Amongst the Ruins

by CrippledShadow

Summary

None still live to remember the world as it was before. But, with preserved knowledge the remnants of society have reformed, thrived with a return to simpler times among the ashes.

A king spurned by his unfaithful, foolish mate has spent years punishing others who shared his qualities be it through his public carnage of taking omegas only to quickly discard them or private killings of human pigs.

An omega verse set in a dystopian world returned roughly to the Middle Ages and inspired loosely by The Arabian Nights of King Hannibal and his intelligent and fascinating omega Will.

Notes

Hay everyone,

This idea originated a long time ago and has since been tossed around and updated a lot. The idea of a Hanningram (A/B/0 of course!) AU based on the 1001 Arabian Nights beginning story with some references to the others had seemed like a fun idea but I quickly realised that had some problems. For example, while Will certainly manipulated Hannibal at later periods his motivations weren’t as simple or noble as Scheherazade’s and during the beginning when he came so close to being killed off he was unaware of it. Hannibal as the sultan raised similar issues at least from an initial look but actually proved to have some interesting parallels.
The world itself is not the Arabian Nights setting as it seemed wrong to twist Hannibal and Will into a setting where they would not fit. Instead the world is the set in the aftermath of a dystopian breakdown where the society has been rebuilt to ideals and technology of the Middle Ages with a few remnants of times past.

Although this fic has steered dramatically away from the text and no longer shares much with the inspiration there are still references and parallels of Scheherazade’s unusual intelligence, her relationship with the sultan, two tales within the story that are my own based on regular ideals and a sneaky reference to my favourite Arabian Night, The Brave Sister, towards the end.

Hope you enjoy and please let me know what you think of this experiment :)

See the end of the work for more notes.

The dry, dirty light of dawn had begun to break, nudging its way through the sloping window. In colder months the canopy and thick curtains surrounding the bed would have been drawn but now were pulled back.

Hannibal had been awake for some time, enjoying the relative quiet of the morning to contemplate matters of state with only the distant murmur of servants at work. A soft noise drew his attention to the other occupant of the bed and the alpha smiled as he tilted his head to scent the head of soft curls tucked against his collarbone.

He was fond of the unguarded way the omega curled against him, still caught between sleep and wakefulness. As he grew more alert the constructed shields were shifted into place. A sensitivity to certain noises, the creaking of a door opening or key turning in a lock spoke a little of the life the consort had lived before finding his way to a monarch’s bed.

"You were whimpering in your sleep," Hannibal said. "Is something troubling you?"

"Nothing of importance," Will sighed. "Just memories and overactive imagination."

"Tell me."

Will drew his legs around, stretching before rising from the bed with deliberate ease as he crossed to the oaken dresser, fingers lingering over a flagon of wine before pouring water instead. Hannibal raised his eyebrows at the choice before sitting up against the headboard, patting the vacated space next to him.

The omega drained his glass and walked leisurely back to the bed, sprawling across the foot of it, still naked and flushed from sex. "Why would you wish to know anything from my past? That matters very little."

The action was so brazen that for a moment Hannibal felt disgust coil in his chest. Hannibal reminded himself that much of what Will said and did was composed of lies. The boy was dangerous even if he endeavoured to hide it behind different masks. His enticing omegan beauty was undeniable but there was something more, intelligence and understanding of a rare quality that fascinated him.

It had been some time now since the boy had murmured words that most would view as treason and unwittingly (or perhaps not in hindsight) intrigued the king enough to prolong his life. By
chance he had taken to summoning his concubine to his own chambers of an evening rather than seeking him out in the private chambers once occupied by his deceased mate (and the replacements however briefly) but only recently found the single volume out of place on his bookshelf, prompting him to examine more with the weak scent residue of the omega’s hands and draw a clear conclusion as to what the young man had been doing in the few hours he had before being dismissed to his own chambers or someplace more permanent. The world was not as it once was and in some ways better for the change but perhaps in another time and place there would have been more offered for his wily omega with the mind of an academic.

“It would please me to know and that is your only concern. Who was it that taught you to read?”

Will froze minutely, the edges of his guise showing as he assessed the tenors of the alpha’s voice for traces of anger. Finding none he shifted upwards to straddle the older man’s lap, a small coy smile curving plush lips.

“My first master was beginning to lose his sight but he was ashamed and didn’t want anyone to know so I was allowed to learn from the same tutor as his daughters although separately. I read and dictated his work although he no doubt thought I didn’t understand it. And sometimes,” Will paused wetting his lips. “He’d choose a book to be read to him after he’d used me. After he died his son sold me and I had hoped to find work as a scribe but…some habits are hard to set aside and to be seen as anything more if you have served better as a whore.”

Hannibal doubted that was the truth as he had asked questions of a similar nature previously with varied, generally titillating responses. “What works did he favour?”

“Most I believe would have been considered…romantic novels. The closest thing to literature the Ballad of Lady Mariah.”

Hannibal was familiar with the mentioned story, a classic that was both an example of ideal omegan qualities and a warning of going against them.

A beautiful young omega widowed after her wastrel mate gambled away their modest income and angered a local lord. Mariah refused to stand aside when the servants representing the lord who had disposed of her mate came again to kill her five children and claim her as interest for the debt. It was said that when she was brought to the lord he was so entranced by her that he made her his new courtesan and granted her her own title; for her defiance and injury of two of his household guards he ordered the removal of her left eye.

Mariah served as his favourite for six months as she had realised that she was pregnant with the last of her fool mate’s sons, a man she had loved despite it all, and determined that his child would survive.

“Then you know how it ends,” Hannibal asked, watching the omega.

“The last night she shared with her lord she concealed a blade between her breasts and waited till he was…distracted,” Will said softly, drawing himself back up and moving to straddle the alpha. “Before driving it through his heart.”

Before Will had a chance to move Hannibal’s hand reached up and pressed down on hard on the back of the omega’s neck, causing him to cry out and fall limp. Easily the king used the momentum to push the omega over onto his back while keeping his fingers pressed into the omega wrangling point to keep the omega forcibly docile.
“That is not the ending, sweet boy. Did it sadden you to learn that for all her resourcefulness and surviving another three months hidden in the wilderness soldiers found her and she died of an arrow wound moments after delivering her child?”

Will tried to push back against him but the fine evolutionary weakness kept his limbs weak. “But, they say that the babe survived suckling at her breast and blanketed in her hair for eleven days before he was found by a traveler. But that is another story.”

Hannibal chuckled at the omega’s boldness and drew his hand back. “So it is.”

“Of course, that would not be possible anymore than a newborn could survive that prolonged exposure but that is not what is supposed to be conveyed, is it?” Will went on, his voice rasping from the rough handling. “As you said, for all her qualities her true value was in pleasing her betters and bringing new life, more important than her own life.”

The alpha couldn’t help a small smile at that, running his hand along the omega’s thigh casually as he pondered not for the first time how this particular creature had remained alive as long as he had with his disobedient mouth and mind.

“You are a danger to yourself and you lie to me, Will, far too often,” he mused. “Yet I am glad to hear that you are able to appreciate both the educational and pleasurable values offered by books and value of learning. Few people still hold such views even if the resources are available to them.”

“Many people are limited to a small corner of the world and more often than not only exist as property,” Will said softly. “Books and tales are the only way to learn more or at the very least leave the normalcy for a while.”

“It pleases me to hear you say that,” Hannibal said thoughtfully. “You are dismissed.”

Hannibal watched the omega gather his clothing, dressing quickly and closing the heavy oak doors behind him. He had not missed the mounting sweet scent of approaching heat on the omega’s skin or the taste of it and knew he would be spending several days more pleasantly occupied away from his council and petitioners.

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Unceremoniously, Hannibal pushed the slight body away from him and sank back on the bed. There was always something of satisfaction the first time he bedded a prospective mate even if it was short lived and less pleasurable than other pursuits.

The omega had trembled deliciously as he was undressed and made such pretty noises as he was pressed into the mattress but Hannibal had not taken the time to memorise his name. A pretty little creature who for many may be the perfect bed warmer but entirely unremarkable.

"Will you do it yourself this time?"

"Do what?"

"Alright, my lord.” The omega sat up, propping his chin on his hand supported by one knee. “For three years you took a new omega wife and had them killed within a week if not by the next morning. Most of them clean executions but there are a lot of disappearances that go undisputed. I
Hannibal regarded the omega once again. He could tell by the narrow hips that he had not carried children but there were signs of scaring he had not noticed before up and down the pale lithe body.

“Perhaps I should take my chances now.”

“On the unlikely chance you were successful your death would be long and agonising, hung, drawn and quartered while you are still alive,” Hannibal said in the same soft even tone. “That is if you survived the detainment period which is unlikely.”

He had not fully expected the attack but still he overpowered the slighter man without much thought or difficulty. As he pried the omega’s arm up over his head a small blade barely three centimetres long fell from his fingers, too small to be too harmful aside from perhaps if pushed through his eye. The boy’s hand was bloodied, leading him to wonder if the thin metal had been concealed in the skin of his palm. There was fight in the omega that surprised and intrigued him.

“You ought to be more careful, dear boy.” Hannibal released his grip with a small smile.

There were a number of great pleasures in life, one of the very finest the act of taking another’s life, but for an alpha not much could compare to that of taking an omega truly suited to them while in heat. Below him the omega had collapsed to the mattress some time ago, unable to support his weight any longer but still whimpering eagerly as the alpha pushed into him.

It was late in the day when the omega’s heat abated enough to rest for a while. Hannibal had already enjoyed two heats in Will’s company with no long-lasting result. He had begun to wonder if the omega was barren which would suit him perfectly fine. The realisation that he had kept the omega now for well over three months was irksome but not enough to distract from the pleasure of the moment. The omega sighed out softly as he stirred and stretched out, head pillowed on his folded arms.

“Had the choice been yours, do you imagine what other directions you would have taken? What choices and possible futures you would have made?” Will asked softly.

Hannibal considered the question before replying truthfully. “I was made aware of the responsibilities that would be required of me at a very early age.”

“By your father?”

Hannibal chuckled. “My mother. She was a remarkable woman and I learned not to harbour any illusions of my future although my father provided a number of examples of what should be avoided.”

Will was not a fool and did not need further explanation of what the king meant. “My life has been uncertain for the most. I listened and I stayed alive.”

Hannibal ran his hand along the omega’s hip tracing the marks of his own nails dug into the creamy flesh. “Tell me a little of your life.”
“What would you wish to know?”

“Tell me about your first heat.”

“After my father died I was taken to an orphanage for omegas. There were hundreds of us, a dozen or more to a bedroom and rarely allowed outside. For our protection, they said but that was a lie. Omegas may not be rare but an unspoiled, fertile one can be valuable. During our heats we were taken to long wards and tied down to beds for the duration so we couldn’t be tempted to touch ourselves or each other.”

“Each other?”

“It can be hard to listen to other people’s suffering without wanting to help. They didn’t want the risk of lowering our value by failing a virginity test but there were too many of us to be kept in private rooms at any one time. I was fourteen the first time.”

“Are you lying to me Will?”

“What reason would I have to do that?” Will asked, a soft lilt making the words sound coy.

“I think you are attempting to promote desire, Will, yet that is all very dull and beneath you. How were you allowed to pass time in the orphanage?”

“We shared stories, our own and futures worth living for.”

“The tempting pull of fairytales although many are not much kinder than life,” Hannibal said considering. “If you cannot be honest about your own life perhaps you could tell me one of your stories.”

Will seemed surprised by the request, considering for a moment before beginning.

“After the death of his three older brothers on the same fateful day the young prince Aron, ten years younger than the last brother, became heir to his father’s throne. Many feared for the prince as he had not been raised to prepare for the throne and although only twelve years of age it was already clear that he would not share the size and stature of his father and brothers. Yet the boy proved to be intelligent while losing nothing in the training yard for what he lacked in brute strength he made up for in agility.

When crowned Aron made his first stir by announcing his choice of bride in his childhood friend Lady Cahira, a daughter of a minor noble with little land or wealth, without the approval of the court but the girl was young and soon proved fertile so little discontent lasted.

Doubt was also raised when the young king began extending invitation to his wife for all court matters including while he met with petitioners and was consulted by the council. The queen’s presence was never openly questioned and in time earned a respect of her own by merit as the beautiful omega shared a similar intelligence to her beta husband’s and on the rare occasion they were not of the same mind deferred to him obediently. Their devotion to one another quickly became renowned. Indeed when Cahira’s heat approached the couple retreated to their country estate and he would allow no one, not even her handmaids to come near them during the time so he could tend to her himself.

Aron also rarely left his wife’s side when she was carrying and would retreat entirely to their private rooms once she had entered her confinement, the final three months often leaving her bedridden. When the queen’s confinement drew near the king would not permit anyone near her and attended to her himself, even taking council matters in their bedchamber in total darkness so as
not to leave her.

As Cahira’s fragile health made pregnancy a strenuous and highly dangerous undertaking many feared the high chance of children being born too soon or dying in the cradle. It is said that even after the birth of their fourth son the royal pair feared for the child and for her life too so it was often as long as three months before the family appeared before the court.” Will paused, lower lip curling under his teeth in thought. Intrigued despite himself, Hannibal ran his hand along the omega’s back to bring his attention back to him.

“During his reign Aron was a loved ruler in peace and times of war and it was to great sadness when he passed after almost forty years as king. As his body was prepared for burial an alarming truth was learned; he was an omega. The guards who rushed at once to Cahira’s chambers found the old queen upon her bed, a stack of pages upon which by her ink stained fingers she had just finished writing in her left hand and a dagger clutched in her right, the point pressed to her own throat.

Calmly she summoned the council and confessed to how half a century earlier on the very day that Aron had been named heir the two had begun planning, the story recorded in full on the pages. She told how every day for the four years before they were married the two, omega and beta, would scrap their skin raw to collect scents that could be bottled and applied to the other’s pheromone points and later would accompany him to their isolated country estate along with a convicted traitor or prisoner smuggled from the dungeons who could be used to provide her husband with fertile seed and helped him dispose of the bodies afterwards. Cahira and Aron had devoted their lives to sustaining a brilliant lie because they knew the throne would not be passed to an omega even if no other true-born heir could be found and the realm would fall into chaos as a result.

‘My sons in name who I love as if they were my own blood are of your king’s body,’ she said calmly as she concluded. ‘Acknowledge my son as the new king and I will gladly be executed or die now.’

The old men looked from at each other and finally reached their decision. Cahira was not killed as a traitor and the eldest of Aron’s four sons was crowned although it was many years before Cahira’s story was told.”

Hannibal sat up quietly and pulled the omega to sit between his legs. “A pretty story, Will but lacking in plausible truth.” He could feel the omega was wet again and slowly dripping slick as he was placed against his own cock. Will would need to be bred again soon.

“What does that matter to you?” Will asked sarcastically although his voice was starting to strain with his heat fever starting again.

“The world is a more practical place now than it was.”

“Practical?” Will snorted. “You wouldn’t be bold enough to call it better then?”

“Perhaps. Some have benefited more than others although one that benefits all equally...That is a fantasy.” Before Will could reply Hannibal pressed his hips forward against Will’s arse to let his cock nudge against the tender opening without penetrating him enough to do more than tease. The omega rewarded him with a breathy gasp and made no protest as he was pushed forward to his knees on the bed.

The history was rarely discussed but at its bones was simple. The damage was done for the most
long before any considered the possibility of the resources reaching a limit or the extent of the destruction brought with convenience.

The police state, introduction of marshal law, the uprising and beginning of a war were perhaps inevitable just as it would be that while some of the world was left in ruins survivors lingered in some remote corners, while elsewhere whole countries continued unperturbed.

Like many uprisings, great or otherwise, much was learned about the general population and select individuals of a stronger sort. In time the tight grip of the military wained to form communities under leadership and finally monarchies, settling into something familiar from times before the confusion of sentiments like freewill.

Once again Will was on the verge of losing consciousness by the time the alpha had knotted him and readjusted him to lay on his side comfortably but stirred a few minutes later as the older man ejaculated into him a second time. Brushing back the omega’s sweaty curls Hannibal considered what they had been discussing before. Will was barely in a state to hold an ordered conversation but he would hardly have a better opportunity to hear his true thoughts without the clever consort filtering his answers to what he thought would be beneficial.

"The world was once very different but through careful control and preservation of the knowledge we survive,” Hannibal mused. “The human race is admirable solely for it's stubborn survival instincts but that same stubbornness has made our lifestyles in turn unnatural.”

"So humanity is at best a disease. The world may survive whatever it is assaulted with even if it may be inhabitable for some time. That is what is feared be it from war, developmental destruction or intervention beyond our control. That humans will no longer survive it.”

Hannibal smiled against the omega’s hair, readjusting him in his arms to look down into the bright blue eyes. He was impressed. “I wonder what mark you would have left on the world in another time and place.”

“You are here for more reasons than you can understand.” As the heat hormones left Will’s body he became more argumentative and at times Hannibal had to remind himself that this one was worth keeping around.

"I am here because you have not grown bored of me. Yet." There was no fear apparent in the omega's voice as if the matter was no true concern to him.

Hannibal splashed cold water from the wash basin on his face and finished tying the laces on his shirt before he looked back at the omega still naked on his bed. “How long do you expect that to last?”

“Who knows. Not even you truely. Perhaps it is because regardless of what you may say you do need an heir, you are no longer a young man.”

Hannibal pursed his lips at the rudeness. “I was barely a young man when I inherited my father’s throne and would not have had it another way. On your feet.”

Will raised an eyebrow and slowly pushed himself off the bed. Hannibal crossed the room in a few strides, taking a handful of Will’s hair and leading him to his work desk. He released his grip on Will’s curls to push between his shoulder blades until he bent forward over the wooden surface, legs spreading obediently when the alpha’s clad knee pushed between them. For a moment he
considered if perhaps he should simply secure the omega’s hands, bind his ankles to the table legs and leave him there for the day but no, he had a better way to chastise him. While he unlaced his trousers with one hand Hannibal scraped the other along the boy’s inner thighs and over his hole to collect just enough residual moisture to coat his cock. When he penetrated the omega again he kept his movements slow, deep and made sure to scrape the sore insides while avoiding his prostate.

Will grunted once but otherwise remained quiet.

“You forget your place, Will,” Hannibal chided as he felt his knot starting to swell and catch.

“And what is that exactly?” Will said raggedly. “I was brought to you to become your mate although I doubt that means much to you.”

Hannibal snarled as he forcibly pulled out just as his knot started to catch and stroked himself to finish on the small of the omega’s back, the fluid dripping down his arse and legs. Will went still as Hannibal caught his breath and then dipped his fingers in his own spent to spread it over Will’s back and finally brought the digits to his plush lips. The omega grimaced but licked them clean.

The alpha stepped back to avoid smearing his clothes before he knelt and placed a kiss to the omega’s head, nostrils flaring automatically at the delicious mix there.

“You may go.”

Will straightened up and gingerly made to retrieve his clothes but Hannibal moved his boot to pin them to the floor. “I told you to go.”

A morning of dull obligations and duties had done little to soothe his angry mind and Hannibal found himself walking out to the gardens rather than retiring to his study. As he passed under the sweeping trees Hannibal considered how best to move forward with the pregnancy he had smelt on his consort that morning. As things stood he would need to act quickly before being forced to legitimise the bond and child. It would not be so difficult to engineer a miscarriage as Will may not know his state himself yet, indeed he could rid himself of both without question any time he wished. Will’s continued presence at court and in his bed without a title outlining his role was causing confusion that had gone on longer than was sensible.

There were several councilmen and lower nobility he could gift Will to with a generous dowry as had been his father’s practice when he grew bored with mistresses. In itself that practice was quite accepted if grudgingly so but Hannibal’s predecessor had made enemies over the habit of summoning mated omegas to his bed and leaving their mates to quietly deal with bastard litters. Omegas were known to grow unstable after prolonged absence from their mates and what mother could not tread too close to insanity after a child they had carried and grown to love was taken forcibly from them to be drowned or dashed against a wall. Fascinating how rarely such otherwise docile creatures gladly gave up illegitimate children to their mates without fighting tooth and nail, as much as widowed omegas facing a new bond against their choosing. The old man had been weak and a fool ruled by passion but no less cruel for it.

Hannibal’s first mate had been selected by his father. The vapid boy was chosen for his family’s status and sole inheritance of their fortune as the only child but to be entrusted with the crown as no omega could hold ownership of land or money except through their mate. People disliked the idea of a male omega becoming the next queen- narrow hips not fit for bearing children and as pretty a face may be, the body was more suited for selective pleasure in a brothel than at court let alone a position of importance- but little was said aloud. For his part the simpering little creature had liked
little more than to indulge on finery. For a time Hannibal overlooked this behaviour but not long after inheriting his father's throne it had come to his attention that his mate had grown far too comfortable in his position and rapidly brazen, inviting the company of several court nobles to his bed and even his omega handmaidens.

It was good that their union of over ten years had produced no children. He had never desired a mindless whore for a mate but a barren one meant he was worthless.

The omegan lovers were removed to a nunnery while the five beta and alpha men were tried and executed cleanly but as was the custom, the new queen was beheaded only after his corrupted and useless womb had been cut out.

Hannibal turned on his heel sharply to head back to the castle and his own chambers. On the way he passed the doors to the queen consort's rooms, rooms that remained closed off as the current source of his frustration and fascination was housed in a suite reserved for ranking mistresses. Even if he may act as if it was otherwise Will was aware of much of what the alpha was doing; upon seeing the fine furnishings he had merely noted the bow shaped room and large front window despite the impracticality and cost of glass. “This feels like a stage,” he had whispered once in a mix of disgust and amusement.

Something had to be done.

Will coughed miserably one last time, pushing the basin aside and rose to his feet gingerly, one hand still placed to his uneasy stomach. He had counted the days since his last heat as he always did and knew both that he had not been summoned to service the king in two months and what was the most likely cause of his ailment. Returning to his bed he lay back down and tried to clear his mind enough to think. He was not unaware that he had been walking a knife’s edge since the moment he had been selected. The selection of wives and would be mates had been stretched to a wide circle -neighbouring nobles, ladies of the court and finally by sheer size demand commoners, for the king took none to his bed but his legal spouse and tired of them quickly. Will traced the unmarred skin of his own throat and the whole mating gland at the base of his neck.

After three years of slaughter most would privately call the man a monster for all the improvements in trade, development and enforcement of justice to the crimes of others but Will knew it could not be that simple. The story of the king’s first mate was well known but to see a whole secondary sex through the same lens was more ignorant than he believed the man to be. What had likely begun as blind revenge and an enjoyment in cruelty (although his wives were only a public display of this interest, not the whole picture) had grown to be a test each omega and occasional beta had undergone unknowingly and clearly failed.

Hannibal had forced himself to stay away from Will as he considered what was the best option to take and left orders that the omega would not be permitted to leave his quarters. In truth there were two simple solutions but he had ultimately selected the second for after all, as long as the omega was not claimed by him he was allowed only the rights of a common whore and the child a bastard. There was no need to take things further. As he reached the doors to Will’s rooms the stationed guards respectively bowed and stepped aside to admit him.

Hannibal allowed himself a moment to drink in the omega’s familiar scent sweetened with ripe fertility before stepping over the threshold. He found Will asleep on the bed, dressed only in a long nightshirt. Months of confinement had left the omega paler but no less beautiful, the solid curve of
his belly reminding him how long it had been since he had last seen him.

“Hannibal.” The omega stirred under his scrutiny and made to sit up but the alpha raised a hand to remain. Judging by the size of the omega’s growing curved belly there could easily be more than one child to come and not far away now.

Without speaking and pressing a finger to Will’s lips to cut off any more response from the omega, he sat down by his side. Hands gently pressed Will’s arms up above his head and then raised the omega’s shirt, taking in his growing body better.

“I will ensure a doctor examines you tomorrow,” Hannibal murmured, dragging his lips along the omega’s smooth skin as he worked his way up his body and appreciating how the sweetness in his scent was also reflected in the taste of his skin. Pulling Will’s shirt off and tossing it aside he easily manoeuvred the omega onto his side, facing away from him before standing to remove his own clothing. When he finally pressed into his omega Hannibal ensured to do so carefully, holding him gently and peppering each area of skin within reach with kisses. The boy likely having been craving attention of the father of his child for months by his hormones sighed out softly as he was used, fumbling to grasp the alpha’s hands to cover his growing belly.

Hannibal had long prided himself on his ability to run multiple trains of thought without detracting anything from the others. It enabled him to better evaluate an opponent’s actions in advance, understand the advantages of his own and how best to overcome the other’s but today found his mind drifting to the same thing.

Hannibal laid a short, light gold chain inlaid with the royal crest on the bed. “This piece identifies you as my personal concubine. I believe you will be better suited to it than the responsibility of a queen. As my primary concubine you are entitled to certain freedoms you would not have as my mate. I will permit you to keep your child and you will be entitled to a small property outside the main house, a standard income on top of covered expenses and even the opportunity of other lovers under particular circumstances-”

"Customers, you mean," Will interrupted. He pressed a hand to his swollen belly as he shifted into a sitting position. It could only be a few days now. “There’s no need to stand on ceremony.”

"However, unless authorised personally you will not seek out or accept attentions from anyone aside from me."

Although he had not cemented a bond with Will—yet a small voice echoed in his mind—his claim was written all over the soft, creamy skin in healing bites and bruises made by his mouth and hands.

“Why?” There was no true inflection. He knew Will was aware of more than he let on but he doubted the omega appreciated it entirely. He had diverted from his pattern because he wanted to...

A servant had been sent to bring him the news that his consort, for the correct title for his intended mate was still often unclear, had begun labour but wisely hesitated from interrupting a meeting of the council as they would do for the queen. After he had dismissed his councillors at last the same maid returned again to report no progress although the omega’s waters had broken over ten hours earlier.
Now a panic he had never known threatened to overcome him and Hannibal found himself desperate to hunt, not as others who viewed themselves as his equal rank did though, but as a true predator. Nevertheless for propriety’s sake, he waited until night had fallen and his servants had cleared away the meal he’d requested in his room before slipping out though a concealed stairway to seek distraction in the town.

It was the next morning that Hannibal learned that despite concerns Will had delivered a single healthy child, a daughter. Despite the early hour Hannibal departed at once. Walking through the gardens to the cottage he had chosen for his Will allowed him enough time to calm himself. He had known at once that this relative seclusion was a better fit for the unusual omega and now felt surprised at himself for images filling his mind of the same omega heavy with another child laying on the grass under the sweeping willow tree while a number of children with a mix of Will’s and his own sharp features played at the edge of the lake. How oddly domestic he was becoming.

The court still did not rightly know what to make of his actions as he had yet to take another omega after relocating the last but not killing him although none could openly complain. After all, the king was still not yet forty and could still father a legitimate heir and better still, had expressed no further interest in taking more innocent mates or wives to the grave. Hannibal himself did not know what he was doing beyond the simple fact that he did not wish Will dead.

He found Will sitting by the window an open book abandoned in his lap as his attention was directed towards the small cradle beside him, a soft smile Hannibal had never seen before on his tired features.

“How do you feel?” Hannibal asked laying both hands on Will’s shoulders and pressing a kiss to his curls as he scented him. It was not until after he had pulled back slightly that he recognised the gravity of the action or even recognised his need to assure himself again that the omega was alright until he had already done so. Judging by the slight raising of Will’s lips in a less innocent smile he had not missed it.

“I was thinking Ausra, for your mother,” Will said softly instead. “Would you like to hold her?”

Hannibal found himself nodding and accepted the small bundle. The little girl was beautiful with her mother’s dark blue eyes and a head of soft, curly wisps so dark a shade of raven that the sunlight filled it with small points of starlight.

“She will not want for anything,” Hannibal said softly. “A tutor once she is old enough and her own master-at-arms if you would wish that.”

“Thank you.”

After a few minutes the babe began to whimper softly and then to cry around the fist she sucked on.

“Here,” Will said reaching to take her back. “She’s probably hungry again.” The omega resettled the baby in his arms and made automatically to unlace his shirt, looking up in surprise as the alpha’s hand caught ahold of his wrist.

“That is not for you to do.”

“Perhaps, but then I am not a noble. Am I?” He removed Hannibal’s hand and paid the alpha no more attention to focus on feeding his child.
It had been some time before Will’s heats began again as he continued to insist on nursing the child himself. The omega had become enamoured with the little girl at once and proved to be a fine mother. Two years later he grew pregnant again, bearing two healthy sons, Aidan and Aaron, as beautiful as their older sister and quickly proving almost able to match her in their studies if not in wit.

Hannibal recalled how similar his current feelings were to those as he had waited for Will to be brought to him that first heat after his daughter’s birth, an excitement that was odd for a grown man especially as it was hardly the first time he had enjoyed the omega in between those times.

Although he had not been present for the birth of his sons, had not even been at the castle due to attending to trade negotiations, but had cut his trip short in order to return as soon as possible and arrived within the hour of the younger’s birth.

“It would seem that you’ve fulfilled your purpose,” Hannibal said. “I have no further need of you.”

“My purpose was to die after keeping you occupied for an evening,” Will replied, smiling through a wince of pain at moving. ”How long ago was that?”

Hannibal smiled at the memory and poured out two glasses of wine from the decanter he had left to breathe before the omega’s arrival, bringing both to the bed with him. Will accepted the offered drink before sitting down. The alpha ran his hand along Will’s back, encouraged by soft noises at the gentle touch.

Despite years of service and the birth of three children Will remained enticing and lithe. With his shirt and leggings still on Hannibal could not see the scars left on the omega’s skin by previous men but traced along each from memory. As he did so, Hannibal wondered if the boy would ever tell him the whole truth of his past so that he may punish any still living and how exactly it was that he had not seen his value from the very start.

“Will,” he said, hesitantly. “What were you aware of before you were brought to me the first time? What did my ministers tell you after they selected you?”

Will looked up at him surprised, eyes cast back to the memory. “They told me to please you and I knew what everyone knew plus my own suspicions.” When the alpha said nothing Will continued. “I knew that for all the anger you had left for your mate you had always held distaste for the vulgar, petty and rude. An optimist might say you regret the butchery and cannot stop now for fear of the ramifications. Although I doubt that could be true. If you stop you appear weak and the implied admission that you were wrong in the murder of hundreds of omegas and beta girls might inspire the city to overthrow you.”

"And what do you believe?” Hannibal asked.

"You may or may not have forgiven that betrayal, it hardly matters because whatever the motivation was, revenge probably, stopped being important a long time ago. You’ve killed many others with your own hands outside any act of war or justice sanctioned by law besides the omegas and women who you deemed unable to understand you and therefore unworthy.”

Hannibal pulled the omega towards him, kissing him hard on the mouth and then breaking off to do the same along his neck. Will gasped, hands scrambling to the older man’s shoulders and losing his grip on the glass to shatter on the stone floor.
“Such a remarkable creature,” Hannibal growled into the unmarked skin of Will’s neck, itching to sink his teeth into the mating gland and make Will his properly. Judging by his scent Will was four days away from his next heat, the first proper one since the twins were born, and too soon to truly claim him as an alpha should his omega but for the moment something else was in the way. Gently pressing Will to lie down flat on his back while he pushed off the bed to his desk, searching for a moment in the drawer that contained his knives and other tools of his less known trade before he found what he wanted.

For a second the omega looked confused before calloused fingers slid under the whore’s chain around his neck and cut it off. Hannibal discarded the old bolt cutter and flimsy metal to rejoin his soon to be mate in bed.

“I love and have loved you as I have no other being, living or dead,” Hannibal growled, finally letting his hands work under the boy’s shirt and caressing the skin. “Now I have at best three days to make up for years of wrongdoing before I can make you mine.”

Will woke with a soft groan. He knew without looking that his body would be a mess of marks inflicted in the alpha’s passion and both his belly and his sore hole felt tender from the number of times he had been bred but there was a smile on his face. Turning over he pressed a kiss to the sleeping alpha’s mouth, waking him gently. Hands wrapped about his hips and pulled Will to lie atop the king.

“My mate,” Hannibal purred, admiring the beauty lying on his chest.

“My mate.”

“How do you feel?”

“I feel…good,” Will answered honestly.

“I want you to be happy, Will.”

For a long time he had hated the king but over time grown more and more fascinated till with some surprise he realised he loved the man and twisted creature both. “I am, and I will be for a long time.” Will leaned to kiss the alpha again.

A quiet knock caused Will to freeze and laugh a moment later. The servant entered bearing two breakfast trays and left with a silent bow.

“I should be used to interruptions like that by now,” Will chuckled, head buried in Hannibal’s chest.

“Hmm but now that it is here we should eat. You must be hungry and my dear, you will need your strength.”

“Will I?”

Hannibal lifted Will enough to allow himself to sit up, keeping his precious omega close. “We will not leave this room today; there is much that we need to discuss and then I intend to have you as many times as I can. Today I want you all to myself but tomorrow we must see to our duties. You are now the queen, Will, and your children my heirs.” His lips found the healing bite that marked Will as his bonded mate. “For a long time now I have known that a world without you in it would be one I have no wish to live in. I only wish I had realised sooner but I hope to have the rest of our
lives to redeem myself.”

End Notes

As always, please let me know what you thought below :) 

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