Little talks.

by youngjusticewriter

Summary

"You compare us to Achilles and Patroclus," Will explains, there's a false calmness in his voice. "I doubt you don't know that apparently Patroclus' dogs were murdered by his own lover."

Hannibal hums in acknowledgment, stirring the cooking peppers as he does so. "Achilles killed them after Patroclus' death. In actuality, he killed two out of nine so they could be with Patroclus on his pyre."

"You kill my dogs after I die and I'll come back and haunt you to make your life hell," Will vehemently swears unto him. A small unseen smile graces Hannibal's lips despite the threat to his assumed happiness. He doesn't say 'please do', Will would not like that answer at this time Hannibal doesn't prod him when he's already walking on thin ice because of his recent actions. Nor does he tell Will that he assumes too much. How could Hannibal be happy when he would be once again left alone?

Stephen King had phrased it properly, Hannibal recalled: 'Alone. Yes, that's the key word, the most awful word in the English tongue. Murder doesn't hold a candle to it and hell is only a poor synonym.'

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

The knife slides into the pepper. With ease Hannibal cuts around the stem before setting down the knife onto the chopping board. Firmly, he starts to pull out the stem only to pause, his eyes glancing at the door way a few seconds before Will enters it.

There's a scowl fixed upon the man's face; it's not unusual for such a thing, and that was before Harry left and had yet to send a letter, but this scowl is different. Hannibal finally tugs the stem and pepper seeds out before setting it on the side of the wooden cutting board. He grabs the knife so he can begin to split the pepper in half all the while Hannibal's eyes stay on his husband's. Yet Hannibal does not prod, nor does he start, as he waits upon Will to come to him; not just physical, his body kept apart from Hannibal's only by the wood in middle of the kitchen, but with what troubles him so dearly.

The slicing of pepper, a sharp knife against firm wood, is the only noise in the kitchen. Eventually even that ends as Hannibal has to grab the thin slices of pepper to throw them into the frying pan that already has olive oil and spices in it.

Briskly he grabs a wooden spoon so he can start to stir the food.

"Hannibal," Will starts only to pause to take a sip of his dark roasted coffee. There's no English accent in the word and it pleases him. Will doesn't need to hide, to lie, with him. Only to those around them.

Hannibal despite having his back turned (trust) can feel blustery eyes upon him.

"If you ever kill Winston and Fudge I will kill you," Will tells him, straight to point, no polite beating around the bush.

The food cackles as Hannibal pauses from stirring it. There's an eyebrow raised, though Will can not see it, because what possibly could have brought this on?

Quickly, Hannibal lowers the heat despite knowing the recipe calls for no such action.

"What brought about such a vow?" Hannibal has to ask because surely Will knows while he does share the fondness for dogs his husband has that has never made him cruel to them.

Will's coffee mug, the one Harry bought him last Christmas that reads 'I only get out of bed for my dogs', is sat on the table. Faintly, Hannibal can hear Will push his glasses further up his nose. With one finger, Hannibal knows even though he cannot see, it's a habit. Some men tighten unto themselves, others try to tower over others as they were buildings instead of simply men, others force themselves to relax to present the air of them not having a care. One of the things Will does before an argument to prepare himself is push his glasses upwards.

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awful word in the English tongue. Murder doesn't hold a candle to it and hell is only a poor
synonym.'

Instead of confessing such thoughts, Hannibal turns off the heat of the stove. Food is momentarily
discarded so Hannibal can stride towards his dear boy. There's a smile on his lips despite the
subject and a secret in his old eyes about to spilled from his lips.

"Do you know how old I am?" Hannibal asks despite knowing that Will does not.

Wisely, Will squints his eyes at Hannibal. The smile on his lips deepens at the sight.

"No," Will answers and there's an unvoiced question in the single word that was spoken.

Hannibal's hand cups Will's jaw, a single finger rubs absentmindedly against the beard on his
husband's face, and doesn't answer the question. Instead Hannibal asks one of his own with dark
eyes looking down at Will, "Do you know what a wendigo is my remarkable boy?"
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

There's silence between them; it creeps, begrudgingly in Hannibal's case, forward as Hannibal gathered the plates and utensils needed for their meal. Will, Hannibal noted from the corner of his eyes as he opened the drawer with the silverware are kept, has forsaken his black coffee. Will's worn hands rubbed his face. He's healthier in appearance, Hannibal of course made sure of that, but in this moment Will looks like he did years ago when they first had each other's acquaintance by Crawford's hand; worn and stressed though this time Hannibal cannot smell Will's mind on fire. He's thankful for that now just as he was thankful for the advanced encephalitis years ago; the mere thought of Will ill, in him in danger of departure from Will once again, would make him frown if he was a lesser controlled man. Even now with his back turned to Will as he picks the proper knives (he's given up on teaching Will which knife was for what) Hannibal does not allow a frown to grace his face.

Gently Hannibal sat the silverware down on the table before once again carrying the plates. He then walked towards the stove and began putting food on them. There's no nervousness in him; they've merged and this time each of them knows they cannot live without the other; survive, yes. Live? Absolutely not.

But still Hannibal knows he is on thin ice for a matter he does not yet know of in absolutely certainty. Will often was a hard, clever boy to figure out. That however doesn't stop Hannibal for forming hypotheses; you could take the boy out of the jungle but one could not take the jungle out of the boy was what they said after all. Disney had mostly certainly helped in the popularity of that phrase with there animated adaptation of the Jungle Book that young Harry had adored.

Finally, Will voiced his displeasure. "Do you know what's wrong with Harry?"

Gently, Hannibal pressed against the wood of the table and reached over to set down Will's plate. Normally Hannibal would be civilized and walk over there but he does not wish crowd Will in this moment. Hannibal sat down his plate after ceasing from leaning against the table.

"I would inform you if I had," Hannibal admitted unto his husband, his partner, in a soft tone of voice.

Will looks upon at Hannibal. Even with with incredulous expression of 'Really?' on Will's face Hannibal took Will seriously because the man in front of him was looking him in the eyes. The action isn't as nonexistent as it once was but it's still somewhat scarce.

"You didn't inform me you were giving therapy to Harry while I was in the hospital," Will pointed out, the warm food left forgotten at the importance of their conversation.

"I did not lie when I told you I had found our son."

Will snorted, as it to say 'you never do when it comes to you.'

"Stress would have hindered your recovery," Hannibal then pointed out before taking a bite. Unlike Will, Hannibal would not allow his food to become cold only to microwave it afterwards despite the dangers of doing so. Cancer, despite popular thought, was not one of them.

"Vernon almost drowned Harry," was the retort given back to Hannibal.
There's a pause of movement when lifting his fork towards Hannibal's mouth before it's simply
gone as quick as a blink of an eye.

"And he became a lovely pork shoulder that Harry immensely enjoyed."

Will shook his head, "It's Boston butt or pork butt," he corrected Hannibal. "Harry hasn't sent any
letters."

"Give him time," Hannibal once again gave the advice and silence once again befall them.

Chapter End Notes

For those who don't know I had a part of this series deleted by my brother in case
you're confused with the events referenced in this chapter.

Also, DaringD I have yet to figure out what meal Albus became but Vernon became a
pork shoulder that's more commonly known as pork butt or Boston butt. Of course
Hannibal wouldn't reference to the meal as though things.

End Notes

I tried to write this a bit sexy. I don't think I succeeded.

Anyway for this who don't know Hannibal in Thomas Harris' books was born 1933. In this
au he's actually only a few years younger than Voldemort.

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