Cherry Liquor
by BonesAndScales

Summary

Will brought the treat to his mouth, his teeth biting into it, severing it in two halves, one to be devoured, one spared but for a moment. He chewed slowly, let the sweet taste of the chocolate and the tang of liquor invade his taste buds. The second half soon joined the first, dying the same cruel, lovely death on his tongue.

Kinktober Day 5: Sadism/Masochism | Feederism

Notes

Sadist!Will meets Sadist!Hannibal for twice the roughhousing!

Thank you again justlikeyouimagined for beta'ing this thing, and convincing me not to burn it to the ground. Love you!

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal watched with rapt attention as Will’s lips closed around another forkful of ‘lamb’, a soft hum escaping him as he savoured the taste, chewing slowly. Hannibal’s hand had frozen over his
cutlery to appreciate the sight of Will’s eyes at half mast, cast down upon his plate. A sight as exquisite as the dish, if not more. He felt a lump form in his throat and washed it down with wine.

Will’s Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed, prompting Hannibal to do the same. His thick lashes fluttered as he levelled his gaze with Hannibal’s again, eyes revealed to him once more, bright and blue. Lively and fierce. Hannibal waited, not daring to say or do a thing.

A small smile graced Will’s lips, shiny and plump, no longer as chapped as they used to be before he came out of the hospital. Hannibal liked to think Will was preening for him.

“You outdid yourself again, Dr. Lecter,” he said, playful, tempting, perfectly aware of exactly what kind of meat he just put in his mouth.

Hannibal kept his mask of composure firmly in place, though the heat boiled low in his belly. “I’m glad the dish is to your taste.”

Will averted his eyes to his plate again, releasing Hannibal from his spell and allowing him to start on his own.

Will’s hand was unhurried as it reached for the plate of desserts on the table, selecting one from the middle of the plate. Said plate was centered on the table, as close to Will as it was to Hannibal. Yet Hannibal had not touched it once since he laid it down between them.

The temptation is there, the colourful sweets arranged to emulate a rose in the centre of the square wooden plate, each different flavour separated from the others by cinnamon sticks and dried orange slices, would appeal to any guest. And still this temptation pales compared to the one offered by the sight of Will.

Hannibal watched, mesmerised, as Will brought the sweet to his mouth, saw the tip of his tongue peeking from between two sharp rows of teeth—sharp enough to tear through flesh, he knew, he just knew—to get a first taste of the it, teasing. His lips parted wider to let the cube of sugar disappear inside before his mouth closed again, the sweet imprisoned, then devoured.

Hannibal lifted his gaze to find Will’s eyes waiting for him, catching him off guard. His eyes did not widen, but he knew Will felt the surprise all the same, if the ensuing mischievous smile stretching his lips was anything to go by.

Hannibal lifted his chin the slightest bit, the perfect picture of control. Will was not fooled. He swallowed his mouthful, and reached out for the plate again, this time going for a thin stick of coconut and sugar, just as sweet and just as decadent, all the while still refined.

Hannibal’s eyes darted to the movement, while Will’s never left his face.

“You like to feed me.”
Hannibal turned from the stove to look at Will, leaning on the door jamb leading to the dining room, nursing a glass of wine: white, sweet. He had abandoned his suit jacket somewhere, comfortable in the warmth of the house, and rolled his sleeves up to his elbows. The look suited him, the dishevelled state complimenting the careful combing of his curls, and the softness of his lips. Kissable.

Hannibal’s gaze lingered a second too long on them. When one corner ticked up, he was prompt to move his eyes back up to Will’s knowing ones. “I certainly appreciate when my guests are satisfied by the meals I serve them,” he said.

Will gave him a small smile, unconvinced. “But of course.”

When Will did not elaborate, Hannibal turned back to the stove. He felt Will’s eyes boring holes into his back as the oil roiled in the pan. Felt them still as the liver sizzled among the spices. Will was gone when he plated the dish, having relocated himself to the dining room, waiting to be served.

Hannibal was half listening as Will recounted the details of the last case he had been working on. No grace and no elegance. No artistry, no creativity. No meaning. Amateur work.

Hannibal was slowly losing interest in the case, though he never lost interest in Will himself. It was in the way he cut his meat and brought it to his lips, delicate and lush, the way his lashes fluttered at the taste, sweet—as sweet as him. Hannibal would only admit to himself how he endeavoured to recreate Will’s own sweetness in his dishes.

Nothing showed on his face, yet Will seemed to feel any variation in him. An expression of surprise passed over Will’s eyes, quickly overridden by a mischievous kind of joy. Something was changing. Something had changed. Now to see whether Will wanted to acknowledge it. He watched, rapt, as Will’s mouth opened with words that would not come, how his lips pursed with some internal effort of speaking his mind. Hannibal waited for him, curious.

Finally choosing a side in his inner battle, Will put his cutlery down. They clacked against the wooden table, laid precisely on the place they were when he picked them up, right against the china charger plate. His eyes, darkened with desire, planted his onto Hannibal’s; he pushed his plate towards him.

“Feed me.”

The tone was confident, demanding; it went straight to the pool of heat growing and simmering low in Hannibal’s belly. His first instinct was to punish Will for the insolence of the act, but it was overridden by the need to obey. Had it been anyone else, Hannibal would not have tolerated this behaviour, let alone considered complying to the demand.

Hannibal decided on a compromise. He cut a small piece of the ‘veal’ from his own plate, and leaned forward on his elbows, presenting the offering to Will.

It earned him an amused smile—almost fond, indulgent—and Will leaned forward as well. Hannibal’s heart lurched in his chest, sending another rush of blood into his groin. Hopefully, not to his cheeks.

Will’s eyes were fixed on his as his lips parted to accept the offering. His teeth closed onto the fork—sharp sharp sharp—and Hannibal felt a shiver run up his spine at the metallic sound emitted as the
two rows of teeth slid onto the tines when Will drew back, taking the meat with him.

His teeth made a small click when his jaw shut at the end of the fork.

Hannibal could not suppress the need to swallow around the lump of lust in his throat.

Going by the glint in Will’s eyes, he knew.

The fire crackled softly in front of them. The flames dancing in the hearth was the only source of light in the room, sending soft orange hues and warm shadows across the furniture. And on Will’s face, softening the angles of his jaw. He looked lovely, the usual fierceness of his expression smoothed to a languorous calm.

Hannibal’s eyes kept straying from the quivering flames to Will, entirely at ease in his presence, despite the tacit knowledge and shared secrets. The hand holding his glass swayed the brandy in it slowly, almost unconsciously. His other hand drifted from the arm of the seat to the small table between them, took one of the sweets presented on a bowl, briefly taking his eyes off the fire.

His fingers hovered over them for a moment before he selected one, filled with chocolate and a touch of liquor. Will brought it to his mouth, his teeth biting into it, severing it in two halves, one to be devoured, one spared but for a moment. He chewed slowly, let the sweet taste of the chocolate and the tang of liquor invade his taste buds. The second half soon joined the first, dying the same cruel, lovely death on Will’s tongue.

He washed down the taste with a sip of his brandy, eyes half mast, almost closed as he tilted his head back. Hannibal felt the urge to bite into his Adam’s apple.

Will’s hand reached for the bowl again. This time, Hannibal did not resist the impulse, and his hand landed on Will’s, light as a feather and still firm as steel. Those eyes, bright and blue, shimmering in the dim light of the fire, turned to his, inquisitive. Lovely. Hannibal could drink them. How sweet they would be, sweeter than any wine, sweeter than any treat.

Hannibal gently placed Will’s hand back on the table. He broke the eye contact for a moment, lowering his gaze to the bowl to pick up one of the little cubes of chocolate and liquor. Cherry, he decided, and lifted it for Will, their gazes meeting again, the contact broken but for a second as the tip of Will’s tongue breached the seam of his lips.

The corner of Will’s mouth ticked up teasingly, before he leaned in to bite into the offered sweet, sharp teeth just shy of taking his fingers with them—and Hannibal would let him. He would let him, just before taking a bite for himself. Will’s eyes fluttered close as his teeth clicked shut. The lush shadows of his lashes danced over his cheekbones, flickering with the fire light. Hannibal had to swallow, ignoring the growing discomfort in his trousers.

Will’s eyes opened again, daring, full of mischief. And hunger. A hunger roaring as loud as his.

The second half of the chocolate fell into the bowl, forgotten, as Hannibal leaned in to press his lips to the grin on Will’s mouth. His tongue touched the seam of Will’s lips and he was promptly granted entrance. Chocolate and cherry liquor invaded his mouth, heady and intoxicating. Fitting for the man providing the taste.
On reflex, Hannibal caught onto the tablecloth as they fell to the ground. He wrapped an arm around Will’s head to prevent anything from hitting him. The plates shattered on the floor along the glasses and cutlery, food and wine pooling and spreading and staining the rug irremediably. The flowers and bones and feathers scattered around them in a macabre display.

Hannibal rolled them over, mouth latching onto Will’s neck, teeth tearing through the flesh, right into his pulsing carotid, ripping a gasp out of him. Will grasped his shoulders, and pushed Hannibal off him, reversing their position again. The shadow engulfed them as they rolled half under the table, their thighs knocking against the center leg. Will forced his mouth back onto Hannibal’s, tongue once more prying his lips open insistently. Hannibal let him invade his mouth, chasing the taste of ‘pork’ and wine and black pepper. He slipped his hands inside Will’s jacket, fisted them in his dress shirt, and bit down on his tongue. Will cursed, jerking away. He cried out when the back of his head hit the underside of the table, his hands shooting up to rub at the sore spot.

Hannibal reached for his head too, only to have his own twisted to the side, a hiss drowned under the sharp echo of the slap, thunder in the confined space. His cheek burned, the blood rushing under the skin, and a rose blooming on his complexion. Shaking off the surprise, he turned to meet Will’s eyes —

His head swung to the side again, the bite of another slap overlaying the first, magnifying the pain.

Hannibal snarled, lips pulled back and teeth displayed in a cruel promise. He leaned up, and wrapped his fingers around Will’s neck, pulling him down again. Will braced his forearms on Hannibal’s chest and crushed their mouths together again. He tilted his head, changed the angle, tried to find one where their noses did not bump and their teeth did not clack against each other.

Hannibal tugged Will’s dress shirt out of his trousers, and his nails raked up his back, tearing the skin and leaving crimson lines in their wake. He swallowed the pained sound coming from Will, just before Will broke the kiss again, pulling away. Only to sink his teeth—sharp, sharper still than he imagined, than he hoped—into Hannibal’s neck, right onto his Adam’s apple. There was nothing to muffle his own gasp of pain, as Will bit down hard enough for the coppery scent of blood to invade his senses.

He slid his knee against Will’s side, and pushed on his shoulder, thumb digging into his old scar. The pain made Will’s jaw unlock around a soft cry, and Hannibal rolled them over again.

He braced his arms on either side of Will’s head and they stopped struggling at once, both panting, faces a few centimetres apart and chest heaving against the other. Neither of them spoke, neither of them dared, both lost in each other’s eyes, pupils blown—desire? fear?—their breaths mingling together in the musk of lust and the tang of blood.

Wherever they touched, Hannibal’s skin burned, branded. He felt the hunger consuming him, his hands itching to pry Will open, devour him, devour him whole, tear the flesh off his bones and rip the life from his chest. Keep everything deep inside him, where only he could reach. He swallowed the lump of hunger in his throat. Will’s smile stretched into a grin, a malicious glint darkening his eyes, and Hannibal knew he thought the same, felt the same. Will caught his blood stained lip—Hannibal’s blood, inviting against those lovely lips—between his teeth and Hannibal’s eyes darted to those, a spike of pleasure piercing his gut at the sight.
“Bedroom,” Will said, when he freed his lip again, breaths ragged and eyes demanding. Starved.

Robbed of his own voice, Hannibal could only nod.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Comments and kudos are much treasured <3

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