Bound by Wild Desire

by DangerousDan

Summary

Hannibal and Will meet under the same circumstances, but Will is already married to Molly. They both realize the intensity of their connection much sooner including its romantic and sexual underpinnings. An unexpected incident leads to the discovery that Hannibal is Will's biological father. Hannibal sees opportunity in the turn of events.

Updating weekly on Thursdays.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Will awoke with a start which was not unusual. What was unusual was his semen-soaked boxers. Jesus, this hadn't happened to him since high school. He looked nervously over at Molly whose rhythmic breathing told him that his wife was fortunately asleep. He slid out of the bed carefully. Over the course of the night, he had kicked the covers off and when he had orgasmed he had evidently been on his back. So there was no traces of what happened in their bed. He took off his white short sleeved undershirt. Then, gingerly, his boxers and wrapped his shirt around them. He moved quietly to the bathroom. He waited to turn the light on until after the door was shut. He dumped his mortifying bundle into the sink and filled it with water. He intended to rinse them out before putting them in the laundry hamper.

He turned on the shower and stepped in once the temperature was right, rinsing off the sticky evidence of his dream. He was deeply unsettled. The dream had been painfully erotic and intensely graphic. He’d never even had a fantasy that vivid. And never about a man. A man that he’d only met yesterday morning and whose mere presence angered Will. The way Jack Crawford ambushed him with Lecter infuriated him. Will huffed. He thought about Lecter’s intense gaze, the way he tried to force his way inside Will’s head. His accented voice responding calmly to Will’s gruffness, “I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love.” Their conversation now seemed deeply ironic; he now was appalled by his dreams.

Will couldn’t get back to sleep after he returned to bed, to Molly’s side. He went downstairs and made coffee. He let the dogs out, watched them playing as he sat on the porch, feet up on the rail, drinking coffee. His mind drifted unwillingly to his dream. Some people said that when you dreamed of having sex with someone, it didn’t mean that you were attracted to them sexually, just that you wanted to be closer to them. That description did fit his old dreams about Alana, before Molly, tender but vague. He had wanted her physically, but he longed for her to know him. To not see him as a damaged, frail man that she would have to protect. That explanation was nonsensical in this case, because he had no desire for Lecter to know him. More than that, the sex wasn’t remotely symbolic and was far from vague. Lecter had been under him and Will had been thrusting into him. The feeling had been indescribably good. His face flushed when he felt himself harden just from remembering it.

He dropped his cup with a surprised “fuck” when Molly came out and said, “Good morning.”

“Sorry, hon, I didn’t mean to startle you,” her brow wrinkled slightly as she continued, “You must have been a thousand miles away.”

Will bent down to pick up the jagged remnants of the mug and to hide the annoyance he knew showed in his face. He hated that concerned look of Molly’s. He didn’t want to look at her and see, no feel, her concern and the frustration of not being able to get past his forts. His stomach clenched, he wasn’t sure if it was anger or guilt.

“Don’t do that, Will, you’ll cut yourself. I’ll get a broom and clean it up”. The tone of her voice, so similar to the one she used with her actual child turned up the flame under his anger. He was capable of cleaning up his own messes. Guilt rose up in counterpoint, wasn’t he always letting her though, changing sweat soaked sheets after one of his frequent nightmares—but not this morning’s sheets almost stained with something else from another kind of dream. Putting him to bed when drank too much as he had with his father. He needed her. An ugly voice in his head asked him if he
wanted her. It sounded suspiciously like Lecter’s. *Whose profile is he working on?*

When she came back and started sweeping up the broken pieces, Will asked her sharply, “Have you been talking to Alana about me?” His voice was strained and angry, cracking.

Molly froze.

“Molly.”

Molly finished sweeping the pieces of the coffee cup into the dustpan and leaned the broom against the porch railing. She took a deep breath and replied quietly, “Yes.”

She looked up at Will and instinctively took a step back, he was furious, his eyes bright and hard with none of the softness he usually showed her, his jaw clenching. He spoke loudly, almost but not quite yelling, “You were speaking about me behind my back to a woman who considered me so damaged that she wouldn’t date me? She’s your confidante?”

Molly swallowed, she hadn’t known that about Will and Alana. She spoke softly, trying to keep herself from pleading, “She’s your friend, Will. She was worried about the toll working with Jack would take.”

Will stared intently into his wife’s eyes, she shifted, uncomfortable under his stare. Finally he spoke, his voice softer but imbued with a cold fury, “She’s the one that recommended Lecter.”

“Yes, he was her mentor at John Hopkins.” Will remained quiet, still staring at Molly. He spoke carefully, almost over enunciating his words, “Neither you or Alana are my goddamn mother. Don’t you ever talk to her about me again.”

“Will,” began Molly. Will took a step towards her and she move backwards again, hitting her lower back against the railing.

“Never again, Molly.”

Will stormed into the house. Molly exhaled harshly, she hadn’t even realized that she had been holding her breath. She looked down at her hands, shocked at their shaking. This wasn’t her Will. She heard him cursing in frustration as he looked for his keys inside the house. He came out a few minutes later in his coat, messenger bag over his shoulder and keys in his hand. He ignored her completely as he swept past her, down the wooden stairs to his car. Molly felt immensely relieved and hoped that Wally hadn’t heard their argument.
Turning Point

Chapter Summary

After storming out of the office, Will headed directly to the men’s room. He splashed cold water on his face. As he looked at himself in the mirror above the sink, he tried to still the thoughts roiling in his brain. His face snapped towards the door when it opened, and Lecter entered. He turned around from the sink to look at him. Will stumbled backwards, stopping when his back hit the wall. Will’s heart raced as Lecter wordlessly walked over to him, graceful but somehow predatory. Will couldn’t make himself break eye contact, desperately searching Lecter’s gaze, trying to intuit his intent.

Chapter Notes

Will and Hannibal still have their day of adventure with the Minnesota Shrike, but things take a different turn at the Hobbs’ household.

Jack, what a surprise, interrupted Will’s drive into Quantico to teach his classes. His actual job. They’d found another girl. He would now be heading out to Minnesota to a crime scene. He called Molly and was relieved when she didn’t pick up. He left her a message to let her know that he would be going out of state. He decided against going home to pack. If he had to stay overnight, he could just wear the same clothes. He did, however, need to cover his classes which meant calling Alana. Fucking great.

Alana picked up after two rings, undoubtedly expecting him to be falling apart.

“Will?”

God, how did she put so much smothering caring in one word? Will fought back the sigh of exasperation that tried to escape him. As he spoke, he fought to keep the anger out of his voice, “Hi, Alana, Jack just called me, and I am leaving immediately for Minnesota. Another body dropped.”

Before he could ask her to take over his classes, she interrupted, “Do you think that’s a good idea, Will?”

Will slammed an open palm into the steering wheel before responding, “Yes, I do, despite what you and Molly think.”

Alana is quite for a moment before responding, “Will, I know this must seem like a betrayal to you, but Molly and I were just both afraid—”

“No, just stop. It doesn’t seem like a betrayal, it is one. Just like sending your former mentor to profile me.”
“That’s not what happened. Jack was concerned and he asked for a recommendation for someone to—”

Will’s voice dripped with disdain as he interrupted her again, “And who put that concern into his head?”

Alana was quiet, so Will pushed on, “Can you take over my classes until I’m back, Alana? Or do I need to find someone else or cancel? It would be a shame to deprive all those fine young minds.”

“Yes, Will. I can do that.”

After a curt goodbye, he hung up and promptly dry swallowed two aspirins. His head ached to the point of nausea and he still had to book his flight and get out to the airport.

Will arrived at the crime scene, irritable after a packed flight and long drive to the middle of nowhere. When he looked at the body, he shivered. He knew instantly that it wasn’t the same killer. It was beautiful but brutal at the same time. Strangely elegant. He desperately didn’t want to step into this murderer’s mind. He feared that he would lose himself completely in the killer’s thinking. Or find a part of himself that he didn’t want to know was there.

His annoyance with Jack flared within minutes. He had to patiently explain to the senior investigator that this murder was committed by a copycat and then give a description of said copycat. He tried to stuff down the anger that he felt towards Jack’s obtuseness. Unable to control it completely, he left with a snarky dig at Jack, “Have Dr. Lecter draw up a psychological profile. You seemed very impressed with his opinion.”

Will skipped dinner that night, electing to pick up a pint of bourbon instead. After drinking half of it, he started to undress for bed. He was going to have to wear the same underwear tomorrow, so he opted to sleep nude which always made him feel uncomfortable. After he and Molly would make love, he would pull on his boxers and undershirt as soon as he tactfully could. Sometimes not so tactfully. Sleep was elusive that night as always. He finally fell asleep after restless hours of reliving the latest murder over and over again. Always, from the copycat’s point of view.

He woke up with a jolt in the morning. He thought it was morning, he couldn’t tell for sure with the blackout curtains drawn. His usual nightmare had again been replaced with another dream about Lecter. Will felt a flood of shame as he looked down at the erection that he was sporting. At least he’d be spared imagining the motel maid’s disgust was she changed his soiled sheets. He stumbled to the bathroom to shower, hoping that the cold water would take care of his hard-on. It didn’t.

He gave in and turned the hot water up. He started to stroke himself, visualizing the last time he and had Molly had been intimate, nearly two months ago. Wally’s own recent restless sleeping habits provided an easy excuse for him to gently repulse Molly’s increasingly tentative sexual overtures. She’d stop initiating completely after a month of Will’s refusals. Their last encounter had been tender and sweet, but he’d been unable to maintain eye contact, her gaze threatening his fragile erection. His focus, unbidden, now started to slip back to the dream that woke him.

It began with a replay of the meeting in Jack’s office when he realized Lecter was profiling him for Jack. After storming out of the office, Will headed directly to the men’s room. He splashed cold water on his face. As he looked at himself in the mirror above the sink, he tried to still the thoughts roiling in his brain. His face snapped towards the door when it opened, and Lecter entered. He turned around from the sink to look at him. Will stumbled backwards, stopping when his back hit the wall. Will’s heart raced as Lecter wordlessly walked over to him, graceful but somehow predatory. Will couldn’t make himself break eye contact, desperately searching Lecter’s
gaze, trying to intuit his intent.

Without a word, the psychiatrist dropped to his knees in front of Will, not doubt dirtying the knees of his immaculately tailored suit. Will was breathing heavily now, his heart rabbited in his chest. He whined as Lecter slowly unzipped Will’s trousers. Lecter slipped off Will’s trousers and boxers. Then he gently took Will’s painfully hard cock into his mouth. He pressed Will’s hips against the wall with powerful hands, pinning Will so that he can’t move. Will made no attempt to escape as the doctor began to lick him with meticulous precision. When he realized the agent wasn’t going anywhere, one of Lecter’s hands glided down from Will’s hip. Will groaned loudly as Lecter applied pressure to his perineum with his fingers as he changed from licking to sucking. Just the right amount of suction. Will looked down and Lecter locked eyes with him. He could feel Lecter’s arousal from pleasuring him.

Will’s gaze shifted down to Lecter’s crotch; he could see the outline of his fully erect cock straining against the fine material of his trousers. Pre-ejaculate began to stain them. He could hear groans coming from Lecter. Their sound was muffled by Will’s cock. He watched, fascinated, as Lecter climaxed a few moments, staining his trousers. Lecter kept going. The profiler’s eyes moved back to Lecter’s. Will’s legs trembled as his body tightened more and more. God, it was good. It was perfect. His eyes closed as he focused on his almost painful ascent towards release. Will came in the doctor’s mouth with a guttural cry.

Will’s eyes shot open and he was back in the motel shower. He scrubbed his hand and stomach roughly with a washcloth. He watched his semen slipped down the drain. He braced himself against the all with his hands and tilted his head under the spray coming from the shower. He was dizzy and panting. He couldn’t remember the last time he had orgasmed that hard. He wasn’t sure if he ever had. He showered quickly, utilitarian in his movements, avoiding any pleasure to be had as he washed his body.

After toweling off, Will pulled on his boxers and undershirt. Before he could finish dressing, there was a knock on his door. He walked across his still darkened motel room to open it. Dr. Lecter stood there.

When Will opened his door and saw Hannibal, he said nothing. He just stood there silently. Hannibal spoke first, wishing Will a good morning and asking if he could come in. Will responded gruffly in a sleep roughened voice, “Where’s Crawford?” As when they had met before, Will only made eye contact briefly. His eyes zipped around, scanning the area around and behind Hannibal, as if looking for Crawford anyway.

“Deposed in court. The adventure will be yours and mine today.”

After another moment of awkward silence, Hannibal asked again, “May I come in?” Clearly, Will wasn’t going to invite him. As Hannibal entered and Will stood there unspeaking, he realized that Will evidently also had no plans to get dressed. He also, apparently, didn’t travel with a robe. The empath was practically feral. Hannibal feel pleased with his decision to bring breakfast with him. It was like luring a frightened animal, feeding them to build trust.

As Hannibal laid out their meal, he discreetly scented the room. It smelled slightly of mold, sweat, a truly terrible cologne, faintly of dog and then, Hannibal had to hide a smirk, arousal and release. Solitary, no cheating for Will. He wondered if that was part of the confusion he sensed in Will when he answered the door.

The doctor smiled to himself as he watched the investigator eat the protein scramble laced with the sausage made from Cassie Boyle’s lungs.
Surprisingly, Will managed some rudimentary manners.

“It’s delicious. Thank you.”

“My pleasure.”

“I would apologize for my analytical ambush, but I know I will soon be apologizing again, and you’ll tire of that eventually, so I have to consider using apologies sparingly.”

“Just keep it professional.”

“Or we could socialize like adults, god forbid we become friendly.”

“I don’t find you that interesting.”

“You will.”

Hannibal found it surprisingly simple to manipulate events that day. He didn’t think he’d get a chance to push Will beyond his self-induced boundaries so soon. The way Will quickly deduced the Minnesota Shrike’s identity was breathtaking. As they drove to Garret Jacob Hobbs’ residence, Will dry swallowed a couple of aspirin and called in for backup. When they pulled up to the house, Hannibal felt slightly dismayed by his growing excitement which was distinctly visceral and not intellectual.

Things escalated quickly. They were barely out of the car when a middle age woman stumbled out the house and dropped to the ground. Her throat had been cut. Will quickly crossed the lawn to the door, only stopping momentarily to check on the woman. She was clearly beyond help. In a surprising display of strength, the slender empath broke down the door. Hannibal followed him, stepping around the dying Mrs. Hobbs, not sparing her a glance. All his attention was focused on Will.

As he crossed the threshold, Will drew his gun and identified himself as FBI. He swept the house and seemingly guided by instinct, he headed purposefully towards the kitchen. Hobbs stood behind a kitchen island, his left arm around a young girl’s waist. Presumably the daughter as her father’s victims strongly resembled her. His other arm was wrapped around her collarbones, a knife pressed against her jugular. As soon as Will pointed his gun at him, Hobbs pushed his daughter to the floor. Will pumped nine shots into him in rapid succession. The girl screamed as her father’s body hit the floor. Then she grabbed the fallen knife and lunged at Will. She slashed straight down Will’s face, from below the eye to the chin. Will collapsed to the floor.

Hannibal moved so swiftly that Will could barely register it. As he pounced on the girl, she slashed him across his throat. Hannibal started to bleed but the knife didn’t go in far enough to cause any serious damage or even slow him down. He grabbed her by the hair and slammed her head against the base of the kitchen island so hard that her skull cracked. He released her hair and moved over to Will on all fours. He cupped Will’s face and tilted it to examine the wound.

Their eyes locked, Hannibal’s heart hammering in chest. He hadn’t felt this way during a kill since he was 20. Will’s eyes were bright. Neither spoke, only their heavy breathing could be heard as they continued to stare into each other’s eye. When Will looked at Hannibal instead of seeing the blank wall he was accustomed to with the doctor, he was looking into a mirror. Hannibal’s excitement over the kill reflected Will’s. Like Will he was clearly aroused by the other man’s killing. Will knew that he should be ashamed. He wasn’t. He tilted his head, so that his lips brushed against Hannibal’s.
The moment was shattered as the local police stormed into the house; guns raised. One of the officers called for the paramedics as soon as he saw the blood and chaos of the kitchen.
Deception

Chapter Summary

But now, his family felt like a painted backdrop. He started when his cell phone rang. He was expecting Jack, or Alana, but it was an unknown number. He answered curtly, “Graham.” “Hello, Will.” Will felt a warmth in his belly rise at the sound of Lecter’s voice. “Hello, Dr. Lecter.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Mr. Graham, you were extremely lucky, the wound is mainly superficial. There was little tissue damage.”

Will was reminded of when he was shot down in New Orleans, they said he was lucky then too. The bullet had gone clean through and missed bone and arteries. While he was technically lucky that he hadn’t suffered major damage then or now, being in those situations had hardly been good fortune. They thought they were being comforting.

“You’ll be able to go home tonight. Your wife is on her way. I’ll give her the instructions for caring for your wound.”

“Will it scar?”

“Yes,” the doctor hesitated and then continued, “You work for the FBI, so I am sure that you know, that these kinds of incidents, no matter how justified, can be traumatic.”

“Are you a psychiatrist?”

Flustered, the physician replied, “No, but I have years of ER experience…”

He trailed off, Will’s cold stare silencing him.

The doctor cleared his throat, “We’ll bring your wife to you once she arrives.”

After an awkward silence, he left.

Molly would take care of him. Would Jack? There’d be an inquiry and Alana would pressure Jack to take him out of the field. Molly would push Will to step away from his work with the BAU. Would Jack let him go or find a way to keep him? There would have to be a psych eval before he would be allowed to consult again. More pressing, he and Hannibal would have to give statements. What they said would have serious consequences. Objectively, it had been a clusterfuck. He needed to think.

His reverie was interrupted by Molly rushing into the room. She threw her arms around him and pulled him tight.
“Oh, my sweet man,” her voice hitched when she looked at his face, at the dressing that ran all the way down it, “My god, Will.”

Will laughed self-deprecatingly and gazed down at the floor, “It’s not as bad as it looks.”

“Not as bad as it looks?” Molly’s voice cracked and her voice raised, “Will, a deranged girl slashed your face open.”

So, Jack told her what happened. Will looked up at her, his blue eyes sincere, while he felt his chest tighten with anger. He spoke softly, “I shot her father, Molly, she was running on instinct.”

Molly let go of him then, stepped back and crossed her arms. “What would have happened if Dr. Lecter hadn’t been there? Where would her instincts have taken her?” Molly’s voice was shaking, and Will could see tears forming in her eyes. “I don’t think that she deserves your empathy.”

With a gentle smile, Will replied “It doesn’t work that way, Molly.”

Molly snapped, “How would I know?”

Will grit his teeth, was she going to do this now? He spoke with a calm at odds with his feelings, “What do you mean?”

Molly couldn’t stop, “The only reason I know about it now, is because Jack wanted to ‘borrow your imagination’. You never talked it about it before. Or your work, Will.”

Will responded in an icy tone, “It’s how my brain is wired and it’s why I am good at profiling. It didn’t have anything to do with us. I don’t talk about my work, because I don’t want it to taint what we have, what you, Wally and I have. I do it to protect you.”

“Is that what you tell yourself?”

Will stood up looked at his wife, he spoke in a challenging tone, “For fuck’s sake Molly, I shot and killed a man today. His daughter ripped me open with a knife and I watched her die. Can we save the marital drama for another time?”

Molly stared at him for a moment then walked silently to the door. Will followed, concerned. He’d been expecting her to feel ashamed. She wasn’t. She was furious.

The drive home was silent and tense. As soon as they entered the house, Wally jumped up off the couch and ran over to Will to hug him.

“Are you alright, Dad?”

Will looked down at him and squeezed him as he spoke, “I’ll be ok, kid.”

He could feel the tension radiating off Molly, but she turned to her son and asked him in her usual warm voice if he’d help her make dinner. As mother and son busied themselves in the kitchen, Will poured himself three fingers of whiskey, against doctor’s orders, and sat down on the couch. As usual, she was pretending everything was ok. How long had that been the case? How long had she been pretending? Not voicing her concerns? Her anger? Had it always been that way? No, it was good in the beginning. They had been happy, the three of them. Wally and Molly had been everything. The family he never had and always wanted.

But now, his family felt like a painted backdrop. He started when his cell phone rang. He was expecting Jack, or Alana, but it was an unknown number. He answered curtly, “Graham.”
“Hello, Will.”

Will felt a warmth in his belly rise at the sound of Lecter’s voice.

“Hello, Dr. Lecter.”

“Surely, Hannibal after today’s events.”

In a teasing tone, Will responded, “To what do I owe the pleasure of your call, Hannibal?”

Molly’s eyes caught his, her brow creased.

As Will rose and went to his study, he asked about Hannibal’s injury. He closed the door behind him.

“I will be fine. I am already back home,” Hannibal continued, his voice soft and surprisingly warm, “Am I calling at a bad time, Will? Is your family having dinner?”

“We need to talk about what happened at Hobbs’. We’re both going to need to make statements. I am surprised that Jack didn’t ambush us while we were getting stitched up.”

There was a slight pause and Hannibal responded, his voice tinged with curiosity, “What do you suggest?”

“We tell Jack basically what happened. Except you grabbed her and simply threw her. Her hitting the island wasn’t intentional. Jack’s not going to want to press you hard on that, he never should have had a civilian in the field. I’m valuable to Jack, so he’s going to want to keep me on the case. I haven’t been active in the field since New Orleans, never for the FBI. So, Jack can blame the
shooting on a lack of practice in the intervening years. Not to mention, there’ll be an assumption that I panicked.”

“Why would that be assumed?”

There was a long pause.

“Will?”

Will sighed. He felt a blush rise on face. He pushed himself to speak, “That’s why I quit the force. I froze when my partner and I were apprehending a suspect. He pulled a gun. I couldn’t pull the trigger. I was shot in the shoulder and my partner died.”

Hannibal asked, “Why did you freeze?”

Will countered in a defensive tone, “What do you mean, ‘why’? It’s our biology, if we are in danger—fight, flight or freeze.”

“So, you were afraid that you would be shot? Or of something else?”

Will was silent, his breathing had become rapid and shallow.

Hannibal broke the silence, “You weren’t afraid of being shot, Will. What was it?”

Will kept silent.

Hannibal spoke again, “Today, when you shot Hobbs, how did you feel?”

Will said firmly, “Righteous.”

“What else, Will?”

“I liked it. I liked killing him.”

“Is that what you were afraid of in New Orleans? Were you afraid that you’d enjoy it?”

Will swallowed and spoke so softly that it was almost a whisper, “Yes.”

Hannibal replied silkily, “I enjoyed it too. I enjoyed seeing you take his life. What did you feel when you saw me kill the girl?”

“Aroused.”

“Sexually?”

“Yes.”

“Because of the girl?”

Will looked down at his hand, saw it trembling. His voice was unsteady as he responded, “No. I’m not a sadist. It was you. The way you moved. Your grace. Your ferocity.”

“So, I aroused you.”

“Yes,” answered Will, he looked down at his crotch, his erection bulging, “I’m hard right now, thinking about it. Answering your questions, exposing myself to you the way that you showed yourself to me when you killed her”. 
He could hear Hannibal breathing heavily. The doctor was silent, clearly trying to compose himself.

“You don’t like this. You’re used to being in control, manipulating everything and everyone around you, but you’re not now. Not with me.”

Hannibal spoke in his usual detached manner, but his accent was thicker betraying him, “I am in the same predicament as you, Will. What’s to be done about that?”

Will made a soft sound between a groan and a whine. His free hand softly palmed his erection through his jeans as he responded, “Maybe we should discuss this in more detail.”

Will smiled sardonically when he heard Hannibal groan. He lowered his voice, almost growling, “Would you like that Dr. Lecter?”

“You vicious boy.”

Will’s body tingled at the word “boy”. The sound he heard himself let out, close to whimper, shocked him.

Before he could respond. There was a knock at the door and Wally came in without waiting for permission. He smiled at Will and said, “Mom said to get you, dinner’s on the table.”

“Ok, sport, let her know I’ll be there in a minute. I just need to wrap up this call.”

He started to pull his shirt out over his trousers, before he could speak Hannibal did.

“I heard will. Your family duty calls. We’ll have to further our discussion another time.”

“I’d like that, Dr. Lecter. Good night.”

“Good night, Will.”

Chapter End Notes

Full disclosure, my intention with that phone call was for Hannibal and Will to conspire about their story to Jack. Hannibal and Will had other ideas.
Repression

Chapter Summary

Molly stared at Will, wide eyed, sweating and panting so hard he was on the verge of hyperventilating. He had nightmares before but nothing like this.

Chapter Notes

This is a short one, so I am posting the next chapter now as well.

Will bolted awake with a scream.

Molly stared at Will, wide eyed, sweating and panting so hard he was on the verge of hyperventilating. He had nightmares before but nothing like this. Molly grabbed him by the arms and shook him, saying in a firm but gentle voice, “Will. Will. It’s ok. You’re awake now. You were just having a nightmare.”

He looked at Molly and nodded. When his breathing finally regulated, he said softly “Sorry, that was a bad one.”

“You don’t have anything to apologize for, honey,” as Molly spoke, Will held her gaze while he discreetly pulled the blankets over his lap. Molly continued hesitantly, “They’ve been getting worse since,” she paused, “the shooting. I know you think you should go back to work. But it’s only been a week.”

Will smiled tenderly at her and said, “The stitches are out, and the pain is manageable. I can’t put this off forever.”

Molly bit her lip and squeezed Will’s hand. She stared down at their joined hand and spoke carefully, “I am more worried about what is going on inside of you.”

“I’m fine, Molly.”

Molly looked up at him, fire in her eyes. He had spent every evening over the past week, locked in his study looking at case files and drinking. She wanted to scream at him, “No. You haven’t been the same since you started working with Jack Crawford.” But even as she thought it, part of her questioned if he hadn’t always been shutting her out.

Will kissed her on the forehead. He gave her what Molly thought of as his lost puppy face and said, “I think I’d like to take a shower.”

Molly smiled stiffly and said, “I’ll change the sheets while you do that.”

As soon as she left the bedroom to go to the linen closet, Will jumped up out of bed and hurried to their en suite. He locked the door and turned on the shower. He stripped off his underthings quickly and threw them in the hamper. When he stepped into the shower, he remained facing the
tiled wall. He leaned on it, bracing himself with his left hand and stuffing a washcloth in his mouth with his right. Then his right hand slid down his body and gripped his erection. He started to jerk off, tears running down his face.


Chapter Summary

“I heard footsteps, but they were more like the sound hooves make when a buck is moving slowly. I turned around and there was a creature there. Humanoid, tall, emaciated like someone took a man and stretched him. He was inky black all over as though if you touched him, his skin would be cold and viscous. He had antlers, placed like a moose’s on either side of his forehead, but shaped like a buck’s. They were black too.”

“He sounds terrifying.”

Will shook his head and his eye’s met Hannibal’s again. “No, he was beautiful” he replied, his voice cracking.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jack sat behind his desk, leaning forward with his hands folded on the top of it. Will sat across from him sprawled in an uncomfortable chair, hands gripping the armrests. As he had for the past three months, Jack was attempting to dominate him. Will’s resentment rose, not just at Jack’s single mindedness but at his own repeated submission to him. Jack stated, as expected, that in no uncertain terms, he would have to have a psych eval.

Will purposefully avoided eye contact with Jack when he responded, “I told you, Jack, I don’t like psychiatrists fumbling around in my head.”

Jack sighed, “If you want to continue saving lives, you need to do it.”

Will looked down at his feet, feigning an internal struggle. He looked up at Jack and said, “I guess Alana can’t do it?”

“No, Will. She’s never wanted to have you as a patient, she felt a conflict of interest as you’re friends.”

Will hesitated, then asked, “What about Lecter?”

Jack blinked and said in an incredulous tone, “Will, that’s an even bigger conflict of interest, Hannibal was directly involved in the incident,” Jack’s voice rose, “He’s a witness to the shooting and he killed Abigail Hobbs when she attacked you. It was an accident, but what would it look like to an outsider, Will?”

Will locked his jaw to keep from smiling, Hannibal must have been quite convincing. He composed his face into a stubborn glower, “I trust him. He’s the only one I’ll talk to.”

Jack replied exasperatedly, “A week ago, you were furious with me when you thought I’d brought him in to profile you.”

Will replied petulantly, “You did bring him in to profile me and I was angry with both of you. But
his insights into the Minnesota Shrike’s motives were perceptive. And more importantly, right.”

Jack snorted angrily. He tried to stare down the profiler, but Will just fiddled with his glasses and remained silent. Finally, Jack sighed resignedly and said, “OK, Will, but it’s not enough to have Hannibal do the psych eval, you’ll need to have weekly sessions with him. Alana’s right, you need ongoing psychological support if you are going to continue consulting. Kate Purnell will be easier to manage if she knows you’re in therapy. The Hobbs incident was bad enough but when the Lounds’ article hit, she exploded.”

“Freddie always sensationalizes everything, why would Purnell care what she wrote?” Will’s inflection on Freddie’s name was venomous.

Jack leaned back and folded his hands in his lap. When he spoke, his tone was friendly but no-nonsense, “The article was a hatchet job on you and the FBI. She said outright that you can think like serial killers because you are a psychopath. She also questioned Dr. Lecter’s presence at the scene and if the FBI had brought him in as your handler. She accused the FBI of recklessly endangering the lives of citizens by letting someone into the field that they found too unstable to become an agent. Purnell is concerned about your reputation inside the FBI as well as with the general public.”

Will sat in stony silence; his jaw muscle twitched. He stood up and said to Jack in a tight voice, “I’ll get in touch with Dr. Lecter and set up an appointment.

Jack started to talk, “Will.”

Will just shook his head and interrupted, “No, Jack. There’s nothing else to say.”

Will didn’t have time after his last class to drive home to Wolf Trap, so he stopped at McDonald's for dinner and to peruse Freddie’s article. Even worse than being pilloried by a hack, clearly someone at the FBI was feeding her information.

When he got back into his car to drive to Hannibal’s, he dry swallowed two aspirins. While he drove, he called Molly to let her know that he’d be home late. He didn’t tell her about the appointment. She sounded distant, he wondered if she’d seen the TattleCrime article. Will thought about Wally, his schoolmates would absolutely be talking about his “unstable” stepfather. So, undoubtedly Wally had read it. And, realistically, how could Molly resist the temptation of opening a door into Will’s psyche? Regardless of Freddie’s unethical brand of journalism.

Will arrived at Hannibal’s office on time for their appointment. The older man greeted him warmly and showed him into his office. Will dropped his coat and messenger back on the couch and took a seat in one of the doctor’s chairs. Hannibal went over to a cabinet and opened it revealing decanters and crystal cut glassware. “Would you like a drink, Will?”

Will looked up a through his lashes at Hannibal and asked, “A little unorthodox, don’t you think, Doctor?”

Hannibal smiled and brought a glass with three fingers of whiskey over to him.

Will took a sip and cocked his head as he said, “This is excellent. Probably wasted on me.”

Hannibal placed his drink on the table next to his chair. He sat down, back straight, and crossed his legs elegantly. He took a drink and then spoke, “It is not wasted if you appreciate it.”

Will pushed back into his chair, slightly slouched, his legs parted. He changed the subject, “Did Crawford talk to you?”
“About the Hobbs’ incident?”

Will snorted and then spoke, “I already know that he talked to you about the Hobbs’ fiasco. You know what I mean. “

Hannibal’s lips twitched before he replied, “Yes. Jack feels that we should continue to meet after I clear you for duty.”

Will grinned, “I assume Jack expected you to rubber-stamp me in our first session.”

“During our only session.”

“Our only session?”

“He would prefer for our meetings to be unofficial.”

“The FBI doesn’t want to pay for my therapy? Understandable, I’m sure you’re quite expensive.”

Hannibal arched an eyebrow and Will responded honestly this time with some anger in his tone, “No patient doctor confidentiality. Jack wants you to be his spy.”

“That is his plan. Regardless, I would never tell him anything that you didn’t wish for him to know. What do you want, Will? Shall I be your doctor or your friend?”

Will looked down and swallowed. He looked back up and directly into Hannibal’s eyes as he spoke in a tight voice, “I don’t think you can be either.”

Hannibal asked Will softly, “Then what can I be to you?”

Will flushed and said in a voice edging on hoarse, “I’m not sure.”

Hannibal’s tongue darted quickly between his lips. He looked down at his hands. After a moment, he looked up at Will and asked caringly, “You look exhausted, Will. Did you sleep at all last night?”

Will shifted in his seat and said offhandedly, “I slept eventually. I had a nightmare.”

“What about?”

Will fidgeted with his glasses and said, “I don’t remember, you know how dreams are.”

Hannibal did not respond, instead he got out of his chair and walked over to the profiler. He dropped on his knees in between Will’s leg. When he smelt Will’s fear and arousal, he took a moment to savor it. Then he reached up and removed Will’s glasses. He folded them neatly and put them on the table next to Will’s chair, alongside his glass. Hannibal looked up at Will and said softly, “You don’t have to hide from me, Will.”

Will looked down into Hannibal’s eyes and in a shaky voice started to tell him about his dream, “I was in my stream.” Hannibal looked at him questioningly. Will explained, “When I need to escape from what is going around me, I go there in my mind. It’s a quiet stream in the woods. I fly fish there.”

“Does anyone ever join you?”

“No never,” Will hesitated, he cast his eyes down to Hannibal’s paisley tie and continued, “but this time everything was different. It was night and I could feel the presence of something.”
Hannibal said nothing. He just stared up at Will, fascinated.

“I heard footsteps, but they were more like the sound hooves make when a buck is moving slowly. I turned around and there was a creature there. Humanoid, tall, emaciated like someone took a man and stretched him. He was inky black all over as though if you touched him, his skin would be cold and viscous. He had antlers, placed like a moose’s on either side of his forehead, but shaped like a buck’s. They were black too.”

“He sounds terrifying.”

Will shook his head and his eye’s met Hannibal’s again. “No, he was beautiful” he replied, his voice cracking.

Hannibal asked gently, his voice almost hypnotic, “What did you do, Will? Did you run away?”

“No,” Will continued, a fine trembling to his voice, “I went to him. I put my hand to his chest to see if he had a heartbeat.”

“Did he?”

“Yes, his heart raced under my palm. I think he was afraid.”

Hannibal’s eye’s shifted down to Will’s lips. He was quiet. Then he looked back up into Will’s eyes and asked, “Did you kill him, Will?”

“No. I put my hands on either side of his face and pulled him down. I kissed him.”

Hannibal inhaled sharply. His eyes were burning.

“He,” Will licked his lips and continued, his breath becoming labored, “He broke away from me and turned around. I thought he was going to leave, but he didn’t. He got down on all fours in front of me.”

Hannibal’s breathing accelerated. His voice was raw now as he asked, “What did you do?”

“I mounted him,” Will was shaking, as he continued, “it felt incredible. I couldn’t stop--stop,” he broke off for a moment. He couldn’t say it out loud that he was mating with it. He swallowed and continue, “Then there was this overwhelming pain coming from between my shoulders. I could hear my flesh tearing, and enormous antlers pushed out of my body. I felt like I was being ripped apart. It hurt so much, Hannibal.”

They were silent. Then Will leaned forward and tentatively pressed his lips against Hannibal’s. Hannibal kissed him back. The strangeness of kissing a man faded as Will’s desire overtook him. He ran the tip of his tongue along the seam between Hannibal’s lips. Hannibal gave out a muffled moan and Will pushed his tongue into his mouth. He grasped him by the shoulders and pushed him to the ground. Will pinned him to the floor his knees on either side of Hannibal’s waist. Hannibal snaked a hand into Will’s curls and the other gripped Will’s waist, pulling him tightly against him. Their kissing soon crossed from passionate to frenzied. Will broke their kiss and pressed his forehead to Hannibal’s; he whispered hoarsely, “What is happening to me?”

Hannibal replied breathily, “Us, to us.”

Will started kissing him again as he clumsily unbuttoned the older man’s waistcoat with trembling hands. Hannibal’s cellphone started ringing. They only paused for a moment. The phone stopped ringing. Will started to unbutton Hannibal’s shirt while Hannibal pulled Will’s shirt out of his
trousers and shoved his hand underneath his undershirt. Will moaned when he felt Hannibal’s hand gliding over the skin of his back.

Hannibal’s landline rang.

“God damn it!”

“Will, don’t stop.”

Will clumsily rolled off Hannibal and panted out, “You have to get that. It’s Jack Crawford.”

Hannibal stood up and walked unsteadily to his desk and reached out to his phone. He managed to pick up the handset on the fifth ring.

“Good evening, Dr. Hannibal Lecter speaking.”

“Hello, Jack.”

“Yes, Jack, you can come over. I was just writing up my patient notes. When do you think you will arrive?”

“Yes, that’s fine, Jack. I’ll see you shortly.”

Hannibal said good-bye and hung up the phone a little harder than strictly necessary. He smoothed his hair back into place.

He looked at Will who was attempting to tame his hair with his hands. It appeared to be going about as well as his efforts at tucking in his shirt had. Hannibal grimaced at the material bunching slightly over Will’s belt. He asked him, “How did you know it was Jack Crawford?”

“He’s the only person I know that would call someone’s cell and then their landline directly afterwards. He’s going to be here in fifteen minutes, isn’t he?”

Hannibal gave him a sly smile and responded, “Twenty.”

Will returned the smile and said, “He was already on his way when he called. You’re lucky, he usually just barges into wherever I am.”

Hannibal frowned and said, “You shouldn’t tolerate that behavior from Jack.”

Will scoffed but said nothing. Hannibal moved in front of him, standing too close. He undid Will’s belt and unbuttoned the top of Will’s trousers. The sound of Will’s shaky exhale made him smile smugly. Will’s body tensed when he unzipped his fly halfway. His hands moved to raise up Will’s shirt. He then pulled Will’s undershirt down neatly into his trousers and then Will’s shirt. He zipped up his pants and buttoned them. He buckled his belt. Will stood still, not moving or saying anything.

Hannibal picked up Will’s glasses and put them back on him tenderly. He collected Will’s things from the couch. He helped him on with his coat and ran his hands down the sleeves from the shoulder to the cuffs, smoothing out creases that weren’t there. He turned Will around and buttoned the coat up all the way to the collar. He murmured, “You should be wearing a scarf in this weather, Will.”

Instead of handing Will his messenger bag, he hung it on the younger man himself. He straightened the strap where it ran across Will’s chest. He looked at him approvingly, “There. You’re ready to
Will lifted his hands and put them on either side of Hannibal’s face. He pressed his forehead to Hannibal’s and whispered, “Thank you.”

Hannibal fell silent as Will left his office. When the sound of his front door shutting reached him, he seemed to come back to himself. The doctor picked up the used glasses from the tables and put them away in the cabinet. When he scanned the room, nothing else was out of place. He looked down at his disheveled clothes with a moue and carefully buttoned up his shirt and waistcoat. He grimaced at the sight of the bulge in his trousers. There was no time to do anything about it. He positioned himself behind his desk and slid the top desk drawer open to pull out a leather-bound notebook, a fountain pen and a scalpel that he used for sharpening his drawing pencils. He opened the notebook and tucked the scalpel neatly under it. He started writing up his notes on Will, the ones he designed for Jack’s benefit.

Chapter End Notes

I swear not every single character in this story is going to have a moment where they cockblock Will and Hannibal.
Revelation

Chapter Summary

When he kissed Hannibal, he felt a level of desire that he’d never experienced before. His attraction towards others had always been muted and often more of a reflection of the other person’s wants. This was different, it was coming from inside of him and it was powerful.

Jack stopped and hung up his hat, scarf and coat on his way into Hannibal’s office. As he entered, Hannibal looked up from his notebook, and said, “Good evening, Jack,” he gestured to the chair opposite of his desk, “Please have a seat.”

Jack sat down and looked at Hannibal, distinctly uncomfortable. Hannibal looked at him intently and broke the silence, “What can I do for you, Jack? If this is about Will, I have already completed his paperwork. He can resume fieldwork.”

Jack shifted in his seat and cleared his throat before speaking, “It isn’t about Will. Well, it is but not in that way.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow at Jack’s out of character reticence.

Jack shifted again and said, “It’s about DNA evidence that we found at the scene.”

Hannibal’s fingers slid discreetly under his notebook and rested on the scalpel there. He’d always been meticulous when creating his art, but it was always within the realm of possibility that he could have left a trace behind.

Jack hesitated; Hannibal could smell anxiety but no fear. Jack continued, “There’s no easy way to say this, so I’ll just come out with it.”

Hannibal gripped the scalpel as Jack took a deep breath. Jack exhaled and said, “Yours and Will’s DNA, it showed that Will’s your son.”

Jack looked at Hannibal, his face was blank. That wasn’t the reaction Jack was expecting.

“Will’s my son?”

“Yes.”

“Jack, how old is Will?”

“36.”

“I was 18 the year Will was born; I was still living in France.”

“Hannibal, we looked at more than one set of samples. The chain of custody for the evidence was impeccable. There’s no doubt.”

Hannibal’s fingers withdrew from the scalpel. He rested his elbows on his chair’s armrests and
steepled his hands in front of his chest. He asked Jack in his usual composed manner, “Have you told Will?”

Jack shook his head, “I wanted to tell your first.”

“Why?”

“I needed to see how you would react. To put it bluntly, Hannibal, you are wealthy, and I was afraid that you would be worried about Will making some kind of claim on you. I need to know what to expect from you in terms of Will. He’s grown to trust you in a remarkably short time. Will needs someone he can trust.”

“I am not worried that Will would make any demands on me. Quite the opposite, I fear that he will withdraw from me completely.”

Hannibal got up from his chair with that and said to Jack, “Would you like a drink?”

“Bourbon if you have it.”

Hannibal went to the cabinet and poured two drinks. He drank half of his and refilled it before returning to his desk. He handed Jack’s his drink before resuming his seat behind his desk.

“Hannibal, you were saying,” prompted Jack.

“I am far more concerned about Will. While I am surprised that circumstances brought me together with an adult illegitimate son; by the time I was 18, I had already had many lovers, and these things happen. But Will has only ever had one father. He, in a way, has lost a parent and, to a great extent, his identity.”

“So, you don’t think that he already knows that his father isn’t his biological parent?”

“Parents often lie in these circumstances in a mistaken belief that they are protecting the child. Alana had confided in me that Will’s mother left him when he was quite young. Will appears fragile, as I am sure he did as a child as well. So, Mr. Graham had even more of a reason to conceal the truth—to take away both of Will’s parents could have devastated the boy. You must assume that he has no idea when you break the news. And, you should tell him tonight, Jack.”

“Why tonight?”

“I read TattleCrime. Clearly, someone at the FBI, probably on your team, is feeding information about Will to Ms. Lounds. This will be traumatic enough for Will without reading about it there first.”

Jack drained his drink in silence. He put his empty glass down on Hannibal’s desk. Hannibal’s eyes glanced down at the ring forming on the wood. He kept the annoyance from his face.

Jack stood up and as he reached out to shake Hannibal’s hand, he said, “Thank you, Hannibal.”

After Jack left, Hannibal picked up Jack’s used glass and scowled at the ring. He took the glasses back to the cabinet. He poured himself a brandy and picked up a soft cloth. He wiped up the condensation from Jack’s glass with it. He would have to treat the ring properly tomorrow. Hannibal sat down in one of his armchairs and dropped the cloth on the table next to him. After taking a long drink from his glass, he placed it by the cloth. He settled back in his seat, closed his eyes and entered his memory palace.
He walked down a series of corridors to his time in France and found the door he was looking for. Crossing the threshold, he found himself in a bustling Parisian café. He took his seat at a table filled with his fellow students engaged in lively conversation. A small group of young American women entered the café and found a table large enough to accommodate them. When a waiter arrived at their table, all the girls looked expectantly at the same companion. She spoke in fluent but strangely accented French, ordering a bottle of wine. Hannibal admired her profile. She seemed to sense his gaze and turned towards him with a soft smile. Her eyes were exceptional—wide, blue and fringed with dark lashes.

Hannibal opened his eyes and smiled. Will’s eyes. He felt a frisson of excitement. Will was his.

Will’s mind drifted away from warm happiness to confusion once he started driving home to Wolf Trap. Suddenly, he ached for his old home there, to lay on the mattress in his living room surrounded by nothing but his pack. His home with Molly and Walt was much larger, a two-story cabin with plenty of room for his dogs and a preteen boy. He always had his study to retreat into, but it wasn’t the same. He so desperately wanted to be alone now, to have the time to understand what was going on between him and Hannibal.

His head started to ache, and he dry swallowed a couple of aspirin. He wanted to stop in a bar and drink himself into oblivion. But what would he tell Molly when she picked him up again too drunk to drive? God, Molly. Walter. What the fuck was he thinking? When he was with Hannibal, everything else fell away. He felt open with him, unafraid of being judged. It was a relief, almost comforting, except for the almost unbearable excitement of being near him. When he kissed Hannibal, he felt a level of desire that he’d never experienced before. His attraction towards others had always been muted and often more of a reflection of the other person’s wants. This was different, it was coming from inside of him and it was powerful. He was straight. He was married. But none of that mattered. He felt Hannibal’s darkness rushing towards his own and he wanted to drown in it.

Jack gripped his steering wheel tightly as he drove from Hannibal’s office to Will’s home. He called Bella to let her know that he would be late. They discussed the whole mess about Will and Hannibal at length. Bella cautioned him to be kind with Will, that this would be traumatic for him and the Hobbs’ shooting had only been a week ago. She was right, Bella was always right. But he knew himself, his interest in handling this the “right” way was because he needed Will. They would never catch the Chesapeake Ripper without him. Will’s insights into the Ripper’s kills over the past year had been remarkable. They hadn’t found him, but they had learned more about him since Will joined them than they had in all the years he had been active. He needed Will’s head in the game.

Molly started when the door opened. She and Wally looked up from their jigsaw puzzle to greet Will. He said hello back, not making eye contact. She asked, “Do you need dinner, Will? I have a plate for you in the oven.”

Will looked at her and swallowed, and shook his head as he said, “No, I ate McDonald's. I’m going to my study; I have case files to go over.”

“OK, don’t stay up too late.” Don’t drink too much. Don’t get falling down drunk and wake my son up.
Will nodded and went to his office, not even taking off his coat. Molly wondered if he’d already been drinking, he was radiating guilt.

Molly smiled at Wally and asked, “Do you want some hot chocolate while we finish up this beast?”

Will threw his coat on the leather love seat in his study. He sat down behind his desk and pulled a glass and a bottle from his bottom drawer. He poured himself well over three fingers of bourbon. He took a long drink and grabbed the case files from the copycat killing and the most recent sounder of Ripper murders. He absorbed himself in his work, blocking out thoughts of Hannibal.

Molly pushed Will out of her mind and concentrated on her son. They talked about school, the video games he was playing and strategizing his training this fall and winter for baseball tryouts in the spring. They were most of their way through their jigsaw puzzle when a knock on the door startled them.

“Was Dad expecting someone?”

“I don’t think so, hon.”

Molly answered the door and a let out a sound of surprise when she saw Jack Crawford standing on their porch. He took off his hat before he spoke, “Good evening, Molly. Is Will in?”

Molly replied, “Of course,” as she let Jack in. Jack was quiet as he carefully hung his thing up on the peg coat rack that Will had built.

Molly was taken aback by Jack’s quiet demeanor. He was usually, well, domineering. She gestured towards the door of Will’s study, “He’s working.”

Jack nodded and strode over to the door and knocked. He heard Will’s voice faintly, “Come in.”

Will looked taken aback when he saw Jack come through the door. His brow wrinkled as he said, “I didn’t hear you come into the house.”

When he realized Will wasn’t going to invite him to take a seat, he sat down on the loveseat next to Will’s coat.

Will turned his chair around to face him and asked him gruffly, “What are you doing here, Jack? You know I like to keep my work and family life separate.”

Jack restrained himself from pointing out that Will’s desk was currently overrun with crime scene photos of Ripper kills. He reminded himself of Bella’s advice and attempted to sound warm as he said, “There’s something I need to tell you regarding the evidence at the Hobbs’ house.”

Will drew back in his chair, his face guarded, but didn’t say anything, clearly waiting for Jack to continue. Jack wondered if it was his words or his tone of voice that was making Will wary. As usual, Bella gave great advice to Jack about handling people and as usual he failed at it.

Jack cleared his voice and continued, “It’s about the DNA evidence. Samples, of course, were taken at the scene and we found a peculiarity.”

“A peculiarity?”
Will rolled his eyes and said in an exasperated tone, “When I asked that, I meant what was the peculiarity, Jack?”

Jack gritted his teeth, God, the boy was sassy. He exhaled through his nose and spoke in his more usual authoritative tone, “I need you to prepare yourself.”

Will quirked an eyebrow and asked archly, “Do I need a drink?”

Jack replied in a serious tone, “Yes.”

“Do I need a lawyer?”

“What?” Jack shook his head, “No, it’s nothing like that. I think we should both have a drink.”

Will pulled a second glass out of his bottom drawer and poured them both a drink.

Jack gulped down half of his in one go. He stared at his glass for a moment then looked up at Will. He took a deep breath and said, “There was a match between yours and Lecter’s DNA.”

Will frowned, “What do you mean a match? To another crime scene?”

“No, no. To each other.”

Will looked even more confused and snapped, “What do you mean ‘to each other’?”

“He’s your father, Will.”

Will burst out laughing. He started to speak, “Jesus, Jack, is this some kind of…” He trailed off when he saw Jack’s face. He stuttered out, “Jack, that’s fucking impossible.”

Jack looked down at his hands for a moment. He got up and squeezed Will’s shoulder and said softly, “I’m sorry, Will.”

Will shook off Jack’s hand. He looked up at him and said defiantly, “No, it doesn’t make any sense.”

“Will, I think you should call your Dad and ask him about it.”

Will replied quietly, “Get out, Jack.”

Will buried his head in hands, gripping his hair tightly. He barely registered the sound of his study door shutting. After a few minutes, he raised his head up out of his hands and picked his cell phone up off his desk. His Dad picked up after three rings.

“Graham.”

Will smiled at the gruff greeting, just like his, “Hi, Dad.”

“Is everything ok, Will? Molly told me what happened last week.”

Will went silent.

“Son?”

Will forced himself to respond, “Dad, look something came up about DNA when they were
investigating the scene.”

“You’re not in any kind of trouble over the shooting, are you?”

“No, it was ruled as justified. It’s about me and a colleague,” Will let out a shaky breath, “Dad, they’re saying he’s my biological father.”

He heard his father sigh before he asked quietly, “Is he Lithuanian?”

Will bit his lip hard enough that it bled.

“Will?”

Will pressed a finger to his lip and stared at the blood on his finger. He responded quietly, “Yes, he is, Dad.”

“I’m so sorry that you had to find out this way. Your mom and I agreed not to tell you. After, she left, it seemed like the best thing to do. I was afraid that you’d be taken from me. By the time you grew up, it seemed too late to tell you.”

Will stood up and started pacing as he asked, “What happened?”

“Your mother’s folks weren’t fond of me. When we graduated from high school, they gave your mother the money to join a group of her girlfriends that were going to Europe for the summer. I think they were hoping if she saw a bit of the world, she’d find me lacking. I was foolish about it. I tried to force her not to go. So, she broke up with me and went. When she came home, we made up. Then she found out she was pregnant, she assured me that she had no interest in the father. It was just a brief fling. We decided to get married and raise you as mine.”

“Oh, God.”

“Will, I love you. The commitment I made to raise you didn’t leave with her. You will always be my son.”

“I love you too, Dad. I just wish I had known before this.”

“Are you going to be alright?”

“Yeah, it’s just a shock. I need to go now. “

“OK, son, tell Molly and Wally that I love them.”

Will dropped his phone when his father hung up. He thought about Hannibal, his mouth on his, his hands on his body. God. God. God. He felt his breathing speeding up to the point where he was gasping. His heart was thundering. He had to breathe, he had to breathe, or he was going to pass out. He concentrated on regulating his breathing. Forcibly pulling his breath into his lungs and exhaling completely. The pace of his breathing gradually slowed down. His heartbeat was still rapid, but not like before. He sat down on the floor with his back against the love seat. He pulled his knees up and pressed his thighs tightly against his chest and bowed his head. He put his hands up to his ears and squeezed his eyes shut.

He didn’t hear the knocking on his door or Molly calling his name. He didn’t hear her come in or her gasp when she found him sitting on the floor. Will finally became aware of her when she was prying his hands off his ears. She kept saying his name until he opened his eyes and looked at her.
She asked him, “Will, what is it? What’s going on?”

He stared blankly at her, saying nothing and shaking uncontrollably. Molly pulled him to her and started rocking him, stroking him and assuring him everything would be OK.
Passion

Chapter Summary

Hannibal moved, so that he stood a few inches in front of Will. He ran a thumb tenderly over one of the dark circles under Will’s eyes. He asked in a low voice, “Did you sleep at all last night?”

Will pushed Hannibal’s hand away gently as he responded, “No.” Will’s gaze dropped to the Windsor knot in Hannibal’s blood orange tie. Hannibal reached out to Will again, tipping his chin back up with two fingers. He dropped them as soon as Will’s gaze met his. Speaking in a firm tone, he said, “William, we have to speak.”

Hannibal took a moment to savor the aroma of his coffee before taking his first sip. He slathered a croissant with jam and began to read TattleCrime on his iPad. Normally, he would never do so while eating, but he was sure that someone in the Graham family would and he wanted to be prepared for Will reaching out to him. Before he could read past the first paragraph, his cell phone rang. A tremor of excitement ran through him at the thought of Will needing him. He felt both disappointment and annoyance when he saw that it was Alana. He debated whether to let it go to voicemail. But she would just call back on the hour if he didn’t answer. He composed his face to one of friendliness and picked up on the fourth ring.

“Good morning, Alana.”

“Hello, Hannibal. Have you read TattleCrime this morning?”

Hannibal frowned slightly at Alana’s discourtesy, no apology for calling so early or an enquiry about his well-being.

“I am ashamed to admit that I have.”

“Did you see Freddie’s article about you and Will?”

“I was barely through the lede when you called.”

Alana, outrage in her tone, replied, “I thought that would be enough to upset you. She’s attacked Will repeatedly with wild speculations, but this is beyond the pale. He should sue her for libel.”

“Alana, someone cannot be sued for libel when they have written the truth,” responded Hannibal smoothly.

There was more than a moment of silence. Hannibal smirked as he asked with a tinge of concern in his voice, “Are you still there, Alana?”

Alana asked, shock clear in her voice, “You’re Will’s father?”

“Yes, what Ms. Lounds reported was true, I am Will’s biological father. The implication of how she managed to obtain information from an active FBI investigation is most concerning.”

Alana let out an exasperated huff and said tersely, “That’s what’s concerning to you? What about
Will? When Jack spoke to me about having you clear Will for duty and take him on as a patient, I felt it was unethical, since you were directly involved in the Hobbs’ incident. But I know Will and how impossible it is to persuade him to see a therapist and he actually wanted you, so, I agreed that it was the best course of action. Clearly, we’ll have to find him a referral.”

“I don’t see why.”

“Hannibal, how can you even—” Alana interrupted herself, “There is absolutely no way that Will can be your patient.”

“Will and I have already decided not to have therapy sessions but rather to have conversations.”

Alana’s voice rose as she sputtered out, “It doesn’t matter what the two of you decide to call it, it is a therapeutic relationship.”

Hannibal remained calm, infuriatingly so to Alana’s thinking, “You talk to Will and you are a psychiatrist. Why is it different for me?”

“I am not engaging in a therapeutic relationship with him.”

Hannibal smiled to himself and said, “Are you not? You told me that you steered away from a romantic relationship with Will in the past because you realized that you wouldn’t be able to turn off your desire to psychoanalyze and help him. But you have repeatedly in the past year advised Jack that Will is not stable enough to work in the field. You have even conversed with his wife about your concerns without informing him. I think you would be better served reflecting on your own ethics, as well as your motivations, regarding your interference in Will’s life.”

Alana was stunned into silence.

Hannibal, who had maintained the same warm tone throughout the conversation, continued courteously, “Alana, if that is all you have to say, I will bid you adieu. I still need to dress for work.”

Alana mumbled a good-bye and hung up.

Hannibal smiled to himself as he went upstairs, the grey and blue windowpane today.

Will opened his eyes and blinked a few times, the pale sunlight in his and Molly’s bedroom aggravating his blossoming headache. He rolled on his side away from the window, no Molly. He felt exhausted. He had slept fitfully, the past few weeks’ events playing on an endless loop in his head. The door opened softly, and he looked up at Molly, so sweet and lovely holding a cup of coffee for him. Will propped a couple of pillows against the headboard and sat up, leaning his back against them.

Molly sat on the bed next to him and handed him the coffee. He took it and smiled his thanks. After he took a couple of swallows, he said, “You must have some questions.”

Molly leaned over to kiss his forehead and then resumed her place by his side. She replied, “You can tell me what happened with Jack if you’re ready.”

Will took a deep breath and exhaled. He looked at her and started to speak but was interrupted when their bedroom door flew open and Wally ran in, phone in hand. Molly was about to admonish him for not knocking first, she stopped herself when she saw his agitation. It hadn’t mattered in a
while anyway.

“Dad, John texted me a link to TattleCrime,” the words came tumbling out of Wally, so rushed that they were barely intelligible “It says that Grandpa Graham isn’t really your father. Who’s this Hannibal Lecter guy? Is it true that he was there when you shot Jacob Garrett Hobbs? Did he really kill that girl?”

Will took a long, steadying breath. Fucking Freddie Lounds. He looked up at Wally, saw his confusion, but worse his doubt. He didn’t dare look over at Molly. Will replied calmly, “Yes, sport, Doctor Lecter is my biological father, but my dad is still my dad. He’s the only one that ever will be. I only found out last night from Jack Crawford. Doctor Lecter did kill Abigail Hobbs, but it was an accident. She was coming at me with a knife, he grabbed her, and, in the struggle, she hit her head and it killed her.”

Will focused his attention completely on his stepson, the boy was warring over believing him. He wanted to but he didn’t fully trust him. Will felt chilled when he realized that this wasn’t new. Wally had never really trusted him, even before he started working for Jack, when Will started withdrawing from Molly and from him. Will held out his hand towards Wally, gesturing at the phone. Wally brought it over to Will and handed it to him without speaking.

Will’s jaw tightened when he read the headline, The Family That Slays Together Stays Together. It went downhill from there.

“Sources in the FBI disclosed to this reporter that DNA taken from the blood-soaked home of accused murderer and cannibal, Jacob Garrett Hobbs proves the FBI’s pet psychopath, profiler Will Graham, is the biological son of one Dr. Hannibal Lecter. The good doctor, a psychiatrist, was brought in by the BAU’s Agent-in-Charge Jack Crawford, who has made questionable choices in the past, as a kind of handler for Graham. According to one source, a colleague of both Dr. Lecter’s and Crawford’s suggested that Graham needed psychiatric help in order to keep working in the field. The same colleague actively campaigned to return him to the classroom where he belongs.

As reported here at TattleCrime previously, events took a tragic turn when the profiler and his psychiatrist were allowed to work in the field, independent of any supervision by an actual Special Agent. Graham’s title is Special Investigator; he was unable to pass the FBI’s psychological evaluation to work as an agent. While cleared of wrongdoing, the fact remains that Graham fatally shot a suspect nine times and Dr. Lecter caused the death of seventeen-year-old Abigail Hobbs, albeit “in defense of Will Graham’s life.” And then there is the question of whether Graham and Lecter were aware of their relation prior to Crawford bringing the doctor aboard to evaluate and support the unstable profiler.

An anonymous source in the FBI claims that Graham seemed unusually angry with Crawford at the Minnesota Shrike’s last crime scene, found a day before the destruction of the Hobbs’ family. “He even referenced Lecter at the end of their conversation. He seemed to have a great deal of resentment towards the guy which made me wonder what his beef was? Now, it seems like we know, he didn’t want Daddy looking over his shoulder.”

While the powers that be at the FBI might turn a blind eye to Graham’s considerable psychological problems and Crawford’s dubious judgment, this reporter will continue to pursue the truth.”

Will threw the phone against the wall. Molly and Wally froze as the phone fell to the floor; screen cracked. Will was panting, his face contorted by rage. Eventually, Will’s breathing slowly returned to normal and his face stilled. His wife and stepson looked at each other silently. Will sat on the bed unmoving, staring blankly at the wall for several minutes. Finally, he snapped out of his fugue,
his brow creased as he looked at Wally and said, “I’m sorry. We’ll go into town and pick you up a new one today.”

Wally nodded in response. Molly got off the bed and walked over to her son. She tilted his head up to look into his eyes and said, “Why don’t you get yourself some breakfast, Will and I need to talk.”

Her son gave her a questioning look, but when she smiled at him reassuringly, he left the room.

Molly turned back towards her husband, arms crossed against her chest and in low voice thrumming with anger demanded, “What the hell was that, Will?”

Will looked at her confused. She crossed over to him and leaned her face into his and growled, “How dare you frighten my child that way. I don’t care how angry you are, you can’t do that to him. You need to start controlling yourself around him.”

Before Will could respond, his cellphone rang. He looked over at it to see the caller. As he reached over to it, Molly hissed, “Don’t you dare.”

He picked it up with a gruff, “Hello, Jack.”

Molly rolled her eyes and exhaled angrily. She slammed the door shut on her way out of the bedroom.

“Will, we have a body, it looks like it’s another Ripper killing.”

Will arrived at the crime scene an hour later, unkempt and under caffeinated. He had dressed as quickly as he could after Jack hung-up. He felt it best to avoid the kitchen where Molly and Walter sat eating and speaking quietly to one another. Will couldn’t see the tableau yet; it must be further into the woods. Jack walked over to him and greeted him with, “It’s about time you got here.”

Will didn’t hesitate, he pulled his arm back and punched Jack so hard that he broke his nose. Will smiled as Jack’s blood splashed onto his face. He heard Hannibal’s voice behind him saying his name questioningly in a concerned voice.

Then louder, “Will, can you hear me?”

Jack was staring at him confused, nose perfectly intact. He felt strong hands turning him around and he was face to face with Hannibal whose visage was etched with worry. Will nodded and said hoarsely, “I can hear you.”

Hannibal’s hands went to Will’s temples and tilted his head up to examine his eyes. He dropped one hand to Will’s shoulder and placed the other one on his forehead and said, “You’re feverish. You shouldn’t be here.”

Jack cleared his throat and said, “I’m sure that Will is capable of making that decision for himself, Dr. Lecter.”

Will glanced over to where Zeller, Price and Katz stood watching them. Price and Katz nodded hello, but Zeller’s eyes dropped to the ground.

Jack said loudly, “Will. Let’s go.”

Jack led Will through the trees for about five minutes, Hannibal trailing behind. When they reached a clearing, Will looked up. His eyes widened. He stared for a few moments, then his eyes
closed, and the pendulum swung.

I’m driving slowly through a disreputable part of Baltimore. The only people on the sidewalks are young men, some dressed skimpily as women, some in leather and some in jeans and t-shirts. I find the one that I am looking for, dark curly hair, alabaster skin and blue eyes. I pull my car over to the curb when he is standing, fortunately alone. I role down my window, he leans in and looks surprised, the non-descript car belied my appearance. He takes in my expensive clothes. I smile at him charmingly and unlock the door for him. He hesitates but his cupidity wins out and he opens the door and slides into the passenger seat of the car.

“There’s a parking lot near here. I can give you directions.”

I shake my head and say, “You’re much too beautiful for that.”

The boy frowns and I continue, “I will pay you for the night.”

I watch the young man run the tip of his tongue across his lower lip. I can practically hear his thoughts. He knows that he shouldn’t go somewhere unknown with me. But he sees my obvious wealth and a plan forms. He’ll incapacitate me and take my wallet and watch. He smiles sweetly and says, “Whatever you want, Daddy.”

I drive him back to my house and park next to the car I normally drive. It is easily identifiable, so I never use it when I hunt. I take him through the door between the garage and the house. It is late enough that none of my neighbors are awake, but I won’t take any chances. I have already taken more risks that I should, but I can’t resist the call of this tableau.

He follows me docilly. I lead him through to my parlor. I ask him if he’d like a drink. He, of course, says yes. I leave him to exam the room, eyes searching for anything that he can take. He hadn’t planned on being brought to my home. It gives him an unexpected opportunity, but there is the problem of him getting out of the neighborhood without being noticed. He’s confident that I wouldn’t risk my reputation by calling the police, but a nosy neighbor might spot him and call 911. He is essentially trapped without realizing it.

I return with the wine. He smiles shyly, looking up at me through the fringe of his lashes. He takes a drink and compliments me on my home. After taking a sip of wine, I place my glass on the table. I walk over to him and take the glass of wine away from him and place it next to mine. I circle behind him and slip an arm across his chest and pull him flush against me. My hand slips unobtrusively into my pocket. The needle is in his neck before he can react. He struggles briefly and then collapse against me. I pull my arm back and he falls to the floor. I strip him completely and bundle his clothing in a bag to be burnt later. I carefully clean up all traces of him in my home, wiping down anything he may have touched and washing his wine glass.

I bundle him into the trunk of my car along with the bag of clothes and the items that I will need to complete my piece. I drive with him to the spot that I had chosen to display my creation. I will not be interrupted here. I don’t want him to wake up and have his struggling damage the body, so I inject him again, this time with a fatal dose. I am not punishing him, so it doesn’t matter.

This is my design.

Will opened his and eyes and stared at what the Ripper had left him. A man bearing a striking resemblance to him crucified on a wooden cross, a white cloth draped over his loins. The plaque above his head read FBI instead of INRI. A branch of white flowers twisted around his head replacing the crown of thorns. Red flowers flowed from the wound on his side. He felt Hannibal move behind him, bending his head slightly, he spoke in Will’s ear, “It seems that you have an
Jack walked over to Will and Hannibal and asked, “What does it mean, Will?”

Will blinked at him, astonished. What the fuck do you think it means? He responded, “Get Price over here, I need him to tell me the significance of the flowers.”

Jack left to find Price. Hannibal moved, so that he stood a few inches in front of Will. He ran a thumb tenderly over one of the dark circles under Will’s eyes. He asked in a low voice, “Did you sleep at all last night?”

Will pushed Hannibal’s hand away gently as he responded, “No.” Will’s gaze dropped to the Windsor knot in Hannibal’s blood orange tie. Hannibal reached out to Will again, tipping his chin back up with two fingers. He dropped them as soon as Will’s gaze met his. Speaking in a firm tone, he said, “William, we have to speak.”

“Not here.”

“Of course, not. Do you want to meet me at my office tonight?”

Will flinched, “Not the office.”

“Then my house, seven o’clock. I’ll make you dinner.”

Price was rapidly approaching, so Will didn’t put up a fight and nodded in agreement. Zeller as usual, walked beside his friend and co-worker with Jack following the pair. Katz must have stayed behind. Will noted that Zeller again refused to meet his eyes. Price, chipper as ever, addressed Will, “Jack tells me you want to know the meaning of the flowers.”

He pointed to the wreath around the dead man’s head and said, “The crown is made from Sweet Williams. White symbolizes purity. I don’t think I need to explain that in this case the significance is in the name, but in Victorian times they did symbolize gallantry. The red ones coming out of the stab wound are Camellias, they symbolize several things: excellence, loneliness and destiny.”

Will flushed and shifted uncomfortably, he could feel his co-workers’ eyes on him, questioning. Hannibal drew their attention to himself, when he said wryly, “Apparently the Ripper reads TattleCrime.”

Will smiled at him, while the others frowned, confused. Hannibal continued, “The Ripper sees Will as Christ, betrayed, crucified, and sacrificed to cleanse the world of sin. Metaphorically, of course—his crucifixion is in the press and the FBI appears to be willing to sacrifice Will’s psychological well-being in order to catch killers. The betrayal, of course, is literal, someone in the FBI who works closely with Will is feeding information to Ms. Lounds.”

Will and Hannibal gazed at each other for a few moments before Will spoke, “The Ripper didn’t take any organs this time. He didn’t harvest the body, because it would have ruined the aesthetic and undercut the message of his creation. The victim was picked strictly for his resemblance to me and not because he offended the Ripper as his previous victims had.”

Jack frowned and spoke, “I don’t like it Will, first the Ripper leaves you Cassie Boyle to help you with the Shrike case and now this. He’s taking an interest in you and I want to know why.”

Will felt a flare of anger, fueled further when he heard Zeller snort derisively. He responded curtly to Jack, “You’ll have to ask the Ripper.”
Hannibal placed a hand on Will’s shoulder as he spoke authoritatively to Jack, “Will has been here long enough. You have what you need from him for now. He can send you his complete profile later. He needs to go home.”

Jack huffed impatiently but didn’t contradict him. Will felt irritated by Jack’s reaction. Hannibal he would listen to. His attention snapped back to Hannibal when his hand brushed his arm. Hannibal said to him warmly, “Go, Will. I will see you at seven.”

Will nodded and walked back to his car alone.
Hannibal looked down at his hands, he was gripping his dessert fork so tightly that his knuckles were white. He looked back up at Will, his eyes smoldering as he asked him, “Am I Hades and my home the Underworld?”

Will gazed at his reflection in Molly’s full-length mirror, a family heirloom. He had pulled together an outfit from the smartest items in his limited wardrobe, black dress shirt, black slacks—thankfully unused since they were last dry-cleaned—and a silver and black striped tie—a Father’s Day present from Wally. He had managed to tame his curls with Molly’s hairdryer and mousse. His eyes moved unbidden to the long, still healing gash on his face. His finger traced alongside of it, he knew that it would not always look pink and raw. It would fade to white, but it would always be there.

“Well, hello, handsome.”

Will’s eyes met Molly’s in the mirror, and he smiled at her.

She walked over to him and snaked her arms around him. She playfully tugged his tie and said, “I can’t remember that last time that I saw you dressed up. Dr. Lecter must be a fancy man to warrant a tie for dinner.”

Will stiffened slightly.

“Are you OK with this dinner, Will?”, asked Molly, a crease in her brow.

Will turned around and pulled her tight. He said softly, “It’s all happened so fast. I only met him a few weeks ago and now this.” Will pressed his forehead against Molly’s and sighed. He spoke quietly, “There’s something I haven’t told you.”

Molly pulled away, so that she could look him in the face as she replied, “What is it?”

Will took Molly’s hand and led her to the bed. As they sat down on the edge of it, he looked down at the rug. He explained, “Last night, I wasn’t late because I was working. I was at Hannibal’s office. Jack wanted me to see him to be evaluated and cleared for the field. More than that, I was supposed to start therapy with him. It was our first session.”

I told him about my sex with a monster dream. Then I pushed him onto the floor, shoved my tongue in his mouth and started to rip his clothes off.

Molly squeezed his hand and said, “Did you want him to be your psychiatrist?”

Will nodded.

“I’m sorry, Will. You must really trust him. It must make all of this so much weirder.”

Yes, there is that and the sex dreams that I have been having about him since I met him. And how it felt when I kissed him, when I felt his hand on my bare back. The way we looked at each other in
the Hobbs’ kitchen. The way we saw each other.

“We work together, too. Then the Lounds article coming out. Hannibal thought we should talk.”

Molly smiled at him and said, “I think he’s right.”

Will looked down at his watch. He kissed Molly on the forehead and said, “I better get going. Don’t wait up for me.”

As he started to rise off the bed, Molly grabbed his arm and said, “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Will looked at her, puzzled. Molly grabbed his glasses off the bedside table. As she handed them to him, she teased, “How far will you get if you can’t see where you’re going?”

Will arrived fifteen minutes early to Hannibal’s house which was uncomfortably grand from the outside. He debated staying in the car until seven o’clock, but decided he was being ridiculous. He took off his glasses and put them in the glove compartment, before walking up to the house and ringing the doorbell.

Hannibal opened the door and was taken slightly aback, Will had styled his hair but more importantly his eyes were bare. Those eyes, so beautiful and with such tantalizingly hidden depths.

“May I come in?”

Hannibal smiled and swept an arm towards the foyer, Will noticed his accent was thicker than usual as he spoke, “Of course, Will. Welcome to my home.”

Will unbuttoned his coat and Hannibal slipped it off him to hang it up on a wooden hanger in a small closet built with the door flush to the wall, barely noticeable.

“Dinner’s almost ready, come to the kitchen with me.”

Will took note of the décor as he followed Hannibal to the kitchen, it was elegant, but curiously macabre.

When they reached the kitchen, Will was amused when Hannibal took off his jacket, rolled up his shirtsleeves and tied an apron around his waist. His mouth quirked as he asked, “Do you always put your jacket back on to greet guests?”

Hannibal looked taken aback by the question but murmured a yes in response.

Will smiled and resisted the urge to tease him further. Instead he asked, “Can I help?”

“No, thank you,” he wrinkled his brow and continued, ”How rude of me, I haven’t offered you a drink. Would you care for a glass of wine?”

“Yes, please.”

Hannibal poured a glass of red wine from the bottle sitting next to the cutting board. He walked over to where Will was leaning against the wall to hand it to him. When Hannibal’s fingers grazed his, Will looked up at him and thanked him softly. Hannibal could feel Will’s discomfort grow as his fingers and gaze lingered a little too long. His eyes dropped as his fingers moved from Will’s. When he spoke his voice was rough, “If you would like, you can go through to the dining room, dinner’s almost ready.”
Will nodded and went through the arch dividing the kitchen and dining room. The room was impressively large, bigger than Molly and Will’s kitchen and opulently but idiosyncratically decorated. He walked over to the painting above the fireplace. Who has a fireplace in their dining room? The painting was of a naked woman about to have carnal knowledge with a swan. Hannibal walked up behind him as he contemplated it. Will started and said, “Jesus Christ, Hannibal, I should but a bell on you,”

Will could feel the amusement coming off him, not surprising considering how close he was standing to him. Practically touching.

“What do you think of it?”

“Leda and the Swan, interesting choice.”

“Are you familiar with the myth?”

“Zeus disguises himself as a swan to seduce a queen. One of many women.“

“Yes, he even transformed himself into a dragon once.”

Will turned around, trying his best not to brush against Hannibal in the process. “I’m not familiar with that myth. Who was he seducing?

“Persephone, his daughter.”

“I thought she was married to Hades.”

“He abducted her after.” Hannibal gestured to the table, “Please, have a seat, I will bring out dinner.”

Will took his place and looked at the ornate center piece, dark violet orchids, almost black, cascading from a silver bowl, small bleached skulls were artfully placed on the table between the trailing blossoms. Silver candelabra and firelight illuminated the room.

As Hannibal placed his plate in front of Will, he announced, “Wild mushroom risotto. I gathered the mushrooms myself, a combination of chicken of the woods, boletes, chanterelles and lion’s mane.”

As Hannibal seated himself, Will commented, “I didn’t peg you as a vegetarian.”

His host smirked and replied, “I most certainly am not one. As you know perfectly well from the breakfast that I brought to you. You should still be eating soft foods. I thought you might be tired of mac and cheese.”

Hannibal smiled and cast his eyes to Will’s plate and then looked at him expectantly. Will took a bite of the risotto and closed his eye involuntarily. An mmmh escaped from his lips. When he opened his eyes, Hannibal was staring intently at him. Will could not look away as he said, a little breathlessly, “It’s incredible.”

Hannibal’s tongue wet his lips and replied huskily, “I am delighted to hear you say that.”

Will, flushing, asked, “Did you see that Freddie has already published photos from the crime scene?”

“Yes, and another attack on you, questioning what it is about you that attracts the Ripper.”
Will’s hand started to go up to his face to push up his glasses before he remembered that they weren’t there. He grunted, “The Ripper is sending me messages, that’s hardly attraction.”

“Do you need your glasses to see?”

Will paused before responding, “No.”

“They are a shield?”

“Yes.”

“Does your wife know?”

“No. Can we get back to the Ripper?”

“Jack told me that you think that the Copycat is the Ripper,” Hannibal arched an eyebrow and asked, “How did you reach that conclusion?”

Will realized two things, that they had not broken eye contact since he complimented him on the risotto and that Hannibal was wearing a different suit than this morning, midnight blue, the material has a sheen to it, maybe silk. He had paired it with a burgundy shirt, a tie and pocket square in the same color as the shirt. He suddenly saw Hannibal in his dressing room, trying on and discarding different suits as he readied himself for Will. Will’s stomach clenched.

“Will, did you hear me?” his host asked with a wrinkled brow.

“Yes, of course. I could feel it was him. His style is unmistakable. The need to peacock is new: not to just show me what I needed to see, but to impress me. To forge an intimacy by using his art to enlighten me, to draw me to what he had seen with Hobbs.”

“Peacocks use their plumage to attract a mate. An interesting choice of words.”

Will looked down at his plate as he grumbled, “You sound like Freddie Lounds.”

“Ms. Lounds hinted at sexual attraction caused by a mutual bloodlust. Nonsense. The Ripper sees into your soul and finds you beautiful. He wants you to see him, his true self.”

“Can anyone see someone else’s true self?”

“It does not happen easily. Each person’s forts must be broken down brick by brick. It takes time and desire.”

“Like a seduction.”

“For both people to be stripped bare, it is more than a seduction, it is love.”

“What is seduction for?”

“To get what one wants.”

“Have you found it an effective tool?”

“I think that you have.”

Will snorted, “I’m a scruffy professor with an empathy disorder, hardly seductive.”
“Yet, you get what you want. From Jack, from Alana and, I assume, your wife. The key to seduction is understanding what the other person desires. You do that effortlessly. I can deduce, but you know.”

“But with you. Your forts are built as solidly as mine.”

“But we saw each other at the Hobbs’ residence.”

“Yes, and what does that say about us?”

“That we’re alike.”

Hannibal placed his silverware carefully on his plate and asked, “Are you ready for dessert?”

Will nodded and Hannibal went into the kitchen. He contemplated the dining room, considering the space attentively.

Hannibal returned with the elegantly plated desert. Again, to Will’s amusement, he announced the dish as he placed Will’s slice in front of him, “Pomegranate mousse cake.”

Will waited for Hannibal to settle himself and for that look of expectation to color his features before picking up his fork. He carefully speared a single pomegranate seed from the multitude covering the top of the cake. He brought the fork up to his lips and asked coyly, “Are you trying to trick me into staying here?” He ate the single seed.

Hannibal looked down at his hands, he was gripping his dessert fork so tightly that his knuckles were white. He looked back up at Will, his eyes smoldering as he asked him, “Am I Hades and my home the Underworld?”

Will hummed when he bit into the cake, his eyes closed as he chewed and swallowed. It took all of Hannibal’s control to remain stoic. Will opened his eyes, “Hades was lonely, so he abducted Persephone. This house is in your domain, every inch of it reflecting you. But no one reads the symbols abounding in it. When I picture you in this dining room alone, eating your beautifully made meal, your loneliness makes my heart ache.”

“Do you want to keep me company in Hell, William?”

“I’ve heard that it is better to reign in Hell then to serve in Heaven.”

“Are you tired of serving?”

“I’m tired of being crucified.”

“And betrayed?”

Anger flashed in Will’s eyes; Hannibal noted that it brought out the green in them. He spoke roughly, “I know who my Judas is. Brian Zeller.”

“How do you know?”

“I saw it in him this morning.”

“That explains the scent of Ms. Lounds on him.”

Will asked incredulously, “You smelt her on him?”
“She uses a distinctive and rather cloying shampoo.”

Will laughed, “Psychiatrist, chef and human bloodhound.”

“As you love dogs, I will take that as a compliment.”

“And how do you know I love dogs?”

“We’ve established my olfactory abilities, you clearly live with seven of them, so I assume that you are more than just tolerant of them,” Hannibal smiled, Will noticed that it was quite genuine. “Would you like coffee?”

“I’d prefer whiskey.”

Hannibal stood to clear the table. Will noticed his frown as he picked up his own plate. Will followed him into the kitchen and watched, amused, as Hannibal put his dish on the kitchen island with a slight moue. In a small act of mercy, he placed his own next to Hannibal’s instead of stacking them. He bit his lip as he followed Hannibal into his library. He sat himself on one of two leather armchairs placed close together and tilted towards the fireplace. The distance from the fire was perfect; he was warm but not overheated. Hannibal brought over two crystal tumblers with generous pours of whiskey. He handed one to Will before seating himself. He crossed his legs gracefully and tilted his head as he said, “We have not spoken yet of Jack’s news.”

Will’s eyes drifted towards that fire as he took a sip of his whiskey, Irish and ridiculously smooth. Expensive and elegant like Hannibal’s home, his father’s home he reminded himself. He shifted uncomfortably and kept his gaze on the fire as he said, “How did you know it was true?”

“What do you mean?”

“You didn’t ask for another DNA test to confirm the results that the FBI found. I called my Dad and he told me that he was not my biological father and asked me if you were Lithuanian. So, I didn’t need anymore. Why didn’t you?”

“You have your mother’s eyes.”

“Then you remember her better than I do. Did she mean anything to you? My dad said it was a fling for her.”

“Will, please look at me.”

Will reluctantly turned his face towards Hannibal. The older man spoke, “After, I talked with Jack, I went into my memory palace to look for a possible candidate. When I saw her eyes, I knew.”

“I’ve never known someone who actually uses the memory palace technique. Do you ever escape into it?”

Hannibal grinned wolfishly and confided, “Sometimes when I am in session with one of my more tedious patients.”

Will smirked. He was quiet for a moment before he asked softly, “Are there rooms that you won’t visit?”

Hannibal look up sharply. Will felt grief and anger from Hannibal when he answered, “Yes, there are some doors that I have chained shut. But we have seemingly wandered from the point. Are you uncomfortable talking about what happened yesterday?”
“Only about the part where we were rolling on the floor together like a pair of teenagers, the part where I found out you were my father and the part where I found out my dad had been lying to me my whole life,” Will paused and ran his hands through his hair. He exhaled through his nose loudly and said, “I have never been as drawn this way to someone before. Now, I wonder if it is biological.”

“Do you mean genetic sexual attraction?”

“You’re a psychiatrist, you know there’s no hard science behind that theory. I think in our case, it is narcissism.”

“Why?”

“At the Hobbs house when I looked at you, it was like looking in a mirror. I didn’t look at you and become you, I saw myself in you.”

“And I in you.”

Will took a long drink. He spoke firmly but could not meet Hannibal’s gaze as he said, “That can’t happen again. And don’t play games by asking me which thing.”

Hannibal put down his drink and reached out and took Will’s hands in his as he spoke, “William, look at me,” he paused waiting for him to obey before he continued, “I have never felt this before either. I just want to be close to you however I can. You set the rules. I will be yours in whatever way that you want me.”

“You’re trembling, I can feel it.”

“So are you.”

“I have to go.”

Hannibal let go of his hands, “You’ve drunk too much to drive home. Let me call a car for you.”

Will protested, “I haven’t had that much to drink.”

“You’re well over the legal blood alcohol level for driving.”

“So, it’s doctor’s orders,” he paused, feeling awkward then he asked, “The washroom?”

“Down the hall and to the left.”

Hannibal sat down and at let out a shaky breath. He called his car hire service and arranged for an immediate pickup. He hung up and watched the flames dancing in the fireplace. He had committed countless acts of cruelty without his pulse raising an iota but this boy, his boy, made his heart race. He sensed Will as soon as he came in the room, hesitating in the doorway.

“Come in and take a seat. I have something for you.”

He went to his desk and pick up an elegantly wrapped box. He placed it in Will’s lap once he was seated. Will unwrapped it and took off the lid. It was a scarf, Will ran his fingers over it, cashmere and the shade matched his eyes perfectly. He looked up at Hannibal, who stood above him, and said, “Thank you. It’s beautiful.”

Hannibal knelt at his feet and took the scarf from the box. He folded it neatly in half-length wise and then perfectly in half. He draped it across Will’s neck. He pulled the ends through the loop
created by the fold. He adjusted it to his standards. He looked up at Will and said, “Something to keep you warm.”

He stood and offered his hand to Will and said, “Come, the car will be here shortly.”

Will hesitated but took the hand and Hannibal guided him up onto his feet. Hannibal let go of his hand and Will followed him into the foyer. Hannibal opened the coat closet and helped Will on with his coat. He murmured in his ear, “I have something else for you.”

Will stood silently as Hannibal pulled a black cap out from the closet. It was made of wool with a soft crown and stiff bill, decorated with braid and embroidery. He turned Will around to face him and placed it on his head. Will asked, “What is it?”

“A Greek sailor’s cap, I knew that you would wear it well.”

Will’s hands moved up to button his coat as he said, “Thank you.”

Hannibal pushed his hands away and started buttoning up his coat for him, stopping to carefully tuck the scarf into the coat before he finished buttoning it. His hands lingered on Will’s chest, he spoke, his eyes demurely looking at the scarf, “If you would rather, I can cancel the car and you can stay here tonight. Drive back home tomorrow morning.”

He felt Will stiffen and he added, “I have a guest room.”

Will covered Hannibal’s tenderly and spoke so lowly that it was almost a whisper, “I have to go.”

Hannibal allowed himself to enjoy the feeling of Will’s hands on his and the intoxicating bouquet of his arousal. Sensing how much he wanted Hannibal made it difficult to do what he needed to. Lose the battle and win the war. He looked down into Will’s eyes and murmured, “Of course, I’ll arrange to have a car to take you to Quantico tomorrow morning.”

“I’ll still need to pick up my car.”

“I can meet you after your last class and bring you back here to collect it. Does that suit you?”

Will squeezed Hannibal’s hands gently, letting them go as he asked, “Isn’t that inconvenient for you?”

Hannibal slid one hand up from Will’s chest and across his neck and throat. He cupped his chin, tilting his head, commanding Will’s gaze. His eyes were hooded. He stared into Will’s eyes, wild as the ocean, and confessed, “It gives me pleasure to take care of you.”

Hannibal’s phone buzzed. He let go of Will reluctantly as he told him, “The car’s here. I will walk you out.”

Hannibal shrugged on his own coat and escorted Will out into the cold to the black town car waiting in his driveway. He opened the door for him, but before Will could slide into the car, Hannibal stopped him. He placed his hands on either side of Will’s face and bent down to kiss his forehead. His hands slid down Will sleeves. Will pressed his forehead against Hannibal’s and whispered, “Good night.”

He pulled away and got into the car. Hannibal stood in the dark watching the car drive off.
Crisis

Chapter Summary

She thought about last night, the way he looked when he came home, the sleepwalking and now this. She grabbed a shot glass and a bottle of bourbon. She drank a shot, poured herself out another one and slammed it down.

Molly was curled up on the couch, reading and sipping a glass of white wine. The absence of Will in their bed made her too restless to sleep. She felt a surge of warmth when she heard the door open. However, when she saw Will a feeling of unease arose in her, almost as if a stranger had entered her home. The long pink scar down his face, the black cap and then his eyes—vibrant, not just because the scarf brought out the intensity of their color, but the look in them. She had never felt so much emotion coming from them. He felt wild.

Then he smiled at her, that familiar sweet crook of his mouth. He was back, her Will was standing there. Instead of saying hello, to her astonishment, she blurted out, “Where are you glasses?”

Will’s hand shot up to feel for them. They weren’t there. He felt his face warm in embarrassment. He stuttered out, “I must have left them in the car.”

Molly’s brow creased and her eyes squinted as she asked, confused, “Did you drive without them?”

Will shifted from one foot to the other and bit the inside of lip. He exhaled and said, “I didn't drive home, Hannibal hired a car to drive me. We had whiskey after dinner, and he was concerned about me driving home.”

Molly reigned back the desire to ask him how much he had to drink. That conversation never went well. Instead she asked him, “Did Hannibal give you the hat and scarf?”

Will nodded.

Molly continued, “He has incredible taste. You look,” she paused and then continued, “dashing.”

Will remained still for a moment. He forced himself to give a small laugh and to walk over to the coat rack. He unbuttoned the coat, trying to block out the memory of Hannibal’s hands buttoning it, the warmth of his body and the smell of aftershave, masculine and elegant. When he hung up the scarf, his hand caressed the cashmere, soft and silky under his fingers.

“What did he make you for dinner?”

Will sat down on the couch next to Molly, so tender, lovely, and warm. This is what he should want. This was safe. This was comfortable. This was normal. He picked up her hand and curled their fingers together before he answered, “Risotto with wild mushrooms that he gathered himself. Pomegranate mousse cake for dessert.”

Molly looked shocked, but quickly regained her composure. She teased, “A home cooked meal, a ride home and presents. Someone’s ready to be a Daddy.”

Will’s whole body tightened at the word “Daddy.” He felt himself flushing. Molly gave him a
puzzled look and said in a slightly worried tone, “Too soon for joking?”

Will shook his head. He squeezed her fingers and said, “No. You’re right. He is eager to be in my life. I wasn’t expecting that.”

“Does he have any children?”

“No. He’s never been married. I think he’s spent his adult life alone.”

“Then this is a good thing for both of you.”

A small wave of nausea passed through Will. No, it’s really, really not. He pushed Molly’s hair back behind her ear and asked her, “Why do you think it is a good thing for me?”

Molly tilted her head, considering him carefully before she answered, “You’ve told me yourself that your father never could understand you. I feel like Hannibal is better equipped for that. He is a psychiatrist.”

Tell her. Tell her what happened before you found out he was your father. Why you should stay away from him because he clearly still desires you anyway. *I will be yours in whatever way that you want me.*

Will dropped Molly’s hand and bowed his head into his hands. Molly squeezed his shoulder and said gently, “We don’t need to talk about this right now.”

“Sorry, a headache started in the car and it’s getting worse.”

Molly frowned; his headaches were a constant now. She spoke softly, “Let’s get you some aspirin and turn in. We can talk in the morning.”

Will nodded and followed her out of the room.

Will bolted up from the covers, chest heaving. Molly lay fast asleep next to him in the pitch black of the room. Something had awakened him. He stilled his breathing, so that he could hear properly. Hooves? He scanned the room as his vision adjusted. A dark shape lurked in the corner of their bedroom. Will heard a snort and saw it rise from its haunches. A stag. The beast headed toward the door. Will got out of bed and followed it. Suddenly, he was outside in the snow. A full moon illuminated his mysterious guide. A 12-point buck and black as night. Will looked closely and saw that its fur consisted of black feathers, blue-black like a raven’s. The beast looked back at him and snorted again. He started walking into the woods and Will followed him.

Will knew he was leading him to his beautiful Wendigo. Despite the freezing temperature, he felt warm and he was sweating. He could feel his cock swelling in anticipation. The stag stopped and Will heard his sweet beast’s hooves clomping on the ground, coming towards him. The stag left, but Will remained. His eyes widened when the Wendigo emerged from deep within the forest. It came to him and Will held out his open arms to it. It embraced him and Will ran his hands over the cool skin of its back. He stood on his toes and wrapped his hands around the base of its antlers. He tilted up his head and the beast bent his head down to kiss him.

Will groaned as his beast pushed his tongue through the crease of his lips. Will allowed him to plunge his tongue inside, licking and tasting. He grew fully erect as the beast slid his hands down cupping his ass tightly and pushing Will’s groin against his smoothness.

As they kissed and rutted. Will’s hands slipped from the base of antlers and down to its back. The Wendigo’s skin grew warm under his hands. One of Will’s hand slid up to cup the back of its skull
and he felt fine, silky hair under his hands. His rolled off his toes, his feet flat on the snowy ground, and now the Wendigo was only inches taller than he was. Instead of rutting against smooth cold flesh, his cock was rubbing against another one, hard and warm. Will groaned and opened his eyes. Warm brown eyes gazed into his adoringly. He shut his eyes again as Hannibal plundered his mouth.

“Will! Will!”

Will’s eyes flew open and saw the woods in front of their house. He looked down and saw his bare feet planted in the snow. His body was trembling violently. He was clad in only a white undershirt and boxers. He called out in a panicked voice, “Molly.”

Molly came into view, her coat pulled over her flannel night gown, bare legs tucked into warm boots. His coat draped over her arm. She quickly pulled it around his shoulders and said urgently, “Will, we have to go inside now.”

He followed her mutely back into the house. She bundled him into the bathroom and turned on the water. As the water filled the tub, she undressed him. It was impossible not to notice his erection. She pushed it to the back of her mind and helped into the tub. She waited until the water covered him before turning it off. She said firmly to him, “Will, stay in the tub. I am going to make you some tea and be right back.”

Will nodded, still shivering violently. Molly went to the kitchen and started the kettle. As she clumsily dug through the cabinets, boxes fell out and littered the counter. She found the chamomile tea and threw a bag in a large ceramic cup inelegantly painted with sunflowers. Wally had made it when he was ten for Mother’s Day. She worried her thumbnail as she waited for the water to boil. The whistle of the tea kettle broke her reverie. She poured the water into the cup and then stirred in as much honey as it would take.

She carried the cup into the bathroom. Will took it with a trembling hand. As he sipped it, Molly tested the water and turned on the hot tap to warm the bath back up. She kissed him on the top of the head and said, “Finish the whole thing.”

Molly went to their bedroom and ran her hand against the sheets on Will’s side of the bed, they were damp with sweat. She changed the sheets and then dug through the dresser to find the flannel pajamas she had bought for Will for their first Christmas together. He never used them, but he would need them tonight.

She went back to the bathroom and helped Will out of the tub, dried him off and dressed him in the pajamas. After she tucked him into bed, she made two cups of tea. She helped Will sit up and gave him his cup. He drank it silently. She read her book and sipped her tea. Thank god that Wally was spending the night with John. How could she explain this to him?

After Will was done with his tea, he slid under the sheets and turned on his side away from her. Molly turned off her bedside lamp when she couldn’t keep her eyes open. She wondered if Will was asleep or not.

The next morning, Molly awoke to an empty bed. Her stomach rolled. Where was he? She slipped out of bed and as she left the room, she heard noise from downstairs. Will’s voice rang out loud, “God damn it. I know you’re in there.”

A noise she couldn’t identify was succeeded by a loud “Fuck.” She followed Will’s cursing downstairs to their den. He was kneeling on the floor in front of their fireplace, a flashlight in one hand and a broomstick in the other. He was shining the light up the flue and his head was tilted up
to look inside. He was shoving the broomstick up the chimney. He cursed, “I know you’re up there, you little fucker.”

Molly stood staring at her husband for several moments until she found the courage to ask in a placating tone, “What are you doing, Will?”

Will pulled his head out of the fireplace and turned to look at her. His face was blackened with soot. Molly would have laughed if she hadn’t been so frightened. Will asked her in a hoarse voice, “Can’t you hear it?”

“Hear what?”

“The fucking raccoon, Molly,” he pointed at the fireplace, his voice rose as he said, “It’s in the chimney.”

Before Molly could respond, Will brushed past her and out the front door. She stood still and listened carefully. There was nothing in the chimney. She had no idea what to do. When the front door slammed open, she jerked. Will stormed into the den with a sledgehammer. And for the first time in their marriage, she felt afraid that Will would hurt her.

Will ignored her completely and marched over to the fireplace. Without hesitation, he started bashing into the wall above the mantle with the sledgehammer. He kept going until he punched a hole through the drywall and the brick stack behind it. He dropped the sledgehammer and dragged a chair in front of the fireplace. Will hoisted himself up to stand on it. He pushed one arm through the hole to shine a light. He stuck his head part way through to peer into the darkness. After a few minutes, he pulled his head out, turned around and jumped off the chair. He looked at Molly bewildered as the flashlight fell out of his relaxing grip. Molly hesitated, unsure of what to say. Will spoke before she could, “There’s nothing there.”

As Molly struggled for a response, Will walked out of the room. When she heard his office door slam shut, she let out a harsh exhale and walked over to their wet bar. Will had designed and built it himself, it was the only thing in the house that was truly his. All the other furniture, even the desk, chair and loveseat in his office, has been picked out by her. He hadn’t been interested. Sometimes it felt like he was nothing more than a boarder. She thought about last night, the way he looked when he came home, the sleepwalking and now this. She grabbed a shot glass and a bottle of bourbon. She drank a shot, poured herself out another one and slammed it down.

She pulled the cell phone out of her robe pocket and dialed her mother who picked up on the second ring. Molly explained that Will was sick and asked if Wally could spend the weekend with them. To Molly’s considerable relief, her mother had resisted the temptation to ask the question that she was clearly thinking, “Is he on a bender?” Her mother would pick Wally up from John’s house and take him directly to her parents’ house. Molly called the school as soon as she hung up with her mom to let them know that Wally would be absent for the day.

Molly went to the kitchen, grabbed herself a cup of coffee and sat down at the rough-hewn oak table that they ate most of their meals at. The dining room was saved for special occasions. She stared through the still open door out at the woods as she took a long drink of her coffee. What the fuck was that? She debated calling Alana, but she was sure that her presence would make things worse. Will just didn’t hate psychiatrist, he feared them. Once, during a late night of drinking when they were first married, he confessed that his greatest fear was being committed. She didn’t want to take him to a hospital, if they perceived him as a threat to himself or others, he could be TDOed. The sounds of their dogs barking from the enclosure behind the house interrupted her thoughts. Fuck. She would have to feed them.
She pulled on her boots and grabbed the homemade dog food from the refrigerator. Who makes dog-food from scratch? Who has seven dogs for that matter? Why is she surprised now when the same man destroyed a wall in their den to chase down an imaginary raccoon? Molly slammed the backdoor open with a kick. As she dished out the food into the dogs’ food bowls, she continued to berate herself. It wasn’t like he hid his pack of dogs and his drinking from her. She ignored all the red flags including him never talking about why he had left the NOPD. There was something sweet and fragile about him that enticed her and she married him. God, what kind of a man had she brought into her son’s life?

After Molly filled their water bowls with the hose, she opened the back gate. Will was an excellent trainer and the dogs would come back on their own after they had a good romp. She went back into the kitchen and refilled her coffee cup and threw a couple of pieces of bread in the toaster. As she waited for her toast, she sipped her coffee and pondered what to do next. She had to get Will help that he would accept. She thought of Hannibal. According to Alana, he was an excellent psychiatrist.

She decided to bypass calling Alana for Hannibal’s phone number. It would be better to keep her out of it; she dreaded doing anything that would rile Will up more. When her toast popped up, she smothered it with peanut butter and poured herself more coffee. As she ate, she pulled her phone back out of her pocket and Googled Hannibal Lecter. Unsurprisingly, he was the only one in Baltimore. No more stalling. She picked up her phone and dialed his office number. She was beginning to think it would go to voice mail when an accented voice said, “Good morning. Dr. Hannibal Lecter speaking.”

Molly forced herself to respond, “Dr. Lecter, this is Molly Graham, Will’s wife. I, I need your help”

She heard a sharp inhale and then, “Has something happened to Will?”

“Last night I found him outside in the snow. He was in some sort of trance. This morning he busted open a wall with a sledgehammer. He insisted there was a raccoon in the chimney. There wasn’t one. I don’t know what to do.”

“Where is he now?”

“He’s locked in his office. It’s completely quiet in there.”

“Is your son home?”

“No, he was at a friend’s home. I had my mother go pick him up and take him to their house for the weekend.”

“I’m glad, Molly. I do not want to scare you, but it is important that I ask this question. Does Will keep his service weapon in his office?”

Molly felt panic rise in her body, and her voice trembled when she responded, “No, he keeps it in the gun safe in our bedroom.”

The voice on the phone remained steady, “Molly, I need you to go to the bedroom and check to make sure the gun is still there. Are you on a cell phone?”

“Yes, I am. I’m going there now.”

Hannibal continued speaking as she made her way to the bedroom, “Do you have any other guns in the house?”
“Yes, a shotgun and two hunting rifles.”

“Where are they kept?”

“In a locked case in the den,” Hannibal heard a sigh of relief and then Molly spoke again, “It’s here in the safe.”

“That is good, Molly. Can you go and check the gun case?”

As she moved to the den, Hannibal continued to speak, his calm demeanor steadying her, “You said he had a sledgehammer, did he take it into the office with him?”

“No, he dropped it when he didn’t find anything in the wall,” she paused and then continued, “All the guns are in the case.”

“Molly, do you want me to come there?”

“God, yes please. I don’t want to try to get him out of the office on my own and I don’t want to call 911.”

Hannibal did not question her as to why she didn’t want to place an emergency call. This was too good of an opportunity for him. He said gently, “I will arrive in about 45 minutes. Molly, if you hear anything that may indicate he’s hurting himself or you feel threatened in anyway, call 911 immediately.”

“Yes, Hannibal. Thank you.”

“You are welcome, Molly. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

Hannibal hung up his office phone and a smile tugged at his lips. He didn’t want anything terrible to happen to his beautiful boy, but to have his wife call him when he was in distress was delectable. Hannibal went into the bathroom that adjoined his office and looked at himself in the mirror with approval. He was pleased with his choice of the tan tweed this morning, appropriate for country. He adjusted his paisley tie and red pocket square.

Molly took a shower and pulled on some clothes, keeping an ear out for Will the whole time. She busied herself cleaning up the bedroom and kitchen while waiting for Hannibal to arrive. She did not touch the den, she wanted to leave it as is for Hannibal to see. However, she did put away the bottle and shot glass. As she was debating starting in on the bathrooms, she heard a polite knock on the door. She half ran to it. When she opened the door, she was immediately taken aback. She had expected him to have some resemblance to Will, but he must have taken after his mother. She shook her head to clear her thoughts and invited him in.

Molly stared at Hannibal while he took off a gorgeously tailored camelhair overcoat and hung it on a peg with a slight frown. Irrationally, considering the circumstances, she wished that she had a wooden hanger for it. He was big, taller and more powerfully built than Will. His eyes were dark brown with a reddish tint, almost maroon. Will’s features were rounded, his were angular and sharp. He was striking in contrast to Will’s classic beauty. Molly had never seen someone so well dressed. Although there was something vaguely eccentric about the combination of his suit, tie, shirt and, god, was that pocket square? A smooth, accented voice brought her back to reality.

“Molly, has there been any change?”
“No, he’s still in his office.”

Hannibal squeezed her shoulder gently and said, “Why don’t we have a coffee and talk? I would like to have more information about Will before I see him.”

Molly nodded and led him into the kitchen. Hannibal took a seat and watched Molly grab a pair of mugs and fill them. He sized her up. Her roots showed that she wasn’t a natural blonde. Under her jeans and the truly awful flannel shirt she was wearing, lay a pleasingly feminine figure. With some effort, she could be stunning. He was glad that she did not make the effort. Hannibal unconsciously straightened his tie.

She sat down a mug in front of him and asked, “Milk or sugar?”

Hannibal shook his head and said in a courteous tone, “Neither, thank you.”

While Molly seated herself, he took a sip. Hideous. It tasted burnt and the coffee it was made from was obviously stale. Probably from a can. He glared at the Mr. Coffee machine on the counter before he pulled his face into a calm mask. He asked, “Has he had hallucinations before?”

Molly’s eyes started to brim with tears, and she made a concentrated effort not to cry. She tried to steady her voice as she replied, “I don’t think so. But he has been zoning out lately. I’ll have to ask a question more than once or say his name several times to get his attention.”

Hannibal nodded and said, “I noticed that Will takes aspirin frequently. Has he always had headaches?”

“He used to have them occasionally. Over the past few months, they have become more frequent and intense.”

Hannibal reached out and squeezed Molly’s hand gently as he asked, “Has he been violent?”

Molly shook her head and said hesitantly, “He hasn’t hurt either of us. But he seems angrier. When he read Freddie Lounds’ article about you being his father, he exploded. He threw the cell phone against the wall. Then he went completely still for about five minutes. Then he just snapped out of it.”

Hannibal nodded in response, “One last question, Molly. Other than last night’s sleepwalking episode, has he had sleep issues?”

“He used to have the occasional nightmare, but since he started working for Jack, they are almost nightly.”

“Has anything changed in the last few weeks?”

Hannibal’s eyes gleamed with curiosity as Molly shifted in her chair before answering. There was something that she was not comfortable sharing. She said, “His dreams seem to be even more intense. When I wake up in the morning, he’s in the bathroom showering and the sheets are so damp with sweat that I have to change them. He’s not telling me anything about them.”

Hannibal bit back a smile and said, “I should see Will now. Will he come out of the office if you ask?”

“I’m not sure.”

Hannibal followed Molly to the door of Will’s office. She knocked gently and called through the
door, “Will, I’m coming in, is that alright?”

There was no response. Molly tried the door and to her surprise it opened. Will sat on the loveseat facing the doorway. It took a moment for him to register that Molly was there.

Will looked up and saw the Wendigo standing behind Molly dressed in a three-piece suit. He let out a high-pitch scream. He scrambled off the couch and pivoted to hide behind it. He peeked his head above the back, so that he could keep the beast in his sites. The monster gently moved Molly aside and made its way slowly over to Will as though he was the wild creature. It said his name softly, almost seductively. Will let out a whine when it moved behind the couch. The black, antlered creature gently put a hand on each of Will’s sides and drew him up and into an embrace. Will nestled his head into the crook of its neck. The Wendigo petted through his hair and practically whispered, “Will, it is Hannibal. I am Hannibal.”

The creature pushed Will slightly away and titled Will’s chin up with the push of a finger. Will blinked twice as he stared into Hannibal’s eyes and asked in a confused tone, “Hannibal?”

Hannibal smiled at him and ran his fingers through Will’s hair and murmured, “Yes, darling boy.”

He then buried his nose into Will’s curls and inhaled deeply.

From the doorway, Molly asked in an incredulous and slightly angry tone, “Did you just smell him?”
Molly didn’t bother to suppress an eye roll as she started back up, “Will isn’t in a hospital gown, he’s in silk pajamas. Hannibal brought in soap and shampoo for the nurses to use on him.”

Molly wanted to slap the patronizingly concerned look off Alana’s face, as if she was the one behaving irrationally and not Hannibal. She snapped out, “He trims Will’s beard.”

Finally, Alana looked nonplussed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alana reached out and squeezed Molly’s hand and asked, “Anything that I can do to help?”

Molly shook her head and said, “No. We’re getting a tremendous amount of support from Hannibal,” Molly ran a nervous finger around the rim of her coffee cup. She looked up at Alana with a furrowed brow and asked, “How well do you know Hannibal?”

Alana sat back in her chair and gave Molly a puzzled look as she responded, “I’ve known him for years, since my residency.”

“That’s not what I asked,” Molly returned, irritation evident in her voice, “I asked how well you know him, not how long you’ve known him.”

Alana tried her best to shove down the offense she was feeling at the other woman’s words. Molly was under an incredible amount of duress; she should be patient. She took a stilling breath before replying, “We’ve spent many evenings cooking and dining together in his home. I can’t count how many times that I’ve told him my troubles. He is the kindest and wisest man I’ve ever known.”

Molly looked at her intently and asked, “Does he ever tell you his troubles?”

Alana blinked and was quiet. Finally, she said, “No. Nothing ever seems to faze him.”

“No conflicts with lovers, other friends, colleagues?”

Alana shifted uncomfortably in her seat and replied, “None that he’s ever told me about. We discuss our work, of course. Sometimes, music or art,” Alana smiled to herself, “Well, he talks about it. I listen. He’ll tell funny stories about his acquaintances or his patients.”
“Acquaintances. Does he have friends?”

Alana replied, defensively, “I’m his friend.”

Molly stared at her intensely as she asked, “Why did he move to Baltimore? What happened to his family? Has he ever been in love?”

Alana frowned as Molly rattled off the questions. Her rising anger stilled as she thought about them. She looked at Molly and said quietly, “I don’t know the answer to any of those questions.”

“But he does know all those things about you?”

Alana nodded. She looked down at her hands circled around her coffee cup. For the first time since she had known Hannibal, she realized that their relationship was one sided. She had relied on him, but he had never reached out to her in the same way. She knew extraordinarily little about Hannibal despite him being an important part of her life.

Molly’s next words cut through the fog that had started to envelop her, “He’s devoted to Will.”

“What do you mean?” asked Alana feeling disturbed by Molly’s choice of words.

“I called him when Will was hallucinating. He came over immediately and took control of the situation. I was grateful. He suspected that Will had encephalitis. He said that he could smell it,” Molly paused with a look of almost of distaste before continuing, “Which is weird, not least of all because he was right. Hannibal drove us to the hospital, got the leading neurologist in Baltimore to exam him. He paid for Will to have a private room here.”

Molly paused, when she saw the confusion in Alana's face, she had to make a concentrated effort not to raise her voice. She continued, “He’s been here everyday for hours visiting Will. He brings him all his meals. Which he makes himself.”

Alana interjected, “He enjoys feeding people.”

Molly didn’t bother to suppress an eye roll as she started back up, “Will isn’t in a hospital gown, he’s in silk pajamas. Hannibal brought in soap and shampoo for the nurses to use on him.”

Molly wanted to slap the patronizingly concerned look off Alana’s face, as if she was the one behaving irrationally and not Hannibal. She snapped out, “He trims Will’s beard.”

Finally, Alana looked nonplussed.

“If you were in the hospital, what would he do for you?”

Alana swallowed remembering when she was seriously ill two winters ago. She responded, “He visited me a couple of times when I was hospitalized with pneumonia. He brought me flowers and books to read.”

Molly crossed her arms and waited.

“But he is Will’s father.”

“No, Will’s father is at home in Louisiana. He sired Will and had known him less than a month before his hospitalization.”

Alana felt discomforted and asked faintly, “What are you trying to say, Molly?”
Molly’s gaze moved up and to the right of Alana’s head, lost in introspection. She shook her head. Her eyes bored into Alana’s as she replied, “I don’t know.”

Alana cleared her throat and said gently, “I am going to go see Will now.”

As she collected her purse and got up to leave, Molly said wryly, “Say hello to Hannibal for me.”

As Alana made her way to Will’s private room, she mulled over her conversation with Molly. Her mind went back to the morning that she had called Hannibal after reading Freddie Lounds’ article. She had been so mortified by Hannibal’s questioning of both her ethics and motivations that she hadn’t realized that he had turned her attention away from his breach of ethics. He had also maneuvered her into pulling away from Will. She shook her head; she was being ridiculous. Hannibal wouldn’t do that.

She felt saddened when she saw Will in his hospital bed, ashen skinned and frail. His face was tilted towards Hannibal who sat in a visitor’s chair pulled as close to the bed as possible. Hannibal was on the edge of his chair leaning slightly over Will, his face soft and open under Will’s gaze. Hannibal was holding the hand closest to him and speaking softly to him. Will murmured something back, his eyes never once looking away from Hannibal’s. Alana had never seen him keep eye contact for so long. Alana coughed from the doorway. Will let go of Hannibal’s hand and he settled back into his chair. He crossed his legs in his usual elegant style and said with his familiar warm smile, “Good afternoon, Alana.”

He spoke with a genuine fondness for her but in the way that you would with a child. Alana realized that he had maintained a paternalistic manner with her even after they had become colleagues instead of mentor and mentee. He acted that way with all his friends. The acquaintances he had from the opera he treated with an amused detachment. With the people he disliked, like Chilton, then there was an icy contempt. She had never seen him look or speak to anyone the way his was doing with Will.

“Alana, are you feeling well?”

“Yes,” she responded, forcing herself to smile as she continued, “I just wasn’t expecting you to be here. I mean, I didn’t realize that you were visiting now.”

She felt herself blushing like an idiot.

As usual, Hannibal came to the rescue during the moment of social awkwardness and said politely, “I’ll leave you two alone.”

As he got up to leave, Will took his hand and looked up at him and asked, “Will you be back later?”

Hannibal smiled. He bent down and whispered, “I’ll be back with your dinner, darling boy.”

When he kissed Will’s forehead, Alana almost dropped her coffee cup. She stood frozen until Hannibal left the room. She went over to the visitor’s chair and moved it back a few feet before sitting down. She smiled affectionately at Will and said, “It looks like Hannibal is taking the role of father seriously.” She winced at her own words, that was not what she had intended to say.

Will tilted his head and asked archly, “Don’t people usually ask someone how they are feeling when they visit them in a hospital?”

Alana shifted in her seat and replied, “I am sorry, Will. I just have never seen Hannibal so,” she tried to find the right words, to her horror she said, “touchy feely.”
Will cocked an eyebrow at her.

She cleared her throat and continued, “I have known Hannibal a long time and he’s not much of one for expressing his fondness so openly.”

“Well, I am his son,” Will responded with a twitch of his lips.

Alana blushed and said, “Yes, of course. I just didn’t expect him to be so changed by it.”

“Maybe it isn’t so much that he changed as you’re seeing a different part of him.”

Alana responded, more sharply than she meant to, “He’s different with you.”

Will asked, “Why does it bother you?”

“I didn’t say it bothered me. It’s just surprising.”

“Are you jealous?”

“That he’s your father?”

Will grinned, showing too many teeth and with no warmth in his eyes. Alana had seen it on Will's face a few times, usually before saying something incisive and cruel. He had never aimed it at her before. He countered, “No, because he is so affectionate with me.”

Alana frowned and before she could respond, he asked, “Were you ever lovers?”

Alana’s skin flushed as she pushed her back against the chair. She snapped out, “That’s none of your business, Will.”

Will looked at her intently. She had never been under his gaze like this. Even the time that they had kissed, he had been too caught up in his embarrassment to peer too far into her, just enough to know that she regretted it. She was always the one trying to understand him.

Will said, “You wanted to be. You still do.”

Alana grabbed her purse and stormed out of the room. Will watched her go. He was disconcerted, not by her leaving, but by the ugly feeling of hostility roiling in him. Not the resentment he often felt towards her, but anger at her for thinking about Hannibal that way.

Molly looked up from her coffee when a familiar voice asked, “May I join you?”

“Of course, Hannibal.”

“You look troubled, Molly.”

She looked into his inscrutable eyes and paused before answering. She had hoped that Alana would give her an insight into him that would reassure her about his presence in their lives, but instead, she felt more apprehensive. She wondered how he felt about her. He was always gentlemanly. But she was pretty damn sure, he didn’t like her. No, that wasn’t it. He resented her.

“I talked to Dr. Sutcliffe. The hospital will be discharging Will in the next few days.”

Hannibal said gently, “You’re worried that you won’t be able to take care of him.”
Molly sighed and clutched her cup tighter. She felt tears starting to form in her eyes. Kind words, especially perceptive ones, undid her. She hated that about herself.

Hannibal continued, “You are a strong woman. You devotedly nursed your husband through his terminal illness. You raised your son by yourself for several years before you met Will.”

An unwelcome wave of resentment pushed into her, for all intents and purposes she was still raising Wally on her own. She looked down at the Formica tabletop and took a deep breath before speaking, “Will needs rest, good nutrition, not to drink and not to work. I could never get Will to take proper care of himself. He ate regularly because I fed him and packed him a lunch. He curbed his drinking because I asked him to. Ever since he started working for Jack, he has been eating less and drinking more. He’ll lock himself in his office for hours, obsessing over case files. Jack’s been here to visit him and is already pressuring him to work from home, ‘once he’s settled.’”

Molly was almost sick with shame as she looked at Hannibal and said, “I have to work. We can’t afford for me to be at home full time.”

“Are you parents able to help you?”

Molly closed her eyes and sighed. She opened them and looked at Hannibal. Almost against her will, she blurted out, “They don’t like Will,” she could feel the heat in her face as she went on, “They wouldn’t move into the house or let us move in there. If I asked, they would take Wally indefinitely.”

Hannibal nodded in understanding and expressed what she was thinking, “You don’t want to be separated from your son for the months it will take for Will to recover.”

Molly felt a stab of guilt and said, “He’s already been through so much.”

“What about Mr. Graham?”

Molly grimaced slightly at the formality, it seemed wrong to call Will’s dad that. She responded, “He’s in poor health and is struggling to get by on the money from his boat engine repair business.”

“You do not like to ask for help, Molly. You are used to taking care of everyone else, but you deserve to be taken care of too,” Hannibal took Molly’s hands in his and said, “I am in a position to help in a way that the others can’t. I can refer my patients and devote myself fully to Will’s recovery.”

“Hannibal, I can’t ask that of you.”

Hannibal looked into Molly’s eyes and knew he had to say something to counteract her suspicion of him which had been growing as Will had made progress. He was struggling with concealing his emotions regarding Will. Will was stripping him of more and more of his self-control each passing day. He said, “Family is important to me. When I found out Will was my son, it was a gift. I lost my parents and my sister when I was young,” he looked down at their joined hands as he continued, “I lived in a state-run orphanage for several years. When my aunt and uncle found where I was, they adopted me. They are gone now too.”

He looked up from their hands, his eyes pleading. His voice caught slightly as he said, “He’s all I have.”

He saw the compassion in Molly’s look and knew he had calculated correctly. He pressed on, “Will can live at my house until he is fully recovered. I will feed him, help him with his physical
therapy, and ensure that he follows his medication regime.”

Molly bit her lip. Before she could speak, he added, “I can keep Jack away from him.”

Something in her screamed no, but Molly pushed it aside. Hannibal was a doctor and could take better care of Will than she could. She needed to be logical about this. She spoke resolutely, “We should meet with Dr. Sutcliffe and let him know that Will will be staying with you. Thank you, Hannibal.”

Hannibal gave her a genuine smile and said, “It is my pleasure, Molly.”

Chapter End Notes

Always listen to your gut.
Magnetism

Chapter Summary

Hannibal frowned, not understanding. Before he could ask anything, Will spoke again, “I want you to sleep in the bed with me.”

Hannibal sat propped up against the headboard of his bed, reading *The Iliad* or rather rereading it. Or rather trying to reread it. He sighed as he closed the book and put it on his bedside table, his reading glasses followed shortly. Will had been under his care for close to two months and Hannibal was growing distraught at the thought of his leaving. He knew logically that Will could not stay with him forever, but the thought of him going back to that shack and to his insipid wife was unacceptable. He had to find a way to keep him. However, every time that he started to construct a plan all he did was fantasize about killing Molly in an increasingly baroque manner.

His current bloody fantasying was cut short when he heard a scream from Will’s bedroom. He threw aside the covers and strode down the hallway. He restrained himself from bursting through the door and instead knocked softly and asked quietly, “Will, are you alright? May I come in?”

When he heard a soft “Yes”, he opened the door. Will was sitting up in his bed, sheets around his waist. His alabaster skin even paler in the moonlight. He looked at Hannibal with eyes full of fear and need. Hannibal crossed into the room and sat on the bed next to him. He placed his hand on Will’s forehead, unnecessarily checking for a fever. His hand dropped down to his lap and he said in a gentle tone, “What did you dream about, Will?”

Will shook his head and said in a shaky voice, “I don’t want to talk about it.”

Hannibal nodded, his chest tightened, Will was withdrawing from him. He asked, “Would you like a sedative?”

He forcibly repressed a sigh at the inanity of his own question.

Will shook his head. His chest tightened, Will was withdrawing from him. He asked, “Would you like a sedative?”

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Will shook his head. He resignedly kissed Will on the forehead and said, “If you need anything, you know where I am.”

As he stood up to leave, Will grasped his hand. Hannibal inhaled sharply at Will’s touch. While Will never pulled away from his touches, which at this point were constant, he had rarely initiated since he had found out that Hannibal was his father.

Will rasped, “Don’t go.”

Hannibal remained still as he asked, “What do you want, Will?”

Blue eyes met his, bright with unshed tears. Will spoke so lowly that Hannibal could barely hear him ask, “Will you stay with me tonight?”

Hannibal sat back on the bed beside him. Before he could speak, Will said, “Please.”

Hannibal placed his hand on Will’s face, taking pleasure in touching his warm, soft skin. He spoke tenderly, “Of course, Will,” he looked over at the armchair, it was comfortable but hardly ideal for
sleeping. He continued, “I need to go to my room for a blanket and pillow. I will be right back.”

Will placed his hand over Hannibal’s and said, “No.”

Hannibal frowned, not understanding. Before he could ask anything, Will spoke again, “I want you to sleep in the bed with me.”

Will looked away from him. Hannibal was almost amused by the Will’s palpable fear that he would deny him. Even now, his boy had no idea that he would burn the world down around them to keep him warm. Hannibal stood up and circled around the bed. He slid under the covers and laid down on his back. Will hesitated and then laid back down pulling the bedding up to his chest. Hannibal sensed his head turning to face him and he mirrored the movement. Will’s fathomless eyes gazed into his. Will opened his mouth and then shut it. He turned on his side, facing away from Hannibal. He was flooded with disappointment; he had hoped for something more. Then Will whispered, “Please hold me.”

For a moment, he wondered if Will was deliberately torturing him. He pushed the thought aside and rolled to his side. He reached over and clumsily put his arm around Will.

“No, closer.”

Hannibal gritted his teeth to keep any sound escaping from him. He moved closer. They were silent.

“Closer. I need to feel you.”

A soft curse in Lithuanian escaped Hannibal’s lips. He pulled Will’s body flush against his. Will’s body went rigid and Hannibal bent his head to whisper in his ear, “Is this what you want, William?”

Will let out a breathy yes. Hannibal would have given anything to stop the swelling in his cock. Surely, Will would feel it. Will’s hand gripped the arm around his waist and his rapid breathing echoed in the silence of the room. Hannibal nuzzled his neck, drinking in the scent of Will’s arousal. Will moaned and pressed his body firmly into Hannibal’s. He groaned in response.

They lay there for a few moments, only their panting breaking the silence. Will said softly, “I dreamed about going home.”

Hannibal held himself perfectly still and waited for Will to continue.

Will spoke in a strained voice, “I’m sitting in my car outside my home. I don’t want to go in, but I know that I can’t keep putting it off. The night is cold and eerily silent. The light from the full moon reflects off the snow. As I walk up the steps, I notice that the door is open. I reach for my weapon, but it isn’t there. My heart is racing, but not from fear; I am excited.

I take off my boots and then open the door as softly as I can. The house is dark except for the moonlight streaming through the windows. I can hear Molly crying in the den. I make my way there as quickly as I can without making any noise. Molly and Walter are tied to two of our kitchen chairs and the light from the fireplace is flickering on their faces. There is a man standing in front of them. He’s wearing a plastic suit over his clothes and it has booties and a hood. When he leaves, there won’t be a trace of him left.

He remains completely still but I know that he senses that I am there. I realize that he has been waiting for me, but he doesn’t say anything and neither do I. Somehow, I know that he is The Chesapeake Ripper. I brought him into my life and my family will pay for it. He moves towards
my stepson and my wife. His arm raises and I just stand there. He cuts Wally’s throat and then Molly’s. Their blood sprays over him, the floor, their bodies, it is everywhere. I remain still staring at the blood flowing from my family. He turns towards me, but his face is obscured by shadows.

When he walks past me, I finally move. I grab him from behind, but he bucks me off easily. He runs out the door and I run after him. I chase him into the woods. Somehow, he seems smaller now that we are outside of the house. I tackle him to the ground. He doesn’t fight me as I turn him around to look at his face.”

Will stopped, breathing heavily. Hannibal felt a bead of sweat fall on his forehead. Will knows that he is The Ripper. He knew that this day would come, Will was too intelligent not to realize it. He wondered if he would turn him in or kill him. He hoped for the latter. He forced the question out of himself, “Whose face was it, Will?”

Will exhaled heavily and his body started shaking. He said quietly, “Mine.”

Hannibal grappled with his conflicting emotions, relief, disappointment, and concern. He focused on Will. “Do you feel like your casework is destroying your family?”

“I know that it is, and I keep doing it anyway. Jack tries to manipulate me by telling me that I am saving lives, but that’s not why I keep doing it.’

“Why do you?”

Will paused for a moment and Hannibal was afraid that he would stop talking. Will replied, “Since I have been away from profiling in the field for the last several months, I realized that I do it because I enjoy it. I am fascinated by the killings. Most of all by The Ripper’s work,” his voice cracked, and he sighed out, “It’s art. It’s beautiful and I miss it. I miss seeing his tableaux.”

Hannibal tightened his grip around Will, he desperately wanted to tell Will that he is The Ripper, but he knew now that Will would discover it for himself when he was ready. Instead he asked, “When you saw The Ripper kill your family, how did you feel?”

“Relieved.”

Hannibal pushed his forehead against the back of Will’s skull, mute. A tremulous voice asked him, “Are you surprised by that, Hannibal?”

In a hoarse voice, Hannibal asked him, “Why relief?”

“They are tethering me to a life that I don’t want.”

Hannibal’s eyes closed and whispered, “Are you going back to them?”

‘Where else would I go?’

Hannibal’s accent thickened as he said, “You can stay here with me.”

Will’s body went rigid in his arms. Hannibal cursed himself. He should have been more subtle, taken the time to seduce Will into staying somehow. Why couldn’t he come up with a plan?

“I can?”

Hannibal nuzzled into Will’s curls and sighed out, “Of course, my darling boy. For as long as you need. Forever if you want.”
He felt Will relaxing and he said quietly, “We should talk about this tomorrow. It’s late and you need to sleep.”

“Goodnight, Hannibal.”

“Goodnight, Will.”

Will woke up pressed tightly against a warm body. It took him a moment to register that it was Hannibal. They had changed positions in their sleep. Will’s body was cradling Hannibal’s now and his arm was around his waist pulling him firmly against him. Will’s erect cock was pressed against Hannibal’s ass. Before he could stop himself, he rolled his hips. A moan escaped him. His whole body started tingling. He wanted to do it again. He needed to get out of the bed immediately. He started to slide his arm off Hannibal. But his arm was gripped hard in response and moved back to where had been.

God, Hannibal was awake. Will felt his skin flushing, what the hell could he say to him? He cleared his throat and said, “I’m sorry,”

“You don’t have anything to be sorry about Will, it’s natural for a man to have an erection in the morning.”

“Is it natural to thrust it against your father’s ass?”

Hannibal let go of Will’s arm and snaked his hand into his hair. He pulled Will’s face toward his. He whispered in Will’s ear, “You can use me however you wish, Will.”

Will’s let breathed out heavily and groaned, “Jesus, Hannibal. Don’t, don’t say that.”

“Why not? It is true. I am yours in any way that you want.”

Will’s panting in his ear was the most beautiful thing Hannibal had ever heard. His overheated skin was burning him everywhere they were connected. He could feel Will’s cock throbbing against him. He rotated his hips and pelvis to grind against him.

“God, don’t. Don’t do that,” Will was practically whining.

Hannibal stilled himself and allowed Will to pull his arm away this time. Will rolled over on his back and said, “Turn this way.”

Hannibal obediently rolled over to his other side to face Will who asked, “Do you want me to take care of this in the shower?”

“You never needed to do that. I do not mind changing sheets and there is lubricant in the drawer.”

“Will you stay?”

“Is that what you desire?”

Will firmly replied, “Yes.”

Will sat up and stripped off his undershirt and boxers. He grabbed the bottle of lube and laid back down. He looked up and said, “Kiss me.”

Hannibal shivered; something had shifted in Will. His eyes burned with the desire he was clearly giving into. Hannibal leaned over him and grasped his head with his hands. He kissed Will’s forehead, then his cheekbones, and then his lips. He kissed him closemouthed and almost chastely
as Will warmed up the lube on his fingers. As he started to stroke himself, he moaned, and Hannibal took the opportunity to slip his tongue between his lips. Will’s whole body jerked. Hannibal withdrew and started placing open mouthed kisses along Will’s neck. He enjoyed tasting him while Will let out wanton sounds. He moved his attentive mouth down Will’s clavicle and pecs. Will shouted when his mouth clamped down on his nipple. He started licking and sucking it.

One of his hands slid underneath Will and grabbed onto his ass. He pulled Will onto his side as he rolled back on to his, so that they were face to face. He started kissing Will passionately again. Will responded in kind. Will broke from him for a moment. His hand kept working himself as sat up and looked for the bottle of lube. He handed it to Hannibal with his free hand then laid back on his side, so that they were facing each other again. He tenderly pushed back the hair that had fallen over Hannibal eyes and said, “Touch yourself. I want us to come together.”

Will leaned in and kissed Hannibal as he started stroking himself. Will slowed down his own movements, wanting Hannibal to catch up to him. When Hannibal suddenly broke their kiss, he knew that he was close too. He pressed his forehead against Hannibal’s, his free hand cradled his skull as they both sped up their movements. Their heavy breathing, the sound of skin on skin and the creaking of the bed filled the room. The heat was coursing through his body, flushing his skin, his testicles were tightening and suddenly Hannibal was kissing him again and he started coming. Hannibal pulled away from his mouth and pressed his lip against Will’s neck trying to stifle his groans. Will felt Hannibal’s body jerk so hard when he came that it felt like he was convulsing.

Hannibal’s large hands wrapped around Will’s back and pulled him tightly against him. One hand glided up his back to cup the back of his head. Hannibal started to kiss him again, achingly tender. Will felt something wetting his cheeks. He opened his eyes and saw tears pressing out between Hannibal’s eye lids. He pulled back from him and Hannibal’s eyes fluttered open. Will leaned over and gently wiped the tears from his face and marveled at Hannibal’s trembling in response. He pushed Hannibal onto his back and then straddled him. Hannibal whimpered when Will’s cock brushed against his, the oversensitivity bordered on painful.

Will placed his hands on the bed on either side of his head and bent down to brush his lips against Hannibal’s teasingly. Then he covered his faces with fleeting kisses, working his way from his brow to his chin. Then another teasing brush to his lips. He pulled away and gave a lazy smile before turning his attention to Hannibal’s neck, placing sucking kisses down the expanse of his throat. When he reached the scar where Abigail slashed him, he stopped to give it a reverent kiss. He continued his journey down Hannibal’s throat. When he playfully bit his Adam’s apple, Hannibal’s hips bucked involuntarily, and he let out a loud groan. Will gave a feral smile. He lifted his hand from the mattress and roughly pulled Hannibal’s head to the side. He slid his mouth to the side of his neck. Will clamped his open mouth down on the vulnerable skin. He sucked so hard that Hannibal had to grit his teeth to keep from yelping.

When Will finished, he let go of Hannibal’s head and kissed him gently once again on the lips. Then he leaned down and whispered in his ear, “When Alana comes for dinner tonight wear something open necked.”

End Notes

Thanks to Gweezle for the inspiration. I took it in a different direction but Gweezle planted the seed with "All Flesh Consorteth".
https://archiveofourown.org/works/7397920/chapters/16804672
Also thanks to KatherineKrawl who made me realize playing with canon could actually
lead to an interesting story. Check out her "Mark me not a Savage" which I've read three
times. And I don't even really like A/B/O.
https://archiveofourown.org/work...2chapters/26358246

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