as well." Clarice said as she unlocked her front door and Danielle walked in, carrying the bags and walked up the stairs.

"I'll put away your new clothes and then be on my way so you can rest, my dear." Danielle said. "You look terrible and women need their beauty rest."
Clarice smiled at her words, she was amused not annoyed by her adopted mother she knew that she meant well and did it out of love.

"Thank you, mom."

"Don't thank me yet, Clare Bear!" Danielle shouted from her bedroom as she put away her clothes and threw away the tags before she walked down the stairs, she placed a kiss on Clarice's forehead. "Be safe, my dear, and don't let this job bring you down. Keep a stiff upper lip and raise that chin, keep a straight back and never let them see you cry."

Clarice smiled at her and said, "I will, thank you for the clothes."

"You're welcome." Danielle said as she walked out of the house.

"Give Dad my love." Clarice followed her out

"I will! Toodle-oo!" Danielle waved before she climbed into her car and drove off.

Clarice waved with a small smile on her lips before she walked back into her house, closing her door behind her.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alana is flushed, the sheet tucked under her arms. A glass of cold white wine, shined with condensation, is handed to her. She sits up, the sheet still around her, Hannibal has passed her the glass. He is shirtless beside her.

"It's one way to change the subject." Alana said then added off his look. "I'm not complaining, but part of me suspects we ended up here to avoid where our conversation was going."

"As long as you're not complaining." Hannibal said.

"What are you doing, Hannibal?" Alana asked.

"Recovering." Hannibal answered.

"Too much has happened for us not to talk about this. However pleasant the distractions." Alana said.

"I am recovering. From all that has happened. So is Will. So are you." Hannibal said as he moved closer, wishing that it was Clarice instead of Alana. "I would change many things, but not that they brought us here. Or that they brought Will back to therapy."

He leans back and she rolls to him, leans against his chest, looking him in the eye. Sips her wine.

"The only thing stranger than finding a woman inside a horse is seeing you back in therapy with Will Graham."

"Is it really so strange?" Hannibal asked.

"He tried to murder you." Alana answered.

"Circumstances have changed for Will. They've changed for me." Hannibal said. "The revelation of Frederick Chilton's guilt has shifted perspective."
"I'm not convinced Will thinks Frederick Chilton was guilty." Alana said.

"Why would he lie?" Hannibal asked.

"He's suppressing the truth about what he's feeling and substituting it with something else." Alana answered.

"Do you know why Will tried to kill me? Wasn't to avenge Beverly Katz's death. It was to prevent yours and Ms. Starling's. He was protecting you and her. The only way he felt he had left to him." Hannibal stated.

Oh, Will was protecting Clarice alright but from the wrong predator, there were other Predators that would harm her.

That lands. Alana absorbs it, she knows it to be true.

"I'm afraid Will opened a door in himself and no one knows if it closed again. Especially not Will." Alana said.

"Then it's healthy he's back in therapy with a good psychiatrist." Hannibal said.

He sips his wine and raises his glass, looks through the pale green liquid, face distorting....

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An aquarium that held exotic fish that swim through the tank.

A woman, a striking beauty in her twenties. A knee presses into her neck. Her arm is wrenched behind her. Her face tenses, bracing against pain, tears welling.

"You should have taken the chocolate, Margot." A man's voice said.

The stoic tears finally spill out past her eyelashes. The tears flowing down her cheeks are stopped by a tiny 3/4" square of gauze. The gauze swells like a sponge with tears.

A martini is chilled, inviting. PLIP. The tear-filled gauze drops into the glass, followed by olives impaled on a cocktail stick. As the martini is lifted by a masculine hand sporting a distinctive family ring....

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The woman's neck is still bruised. She stands next to a window, watching the snowfall.

"You are no more at fault for what happened to you than if you had been bitten by a mad dog." Hannibal said.

She turns to look at Hannibal who is sitting in his chair, observing the woman, Margot Verger, by the window.

"Mad dogs are put down." Margot said.

"That what you hoped to accomplish when you attacked your brother?" Hannibal asked.
"Apparently, I went about “putting him down” the wrong way. He’s still alive. Should have waited until my arm was healed." Margot said.

"Doing bad things to bad people makes us feel good. Did you feel good trying to kill your brother?" Hannibal asked.

"Trying wasn’t terribly satisfying." Margot said.

Margot blinks as Hannibal watches her.

"What’s your relationship with your brother now? Has it changed?" Hannibal asked.

"I think he thinks I’ve calmed down." Margot said.

"Have you?" Hannibal asked.

"Oh, I’m calm." She answered.

"Are you going to try again?"

Margot stares, studying Hannibal as she said, "This is where therapy gets tricky."

"It doesn't have to be tricky." Hannibal said.

"I could confess to a murder and you can’t say a word. I could’ve killed someone this morning and you can’t say a word. But if I’m planning to commit a murder..." She trailed off.

"I am ethically obligated to take action to prevent that murder. Be that as it may, if there’s no one else to protect you, Margot, you have to protect yourself." Hannibal said. "It would actually have been more therapeutic if you had killed him."

Margot considered Hannibal's loyalties....

**BAU - MORGUE - DAY**

A body bag is unzipped revealing the body of woman, the body enwombed in the dead horse.

"Her name is Sarah Craber." Jimmy said.

Jack observes as Zeller and Price hover over Sarah Craber on the examination table.

"She was a horse groom at the stables where her body was found. She was reported missing last week." Jimmy continued to say.

"We have a hand-spread on her neck, but we haven't found anything on her but horse uterus." Brian said.

Zeller opens the victim's mouth. Shines a light inside.

"The uterus isn't always such a safe, nurturing place. Shark fetuses cannibalize each other in utero. And chances are very good that everyone in this room has absorbed a twin. Mine survived." Jimmy said.
"Her throat's obstructed. Soil. Someone packed it down there pretty deep. There's none in her teeth." Brian said as he uses a small tool to remove a clod of dirt from her throat. There's a rush of air as Zeller unplugs the clog.

Jimmy leans across the body with an evidence bag, collecting the dirt clod Zeller pulled out and fishing for others.

"I'll check the pH levels, see what organic matter or trace elements we come up with. Should be able to find out where it came from." Suddenly, he jumps back, a frightened look on his face. "She has a heartbeat."

"She was in rigor..." Jack said.

Brian feels her neck as he said, "There's no pulse."

"She has a heartbeat." Jimmy said.

Brian feels her chest and said, "She has a heartbeat."

Jack steps forward, feels the woman's chest and said, "Something's beating."

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Brian cranks the rib spreader and crack, Zeller continues to crank the rib spreader, cracking the ribs as they spread. A moment as he leans in for a closer look at the chest cavity. A still moment, then a robin flutters out of the corpse's chest cavity and flutters wildly about the room. As Zeller and Price cover their heads, Jack stands his ground, unfazed.

**HORSE STABLE - DAY**

* A horse's nostrils flare and his eyes are wide. He tosses his head and shows his teeth. Hooves stamp, nostrils flare and tails swish.

* Horses in the stable stalls. Nervousness communicating between them like an electric current.

* Will walks backward right across the stable in front of the horses, their heads turning to follow him. Will holds a thick case folder under one arm.

* Will stopped and looked down at the folder. It is open to a crime scene photo of the barn. Will closes his eyes. A pendulum swings across the blackness behind his eyes. It clicks into place.

* Will's eyes open, he now stands in deep rural darkness. Will looks to the horses in the stalls. Nervously moving and stamping.

"I don't want you to see me. I don't want you to see what I do. I want to calm you, comfort you." Will said. He slides cloth hoods over the horses' heads, he strokes their necks. He murmurs gently, calming them. "There's so much comfort in darkness. But not for one of you."

Now Will is leading a horse from its stall. The dead horse-to-be. It too is hooded and stands calmly as Will strokes its neck. And then slides a large needle into its neck. Will holds the horse's head lovingly.
Will stands over the now-dead horse.

Will is holding the dead womb woman in his arms. He bears her gently, like Lear carrying his beloved Cordelia. Will carries her to the dead horse, he places her gently on the ground. Next to her, a small, draped cage. Will pulls away the drape to reveal the robin which immediately begins to flutter inside.

"I took your life and then tried to give it back to you." Will said.

The robin flutters in its cage. Sarah Craber stares, her face smeared with dirt, mouth full of soil...

Will takes a knife and begins to slice open the horse's abdomen. It's hard work and takes real effort.

"I find its womb, place you inside." Will said.

Will is now stitching up the wound in the horse's belly.

"I hope that the forces of death and biology will bring you rebirth." Will said.

He stands and stares at his handiwork.

Will holds the open file in his hands as he said, "It's a coffin birth."

Jack is standing nearby.

" Decomposition builds up gasses within the putrefied body and pushes the dead fetus out of its mother's corpse. It's really more of a prolapse than a birth." Will stated.

"Not to whoever did this." Jack said.

"Whoever did this knew the horse. Knew she was dying because her foal was born dead. Knew Sarah Craber." Will said. "He's familiar with the stables. He knew when he wouldn't get caught. He works here or maybe used to. He has medical knowledge of animals, but isn't a veterinarian. He considers himself a healer."

"How is this healing?" Jack asked.

"Sarah Craber was reborn. And a mother and her child are finally on the same side of life. This wasn't murder, Jack. This was grief." Will stated.

Jack considered their next move...

**ANIMAL RESCUE - DAY**

Two weathered buildings stand in a rustic setting, the animal rescue and, beyond it, a large animal barn where a black horse looks out over its stall door.

The SUV pulls up and stops. Jack and Will in the front seat.

Will and Jack approach the doors and find them open. Share a look and then Jack pulls the door aside and they enter. It is dark inside, but full of low noises...

Jack knocks on the door frame. And the room explodes with noise. On every wall, floor-to-ceiling
metal cages contain small wild animals in different stages of medical care. Raccoons, skunks, squirrels and birds of all kinds. All now going crazy with agitation.

"Scare them when ya' knock like that." A man's voice said.

Jack and Will turn to find a weathered, lean man. Wild-looking himself. A scar on his forehead.

"Peter Bernardone?" Jack asked.

Instead of answering the man moved past them, his focus on the animals as he lowers drop of cloths over the cages, immediately quieting them.

"You don't seem curious who we are." Jack stated.

"Who are you?" Bernardone asked.

"Agent Jack Crawford. FBI. This is Will Graham. We'd like to ask you about someone you might have had contact with when you worked at Blackbriar Stables. Sarah Craber. Her body was found recently in very unusual circumstances." Jack stated.

"I heard." Bernardone said.

"There was a bird in her chest. Did you hear about that?" Will asked.

"Is the bird alive?" He asked.

"Yes." Will answered.

A flicker of relief crossed the man's face as he asked, "Who's taking care of it?"

"How well did you know Sarah Craber?" Jack asked.

"I didn't know her." Bernardone said.

"Would you mind looking at a photograph for me?" Jack asked.

Peter shakes his head, turns and murmurs to his animals, "I know who she is, I just didn't know her."

Jack said regarding the picture as he held it out to him, "Just to be sure."

Reluctantly, Peter takes it. Will is watching him closely. Taking a deep breath, Peter turns his line of sight away from Jack. Reaches for the photo. Looks at it closely, then repeats the same pattern. Looks away from Jack. Then hands him the photo. Under this, Jack and Will exchange looks.

"Peter, you had a head injury when you worked at the stables." Will said.

"I was kicked by a horse." Bernardone said.

Jack looks at Will.

"It's an atypical motor response. Peter's ability to look and touch can only happen as separate events." Will explained to Jack then to Peter. "Aggravated by stress, isn't it?"
Peter glances at Will, exposed and somehow understood.

"Are you feeling stressed?" Jack asked.

"I'm worried about the bird." Bernardone answered

"A woman is dead, Mr. Bernardone. And you're worried about a bird." Jack said disgusted.

"I'm sad for her, I'm sad for the horse. But I can't help them. I can help the bird." Bernardone said before he turns away and goes to the cages. Jack and Will watch.

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As they walk back to the car:

"He knows the victim. He knows the animals involved." Will said.

"We'll need a warrant." Jack said.

"I don't know if he's the killer, Jack. If he is, he never meant to be. If he isn't, he knows who is." Will said.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Will sits with Hannibal. Mid therapy session.

"You were able to reconstruct his fantasies. One dead creature giving birth to another. The bird, his victim's new beating heart. Her soul given wings." Hannibal said.

"Rebirths can only ever be symbolic." Will said.

"You've been reborn." Hannibal stated.

"Wasn't that the goal of my therapy?" Will asked.

"How does it feel consulting again with Jack Crawford and the FBI? Last time it nearly destroyed you." Hannibal answered.

"Last time you nearly destroyed me." Will stated.

Hannibal sighs and said, "After everything that's happened, Will, you still believe..."

Will interrupted him by saying, "You can stop right there. You may have to pretend, but I don't."

Hannibal stares at Will, smiles, then he said, "No, you don't. Not with me."

"I don't expect you to admit anything. You can't. But I prefer sins of omission to outright lies, Dr. Lecter. Don't lie to me." Will said.

"Will you return the courtesy? Why have you resumed your therapy?" Hannibal asked.

"Can't just talk to any psychiatrist about what's kicking round my head." Will answered.
Hannibal gauges Will thoughtfully, then he asked, "Do you fantasize about killing me?"

"Yes." Will answered without any hesitation.

"Tell me. How would you do it?" Hannibal asked.

Will considers that a moment, then he said, "With my hands."

"Then we haven't moved past apologies and forgiveness." Hannibal said.

"We've moved past a lot of things. I discovered a truth about myself when I tried to have you killed." Will stated.

"That doing bad things to bad people makes you feel good?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes." Will answered.

"I need to know if you're going to try to kill me again, Will." Hannibal said.

"I don't want to kill you anymore, Dr. Lecter, not now that I finally find you interesting." Will said with a smile.

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She wore a new leather jacket, that was of better quality than her other ones, that had a different perfume wafting off her as she walked passed him, she must have gotten it from another woman. Her adopted mother, perhaps?

"Hello, Doctor." Clarice greeted.

"Hello, Clarice, please take a seat." Hannibal said.

Clarice smiled as she took a seat, "Was Will just here?"

"Yes."

"I thought so, I could smell his aftershave." Clarice said innocently as she took a breath.

Was she starting to form an attraction to her mentor now? Since she was now able to pick out Will's scent easily.

"Should we continue our conversation from last night, Clarice?"

"Oh you mean when I completely broke down in front of Jack?" Clarice asked. "Very professional of me by the way." She shook her head. "And really stupid too, I should have said no."

"But you didn't."

"Yeah and I regretted it after I ended up dry heaving next to my car."

"So you won't be going back to the ranch?"

"Nope, I am going to let Will handle that solo, I can't do it." Clarice said. "I keep remembering that day, Will knows why and he won't push me but Jack doesn't and we're both afraid that he will push." She shook her head as an humorless smile curved her full lips.
"Isn't Will worried about you?" Hannibal said.

"Oh yeah, Will is very worried but he also knows that I am strong but even he knows that my strength has its limits and this is one of them." Clarice said.

Hannibal smiled at her and said, "It's good to know your limits."

Clarice smiled back at him.

Chapter End Notes

*pokes head out of bunker* We cool??
Chapter Notes

Just letting you all know that because I post the epilogue to this story that I will be editing this story and the first one, adding more Hannibal/Clarice and Will/Clarice scenes and I will tell you guys when I am finished.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Su-zakana Part 2

FIELD - NIGHT

That the grave is at the center of fifteen other graves. Large spotlights turning night into day. Brian stops his work as he sees Will and Clarice approaching. A long beat. Then he approaches Will, Clarice takes a discreet step back but not too far away from her mentor.

"I owe you an apology." Brian said.

"You don't owe me anything." Will said.

"I thought you were a killer. Didn't want to hear anything else. So wouldn't consider anything else." Brian said.

"The evidence was compelling." Will said.

"Didn't stop Beverly questioning it. If she thought we'd listen, maybe she'd have come to us. She didn't." Brian said then he added after glancing towards a stoic Clarice. "And Starling too, ever since from the beginning she was always questioning it."

Clarice doesn't say anything at that because she had always said that she didn't believe that Will had killed those girls so there was no point to repeating herself but it did feel damn good to be proven right.

But she did have an air of smugness around her though.

And there is the pain for all of them. Brian holds out a hand. Will shakes it, Clarice watched them. As they part, Jack is standing behind them, letting them get it done. He looks at Will and Clarice.

"We tracked the soil in Sarah Craber's mouth to this vicinity. Methane probes did the rest. Found her empty grave. Then found fifteen others that aren't so empty." Jack said.

"If Peter Bernardone knew about Sarah Craber's grave, then he knew about all of them." Will said.

"Still think he's not a killer?" Jack asked.

Clarice looked at Jack at that and frowned slightly but doesn't say anything.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY
"Every human being is capable of committing acts of great cruelty." Hannibal said.

Hannibal is in session with Margot Verger.

"My family doesn’t see me as the victim. They see me as the passive aggressor. They were disgusted by what my brother did. Not with him. With me for allowing it to happen." Margot said.

"Your brother dehumanized you and your family unfortunately fosters that climate of disrespect." Hannibal said as he wondered if Clarice had any siblings, he’d have to ask her during their next session.

Though he doubted that he could get much from her, getting her to talk about her childhood was very difficult, much like pulling teeth or trying to subdue a very scrappy prey.

"They think I’m weird." Margot said.

"I’m much weirder than you will ever be, Margot. It’s fine to be weird." Hannibal said.

"They’ve already forgiven him. Talk shows and self-help books thrive on this sort of thing. Everybody loves a sinner redeemed." Margot said as Hannibal watches her silently, studying her. "He’s the prodigal son, set about repairing his ways. He may have made bad choices before. But now he can make new, better choices."

"Do you believe that?" Hannibal asked after his studying of her.

"Do you believe me?" Margot asked instead of answering.

"It’s not my role to believe you, Margot; it’s my role to help you understand what you believe. Frustratingly noncommittal." Hannibal answered.

"I believe my brother won't stop." Margot stated.

"How does that make you feel?" Hannibal asked.

"Angry." Margot answered.

"Anger is an energizing emotion; prompts action against threat. If you’re angry, you’re optimistic you can stop this from happening again." Hannibal said.

"I know how to stop it." Margot said.

"Anybody can become angry. According to Aristotle, that’s the easy part. But to be angry with the right person, and to the right degree, and at the right time, and for the right purpose, and in the right way. That’s not easy." Hannibal said as Margot averts her eyes, Hannibal sits forward as he continues to talk. "If you really want to kill your brother, Margot. Wait until you can get away with it. Or find someone to do it for you."

He briefly wondered how easily it would be to push Clarice into killing someone or getting someone else to kill for her.

**ANIMAL RESCUE - DAY**

Will is holding the robin in its cage with Clarice at his side, she wore her normally clothing expect
for the fact that she wore fitted tan slacks and a tan leather jacket.

Will sits on one side of the examination table, Peter sits on the other side and Clarice is walking around now. The bird is between them, acting as a buffer as Will coaxes conversation out of Peter.

"Said you're worried about the bird. Thought you might like to see it." Will said.

"Isn't this evidence?" Bernardone asked as he struggled to keep his eyes away from the pretty lady that had arrived with Will, her hands in her pockets as she walked around the room looking at the animals and not agitating them at all.

"I'm not FBI. I used to sort of be FBI. But now I'm really not." Will stated.

"What are you?" Bernardone asked.

"I'm figuring that out. You might say this is some kind of therapy." Will said.

Clarice glanced over at Peter and said, "I'm just a trainee and his protege so just ignore me..."

Will glanced at her when she said that, even after all this she still wanted to be his protege.

"I've already got a social worker." Bernardone said.

"Therapy's not for you, it's for me." Will said. "The agent I was here with. He's coming back with a warrant. He'll arrest you, impound your animals. And it will break your heart."

"I didn't kill anybody." Bernardone said.

"I know you didn't, but that's not always relevant. What did you do, Peter? They found Sarah Craber's grave. How did you find it?" Will asked.

Peter's attention drifts from Will, focusing on the robin, "Funny how you can develop an individual language with an animal only you can understand. No one else knows, not even other animals."

Then he motioned to the bird. "This one's already speaking to me."

Clarice glanced at him and said, "I can understand that, I have a dog and a cat that seem to talk to me."

Peter glanced at her and hesitantly smiled at her, she smiled at him.

"This one's spoken to you before." Will said then added off his look. "At some point, almost every culture believed birds carried our souls into the afterlife." A pause. "They can't all be wrong."

"You think I think this bird is Sarah Craber? She's gone, she's everywhere and nowhere." Bernardone said.

"Tell me who killed her." Will replied.

Peter goes still, thoughtful. He regards the bird as he said, "After something so ugly, I just wanted something beautiful for her."

"You were grieving her. You couldn't save her, but you could bring poetry to her death." Will said as Clarice finally came to a stop behind him.
"I wanted you to find me. If you could find me, you could find him." Bernardone said.

"Do you have a shadow, Peter? Someone only you can see. He's someone you considered a friend. He made you feel you weren't alone. Until you saw what he really is, and it made you even lonelier." Will asked.

"No one will believe me. He'll make sure no one will believe me." Bernardone said.

"I'll make sure they do." Will said.

"We both will, Peter." Clarice said with a friendly, kind smile.

Peter Bernardone considered Will's and Clarice's offer....

**BAU - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Alana is with Clark Ingram, late 30s, neat, smiling. The two-way mirror is at Alana's back.

"Every social worker enjoys some aspects of the job more than others. There are cases that you reach and cases you don't reach." Ingram said.

"Your notes on Peter Bernardone's file are drastically different than the ones from his last case worker." Alana said.

"The social services system is far from perfect. It's common to omit certain information on difficult cases to clear a path in the world for those stuck in the weeds." Ingram said.

"His sort of traumatic brain injury can make someone more vulnerable to psychological disorders." Alana said.

"Post-concussion syndrome. He's had persistent cognitive problems. Confusion, paranoia, rage. Would have refused his case if I'd known." Ingram said.

"You don't seem to feel sorry for your client. A surprising lack of empathy in a social worker." Alana said.

"Peter Bernardone has accused me of murdering sixteen women." Ingram said.

"How does that make you feel?" Alana asked.

"Right now I'm feeling inconvenienced. I'm being detained on the word of one very damaged individual." Ingram said.

"You're not being detained, you're being interviewed. The FBI is just being thorough." Alana said.

Alana bends to scribble a note. Ingram's smile falls. When she looks up, he smiles again. Automatic. A mask.

"What are you writing down?" Ingram asked.

"An observation." Alana answered.
"About me?" Ingram asked.

Alana smiles at Ingram and seemingly instinctively reaches out to touch Ingram's hand on the tabletop.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable." Alana said.

He pulls his hand away. His face changes, eyes become still and cold. Then he smiles again, forcing charm back through.

===

Will is watching intently through the observation mirror, Jack, Clarice and Hannibal alongside him. Will looks at them.

"Smart. She keeps pushing him on his feelings, not the facts. She's trying to gauge how comfortable he is with emotion, if he has any. He couldn't bear to be touched by her." Will said.

Jack looks at Hannibal.

"His responses are typical of many psychopaths during interviews, but could also be resentment." Hannibal said.

"His eyes are dead. He's a predator." Will said.

Clarice silently stared at Clark as her arms crossed over her chest, her eyes scanning over his face. Will was watching Clarice and Hannibal was watching Will watch Clarice, trying to figure out their relationship now.

=====

"Did you know Sarah Craber?" Alana asked.

"No. Peter talked about her extensively during my house visits. I'd say he was obsessed with her." Ingram said.

"You think Peter Bernardone is capable of murder?" Alana asked.

"I'm not a psychiatrist, Dr. Bloom." Ingram stated.

Alana nods, makes another note as she said, "I'm curious, Mr. Ingram. Why did you become a social worker?"

"Society needs caring people." Ingram said.

"It also needs a few psychopaths to keep the rest of us on our toes." Alana said.

He leans forward to Alana, the smile gone now, "There is no evidence I did this. It's a statement of fact for him, not of innocence. "And if you want to know how I feel, I feel like I don't want to be here anymore. If I'm not being detained, I'd like to be on my way."

Alana watches him without speaking.

============
Jack leans forward and presses a button on the console.

"Let him go." Jack said.

"You're making a mistake, Jack." Will said.

"Let me go in there, Jack, I can get the right reaction from him." Clarice said.

"I've got nothing to hold him on." Jack said to them both. "And while I am sure you can do it, Clarice, I don't want you in there."

She doesn't say anything because she seemed to be looking for something, she pulled out her phone and swiped her thumb over the screen she read the text then she rolled her eyes before she shoved it into her back pocket roughly then she looked at Will. "I gotta go, my mother wants to have a dinner date with me before she leaves for the UK once more." Clarice then did something that surprised and angered Hannibal, she hugged Will and then kissed him on the cheek before she pulled away and nodded to Jack and Hannibal. "Mr. Crawford and Dr Lecter, I'll see you two later." She walked out of the room, softly closing the door and walked away.

"Peter Bernardone is psychologically disadvantaged. He's been manipulated. As his social worker, this man is in a position of trust. He betrayed that trust." Will said breaking the awkward silence that had been hovering in the room since she left.

Hannibal is still watching Alana and Ingram, Alana holding the door for him as he exits.

"I know what it's like to point at a killer and have no one listen." Will continued to say.

"You pointed in the wrong direction." Jack stated.

Hannibal looks at Jack, then at Will.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT- NIGHT

"Hello, my darling." Danielle said as she placed a kiss on Clarice's cheek and hugged her before the two women sat down.

Clarice smiled as she smoothed out her pencil skirt dress and put napkin on her lap, "So what's up, mom?" Her mother had already ordered their food and drinks.

Danielle smiled as she took a sip of her wine and said, "You're having men troubles, my dear, I noticed it when I came over earlier."

"...I have no idea what you are talking about." Clarice said with a sip of her own wine.

Her mother waggled her finger at her and said, "Ah ah, my dear, don't play dumb on me...I know the look. So tell your mama about the men in your life who made you so sad."

Clarice smiled before she told her mother everything as they ate and drank the wine, Danielle listened silently as Clarice talked and once she was done the older woman reached out and placed her hand over hers.

"You should date this Will Graham."
Clarice coughed as she put her glass down and patted her chest then she said once her air way was cleared, "He's my teacher and mentor."

"Ah, former teacher, my dear." Danielle said. "So it's fine if you two hook up now."

"Mom, nothing will ever happen between us."

"Don't say that, Clare Bear, it could happen." Danielle said. "There is mutual attraction there, yes?"

"...I think so, yes."

"So it could happen! And forget about this Doctor yours! He obviously doesn't have good taste in women." Danielle said with a smile.

Clarice only smiled and laughed at her adopted mother's comment before she took a sip of her wine.

**ANIMAL RESCUE - NIGHT**

The Animal rescue is oddly quiet and still. Dark inside, but the low noises that was heard before are absent. Peter walks inside and senses something is wrong. Turns on a light to find that the walls of cages are all empty. Their doors thrown open. The food and bedding tossed haphazardly about.

Peter moans deep within himself, turns and exits...

Peter comes out running and heads for the large-animal barn. He rushes inside.

The horse lies dead on the floor amidst the pens and stalls. Bleeding out from a head wound, next to a bloody hammer. Peter drops to his knees and strokes the horse's head. A shadow falls across him and he turns to see Clark Ingram standing behind him. Incongruously, Ingram holds a bloodied hammer, a tuft of black horse hair stuck to the blood.

"What have you done, Peter? I'm worried about you. You've been expressing a lot of rage recently." Ingram said as Peter stares at him as if he were mad, tears welling. "So often in my line of work, I see people take out their resentments on those closest to them. It's a sad fact of human nature. And your brain injury leaves you prone to extremes of emotion. The way you think is compromised." He added sadly. "Peter, you're destroying your life." Peter is realizing how realistic this version of events sounds. Shakes his head. Agitated. Hating the kernel of truth behind these lies. "Sarah was a sad reminder of all the things you'll never have." Clark points with the hammer at the horse. "And that's the very horse who kicked you in the head."

Peter looks at the horse, "She was scared, she didn't mean to."

"Some will say this was a long-time coming. I know I will. Already have. Sixteen women, Peter. You killed the first shortly after your accident. You killed them because you weren't worthy of them." Clark sounds so plausible. He smiles at Peter, suddenly his eyes are so cruel.

"You killed them." Bernardone stated.

"If I had killed them, it's because I decided they were worthy of me." Ingram said his cruelty and malice are too much for Peter who quietly eyes the hammer in Clark Ingram's hand...

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S CAR - NIGHT**
Hannibal drives along a dark country road, Will in the passenger seat beside him. Hannibal looks at Will, his eyes fixed ahead.

"You look like a man who has suffered an irrevocable loss." Hannibal said.

"I'm trying to prevent one." Will said.

"Do you think if you save Peter Bernardone, you can save yourself?" Hannibal asked.

"Save myself from who, Dr. Lecter?" Will saved

"From who you perceive me to be." Hannibal said.

"I'm afraid I need to be saved from who you perceive me to be." Will said.

"Every time you think about it, it stings, doesn't it? Wondering if I could be right about you." Hannibal said. "Many troublesome behaviors strike when we are uncertain of ourselves. Peter Bernardone lies in the same darkness that holds you."

"I'm alone in that darkness." Will said. "And Clarice is standing in the light...just out of reach of my hands, I don't want to taint her with the darkness. Clarice is beautiful in the light..."

That sounded poetic...and very romantic too.

"You're not alone, Will. I'm standing right beside you." Hannibal said as he fought for control over his emotions when he heard Will talk about Clarice in that manner. "Does Peter Bernardone fantasize about killing the way you do?"

"He's not a killer." Will said.

"Given extreme enough circumstances, we can all behave like psychopaths." Hannibal said.

**ANIMAL RESCUE - NIGHT**

Hannibal's car comes in and Will exits. Will rushes toward the shelter.

Will enters. Scans the room. Realizes the place has been ransacked. Will stares at the devastation. Hannibal appears behind him. Will draws his gun, turns and rushes back past Hannibal.

Will runs across the yard to the large-animal barn.

"Peter?! Peter Bernardone?!" Will shouted as he enters the barn.

Peter turns and looks at Will. His face is streaked with blood. A cut on his head. Peter is kneeling before the dead black horse, a pool of blood spreading around him from the terrible wound in its abdomen which he is finishing stitching. The horse's belly is horribly distended. Hannibal appears at Will's shoulder. Will lowers his gun.
By fitted I mean her slacks were fitted around the derrière area, Hannibal and Will both looked just going to come out and say it and who could blame them? Clarice has a really nice looking one xD not too big, not too small but just right...

Oh, Hannibal, you're a hot weirdo and we all love you xD

Uh oh, Clarice kisses Will in front of Hannibal...on the cheek though but still....
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

.....I really hated Clark....like almost as much as Freddie and Chilton!

And vision Clarice makes her first appearance!!! Yay!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Su-zakana Part 3

ANIMAL RESCUE - LARGE-ANIMAL BARN - NIGHT

Will and Hannibal are still looking at Peter on the floor by the dead black horse.

"Peter... is your social worker inside that horse?" Will asked.

"Well, I can't say that he didn't have it coming..." A vision of Clarice appeared at Will's side but he didn't look at her, she wore a white nightgown that had thin straps that crossed in the back with a U-shaped neckline around her slender throat was two white pearl chokers. Her long black hair was worn loose. "But I wouldn't have stuck him into the horse."

Will didn't respond to her, he knew that only he could see her he just let her voice wash over him and try to calm his emotions. Like it would have done if she was here with him in person.

Peter nods and said, "We are hardwired to see human beings everywhere. Every animal. Every life. We're all human."

"Even God is personified." Hannibal said.

Peter said, regarding the horse, "He couldn't see that. He forfeited his humanity. I forfeited mine." A pause. "I used to have a horrible fear of hurting anything. He helped me get over that. Feels so abnormal."

Vision Clarice walked around Peter, her blue eyes looking at him then she looked at Will, "What will you do now, Will?"

"An abnormal reaction to an abnormal situation is normal behavior." Hannibal said.

"He deserves to die." Bernardone said.

Will, sad for Peter, said, "But you didn't deserve to kill him." A pause. "I want you to come with me, Peter."

"Don't you want to kill Hannibal, Will?"

Peter nods, stands and allows Will to lead him from the building and out into the darkness beyond.

Hannibal takes in the scene, the metallic tang of blood thick in the air as he sniffs it. He turns away
and considers the night sky.

The flesh of the horse's belly undulates. Guts spill. And then, a bloodied hand forces its way out, grasping for ground.

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Peter moves sadly through the wreckage, righting things, picking up cages, etc. Like a bereft mourner in the space of a lost loved one. The absence pains him.

Vision Clarice followed after him, watching them and sticking close to Will as he walked.

"Cowbirds lay their eggs in other birds' nests. Tricks them into raising their chicks. But a robin knows when it's being used." Bernardone said.

"Did you know?" Will asked.

"I didn't want to know." Peter said. "If a robin removes a cowbird's egg from its nest, the cowbird will destroy that nest, eggs and all."

"Out of spite?" Will asked.

"It's not spite. Spite is uniquely human. We just don't understand why the cowbirds do it." Peter said.

"What was done to you was cruelty for cruelty's sake." Will said.

Vision Clarice stood silently behind Will, watching him.

Peter opens empty cages, as if to coax the animals home, "Some of them will survive on their own. Some of them won't. Some of them will come home. But I won't be here when they do, will I?"

"No." Will answered.

"I hate him." Peter stated.

"I envy your hate. Makes it much easier when you know how to feel." Will said.

"Makes what easier?" Peter asked.

"Killing them." Will said.

"You think killing them is easier, Will? That's something that you will carry with you forever."

"I didn't kill him. I wanted him to wake up in death and choke on it." Peter stated.

This registers on Will...

-----

Clark Ingram stands, fouled with blood and slime. Hannibal has his back to Clark. Smiling as he feeds a handful of meal to a pig in a stall. Clark's nightmarish slick face to the steel of the hammer still clotted with gore...
He bends and picks it up.

Hannibal is watching now, bemused and impressed.

"Mr. Ingram." Hannibal greeted as Clark stands still, momentarily thrown by this polite greeting. "Might want to crawl back in there, if you know what's good for you."

Hannibal turns his head and Will steps out of darkness, he enters the barn, gun raised before him. Hannibal steps to one side, he is watching, fascinated. Will approaches Ingram and unseen by them, Clarice follows after him. Silent as the ghost she was, heard and seen only by Will. His Angel dressed in all white.

As Will approaches with the gun, Ingram sees murder in his eyes and drops the hammer, it drops into the dirt and falls sideways. Clark holds out his arms and drops to his knees like a penitent, he smiles up at the advancing Will.

"Officer, I'm the victim here." Clark said.

"I'm not an officer. I'm a friend of Peter's." Will stated.

"Yes, you're a friend of Peter's but it doesn't mean that you can kill for that friendship, Will." Clarice said. "I wouldn't want you to do that for me."

Clark's face falls as Will cocks the hammer.

"Peter's confused." Clark said

"I'm not." Will said then to Clark Ingram. "Pick up the hammer."

Vision Clarice moved to stand in front of Will, as if to shield Clark but her body isn't real if he fired his gun the bullet would go through her. Will blinked at that, he didn't want to harm Clarice.

Both vision and real Clarice.

"Will." Hannibal said.

"Pick it up." Will said as his finger tightens on the trigger.

"Don't do it, Will."

Clark's gaze and expression become steely and inscrutable.

Clarice's gaze is steady and serene as she watches Will.

Hannibal moves to Will, a devil on his shoulder, whispers, "It won't feel the same, Will. It won't feel like killing me."

"It doesn't have to. I know what it will feel like. It'll feel good." Will said.

"Will, if you do this you won't be able to return." Clarice whispered as she moved to stand next to Will, on his other side, an angel on his shoulder to balance out Hannibal's devil. "You won't be able to return, not if you kill with the intent to kill...This isn't like Hobbs, you had killed him to save his daughter."
"You did the best anyone could do for Peter, but don't do this for him. Not for Mr. Ingram's victims or their many friends and relatives who would love to see him dead." Hannibal said. "If you're going to do this, Will..." Then he whispered. "You have to do it for yourself."

"Please don't." Ingram said.

"You would be wise to remain silent, Mr. Ingram." Hannibal said then to Will. "This is not the reckoning you promised yourself, Will."

"Listen to Ingram, Will...don't listen to Dr Lecter, he wants you to come like him." Clarice whispered.

Will's finger so tight, the trigger clicks and the hammer falls, Hannibal's finger is between the hammer and firing pin. Will looks at Hannibal as he slides his hand around Will's and pulls the gun away. Their faces close together.

Hannibal talks quietly into Will's ear, "With all my knowledge and intrusion, I could never entirely predict you. I can feed the caterpillar, whisper through the chrysalis, but what hatches follows its own nature and is beyond me."

"...What will you do now, Will?"

Chapter End Notes

That poor horse....first it got killed then it had a man sewn inside it, can't it be dead in peace?

Hannibal is the devil on the shoulder and that means Clarice is the angle.
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

I skipped Will's dream, I will add it to 'Taking Over Me' since it will fit more in that story line.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shiizakana Teaser

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will awakens, calmly opening his eyes to stare into middle distance. No solace comes from Hannibal's dream death. Will is sweat-soaked. The dream still real and present.

"Did that make you feel better, Will?" Clarice asked as she appeared next to him on his bed, she was lying on her side with her cheek perched on her palm, elbow bent and pressed against the pillow as she stared at Will.

"When did I create you?"

"I was always here, Will, you could say that I was born the day you had decided to kill Hannibal yourself." Clarice said.

"And what do you do exactly?"

"....Try to balance you, Will. I am the Light and He is the Dark, I will only remain as long as there is still light inside you."

"....What happens if the darkness wins, Clarice?"

".....I die...." Clarice whispered before she vanished.

CLARICE STARLING'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Clarice shifted in her bed, her moving under her eyelids as she let out a whimper and fist her sheets. Sweat appeared on her forehead as she moved in her sleep, almost as if she was trying to run away from the screaming of the lambs.

But she was trapped in her nightmare, either dreaming or awake she could still hear their screams....and see the blood staining white.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sweetbreads are gently sautéed until golden. Sliced, revealing pink inside. Liver is flash-fried rare. Sliced, bleeding a moist red ooze. Eggs are whisked and poured over sweetbreads and liver. Vegetables are added, congealing into the folds of an omelet.

The omelet is plated, garnished, then scooped.
Jack leans forward and picks up a glass of red wine, catching the light, as Hannibal enters with two plated Sacromonte omelets, placing one dish in front of Jack and the second at his own setting.

"Sacromonte omelet with liver and sweetbreads. Sacromonte was the gypsy hood of Granada. I visited Granada when I was a young man." Hannibal said.

"I've never been." Jack said.

"I fell in love with many things, in particular, this dish. I remember my time there so vividly. Like I frescoed the walls of my mind." Hannibal said.

"I used to be so afraid of losing my memory. What I wouldn't give to forget a thing or two now." Jack said as he eyes the food for a moment before taking a bite. "My compliments to the gypsy hood."

"Memory gives moments immortality. But forgetfulness promotes a healthy mind. It’s good to forget." Hannibal said. "What are you trying to forget?"

"Doubt. I let doubt in." Jack said.

"About me?" Hannibal asked.

"About Will." Jack said.

"You were convinced he was guilty. It's hard to unbelieve, Jack." Hannibal said. "And Clarice never once doubted him."

"Would you tell me if there was something to worry about?" Jack asked. "No, she didn't...some would think her foolish for it. I just hope she'll be careful with that ability of hers or else she'll bring something back as well."

Hannibal smiles at Jack and said, "I can no longer discuss Will's state of mind with you or anyone else without his consent. Will's officially my patient. He employs me now, not the FBI. And don't worry about her, I will also help her state of mind keep her grounded."

He won't let her fall, at least not without him there to catch her.

"Then I hope your therapy works." Jack said.

"Therapy only works when we have a genuine desire to know ourselves as we are, not as we’d like to be. There is a duality to us all, Jack." Hannibal said.

**REST STOP – NIGHT**

Snow flies. A lone semi trailer truck idles in the parking area, its trailer lights glowing yellow. Exhaust billows. More light spills from the rest stop bathroom as the trucker exits. He heads into the night's cold and back to his rig. The trucker coming the length of his trailer. Then the trailer's bulk shudders and rocks on its shocks before it's silent again. The trucker's puzzled.

He squats to look under the trailer. There's nothing there. No tires blown.

The trucker turns suddenly but there is nothing there. Turns back, still nothing. But he's spooked. Somewhere down in the dark parts of his brain, he knows something is there. He moves back to his

Door open, the trucker steps up to enter, but pauses again as snow drops onto his head. A noise above.

He looks up.

A hunched, powerful silhouette is on the roof of the cab. Before he can open his mouth, splayed paws thrust down out of the snow and darkness. A flash of claws sinking into his shoulders. The back of his neck.

The trucker kicking, flailing, is bodily dragged up onto the cab roof where he struggles with the shadowed creature.

And the trucker's screams for help are cut short. He's dead. Yet the creature continues ravaging its victim. Sounds of tearing fabric and flesh, of the trucker's lifeless body thudding against the cab's metal roof, blood streams down the windshield before coloring the snow on the hood deep dark red.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, not much of anything going on...expect for the trucker being killed...

Which is ouch, just ouch
Chapter Notes

How are you ladies liking Will's...guardian angel? Vision? I dunno but I felt that him seeing Clarice would help him try to resist Hannibal's manipulation.

Also Clarice goes to a formal party that is mentioned (it's thrown by her adopted mother while she is in the States) and then goes to see Doctor Lecter. Her dress https://i.pinimg.com/564x/13/16/aa/1316aa6dd7f4449de16677030979fe53.jpg and her hairstyle https://i.pinimg.com/564x/e9/6d/07/e96d071414ea510572dafcd2a88084c8.jpg

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shiizakana Part 1

Will cocks the hammer of the gun he's holding. Clark's face falls. Will's finger so tight, the trigger clicks and the hammer falls, Hannibal's finger is between the hammer and firing pin. Will looks at Hannibal as he slides his hand around Will's and pulls the gun away.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will sits in the chair across from Hannibal, mid-session. He wasn't alone with the other man, Clarice was with him standing just next to Will and speaking to him.

"Do you have any regrets?" Will asked.

"With every choice lies the possibility of regret. However, if I choose not to do something, it's usually for a good reason." Hannibal answered.

"I'm riddled with regrets." Will said.

"A life without regret would be no life at all." Hannibal said.

"I regret what I did in the stables." Will said.

"Then you were lucky I was there." Hannibal said.

"Being lucky isn't the same as making a mistake. Allowing you to stop me was a mistake." Will said.

"It wasn't a mistake, Will."

"Then it's not your actions that you regret. It's the lack thereof." Hannibal said.

"That would be more accurate." Will said.
"Did you make that decision on the basis of anticipating the regret you would feel taking another life?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes." Will said.

"Anticipating regret commonly results in dubious decisions." Hannibal said. "You must adapt your behavior to avoid feeling the same way again."


"Why are you still coming here when you know he is the Chesapeake Ripper? Who are you protecting?"

"I want you to close your eyes, Will, and imagine a version of events you wouldn't have regretted." Hannibal said.

Will closes his eyes.

When he opens them, Will stands holding his gun on Clark Ingram. A bullet rotates into the chamber. The trigger is squeezed. The hammer slams forward. The barrel explodes.

Clark's head snaps back, blood spraying as bullet exits skull.

Will sits opposite Hannibal, as before. He opens his eyes.

"What did you see?" Hannibal asked.

"A missed opportunity." Will said. "To feel like I felt when I killed Garret Jacob Hobbs. To feel like I felt when I thought I killed you."

"And what does that feel like, Will? Excitement bumping in your chest like a cold medallion?" Hannibal asked.

"I felt a quiet sense of power." Will said.

Hannibal studies Will for a brief moment, then he said, "Good. Remember that feeling."

Clarice looked at Will sadly and whispered, "Is this what you want to become, Will?"

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Margot struts purposefully along a cement walkway.

Will exits Hannibal's office building, his head down, heavy in thought. As Margot approaches, she smiles and it's lovely, "I tend to walk out of this building in a similar state. You must be a patient of Dr. Lecter's." Will nods, he goes to walk away. Aware Margot is now looking at him intensely. Will knows what is coming and wants to avoid it. "Are you famous or are we friendly?"

"I'm sorry?" Will asked.

"You look familiar. Either I know you or I know of you." Margot said.
"I'm the guy who didn't kill all those people." Will said before he moves off leaving Margot considering who it was she crossed paths with just now.

-------

Margot is in session with Hannibal.

"We all have a gauge for humanity that twitches when we see another person. Tell me, Margot, what twitches when you see your brother?" Hannibal asked.

"Not my gauge for humanity." Margot said.

"You don't recognize in your brother basic human traits. You dehumanize him as much as he dehumanizes you." Hannibal said.

"At least I'm never going to be the worst person I know." Margot said.

"The tendency to see others as less human than ourselves is universal." Hannibal said.

"My brother is less human." Margot stated.

"And you are less human for it." Hannibal said.

A simple truth. She doesn't take offense, but pokes back, "Did you just dehumanize me?"

"Psychiatrists who dehumanize patients are more comfortable with painful-but-effective treatments, and experience better results." Hannibal said.

"I met one of your patients. Will Graham. What painful-but-effective treatment did you prescribe him?" The question hangs in the air, then Margot added. "You're very supportive of me killing my brother. I appreciate the support, I really do. But I can only imagine what you'd be supportive of Will Graham doing."

"What do you imagine?" Hannibal asked.

"I imagine you tiptoe your way into the vaults of hearts and minds and coax out whatever's waiting there." Margot said. "What kind of psychiatrist are you?"

"You already had my reputation and bona fides verified. You know what kind of psychiatrist I am." Hannibal said.

"I'm beginning to." Margot stated.

Hannibal studies her, not threatened by her observation.

"What is your interest in Will?" Hannibal asked.

"My interest is in your interest in people who kill, or at least try to." Margot stated.

"Will Graham was very-publicly found innocent of all charges." Hannibal said.

"My brother was very-publicly found innocent of all his charges, too. But not because he was innocent." Margot replied.
Margot exits Hannibal's office building, her head down, heavy in thought but she is distracted when she hears a car door slam and she looked up to see a woman in dressed in a very formal dress walk towards the office building that Margot had just left.

The two women share a friendly smile.

"You're awfully dressed up for a session with the Doctor." Margot observed. "Are you his girlfriend or patient?"

"Patient, he's already dating someone." The black haired woman said. "Clarice Starling."

"Margot Verger."

The two women shook hands with another polite smile.

"It was nice meeting you, Ms Verger, I have to go for my session before he gets too worried." Clarice said with a smile.

"Okay, I hope to see you again, Ms Starling."

Clarice smiled and said, "We just might since we share the same doctor." She waved before she walked inside, her heels clicking on the floor.

"You are dressed awfully nice for a session with me, Clarice." Hannibal said upon opening the door and seeing Clarice.

Clarice walked passed him with a laugh and said, Hannibal taking note that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath when he saw her naked back, "Another patient of yours said the exact same thing, Doctor, I just came from a party...I had to dress nice in order to not draw the ire of my adopted mother. She really hates it when I don't come to one of her parties dolled up." She smiled glossy red painted lips. "Though she also asked if I was your girlfriend or patient, I told her that I was your patient and that you already had a girlfriend...or is it lover?" Clarice tapped her chin thoughtfully as she said that, eyes looking up in thought.

Hannibal stifled a wince at that, yes that's right...he already had a lover.

"Why did she throw the party?"

"No idea, probably an early birthday party for me." Clarice said with a smile as she sat down. "I was born in winter."

"I feel terrible now, I never knew your birthday was coming."

"I don't like birthdays so it's fine." Clarice said with a smile. "But that doesn't stop people from giving me gifts."

"When is your birthday?"

"Christmas Eve." She smiled. "I got many presents those two days." She leaned back in her chair and smiled widely at him. "Should we start our session now?"

With a smile, Hannibal sat in his chair and leaned back, "Of course, I have been meaning to ask
you, did you have any siblings?"

"No, I was an only child." Clarice said with a smile. "Lucky me, I got both of my parents' attention and love but when they died, I was left alone so unlucky me."

"Mmm, did you ever want siblings?"

Clarice adopted a thoughtful look as she said, "Mmm, sometimes when I was younger but not anymore."

"Why?"

"Because we would all been broken, Doctor." Clarice smiled at him sadly before she turned away. "And alone...."

Oh, but he didn't think she was broken nor did he think she was alone. She had him after all and she was just bruised, not broken...

**REST STOP - DAY**

Sunlight glistens off the frozen blood, warming its surface until a drop of blood beads and drips from the icicle.

The trucker's dead body is bloodied and sprawled on his back across the cab roof, his head hanging over its edge, throat ripped open. Blood and innards emanate like the spokes of a bicycle wheel.

Zeller and Price atop platforms on either side, inspecting the truck cab roof and the body, respectively. Jimmy takes photos. Zeller inspects the near-empty torso.

"No guts, no glory." Brian said.

"There're guts. They're over there." Jimmy said.

"And there....there." Clarice quipped as she joined Jimmy on his platform. "....Never walking outside alone now in one of these places ever again. Don't fancy having a run in with a large pissed off wild animal."

"Just make louse noise and any large wild animal out there would avoid you." Jimmy said.

"You mean like hitting two sticks together?"

"Yeah."

".....I don't think that'll work and I am not going to put my life on the line trying it." Clarice said, she is wearing a maroon turtleneck cable sweater under her normal black leather jacket with a black fitted gloves and her dark blue jeans and high heeled black boots. How she was able to walk through ice and snow in heels, Will would never know. "That's just like ringing a dinner bell and I'm no animals' dinner." She shook her head as she looked at the body and wrinkled her nose. "Ugh, why can't we have nice things? No, they have to be nasty...I won't be eating any meat for dinner tonight then."

Jimmy and Brian laughed at her comments.

Jack is flanked by Will and Dr. Lecter, both latters were amused by the young woman.
"It snowed all night. There are no tracks. You sure it was an animal?" Will asked.

"Severance of the jugular and carotids, esophagus destroyed. The bite almost severed his head." Brian said.

"Evisceration was performed by large, non-retractable claws, so we're looking at a wolf or a bear." Jimmy said.

"...Wait....bear or wolf? How in the hell did it get up here?!" Clarice said as she made a show of looking around. "There's nothing here to that would help either animal up here...unless they can jump pretty damn high then in that case no place is safe from them."

"Whatever it was, it wasn't afraid of humans. Not anymore." Jack said.

Will eyes the corpse-icle on the cab of the truck as he agreed with Clarice's statement and added his own observation, "Wolves and bears don't eat where they kill. They would've dragged him off."

"Unless it went mad. A rabid animal attacks its victims at random and doesn't eat any part of them." Hannibal said.

Zeller's gaze darts from the body to the organs spread around, the torn flesh. "There was no eating here. We found just about everything." Brian said. "Viscera was exposed, belly was laid open, but no sign of gnawing or rutting."

"Yeah, I own a cat and dog and not even my cat is this neat, which is a word I use very loosely here because there's nothing about this kill that is neat, I always find bits and pieces of his latest victim all over my house." Clarice said.

"Found the same wound patterns on recent livestock mutilations in the area. Evisceration, dismemberment, yet everything accounted for." Jimmy said.

"...Those poor livestock...expect for the lambs, fuck the lambs." Clarice mumbled under her breath that went unheard expect by Hannibal who smiled a secret smile up at her when she had noticed the smile. He knew she meant the animals not the human lambs that she wanted to help save and protect.

"Since when does the FBI get involved in animal attacks, Jack?" Will asked.

"When somebody's holding the leash of whatever's doing the attacking." Jack stated.

"The livestock mutilations...that was practice." Will said.

"And his pets have passed their lessons with flying colors." Clarice added.

"He's going to kill again and he's going to get better at it." Jack said.

"He's urbanizing his animal...moving closer to the city, adapting it to bigger prey." Will said.

"He's not denying its natural instincts, he's evolving them." Hannibal said.

Jack studies Will and Hannibal's exchange, then adds, "It's blood sport."

"That's it, Will, I am sleeping over at your house until we catch this sicko and his animals...and I am bringing my animals, if your dogs don't like cats, tough! They'll have to live with it until he's
either arrested or shot." Clarice said as she climbed down the platform. "And I am sleeping in your bed with you because I am not sleeping alone, two heads are better than one and all that jazz."

The four other men missed the angry and possessive look that passed over Hannibal's face when he heard her say that to Will because at that moment, Clarice had fallen into thigh deep snow with a high pitched yelp of startlement.

"Oh sweet baby Jesus, that's cold!"

Will was the first to get to her and wrapped his arms around her, just under her breasts and started to pull her up until she was completely free from the snow. Hannibal's jaw lightly clench at the sight and his hands tighten into fists at his sides, hidden from view.

"Are you okay?" Jimmy asked as he looked down at her.

Clarice looked up at Jimmy, still in Will's embrace, and gave him the thumbs up sign, "Just peachy! Even though I can't even my legs, I'm just fine! Thanks for asking....oh my God, that was so freaking cold...."

"Sorry, should have warned you that it was deep there..." Will said as he slowly and carefully released Clarice.

"No kidding..." Clarice mumbled as she rubbed her denim covered thighs, trying to get warmth back into them. "If I was half asleep before my fall, I am wide awake now."

"You okay, Starling?" Jack asked.

"Yeah, just got a nasty shock." Clarice said. "But in all seriousness and before anyone else ask me that same question and then I'd have to punch them, I am fine just let me walk around so I can get warmth back into my legs and blood circulation going...all my blood just went south for the winter." She started to pace back and forth, Will kept an eye on her in case she falls again.

Hannibal watched Will watch Clarice....

**LOCKED INPATIENT PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY**

Rat crawls down the length of a jumpsuit sleeve, over and around the arm belonging to Peter Bernardone.

Will sits with Peter Bernardone; though the ward is open and sunny, Peter's outfit resembles Will's BSHCI jumpsuit. Will is showing him photos from the truck stop crime scene.

"Bear or a wolf?" Will asked as he watches as Peter reviews photos, glancing down to see a rat crawling from inside Peter's shoulder to perch on the back of his hand. A wild rat. A resident.

"That's Kevin. Don't stare. They'll take him away." Peter quietly tucks Kevin the rat into his other sleeve. He looks away and points at the photographs. "Bear." Then he points to the another one. "Wolf."

"Do bears and wolves hunt together?" Will asked.

"A bear doesn't look in the mirror and see a bear. Just sees itself. Can train a bear to be a wolf, wolf a bear. Train them long enough, they hunt together, eat together." Peter said. "Enough time, circumstances, there's a lot I could train even you to do."
Will considers that a moment, then, "Does a bear forget it's a bear?"

"Doesn't matter. Wolf won't forget what the bear is. He never forgets the bear is bigger. Stronger. And would kill him if it needed to. Instinct makes them remember that." Peter said.

"That sort of friendship can keep you on your toes." Will said.

"Animals have friendships just like we do. Oldest works of art are half-human, half-animal drawings on cave walls. They figured it out thirty thousand years ago. We're the same." Peter said.

"A bear may not recognize its reflection, Peter, but we have to." Will said.

"Do we?" Peter asked. "The more a man forgets himself, tending to another creature, the more he sees how human he is."

Will considers Peter's view as he said, "I'll try to remember that."

"Don't blame the animals. Man's the only creature that kills to kill." Peter said.

**SUBURBAN BASEMENT – DAY**

A tank of compressed air two-feet long, as fingers screw air hoses into its top. The hoses run to a pair of pneumatic pistons, stitched parallel to one another into the back of a canvas vest slung over a chair.

An intense young man works silently, spraying graphite onto the piston rods. He turns the air tank gauge, pressurizing the contraption. On the workbench behind the man are a pair of bear forepaws. But they lie limp and empty, mitts bearing long, sharp, and real, claws. Straps and buckles hang off the mitts' sleeve ends.

The man pushes a trigger switch and the pistons on the canvas vest shoot up in unison with an asthmatic wheeze, followed by a clack. Each piston is attached to hinged headgear and affixed to the headgear, in a craftsman's meld of machine and monstrosity, are the formidable jaws of a wolf skull. The headgear holds the jaws open. Straps hang off the back, ready to be secured around the wearer's own head. A killing mask, hand-constructed and with a specific purpose. Another click of the switch, a pneumatic wheeze and clack, the jaw snap shut. The man places a broom handle in between them. The wood splinters. Satisfied, the man begins scraping spatters of blood from the bone muzzle...

**BEACH – NIGHT**

A huge bonfire roaring on the snowy shore. A young couple, well-dressed and dressed for the cold, approach. Distant music of the party they've just abandoned for each other's company.

The faintest outline of the beast can be seen within the shadowy trees, a shape wrapped in the inkiness of night. Dead eyes hang in the darkness of the beast's mouth, staring coldly.

The man catches a glimpse of something in the darkness beyond the bonfire. He squints, looking closer.

"Katrina... give me your hand." The man said she reaches for his hand and takes it. Then the beast hits the man, hard, his hand snatched out of the woman's hand, violently driving him to the sandy ground. Goose down explodes from his coat and his torso is slashed open. The woman hits the
ground, scattering away behind the fire.

The beast smashes the man into the snow, pouncing. Glints and flashes across fang and claw as the man takes a breath to scream and then pneumatic wheeze and clack of jaws, it stops before it even starts.

The woman scrambles, turning to run, but not looking where she's going. Her foot catches on the ice of the frozen lake, and she falls face first onto the ice with a horrible crack, breaking her nose and knocking her unconscious. She's coming to. Another loud step. She finally raises her head and screams, scrambling to her feet just as the beast lands where she was lying. The woman runs for the beach, trying to gain traction on the slippery ice. Her feet finally make the shore as she runs toward the bonfire. She turns to see if the beast is behind her.

The beast charges out of the darkness. A shadowy blur, claws splayed. The beast leap on the woman and take her down. The jaws flash, gnash and rip her throat out.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY – DINOSAUR ROOM - DAY

An eight inch fang is held delicately in a man's fingertips.

The man, Randall, Tier is fitting the tooth into a sabertooth cat skeleton he's re-articulating. He's bright-eyed and engaged with the predator he's honoring with restoration. He senses a presence in the room and glances behind him.

"Museum's closed." Randall said.

Hannibal Lecter is standing in half-shadow. Randall is caught off guard, but he covers quickly and manages a half smile.

"Hello, Randall." Hannibal greeted.

Randall is surprised by his visitor, "Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal steps out of the shadows. Fossilized bones of all sizes are arranged on display. Hannibal takes them in, his gaze landing on Randall's sabertooth skull, "You'll always be ruled by your fascination with teeth."

"That's what you said to me when they brought me into your office the very first time." Randall said.

"Is that what I said?" Hannibal asked.

"I was crying, dreading telling you what was wrong with me. You made it easy then, and other visits, too." Randall said.

"Do you remember what I told you, Randall? If you try, you can remember everything we ever said." Hannibal said.

"You said you felt like you peeked in my ear and could see what I am." Randall said.

Hannibal draws closer, almost fatherly, as he said, "A therapist's life is equal parts counsel and curiosity. We set a patient on a path, but are left to wonder where that path takes them. You've come so very far, Randall."
"A long time since you treated me." Randall said.

"Which is why I wanted to talk to you about your wonderful progress, just for a moment, privately." Hannibal said. "I've seen what you've done."

"What have I done?" Randall asked.

"You bore screams as a sculptor bears dust from the beaten stone." Hannibal said. "That crying boy doesn't cling to you anymore. What clings to you now? What clings to your teeth?

"Ragged bits of scalp trailing their tails of hair like comets." Randall answered.

"Beautiful." Hannibal said. "They're looking for you."

Randal said, quietly, "I don't think I can stop."

"I don't want you to." Hannibal said. "They're going to find you, Randall. When they do, it's important that you do exactly what I say."

Chapter End Notes

And Clarice is suddenly a klutz xD darn snow, I had that happen to me once...it was sooo freaking cold xD
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

Vision Clarice only shows up when Will is doing something wrong and when he's with Hannibal....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shiizakana Part 2

BEACH - DAY

The bonfire has been reduced to ash. Around its black smudge, agents process the scene. Zeller confers with Jack over the forensics of the slaughter. Will consults the police report in his hand and walks the periphery of the scene, Clarice was with him wearing the same thing she wore the other day. He looks from one dead body, past it to the trees where the attacker hid, lying in wait. He looks down the beach to where more agents work another body.

Will breathes deep and exhales. He closes his eyes. A pendulum swings in the darkness of Will Graham's mind, keeping rhythm with his heartbeat.

Will's eyes are still closed, the pendulum swings behind him. Jack and the BAU agents are gone. The dead fire ash smolders and glows and flames sprout and grow larger. Daylight fades fast, replaced by pitch-black night.

The young couple reappear around the flames, alive and talking. The scene has been decriminalized in Will's head and the previous night restored. He watches the young couple standing near the bonfire, cuddled. Will watch the couple on the beach. The man stops, glancing their direction from around the bonfire. He takes the woman's hand and looks closer.

Will opens his eyes, is Jack nearby.

"It's not an animal. It's a man who wants to be an animal." Will said.

"Does he believe he's an animal?" Jack said.

"It's not what he believes, it's what he imagines." Will said.

"Considering the savagery of the attacks, he's clean and organized. Meticulous, even. What does he want?" Jack said.

"He wants to maul. This isn't personal. He doesn't know them. He doesn't need to know them. They're just meat to him. Prey." Will said.

"This kind of psychosis doesn't just slip through the system. Someone somewhere would have noticed." Jack said.

"If it is psychosis, he got inside it somehow. Tamed it, made a suit of it. He's an engineer. Or
understands engineering. He can build things. He built his beast." Will said. "He's a student of predators."

Jack takes that in...

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Will stares past Hannibal, silent. After a long beat Hannibal finally said, "No beast is more savage than man when possessed with power answerable to his own rage."

"It's not rage. Rage is an emotional response to being provoked. This is something else." Will stated.

"What is it?" Hannibal asked.

"Instinct. It's the way he thinks." Will said.

"The way any animal thinks depends on limitations of mind and body. If we learn our limitations too soon, we never learn our power." Hannibal said.

"He tore his victims apart. I'd say he learned his power." Will said.

"He claimed his power. Can you imagine tearing someone apart or would you prefer to use a gun?" Hannibal asked.

"Guns lack intimacy." Will said.

"You set an event in motion with a gun. You don't complete it. You fantasized about killing me with your hands. Wouldn't that be more satisfying than pulling a trigger?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes." Will answered.

"When you so discourteously sent a man to kill me, were you imagining killing me yourself? Living vicariously through him as if your hands tightened the noose around my neck? Or were you simply hiding?" Hannibal asked.

"I wasn't hiding from anything the first time I tried to kill you." Will said.

"You were hiding behind a gun." Hannibal said. "You must allow yourself to be intimate with your instincts, Will."

**BAU – EVIDENCE PROCESSING - DAY**

Brian, Clarice and Jimmy stand opposite Jack, between them a cave bear skull and a dire wolf skull.

"The closest comparative bite radius we could match to the victims' wounds was a cave bear." Brian said.

"Even a dire wolf, which is the largest species in the genus Canis, is itty-bitty by comparison." Jimmy said.

"But a cave bear couldn't do this." Brian said.
"Mostly because they're vegetarians and have been extinct twenty-eight thousand years." Jimmy said.

"Mostly because the bite force relative to skull size couldn't do the kind of damage we've seen." Brian said.

"What could?" Jack asked.

"Pull-ratchets or pneumatics, maybe." Brian said.

"Pretty sophisticated ingenuity for any kind of animal, man or beast." Jack said.

Hannibal is standing in the doorway as he said, "Animals are far more like humans than we ever realized. And humans are far more like animals. One thin barrier between us."

Clarice looked at Hannibal and smiled slightly in greeting before she looked back at the skulls.

"For some, that barrier's too thin. Hello, Dr. Lecter. How does something like this present?" Jack asked.

"Someone affected by this kind of species dysphoria typically has other conditions. Mood disorders, clinical depression, schizophrenia." Hannibal said.

"Typically." Jack said.

"They may not present at all. Your killer could have built a bridge between who he appears to be and what he now knows he's become." Hannibal stated.

"He didn't build a bridge, Dr. Lecter. He built a suit." Jack said.

"What he seeks is transformation." Hannibal said.

"You ever see anything like this?" Jack asked.

Hannibal hesitates, guides Jack a few feet away for privacy, "This threatens to be a violation of doctor-patient confidentiality, so I will tread carefully."

"You have seen something like this." Jack said.

"Years ago, I treated a patient who fits this profile. A teenage boy who suffered from what I would describe as an identity disorder." Hannibal said.

"This boy imagined himself a beast?" Jack asked.

"During our therapy, he reported a moment of clarity. He understood, in that moment, he was an animal born in the body of a man." Hannibal said. "He kept a solitary life. He'd hide and behave in ways resembling animal behavior. Predatory."

"He was delusional." Jack said.

"Not necessarily. He didn't believe metamorphosis could physically take place, but that wouldn't
stop him from trying to achieve it." Hannibal said.

"He'd be a grown man now?" Jack asked.

"As he grew in wisdom and in confidence, he would no longer feel he had to meet his needs in hiding." Hannibal said.

"What are his needs, Dr. Lecter?" Jack asked.

"Savagery." Hannibal stated.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY – DINOSAUR ROOM - DAY

Randall's eyes fixed ahead of him as he walked. He is cool, calm, resolved, confident. Dead-eyed. Jack, Clarice and Will, the Tyrannosaurus looming over them, wait as Randall approaches them.

"Randall Tier?" Jack asked.

Randall nods, "You wanted to speak to me?"

"I'm Special Agent Jack Crawford with the FBI and this is FBI trainee Clarice Starling. This is Will Graham. Did you put this together?" Jack asked.

Jack gestures to the sabertooth cat skeleton. Now completed, it stares sightlessly at Will who gazes back at it. Clarice was staring up at the Tyrannosaurus with, her head tilted back so she could look at it.

Those were some wicked looking teeth...

"Yes." Randall said.

Jack admires a wall of various skulls, "Nice work. What's this one here?"

"A cave bear." Randall said.

Jack considers that good-naturedly, then he asked, "Ever put one of them together?"

"Put them together, take them apart, put them together again." Randall said.

"Then you understand their mechanics, how they're engineered?" Jack asked.

"We understand a lot about cave bears. Their fossils have been found in the tens of thousands, all over southern Europe. They're very common. Common enough you can get one on eBay. "Buy it now". Randall said.

"I'm asking, Randall, because the skull of a cave bear was recently used as a murder weapon. At least its jaws were. Claws, too." Jack said.

"Prehistoric skulls and claws were designed to do what they do best." Randall said.

"Used the right tools for the job." Will said.
"But it's what's inside the skull that tells you what the job is." Randall said.

"You have a history with trouble inside your skull, Mr. Tier." Jack said.

Randall winces, feeling the slight, "That what this is about? You think I killed someone with a fossil? I had an identity disorder. Doctors told me the internal map of my body didn't match reality."Do you know what it's like when the skin you're wearing doesn't fit?"

"I can imagine." Will said.

"I know who I am now. I'm much better. I'm socializing. I'm taking my medication. I'm employed. I work very hard. I'm proof mental illness is treatable." Randall said.

Will finds legitimacy in Randall Tier's reply, and suspicion.

**WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Meat grinder a turkey goes in one end and emerges raw meat from the other. Rosemary is finely chopped. Rice cooks and reduces. The ground meat, rice, rosemary and broth are mixed and stirred into the Dutch oven. It boils and simmers.

Will ladles the homemade dog food into the respective bowls plus two other bowls, the second bowl was smaller than the rest.

Will appears in the kitchen door frame and rattles a spoon in the empty Dutch oven as good as a dinner bell. He leaves, when no dogs come running, he returns and is perplexed by what he sees.

Will's dogs and Clarice's dog is sitting facing the front door as one. Is there something outside? Did someone knock? Will makes his way through his pack and slowly opens the door.

Will sees Margot Verger climbing out of a luxury car in his driveway, Will and Clarice share a confused look. The dogs erupt into barks and Will steps outside, shutting the door behind him, effectively muffling the dogs with Clarice at his side.

"Sorry for the intrusion. We met outside Dr. Lecter's office." Margot said.

"Yeah, sorry if I'm not well dressed at that moment." Clarice said with a smile.

Margot smiled back at Clarice and said, "You look fine no matter what you wear."

Clarice kept the smile on her lips but she eyed Margot, wondering if the other woman was flirting with her or not.

"I remember." Will said. "How did you find me?"

"Turns out, you are famous." Margot said.

"You're not exactly anonymous yourself, Margot." Will said.

"It's cold. You have any whiskey?" Margot asked.

--------

Will hands Margot a glass of whiskey, taking a drink of his own. Clarice had gone up to get ready
for bed, since both of her animals weren't very big fans of strangers. Salem more so than Bishop.

"What's the heir to the Verger meatpacking dynasty doing at my door?" Will asked.

"My brother's the heir, not me. I've got the wrong parts and the wrong proclivity for parts." Margot said.

Something fresh about her frankness, likable. It reminded him of Clarice.

"Didn't answer my question." Will said.

"I'm here for a character reference. Patient to patient. What do you think of Dr. Lecter's therapy?" Margot asked

"Depends what you're in therapy for." Will said.

"I'm in therapy for all sorts of reasons. The Vergers slaughter eighty-six thousand cattle a day and thirty-six thousand pigs, depending on the season. That's just the public carnage." Margot said.

"What's your private carnage?" Will asked.

"I tried to murder my brother." Margot answered.

Will studies her, then he said, "I assume he had it coming."

"Did he ever." Margot said. "What's your private carnage?"

"I tried to murder Dr. Lecter." Will said.

"See, now that's interesting." Margot said. "Did he have it coming?"

Will studies her, debates answering that, then decides not to instead he asked, "What do you think?"

"I can't say that I know." Margot said.

"Neither can I." Will said.

"Sounds like we have similar issues. I doubt Dr. Lecter gave you the same advice on murder he gave me." Margot said.

"What's that?" Will asked.

"He told me, if at first I don't succeed, I should try, try again." Margot said. "So...are you and Clarice dating?"

"No, she's just staying with me for safety reasons." Will said.

There had been a point in their relationship where he had thought about dating her and knew that she had the same thought but being too similar had prevented that from happening.

"Oh...you two seem to go together." Margot said. "She seems to calm you and you seem to calm her."
Clarice awoke in the middle of the night, at first she didn't know why she did until she looked down when she felt something pressed against her breasts to see Will's head nestled between them. She blinked groggily at him for a few seconds before she shrugged slightly and closed her eyes, slipping back into its dark embrace.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE – DAY

Will is in a session with Hannibal Lecter, pacing the room, avoiding the chair. He once more smelled of Clarice Starling, ever since she had started to sleep over at his house Will has been smelling of her a lot more than usual.

It made him angry that he had started the relationship with Alana Bloom but he couldn't do anything about it.

"I'm curious what would happen if your patients started comparing notes, Dr. Lecter. What would Randall Tier have to say to me?" Will asked.

"What did Randall Tier say to you?" Hannibal asked. "Have you been comparing notes with Clarice?"

"He said he was much better now. That mental illness was treatable. Randall Tier is a success story." Will said. "No, we don't talk about it expect when she has the dreams of the lambs again."

...So she had told him about the lambs but was it before she told him or after? Hannibal didn't want to ask, it might give away his plans for her.

"You believe he's innocent?" Hannibal asked.

"I believe your therapy was successful. You can be persuasive." Will said.

"Persuasion is not coercion." Hannibal said.

"How many have there been? Like Randall Tier? Like me?" Will asked.

"Every patient is unique." Hannibal said.

"Your psychiatrist came to visit me at the hospital before my trial." Will said.

"Dr. Du Maurier." Hannibal said.

"She told me she believed me. She knew there were others like me." Will said.

"Fascinating." Hannibal said.

"Did you kill her?" Will asked.

Hannibal simply said, "No."

Will studies Hannibal a moment, then he asked, "What do you think about when you think about
"I think about God." Hannibal said.

"Good and evil?" Will asked.

"Good and evil has nothing to do with God. I collect church collapses. Did you see the recent one in Sicily? The facade fell on sixty-five grandmothers during a special Mass. Was that evil? Was that God? If He's up there, He just loves it. Typhoid and swans, it all comes from the same place." Hannibal said.

"Does Randall Tier believe in God?" Will asked.

"Perhaps you should have a more personal conversation with Mr. Tier and ask him what he believes." Hannibal said.

**WOODS – NIGHT**

Randall stands on a snowbound rise, concealed by trees. His killing suit is on, the jaw-mask strapped on and primed to work. Hannibal is standing in the snow beside him, facing the same direction.

"The solitude of what you do is to be respected and I intend to honor that. I've only come to offer you words of encouragement." Hannibal said but Tier says nothing. In his killing suit, in this state of mind, there are no words. Hannibal senses as much. "You are becoming, Randall, and this beast is your higher self. Your bodies, voices and wills are one." Hannibal looks past the killing jaws, into Randall's eyes. "Revel in what you are."

His words ring of the same encouragement Hannibal has given Will Graham and Margot Verger both. Tier remains silent as he and Hannibal turn to the site they were facing before Will Graham's house, its windows lit warm and yellow from inside.

He hoped that Will protected Clarice, Hannibal would hate to kill him before Will had reached his full potential if any harm came to her.

Chapter End Notes

...no vision Clarice in this chapter because Clarice has been staying with Will.
In 'Taking Over Me' Hannibal doesn't know that Clarice was staying with Will so when he finds out he is angry at Will for putting her in danger as well as himself.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Shiizakana Part 3**

**WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Through the kitchen door, Will enters the room to see his dogs sitting again, all facing the front door. Though Bishop is the only dog standing, growling and his hackles raising. Will crosses directly to the entrance. But this time the stoop is empty. Nothing but the cold, dark night. Will and his dogs look around, sensing something is amiss. But one dog takes its instinct one further and bolts through the open door and tears off into the darkness.

Will and the other dogs pause, uncertain until the escaped dog's yelp splits the night.

Will unlocks his old gun cabinet as he shouted up to Clarice, who was getting ready for bed, "Clarice! Stay in the house!"

"Will? What's wrong?" Clarice's voice drifted from the top of the stairs.

Will takes a rifle from its rack. He chambers a shell, two, as he yells, "Do as I say and wait until I come back!"

"....Alright, Will." Clarice finally said as she tosses Salem into the bedroom and shut the door but she remained on at the top of the stairs.

Will looked at Bishop and said, "Stay with Clarice, Bishop, protect her."

Bishop snorted at him and walked up the stairs until he was at the top and at her side before the black German Shepard turned to face the door.

Will then bounds down his steps in his shirtsleeves, flushed from the safety of his shelter. He follows the line of his dog's tracks into the deep snow and the deeper darkness.

--------

Randall stands, cloaked in shadow, watching and waiting to face this adversary... and discover how truly worthy he is.

--------

Will enters the trees, armed with his rifle. No movement. No sounds. Tier could be anywhere in the darkness. Behind any tree, concealed by any shadow. Then something moves in the snow ahead. Will aims, ready to fire, but sees instead his dog lying, injured. Will rushes to the animal to find it
slashed and hobbled, but alive. Will scans the darkness around them and makes a decision. He places his rifle down and scoops his dog up in his arms.

--------

Randall's shadow flits across a tree trunk.

--------

Will arms full of dog, lumbers fast as he can through the snow.

--------

Tier's shape glides past, searching for the moment to strike.

--------

Will and his dog run and stumble, headed for the safety of his house. Tier enters the field behind him and is closing in.

--------

Will bangs through the door. He places his injured dog down and locks the front door behind him. Will moves from switch to switch, extinguishing the lights before cutting through the sudden darkness to the gun cabinet where he finds a handgun.

--------

Randall's shadow crosses the window.

--------

Will's dogs sense his anxiety and they crowd him, uncertain. Sounds come from outside, a scrape of Tier's clawed feet on the front porch. Will and his dogs face the front door, ready. Will levels his gun at the door. Waits. Then a shadow grows fast on the front window and Tier comes hurtling through it in a cascade of glass and splintered wood, backlit by the blue moonlight.

Will recoils and drops, hands flying up to protect his eyes. His handgun clatters away into the darkness. Will's dogs bark at the intruder. Will finds his fishing vest on the floor and fumbles through the many pockets to find a sheathed fillet knife.

Will pulls it out, the narrow blade catches the moonlight.

Randall stands, shaking off glass like a dog shaking itself dry. Claws splayed, legs apart, ready to face Will who was rising up in super slow motion, brandishing his knife, facing Randall, his dogs around him, barking and snarling furiously. Bishop bounded halfway down the stairs, barking and growling furiously as he stood between his mistress and the intruder.

Clarice is silent, not because she was afraid but because she didn't think the intruder knew that she was here, she had stepped back into the shadows just as he crashed through the window. Her eyes were narrowed and watching the intruder as her heart started to beat fast as her body got ready for fight or flight.

A fanged resin muzzle and the dire wolf cranium come together to complete the skull. A perfect fit.....
Multiple BAU agents sort and bag evidence from the room. Jack and Hannibal walk the length of Tier's workbench. Past air-filling tanks, strips of bear fur, replacement pistons and rods. Jack stops at the reassembled dire wolf skull.

"A beast doesn't know it's a beast, but the nearer a man gets to being a beast, the less he knows it." Hannibal said.

"We took the traps from the drains. Found pieces of scalp, hair still attached. Blood, tissue, bone. Whatever he used to kill, he cleaned it here. We have everything we need to convict Randall Tier. Except Randall Tier." Jack said. "He's vanished."

"That's troubling." Hannibal said.

"You knew it. You knew what he was. He was your patient, Dr. Lecter." Jack stated.

"Every therapist deals in darkness, Jack. I only learn how accurate my treatments are after the fact. When I hear secondhand that a patient is back on track. Or that they're not. Or that they've taken their own life. Or someone else's." Hannibal said. "Where's Will?"

"I haven't been able to reach him." Jack said. "Clarice as well."

Hannibal ponders Will's fate, as well as Clarice's who he had known was staying with him...

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE – ENTRYWAY - NIGHT**

The house is empty. The sound of a key in the lock and Hannibal enters. He places his coat over a chair and exits into his kitchen. A beat. Then Hannibal returns to the doorway, his eyes on something. He starts in that direction.

Hannibal enters his dining room focused on his new table, specifically, its centerpiece. Atop Hannibal’s dining room table lies, sprawled was Randall Tier dead. Still clad in his now-defunct killing suit, a warrior's battle gear sapped of its mechanical ferocity.

Hannibal walks a circle around the table. He considers the offering. One akin to a mouse left by the cat for its master. Hannibal surprised by Will Graham a second time and pleased.

But nothing told him if Clarice had survived or not the ordeal....

Chapter End Notes

Does she survive this ordeal? Find out in the next chapter!!!
Chapter 37

Chapter Notes

And say good bye to vision Clarice.....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Naka-choko Teaser

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A look of realization washes across his features as Will stands in front of his window.

The black stag crashes through the window.

He scrambles out of the way.

The black stag lands in Will's living room, shaking glass off its ebony hide. The room is dark with shadow. It sees Will and charges.

Will tries to hold it back, but is driven backward to the wall. Its antlers slam into the wall on either side of Will and pierce it. The black stag has now become the man stag. They are terrifyingly face to face for a moment. A man and his nemesis. And then Will head-butts the man stag, hard and sudden, in the face, and it staggers back as Will drives it to the ground.

Will rains heavy blows on the man stag beneath him. He punches and punches, blood flecks his face. Will is panting with effort as his fists pummel the man stag, in brief flashes, Hannibal Lecter staring back at Will, grinning a bloody grin. Will grabs the antlers of the man stag and, with huge force, twists them. A loud crack as the neck breaks.

Will gasping, looking down on what he has done.

Randall Tier now lies beneath Will, his face bloody and battered, head twisted at a strange angle. Suddenly Clarice is at Will's side, hugging him and placing her lips against his cheeks and forehead, her cheeks wet with tears as the vision Clarice cries silently behind them and vanishes forever.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Randall's corpse lies across the table. His head lolling at an unnatural angle. A piece of paper is pinned to his chest. On it is written: "Return to Sender." Finally Will steps out of the shadows.

"I'd say this makes us even. I sent someone to kill you, you sent someone to kill me. Even-steven." Will said. "And Clarice could have died because of you, she was there...she was with me."

"Consider it an act of reciprocity. One positive action begets another." Hannibal said. "She stayed out of the way? Where is she?"
"Polite society normally puts such taboos on taking a life." Will said. "Back at my house, sleeping."

"Without death, we'd be at a loss. It's the prospect of death that drives us to greatness." Hannibal said. "Did you kill him with your hands?"

Will holds up his bloody, bruised knuckles as he said, "It was very intimate...Clarice wanted to take care of them at first but I insisted that she went to bed. She doesn't even know that I came here with the body."

"It deserves intimacy. You were Randall Tier's final enemy." Hannibal said. "Good, the less she knows the better...we wouldn't want her to be in danger."

"You sending a killer after me wasn't putting her in danger?" Will asked. "She could have died if Bishop hadn't put himself between her and Randall."

A porcelain pan is filled with warm water and Epsom salts. Will's bloody, bruised hands are submerged, tingling the water pink.

Will and Hannibal sit at one end of the dining room table, Randall Tier's body still splayed across it. Hannibal removes Will's hands from the Epsom salts bath, drying them. Will stares absently as Hannibal treats his wounds. Hannibal clocks the retreat.

"Don't go inside, Will. You'll want to retreat, you'll want it as we want to jump from balconies, as the glint of the rails tempts us when we hear the approaching train." Hannibal said as he applies salve to the cuts and bruises on Will's hands, gently rubbing the ointment into his open wounds. "Stay with me." Hannibal carefully wraps gauze bandages around Will's hands.

"Where else am I going to go?" Will asked.

"You have everywhere to go. As long as you buttress your mind against deterring forces like guilt. You should be quite pleased. I am." Hannibal said.

Will stares at Randall Tier's body on the table before him as he said, "Of course you are."

"When you were killing Randall, did you fantasize you were killing me?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes." Will said and he had lost vision Clarice.

That makes Hannibal smile, "Most of what we do, most of what we believe, is motivated by death."

"I don't think I've ever felt more alive than when I was killing him." Will said.

"Then you owe Randall Tier a debt." Hannibal said. "How will you repay him?"

Will is considering that...

**MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DINOSAUR ROOM - NIGHT**

The large room is dark. Overhead lights begin to flicker to life, and drops of blood, thick and viscous, on the floor. Randall Tier's head or, more specifically, the top of it. It has been taken off at the top jaw. And placed atop the skull of the sabertooth cat Randall was building. A nightmarish
form of a man's head, eyes staring, with the savage fangs and lower jaw of the great predator. The creature is now a nightmarish hybrid.

The cat's skeletal torso meets Randall's arms and legs, which have been used to replace the cat's limbs. The bloody flesh at odds with the bare ivory of the bone. A grotesque amalgam of man and beast, of long-dead bones and recently-living flesh...

A grim-faced Jack is staring at this grotesque sight....

Chapter End Notes

....Hannibal better hope that Clarice never finds out about him being behind that attack or else she'll punch him in da face...
Chapter 38

Chapter Notes

Clarice and her security system has a terrible relationship, it tends to break down a lot which will be revealed why that keeps happening in the Doll Maker arc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Naka-choko Part 1**

**MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DINOSAUR ROOM - NIGHT**

Will Graham takes in Randall-tooth display as he approaches. Jack Crawford and Hannibal Lecter follow close behind Will.

"His killer chose not to dispose of his body, but to display it." Jack said.

"A jarring reminder of death's informality." Hannibal said.

"Randall Tier was denied a respectable end that he himself denied others." Jack said.

"Dissection is disgrace. This is a humiliation, a final indignity." Hannibal said.

"He isn't mocking him. This isn't disdain. He's commemorating him." Will said.

"This killer has no fear for the consequences of what he's done." Hannibal said.

"No guilt." Will as he approaches the Randall-tooth display, leaving Jack and Hannibal behind.

He closes his eyes, a pendulum swings in the blackness of his mind.

*Will's eyes open*....

*The museum is now dark, falling away to blackness, a void beyond the Randall-tooth and Will.*

"Hello again."

*A disembodied voice, both in the room and in Will's head said, "Come closer."

*Will takes a step closer, but evidently not close enough.*

"Closer. I want to see you." Eyes in the freakish maw open. Will reacts to a heavy sound, something is moving in the darkness around him. An unseen beast's footsteps circle him. "Can you see you?"

"Clearer and clearer." Will said. "You forced me to kill you."

"I didn't force you to enjoy it." Randall's voice said. "You made me a monument."

*Will moves around the Randall-tooth, movement in the shadows opposite whatever is circling,*
tracking his movements. Randall Tier (no mauling suit), naked, primal, in the shadows, a haunting silhouette.

"You're welcome." Will said.

"The monument is not to me. It's to you. This is pride." Randall's voice said.

"I gave you what you want. This is who you are. What you feel finally matches the reality of what I see." Will said.

"This is my becoming." Randall's voice said. Randall Tier finally steps out of the shadows, revealing mandible-like tusks hang where his jaw should be. A nightmare inverse of the Randall-tooth, in human form. "And yours."

Will shakes his head, this is not his becoming, "This is my design."

The lights are once more bright on the crime scene. Jack and Hannibal are behind him, like the angel and devil on his shoulders.

--------

Will turns to Jack and Hannibal.

"He knew his killer. There is a familiarity here. It was someone who met him, understood him. It was someone like him. Different pathology, same instinct."

"His killer empathized with him?" Jack asked.

"Don't mistake empathy for understanding, Jack." Will said. "If there's anything, it's envy."

"Envy?" Jack asked.

"Randall Tier came into his own much easier than whoever killed him." Will said.

"This is a fledgling killer. He's never killed before, not like this." Hannibal said.

"No, not like this." Will said then he motioned to the Randall-Tooth. "This is the nightmare that followed him out of his dreams."

Hannibal is inscrutably fascinated with his subject....

A phone rang and they turned to see Clarice walking towards them, she mouthed sorry as she pulled her phone out and swiped her thumb over the screen and hit loud speaker, "Clarice Starling, if you have a body to hide you will have to wait three business days until I find an appropriate place to hide said corpse."

"....What?"

"Ah, Randall Coil, how nice of you to call me what can I do for you?"

"You called a few months ago about your security system being down, Ms. Starling?"

Clarice slapped her forehead and said, "Oh yeah, I did do that...I forgot."
The man on the phone laughed and said, "It's fine...can you tell me what happened?"

"I have no idea, it just stopped working one day but electronics seemed to really hate me sometimes." Clarice said with a smile. "Even my phone acts up."

"I can send someone to your house to fix it for you."

"Oh, I would like that very much." Clarice said. "As soon as possible, please, as in today and right now."

"Of course, I will send a technician to your house now. Is your spare key in its usual place?"

"In the false rock next the front door, yes."

"Alright, thank you Ms. Starling for your time and patience." Randall said.

"You're welcome, have a nice day."

"You too."

She hanged up the phone and stuffed it into her jean's back pocket. "Sorry...I have been waiting for that damn call."

"You're security has been down?" Will asked.

"Yeah."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Um...what could you have done, Will? You were locked away." Clarice said frankly but not unkindly. "Besides I had Bishop and that dog is vicious." She looked at the Randall-tooth display and a flicker of something pass her features as she shot Will a glance, it went unseen by Jack except by Will and Hannibal. "...Before you ask me for my opinion Jack, it'll be the same as Will's though I will add that I worry about the people in this new killer's life, he would hurt them as well on accident or on purpose."

Her eyes never left Will as she said that....

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Hannibal sits still in the chair as Will Graham moves around him, picking things up, putting them down. Amped somehow. An athlete after the race, adrenaline still coursing his system.

"You're playing a dangerous game." Hannibal said.

"We once caught a killer who went to his victims' funerals just so he could console their loved ones." Will said.

"Jack Crawford is no grieving widow. Not so long ago, we were both suspects for crimes just like this." Hannibal said.

Will turns to Hannibal and said, "That's why I can't be a suspect this time. Or you. When you framed Chilton, you exonerated me and yourself. He was the broom that swept our tracks."

Hannibal does not react to this. Instead he said, "Why didn't you dispose of the body? It was the
"Randall deserved to be seen." Will said.

"Randall, or your work on him?" Hannibal asked.

"You called it "artistry." Is that how you see your own efforts?" Will asked.

"I also called it "savagery." You mutilated the body. Displayed it." Hannibal answered.

"The bird is leaving the nest, Dr. Lecter. Spreading his wings." Will said.

"A newly-fledged bird is at his most vulnerable. Still relies on his parents for food. He can fly, but he has to learn to hunt." Hannibal said.

"And they learn via imitation. There is a mantra in medical tuition you must know: watch one, do one, teach one. I've seen plenty, Dr. Lecter." Will said.

Hannibal doesn't answer to that. Instead he said, "How did it feel? To manipulate what was a living man into a message all of your own."

"Like I wasn't finished till I had." Will said.

Hannibal absorbs this and asked, "Did you take a trophy too, Will?"

"A memento of my first rodeo? What do you think?" Will asked.

"I think it would be the act of a serial killer." Hannibal answered.

"By definition, one body doesn't make me a serial killer." Will said.

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Hannibal opened the door and smiled when he saw Clarice sitting there, waiting for her turn.

"Hello, Clarice."

"Hello, Dr Lecter."

Clarice walked passed him and he took in her scent, letting it coat his senses.

"If I remember correctly didn't I tell you to call me Ms Starling from now on?" Clarice asked as she took a seat. "I have a question for you, Dr. Lecter."

"What's your question, Clarice?" Hannibal asked as he took a seat as he completely ignored her first question.

"Will had been...different since he had returned to you for therapy." She said frankly. "And I want to know if you had done or said anything to him, I was there when he killed Mr. Tier with his bare hands. I saw it and he wouldn't have done that, Dr Lecter...not until he had been assigned to your care."

Hannibal stifled a smile as he takes her in, her frankness was one of the things he loved about her.
"I haven't done or told Will anything, Clarice."

Clarice stared at him silently for a few seconds before she said, "You wouldn't lie to me to put my fears at ease, would you? Because I'll be frank, I hate that and it doesn't earn you into my good graces."

"I would never dream of doing that, my dear." Hannibal said.

She eyed him silently and then said, "I want you to remember that, Dr Lecter."

A smile curved his lips up as he stared at her and she stared right back at him....

MUSKRAT FARM - STABLES - DAY

Margot, in full riding gear, walks the horse toward a large, handsome brick structure. The large doors open dramatically as Margot walks her horse inside. Stable hands work in the background. Margot unbridled the horse, puts on its halter and removes its saddle. She brushes the horse, stroking it as she grooms. Behind her, someone clears their throat.

A man smiles a dazzling smile. He is good-looking, wears his wealth and power easily. He holds a suckling pig in his arms like a baby. Margot turns back to her horse grooming.

"Have a good ride?" The man, Mason Verger, and her brother asked.

Margot sighs, hands her horse's reins to a valet as she said, "Walk him back." The valet walks the horse to its stall and secures it. She looked at Mason, "What do you want?"

"I want to share something with you." Mason answered.

Mason leads Margot through wooden doors and into a churchlike space with a large metal cage-like structure.

"After Papa died, I had a Christmas epiphany. I've seen exotic pigs from all over the world. What would happen if I brought together the best of all I had seen." Mason said.

He's excited, a large square metal structure, slatted with an open central area. It was a maze.

Margot said, not bitchy, "You built a maze. Shudder to think."

Carlo Deogracias works at a table to one side of the platform. Stag's tooth flicking in and out of his mouth. We see his work: He is stuffing ground meat, chickens and vegetables into the legs of an effigy. A smart suit tied at the wrists and bulging with food. A meatloaf for a head.

"I feel like Stradivarius approaching his worktable. Our father was a pioneer of livestock production. I think he'd have been proud of all my efforts." Mason said as Carlo finishes stuffing the effigy and ties off the last leg with string. Incongruously, he squirts the effigy with scent from a bottle of perfume. "A pig is not like other animals. There is a spark of intelligence and a terrible practicality in pigs." Mason nods at Carlo who hoists the effigy in his arms and walks past them, onto the roof of the maze, and attaches the effigy to an overhead hook.

"You have an unparalleled understanding of piggishness." Margot said.

"Your mouth gets rough when you're scared, Margot. Tough as a livery pony who is resentful of the bit." Mason said. Carlo is now using a winch to lower the effigy. Upright, it resembles a man
much more. Meat oozing round the bindings. Carlo pulls a lever and there is a sudden rush of feet, and something huge enters the maze. Through the slats we can see glimpses of a herd of terrible swine. They squeal in excitement and hurry toward the center. "The structure is designed to excite and antagonize the pigs." Margot looks horrified. "Taken awhile to find the perfect mix. Any pig will eat a dead man, but to get him to eat a live one, some education is required." Mason respectfully indicates Carlo. "Carlo is experienced in this field and actually fed a man to pigs in Tuscany twenty years ago."

Margot recognizes the clothes on the effigy, "That's one of my suits."

"I'll buy you a new one. We stuff clothes with meat, scent it with human smells. Play screams every time they're fed. Come the real thing, we won't need the recording." Mason presses a button and Margot starts as the sound of screams plays on hidden speakers. Mason beams at her. Mason nods to Carlo and he starts lowering the meat-headed effigy toward the clamoring pigs. "It's not just about making Papa proud. It's about us. It's about family. I want you to be proud of me too, Margot. You're all I have." A pause. "And I'm all you have." The effigy starts shaking as its lower half is torn apart. Margot is managing her horror. Mason grins at her. "This little piggy went "eee-eee," all the way home."

The loud sound of feeding pigs could be heard.....

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Hannibal sits with Margot Verger, he thought about the conversation that he had with Clarice last night. She knew something was wrong with Will but didn't know what, she wanted to help Will. It made a wave of jealousy and possessiveness surge through him, he always felt those emotions whenever Clarice Starling was evolved it didn't matter if he sees her or if she's out of the picture. He still feels those emotions with her and no other woman.

"You know you will have to kill him, Margot. You've known it for years." Hannibal said.

"I may have missed my opportunity. Mason hired a stocky, florid man in an alpine hat. I'm told a leading practitioner in the profession of making people disappear." Margot said.

"Was that the nature of your brother's threat?" Hannibal asked.

"In no uncertain terms, I'm to behave myself or I'll be fed to the pigs." Margot said.

Hannibal studies her a moment, then he asked, "Do you know why you failed to murder your brother, Margot?"

"Poor planning." Margot answered.

"You failed to murder your brother because you still love him." Hannibal stated. That strikes Margot harder than she would have thought. "In love, you take leave of your senses, but in hatred, you must be present to calculate your actions."

"I'm present." Margot said.

"Then allow yourself to hate him." Hannibal said, Margot goes silent, contemplative. "Do you think Mason will just give you what you want? You'll be begging him the rest of your life. Did begging help when he tore you? Same thing as taking his chocolate and letting him have his way."
"I thank God I didn't kill him." Margot said then added off his look. "Papa's will was very clear. Upon the passing of his beloved son Mason, in the absence of a legitimate male heir, the sole beneficiary shall be the Southern Baptist Convention. Not me."

"Even in death, Mason would take everything from you." Hannibal said. "One of the most-powerful forces that shapes us as human beings is the desire to leave a legacy. What legacy will you leave behind?"

"I don't get a legacy." Margot said.

"Unless you make one." Hannibal said.

**FREDDIE LOUNDS'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Pictures, articles, reports, a collage of research. Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Frederick Chilton and Jack Crawford are prominent. Long-lens photos of them all, caught unaware. There's even pictures of Clarice Starling. They are all on a hotel room desk beneath, where Freddie sits, typing up from a scrawled pad of notes.

A knock at the door and she saves and closes the laptop. Stands and checks herself in the mirror. Primps. And then goes to the door, she opens it to find Will Graham. She smiles.

Freddie now sits at the table, opposite Will, checking her recorder as Will scans the wall.

"I raised the ante on my publishing deal. There's been movie interest. Hollywood is a fine place for the obnoxious and wealthy." Freddie said.

"You're not wealthy, Freddie." Will stated.

"I will be." Freddie said. "I'm a pariah among journalists because I took a different faith. But I'm putting that faith in you." Will finally sits at the table and she presses "record". "Let's talk Chesapeake Ripper. Frederick Chilton. Who knew?"

"Who knew." Will said.

"No one did. Nobody would. Not even you. You were so certain the Chesapeake Ripper was Hannibal Lecter, you tried to kill him." Freddie said.

Will takes that in stride, calmly correcting her, "You neglected to say "allegedly."

"No, I didn't." Freddie said. "Dr. Lecter's your psychiatrist again. What's up with that?"

"I was wrong about him. That's what's up with that." Will said.

"Maybe you were. Maybe you weren't." Freddie said.

"Chilton was the Chesapeake Ripper." Will said.

"The Chesapeake Ripper had surgical skills Frederick Chilton did not." Freddie said.

"They have the same profile." Will said.

"Except Dr. Chilton was a woeful surgeon. Dangerous, even. I've been chatting with his old
medical school chums. They say he fled to psychiatry to avoid embarrassment." Freddie said.

Will stares at her, considering her, then he said, "My story with the Chesapeake Ripper already has an ending, Freddie."

"Mine doesn't. Do you really think Dr. Chilton killed Abigail Hobbs?" Freddie asked then added off his silence. "I don't. Even if I let this story go, I'll never let that go."

"Trust me, Freddie. Neither will I." Will said.

"It's too bad Dr. Chilton was shot in the face. He's not exactly in the position to defend himself. Yet somehow, here you are in the position to defend Hannibal Lecter." Freddie studies Will, curious what he's hiding.

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"I bought two salads and water." Clarice asked as she walked into Freddie's hotel room.

"Thanks." Freddie said as she paused briefly in her typing to take the offered salad and water bottle from the other woman.

Clarice sat down and asked as she opened her own salad and bottle of water, "So what did my esteem mentor say about the Chesapeake Ripper story, hm?"

"That it was closed, that it had an ending." Freddie said as she took a bite of her salad.

"I agree with you about Dr Chilton." Clarice said. "And it makes no sense that he'd change his tune about Dr Lecter being the Chesapeake Ripper as soon as he was released, he and I were in agreement."

"What do you think caused him to change his mind?" Freddie asked.

"I have no idea but I'll keep digging in my end and you keep digging in yours, we'll eventually met in the middle."

"Still want me to keep this from Will, Clarice?"

"Yes...and Dr Lecter too." Clarice said.

"Alright." Freddie said. "You should tell me about your relationship with him."

"There's none...keep your mind on this case and afterwards I'll tell you every juicy little thing about my private life, deal?"

"Deal." Freddie said with a smile.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alana sits at the foot of the bed, wincing at the sounds she's manipulating from a sleek wooden box with dials and an antenna at one end and a metal loop at the other. A theremin. Alana draws an even-more-ugly tone out of the instrument, winces.

"Sounds like I'm killing it." Alana said.

"Don't kill it." Hannibal said as he sits behind her, straddling her. He slides his hands down her
arms until he is cupping her hands in his. He guides her hands to the antenna, creating a sustained note. "A theremin is an instrument which can create exquisite music without ever needing to be touched." He nuzzles his head on her shoulder, kissing her neck. "But it requires the rare gift of perfect pitch to play properly." He smiles, his hands drift from hers, one moving along her thigh, the other over her stomach. "Smaller movements. Feel the vibration move through you." A pause then. "Feel it here." His hand moves between her breasts, pressing her sternum.

Alana's hands as she moves them over the instrument and softer, eerier notes are played.

"Like composing in thin air." Alana said.

"Thin air is a musician's canvas." Hannibal said.

"It's a very psychological instrument." Alana delights in the music, but more in Hannibal's touch, his hand disappearing in a caress between her thighs.

"As therapists, we work with people the same way. Never touching, but finding wavelengths and frequencies to affect change. Guiding them from dissonance toward composition." Hannibal said.

Alana tries to focus beyond Hannibal's erotic touch. "People are not instruments. Whatever it is you're playing, Hannibal, you have to listen very carefully to what you're creating." Alana said as she surrenders to Hannibal's nimble hands playing her.

"I am listening. I'm listening to you. You and I went so long in our friendship without ever touching, yet I always felt attuned to you." Hannibal said before he turns Alana's head and pulls her into a kiss...

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A knocking at the door. Margot Verger is at the door. She looks gorgeous, demure and softer than usual. Will smiles and lets her in. She waves a bottle of whiskey.

"I've come to replenish your stores." Margot said.

Margot and Will by the fire, drinking the whiskey.

"Reasoning makes us human, but questioning the nature of our humanity makes us miserable." Margot said. "Where's Clarice?"

"I'll drink to that." Will said. "Back home, she left today."

"What happened to your window?" Margot asked.

"A stag got lost in the storm. Came through the window. Got a few scratches getting him out." Will said.

"Are you scarred?" Margot asked.

"More than I probably know." Will said.

"Show you mine if you show me yours." Margot said.

"I have the wrong parts for your proclivities, Margot." Will said.
"It's not about proclivities, it's about trust." Margot said.

"It's good to trust. Better not to." Will said.

"My optimal level of trust is usually zero. But I trust you." Margot said.

"I don't trust you." Will said.

"I don't need you to "trust" me." Margot said.

"What do you need?" Will asked.

She begins to unbutton her blouse and Will gently takes her hands and stops her. He then starts to unbutton her blouse himself, removing it, revealing a recent surgery scar across her shoulder. Below it, other scars blemish her skin.

"Who did this to you?" Will asked.

"My brother." Margot said as Will runs his fingers over her scars, she unbuttons his shirt, revealing the raw, red gouges from Randall Tier's claws. Her hand moves across his chest to the jagged button scar where Jack Crawford shot him. "Who shot you?"

"A friend." Will said and with that, Will kisses Margot.

Will lies back into bed, Margot on top of him amidst the ruffled sheets. She bends to kiss him and Will rolls her over so that he is on top. And it is now Alana he sees beneath him. He bends to kiss her passionately. Her arms circling his shoulders, drawing him closer to her.

She pulls Will into another kiss and it's revealed it is Hannibal and kisses her as they make love in Hannibal's bed. As Hannibal pulls back but it is now Will, darkness of the room behind him. Beneath him, Alana; they kiss passionately, rolling onto their sides. Will opens one eye, looking beyond Alana to Hannibal watching him intently as he makes love to her. Alana turns away from Will and embraces Hannibal in a kiss, as if they were all three in the same bed together. Alana turns from Hannibal, back to Will, rolling on top of him.

Alana arches her back in climax and then collapses on Will, heaving with satisfied exhaustion. She rolls onto her back. Alana is flanked by Will and Hannibal in a psychological ménage à trois.

Will lies on his side, postcoital. Smiles.

Alana leans towards him and kisses him. Turns her back to spoon. She is face to face with Hannibal -- as if they were all three sharing the same bed. She kisses Hannibal. Sleepy. Happy.

Will lies on his side, the other side empty. He is watching silently as Margot quietly dresses, lit by shadow and moonlight. Will watches and says nothing as she leaves...

**CLARICE STARLING'S HOME-NIGHT**

Clarice tosses her purse and jacket into a plush arm chair that she keeps near the door as she closes the door and locks it behind her before she is greeted by Salem and Bishop. She smiled at them and greeted them with smiles and hugs.
"Dinner and bed, probably watch some TV." Clarice said as she stood up. "What do you boys think?"

Salem meowed while Bishop barked.

"Excellent, you guys wait for me in bed and I'll be right up with dinner." Clarice said with a grin and watched as both cat and dog shot up the stairs before her smile dropped. "Sorry, Freddie but my private life will bore you to tears...." She let's out a heavy sigh. "What a fine life you have, Clarice Starling, you come home everyday to a dog and cat and no man...thank God I have no family to lecture me about my life choices."

She let's out a laugh before she headed into the kitchen, "And you're now talking to yourself, your life really sucks now...."

Chapter End Notes

Freddie and Clarice aren't exactly friends now pre say but they both know when to put aside their differences in order to prove something....
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

Mm, I think it's safe to say that Clarice and Freddie are friends...of sorts....it's hard to explain lol

Before I work on the Doll Maker story (which will be story 4, or even 5 I decide to separate the Florence adventure from the Tooth Fairy story arc, of this series and before the Silence of the Lambs story), I'll work on 'Taking Over Me' (I hope you guys will like that story as much as you liked this one) because I am still not done planning out that part of the story arc (I will get back to it but I need to think some things through.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Naka-choko Part 2

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Margot is with Hannibal for another session.

"I had sex with one of your patients. Will Graham." Margot said. "How does that make you feel?"

"Curious." Hannibal said. "Will Graham is not a lesbian."

"He sure made a go at it." Margot said. "Though his student is quite attractive."

Hannibal smells the air, processing what he breathes in and asked, "Was Will aware of your intention to get pregnant, Margot?" He ignored the statement about Clarice, she was indeed attractive but she wasn't a lesbian.

"Wasn't it your intention for me to get pregnant, Dr. Lecter?" Margot asked.

Hannibal studies her a moment, then he said, "Your life's been threatened. We experience a greater desire to have children when reminded of death."

"The more we think about dying, the more we focus on what matters?" Margot asked.

"What matters to you, Margot? After you fought your brother so long." Hannibal said.

"You may not believe this, but it's not just the money. Well, it is a little bit, but I do want a child. It would be nice to have some small part of me get away from him." Margot said.

Hannibal looks at Margot in a new light, curious. He wondered if Clarice wanted children...

"Much of what men do can be attributed to a desperate need to immortalize themselves. Women, however, can take a more direct route and create new life." Hannibal said.
"It's one way to have a legacy." Margot said.

"It's one way to get what you need. You require an heir, Margot. If you were to have a boy..." Hannibal said.

"I would find a way to kill Mason and take everything back." Margot said.

"I know you would, I like that about you. You're much more interesting, more capable than your brother." Hannibal said. "Professionally, this is the sort of catharsis I have to recommend."

**GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHIATRY - NIGHT**

Georgetown University is an impressive stone facade. A small group of students crowd out of large wooden doors, onto the street. A moment behind them, Alana Bloom steps onto the street, holding a winsome smile that falls like a stone as she mutters a soft “Ugh” sound upon seeing Freddie Lounds, she loiters on the street, evidently waiting for Dr. Bloom.

"I've always admired teachers. Moulding impressionable young minds. But you can only learn so much and live." Freddie said.

"No one likes a know-it-all." Alana said.

"Hannibal Lecter taught you when you were an impressionable young mind." Freddie said.

"Your book’s about Will Graham, Freddie, it’s not about me." Alana said.

"Were you sleeping with Dr. Lecter when you were his student? Or is that a recent development?" Freddie asked and Alana shoots her a look. "You are sleeping with him. I was just guessing. Figured you had to be sleeping with one of them. Maybe that’s why you can’t see it."

"See what?" Alana asked.

"Will Graham was right about Lecter. And I was right about Will Graham." Freddie said.

"I’m not having this or any other conversation with you, Freddie." Alana said as she turns to walk away.

"Hannibal Lecter has had four patients die while under his care. Three former patients die after his care. Then there’s Will Graham." Freddie said and Alana stops, turns back. "All that fuss about Dr. Lecter. Will even tried to kill him. Now they’re back in therapy together. And another former patient is dead."

"Will understands that Hannibal Lecter can help him." Alana said.

"Maybe what Will understands is, if you can’t beat Dr. Lecter, join him." Freddie said before she walked away to a car that was parked a twenty feet away from them, it was a familiar car one that Alana had seen numerous times to know that it belonged to a certain FBI trainee.

Clarice Starling.

Why was she with Freddie Lounds when it was well known that she didn't like the other woman?

**MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - DAY**
Hannibal Lecter arrives, stepping out of his blue Bentley and taking a deep breath. Carlo waits by the dramatic doors.

Mason Verger watches his pigs with rapt attention. Behind him, a figure moves toward him. Hannibal Lecter is behind and for a moment this looks ominous, but then Mason turns and smiles broadly at his visitor.

"Dr. Lecter. I'm Mason Verger. So very nice to meet you. Thank you for accepting my invitation." Mason greeted.

Hannibal shakes his hand. Carlo loiters behind Hannibal.

"I'm prone to old-world politeness. Would have seemed rude to say no." Hannibal said.

"Since I'm paying for Margot's therapy, I thought I should at the very least meet her psychiatrist." Mason said.

"I enjoy putting a face to the name." Hannibal said then he motioned to the pigs. "I've never seen pigs like these." Hannibal said.

"They're a special breed. Product of many years and many litters." Mason said.

Hannibal peers through the slats in the steel maze, asking, "Your ground note?"

"Started with the giant forest pig. Six teats and thirty-eight chromosomes, a resourceful feeder and an opportunistic omnivore." Mason said.

"Just like man." Hannibal said. "You bred the forest pig with a European wild boar."

"Among others. You know pigs as well as you know people." Mason said,

"I do know pigs." Hannibal said.

"Papa would've loved you. He could feel the face of a hog and tell by the bone structure its genetic makeup. Breeding was very important to our father. Margot really pissed him off with all her button stitching. No breeding there." Mason said. "Do you have a sister, Dr. Lecter?"

"I had a sister." Hannibal said.

"Then you must understand my need to protect Margot. Mostly from herself. She's pathological. I'm sure she's told you horrible things that I've done. She distorts reality to maximize her martyrdom." Mason said.

"A charade for her resentments?" Hannibal asked.

"I have always been the favorite. That's why Margot tried to kill me." Mason said. "Does she confess her plots to you?"

"I can't tell you what Margot's confessed to me. Fortunately for you, I can't tell anyone else." Hannibal said as Mason stares at Hannibal a moment before smiling. "Even the worst of us needs someone to talk to, Mason. Have you ever considered therapy for yourself?"
"Maybe I should." Mason said. "Can I have Carlo slaughter you a hog? A token of my appreciation for all that you do for Margot."

"Please, but I must insist on selecting my own pig. Always do." Hannibal said.

Mason smiles at Hannibal who does not respond.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

A magnificent shining roast pig, complete with apple in mouth, sat atop a garlanded platter, Hannibal is carrying the platter that it is on.

Hannibal places the pig on the table between Will Graham and Alana Bloom sitting on either side of Hannibal's chair.

"Brined and roasted whole suckling pig. A gift from a friend." Hannibal said a he pours wine into glasses before taking his own seat.

"Your friend, not the pig's friend." Will said.

Hannibal begins to carve, not sure if he agrees with Will, "There are those that raise livestock who have a genuine affection for them. The farmer who hand rears lambs loves them and sends them to slaughter."

"They love and kill what they love." Alana said.

"A paradox." Hannibal said.

"What's that?" Will asked.

"That neither of you is the killer she's writing about, but together, you might be." Alana said.

Hannibal said to Will, "Freddie Lounds must consider you a bland interview subject if she's already resorted to fiction."

"She won't be fenced in by something as malleable as the truth." Alana said. "Freddie has no boundaries."

"A person with no boundaries is a psychopath. Or a journalist." Will said.

"Freddie isn't the only one without boundaries. Your relationship doesn't seem to know many. Patient and therapist. Friend and enemy." Alana said.

"Crossing boundaries is different than violating them." Hannibal said.

"Boundaries are always subject to negotiation. It's just hard to know where you are with each other." Alana said.

"We know where we are with each other. Shouldn't that be enough?" Will asked.

Alana can see that she is bumping into her own boundaries. Hannibal makes light of the exchange, offering simply, "Better the devil you know."
Hannibal smiles and takes a bite...

"...Has Ms Starling said anything to either one of you about her new friendship with Freddie Lounds?" Alana asked.

Both men paused at that, surprised by that.

Will lowered his fork as he said, "No...Clarice hasn't said anything about that to me."

"Or me." Hannibal said as both men wondered why those two were together.

**FREDDIE LOUNDS'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

The room is dark, privacy blinds drawn against the sunlight outside. Slivers of light from around the edge are just enough to illuminate a desk, on it are reports and articles, pictures of Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Abigail Hobbs, Bedelia Du Maurier. The police file on Bedelia's attacker. Scribbled notes on a legal pad. Papers and charts everywhere. She is an obsessive when on the hunt.

Hannibal stands unmoving, waiting with the patience of a python in his plastic suit.

**WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY**

Freddie exits her car with a bag. Freddie stands on Will's veranda, peers through the door. She can see the dogs, but no Will Graham. She knocks again. She tries the door, pushes. It doesn't open. Freddie moves off the veranda, peers through windows. Looks under the house. An opportunity she may not get again.

Freddie Lounds now stands in front of the large doors of the shed. A hefty padlock on the bolt. She pulls lock picks from her bag and deftly starts to work the lock.

Light floods in as the doors open and Freddie steps in, silhouetted against the light behind. She moves into the shed, bag over her shoulder. Old carpentry wood, a stack of firewood logs, boxes of ancient fishing tackle. Ancient machinery. And Randall Tier's mauling suit. It hangs like a skinned animal from a beam. Without thinking, Freddie absently pulls out her camera and takes a few pictures. In the burst of light from her flash, Freddie notices something. She studies the bones closer. The bear skull glowering at her, the claws hang on either side, bloody and stained. She glances around the room and continues taking pictures of every detail of the space.

Freddie examines the lock of an industrial freezer and retrieves her lock pick kit. The door opens and Freddie looks inside, a doze paper-wrapped fish fill the freezer. A horseshoe shaped paper-wrapped fish catches Freddie's eye. Unlike the other fish, it's in a plastic bag. Freddie opens the bag and retrieves the horseshoe-wrapped fish, unwrapping it and revealing it is a human jaw. The door opens behind her, flooding the room with light. Freddie startles, turning to see Will silhouetted behind her.

Chapter End Notes

......why do I keep thinking Clarice as a burlesques dancer? Like instead of becoming
FBI she does that or something happens to her that causes her to abandon that dream....like an AU I blame listenting to Cell Block Tango all day lol
Chapter 40

Naka-choko Part 3

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - SHED - DAY

Freddie stares at Will in horror as he calmly closes the door behind him, blocking her way out. Freddie goes for the revolver in her bag. Pulls it free, points.

"There really is a very good explanation for all of this." Will said.

"I don't want to hear it." Freddie said.

Will takes a menacing step closer and asked, "You're not the least bit curious?"

"Get away from the door." Freddie stated.

"I can't let you go, Freddie. Not without hearing what I have to say." Will said as he takes another step. "I know you're scared. Only have to be scared just a little bit longer." He raises his hand.
"Give me the gun."

He takes a final step and Freddie fires, the bullet raises splinters off the wall, narrowly missing Will. Will charges, violently slamming into Freddie. Freddie keeps firing until Will wrenches the gun from her hand. She chops her foot hard down his instep and scrambles away. Will bolts after her, slamming into the wall as he slips on the cold floor. Freddie is nearly to the door as Will grabs her by the back of the head, snatching a fistful of red hair. Freddie's hand comes from her bag with pepper spray. She blasts Will with it. Will lets go of her, hands to his eyes...

As she comes bursting from the shed. Running for her life towards her car, her cell phone in one hand. Freddie clicks her keys and the car opens and she dives inside. Freddie is trying to control her panic as she clicks the doors locked. Her cell phone to her ear as she starts the car her call get connected.

"Jack Crawford." Said Jack's voice mail.

"Ja-AHHHHHH." Freddie started.

The side window bursts inward at Freddie, spraying broken glass and revealing Will swinging an iron bar. Freddie screams as she is yanked violently out of the car, she's dragged screaming from the car, to the cell phone, call timer counting the seconds...

BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

As Jack Crawford plays the recorded message for Alana, Hannibal and Will. They listen grimly to the sound of ragged breath, the car door, the smash and then the scream.

"Freddie Lounds left this message for me three hours ago. Her cell signal's dead now. Last call was traced to the nearest phone tower." Jack said before he looks to Will. "In Wolf Trap, Virginia. We have her on security cameras at a gas station, filling her car. Six miles from your farm."

"Freddie was supposed to interview me. She never showed up." Will said.
Alana is looking at Will closely. Hannibal is watching Alana.

"Why are you granting interviews to Freddie Lounds?" Jack asked.

"I owed her one." Will said.

"Surely, Freddie Lounds has more enemies than Will." Hannibal said.

"I live in the middle of nowhere, Jack. If someone wanted to take her, it'd be a good place to do it." Will said.

Alana looks at Will and Hannibal. Decides she has to speak, "Freddie was investigating a story about Will and Hannibal committing murders together. There's no reason to believe her, but someone believed Freddie was a threat." Alana truly wonders what she believes...

Jack looks behind them at the silently staring and listening figure that was leaning against the wall and whose scent was distracting Hannibal.

"You got anything to add, Starling? Any quips?"

Clarice blinked slowly at Jack before she shook her head, "No, sir, I don't make quips about the dead...even if I didn't like the person, my daddy raised me better than that."

"You know anything about this story she was looking into?" Jack asked.

Alana turned in her seat to watch Clarice for any signs of lying.

Clarice's blue eyes flicked over to her before she looked back at Jack, "She told me, sir, asked me what I thought about it."

"What do you think about it?"

"It's an interesting theory, sir but it's not something I would put much stock in." Clarice said. "I told her that she was barking up the wrong tree."

Alana didn't see any signs of lying but Clarice knew how to hide those signs.

Jack stared into Clarice's neutral face, "You okay, Starling?"

Clarice shrugged her shoulders and said, "I haven't been sleeping lately but that's the price of this line of work...I'll be fine."

"Just remember to take a few minutes for yourself before you bury yourself in the dead."

"I will, Mr Crawford, I promise." Clarice said with a slight nod.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A wax paper wrapped package is placed on a worktop, unwrapped, revealing two beautiful loins of meat. Will is organizing his groceries on the counter as Hannibal looks on. Onions, assorted bell peppers, garlic cloves, tomatoes, potatoes and ginger are ready for prep.

"I provide the ingredients, you tell me what we should do with them." Will said.
"What's the meat?" Hannibal asked.

"What do you think?" Will asked,

Hannibal smiles at that. Cuts the string and unrolls the paper to reveal a loin of meat. Long and slim. He bends and smells it. Hannibal looks up at Will with a smile. Because he knows what this is. He looks proud.

"Red meat, but only just. Veal? Pork, perhaps?" Hannibal asked.

"She was a slim and delicate pig." Will said.

"I'll make you a pork lomo saltado. We'll make it together." Hannibal said as he hands Will a knife and nods to the chopping board. Will grabs the ginger root among the ingredients. "You slice the ginger."

Hannibal looks at Will closely now. Intent.

Will and Hannibal at the table -- beautifully-presented plates before them. Hannibal smiles, watches Will as he raises a forkful of the meat and eats it. Hannibal is satisfied. Takes a mouthful himself and savors it. He knows the flavor. No hiding it. He looks at Will.

"The meat has an interesting flavor. It's bracing. Notes of citrus." Hannibal said.

Will savors the flavors of the dish and said, "My palate isn't as refined as yours."

"Apart from humane considerations, it's more flavorful for animals to be stress-free prior to slaughter. This animal tastes frightened." Hannibal said.

"What does "frightened" taste like?" Will asked.

"It's acidic." Hannibal said.

"The meat is bitter about being dead." Will stated.

Hannibal is amused by that notion, "This meat isn't pork."

"It's long pig." Will said as he takes a bite. Hannibal watches him intently, proud. "You can't reduce me to a set of influences. I'm not the product of anything. I've given up good and evil for behaviorism."

"Then you can't say that I'm evil." Hannibal said.

"You're destructive. Same thing." Will said.

"Evil's just destructive? Storms are evil, if it's that simple. And we have fire, and then there's hail. Underwriters lump it all under "Acts of God". Hannibal said. "Is this meal an act of God, Will?"

Hannibal takes a final bite
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kō No Mono Teaser

CLARICE STARLING’S HOUSE-DAY

She was kneeling next to Bishop, putting a black vest on him that read in white bold letters: K-9 Trainee. Clarice stood up and placed her hands on her hips as she stared down at the politely sitting black German Shepard.

"Your breeder say that it would be better if you trained with me since you are so used to me, Bishop." Clarice said.

No response from the dog sitting at her feet but that was to be expected and if he had spoken, she would quickly check herself into the funny farm.

"Alright, fellow trainee Bishop, let's get this show on the road." Clarice said as she clipped his leash onto his collar. "Behave and no growling, that's something we have to work on." Bishop stood up and shook himself before he followed her out of the house, she really didn't need to train him but she wanted him with her as another safety barrier that and she needed his nose.

Bishop's breeder had trained his dogs to sniff out dead bodies...

WILL GRAHAM’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Will twists in the throes of his fevered dream. Knocking competes with his pathetic moan. Will finally awakens, disoriented. The knocking comes again.

Will in T-shirt and sweats as he opens the front door to find Alana is on the stoop with applesauce. Will's dogs mill around them, saying hello. Will watches as she bends to pet them.

"Do we do friendly visits anymore?" Will asked.

"This isn't a friendly visit." Alana said.

"What kind of visit is it?" Will asked.

"I guess I'm trying to convince myself of something. Or maybe I'm trying to convince you." Alana said is pensive, thoughtful, struggling with confrontation. "Or maybe I don't know why I'm here."

"I know why. You're worried I killed Freddie Lounds." Will said.

The statement is matter-of-fact and sits there between them.

"Did you?" Alana asked.

"What do you think?" Will asked.

"I think that's the wrong answer to tell somebody who is already wondering what you're capable
of." Alana said.

"Been wondering that for a while." Will said.

"I know you're lying to me. You've slipped into some kind of skin and I think it fits a little too well." Alana said.

"I told everyone Hannibal was a killer and no one believed me. Just like no one would believe you if you said I was a killer." Will said.

Will's tone chills Alana. But she's brave and persistent.

"I'm afraid, Will. But not of you. I'm afraid for you. I don't think Hannibal is good for you. I think your relationship is destructive." Alana said.

"Hannibal's good enough for you." Alana reacts to that, stung. Will tries to soften his remark. "You should be afraid. You're right to be afraid." A pause. "I have something for you." Will quietly goes inside and returns, brandishing a handgun. "Whoever you're afraid of... don't be afraid to use it." Alana reacts in fear, then Will spins the gun on its trigger guard and offers it to her. He holds her gaze. Alana takes the gun. And her certainty about him wavers. She sees the old Will for a second. "Takes 9mm rounds. Buy a box and find a range. Practice."

And he goes back inside. The door swinging closed behind him, leaving Alana alone in the cold.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Flicking light of an approaching flame illuminates Will's face, Hannibal placing the flaming cocotte, on the table in front of Will. As the flames die down, two thumb sized birds sizzling in their own fat and flesh.

"Among gourmands, the ortolan bunting is considered a rare-but debauched delicacy. A rite of passage, if you will." Each of the birds resembles an oval of butter with wings, feet and head still attached. "Preparation calls for the songbird to be drowned alive in Armagnac. It is then roasted and consumed whole in a single mouthful."

"Ortolans are endangered." Will said.

"Who amongst us is not?" Hannibal asked.

"I haven't been gorged, drowned, plucked and roasted. Not yet." Will said.

"Traditionally, during this meal, we're to place shrouds over our heads, hiding our faces from God." Hannibal said as he picks up one of the birds by its head. "I don't hide from God."

Will picks up his own bird. Raises it in a toast and asked, "Bones and all?"

"Bones and all." Hannibal said.

Following Hannibal's lead, Will places the bird in his mouth. As the flavor fills his mouth, Will nods in appreciation. It's clearly delicious, despite the crunching of tiny bones. Never taking his eyes off of Will, Hannibal draws in the bird's head and beak, blithely crushing them between his molars before continuing.
"After my first ortolan, I was euphoric. A stimulating reminder of our power over life and death." Hannibal said.

"I was euphoric when I killed Freddie Lounds." Will said.

"Tell me, Will, did your heart race when you murdered her?" Hannibal asked.

"No. It didn't." Will said.

"A low heart rate is a true indicator of one's capacity for violence. One might say you are genetically predisposed to it." Hannibal said.

"This is my design?" Will asked.

"Your design is evolving. Your choices affect the physical structures of your brain." Hannibal said.

"Killing's changed the way I think." Will said.

"You must understand that blood and breath are only elements undergoing change to fuel your radiance. Just as the source of light is burning." Hannibal said.

Will takes that in...

OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A uniformed garage attendant sits in his Plexiglas booth, highlighting a textbook. He lifts his head, listening. He steps from his booth and hears a sound. The shape of the underground car park and the conducting power of the cement walls, the sound travels around him.

The sound grows louder and the attendant pirouettes, trying to pinpoint the source. He stops, eyes on the ramp leading down from the street exit and a yellow light descending the ramp. A light that fast reveals itself to be a ball of flames, a burning wheelchair with a body strapped into it. Wheels eek-eeking faster and faster as it hurtles down, trailing smoke and sparks, the flames blown back like wings.

The attendant leaps aside as the flaming wheelchair and its occupant roars by him, it crashes and the attendant grabs the booth's fire extinguisher and head towards the fire. Black smoke roils by.

Past the attendant's booth to arrive at a reserved parking space. Vacant now, painted white against the oil-stained cement floor -- a name: F. LOUNDS.

Chapter End Notes

Bishop has been in the presence of Hannibal before, but he hadn't started his dead human smelling training yet lol
Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

Almost done with this story!! Only got two 'episodes' to go after this one! Woohoo!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kō No Mono Part 1

BAU - MORGUE - NIGHT

All teeth, starkly white in the chiaroscuro of blackened, scorched skin. With lips shriveled back, it's almost as though this death mask was grinning at the people looking at it.

"Orthodontics confirmed. It's Freddie Lounds." Brian said. The slab bears the burned body of an adult woman. Hair crisp like black hawthorn. Skin charred and cracked open. Jimmy and Brian attend to the body. Will, Hannibal and Jack are there as well. "A little kerosene and fwoomp. Incendiary journalism. If she were burned alive, blood would have boiled out of her mouth."

"No scabrous crust on her chin. Dead before the match was struck." Jimmy said.

"Blood already pooled to the lowest points of her body. She'd been dead at least twenty-four hours." Brian said.

"Freddie Lounds's ultimate failing was her inability to keep herself out of her own stories." Jack said.

"Freddie had the longing need to be noticed. She was noticed." Will said.

Hannibal then leans close to inspect her corpse, "Severely-burned bodies tend to split along lines of musculature..." He points to a jagged opening along the corpse's back. "...but this looks like an incision."

"Cut out her psoas muscles. Looks like he used a hunting knife." Brian said.

"A peculiar trophy." Hannibal glances innocently at Will who averts his eyes.

"Why did he burn her?" Jack asked.

"How many people has Freddie Lounds burned in her career?" Brian asked.

"Whoever did this was not striking out against Miss Lounds's exploitative brand of journalism." Hannibal said. "This is something else. This is something sacred."

Will considers the charred corpse in front of him, then he said, "Freddie Lounds had to burn. She was fuel. Fire destroys, creates. It's mythical. She won't rise from the ashes, but her killer will."

"He's the one to be noticed now." Hannibal said.
Jack studies Will and Hannibal...

"Bloody hell, is that Freddie?" A familiar southern twang said from behind them.

Jimmy turned around to greet Clarice but paused when he saw that she wasn't alone, "Oh hello there...what's his name?" He motioned to the black German Shepard standing next to her, sniffing the air around him.

"This is Bishop who is in the middle of his training to be a cadaver dog." Clarice said with a small smile.

Hannibal barely contained his twitch when he heard that while Will smiled at the dog, during their stay at his house he had came to like Clarice's two pets including the cat who quickly became the boss of the house.

"Is he friendly?" Jimmy asked.

"...When he wants to be." Clarice said. "I just feed him so he might be in the mood to let someone new pet him."

Jimmy walked over to them as he took off his gloves, he held out his hand to Bishop who sniffed his hand and proceeded to bump his head against the proffered hand. Jimmy shot Clarice a smile who returned, the man stroked the dog before he stood up and walked away to wash his hands and put his gloves back on.

Clarice looked at Brian and asked, innocently, "You wanna pet him?"

"No thanks, I'll pass on that." Brian said.

She chuckled and watched as Bishop trotted over to Jack and sniffed his pants before, nudging the man's hand for attention which the man gave in feign annoyance. Bishop sniffed Jack and quickly moved on, he was very happy to see Will immediately starting to dance and jump around the man in his attempt to greet his other favorite human. But when he got to Hannibal, his posture change...he seemed more alert, wary but he did allow the man to pet him before the animal returned to Clarice's side.

Clarice took this in silently before she looked at Jimmy and asked, "Is that Freddie?"

"I didn't know you two were on a first name bases, Starling." Jack said.

"Yeah well, having been in such a long, antagonizing relationship, it tends to led into the two people calling each other by their first name." Clarice stated. "But in all seriousness, Jack, I wouldn't wish this on Freddie, I never wanted her dead."

Jack stared at her before he nodded and said, "I know, Starling, thank you for coming...good luck with his training."

"No problem, I'll see you later, Jack." Clarice said as she turned to go but not before she looked back at Freddie's corpse with a sad look, she walked out of the room with a light tug on Bishop's leash.

**VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MARGOT'S BATHROOM - DAY**

A blue "+" appeared a pregnancy test. The test wand droops so that the positive result icon looks like an "X", Margot's unblinking gaze, but, for a few seconds, the two images overlap... putting an
"X" between her eyes.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Margot sits opposite Hannibal.

"There's no baby. Isn't even an embryo yet. I've got hormones in my pee. That's the extent of it. But here I am, feeling maternal." Margot said.

"We're discussing a small group of cells. Barely life, but immediately seen to be life-changing." Hannibal said.

"I feel like everything that was done to me can almost be undone." Margot said.

"Through children we can disrupt our own sense of the past. We can protect them in ways we weren't." Hannibal said.

"Life eventually bounces back." Margot said.

"You can reclaim yours, Margot." Hannibal said. "But your capacity to care about this child will incur a cost to yourself. How much will you give?"

"I could be good to a child. I'll go to parenting classes." Margot said.

"You've conspired with your unborn child to liberate yourself. You've made Will an unknowing accomplice." Hannibal said.

"I got what I wanted from Will, but I didn't understand what I was taking until the strip turned blue." Margot said, s he turns to Will who has been in the room the entire time, somewhat shell-shocked. "I'm not proud of myself."

"Nor should you be. You said..." Will said.

Margot cut him off, "I lied."

Will looked at Hannibal and asked, "Did you know?"

"I was aware of Margot's goal of having a child. I was not aware you were the means to achieving it." Hannibal said.

Will said to Margot, "What do you want from me?"

"Little or nothing or as much as you'd like to give." Margot said.

"As much as I'd like to give?" Will asked.

"Always thought men were an optional extra in child rearing, but I'm not opposed to a male influence." Margot said. "As long as it's not my brother. He's not good with children."

Will appraises Margot, as he wondered if he should tell Clarice about this or not.

Probably not given how Margot purposely got pregnant, no matter the reasons Clarice wouldn't like it and would probably punch the other woman.
MUSKRAT FARM - STABLES - DAY

Mason watches as an adult guardian guides a handful of young children past the Verger horses and through the stables, each one wearing floral winners’ wreaths. Mason glances down and sees one straggler, a boy, Franklin (6), staring at him. Mason smiles, charmed and charming.

"What's your name?" Mason asked.

"Franklin." Franklin said.

Mason pulls an apple from his coat pocket and hands it to Franklin. The boy looks uncertain. Mason nods to the horse. Franklin lets the animal eat from his palm. He smiles.

"Where do you stay, Franklin?" Mason asked.

"With Mama and Shirley." Franklin said.

"Mama’s not your real mama, is she?" Mason asked.

"She’s my foster." Franklin said.

"She’s not the first foster you’ve had, is she, Franklin?" Mason asked.

"No." Franklin said.

"Do you love Mama and Shirley?" Mason asked.

"And Kitty Cat." Franklin said.

Franklin nods. Mason kneels beside him and shakes his head.

"Franklin, you can’t live there anymore with Mama and Shirley and Kitty Cat. You have to go away." Mason said.

"Who says?" Franklin asked.

"The government says. Mama lost her job and her approval as a foster home. You can’t see her anymore after this week. Can’t see Kitty Cat after this week, either." Mason

"No." Franklin said.

"Or maybe they just don’t want you anymore, Franklin. Is there something wrong with you?" Mason asked as Franklin nervously picks at the tail of his shirt, trying to hide the tears hanging in his eyes. He shakes his head no. "Do you know what will happen to Kitty Cat? The policemen will take Kitty Cat to the pound and a doctor there will give her a shot. She’ll be so scared when she sees the needle. They’ll stick it in and Kitty Cat will hurt and die." Tears brim in Franklin's eyes despite Mason's cheerful tone. "You can save Kitty Cat from getting the shot if you give Kitty Cat some rat poison yourself." Tears stream down Franklin's face now, Mason smiles. "Aw, here now." Mason removes a sterile swatch from what appears to be a vintage cigarette case and dabs at Franklin's tears. The sterile swab swells the boy's tears, Mason carefully places the tear-soaked swab back in the case and fishes a foil-wrapped chocolate from his pocket. He tosses it to Franklin, who catches and holds it. "Have some chocolate."
The sterile swab is dropped into a martini and stirred.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal watches as Mason casually paces his office, anxiety feigning as interest in the decor.

"You have a beautiful things, doctor. I grew up with huge wealth, but my father was self-made from rough stock. He was a hard man, proud of his rise, so he bought things that rich people buy, ugly things. When he died, I threw it all away. He had no eye for the exquisite. But you do." Mason said while Hannibal watches Mason pace, finally settling into his chair. "I want to tell you about camp. It was a wonderful childhood experience that I've come back to. My father would pay for the whole thing, every summer, all 125 campers on Lake Michigan."

"Your father was a generous man." Hannibal said.

"I continue his charitable work today. Most of these campers are unfortunates and they will do anything for a candy bar." Mason said. The bait dangles a moment, but Hannibal doesn't take it. He studies Mason inscrutably until the latter continues. "Maybe I took advantage, maybe I was rough with them if they wouldn't take the chocolate and do what I said. I'm not holding anything back. It's all okay now. I got a walk on all the charges."

"Your penance?" Hannibal asked.

"I did five hundred hours of community service, worked at the dog pound and received court ordered therapy."

"Was therapy helpful?" Hannibal asked.

"I got the doctor involved in something unethical so he'd cut me some slack." Mason said.

"That's not helpful." Hannibal said.

"I was aware at a very early age of my willingness to inflict damage on those around me. Papa called it "altruistic punishment"." Mason said.

"More commonly referred to as "spite"." Hannibal said.

"Papa was a prodigy in the field of meat. But his real genius was for human nature. He could look at a man and see his weakness." Mason said.

"Could he see yours?" Hannibal asked.

"He saw my sister's." Mason said.

"Yet he shaped Margot as clearly and certainly as he shaped you." Hannibal said. "Your father is dead. A boy's illusions are no basis for a man's life, Mason. Margot is the only family you have left."

"My sister loves me, Dr. Lecter. She has to...or she's destitute." Mason said.

"Vergers are noted expansionists." Hannibal said.
"I am the sole Verger heir." Mason said.

"Unless biology provides another." Hannibal said.

Mason senses an insinuation in what Hannibal offers...

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Clarice was walking towards Hannibal's office when she nearly collided with a man that was leaving.

"Oh, sorry...I wasn't looking where I was going." The man said with a charming smile....

One that didn't put Clarice at ease at all and made her tense slightly, whoever this man was he certainly wasn't someone she would want to be around alone.

She smiled and said, "It's quiet alright, sir, no harm was done to my person now if you don't mind, I have a session to get to. Have a nice day." She quickly skirted around the man and quickly headed into Hannibal's office, all the while she could feel his eyes on her back.

Clarice opened the door without knocking and closed it behind her, quickly and leaned against the solid frame.

"Clarice? What's wrong?"

She jumped, startled, her hand flying to her heart as she said, "Sweet baby Jesus, Dr Lecter, make some noise would ya!" She could hear her southern twang came out even more when she is startled as well.

Hannibal walked over to her, taking in her outfit, she wore a knee-length black short dress that has a surplice v-neckline and pencil skirt that suited Clarice's figure just fine. A black knee length trench coat was worn over the dress, worn open. She wore black high heeled pumps, her make up and hair was lightly done. He took a breath and caught the scent of Mason's cologne he immediately realized why Clarice was so skittish.

"I see you had just met Mason Verger." Hannibal said.

"Verger? Is he related to Margot Verger?"

"Yes, he's her brother."

"Charming man, couldn't get away fast enough from him." Clarice said as she pushed away from the door and walked away from the door.

"Good girl." Hannibal said with a smile. "I don't want you alone with him."

"Oh, you won't ever catch me alone with that man ever." Clarice said. "And if I do, I will act like I just remembered that I had something better to do and make a hasty retreat."

Hannibal smiled, proud of her. She was a smart, pretty little thing.

Clarice glanced at her wrist watch and said, "I have to go now, Dr Lecter, was asked go to a funeral today."

"Is that why you came by?"
"Yes, I felt it would be better if I told you face to face instead of calling you though now I wish that I had called instead."

"I don't, I like seeing you, Clarice."

She stared at him silently before she said, "I see...good bye, Dr Lecter." Clarice then made a hasty retreat out of his office as if the hounds of hell were nipping at her heels, she was even more awkward around him ever since he and Alana started sleeping together.

And he didn't like it.

**CEMETERY - GRAVE SITE - DAY**

The freshly-dug grave and its mound of earth are dark against the surrounding snow. A wreath commemorates Freddie Lounds, sat atop a coffin at the graveside. An intimate group of mourners are seated under a canopy, family and colleagues. They face the Priest who presides over Freddie's inhumation.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." The priest said.

Alana is watching the intimate group of mourners. But more interested in the cemetery beyond. She waits. At last, she sees what it is she's searching for: Will is mostly obscured by a tree a dozen yards away. He notices Alana's gaze and approaches her.

"Funeral was long at the chapel and it's long at the graveside." Will said.

"I'm here to mourn Freddie Lounds. Can't imagine it's why you're here." Alana said.

"All sorts of reasons why I would go to Freddie Lounds's funeral. All sorts of reasons why you would go." Will said.

"Which reason are you here for?" Alana asked.

"It's common for a killer to revisit their victims after death. Attend funerals, return to crime scenes." Will said.

Alana eyes Will, not amused, "Anyone suspicious?"

"Besides me?" Will asked.

"That was implied." Alana said.

"You were expecting me." Will said.

"It's common for a killer to revisit their victims after death." Alana said.

"I'm not here to dance on Freddie Lounds's grave, if that's what you're getting at." Will said.

"Not here looking for her killer, either. Don't seem particularly interested in the crowd." Alana said.
"Are you profiling me, Dr. Bloom?" Will asked.

"A psychological profile is nothing more than statistical probability. You here makes it that much more probable you're Freddie's killer." Alana said, despite her doggedness in pressing Will, Alana looks away. By the same token, it pains Will to maintain his cover with the person who cares for him the most. Next to Clarice though his protege had never once thought he had killed those girls and always proclaimed his innocence.

"I'm here because my psychiatrist suggested it would be therapeutic." Will said.

As one, the mourners start away from the grave site and Alana starts after them. She continues away in the cold.

Will, alone standing at the grave site until he catches a familiar scent before a warm, small hand slipped into his and a head rested on his shoulder. He allowed a small smile to curve his lips up before he rested his head on top of Clarice's, allowing her warmth and scent to surround him and calm him.

They stood there in silence, basking in each other's warmth and comfort.

She was something constant in his life, she would never leave him unless she was dragged away from his side, kicking and screaming.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Will Graham once again smelled of Clarice.

Will observes the amber light trapped in a tumbler of Scotch.

"I've been so preoccupied with taking a life, I'm having trouble wrapping my head around making one." Will said.

"When men become fathers, they undergo biochemical changes that affect the way they think." Hannibal said.

"You said the same thing happens when men become killers." Will said.

"Fatherhood is not always a nurturing role. Fathers can be killers. In protecting a child, things trapped inside a man for years fly free, ready to explode in pain. And dangerous behavior." Hannibal said. "What sort of father would you be?"

Will reflects on that, imagining a different life, "I would be a good father."

Hannibal smiles warmly at that, he imagines Will would and asked, "Do you see a life flashing before your eyes that's not your own?"

"Yes." Will answered.

"How quickly we form attachments to something that does not yet exist." Hannibal said.

"I'm not attached. I'm only anticipating attachment." Will said.

"We have a deep-seated need to interact with our children. It helps us discover who we are." Hannibal said.
"Have you ever been a father?" Will asked.

"I was to my sister. She wasn't my child, but she was my charge." Hannibal said. "Abigail reminded me so much of her."

That derails Will's train of thought, almost sobering, "Then why did you kill her?"

"What happened to Abigail had to happen. There was no other way." Hannibal said.

"There was. But there isn't now." Will said.

"Would you protect this child the way you couldn't protect Abigail?" Hannibal asked.

Will studies Hannibal, then he said, "I still dream about Abigail. I dream I'm teaching her how to fish."

"I'm sorry I took that from you. I wish I could give it back." Hannibal said.

"So do I." Will said.

"Occasionally, on purpose, I drop a teacup to shatter on the floor." Hannibal said. "I'm not satisfied when it doesn't gather itself up again. Someday perhaps a cup will come together."

Will considered Hannibal's words...

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Clarice smelled of Will as she walked passed Hannibal and smiled at him in greeting before she reached the chairs and turned towards him as she took off the trench coat to reveal that the dress she wore to the funeral was a three quarter sleeve.

"How was the funeral?"

"Sad, reminded me of my father's." Clarice said.

Hannibal was surprised by that, "What do you remember of your father?"

Clarice frowned in thought as she moved to the couch and sat down, "....After my mother passed away, my father became my everything. He taught me everything I know today, my manners and morals." She paused. "He was the one that got me interested in dancing as well, we used to dance a lot in the living...we moved all the furniture out of the way before we danced." Clarice smiled. "I remember him dancing on his toes one time because I was just learning how to dance and he didn't want to step on my toes."

Her southern twang came out when she was remembering a memory, both sad and happy.

Hannibal sat down next to her and said, "Have you ever wanted to replace him?"

Clarice blinked at him before she smiled and said, "I already have Dr Lecter....and that's Jack Crawford, he reminds me of my daddy."

He was grateful that she had chosen someone else to be her father figure, it wouldn't have been good for his plans that he had with her.
"That's good." Hannibal said with a smile.

She returned his smile before she sighed heavily and toed off her shoes, she leaned against him with a relived sigh after doing it.

"Whoever created high heels should be forced to wear them and then killed." Clarice mumbled. "Or they would make great torture devices."

Hannibal smiled at that, amused, and said, "I think the creator of your shoes is dead, Clarice."

"...Darn it..." Was all Clarice said as she completely relaxed against him, it wasn't a romantic contacting it was soothing like she wanted physical comforted by someone else instead of any words of comfort shared between them.

**CEMETERY - NIGHT**

Rows of headstones reflecting bone white in the moonlight. Their eerie shadows grow in length before gradually disappearing as the world opens a new day.

The sun cresting horizon, a hot, shimmering ball.

A figure looming, silhouetted in the morning rays, the definition of its outline inexplicable until the sunlit hit its front, a ghoulish representation of Shiva, in multi-armed splendor, the god of the Hindu pantheon. Four arms fan out on each side of the torso, eight arms in total. The composite deity made whole via composite body parts strapped to pose in a state of après-mort meditation.

The head appears much larger than a normal human skull, a result of three heads being strapped together to create a singular monstrosity. The center head faces forward as the ones flanking it point in opposite directions.

A third eye leers sightless from a hole gouged into the forehead of the center head. As the sun continues rising, its light reveals the impromptu Shiva's many additions and accouterments adorn and emanate from a single body at its core, the charred corpse of the late-but-not-so-lamented, Freddie Lounds.

Chapter End Notes

Not good with children my ass, holy cow Mason is a freaking asshole with them! If Clarice was there or ever meets him, she'd fucking punch him...and Hannibal would be like 'that's my girl!'"
What's this? A new chapter is finally finished and posted? Sorry for the long wait! And thank you for the nice comments and kudos!!

I will be taking a break from my other stories to finish this one!

Finished editing! The Doll Maker will have his own story arc as well as the Casanova Ripper ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kō No Mono Part 2

CEMETERY - FREDDIE LOUNDS'S GRAVESITE - DAY

Brian and Jimmy are processing the grotesque Shiva. Will watches them silently with Clarice at his side.

"Extra parts were harvested on-site." Brian said

"Just one night in the ground. That beats Jesus by forty-eight hours." Jimmy said.

"Never thought Freddie would make it to heaven, much less get deified." Brian said.

Clarice snorted softly in response to that, Will looks at her from the corner of his eye but doesn't say anything to her.

Alana is walking toward the grave site with Jack, she sees Will standing before the Shiva with Clarice standing at his side. The young woman had her arm linked through Will's as she stood next to the older man. Clarice was wearing a grey v-neck t-shirt under her custom black leather jacket, black jeans, black high heeled boots with a thick heel, her black hair was pulled back into a high ponytail. Jimmy and Brian see Jack and Alana and nod greetings. Will is impassive. Alana holds his gaze. Neither looks away. Then Alana's eyes are drawn back to the Shiva.

"This killer is trying to get somebody's attention." Jack said.

"I don't think he wants to be found. He has direction. His chaos is getting more orderly." Alana said.

"First he burns effigies, then he assembles them." Jack said.

"Burning Freddie Lounds wasn't his first effigy." Alana said then added off of Jack's look. "Whoever killed Freddie killed Randall Tier. Mutilated him, dismembered him, put him on display."

"What connection do Freddie Lounds and Randall Tier have?" Jack asked.
Will Graham. Randall Tier was his suspect and Hannibal's patient." Alana said. Will reacts to this and removes his arm from around Clarice's, he crosses to Jack and Alana, Clarice follows after him with her hands tucked into her jacket's pockets. "Freddie was investigating his murder when she died."

"Freddie was investigating a lot of things when she died." Will said.

"This is a psychopath who has incubated fantasies of killing and is translating them into action." Alana said. "He's building himself up. Or somebody's building him up."

"He could have a benefactor who admires his destruction." Will said then added off her look, Clarice is watching and listening to them. Not saying anything or making a sound. "Hindus believe that destruction leads to new life. Shiva is destroyer and benefactor."

"He's being guided." Alana said.

Jack asked, motioning to the Shiva Freddie, "This is a signpost?"

"Maybe Freddie's killer didn't do this. Maybe his benefactor did." Alana answered.

"Why?" Jack asked.

Alana said in dawning realization, "It's a courtship."

Alana watches Will intently now, determined. Clarice is watching Alana now, her lips pressed in a firm line. She was wary and suspicious of the wrong man, the female doctor should be wary of Hannibal. Not Will but Clarice knew that she was losing her mentor and she didn't know how to save him.

Will and Clarice are standing next to her car, they are the only ones at the cemetery.

"Dr. Bloom is suspicious of the wrong man." Clarice said as she tapped her toe against the curb.

"In her eyes, she thinks she has the right one." Will said. "I have given her many reasons to be suspicious of me."

Clarice rolled her eyes heavenwards, "That's because she's blind." Her tone was of annoyance and disgust.

Will looked at her and smiled, "Thank you."

"Why are you thanking me?"

"Because you are always at my side."

Clarice smirked before she stood on her tiptoes and pressed a kiss onto his cheek, "That's because I want you to take me on a date as a proper 'thank you'."

He laughed in response and said, "Deal. Now let's get out of here."

"You don't have to tell me twice!" Clarice said as she opened the driver's side door and Will walked
around the front and got into the passenger's seat, they buckled up and Clarice started the car and drove off.

**MUSKRAT FARM - STABLES - DAY**

Margot giving her horse a bath. As she works her prize horse's coat into a lather, a reflection in the horse's eye of a man approaching Margot from behind. The horse snorts. Margot turns to see Mason closing rapidly.

"Good morning." He kisses his sister on the cheek. "Riding agrees with you. Puts color in your cheeks. You have a bloom."

"It's chilly." Margot stated.

"You're frequently chilly, Margot." Mason said.

"Time to talk about what Mason wants?" Margot asked.

"I want to talk about the future." Mason said. "I was lying in bed, composing in my mind like the deaf Beethoven, and it occurred to me, for a family who owns breeding stock worldwide, we are not doing much of it ourselves."

"Breeding?" Margot asked.

"I'm concerned about the next generation of Vergers. Aren't you?" Mason asked.

"I'm trying to survive this generation." Margot answered.

"Meat is, at base, a people business. Nobody understood that better than Papa. Except now for me, of course." Mason said. "Papa would pull me out of school for weeks at a time while he conducted my real education in the stockyards and slaughterhouses."

"What a wealth of information and resources you have in your skull." Margot said.

"Indeed. I need to share that wealth with a little Verger." Mason said.

"A little Verger." Margot echoed.

"Don't you want an heir, Margot? I want a Verger baby. My own baby. I've got viable sperm. I think I would have a son. It'd be your heir, too, Auntie Margot." Mason said. Margot remains silent. He places a hand on her shoulder. "Maybe a child is what we need to bring us together."

"Maybe it is." Margot said.

He smiles at the corners of his mouth, studying his sister, "I said it before, you've got a bloom, Margot. Rosy. Positively radiant. What's your secret?"

Margot realizing Mason is on to her plan...

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Will sits with Hannibal, he could smell Clarice's Evyan skin cream and L’Air du Temps wafting from the other man. They must have been together before Will had came here, the Cannibal knew
that Clarice would be smelling of Will when she comes for her session.

It made him mad and possessive over the woman, she and Will seemed to be getting closer while he and her are growing apart. He was conflicted about wanting Will to join him or killing him to keep Clarice for himself.

"Every creative act has its destructive consequence." Hannibal said.

Will considers that and is compelled to ask, "What you did to me, what you did to Abigail, was that a creative act or destructive consequence?"

"The Hindu god Shiva is simultaneous destroyer and creator. Who you were yesterday is laid waste to give rise to who you are today." Hannibal said.

"Rise and rise again and again, until the lambs have become lions." Will said.

"Yes." Hannibal said.

Will studies Hannibal a moment, then he asked, "How much reality has had to be slandered? How many lies have had to be sanctified? How many consciences devastated?"

"As many as were necessary." Hannibal said.

"You sacrificed Abigail. You cared about her as much as I did." Will said.

"More." Hannibal said. "But then, how much has God sacrificed?" He would never sacrifice Clarice, he would keep her safe and honor her.

"What god do you pray to?" Will asked.

Hannibal regards Will as though the answer is obvious.

"I don't pray." Hannibal stated. "I have not been bothered by any considerations of deity, other than to recognize how my own modest actions pale beside those of God."

"I prayed I would see Abigail again." Will said.

"Your prayer did not go entirely unanswered. You saw part of her." Hannibal said. "Should the universe contract, should time reverse and teacups come together, a place could be made for Abigail in your world."

"What place is that?" Will asked.

"You've lost a child, Will. It seems you're likely to gain one." Hannibal stated. From behind Hannibal, the wendigo rises up in silhouette. "God is beyond measure in wanton malice and matchless in His irony." But the Wendigo itself has transformed as it raises its arms revealing, Shiva-like, four arms per side a fan of eight.

Will entranced not by Hannibal, but the thing behind him.

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Clarice was sitting across from Hannibal, her head tilted back and staring up at the ceiling as if it
had something very fascinating on it. Like he had suspected, he could smell Will's aftershave wafting from her skin and clothes.

"Do you pray?" Hannibal asked suddenly causing Clarice to snap her head up to look at him.

"Yes but not as often as I would like." Clarice said.

She then leaned her head back again and sighed heavily, Hannibal stared at her neck. Watching the muscles there move as she swallowed and breathed.

"Is it because of you biological parents?"

"...Yes." Clarice said as she stretched before she sat up to look at Hannibal. "Do you?"

"I don't pray." Hannibal stated. "I have not been bothered by any considerations of deity, other than to recognize how my own modest actions pale beside those of God."

Clarice chuckled softly and said, "That's sad but true." She is silent than she added. "I'm sorry about yesterday, I wasn't myself and shouldn't have leaned against you. You are seeing Doctor Bloom and it wasn't proper. I don't want her to think I was trying to steal you from her."

Hannibal stifled his reaction when she said that, not liking it and wishing that he hadn't slept with Alana. Not when it was being used to keep him away from his true desire: Clarice Starling. She was using it as a wall to keep him at arm's length from her.

That wasn't something he wasn't going to allow but it wasn't time to make his move, he'll wait until the time was right before he snatched her away.

So for now, he would talk to her and slowly get her to lower that wall and her shields....

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Hannibal faces Mason who grasps his armrests tight.

"I remember walking the swine fairs with my father, looking over the competition. Papa's little silver knife ever ready to slip out of his waistcoat and into a pig's back to check the depth of fat." Mason said.

"Your education was an odd one." Hannibal said.

"Oh, those were some good, funny times. Papa would stick 4-H show pigs who thought everyone was their friend, scrubbed in milk and baby powder. Such coddled things." Mason said.

"Part of a show pig's consideration is its happiness." Hannibal said.

"If we were truly considerate of a pig's happiness, we wouldn't eat them." Mason said.

"What about Margot's happiness?" Hannibal asked.

"Papa taught me how to stick the knife in only as deep as necessary to test the thickness of her skin." Mason said.

"You miscalculated, struck a nerve." Hannibal said.
"Margot would love to stick a knife in me, but it wouldn't be to test the thickness of my skin."
Mason said.

"She tried to kill you once already." Hannibal said.

"To a male heir confirmed as my descendent..." It's a very clever loophole Margot's found in Papa's will. Clearly, he didn't take into account how resourceful she is." Mason stated.

"Neither did you." Hannibal said.

"I can be very resourceful, too." Mason said. "If she's not pregnant, she will be. Margot's very tenacious that way."

"The child would be a Verger. You would have an heir to carry on the family name, to carry on your name." Hannibal said.

"I'd have an heir, only if I die." Mason said.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Alana is at a loss and Hannibal holds her white wine out to her. In the ice wine's refraction she sees Hannibal's face distorted slightly, bent at the edges.

"Eiswein. Produced in Niagara Falls. The grapes are left on the vine until nearly winter, a slight freeze before harvest. Its nectar is fresh, sweet and pure, unaffected by the noble rot that attacks other grapes." Hannibal said.

"I've had enough of the rot, noble or otherwise." Alana said.

Hannibal enjoys his wine. Alana doesn't raise her glass.

"One can only see what one observes, and one observes only things which are already on the mind." Hannibal said. "What's on your mind?"

"What I keep seeing are pictures of Freddie Lounds. They flash in sudden color, too much color." Alana said.

"The color that leaps out of black when lightning strikes the night?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes." Alana said. "I'm feeling pressure to believe something that I don't trust and that pressure's making me paranoid."

"Who is pressuring you?" Hannibal asked.

"Will." Alana answered.

Hannibal reacts, disappointed at the mention of Will's name, "We'll never really be alone, will we? He'll always be in the room."

Alana reads Hannibal, then she asked, "Do you feel like you're helping him? Making progress?"

"Will's finally finding himself. He's getting better." Hannibal answered.
Alana wishes she could believe Hannibal in this moment, but is beginning to realize maybe she can't. And she noticed that he never mentions Clarice's progress but that could because he knew how Clarice would react if he should share it with another doctor.

Clarice would not take kindly to it and would stop coming all together.

"Doesn't seem to be getting better. Seems to be getting much worse." Alana said.

Hannibal asked, good-natured, "Are you questioning my therapy?"

"I'm questioning everything. It's all blurry and subjective. I feel empty. Like I've given blood." Alana answered.

"You've given more than blood." Hannibal said as he pulls her close to him and she touches his cheek. He takes her hand in his and kisses it sensually.

Hannibal's lips gentle kiss her fingertips, he takes in a breath, smelling the flesh of Alana's hand.

**Gunpowder rises from Alana's hand like black snow. Scattered particles of gunpowder in a cloud condense and the cloud blooms in a small fireball that shrinks to its source. An exploding bullet is pulled back down the gun barrel where it rests in the chamber, not yet fired.**

He looks adoringly at Alana and kisses her gently on the lips. Hannibal wished that it was another dark haired woman with him, Clarice was the one he wanted to be with him but for now he would have to treat Alana just as he would do with Clarice.

It helped that they were both dark haired.

She returns the kiss, but it's clear she's distracted.

"Have you been firing a gun?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes." She makes a point of kissing him more sincerely. "Told you I was feeling paranoid."

**COUNTRY HIGHWAY - CONTROLLED INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

Margot glides down the dark country road, her face lit by her dash display. She slows the car as it approaches a blinking red stoplight.

No other cars at the four-way intersection, but Margot makes a full stop all the same.

Margot's eyes on the road ahead. She pulls forward, starting to accelerate when a pair of headlights flare, perpendicular to and hurtling straight at the car.

Margot's head spins to face the lights, silhouetted, and for an instant, the blinding white fills the car like floodwater, before SMASH. The other vehicle -- a pickup truck -- broadsides Margot's car full force, plowing it sideways across the intersection, powerful enough to flip it over entirely. Then all is silent again. The red stop light keeps flashing.

Margot hangs upside down, suspended by her shoulder strap, dotted with sparkles of shattered safety glass. Slowly, she looks out the hole where her driver's window had been. A pair of work boots shuffle unhurriedly toward her window. When they arrive, the other driver stoops to survey the damage and finally look Margot in the eye.
Carlo grins in at her. Just a man about his daily work.

Chapter End Notes

I had noticed there was one mention of the Doll Maker and his case so I had to remove xD
Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

No Clarice in this chapter, she is mentioned though but we are getting close to Clarice's 'trip' to Florence with Hannibal ;D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kō No Mono Part 3

JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

She takes a breath, her heart racing. She very consciously calms herself before she confesses. "The most-terrifying thing in the world can be a lucid moment." Alana said, she stands opposite a curious Jack Crawford. "What are you up to?"

"I'm not sure I know what you're talking about, Dr. Bloom." Jack answered.

"I think you know." Alana said. "You're not fooling me, Jack."

"I'm not trying to fool you." Jack said.

"You're lying. You're all lying. Will. Hannibal. You're lying to each other and they're lying to you. This isn't in my head. You are hiding something and this will end badly for all of us."

Jack considers Alana's state and carefully asks, "What do you believe is happening?"

"What do you believe? Do you believe Will killed Freddie Lounds?" Alana asked.

"I do not." Jack answered.

"Do you believe Dr. Chilton's the Chesapeake Ripper?" Alana asked.

"There was overwhelming evidence--" Jack trailed off.

"Stop lying. You think you've moved all your pieces around so cleverly." Alana snapped.

Jack's eyes narrow, studying Alana, "What's changed, Alana?"

"I have no confidence that I know Hannibal Lecter anymore. Even with as much as you know or think you know Hannibal, you don't know him either. And you don't know Will. Neither does Clarice, she just thinks she does." Alana stated. "You're going to lose, Jack. If you haven't lost already. So will Clarice and it will crush her."

Jack stares a long moment, not saying anything then he said, "I want you to come with me."

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Jack leads Alana down the hall, toward the conference room. Every step Alana takes is filled with dread.

Jack opens the door and he firmly ushers her through, she comes through the door. Jack following behind her. Alana follows his gaze and stops short, stunned.

"How was my funeral?" Freddie asked with a smile.

Alana looks at Jack. Her eyes well up as the gravity of its meaning wallops her. That she has been putting Will Graham in terrible danger....

Chapter End Notes

Yep, Alana, you put Will in danger because you didn't trust him :P

And no, Clarice truly believed that Freddie was dead. Will and Jack kept her in the dark because they don't know how Hannibal will react with her. Does he truly love her or is he pretending that he does?

Only true Clannibal fans know the truth! :D
Chapter 45

Chapter Notes

This is a direct pick up from end of Ep. #211...I don't know what chapter that was but either the recent chapters or the last one I had written before my long break.

Been re-reading this story so I can remember what I had written xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tome-wan Teaser

MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT

Will is relaxing in Mason's chair, stroking Verger's suckling pig swaddled in a blanket on his lap. Mason, bloody-nosed and annoyed, stares at a confident Will.

"Why would Dr. Lecter wanna kill me?" Mason asked.

"This isn't about you. This is about me. Killing you would just be a hoop for me to jump through. It's sauce for the goose that you're not particularly likable." Will stated.

"I like me." Mason stated.

"You just stole your sister's womanhood." Will replied.

"She weaponized her uterus. Shouldn't have been waving it around like a gun." Mason said.

"Then it was self-defense." Will said.

"Damn right." Mason said.

"And butchery." Will said.

"Are you lecturing me on butchery in my own slaughterhouse?" Mason asked, incredulously.

"I wouldn't deign. You could disappear me with a wink. I heard about the "embalmed beef" scandal." Will stated.

"What did you hear?" Mason asked.

"One of the Verger packing plants in Chicago was investigated for dangerous conditions. They found several whistle-blowing employees had been rendered. Inadvertently." Will said.

"Canned and sold as Li'l Ivy's Pure Leaf Lard. A favorite of bakers everywhere. We didn't lose a single contract." Mason said.

"Blame doesn't stick to the Vergers. If I kill Hannibal Lecter, that's going to stick to me." Will said.
Mason studies Will, very curious what game he's playing, "It is providence itself when a destiny like yours couples with a man as resourceful as I am."

"I'm just pointing out the snare around your neck. What you do about it is entirely up to you." Will replied.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

"Can you explain my actions? Posit my intentions? What would be your theory of my mind?" Will asked.

Hannibal sitting across from Will, mid-therapy.

"I have an understanding of your state of mind. You understand mine. We're just alike. This gives you the capacity to deceive me, and be deceived by me." Hannibal stated.

"I'm not deceiving you, Dr. Lecter. I'm just pointing out the snare around your neck. What you do about it is entirely up to you." Will replied.

"You put the snare around my neck." Hannibal said. "Why did you tell Mason Verger I want to kill him?"

"I was curious what would happen." Will said. "It's true, isn't it? You do want to kill him. Or you want me to. Either way, you'd like him dead. I'm just giving you a little nudge."

"Mason is discourteous. Discourtesy is unspeakably ugly to me." Hannibal said.

"Are you thinking about eating him?" Will asked.

"Whenever feasible, one should always try to eat the rude." Hannibal replied.

He was happy that Clarice was well mannered and very rarely rude but she did apologize whenever she was rude though he would never harm her.

"Free-range rude." Will stated.

Hannibal studies Will, curious, "Would you join me at the table?"

Will paused for a moment, then he said, "Mason Verger's a pig. He deserves to be somebody's bacon."

"You have more reason to kill Mason Verger than I do." Hannibal said.

"You gave me that reason." Will said. "Maybe you should kill Mason during your next session."

"Mason may be intending to kill me during our next session." Hannibal said.

"Then you'll have to kill him first." Will said as he holds Hannibal's gaze. Steady and implacable.

"You said you were curious what would happen. I want you to close your eyes, Will. Imagine what you would like to happen." Hannibal said.

Will closes his eyes.
In darkness, a rapid, repeating thud. A heartbeat. No, two, beating in syncopated rhythm over softly-playing operatic music.

Will opens his eyes, face to face with Hannibal Lecter, in profile. Hannibal, unmoving, holding his gaze. A hint of a smile.

Will's face set. Unreadable. And then Will slashes a knife across Hannibal's throat in a fluid motion. Blood fountains between them. Blood spray as it flies through the air between them, it splatters their faces.

Will steps back and Hannibal is bound in a white straitjacket, arms strapped behind him. His blood as it stains the front of the straitjacket.

The two heartbeats now beat in different time, one running slower and slower. A harness on the back of the straitjacket is connected to a rope on the pulley system for feeding the pigs.

A winch control is tripped. A motor hums. The rope begins spooling.

Hannibal's bare feet lift off the platform, Blood drips onto his feet.

Will watches, implacable.

Hannibal is lifted and slowly slides away toward the darkness of the pig barn.

Hannibal's eyes never leaving Will.

Hannibal is displayed in Grand Guignol glory, hanging, his throat cut, moving inexorably out over the pig maze.

The operatic music now soars over this scene.

Will is watching Hannibal, blackness all around Hannibal as he moves away, background falling away to leave just him and Will in this moment. Blood still runs freely, spattering the metal grid of the pig cage. Hannibal's blood as it slowly drips off the metal, into the cage below, its iron smell exciting the pigs below. The snorting and snarling of pigs escalates at the scent, rising, strident, like feral shrieks of baboons.

Hannibal's blood rains down into the maze below, His eyes remain on Will.

The rope unreels, lowering Hannibal into the maze.

Above the maze. The high-angle perspective only diminishes Hannibal Lecter's unceremonious end. Bound and helpless. Hannibal's eyes close, his head finally slumps as he disappears from Will's view....

He opens his eyes.

Will sits opposite Hannibal, as before.

"What did you see?" Hannibal asked.
Will considers telling him, then decides better of it. He would not even tell Clarice about it, he wished that he have never 'killed' Vision Clarice, he missed her almost as much as he misses the real one when they are apart.

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"I've always wanted to got to Florence or Paris." Clarice said as she sat across from Hannibal.

"What brought this up?" Hannibal asked, curious about this random statement after she had been sitting silently during the first half of their session. "And do you know how to speak Italian or French?"

Clarice shrugged and said, "My adopted parents go there a lot, I hear a lot about it and always wanted to go there. To see the beauty of it first hand." She gave him an annoyed look. "No, I don't."

The Cannibal is amused by her reaction to his question. He wanted to offer to take her there but knew that it would cause her to slam her walls shut, his relationship with Alana was something that triggered those walls and he didn't want to be closed off from her.

Hannibal needed more of Clarice in his memory palace, he needed to make a chamber for her to live in so she could be with him forever.

"Then you should go there."

Clarice laughed and said, "I'm still in training but maybe I will after I graduate. I can even ask Will if he wants to come with me since he is no longer teaching."

He struggles not to react to that instead he smiled and said, "I'm sure he'll like that."

"Maybe, Will might not like the crowds and he hates looking people in the eye." Clarice said with a smile as she crossed her legs. "Or at least he used to, I have been noticing that he's been making eye contact a lot lately. So that's good."

Hannibal smiled and said, "That is good but I think we should talk about you, Clarice."

The young woman stared at him before she shrugged and said, "Okay."

"How have you been sleeping?"

"Still getting the nightmares."

"The lambs and Will's execution?"

"Yes to the lambs and the one about Will changed, it's now of what would have happened if it hadn't been revealed that Chilton was the Ripper." Clarice said. "He still dies and I always wake up when I scream in my dream, sweating and shaking."

"Have you told Will this?"

"No, I don't want to give him a reason to worry about me." Clarice said. "Or feel guilty about the fact that he's the reason why I haven't been sleeping."

Hannibal smiled as he leaned forward and placed his hand over hers, "You can't keep everything bottled up inside you, Clarice. It's not healthy."
Clarice glanced down at the hand on hers before she flicked her gaze up to his, "Thank you but that's why I have you, Dr. Lecter, I can tell you what's bothering me and it won't be repeated."

"Our little secret, Clarice?"

Her lips curled into a smile as she placed her other hand over his.

"Yes, our little secret...."

**CLARICE STARLING'S BRICK HOUSE-NIGHT**

Will was seated on her chair, stroking the fur of Salem who was lying on his lap and purring. And lying at his feet was Bishop, the black German Shepard was asleep and using his feet as a bed. Clarice is in the kitchen, making dinner for them both. Her iphone is playing *Old Time Rock and Roll* by Bob Seger at full blast, he knew without even looking at her that she was swaying to the beat as she cooked.

"Dinner is ready!" Clarice shouted over the music.

"Okay!" Will shouted back before he looked at the two animals. "Time to get up, boys."

Bishop got up with a grumble and trotted to his bed while Salem meowed and jumped off his lap, heading to his cat tree. Will got up and walked into the kitchen, taking a seat at the island on one of the stool that were there. Clarice served him a bowl of beef stew before she sat down next to him.

"It's cow, I promise." She said with a wink.

"You're not funny." Will said though the corner of his lips twitched as if he was going to smile.

Clarice giggled before she ate a spoonful of stew, she chewed and swallowed before she said, "It was a little funny. I know, I know...too soon."

He shook his head at her before he started to eat his stew, it was normally hard to believe it but Clarice was a good cook. Probably not at the same level as Hannibal but she could cook and enjoys it. Clarice just doesn't have time to make her own food so she usually gets either take out or fast food, not a healthy choice but she does go jogging to counteract it.

They talked and joked until their bowls were empty and Will had to go home to feed his own pets.

"Bye, Will."

"Bye, Clarice."

The man and woman embraced, kissing each other on the cheeks before releasing. Clarice watched as Will got into his car and drove off, she closed the door and locked it before she headed back to the kitchen to clean up.

Chapter End Notes

Any ideas about how Hannibal shall steal his lady away? Thinking about using the 'handkerchief with chloroform' from the first part of this series, you remember? This little comment that she had first made to the Cannibal:
"Now why do I have a feeling that you're going to ask me if that handkerchief smells like chloroform to me?" She moved her eyes up to his face to catch a frown on his lips. "Sorry, bad joke now what can I do for you?"

It would be amusing when she wakes up and is like 'I have the side effects of chloroform...that jerk got me back for my comment!' xD

And Clarice totally set herself up to be snatched by Hannibal xD
I am planning to take a break from this story after I finish part 3, I have to come up with a good story arc for the Doll Maker Case and Casanova Ripper case and let's not forget the Buffalo Bill story arc too.

The new story will be similar to this one but it will have Mapp and the men that you know as the Casanova Ripper and Doll Maker in there but Mapp and Clarice won't know, just me and you the readers. That's right, folks, Doctor Adrien Da Silva aka Casanova Ripper will be making his appearance sooner rather than later! Also in that story, there'll be a slight Will/Clarice romance :P we have to give Hannibal more reasons to be possessive over her! And Hannibal won't be wanting to have Will at his side, he will view the other man as a threat, a rival. I won't give away too much, you'll just have to wait and see!

The new story will either be named 'I Was Made to Love Him' or 'I Will Always Love You', unless you have other song suggestions for the story that fits Clarice and Hannibal, and could even fit Clarice and Will. Or maybe 'Save My Heart' by Jason Reeves.

Enjoy this story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tome-wan Part 1

HANNIBAL LECTER’S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal peers at the scalpel using it to sharpen a pencil, Mason is perusing Hannibal's drawings. The other man turns to Hannibal.

"Shall we talk about what happened to poor Margot?" Mason asked.

"We can get to that later." Hannibal stated.

"Oh, we can get to it now. Family affairs are best left to the family, Dr. Lecter. You interfered." Mason said.

"I provided counsel." Hannibal said.

"You subverted me." Mason said.

Hannibal says nothing, he gets up and moves to the therapy chairs with the scalpel still in his hand. He moves past Mason and sits, Mason watches him for a beat.

"While you were subverting the underprivileged children at your summer camp, what did you learn?" Hannibal asked.
"Keen student of the Bible that I am, I learned about suffering. Not mine, mind you. The general conceit." Mason stated.

"God's choices in inflicting suffering are not satisfactory to us, nor are they understandable, unless innocence offends Him." Hannibal said.

"Clearly He needs some help in directing the blind fury with which He flogs the earth." Mason said.

"Margot's happiness is more important than her suffering." Hannibal stated.

"You say that as though the two are mutually exclusive." Mason said.

"I believe they are." Hannibal said.

"Can never say to a certainty. It is one of the things that is hid, as the Bible says. Papa taught me how to hide all sorts of things." Mason said as he pulls a small silver knife from his pocket. Holds it up. Hannibal is unmoved. "This is his knife. I carry it with me everywhere to remind me of him."

"Whose fat are you planning to measure today, Mason? Mine?" Hannibal asked.

"No fat on you. Take more than a flesh wound to make you squeal." Mason said as he sticks his silver knife into his chair arm. A provocation. Hannibal eyes it. "What game of chicken are you and the sperm donor playing? Don't get me wrong. I play chicken with Margot all the time. I just don't tell her we're playing. I'm good at chicken, Dr. Lecter. I never blink."

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Clarice got out of her car and was heading into Dr. Lecter's office when the door opened and Mason Verger walked out, the woman immediately pretended to be searching for something in her purse.

"Ah, it's you. We meet again, Ms..."

He was fishing for her name, something that she wasn't going to give him.

"I'm sorry but I am late for my session." Clarice said as she walked around him and speed walked into the building, shutting the door behind her.

She could feel his eyes on her back, she suppressed a shudder of fear and disgust.

She knocks on the door and hears Hannibal's voice tell her to enter, Clarice opened the door and gave him a smile.

Hannibal immediately noticed that her smile doesn't reach her eyes and that she is behaving oddly.

"What's wrong, Clarice?"

"I met Mason on my way here, he wanted to know my name but I didn't give it to him." Clarice said as she sat down on the chair.

"Good girl." Hannibal said but he was worried about her, he didn't want Mason to harm her.

"Maybe we should bump your sessions with me some other time?"
"No...I can always wait in my corner when he's leaving." Clarice said. "I just have to park out of sight."

Hannibal smiled and said, "Smart girl...shall we begin our session?"

"Yes." This time her smile reached her eyes until she noticed the cut in the arm of the chair, it looked like something a knife would make. "What happened?"

"Oh, one of my patients got a little aggressive today."

Clarice stared at him, he could see in her eyes that she was thinking about Mason.

"No one that you know, Clarice." Hannibal said with a smile. "Let's talk about the lambs."

".....Okay." He could tell that she was worried and had a feeling that he was lying to her but she was polite enough not to call him on it. It made him fall in love with her even more.

**HOSPITAL - MARGOT'S PRIVATE SUITE - DAY**

A woman's hands slide a sharp suit from a hanger. A hospital gown is placed over a chair. Trousers slide up her legs. Margot's bare back as she stiffly pulls on her bra, standing before a mirror. Her bare torso reflected in the mirror, a recent scar runs vertically up her abdomen.

Margot stares at it then she pulls on her blouse, obviously still pained by her surgery. Begins to button it, slowly covering the scar.

She is packing things into her overnight bag.

"They could have done what was done laparoscopically, but my brother told them to leave a scar." Margot said.

Hannibal and Will are standing in the room.

"He branded you." Will said.

"Mason wants you to know this can never be undone." Hannibal said.

"Mason can be undone." Will said.

"Not without taking everything I have with him. He's all I got now and that's exactly what he wanted." Margot said. "He won. He always wins."

"You have to find meaning in what's happened, Margot." Hannibal stated.

Margot considers that a moment, then she said, "Mason bears a strong resemblance to our father. Shiny eyebrows and pale blue butcher's eyes. I was dreading seeing either of them in my child."

"You will ruminate on the image of that child, whom you have never seen, and you will compare that image to every child you ever see." Hannibal's gaze falls on Will, who realizes the doctor is speaking as much to him as he is Margot. "This won't make you human, Margot, so much as give you the ability to make yourself human and move on."

"There's no resolve to this. There's no resolution." Margot said.
"Moving on isn't just a distraction, it's a rebuke. Show your brother how strong you are. Survive him." Will said.

"As you allow your emotions to unfold, you have to hone in on what can be, rather than what was done." Hannibal said.

**BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Will is facing Jack who sits behind his desk.

"Hannibal has a certain personality style the rest of us can learn from. In moderation, of course." Will said.

"You saying Dr. Lecter's got too much of a good thing?" Jack asked.

"You can't glamorize him. And you can't dehumanize him, either." Will answered.

Jack looked at Will and said, "All I want to do is catch him.

"He's given me nothing actionable, Jack. He's confessed to nothing. He's acknowledged only vagaries." Will said.

"I need more than vagaries. You've killed someone, Will." Jack said.

"Who was trying to kill me." Will stated.

"I don't know if I can prove that. You mutilated his body. We made a public spectacle of Freddie Lounds's death. I'm out on a limb. And that limb is going to break. I've only told the OIG what they need to know. What haven't you told me?" Jack asked. "Should we bring Clarice into this?"

"Hannibal is trying to manipulate me into murdering one of his patients. Mason Verger. I can manipulate Hannibal into killing him instead." Will answered. "No, she is to remain in the dark. I have a suspicion about Hannibal's motive towards her and I don't want him to find any cause to harm her."

"What's Verger done?" Jack asked. "Alright but as soon as I see that you can't handle this, she's being brought in. You need your rock."

"Hannibal considers him rude. That's motive enough. It's as though committing murders has purged him of lesser rudeness." Will said. "Alright, I will allow that."

"You're talking about putting a man's life in danger." Jack stated, upset about this.

"A good decision is less about finding the best alternative than about finding one that works." Will said.

"Don't let empathy confuse what you want with what Lecter wants." Jack said.

"I told you I'm a good fisherman, Jack. We have to use the right bait. When Hannibal tries to kill Mason Verger, I'll arrest him and you will have two witnesses." Will said.
"We may have three." Jack said. "I'm a good fisherman, too, Will."

**BAU - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

Will follows Jack inside the darkened room. Jack indicates the two-way mirror. Will reacts, stunned.

Bedelia stands alone in the room.

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Dr. Bedelia Du Maurier sits alone in the room. She is still, inscrutable. Finally, the door opens. Will enters and crosses to the table, carrying a document.

"They tell me you were hard to find." Will said.

Bedelia looked at him and said, "That was the idea."

Will takes a seat as he said, "Thank you. For visiting me in the hospital. And for what you said."

"I didn't say enough." Bedelia replied. "I even met your protege, lovely girl...I can see why Hannibal is attracted to her."

"Now's your chance to say it all." Will slides the document folder across the table, he would ask Hannibal about his attraction to Clarice but he has to figure out how to bring it up. No doubt it would surprise the other man since they had an unspoken rule of not bringing Clarice up at all. "You've been granted immunity from prosecution by the U.S. Attorney for District 36, and by local authorities in a memorandum attached, sworn and attested." Bedelia takes the multiple memoranda, glancing them over. "Let's talk about Hannibal Lecter."

"Some psychiatrists can be so curious for insight, they may try to manufacture it. How deadly that is to a patient who believes them." Bedelia said.

"You were Dr. Lecter's psychiatrist, he wasn't yours." Will said.

"I told myself that, but I was under Hannibal's influence. What he did to you made that abundantly clear." Bedelia said.

"You were attacked by a patient who was formerly in Dr. Lecter's care. That patient died during the attack. Report said he swallowed his tongue." Will stated.

"It wasn't attached at the time." Bedelia said.

"How exactly did your patient die?" Will asked.

Bedelia stared at him in the eye and said, "I killed him."

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Jack takes a breath and glances down.

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"I believed I was defending myself. And to a point, I was, but beyond that point, it was murder. Hannibal... influenced me to kill my patient, our patient." Bedelia said.

"You weren't coerced?" Will asked.

"What he does is not coercion, it is subtle persuasion. Has he persuaded you to kill anyone?" Bedelia asked.

"I was attacked by a patient formerly in Dr. Lecter's care. I killed him in self-defense." Will answered.

Bedelia studies Will, knowing it wasn't just self-defense, "You're distorting the truth to keep who you think you are consistent."

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Jack watches and listens.

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"My truth isn't distorted, Dr. Du Maurier. I know what's true." Will said.

"Has Hannibal tried to persuade you to kill anyone that wasn't in self defense? He will. Then it will be someone you love. And you'll think it's the only choice you have." Bedelia stated.

"How do we catch him?" Will asked.

"Hannibal can get lost in self congratulation at his own exquisite taste and cunning. Whimsy. That's what will get him caught." Bedelia answered.

Will considers Bedelia's advice...

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Hannibal is in his therapy chair, Will and Hannibal are in therapy.

"Your veneer of self-composure gives an extreme sense of the surreal. So much about this feels like a dream." Will said.

"Dreams prepare us for waking life." Hannibal said.

"One thing to dream, it's another to understand the nature of the dream." Will said.

"You're waking up to who you are. That's all you need to understand." Hannibal said. "There are some extraordinary circumstances here, Will. And some unusual opportunities."

"For whom?" Will asked.

"For both of us." Hannibal said.

"Mason Verger is an opportunity?" Will asked.
Hannibal leaned back in his seat and said, "Mason Verger is a problem. Problem solving is hunting. It is a savage pleasure and we are born to it. A savage pleasure we can share."

"You're fostering codependency." Will stated.

Hannibal eyed Will and asked, "Is that what I'm doing?"

"Isn't that what you did with Abigail? Got her to take a life so she would owe you hers." Will is calm, observational, analytical. "I bond with Abigail, you take her away. I bond with barely more than the idea of a child, you take it away. You saw to it that I alienated Alana, alienated Jack." He paused then added. "You don't want me to have anything in my life that's not you but why haven't you taken Clarice?"

Hannibal doesn't deny it as he said, "I'm your psychiatrist, Will. I only want what's best for you. And as for Clarice, she is good for you...good for us, we both don't want any harm to come to her. Isn't that right?"

"Please. Every moment of cogent thought under your psychiatric care is a personal victory." Will said. "Yes, that's right."

Hannibal smiles, taking no offense, "You're applying yourself to my perspective as I've been applying myself to yours." He crossed his legs. "Mason has bumped into Clarice twice when she was coming for her session, he frightens her and she refused to give him her name when he wanted it."

"You're right. We are just alike. You're as alone as I am. And we're both alone without each other." Will said, he sits forward when he hears the last part. "Will he harm her?"

"He might but I will make sure that no harm will come to her." Hannibal said then he smiled and added. "As will you, Will." Even though Hannibal wanted to be the only one who protected the trainee.

**FBI - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Jack paces opposite Bedelia.

"You managed to avoid prosecution." Jack stated.

"I've got immunity from the U.S. Attorney. Whatever I say, whatever I've said, I will end the same way everyone else does. Flat on my back, wondering, "Is this all?"." Bedelia said as she watched Jack pace.

"You asked for immunity, I asked for the truth. Both got what we wanted." Jack said.

"The truth didn't help me and it won't help you. Hasn't yet." Bedelia said.

"I gave you every opportunity to tell the truth and you ran." Jack said.

"How do you think the FBI could've protected me? You couldn't protect Will Graham. You still can't." Bedelia said before she added off his look. "Nothing makes us more vulnerable than loneliness, Agent Crawford."

"Will's not alone." Jack stated.
"No, he isn't." Bedelia said. "Hannibal believes Will is a killer. You still believe he's your killer?"

"I have to believe." Jack stated, he wanted to believe.

"Hannibal's only crime I was witness to was influence. Influence works best when we're unaware. But Will Graham has been very aware." Bedelia said.

"Meaning." Jack said.

"Meaning Mr. Graham may not know himself as well as Hannibal does." Bedelia said.

"Will has more reason to see Hannibal caught than any of us." Jack said.

"If you think you’re close to catching him, it's because that's what he wants you to think. Don’t fool yourself into believing he's not in control of what's happening." Bedelia said.

Jack is silent as he stared at her then he breaks the silence by asking, "Is Hannibal truly attracted to Clarice? Normally killers kill the ones they claim to love."

"He won't kill her let alone harm her." Bedelia said, wanting to put this man at ease. "He clearly loves her but has a completely different way of expressing that love. Hannibal will never disrespect her or dishonor her, he will treat her with the utmost respect. Any other man will be viewed as a threat to her."

"Even Will?"

Bedelia is silent before she said, "Even Will."

Jack is silent as he thinks about this...

Chapter End Notes

Yep, Mason and Clarice have another encounter outside the doctor's office.

Will and Jack learn about Hannibal's true feelings about Clarice.

If anyone is interested in talking to me, my Discord is Clannibal#2777 so you can have direct access to me to comment on my story ^^ just let me know who you are and I'll accept you. And this is a group invite on my account there, https://discord.gg/QB98BC there we can bounce ideas back and we can talk about our OTP, Clannibal :D
Chapter 47

Chapter Notes

No Clarice but she is mentioned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tome-wan Part 2

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A bubbling soup pot. Hannibal is laying out a row of little Peruvian anchoveta, shining green with blue highlights, like soldiers in formation. Roiling broth full of long bones and cartilaginous meat cuts. A scrim of cheesecloth, it's pulled tight as steaming liquid is poured slowly and carefully through it, into a large antique bronze bowel, scalloped shape reflecting a mellow amber.

Culinary forceps delicately lift a single anchoveta and place it precisely into liquid, the fish's wide eye staring.

And Hannibal places the brass bowl inside the refrigerator, he closes the door.

A beat.

Hannibal opens the refrigerator and places the back of his hand against the brass bowl, testing its temperature like a sick child's forehead. Satisfied, Hannibal lifts the bowl out.

Hannibal flips the bronze dish upside down on the elegantly set table. Opposite Hannibal sits Jack.

"Kholodets. A Ukrainian dish whose outcome can never be predicted." Hannibal said.

"Something tells me that you’re heightening my expectations." Jack said.

Hannibal smiles, guilty as charged. Three taps on the back of the bowl and he lifts it to reveal a clear aspic, delicate gelatin. The small fish are inset, arranged in a swirl pattern, frozen as though in mid-swim.

"The Latin gelatus translates as "frozen." Here, the aspic provides a three-dimensional canvas in which one may stage a scene." Hannibal said.

"A Möbius strip, the eternal chase." Jack said.

"An evocative shape -- in that at a certain point, it becomes unclear who’s pursuing whom." Hannibal said.

"In isolation, a moment can't speak to motive, intent or aftermath." Jack said.

Hannibal indicates the dish, now cut through the middle. A cross section of the scene. "Aspic is derived from bone. As a life is made from moments. A moment is unyielding, but a life is
malleable." Hannibal said.

"And what moment are we in right now, doctor? You, me, Will?" Jack asked.

"Still harboring doubts about Will?" Hannibal asked instead of answering.

"Alana Bloom isn't harboring any doubts about Will. She's convinced he murdered Freddie Lounds," Jack said.

Hannibal reacts; Alana never mentioned this to him, "Are you convinced?"

"I'm convinced of my general lack of trust in other people." Jack said. "Expect for Starling, she hasn't done anything yet to have me question her."

"Lack of trust in other people increases the need for religion. If you can't rely on others, you have to rely on God." Hannibal said. "Oh? Even though she doesn't believe that Will killed anyone? That includes Ms. Lounds."

"I'm relying on myself. Yet in this moment, I don't know who's pursuing whom any more than these fish do." Jack said. "She's got a good head on her shoulders and a good judge of character."

"Whomever's pursuing whom, in this very moment, I intend to eat them," Hannibal said, he doesn't say anything further about Clarice. She does indeed have a good head on her shoulder but as for being a good judge of character. He doesn't know about that...

Hannibal grins at Jack and takes a mouthful.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

He sits at his desk as he concentrates on his pencil strokes. Opera plays in the background.

His pencil stops sketching, hovering above the paper. His nostrils flare, an unusual scent has reached his nose. Not at all like the scent that he had been wanting to smile all day. Hannibal looks up to see his office door slowly open. Carlo, the pigman, and Matteo, one of his cohorts, enter through the waiting room door, walking toward him.

"Buongiorno, dottore." Carlo said with a smile.

"Buongiorno." Hannibal returned the greeting as he puts down his pencil. His scalpel beside it. His attention is on the two men coming toward him.

"Mr. Verger asks for your company." Carlo said.

A very subtle click registers in Hannibal's ear and the patients' private exit door behind him, it opens. He pretends to he doesn't hear it, these men do not know about his heightened senses.

He won't give it away until it's too late for them.

Carlo continued to say, "Please. Come with us."

"Preferirei di no." Hannibal said as his nostrils flare again.

Hannibal moves sideways as a thin leather garrote narrowly misses his neck. Hannibal evades
Tommaso, a third kidnapper who came from the exit door behind him. Matteo manages to catch
one of Hannibal's hands in the garrote, but the doctor slides sideways, striking at Tommaso with
his garroted hand, quick blows in succession. Hannibal kicks a stunned Tommaso's legs out from
under him, dropping him violently to the floor.

Having incapacitated Tommaso, Hannibal turns calmly to Carlo and Matteo who are clearly
impressed with the doctor.

Carlo looked at the other man and said, "Matteo."

Matteo draws a lead-filled SAP and goes for Hannibal who steps inside the blow and is about to
strike when he tenses then he looks down to see the prongs of a taser stick from his chest. The
handset held by Carlo. Hannibal drops to his knees.

"Carlo..." Matteo's voice causes Carlo looks to Matteo and his face falls. Matteo is staring at where
a scalpel sticks in his crotch. Matteo instinctively grabs the scalpel, pulls it out.

Hannibal gritted out through his teeth, "Shouldn't have done that."

Matteo is horrified as one leg is turning rapidly red, the stain flowing down the fabric from his
upper thigh, staining the whole leg in seconds. Panic starting to set in. Blood spills from under the
cuff of his pants and spreads across his shoes and, within mere seconds, he's standing in an
expanding pool of blood. Matteo collapses to the ground.

Carlo swings his own lead-filled sap and strikes Hannibal.

**WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR - DAY**

A turkey goes into one end of the meat grinder and emerges raw meat from the other. Rosemary
is finely chopped. Rice is then cooked and reduced. The ground meat, rice, rosemary and broth are
mixed and stirred into the Dutch oven. It boils and simmers. Will ladles the homemade dog food
into the respective bowls.

Will's dogs crowd in, eating. Will looks up at a sound of a well-tuned rumble of an approaching
car. A 1959 seibert limousine comes up the drive and crunches to a stop. The back door unlatches
and Mason climbs out. He leaves the door open.

Will ushers his strays into the house and crosses to the idling limo. Mason's driver intercepts him
and roughly pats Will down, searching for weapons. Then the man is all service again, as he steps
aside and Will and Mason speak briefly.

Mason gestures into the car and Will, at once resolved and reluctant, gets inside. Mason gets in
after him. The door shuts and the two are lost behind smoked glass.

Will was happy that Clarice hadn't been coming to his house lately otherwise she would have been
dragged into this and he didn't want her to be involved in this, he wanted her to be safe.

**MUSKRAT FARM - PIG BARN - NIGHT**

Carlo is bent to his work. He looks up as Tommaso, one of his henchmen, starts the winch.

Hannibal is lifted off the platform to his feet, toes barely touching. He wears a straitjacket
harnessed to the winch line. His head hangs, unconscious. Or so it seems. Carlo pulls Hannibal's
harpy knife from his pocket.
"Buona sera, dottore." Carlo said.

Suddenly Hannibal lifts his head to say, "You're Sardinian. If you have to be kidnapped for ransom, wealthy Italians will tell you, it's better to fall into the hands of the Sards. You must be a professional revenger as well, I suspect."

Tommaso has come from the winch to stand alongside Carlo. They both stare at Hannibal in hate.

"With you, it is personal now." Carlo said.

"I take it Matteo died? Did he foul himself? I imagine he must smell worse than you by now?" Hannibal asked with a small smile.

Carlo's eyes go dead as he removes a knife.

Mason's voice stops the man, "Kill him and there is no money." The two men turn to see Piero leading Will and Mason onto the platform. Piero nods at Carlo and Tommaso, then leaves. Hannibal's eyes lock with Will's. Mason clocks it. "I wonder what would happen if I locked you two in a cage together?" Carlo removes Hannibal's shoes and socks. "Those little piggies are going to go EEE-EEE-EEE all the way home." He paused then adds. "The swine may be shy about starting on the toes. We have to encourage them with a little sauce, so we're going to cut your throat."

"Padrone. He killed Matteo." Carlo said.

"You can take Matteo's family the dottore's cojones for comfort." Mason replied. "Was there a young woman with him?"

Both Will and Hannibal resist reacting to that, both men knew who he was talking about.

"He was alone." Tommaso said. "Why? Do you want us to get the woman?"

Mason shook his head and said, "No, I don't know her name or where she lives but I will find that out soon." He smirked at Hannibal. "She'll be well taken care of."

Oh, this man wasn't going to live, Hannibal will make sure of that. No one threatens her in front of him and lives. But how shall he kill Mason? Now that needed to be thought upon heavily and in great detail.

Carlo hands Mason the Harpy knife as he said, "He likes to cut low."

"Weren't testing the depth of his fat, were you, Dr. Lecter?" Mason asked before he hands Will the knife, but Will hesitates. "I've done my part. I've muzzled the dog, now you need to put it down."

Mason holds out the Harpy and Will takes it from him.

"Anything to say, Dr. Lecter?" Will asked.

Will stands before Hannibal, the Cannibal regards him without a word.

"Don't let him bleed out. Just a little nick. Just enough to give the pigs a taste of it." Mason said.

Will brings the knife's edge under Hannibal's jaw. He then moves to make a single vertical slash
down the straitjacket, the canvas and straps split like cutting a roast bindings.

Mason opens his mouth to shout, but Carlo and Tommaso are already moving.

Carlo's gun butt lands hard in the back of Will's head. Will drops his knife and falls to his knees.

In Will's view, movement becomes blurry streaks. Sound dampens, shouts, scuffles and footsteps are shrouded in bunting. The only certainty is that all hell is breaking loose. He falls to the platform and he loses consciousness.

Will's eyes blink open and then he fumbles to get up onto his elbows and see that the platform was empty. Will is the only one there.

Will sees Tommaso's gun, abandoned. Will is alone. Then he registers a sound, the contented grunts of pigs feasting. Will, still groggy, staggers to the railing and sees the rope leads down into the maze's center, taut with the body anchoring it, but who it is can't be seen.

Will hits the winch control, the rope beings spooling. The motor's hum competes with the grunts of irritation as the pigs' meal is lifted up, away from them. The body rises and as it approaches the crest of the maze. Will stares in anticipation. The savage victim comes into view, not Hannibal or Mason but it is Carlo.

**WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

As a drop of perspiration rolls down his furrowed brow. Gravity and the path of least resistance driving it onward. The man's daze and blinking eyes. Suddenly, a mask is placed over the man's nose and mouth, capturing the perspiration inside its clear plastic seal. The mask is attached to an inhaler. The man's eyes go wide. He starts to struggle. As a powdered inhalant is administered in a measured blast of propellant.

As his pupils dilate. And in that moment, Hannibal is reflected in them.

The full effect of the cocktail Mason just inhaled hits him. Mason's heart throbs hypnotically and his vision begins to trail waves of color.

"Whoa." Mason said.

Hannibal leans into Mason, propping him upright in a chair. A light on him, the room falling into darkness beyond its spill, making it unidentifiable to the viewer. Mason suddenly bursts into laughter, his head lolling on his shoulders like it's going to fall off.

"Mason, I must ask you to be quiet. You will frighten the animals." Hannibal said.

Mason's hand glides along the back of a passing pig.

"Soo-eee, pig-pig-pig-pig." Mason said with a giggle.

Hannibal puts a finger under Mason's chin, lifting his head so he can look into his face.

Instead of the handsome doctor's mug, Mason sees a boar's head on Hannibal's shoulders. He stands over Mason. He stares at Hannibal in awe, yet Hannibal is now back to normal.

"What did you give me?" Mason asked.
"A variety of psychedelic compounds, "psychedelic" so named from the Greek for "mind-revealing"." Hannibal answered.

"You're going to have to write me a prescription for this, doctor." Mason said.

"Patients rhapsodize about the life changing insights they achieve during altered-state sessions." Hannibal said.

"I'm enchanted and terrified." Mason said with a loopy smile.

"The world presents itself as a cacophony of sights, sounds, smells and recollections. I want you to recall your education in the stockyards and slaughterhouses." Hannibal said.

"Papa taught me everything he knew, but not everything I know." Mason said.

"Show me how Papa would check the depth of a pig's fat." Hannibal stated.

The boar-Hannibal holds up Mason's father's knife.

Mason takes the knife, considering it. He glances down, Mason considers a passing pig.

Hannibal gently pulls Mason's chin with a finger, to bring Mason to look into his eyes, "No, Mason. Show me on you." This would be a good start of his punishment for threatening his little Starling.

Will walks towards his porch. He moves slowly, exhausted and groggy. He pauses, the silence has confused him. He puts the key in the lock. Will opens the door to find Winston alone to greet him.

"Hey, Winston. Where's everyone else?" Will asked.

Will moves into the house and closes the door behind him. A wet mumbling from the darkness draws Will's attention, "I just love your dogs." A blood-slicked hand holds out a small piece of wet meat and a dog gently takes it into his mouth. The mutts sit in a semicircle, waiting to be fed. Smacks and chomps could be heard. "S'a good boy... yes... and for you... is that nice? Good girl."

"Mason?" Will called out, curious and wary.

"I adopted dogs from the shelter once, two dogs that were friends, and I had them in a cage together with plenty of fresh water, but no food. One of them died hungry, and the other one had a warm meal." Mason said. "I really should have put you and Dr. Lecter in a cage together. Curious what would've happened."

"What are you feeding my dogs?" Will asked as he turns on a light, illuminating a blood-soaked Mason. Mason's concentration is on the dogs. One hand holds the bloody knife, the other holds out scraps of meat.

That have been cut from Mason's face.

"Just me." Mason said before he looks up at Will, his whole lower face now a red death's. The meat of his cheeks and jaw is gone to reveal his teeth. As he sees Will, he grins in a terrible smile
as he cuts off another piece, sawing at the meat. Mason tosses the piece of his face and one of Will's dogs catches it in its mouth.

Will's horrified...and Hannibal Lecter emerges from the shadows behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Hrk...ugh, that's just nasty D: Will's dogs got a taste for human now.

And danger, Will, danger!

Got another story idea: what if Hannibal was a sixteen year old Clarice Starling's therapist? It does eventually follow the TV series but will have changes :P
Chapter 48

Chapter Notes

After this will be the 'episode' where Hannibal snatches his lovely little Clarice away and spirits her away to Italy!

Also separating season 3 into two parts, the 'episodes' in Florence will be their own story and the episodes after Hannibal's capture and imprisonment will be their own story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tome-wan Part 3

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A strip of light crosses Mason Verger's eyes, the ruin beneath only hinted at. Mason sits in the corner, as before.

Boar-head Hannibal stares back at Mason who had been staring at him, his voice cascading over him like a wave.

"What Mason is experiencing isn't restricted to reality, so reality has been forced to adapt." Hannibal said.

Will ushers his dogs into the next room, away from Mason, closing the door behind him.

"He fed his face to my dogs." Will said.

"He broadened their palates as I have broadened yours." Hannibal said then he added regarding Mason. "Murder or mercy?"

"There is no mercy. We make mercy, manufacture it in parts that have overgrown our basic reptile brain." Will said. "Especially not after he threatened Clarice."

"Then there is no murder. We make murder, too, it matters only to us." Hannibal said. "You know too well that you possess all the elements to make murder. Perhaps mercy, too. But murder you understand uncomfortably well."

"I'm hungry." Mason interrupted the two men.

Hannibal doesn't look at him when he said, "Eat your nose."

Will watches as Mason raises the knife to his ruined face and cuts off the tip of his nose, eating it.

"I have a taste and consistency similar to that of chicken gizzard." Mason said.

"Taste is housed in parts of the mind that proceed pity, and pity has no place at the table."
Hannibal said.

"I'm not going to kill him." Will said.

"He was going to feed you to his pigs after he fed them me." Hannibal said then he looked at Mason. "Weren't you, Mason? And what were you going to do with the woman?"

"I was." Mason admitted. "I was going to get her pregnant with my legacy, keep her nice and docile. And locked in a room."

"He's your patient, Dr. Lecter. You do what you think is best for him." Will stated through gritted teeth, his jaw clenched when he had heard his plan for Clarice.

Hannibal considers Will a moment, then moves behind Mason and snaps his neck. Mason goes limp. Hannibal then calmly checks his pulse. Satisfied that it remains.

**VERGER ESTATE HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Mason lies under bandages wrapped around his face under a cage, only his eyes are visible. IV tubes feed his flaccid arms. His head is immobilized by a halo brace. The eel is swimming in a tireless circle, a rippling ribbon of brown beautifully patterned with irregular spots. Soft light and North African music, an oud and drums. Mason lies in his bed behind the plastic curtains that maintain a level of sterility to where he rests. In the floor, the eel swims in the aquarium, reflecting watery, rippling shadows.

Two shapes enters the room, approaching the plastic curtains.

"Good afternoon, Agent Crawford." Mason said then he noticed the woman with him, a familiar woman.

Jack and Clarice crosses the room toward Mason's bed, noticing the eel.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Verger. This is Clarice Starling, FBI agent in training." Jack said, Clarice inclined her head in greeting then he added in regards to the fish. "Beautiful creature."

"It's a Muraena kidako. There's an even bigger one in captivity in Tokyo. This is the second biggest. Its common name is the Brutal Moray, would you like to see why?" Mason asked as his eyes remained on Clarice.

Clarice wasn't liking his attention at all but Jack had wanted to bring her with him and she couldn't refuse him, it would have been suspicious if she had.

"No. I don't want to take too much of your time, Mr. Verger. I know you need your rest. But I would like to ask a few brief questions about what happened to you." Jack said.

"Very curious how my accident has garnered the interest of the FBI. Took a tumble into a pigpen. Broke my neck. Embarrassing, really. Clumsy, clumsy, clumsy. If my sister hadn't found me, pigs would've eaten more than my face." Mason said.

"Pigs did this to you?" Jack asked.

"Oh, yes. Pigs certainly did. I was hoping to get my face back when they pumped the swines'
stomachs, but they haven't had much luck." Mason answered, flicking his gaze briefly to Jack before looking back at Clarice.

Clarice resisted making a disgusted face at that, had he been feeding his pigs humans or something to get them to try eating him?

"You are a patient of Hannibal Lecter's, is that right?" Jack asked.

"Dr. Lecter, yes." Mason said.

"Mr. Verger, have you ever seen or met another patient of Dr. Lecter's? A man named Will Graham." Jack said.

"Will Graham... Will Graham..." Mason said, considering. "The man who didn't kill all those people? That Will Graham."

Clarice does a slow blink but doesn't say anything.

"Yes." Jack said.

"Can't say I've had the pleasure." Mason said.

"Have you found Dr. Lecter's therapy to be helpful, Mr. Verger?" Jack asked.

"I've benefited greatly from Dr. Lecter's therapy. I'm still benefiting. I will always be grateful for how he's helped me. I only hope one day I can repay him." Mason said. "Now if you don't mind, Agent Crawford, Ms Starling, I'm rather tired."

Jack studies the man behind the curtains. Then he said, "Thank you for your time. Let's go, Starling."

"Yes, sir."

Mason watches through the curtain as the distorted shapes of Jack Crawford and Clarice Starling turns and walks away.

A moment, then another distorted shape approaches the plastic curtains, parting them and moving inside Mason's sterility zone. It's Margot.

"Is he gone?" Mason asked.

"It's just you and me." Margot said. "I'm going to take care of you, Mason. Just like you've always taken care of me."

A reassurance and a condemnation in one. A life sentence worse than her brother could ever exact. Mason's unblinking terror...

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hannibal sketching the famous painting, Nikolai Ge's painting, Achilles Lamenting the Death of Patroclus (1855) from memory.

"Achilles Lamenting the Death of Patroclus. Whenever he is mentioned in the Iliad, Patroclus
seems to be defined by his empathy." Hannibal said.

"He became Achilles on the field of war. He died for him there, wearing his armor." Will said.

"He did. Hiding and revealing identity is a constant theme throughout the Greek epics." Hannibal said.

"As are battle-tested friendships." Will said.

"Achilles wished all Greeks would die so that he and Patroclus could conquer Troy alone. Took divine intervention to bring them down." Hannibal said.

Will crosses to the fireplace, lit by its glow, "This isn't sustainable." He paused. "We're going to get caught."

Hannibal puts his pencil down as he said, "Jack Crawford already suspects you killed Freddie Lounds." He left it unspoken that Clarice doesn't, there was no need to since both men knew that Wil had Clarice's loyalty. It was something that angered Hannibal, he wanted her loyalty just for himself but he knew that if he tried anything to change it he would lose her.

"If Jack told you he suspects me, it means he suspects you." Will said.

"I know." Hannibal said.

Will considers their options a moment, then he said, "You should give him what he wants."

"Give him the Chesapeake Ripper?" Hannibal asked.


"Jack has become my friend. I suppose I owe him the truth." Hannibal allows that statement to sit, then picks up his pencil and continues sketching, Will in the background, illuminated by the light of the fire.

Chapter End Notes

Oh yeah, you ready for the next chapters plus epilogue?! Because I am!

And uh oh, Mason knows Clarice's name!
Chapter 49

Chapter Notes

I will intercut these two conversations as if Will were having a single conversation.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mizumono Teaser

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannibal smiling as he works on the card. An invitation card. For Jack Crawford. To dinner at Hannibal's house. Hannibal finishes the beautifully-drawn card and looks down upon it.

BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

The invitation sits on Jack's desk. Jack and Will.

"Hannibal's invited me to dinner." Jack said.

Will doesn't answer. Holds Jack's gaze.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hannibal sits opposite Will.

"You sit in that chair, as you have so many times before. It holds among its molecules the vibrations of all our conversations ever held in its presence." Hannibal said.

"All the exchanges, the petty irritations, deadly revelations, the flat announcements of disaster." Will said.

"The grunts and poetry of life. It's all still there. Everything we've said. Listen. What do you hear?" Hannibal asked.

"A melody." Will answered.

"We are orchestrations of carbon. You and me and that chair." Hannibal said.

"And Jack." Will said.

"And Jack." Hannibal said. "All of our destinies flying and swimming in blood and emptiness."

He smiles.

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will is walking toward the house.
BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

"Everybody's settling in for dinner." Will said.

"I'll be wearing a wire. I'll have riflemen on rooftops of neighboring houses. Sight lines to all windows." Jack said.

"He'll try to kill you in the kitchen, for convenience. Make it easier to prepare the tartare." Will said.

Jack stares at Will a moment, "digesting" that. Then he said, "SWAT team will be on the ground for immediate access to the kitchen, dining room and front door." He paused briefly then. "Can I convince you to wear a vest?"

Will shook his head and said, "He would smell it. Besides, he's not going to shoot either one of us, Jack. He'll cut us."

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will walking toward his house. The lights burning, warm and homey.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

"Little did Agent Crawford know what waited for him when he stepped into my office that very first time. How seldom we recognize the sound when the bolt of fate slides home." Hannibal stated.

"Jack won't be easy to kill. He'll be armed. He's strong, well trained. We can't hesitate." Will said.

"Hesitation is a consequence of indecision or uncertainty. I'm not suffering from either. Are you?" Hannibal asked.

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will is walking, as he replays these conversations in his head.

BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

"Hannibal thinks you're his man in the room. I think you're mine." Jack stated.

Will does not respond.

"I am giving Clarice time off at least until we arrest him." Jack said to break the silence that had settled. "I want you to call her later and tell her, tell her that this a much needed break after what she had gone through to help prove your innocence and free you. That should get her to agree without questioning too much."

"I understand." Will said with a nod.

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Hannibal studies Will.

"When the fox hears the rabbit scream, he comes a-runnin', but not to help. When you hear Jack scream, why will you come running?" Hannibal asked.
"When the time comes..." Jack trailed off.

"When the time comes..." Hannibal trailed off.

"...will you do what needs to be done?" Jack asked.

"...will you do what needs to be done?" Hannibal asked.

"Oh, yes." Will said.

WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will walks up to the porch and reacts as if he's about to greet an old acquaintance. And he is. He climbs the steps.

The front door swings open revealing Will standing just outside. His dogs surround the door, not to greet their master, but instead, they bark and growl at him!

Will backs away from his front door and reveals Garret Jacob Hobbs standing on the porch, haloed by the porch light, the only warmth in a monochromatic night.

"Shhhh." The man said.

The vicious barking and growling of dogs abruptly fades away.

Will looks down, a hunting rifle is now in his hands. Hobbs moves to the railing of the porch and Will follows him.

Will's house now sits high in a tree overlooking a field of skeletal trees resembling antlers.

The black stag slowly making its way directly in front of their sights.

Garret Jacob Hobbs indicates for Will to look out beyond the porch. He smiles at Will.

"See?" Garret asked.

Will looks the direction Garret Jacob Hobbs is indicating and raises his rifle, looking through the scope.

The black stag, majestic, turns and looks down the barrel.

Will lines up the shot, finger tensing on the trigger.

The black stag in the foreground, the deer blind looming in the distance behind it. A fire crack of a gunshot and...
Clarice jerked awake when her cell phone rang, blasting *My Prerogative* by Bobby Brown on full volume which was what had woken her up. She groaned and rolled over, grabbing her phone and answering it, "Hello?" She didn't even bother looking at her caller I.D. and she stifled her yawn. Whoever was going her better have a good reason to be calling her this late.

"I'm sorry, did I wake you, Clarice?" Will's voice came from the other end.

"Mmm, yes." Clarice said as she sat up, yawning again. "What's up?"

"Jack and I are giving you time off from school, you deserve a break after what you had gone through." Will said. "After what you had gone through trying to prove my innocence."

Clarice smiled at that and said, "Nice to see that you appreciate me, Will."

"I appreciate you more than you'll ever know, Clarice." Will said, his voice hitching. "Go back to sleep and I'll see you soon."

"Okay, night, Will."

"Night, Clarice."

She hung up the phone and stared at it, well that was...odd. It sounded like he was getting emotional at the end.

Just what was he up to?

Clarice shrugged and laid back down, the young woman lifted her sheets and blanket up to her chin and closed her eyes soon sleep reclaimed her back into its world of screaming and blood....

Chapter End Notes

Will and Jack think they are protecting Clarice by not having her go to school and keeping it out of Hannibal's hands but in reality then are making it easy for the Cannibal to steal her.
Chapter 50

Chapter Notes

Just three more chapters after this! Mizumono Part 2 and Part 3 then the Epilogue!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mizumono Part 1

JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bella is propped up on pillows. Pale and drawn, more sick than before, a turban around her head. Her light is dimming, but she remains radiant as sunlight pools around the room between blocks of shadow. A portable oxygen unit is beside her bed for easy access.

"Forgiveness is such a profound, emotional, conscious and unconscious state of affairs, we can't actually choose to do it." Bella said. Hannibal sitting in a chair by her bed. "It has to come to you."

"Like a gift from God." Hannibal said.

"There is no forgiving as a verb, as an act that you can actually execute. It simply happens to you." Bella said.

"Has forgiveness happened to you?" Hannibal asked.

"Any residual feelings of betrayal or anger or whatever I had for you collapsed. Caved in on themselves." Bella said.

"The cause of the collapse?" Hannibal asked.

"I died. I'm between deaths." She said honestly and directly, so much like a certain young woman.

Hannibal smiles, enjoying her honesty and directness, "The punctuation at the end of a sentence gives meaning to every word, every space that preceded it."

"You moved my punctuation mark, Dr. Lecter. You moved my meaning." Bella said before she draws on her oxygen. "Nothing like coming back from the dead to tell you what life is worth. Even one like this."

"I hope you've found more reasons to live than not to." Hannibal said.

"I've already used my coupon for suicide. I don't think I have another one in the book." Bella said.

"There's always another book." Hannibal said.

Bella shakes her head. It becomes a cough, which she struggles to control. She pulls the mask to her face, draws. "I'm not here because I want to be, you saw to that; I'm here because I can't abandon Jack. Not again." The woman said.
"Love and death are the great hinges on which all human sympathies turn. What we do for ourselves dies with us. What we do for others lives beyond us. You love Jack more than you love yourself." Hannibal said.

Would he have that same love and devotion with Clarice? Would she accept and forgive him? Or would she betray him by? Clarice would never kill herself, she was too brave for that. To her, that would be the coward's way out and she never seemed like the type to take her own life.

"You saved me for Jack. Would you save him for me when I'm gone?" Bella asked.

He holds her gaze, considering his answer to the question.

**FBI - FREDDIE LOUNDS'S DORM ROOM - DAY**

Will Graham and Freddie Lounds are in the latter's dorm room in the FBI.

"I'm going to enjoy my resurrection." Freddie said. "The correspondents of those august journals who always looked down on me can eat their hearts out." She then adds off Will's look. "Nothing sells better than a survival story."

"I wouldn't count us as survivors just yet, Freddie." Will stated.

"I'm counting me as a survivor. I started as a cancer editor at a supermarket tabloid. "New Cure for Cancer." "Cancer Miracle Cure"." Freddie said.

"Cancer is very-lucrative media." Will replied, dryly.

"One in five Americans dies of it. The relatives of all those dying, worn out, prayed out, trying to fight raging carcinoma masses, are desperate for anything hopeful." Freddie stated.

"We're all desperate for a little hope. I want you to do something for me, Freddie, or rather, don't." Will said, the woman looked at him. "Don't write about Abigail. You can write about me, you can write about Hannibal. But leave Abigail alone. And Clarice as well, she'll need a friend."

Freddie considers the odd request, studying Will, then she asked, "You really don't know if you're going to survive him, do you? And you do know that Clarice and I have a very rocky relationship, right?"

"Let her rest in peace." Will said. "I know but Clarice and you have a truce during my imprisonment, so continue it."

Freddie stared at him silently.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Hannibal drops a patient journal and Will catches it, opening it.

"These are your notes on me." Will said.

Hannibal smiles down from the second-floor landing. He turns and continues pulling out patient journals. Surrounded by stacks of the journals, Will peruses the one in his hand.

Will continues to study the patient journal as he crosses to the burning fire. One more moment of
consideration, then he tosses it on the licking flames, which wrap around it.

The open journal roasts on the fire, the encephalitis clock devoured by flame, leaving curling blackened ash.

"Won't your patients need these after you're gone?" Will asked.

Hannibal approaches Will by the fireplace, a handful of leather-bound patient journals in his arms as he said, "The FBI will pore over my notes if I left them intact. I would spare my patients that scrutiny." Clarice's lambs will remain between him and her, no one from the FBI will ever see them.

"That's very considerate." Will said.

"I'm dismantling who I was and moving it brick by brick," Hannibal said. "When we've gone from this life, Jack Crawford and the FBI behind us, I will always have this place."

"In your "memory palace"?" Will asked.

"My palace is vast, even by medieval standards. The foyer is the Norman chapel in Palermo, severe and beautiful and timeless, with a single reminder of mortality: a skull graven in the floor." Hannibal said. Clarice already had a chamber there, he had placed every interaction that they had in there. The kiss that had been shared has a special place there and he goes in there a lot to see it.

Wishing that he could kiss her like that again, as her lover.

"All I need is a stream." Will said.

"In those moments, when you can't overcome your surroundings, you can make it all go away." Hannibal said.

"Put my head back, close my eyes, wade into the quiet of the stream." Will said.

"If I'm ever apprehended, my memory palace will serve as more than a mnemonic system, I will live there." Hannibal said, he will live there with Clarice.

Will studies Hannibal a moment, considering his future, "Could you be happy there?"

Hannibal reflects on the question, uncertain, but smiles as he said, "All the palace chambers are not lovely, light and high. In the vaults of our hearts and brains, danger waits. There are holes in the floor of the mind." As Will turns to pick up more files, Hannibal leans toward him. Hannibal's nostrils flare as he inhales. A red forest growing against a white ground. "An abstract, beautiful landscape." Red shoots appear, pushing through the surface and growing up like grass, gradually thickening. The white is soon revealed to be a scalp, the strands growing and curling as they become a thick, luxuriant head of red hair growing in a dark void.

It's revealed that it belongs to Freddie Lounds, her hair deep red, her face red, too, a vermillion version of the tarry Alana, composed entirely of wavy strands of red hair.

The red glow of flames flickers across Hannibal's face.

Hannibal stares at Will as he feeds the fire. Deep hurt and sadness register.
Will lifts files and drops them into the blaze. Fire flares and the light illuminates Hannibal's terrible gaze.

**BAU - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Alana lies in bed, eyes fluttering beneath closed lids.

"In the few jerky seconds of sleep I do get, all I see is..." Alana opens her eyes, staring into the darkness. "...dark swarming behind my eyelids." Alana continues to stare passively as the darkness of the sheets rises around her like a pool of black ink. "I dream darkness comes into me. It comes and it's insidious." Black ink continues to rise, curling into the small of her naked back, past the curve of her thigh. "Up my nose... into my ears... damp fingers prying at me..." The black ink rises past Alana's ears and nose. "...finding every way inside." Alana is swallowed by the inky darkness, disappearing below its surface which undulates hypnotically.

Will silently listens as Alana confesses, "I feel poisoned."

"We've all been poisoned." Will stated.

"Even my memories are suspect. I keep compulsively poring over every moment I've spent with him, struggling to separate the man I know from the man you know." Alana said.

"I don't pretend to know him. I just understand him." Will said.

"You saw what no one else could." Alana said.

"All it took was the traumatic." Will said.

"Most of the literature on coping with the traumatic focuses on how people deal with the aftermath. We're still in the thick of it." Alana said.

"Almost through the worst of it." Will said.

"How will you get through the rest?" Alana asked.

Will considers that, then averts his eyes, "You'll have to ask Jack."

"I'm asking you." Alana said. "You've set some sort of trap and you're goading Hannibal into it." Will looks at Alana, his silence an admission. Her eyes begin to well with tears, sad about being left outside to watch some horrible unraveling of events like a bystander. "How can you be sure he's not goading you?"

"I can't." Will said. "Just, please, don't blame Clarice or hold this against her. She doesn't know what Jack and I are planning."

Alana sighs, fearing the worst.

"Does she know what you know about Dr. Lecter?"

Will doesn't say anything, he just nods his head.

A tear rolls down her cheek, hanging briefly before falling.
"Okay, boys, mama's going go run some errands." Clarice said as she Bishop outside in his large kennel that was in her garage, making sure that he had plenty of food and water before she puts Salem in his enclosed cat room. It was her garage as well, both were covered by a light blue tarp. She made sure the cat had plenty of food and water. Both animals had toys to play with and old blankets and pillows to lie on. "Be good and I'll be back later." Clarice made sure that her window in the garage was opened to they could get some air.

She waved and headed back into the house, she grabbed her jacket, keys, cell phone and purse before she walked out of her house. Clarice locked the door behind her and headed to her car. She climbed into the driver's seat, started the engine, pulled out of the driveway and drove off.

**HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hannibal's reflection staring forward, intent, rippling on the surface of a glass of red wine. A standing pair of racks of lamb, interlaced ribs, like the hands of prayer or a church's steeple, to find Hannibal sitting at the head of his table, considering his reflection in the rippling red wine.

"Do you know what an imago is, Will?" Hannibal asked.

Will is by his side and the man said, "It's a flying insect."

"It's the final stage of a transformation. Maturity." Hannibal said.

"When you become who you will be." Will said.

"It's also a term from the dead religion of psychoanalysis. An imago is an image of a loved one buried in the unconscious, carried with us all our lives." Hannibal said.

"An ideal." Will said.

"The concept of an ideal always searching for an objective reality to match. I have a concept of you just as you have a concept of me." Hannibal said.

Will takes a drink.

"Neither of us ideal." Will said.

Hannibal considers that; there was a brief moment that he believed the ideal before he smelled betrayal. Would Clarice betray him as Will has done?

He wanted to believe that she wouldn't, she didn't seem the type to it and he felt that he knew her better than Will believed he does.

"We are both too curious about too many things for any ideals." Hannibal said. "Is it ideal that Jack die?"

Will hesitates almost imperceptibly, "It's necessary. What happens to Jack has been preordained."

"We could disappear now. Tonight. Feed your dogs. Leave a note for Dr. Bloom, never see her or Jack Crawford again. Almost polite." Hannibal said. "Maybe take Clarice with us if she wants to come, if not we leave her a note as well."
Hannibal will return to collect her later, at a much safer time.

"That'd make this our last supper." Will said.

"Of this life. I am serving lamb," Hannibal said.

"Sacrificial? Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world." Will said.

"I freely claim my sin. I don't need a sacrifice. Do you?" Hannibal asked.

"I need him to know." Will said. "If I confessed to Jack Crawford now, you think he would forgive me?"

"I would forgive you." Hannibal answered. "If Jack were to tell you all is forgiven, Will, would you accept his forgiveness?"

"Jack isn't offering forgiveness. He wants justice. He wants to see you. See who you are. See who I've become. Know the truth." Will stated.

Hannibal takes the moment in, thoughtful, raises a glass as he said, "To the truth, then. And all its consequences." Tears threatening to brim in Hannibal's eyes. Yes, he will collect Clarice and take her with him...

**BAU - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Kade walks determinedly down the corridor.

A group of FBI tactical agents and forensics techs are gathered as Jack is pointing to marked sniper locations on a satellite picture of Hannibal Lecter's neighborhood. Brian and Jimmy are to one side.

Kade Prurnell has entered with Alana Bloom following a few steps behind. Jack sees Alana and Kade standing together, sighs.

Kade said to the tactical agents, "Gentlemen, would you excuse us." The team gets up and heads out. Zeller and Price at the back. "Not you two. Stay right there." Zeller and Price stay. After the tactical agents have exited. "Boy, you know how to go out with a bang. This is entrapment, Jack." She then noticed a certain trainee is missing. "Where is trainee Starling?"

"You can't entrap someone into committing premeditated murder." Jack said. "Taking some much needed time off."

"Yes, you can. You're doing it." Kade said then she looked to Zeller and Price, not saying anything more about the missing trainee. "Either of you fabricate evidence?"

Jimmy said, genuinely unsure, "Define "fabricate"."

"Are you asking if we built something or just lied?" Brian asked.

Kade said, ignoring them; to Jack, "You conspired to violate Dr. Lecter's property and personal rights. The only one involved in this investigation we can confirm has killed someone is Will Graham."
"It was self-defense." Jack said.

"You're using yourself as bait." Alana said, breaking her silence.

"I'm the best bait we have." Jack said.

Kade takes a breath, focuses, "Hannibal Lecter is being induced to commit murder by an undercover FBI informant. This is outrageous government conduct. Do you realize who will be held responsible?"

"Hannibal will be held responsible." Jack stated.

"You would never get a conviction." Kade said.

"If Hannibal is who we believe him to be, you would've just handed him his Get Out of Jail Free card." Alana said.

"You should thank Dr. Bloom. She just saved us all a lot of trouble." Kade said.

Jack looked at Alana and said, "Thank you, Dr. Bloom."

Alana holds his gaze.

"You're not thinking clearly, Jack." Kade said.

"We are as close as we'll ever be." Jack said.

"You're distracted. I understand your wife is very ill. Pending an enquiry, I'm putting you on forced compassionate leave. Agents will be waiting in your office to relieve you of your badge and gun." Kade said.

Jack stares at her silently...

**CLARICE STARLING'S BRICK HOUSE-NIGHT**

Clarice pulled up in her driveway and turned off the engine, she climbed out and started to unload the car. The woman unlocked her front door and headed into the kitchen, she placed the bags down before she headed to the garage to let her pets in and to clean up their mess. After that was done, she went back to unloading her car while Bishop and Salem slept on the couch.

"I have ingredients for handmade pizza." Clarice said as she closed her front door behind her with the thick heel of her boot. "I went to the bank and did some clothes shopping, which ended up taking longer than I thought."

She knew that she was talking to animals who couldn't respond but talking to them helped ease her loneliness, it helped fill the void in her heart that could be filled with another person.

But the man she wanted to fill that void was in a relationship and was a cannibalistic serial killer.

"You certainly know how to pick'em, girl." Clarice said as she started to make her pizza. "First you fall for your mentor who is just as messed up as you are and then you fall for your therapist who eats people. You have terrible taste in men and should really get your head looked at." She paused and then went back to making her dinner. "Or become a nun and swear off men."
She placed the finished pizza in the heated oven, she closed the door and set the timer.

"Oh well, this break came at a good time." Clarice said as she stretched. "Maybe I should do a road trip? Drop my pets at Will's and just take off until I feel like returning...yeah, that sounds amazing."

Clarice started to put her groceries and new clothes away, planning her road trip.....

Chapter End Notes

Grrr, I hate Kade! And Alana!

I will also fix my recent chapters when I am done with this part, much like how I did with the first part when I was done.
Chapter 51

Chapter Notes

Just two more chapters now!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mizumono Part 2

BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Hands reach inside a jacket and remove an FBI badge. It is placed on a desk. A service weapon follows it. Then a key card for the FBI building. Jack stands behind the desk. Two agents wait to escort him out. Kade Prurnell watches the process. Jack holds her gaze for a second and then walks out, the agents in close attendance behind him.

Jack walks down the corridor, closer and closer.

JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

She is unconscious. It is her rhythmic breath rising and falling. If it weren't for her breathing, she would seem almost funereal. Bella, her hands lie across her chest. The room is silent, motes of dust drift through the dimming light of the dying day. Night is coming. Bella's breathing rises and falls...

Jack is sitting in a chair, watching his wife sleep. Rise... Fall... Bella misses a breath. Jack studies her more closely. Bella breathes again, a flutter, and then a full breath. Jack rises and stands over his wife, takes her hand. She doesn't stir, breath continuing to rise and fall.

Jack watching Bella sleep...

CLARICE STARLING'S BRICK HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-LATE AFTERNOON

Clarice was doing yoga, she was taking a much needed break from packing her suitcase. She was breathing evenly and softly as she moved through the poses, her cat and dog were watching her from their position on the couch.

BAU - JACK CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Kade Prurnell sits behind Jack's desk, going through Randall Tier crime scene pictures, satellite photos of Hannibal's house and various paperwork. She's boggled by it all. Alana Bloom enters. Kade looks up from the various pieces of evidence, noticing Alana.

"This is staggering." Kade said.

Alana approaches the desk, thoughtful, "What are you going to do about Hannibal Lecter?"

"What Jack should have done. We froze his passport and we're getting a search warrant." Kade answered.
"Hannibal already opened his doors to the FBI. There won't be physical evidence. The only way to catch him is in the act." Alana said.

"You think we should've just let Jack Crawford hang himself and everyone else in his department." Kade said, it wasn't a question.

"No, but Will and Jack are still your best chance to catch Hannibal." Alana stated.

Kade references the Randall Tier crime scene photos, "The man Will Graham killed in self defense? He was mutilated. Limbs removed. Head severed at the jaw. At a certain point, self-defense stops. Will Graham didn't stop." Kade tosses the crime scene photos back on the pile. "Jack Crawford sanctioned this. And then he covered it up."

"I have to believe Will was trying to maintain his cover identity." Alana said.

"Reality doesn't go away if you stop believing in it, Dr. Bloom. It's stubborn like that. The reality of this situation is Jack Crawford was misusing the power of his office." Kade replied.

"They're desperate," Alana said.

"They are breaking the law. This is criminal conduct. I have to bring charges against these men." Kade said.

"They're not going to stop." Alana stated.

"That's why they're being brought into custody." Kade said.

"Jack knows what you'll find, he knows what you have to do. You have to know that won't stop him from doing what he has to do." Alana said.

**JACK CRAWFORD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

She remains unconscious, breath rising and falling... Jack leans down and kisses her sweetly on the forehead, he leaves.

**CLARICE STARLING'S BRICK HOUSE-BEDROOM-NIGHT**

Clarice was getting ready for bed, her suitcases were packed and ready to go, all she had to do was take her pets to Will's house tomorrow and then she'll leave. The young woman crawled into bed and turned off the light, she pulled the covers up and closed her eyes.

She was soon fast asleep.

**ALANA BLOOM'S CAR - NIGHT**

Alana sits in her car. Pondering what to do. Debating her actions. She pulls out her cell phone --

**WILL GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Lights burn a warm yellow from within.

The telephone rings and Will picks it up.
"Hello." Will said.

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"It's Alana. Is Jack with you?" Alana asked.

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"No. Why?" Will asked.

"I... I wanted to find some middle ground between believing the world is perfectly safe and terribly dangerous. I was trying to..." Her voice trails off, overwhelmed with emotion.

"What did you do?" Will asked.

------------------

"They've issued a warrant for your arrest, Will. For acting as an accessory to entrapment and the murder of Randall Tier. They're going to arrest Jack, too." Alana said.

----------------------------

Lights and the crunch of gravel draw Will to the window. Two FBI SUVs are pulling into his driveway.

"Good-bye, Alana." Will said.

"Will?"

He hangs up then he grabs his coat and gun.

As Will bursts from the back door. Running as the dogs start barking behind him. Will runs for the shadow of the shed. Pulling out his cell phone as he goes. Keeps moving, urgent, as it rings. The call connects.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

"Hello." Hannibal said.

"They know..." Will said.

Hannibal takes that in, silently.

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannibal is chopping scallions, swipes them into a bowl. And then takes up a piece of meat. The cannibal looks up as Jack Crawford enters. Hannibal smiles.

"Hello, Jack. You're early." Hannibal said.

He never stops chopping.

The knife slices down on the meat.
All sound is dulled. Jack Crawford's reflection in the blade of the knife. Hannibal Lecter in the reflection of the blade. Hannibal turns the block of knives in front of him so the handles are now facing Jack, should he want one.

The light reflecting off of Hannibal's kitchen knife dances briefly across his face.

"Would you care to sous-chef?" Hannibal asked.

Jack glances at the knives, "I want to thank you for your friendship, Hannibal."

"The most-beautiful quality of a true friend is to understand and be understood with absolute clarity." Hannibal said.

"Then this is the truest moment of our friendship." Jack said as his hand drifts toward his coat, brushing his thumb across the fasten of his sidearm holster. Hannibal throws his knife at Jack.

Jack Crawford dives out of the way as he draws his gun from his holster and Hannibal’s knife moves through Jack’s hand at the wrist, his gun clatters to the floor. Hannibal vaults over the kitchen counter as Jack pulls the knife out of his wrist, swinging it immediately. The blade whisks through the air, narrowly missing Hannibal.

Hannibal yanks another knife from the cutting board and swings it in a deadly arc. Jack jackknifes his torso to avoid the blade, slashing back at Hannibal with quick swipes. Hannibal deflects Jack’s knife with his own and they dodge, parry and block each other’s blades. Jack thrusts and slices into Hannibal’s waist, who twists around the knife, knocking it from Jack’s grip. Hannibal lunges his knife at Jack’s belly, meaning to gut him. Jack blocks the knife with a cutting board and then smashes the cutting board into the side of Hannibal’s head, knocking him off balance, but not quite down.

Jack grabs Hannibal and bodily swings him crashing into the cupboards. Hannibal throws his weight back at Jack, driving him across the kitchen, but not far. Jack is solid. Jack maneuvers his arms around Hannibal’s throat and begins to squeeze a chokehold. Hannibal writhes and kicks, trying to throw Jack off balance, but to no avail.

Hannibal's eyelids flutter and pinch as he tries to focus and remain conscious. His body goes limp and he slumps in Jack’s arms... just enough for his shoulder to drop and allow his hand to reach a shard of glass on the floor.

Hannibal plunges the shard of glass into Jack’s neck. He recoils and stalks back, clutching his neck. Hannibal acts quickly, picking up a butcher knife and turning on Jack. Still clutching his neck, Jack stumbles back into the pantry. Jack falls inside, kicking the door closed on the advancing Hannibal. Hannibal throws his shoulder into the pantry door, Jack’s foot braced against it.

Hannibal throws his shoulder into a braced door.

Jack holds his neck wound with one hand as he fumbles for his phone with the other. The door splinters.

Hannibal has the terrible focus of a predatory animal.

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Alana approaches the front door, hesitating on the walkway. She stops, debating if she should stay or go and what the hell she was doing there in the first place. The RAIN is loud, drowning out all else in the night. She turns and starts to walk away, then stops and turns around again. This time, right up to the door. Which is slightly ajar. Alana pushes the door open ever so slightly and listens.

Straining against the rain outside... then begins to identify the sounds of struggle and a sustained shout from Jack. Alana goes pale, pulls out her phone, dials. She holds the phone with one hand and digs through her bag with the other.

She should have gotten Clarice.

"911. Please state the nature of your emergency."

Alana fishes her gun out of her bag, "I'd like to report gunshots."

Gun drawn, Alana pushes the door open. She hears something wumpf with a rattle, followed by a series of slamming.

"Jack?" Alana called out.

Alana moves through the darkness, toward the sliding double doors of the dining room, open not even an inch. Alana is cut right down the middle by a single sliver of light, the room falling into darkness around her, gun at the ready.

-------

The door finally splinters under Hannibal's force.

Alana Bloom in the doorway, she called to the man softly, "Hannibal..." then clearer. "Hannibal."

Hannibal stops, turns to see Alana. "Hello, Alana." Hannibal said. She looks around the broken, bloody room, mounting horror. Hannibal sighs, truly disappointed to see her here. "What a terrible and wonderful thing it is to see you."

"Where's Jack?" Alana asked.

"In the pantry," Hannibal answered, casually. The moment of truth. "I was hoping you and I wouldn't have to say good-bye. I imagined a farewell less sorrowful, less present, an echo. Nothing said nor seen. You may have thought that rude."

He takes a step toward her, her finger tensing on the gun.

"Stop." Alana ordered and he does. "I was so blind."

Why couldn't she have been like Clarice? She wasn't blind but it made her wonder if Hannibal knew that Clarice knew who he really was?

"In your defense, I worked very hard to blind you. You can stay blind. You can hide from this. Walk away. I'll make no plans to call on you. But if you stay, I will kill you." Hannibal said. "Be blind, Alana. Don't be brave." She pulls the trigger. And the gun clicks. She pulls it again and another click. "I took your bullets."

Alana stares. Frozen. As huge simple terror washes over her then she runs, she should have brought Clarice with her. The other woman knew who Hannibal really was and would have helped cover
Hannibal takes a breath, then gives reluctant pursuit.

Alana runs through the hallway and starts up a large staircase. Hannibal comes charging behind her. Alana speeds up. But he is faster as they round a bend in the stairs, he grabs for her. His hand clutches at her ankle. Grasps her shoe. Alan slips, kicks her foot from her shoe and scrabbles on her knees.

She kicks Hannibal hard with the other heel, catching his face and rocking him back. Hannibal smiles as he wondered how Clarice would be in this situation though it'll end much more differently, like with them in bed without any clothes on. Yes, Clarice would run but she would also fight and make him work for it. He takes his time now as he follows her. Alana runs once again, Hannibal slowly stalking behind.

Alana comes up the stairs, into the hallway. She makes for a bedroom door.

Alana bursts into the dark bedroom and slams the door closed. Turns the key in the lock. She stares at the door. Heart slamming against her rib cage. She gasps for breath. She is lit only by moonlight creeping through the window. Alana thinks quickly, she pulls the spare clip from her bag and ejects the empty one from her gun.

Alana slams the clip into the gun and draws the slide and fires twice into the door. Two beams of light pierce the gloom and hit Alana like laser beams.

"I found more bullets." Alana said.

A shadow moves outside the door, blocking the beams of light for a second, and Alana fires again, making a third.

Alana is breathing hard, facing the door. Lit by the orange beams of light. Gun at the ready. Aiming down the barrel, just as she was taught.

And then a figure -- indistinct -- steps from the shadows beside her. Ghostly, long-haired, ethereal...

Alana senses her presence and turns. She instinctively turns the gun to Abigail. Then lowers it. Many things register on Alana as she stared at a girl that she had thought dead.

"Abigail..." Alana said.

Abigail fights tears, on the edge, "I'm so sorry..." And she suddenly shoves Alana, propels her backward and pushes Alana out of the window.

Alana comes through the bedroom window, shattering glass and splintering wood. Alana continues to sail through the rain, accompanied by a cloud of shattered glass. Alana hits the cement outside with a sickening thwack and a shower of broken glass...

Chapter End Notes
No one other than Will and Hannibal knew that Clarice was staying with the former when Randall had attacked.
Chapter 52

Chapter Notes

We have finally got to the chapter that everyone was looking forward to!!

Epilogue next and then I'll be editing my recent chapters, adding more to it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mizumono Part 3

HANNIBAL LECTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alana lies broken and unmoving, pelted by rain, staring into middle distance, not breathing.

Will starts running up the sidewalk.

Will runs to the corner and Hannibal's house. Gun drawn. He slows as he sees Jack's and Alana's cars outside. And then he sees Alana Bloom! Will rushes to her. Drops to his knees. Until she takes a deep breath, having had the wind knocked out of her from the fall. She tries to speak, urgent and desperate -- blood bubbles over her lips.

"Don't talk. Just breathe..." Will said as he pulls off his jacket, rolls it up and places it gently around her head. He pulls his phone from his pocket. Dials. Alana grasps his hand tight. Smearing her blood on him. Will looks around, anguished. The call connects and he said, "This is Will Graham. I need ERT at Hannibal Lecter's residence." Will holds Alana's gaze.

"Jack's inside..." Alana was able to get out.

----------------------------------

Jack is lying on the floor, still grasping his neck wound. Blood pulsing past his hands. He is fading. He holds his cell phone. It is dialing. But not 911... "Bella" flashes on the display...

----------------------------------

Will steps into the dining room. His movements are slow. So, so tense. He slides toward the kitchen. Eyes darting. Comes round the corner to see the kitchen, the lights still on, blood and destruction everywhere. Will looks at the room, the blood smears and the chaos. Blood pools from beneath the pantry door. Will crosses to the pantry door and then stops, realizing he's not alone.

Abigail Hobbs stands in the kitchen.

Will is stunned to see her there.

Abigail turns and sees him. Her face is tear streaked. She is agitated, doesn't know what to do.

Will struggles to process her. They stare at one another. Will can't begin to understand and yet understands totally, "Abigail...?"
"I didn't know what else to do. So I did what he told me." Abigail begins to shake, fighting sobs.

"Where is he?" Will asked.

Her face suddenly falls. Will has a millisecond to register, and then, before he can react...

"Hello, Will." Hannibal said.

Hannibal is looming behind Will. Arm coming round as if in an embrace, moving swiftly. Will is still in shock about Abigail when Hannibal warmly welcomes him with open arms.

"You were supposed to leave." Will said.

"We couldn't leave without you." Hannibal said.

Blood sprays up between them, splashing their faces. Abigail screams as Will's gun drops to the floor and his hands go to his belly. Abigail watches in horror as Will staggers and falls against the wall. His gun out of reach. Will looks down to see blood spilling from a wide cut across his abdomen. His innards straining at the wound.

Hannibal said, heartbroken, "Time has reversed. The teacup I've shattered has come together. A place has been made once more in the world for Abigail. A place was made for all of us. Together." He paused. "I wanted to surprise you. And you... wanted to surprise me." Will is shaking, trying to remain conscious and out of shock. "I let you in. I let you know me. I let you see me."

"You wanted to be seen." Will said.

"By you. A rare gift I've given you. But you didn't want it." Hannibal said.

Will isn't so definitive as he asked, "Didn't I?"

"You would deny me my life." Hannibal answered.

"Not your life." Will said.

"My freedom, then. You'd take that from me. Confine me to a basement cell. Do you believe you could change me the way I've changed you?" Hannibal asked.

"I already have." Will stated.

Hannibal studies Will a moment, realizing he's right, "Fate and circumstance has returned us to the moment the teacup shatters. I forgive you, Will." Hannibal stands next to a terrified Abigail who realizes she's made a bargain with the devil. "Will you forgive me?" Hannibal is genuinely sad.

Will has time for a single, shocked, "Don't..."

And Hannibal cuts Abigail's throat in a single, sleek motion, right across the scar where her father once did the same. Abigail's face shows shock and horror. And then blood sprays and Abigail crumples to the floor before Will.

"No!" Will shouted.
Abigail clutches at her throat to stop the bleeding, but it pours from between her fingers. Will is horrified.

Hannibal said to Will, "You can make it all go away. Put your head back. Close your eyes. Wade into the quiet of the stream."

They hold a look and then Hannibal disappears into the darkness. Will drags himself to Abigail and takes his hands from his own terrible wound and places them against her throat. Trying to stem the flow of bleeding. A bloody Will pulls Abigail to him, lifting her head higher to try to stem the blood flow. His own wound tears and he screams in pain...

And then it is too much and Will collapses backward to the floor. His own face is inches from Abigail's. She looks at him.

Will's consciousness ebbing and flowing.

---------------

Sirens wail in the night, coming closer.

Alana lies on the ground outside, breathing in shallow gasps, eyes staring upward.

Hannibal, now in an overcoat and carrying a valise, steps over her and keeps walking.

Alana's faint breath mists the air... the puffs coming slower and slower.

---------------

Jack's eyes struggling to stay open. Still. Slow, weak breaths. The phone rings one last time in his hand and then clicks.

Bella's voice said from the other end, "Hello...? Jack...?"

Jack's eyes flutter and close...

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Hannibal walks away with his valise as flashing lights and sirens invade the street behind him.

It was time for him to collect his lady and he knew just where to take her too, some place that he knew that she would enjoy.

---------------

Abigail is gasping, her eyes reflecting.

Will is fading, he sees the black stag, it now lies on the kitchen floor, breathing in great steaming gasps. Dying. His eyes fixed on the black stag as its breath slows and finally stops...

**CLARICE STARLING'S BRICK HOUSE-BEDROOM-NIGHT**

Claraice's eyes blink open, confusion caused her brow to furrow. It was silent but something had woken her from her slumber. She was lying on her side and she pushed herself up, looking around in sleepy confusion. She pushed her covers off and swung her legs over the side of her bed,
shivering when the cold wood floor touched her bare feet. For once for she was flannel pajama bottoms and a black V-neck T-shirt, she stood up and walked to her door. The young woman silently opened her door and peered out, silence and darkness greeted her.

She warily eyed the darkness, her instincts screaming to turn around and lock her door and to call the police. But she ignored those instincts and left safety of her room, walking into the darkness.

Clarice moved slowly, not wanting to stub her toe on anything.

The young woman moved passed the bathroom that had the door open but she fully passed the bathroom, hands lashed out from within. One arm wrapping around her waist and the other was holding a cloth of somesorts that went over her nose and mouth, she was pulled flushed into something firm and taller than she was.

Clarice reached up and dug her nails into the arms of the person behind her, drawing a soft hiss but she was slowly losing consciousness as a familiar scent wafted into her nose from the cloth.

chloroform...

---------

Hannibal supported Clarice's dead weight as she lost consciousness, thanks to his chloroform soaked handkerchief. He had remembered her little comment when they had met in the coffee shop.

Who would have thought that it would serve as a way to help him spirit her away?

He hooked his arm underneath her legs, moving his other arm to brace her upper body. Her head fell back, black hair spilling over his arm. The Cannibal carried her down the stairs and out of the front door, he carefully placed her into the passenger seat and buckled her in. Any car passing would think he was simply carrying his sleepy lover into the car.

Then he went inside to gather her suitcases, his little Starling was going somewhere and didn't tell anyone.

It would serve him well.

Her animals were safely in their kennels and had plenty of food and water, they weren't wary of him and had followed him gladly.

Hannibal returned with her suitcases and placed them into the trunk of her car then he climbed into the driver's seat and started her car, it awoken with a soft growl then he backed out of her driveway and drove down the street.

He glanced at the unconscious woman at his side and smiled...

Chapter End Notes

hehe a chloroform soaked handkerchief for Clarice. Hannibal remembered their first meeting in the coffee shop xD
Clarice wakes up and has a chat with Hannibal!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Epilogue

Clarice slowly regained consciousness, her eyes blinking open and she slowly sat up. She groaned softly as she felt fatigue, dizziness, and headache, her hand reached up and gently cupped her forehead.

"Ow, ow, ow..." Clarice hissed out.

She lowered her hand and blinked, multiple times when she saw that she wasn't in a familiar room. It looked really...French....and expensive.

Clarice's eyes moved to the window and through the semi-transparent curtain, she saw a familiar shape.

"...Oh, shit..." The young woman said as she, as quickly as she could with her dizziness and headache, got out of the bed and went to the window. She opened the curtains and felt all the blood drain from her face when she saw the Eiffel tower standing tauntingly in her view. ".Oh my God, how did I get here?!

"Ah, I see that you're awake...and I don't think you should be opening the curtain dressed like that."

Clarice spun around when she heard that familiar, raspy voice and her fast movement sent a new wave of dizziness through her, she grabbed the back of a chair and leaned heavily against it.

Standing in the now open doorway was Hannibal Lecter who was staring at her with an amused look on his face.

"You...I have a feeling that you had something to do with this?" Clarice gritted out before she looked down to see that she was wearing a short nightgown that was of a burgundy color, it was made from silk and lace. "Did you change my clothes?"

"I kept my eyes on your face the entire time." Hannibal said.

"...You're lucky that's believable." Clarice said. "Now...why am I here and how did I get here?"

"You got on a plane and I wanted to bring you."

"...I wouldn't have gotten on the plane with the Chesapeake Ripper." Clarice snapped. "I was consciousness, wasn't I? OhmyGod, did you use chloroform?"

"Ah, so you knew who I am?" Hannibal asked. "Yes, I remembered our first meeting. The stewardess thought you were very tired because of the sleeping pills that you took, you don't like flying."
"Yes...and when I get over the after effects of the chloroform, I'm going to kill you. I wished you did use that on me."

"For how long?" He asked, not responding to her threat. The man had the nerve to smile at her like it had amused him.

She wasn't joking!

"Since Will was in the loony bin." Clarice said. "I figured it out that you were the one who called the Hobbs and warned Garret that we were coming but I was smart enough to keep it to myself."

"Clever girl." Hannibal said, pride shone in his eyes.

"...I'm going to take a guess and say that you're on the run, probably from Jack and the gang because they learned who you are. Most likely with Will's help. There was probably a fight that made you leave quickly." Clarice said, eyeballing the man. "And you took me because it wouldn't look suspicious at all."

Hannibal just smiled and inclined his head towards her, he wouldn't tell her what had happened to Jack and Will. At least not yet, she was already angry at him for using the chloroform and bring her here but in time she would lose that anger.

At least he hoped.

"Not to change the subject," Hannibal started to say, chuckling when Clarice shot him an annoyed look. "But when I was going through your house while you slept, I noticed that you had many black hair dye." He watched as Clarice's posture became rigid. "Black isn't your natural hair color, right? You dye it. What color was it before you dyed it black, my dear?"

Clarice silently stared at him before she sighed and looked away, "Red."

"Who had the red hair?"

"My mother." She said then she looked at him. "You're not my therapist anymore, Dr. Lecter, you're my kidnapper now."

Hannibal smiled and walked closer to her, Clarice tensed and flattened herself against the wall behind the chair. Her blue gaze never once leaving the man walking fluidly towards her. He gently placed a finger under her chin and tilted her head back.

"That doesn't mean that I don't want to know you better." Hannibal said. "It's best if you return to being a redhead, my dear, we don't want our trip to end soon. And no one knew of your natural hair color after all."

Clarice only glowered at him but that confirmed his statement, everyone thought that black was her natural hair color.

He bent over and placed a kiss onto her cheek, "Put a robe on and come eat breakfast. Then take a shower and remove the dye and get dressed, we will go sightseeing."

"...Fine." Clarice gritted out and when Hannibal stepped away from her, she walked around him and grabbed said robe and stormed out of the bedroom as she put it on.

That would explain her fiery temper, Hannibal mused to himself. Oh, he was going to enjoy this time with her. He knew without a doubt that Clarice would never bore him and will always surprise
him.

He'll wait to tell her that they are married until after she has eaten and taken a shower...

Chapter End Notes

And finally done with this part!! Part 3 is next but after I add more Clarce/Will scenes!

Clarice's appearance is based on Sophie Turner who played Sansa Stark and Jean Grey. And yes, Clarice has red hair but she dyes it because it reminded her of her mother who died of cancer when she was a young child. Her father had blonde hair. Also no one knew that she was a natural redhead.

End Notes

As you can see it's the epilogue from the first story but I added more to it :D

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