Summary

Chasing Hannibal & prosecuting him was never easy to Will, even more so after Hannibal starts up a highly lucrative business making him untouchable.

How else can Will get close to his suspect without being pushed away?

Notes

ALL IS FICTIONAL & NOT MINE

there is a story in this after all.

See the end of the work for more notes.

“Doctor Lecter will see you now,” came the automatic response from a secretary, for the first time since coming to the esteemed office, Will looked up, inspecting the woman as she nodded and discreetly eyed his clothing, his unshaved stubble and the unfashionable glasses he had perched innocently upon his nose, from which he could see her dark blue sheath-like dress most likely made by a designer he had never heard of, her six-inch pumps clicking away as the extra height leant her a
graceful gait back to her desk stationed just at the doorway of Doctor Lecter’s office.

A cold sweat broke out on his brow, the droplets permeating his button up shirt before he could register his ghost-like movement, though vague and lifeless, Will found the secretary’s inconspicuous staring insipid and self-serving, as if he were an ant beneath her magnifying glass, horribly enough, he stopped beside her desk, his eyes cast down at her while she held his gaze in attempt to make him realize ‘Yeah, I am better than you.’

With his right hand, he circled her naked shoulder, something akin to typical revulsion and strange interest stilled her lips from accusing Will of either taking too much a liking in her low cut or sexual harassment, he brushed his thumb along the seam of her neck, the telltale shudder announcing her tangled desire gave him all the information he needed, as she sighed, his fingers plucked a price tag straight from the inner seam of her neckline, without looking at the price on the tag, he flicked the gold-printed seal atop her desk and huffed, “How cheap.”

His hands slipped before turning the knob, but found his plight useless being that the door was ajar, a thin slit of light shined from behind the heavy door, again, the air in his throat evaporated as his stomach dropped to the floor, as if checking for blind spots, his arm pushed the door enough that he could see beyond the single step before himself, unobscured by the all-consuming darkness except within a dim halo of pale light illuminating only the center of the room and a personal computer screen leaving a dim glow against a vacant armchair. Having been in Doctor Lecter’s office once nearly five years before when Doctor Lecter was simply a psychiatrist, he read in TIME Magazine and People, then of course The Tattler of how Doctor Lecter made his fortune harvesting a controversial new food of Wynn Digo Industries: Human protein.

This visit had nothing to do with congratulating Doctor Lecter on finding the benefits of alternate protein, or of the tower he had just climbed from the first floor, and being on the deoxygenated seven-hundredth floor meant an even worse climate for hiking Up, having a short temper, he was livid with exhaustion and having no one believe his proposition that Doctor Hannibal Lecter was in fact the Chesapeake Ripper; none the less, he quietly took a seat before his martyred suspect and pressed a concealed wooden stake against his side, remembering the various safety precautions he took against Doctor Lecter, he whispered, “Doctor Lecter?”

“Hello, Will,” another answered from behind the door; dressed as impeccably as ever, Doctor Lecter wore a pinstriped midnight sienna three-piece, the pleated lapel held a pin of a golden stag’s head and intertwined lettering of WDI, a fresh shave and the warm peachy complexion complimented the drop of blood still attached to Doctor Lecter’s lower lip, which was then dabbed away by the gentlest press of Doctor Lecter’s forefinger, and was sucked free of the crimson droplet.

“All we are unlike animals whom cater to absolute necessity?” Doctor Lecter asked, his heavily accentuated words used to seem charming and exotic as his tongue and teeth hissed out every sound, until Will found out that the slight brogue came from a pair of elongated lower and upper incisors, giving him all the more unseen reason to believe Doctor Lecter to be the predator he knew the moonlighting psychiatrist was, “Every categorized ‘inhuman’ action feeding and serving purpose battling against aggressors, opposing causal agents.”

He sensed Doctor Lecter cornering him, enclosing him within the suffocating walls digging his claws in before tearing out his heart with his own teeth, yet from the same faint depths came a question he had pondered for years, “For love? Out of love? To obtain companionship?”

Will stole a moment for himself, the cold sweat drying against his skin, adding to the already frigid air which surrounded Doctor Lecter and the office he spent so much time within, he asked simply as a flush arose against his cheeks and heated his face, “Don’t you mean against hunters, competition,
the craving for sating your egotism? Do you really ever feel love or simply mimic it's physical mechanisms?"

“The companionship useful to me is one that I do not openly seek, it is not for validation nor for the sake of human interaction-,” Doctor Lecter answered easily, rising from the couch in one deft motion, Will reached for the stake inside his jacket but held no strength as he drew the heavy-seeming spike of wood, he swiped at the air, his fogged mind crippling him of his reflex, he only half-understood the statement for which he was to answer, “-reason of animal instinct alone serves as my basic primal knowledge.”

Doctor Lecter’s shadow loomed over him, instilling a sense of helplessness within Will, he held the gaze which had always seemed a touch away from flat brown and yet in the light which bounced off a mirror set atop the coffee table, the eyes were red, a hypnotic and petrifying hue, a calm thrill embraced him, using his voice and mouth to explain his obsession, Will held the stake accusingly in the direction of the psychiatrist, he hissed bitterly, “You do nothing at all like an animal except kill simply to kill. The love you see is only the terrified fond ardour a samurai feels for his sword from conception, creation, forming the blade, and sheathing lest I bite my maker's hand by accident, something you are well-versed in, Doctor Lecter.”

Unaffected, Doctor Lecter settled between Will’s knees, kissing the right hand which held the stake, his lips leaving the slightest stings of canine-teeth as he pressed his supple lips against the melded sinew and bone, the blood beat against his tongue and curled lovingly about his clear whisper, “And do you think I require you to make myself feel protected?”

“No,” Will shuddered out in a gasp, unknowing of the unusual side of Doctor Lecter that he witnessed, he could only watch as Doctor Lecter kissed each of his digits, every jumping strand of ligament and vein, the cool temperament he imagined was the psychiatrist’s touch was the complete opposite – every motion was slight yet unnerving in its movement, each press of his lips were as the words of a lover against their beloved – gentle, warm, yet lacking a certain kindness, he said with more surety, “You don't need me now that my edge is sharpened. Heightened to near-razor-like extent, I only make you feel secure knowing that I am near and unable to share with anyone else how being utilized by your lovingly nurtured talents excites me so...confusingly.”

A small look of both recognition and deeply-rooted fascination came upon Doctor Lecter’s face, his expression fell into a deeper sense of calm, and just as suddenly, Doctor Lecter turned Will’s hand aside and nipped the wrist, drawing a thin welt of blood as he bathed his lips and tongue within the unsent gift of liquid nectar, he mumbled against Will’s skin, nuzzling against his hunter’s hand, “The one thing we have in common is the monster we bring out in each other, though mine lacks in empathy not without disposition.”

Lost wondering which dish Will could be served best in, Will withdrew his hand from Doctor Lecter’s hold, he knew what they both felt was mutual, that nothing could go further than patient and psychiatrist, and nothing more than hunter and predator, that they were both separated by the one thing they had in common, he asked, “You understand textbook terms of emotions, but you haven't yet dipped a toe in anything past satisfaction, have you, Hannibal?”

Doctor Lecter’s shadowed eyes narrowed until only a slit represented them being open and aware, he plucked the stake easily from Will’s hand, turning the palm over, he pressed his lips to the vein and answered vaguely, “A sole island amidst the warring chaos rampant seas bring is a cloudless sun upon the isle of cerebral lucidity, for which beyond lies obscurity and effusive antithesis. Joy is occasional as satisfaction is a frequent guest, other sensations are bothersome, slightly superfluous.”

“The water-!” Will silently cursed, he sat limply within Doctor Lecter’s cushioned single-seat.
Only his eyes, his lips and internal organs had the strength unbound by the substance in WDI’s bottled water, an unmistakable chill crawled up Will’s legs as if it were an army of centipedes causing all the stabbing scratching-sensations, he watched wide-eyed as Doctor Lecter disappeared for a moment into the obscurity, accompanied by only his rib-knocking heartbeats and the vibration-like sensation in his fingertips, Will muffled a scream as a black form padded into view: vast horns like the angry tangles of an old, dead tree grew from a head, the facial features being those of Doctor Lecter’s and an equally flat-dark gray body, from beneath a pair of hooded eyelids came the gleam of two empty white eyes. His eyes silently observed the being before him, the being held within its naked claws a formless bag and a butcher’s knife, reaching within, Will at first expected a plastic sheet and a vinyl butcher’s overalls, instead came the liquid-like fall of a light beige leather pelt, the being strode before him, a clawed hand ripped Will’s shirt down the middle, exposing his chest to the Thing that stood before him, the dull eyes drawn to his pulsing neck and the left of his chest.

The voice held behind his unmoving mouth came forth, an inhuman cry of sorrowful horror, like an animal just as it is wounded; in the fold of beige leather was a tiny picture of a happy face – since when did cattle get tattoos?

End Notes

this is not a full retelling of E. L. James' trilogy, all i know is that it follows a similar event time-table to...let's not get ahead of ourselves

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