A study in the Art of Collection

by CrazyEyesChick

Summary

Will is reunited with an old case and struggles to catch this new killer. It would be so much easier if he didn't have to worry about his growing feelings for our lovely cannibal Hannibal. As for Hannibal, well he might know more than he lets on. Who will catch who first! Slow build, hannigram.

Notes

Here is my first fanfiction in the Hannibal fandom in english! Enjoy! I can't wait for the more juicy bits, but alas a good story needs a plot. Comments are welcomed anytime! I just love Hannibal tv series ssooooo much, I dream about it! Please forgive my bad English as it is my second language

See the end of the work for more notes
A Study in Crappy Motel Rooms

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal are on the chase after a new serial killer.

Chapter Notes

I re edited this story and changed a few things. Hope it

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER 1: A STUDY IN CRAPPY MOTEL ROOMS

Five weeks already. It had been that long since Will had last stepped foot into the comfort of his home. What drove him relentlessly investigating was an important serial killer to the FBI, even more so to special consultant Will Graham. After all, it was that specific killer that had gotten him on the map. This time, new found evidence led him to believe the criminal had striked again. He could finally have closure, if they caught him this time. If only.

Back when he was at the academy, he had learned of an unsolvable case: the Collector Killer case. One could say that he was the predecessor of the Chesapeake Ripper; impossible to catch, no M.O., no readable pattern and no feasible profile to work with. A ghost amongst criminals. He became the lead inspector in that particular case, as Will was the only one who could get into his head. One of the reasons he became a homicide cop back then.

It was blurry to him, but he knew that for the Collector, each kill was special. Will knew the killer liked to keep trophies of his kills: a heart, a box, a nail, an experience, a life. This is what made him hard to catch. With no specific ways to identify him with, they could not make progress. This man was a mystery as any murders could simply be unrelated. Will had to look deep into this man’s psyche to pin those kills on this monster. He still had nightmares.

All the evidence they had gathered led here: Ohio. From all the crime scenes they had uncovered recently, one detail stood out. The victim’s left ear was cut off post mortem and was also known by Jack Crawford. Coincidence? He didn’t think so. This never happened before, this killer never left anything behind, especially not as obvious as this. What did this mean? Why would he start now? Will was aware this man enjoyed collecting things, objects and body parts, and according to the empath, it was all there was to it. Until now. It was as if this shadowy creature knew Will would be
called onto the case. Luckily, this time he wasn’t alone, he had his therapist and friend Dr. Lecter by his side to ground him.

Few hours had passed by, until they could reach their motel for the night. The city looked quite empty. It was dark already, and the wet weather did not make the place better either. It was kind of depressing, but him and his team found their way inside. It was not the highest quality; with only one bored clerk inside, the décor was a bit bland, but at least it looked cleaned and remote. Will liked remote, although he couldn’t say the same about his current roommate.

Once inside, out of the rain, Will noticed his friend was missing. He should have known, Will thought, there was only one man which this sight would be appalling; the infamous Doctor Hannibal Lecter. Every time since they’ve been hopping from cheap motel to another, Hannibal was found staring in horror. Will wanted to hide his smile, but found that he could not. The situation was hilarious. The man literally always had to be pushed inside, he hoped this time would be different. He guessed not.

'Dr. Lecter, you should come inside. You'll catch your death out there, come on' urged Will, waving his hand in the air towards the inn.

Dr. Lecter took small steps towards the unrefined building, closing his umbrella. His face was darker than usual; he stayed silent; knowing not to rise to the bait. Any affront from another would make them his dinner, but not his Will.

Seeing the dread in his friend's eyes made Will feel guilty about the situation. It was him who had asked Hannibal to come help him and be his anchor. His health was better, but Hannibal's presence soothed him. He waited until the psychiatrist was next to him to join Jack Crawford and the others.

'I know it's not your.... usual place to stay in; hopefully the rooms will be better...' Will said to cheer him up.

'Ahh! Well, a guest should never complain about what is given to him' offered Hannibal. While his face remained neutral, his tone was dreadful.

Concealing a laugh, Will said: 'Hmpf still... Knowing Jack, he spent all the FBI money on resources, not on lodgings. He'll keep us on our toes, until we catch the Collector'

'Our dear Uncle Jack is a hard man to please; with little need for the care of others.' reprimanded the
taller man as they both made their way to the clerk desk at the far head of the creaking corridor.

'Well, that may be so, but his heart is at the right place...most of the time anyways' said Will

'Not when it concerns you, I'm afraid' Hannibal replied coldly. His hand made its way to the small of Will’s back which was meant as a comforting gesture.

Will said nothing or perhaps didn’t realize there was a hand there.. He knew Doctor Lecter had his best interests at heart, but not like this. Deep inside, he felt happy that for once someone cared enough about himself as a person, and not only as the FBI sniffer dog.

Hannibal's face had remained the same, stoic as ever; but Will believed his friend's words. He knew that Hannibal was a very strict gentleman, and that facial expressions were far from his comfort zone. He was not a very expressive guy himself, so he understood. He had learned to keep his emotions under control as a barrier against people; he just didn't know why Lecter needed to guard himself. He was loved by everyone. But well, everyone had their reasons he supposed.

They walked to where Jack was currently getting their rooms in order.

Suddenly, Will was shoved a room key in his hands by his angry superior.

'Here, don't lose it' Jack roughly said, and he turned to Hannibal ' Make sure he gets some rest, I'll need all of him tomorrow'

'I'm right here, you know...' he muttered under his breath, annoyed at being treated like a child.

Hannibal nodded his consent, with little enthusiasm. Perhaps, Hannibal didn't like Crawford's methods all that much either.

'Also, these were the only rooms left' Jack said while showing his key card and Will’s ‘and with the low resources I have that's all we are going to get. Lecter wasn’t originally accounted for, so you'll have to bear with what you have Will. I’m sorry' The large man didn’t look it one bit, which irritated Will Jack spared a glance at his tall friend, apologetically 'If you want something more private or to your tastes, you're welcome to look elsewhere Dr. Lecter, I won't hold it against you'
'It's quite alright Jack, I will stay where I am needed, at Will's side' He stated, while posing his hand in conviction on Will's shoulder, startling him.

'Goodnight then.' Jack said before heading to his room.

Hannibal couldn’t stop his mouth before the words had left it: ‘He is as eloquent as ever.’ Will smiled softly. It seemed even a composed man like Lecter could be irritated.

When they unlocked the door of their room, they noticed two things.

A large bed in the center of the room and a wide open bathroom without a door. Talk about cheap accommodation. Will had done worst, but a jab at his heart made him feel bad for his companion.

Hannibal looked amused, but Will certainly wasn't because of one fact. This room was way too small. Too intimate, too personal. There was no way two grown men could sleep in that bed, even if it was a queen size one. Hell, there wasn’t even a couch; only a crumbling table and a wooden chair. His face was flushed red and he must have started panicking because he felt his psychiatrist’s words fill his ears.

'No need to panic, dear Will!'

'No need-? There's only one bed! I don't share beds, I've never shared a bed with anybody! I..' he stuttered pathetically.

'If you'd prefer, I will leave the bed to you. Sleep eludes me most nights, I will keep watch over you, do not worry. In worst case, I can find somewhere else to stay.' Hannibal's calm tone brought him back out of his stupor. He could breathe normally now.

His attitude was unforgivable. He had trouble sharing beds, but Hannibal was someone he trusted. He knew everything about him; his night sweats, nightmares and about his dislike of touching. Somehow, Will had grown accustomed to Hannibal's touch. Anyways, he had nothing to fear from his new friend; Hannibal always acted like a gentlemen with him, he should do the same. He shyly leveled his head to meet Lecter's.

'I'm s-sorry..I-It's a very large bed. There’s no need for you t-to leave, unless... you mind sharing with me. You've been kind enough to join me in this manhunt, it would be rude of me to leave you
without a bed' He offered a genuine smile, and slightly moved away from the doctor's grasp

'As long as you don't mind the, you know...' He avoided the Doctor’s probing gaze

Hannibal cut him off.

'I am quite aware of your nightly displeasures. I am honored you trust me enough to do this' He paused for effect, leaving Will to ponder more on his words ’ Especially knowing your...delicate nature regarding personal space, dear Will'

Will chuckled a bit, lightening the mood.

'I don't know how Dr. Lecter, but it seems you have gotten under my skin'

'In a good way I hope, but I shall use this knowledge with diligence. And please, call me Hannibal, we are not in a session; I hoped we had moved away from formalities outside of the office'

That left him short for breath for a tiny moment. He never really thought about calling Hannibal by his first name; not because he didn't want to; only because he felt it would have been an insult coming from him. They were so far away from each other in taste, yet so close in other matters. Body relaxed, he eased his friend's worry.

'I never wanted to upset you, Doct- Hannibal. You're my closest friend... I have to admit I was afraid I would insult you by using it. I mean, we’re totally different. You're so sophisticated, calm and refined and well' he laughed ’ I'm not exactly what one would call 'refined''

'Never believe yourself below anyone Will. You are unique, and that's what makes you so...interesting. You are my equal; and on the contrary, we are very much alike'

Will seemed to appreciate the answer he was given.

That being said, Hannibal went to unpack on his side, leaving Will to do his thing. Hannibal could not miss the small blush Will apparently tried to hide from him. His red ears were a dead give away. Excellent, this sudden turn of event could only prove useful in his plan to get Will to his side.
Hannibal couldn’t be happier about his decision to stay with Will for this investigation. It would make his Will more susceptible to anything he would say, and draw him ultimately to him. Will was still too unstable to accept Hannibal as he was; he had morals that Hannibal did not have in the slightest. His conditioning was going well. Touches were a sign of comfort in any individual, especially more so if the individual lacked physical touch as a child.

His obsession with Will, he had to admit, was dangerous to his survival; but finding a soul like Will was rare to come by. He had to have him for himself: mind, soul and body.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are welcomed! Thanks for leaving kudos and all and for reading. You guys make me want to keep writing. Hannigram for the win!
A study in Grownman Sleepovers

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal get closer.

Chapter Notes

This story has been modified as I didn't like it. Hope it's better :) Thanks for reading.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

CHAPTER 2: A STUDY IN GROWN MEN SLEEPOVERS

In their long car ride to Ohio, both men never really had the time for proper meal. Hannibal’s sensitive ears picked up once in awhile a grumbling stomach noise in obvious hunger. If the psychiatrist could hate something right now, it was his Will skipping meals. One should always have a full stomach, and Will always forgot that. But that’s why he accompanied him in the first place. To make sure his pawn would be well fed from his many hunts.

'Here, eat' Hannibal ordered, leaving no room for discussion.

Will took what was given to him, unsure. He had been so caught up into this case, he hadn’t looked at the time. He had forgotten to eat.

'Thanks...but what is it?' The plate touched his fingers before he dropped it on the table, moving away the paper mess laid out in front of him.

'It’s our dinner. In our long drive here, we forgot to indulge ourselves in our evening meal. Food is essential Will. You tend to ignore your basic instincts, but I do not.' reprimanded Hannibal, his eyes focused on the other younger man as he smelled the food. He always prepared his meal with care and love; after all preparing human organs is a perfected art. The ash blonde hair man couldn’t help how this made him feel. Seeing Will eating his food, his victims. It got him incredibly hard.

'Oh! You didn't have to do that Hannibal!...Sushi?' Will’s lips quirked into a brief tired smile. Of course Lecter would get something like sushi.

'Sadly, this will have to do. I was afraid we would not have the utility of a microwave. From the looks of it, I made the right choice. The landlord should be ashamed, no one deserves such atrocious accommodation.'

Hannibal contemplated asking the manager downstairs for the business card of his Patron.

'That’s plenty, thanks for the forethought. I appreciate it. I haven’t had Sushi in a while, thanks for...taking care of me I guess' Wooden chopsticks broke apart under Will’s deft fingers before he dug in, savouring the various flavors hitting his tastebuds.
'It's my absolute pleasure Will' said Hannibal as he licked his lips, his red predatory eyes set on those plump lips circling around each bite.

They both started chewing their Sushi pieces. Hannibal paid more attention to Will's delightful expressions every time he took a bite. It brought feelings inside the serial killer he never thought he had.

Pleasure. Happiness. Love, or something akin to it.

This warm tingly sensation in his belly rushed south. Master of all, the doctor kept everything under perfect control. If only Will knew what he was eating. Alas, it would have to wait a while longer.

Once they were finished, Will leaned on the small wooden chair he was sitting on, full.

'God, You're a mean cook! Those were the best Sushi I’ve ever had! Where did you get fish as fresh as this?' exclaimed Will, impressed. He didn’t peg the good doctor as a good fisherman. Red meat sure, but not the slimy meat.

Hannibal was pleased.

'A good chef never reveal his sources, Dear Will.' his mouth curved slightly to the side ' But I will say this, my contact assured me that this particular fish was quite eager to get thinned under the knife' chuckled Hannibal in humor.

'I bet it did, better for us, right?' Will smiled in returned. The ripper had picked the perfect meat as this meal was to be shared with his friend. Only the best for his precious little lamb.

This 'fish' was an overzealous man who had dared to follow Hannibal home; unhappy that his horrible behavior towards a lovely cashier the previous day, had been called upon as rude by yours truly. Who was dumb enough to follow a serial killer home? This man. At least, his skin and meat allowed him to nourish Will with the proteins he lacked.

Looking at his expensive gold watch, Dr. Lecter realized it marked 1 am in the morning. If they were to catch this Collector, Will needed his rest.

'Perhaps, it is time to sleep. It is nearing 1 o'clock in the morning, and you need your rest'

'Yeah... I'll go change' Will said hesitantly, reaching for his night shirt and a fresh pair of boxer in his duffle bag.

'As will I' replied simply Hannibal

Heading to the bathroom, Will realized quickly that Hannibal already started undressing, not caring about his presence at all. Turning around had been a mistake. He could not look away. The sight before him was nothing like he expected. Not that he imagined what his friend would look like naked before, but still, one has the right to wonder.

Doctor Lecter's chest was broad, lean and muscular; not what one would expect from a psychiatrist. He kept himself in shape. Remarkable control over the body and mind was required to achieve such a form. In the dim light of the room, every little detail was carefully outlined to his green eyes. Every part was tight, clean, well shaven; like he was a God walking among man. Will blushed again. 'God, where did he find the time to train...he must have been doing this for years.' A part of Will envied the calm and the control Hannibal had over every situation. He was suddenly too aware of the embarrassing situation when he noticed that his treacherous body also liked the well defined anatomy of his doctor. A little tent could be seen in his jeans. 'Oh God!' he thought. Luckily, the doctor didn’t
look as if he had seen him bash to the doorless bathroom with his dick pushing against tight denim. He couldn’t believe himself. What was wrong with him?

He finally had the mind to rush to the dark corner of the bathroom to change; unknowing of the prying eyes that watched all this unfold.

Indeed, the predator in the room had seen the reaction his body had done to Will. Internally, Hannibal was waltzing to the sweet sounds of victory. His prey had gotten a little excited. This changed things. Sexual relationships could enhance feelings of attachment even more. He was never a man inclined in the carnal desires of the flesh, well sexually speaking of course. After all, if his cannibalistic ways were anything to go by, consuming human flesh was godly and powerful. There were other ways one could enjoy the flesh of another, and since his infatuation with Will stopped him from feasting on him, having intercourse would be the next best thing. Time would work this out, he would judge have to nudge his love in his direction. Perfect!

He could eventually bite and inhale his unique scent in. Even touch the most intimate part that made Will Graham who he is all he wants. In the end, Will would have no choice but to surrender to him, leaving his being in the hands of the killer. He would finally be inside him, forever.

Finally done dressing himself in his silky nightgown which was way too expensive for this crappy room, Will came out refreshed, wearing only a white shirt and a pair of thin boxers that outlined his curvy ass well, if Hannibal could say. His curly brown hair was dripping with water that fell along on his sharp squared jaw. His tired eyes and shy smile made him so vulnerable, so delectable to Hannibal’s piercing eyes. Upon looking at Hannibal, Will was laughing out loud, which was nice to hear for once.

'Wow! Your nightgown is probably the most expensive thing in this whole room Dr. Lecter’ Will made his way to the covers on the cheap squeaking bed. Hannibal offered a content smile.

'I’m glad to see my situation amuses you’

'It does… only a little though. Besides, this whole sharing one bed situation, it makes me think of children’s sleepovers' Will said reflecting, almost a bit sad.

'Interesting connection. Have you ever had those as a child?’ questioned Hannibal as he slipped under the covers.

'Nah! My Dad was pretty strict and I was pretty unpopular with the other kids. The freak they called me, because I was so emotionally invested and so distant. I didn't really have any friends to do those with; no one to invite me either. I was pretty alone as a kid. What about you? Somehow you don’t look like a man who likes sharing space either.'

'As they say: it's never too late, my dear Will. But you are correct, I have never been that sociable either. Sharing quarters with other children for me was like an invasion of privacy. Coming from a rich background, I mostly kept to myself as well. I found the other children quite boring and tedious.' He paused for effect once more, but not before gazing into the deep green eyes of his prey ’I am content to know that I have found a worthy companion in you’ kindly explained Hannibal.

Will was surprised that Lecter shared a bit of his childhood with him. As much as Will could enter people's mind quite easily, Hannibal was a true mystery; perhaps one of the reason Will liked to be around him so much. Dr. Lecter never shared anything concerning him; for Will, he was a white canvas. It intrigued him.

'Thank you...It means a lot' sincerely answered Will, going deeper into the warmth of the thin covers
as if to hide his easily excitable feelings. This close proximity thing was becoming problematic. He
never reacted that way to his mentor before.

He turned his back to Lecter’s sitting form, turning off the lamp at his bedside. A good night sleep
would clear things up; his mind and body were exhausted from the long ride and his complicated
emotions.

'Likewise, my friend' Hannibal

'Well, Goodnight Dr.Lecter' yawned Will, his eyelids heavy finally shutting the veil to the outside
world. He couldn’t help shifting his weight, when he heard a soft murmur fluttering to him.

'Hannibal'

'Excuse me?' Will said half-turned.

'I said Hannibal. You may call me by my given name Will.' stated Hannibal in a firm tone while he
lied on his back, about to read a novel he brought with him. His composed yet serene facial features
were softened even more with the flare from his own lamp, warm to the touch.

'Oh Yeah... Sorry I forgot. It's gonna take a while to get used to it... G'night' Will replied softly, shy
in his response. His eyes closed once again all by themselves, waiting for the sandman to claim his
due.

'Don't worry my sweet Will, you'll have all the time in the world to remember my name' he
whispered quietly, waiting for the moment when his beautiful Will would break and be his forever in
the darkness they both shared.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it! Well next, chapter 3 is coming. It'S already done, but I will wait to tease you all...XD
漏字：A study in tolerating Jack Crawford

Chapter Summary

This new killer has something new up his sleeve.

Chapter Notes

I reedited this whole story and changed a few things in the plot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

CHAPTER 3: A STUDY IN TOLERATING JACK CRAWFORD

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Sunlight passed through the thin layers of the cheap red coloured curtains that covered the one window the room had. The rays of light poked the eyes of the slumbering serpent. Only the pleasant scent of its sleeping mongoose made the morning bearable, in honesty. This place was a pig stack.

Hannibal listened to the slow breathing sounds of his future mate sharing the bed's warmth; it was like music to his delicate ears. It looked as if Will had spent a wonderful calming night by his side, undisturbed by nightmares or deaths. Another good thing that Hannibal's proximity brought to his pet project.

Unconsciously, Will's body had become accustomed to his safe presence. Intriguing. Will was so unaware of his true motives that it would make this betrayal even more cruel for the poor boy. Hopefully, he had not been wrong in judging Will, believing his mind would be strong enough accept him; his sanity was another thing though. That's what made it so sweet. Given time, Will would learn his place.

All the things that could be done while his friend slept were limitless. He closed the gap slowly between them; his chest lightly touching the tense back in front of him, sweaty. It was a shame that a stupid layer of fabric stood between the predator and his prize. Will’s scent was driving his primal urges forward, making it hard to resist the call to bite into that wonderful neck, leaving his mark. He could so easily bend Will’s body to his own. Will was crouched forward, like a spoon. His skin was cold to the touch, clammy. His hair was drenched in sweat and his lean smaller frame was tense.

Lecter was sure that his mind was full of darkness, lost in illusions. His stress smelt like sweet nectar. As Hannibal’s taller muscular shape draped Will’s smaller one with his, he just could not resist the thrust of his hips into Will’s firm ass. Once it made contact with his growing morning erection, shivers travelled quickly through his veins, sending pleasures to his brain’s nerve endings. Making sure his mongoose was still deeply asleep, the slithering snake brought his tail to its victim’s exposed
neck. One large hand grasped softly the younger man’s neck as a show of dominance, while he enjoyed the little unconscious tremors the limp body close to him sent to his engorged dick. It had been a while since Hannibal reached this kind of high peak; it was intoxicating. He wanted to envelop Will in his dark feathery wings, care for him and guide him to his true potential.

That thought stopped him in his tracks. He could take Will now, but it would miss the lovely reverence it held. For now, he wanted Will aware.

Now was not the time to indulge; there would be a better moment to fully enjoy this wonderful meal. Piers Plowman had said: ‘Patience was a virtue’ A saying in which Hannibal was a great supporter. All good things come to those who wait, after all. Before Will could rise from his sleep, the cannibal indulged himself in a quick taste of what was to come; to sate his hunger. He tilted Will’s head slightly back to expose his prey’s neck better. That’s when a moist warm tongue collided with the cold skin of its intended victim. Eyes closed, nostrils flared at the overwhelming scent of the encephalitis that was growing by the second, feeding on Will’s insecurities and madness. His taste buds were on fire. Will tasted so much better than he thought. It really was a shame that he could not use Will’s flesh for his creations; he would have been the best filet mignon ever cooked and it would have been treasured, but only by him. When he felt the body stir under his eager lips, he reluctantly let go of the throat and inhaled one last time fully Will’s unique fragrance. His powerful force of will stored his morning wood away, like he did most days. He believed himself above petty things such as these. No physical body should be in charge of one’s actions; only a strong mind should.

He returned to his original position, laying on his strong back against the hard mattress, his focus drawn up to the degrading ceiling. Shifting on the bed told Hannibal that his companion was now awake.

‘Good morning Will’ said Hannibal to the drowsy man besides him. Getting out of bed, the ripper opened the curtains, the only good source of light inside this place.

‘Morning… God, what time is it?’ Will stretched his sore muscles looking around for a clock, sleepily. Obviously, there would be none in this forsaken room. He had slept well, considering his aversion to sharing the bed with Lecter.

‘It is past 10 in the morning; I felt guilty waking you up as you sleep very rarely’ Hannibal said quietly in the corner of the small dusty room.

Bed sheets go flying into the air. Wide eyes in shock, his frantic hands looking around the room for something. Jack hadn’t broken through the door. Good.

‘FUCK! Jack’s gonna have my head, I was supposed to meet him in the conference room at 9 about the case’ He quickly got out of bed, almost falling to the floor face first in doing so.

Hannibal’s ears tingled at the swear word; he did not have a fond sentiment of cursing individuals. They mostly ended up on his plate; but this was Will, he could only be reprimanded. He repeated like a mantra. Will is a friend, not food.

A hard look sufficed to show his displeasure of the usage of such words in his company. A quiet ‘sorry’ was heard in response. Sadly, Will was already dressed by the time Hannibal was finished with his own attirement. Will still wore the plaid shirt, with his blue jeans and his simple brown overcoat. Luckily, the weather seemed tame today, warmer at least. Will was almost out of the door, when he was interpellated by his psychiatrist.

‘Will’ he simply said, his voice a little higher than usual.
Will turned around in confusion, ready to dash at any moment’s notice.

‘Look, Doctor, I really must go. Jack’s not going.’ He was cut off by Hannibal’s stern stare which made him halt, in fear. His heartbeat flared for a few seconds, before calming down.

He should not fear Doctor Lecter, he thought, he would never harm me, he’s my friend. This fleeting thought was quickly discarded to the recesses of his mind, when Hannibal’s expression shifted to something calmer.

‘I’m sure Uncle Jack can wait.’ He adjusted his tie as a finishing touch, but not before approaching Will’s frozen form near the door frame. Will gulped nervously.

‘In the meantime, you had forgotten this’ Delicately, he infringed on the Detective’s personal space to poise his glasses upon the ridge of his nose, like the man would break at any sudden movement; fine china as Hannibal had put it before.

Will Graham was lost in this overwhelming moment; and was literally lost for words. He just stood there like a doll, while this wonderful man made sure the forgotten frames were perfectly put in its rightful place. Hannibal smirked at the beautiful view, proud. The only thing Will found he could say was; ‘Oh!’... with a very low ‘Thanks’ following suite.

‘You are very welcomed Will. Your glasses are part of your charm and a part of your persona you built for yourself; just remember that hiding behind them forever won’t do you any good,...Take a step into the unknown and let them see you.’’ He finally said, moving a strand of hair covering Will’s beautiful green eyes with his large thumb.

He then moved away to gather his keys for the car, moving past the frozen Will, who followed his every move until his friend was too far down the stairs to notice his embarrassed face.

That. Was. Cryptic, even for him.

Hannibal and Will, through their numerous conversations, attempted to calm the waters of Will’s troubled mind. Hannibal assured him he was proud of their progress and it could only help bring stability into his life. But Will was afraid of what he was becoming. All that violence, that blood and the hypothetical killings of people were beginning to feel too real; it hit too close to home.

What his friend had said made sense. He didn’t really need his glasses the see; his vision was fine. Over time, it became a habit. It easily became his fail safe from people’s judging stares. He just never believed Hannibal would have picked up the habit. He sighed in resignation; of course he would. The made was as sharp as a blade’s cutting edge.

It annoyed him a bit that he appeared transparent to his friend, especially when he didn’t know anything about the man at all, except the trust him. For the moment, Hannibal was the only person he needed. The confines in which he needed the man were still an unknown variable to him, but it didn’t stop him to find comfort near his psychiatrist.

Before heading out, he touched the rim of his frame, remembering the light touch that was there before. Never thinking twice, he slammed the door of the room to join the hunt, always eagerly followed by an elegant three piece suit man, who couldn’t hide the gleam in his eyes in trapping Will into his waiting arms. But first, they had a interloper to catch.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for comments and kudos guys :)

A study in the Art of Patience

Chapter Summary

Will explains who to look for.

Chapter Notes

Here is chapter 4. I rewrote the whole thing and added a lot of new things. Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER 4: A STUDY IN PATIENCE

Disclaimer: I do now own Hannibal and its characters. I do this only for fun and entertainment. No profit is made from making this story. It is the sole property of Thomas Harris and the creators of the show Hannibal NBC.

If there was a thing Will disliked, it was his boss’s annoyed face every time something did not go his way. Jack was fuming; Will could tell by the emotion that rushed inside his veins. All it did was make him more irritable, and unsociable. Luckily, his anchor, Dr. Lecter, was there to control the enraged dog that was Jack Crawford. His morning could not be better.

‘WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU GRAHAM? What do I pay you for? To sleep? I need you sharp and ready to work, you hear me?’ yelled the large imposing FBI agent.

Beverly, Alana, Jimmy Price and all the other officers of the task force tilted their heads in his direction, waiting for his response. Most of all had their mouth open in shock, except maybe Beverly who was secretly laughing.

He was getting tired of this bullshit. He was there to catch killers, and his role was primordial in catching the Collector. But couldn’t Crawford get off his back. He was already digging himself into the ground with this case: not sleeping, not eating and stressed to hell. He was not his only operative, he was not a freakin’ dog for godsake!
‘Well, I’m sorry Jack’ he said nonchalantly ‘but if you keep treating me like shit, you might not have an agent to do all of the work for you’ he said, walking towards the short muscled man, avoiding any stares and every muffled choked gasps he heard. People were not expecting this sort of comeback from him; it made him smile internally.

Jack intercepted him on his way to the front, strongly grabbing his forearm in a firm stabilizing grip. If looks could kill, Will would have burned alive under the fiery gaze of his boss. Everyone was on edge, Jack should have known this. He was not different.

‘I understand this is stressful for you Will, but watch your tone with me.’ Will looked at the ground to his feet. He was starting to panic, feeling all the judging eyes on him. Getting closer to his personal space, Jack added:

‘I won’t have you undermining my authority Graham. You are here for one reason only; and that’s to finally get that son of a bitch behind bars.’ Jack shoved the folder stamped with the name THE COLLECTOR to his colleague’s face.

His tone left no room for arguments. Will nodded and pulled his arm back to himself and stood next the white board. Jack backed off leaving Will to his thoughts.

Hannibal watched the scene unfold before him. Jack’s facial expression made Hannibal chuckle lightly, if that was even possible. If it was not for the fact that Jack was still useful breathing, and such a great factor in his William’s becoming, he would have been dispatched long ago for his rudeness. Especially, at how he treated poor Will.

This outburst surprised him. If threatened the dog could become a wolf. Will showed an aptitude for violent impulses. Hannibal contemplated the image of Will pouncing on Jack, or even better, the Collector, killing them in cold blood. Finally grasping his nature. Would Dear old Will show his claws then; like the lone feral wolf that hid in his human skin. He chewed the corner of his warm espresso coffee cup, expectantly, visualizing this beautiful moment. He was never wrong; he knew Will was interesting the moment they had met.

‘Alright everyone!’ The FBI boss pointed a picture with a big question mark on a blank piece of paper, with only a handwritten ‘Collector’ in red. ‘This serial killer is still at large! We need to move fast and get to him before he gets to his next piece.’

Will remembered the last victim too well. He still had nightmares about it. This bastard had no remorse, he killed just to build his own photo album. This chase was taking its toll on his mental health. He could still hear the screams from the last time he entered the Collector’s complex mind. It
had been gruesome, and what drove him over the edge.

….FLASHBACK….

Sobs filled the quiet room. The little girl, not even older than 8 was being carried by her little ponytails behind the backyard of her parent’s house. Her little nails scraping for purchase on the cement floor of the terasse, trails of blood painting the ground.

‘Wahhhh...P-p-pwease... don’t hurt.... me...MOMMY!’ yelled the panicked girl. He felt powerful and erratic. His own body felt like fire. A mix of anger and...sorrow. He felt himself smile wickedly at the little girl’s pleas.

Thrown roughly on the ground, he kicked her in her small little body, making her weep more. Her face covered in bruises, her blue ocean eyes sailing in deep waters, overflowing onto her swollen cheek. Her tiny bones gave under the pressure, one hit at a time.

‘That’s right....keep crying...your tears are so beautiful...so innocent....so pure..unlike me. I knew once I saw you, I had to have you...Let go little angel, it soon will all be over’ He waited over her, watching until she drew her last breathe.

Then, only pure sadistic pleasure ran through his blood, exciting him. Images of terror filled his tortured brain. Her eyes were left open wide, blood everywhere, chunks of skin peeled from her little body.

Aside from the beating, the body had remained untouched. Nothing had been missing or taken as a token. All Will could sense was a void, and a hunger to connect to complete his missing picture. Those empty eyes that stared back at him were an echo, to something, someone… Those tears...They washed over him, cleansing him for something greater. To be something greater.

Her screams. Sobs, Her agony…This kill had not made sense.

….END OF FLASHBACK….

The emotions he carried after that were terrifying, because HE had loved the power he had held over that little whiny bitch. He felt sick for weeks; feeling horrible for thinking such thoughts about a sweet little child. He had trouble dissociating his own feelings to those of the killers; which was sending him down a path he really didn’t want to go. He was afraid. Afraid to become what he
He had enough on his plate with the Ripper, he didn’t two monsters in his head to feast on him. The same thing had happened 3 weeks ago, when he found a pregnant woman dead with the deceased form of her unborn child wrapped around her. The umbilical cord had been taken as a trophy. He had emptied all his stomach content over Jack’s pristine shoes.

It had taken Dr. Lecter’s swift intervention to get him out of it. Will had been so out of it afterwards, it caused more victims to drop. At least, this time this felt different. He didn’t know how. Something had changed inside the Collector to play hide and seek with the FBI. He was drawing attention to himself and what he took was superficial this time. After all this time, he figured the killer had finally put the picture he felt compelled to create together. So why return now?

Will shook his head, his fingers pinched the bridge of his nose. His head throbbed.

Suddenly, he was all too aware of his lost time. Jack’s were unforgiving. Damn it, he didn’t need his own mind to work against him. All eyes were on him. Only the questioning voice of his superior brought him back down to earth. The profiler was lost in a haze, and all he could focus on was the moving of lips, like it called for his name, through all that noise inside his crumbling head.

‘Agent Graham?...WILL!’ Jack repeated impatiently, his big forearms crossed over his imposing chest.

‘..Uhhm..y-yeah’ he shook his head, still a bit tense from all the strong sensations he felt around him. He really didn’t like being in a small room with so many strangers. That’s one of the main reasons he liked the solitude of his home so much.

‘You with us?’ asked Jack making sure he was still in the game, before continuing.

‘Yeah, I’m here sorry’ said Will, leaning on the wall of this tiny office.

As Jack got closer, Will went on whispering.

‘It’s just the crowd, it gets to me sometimes. We’ve been at this for 5 weeks Jack, it takes its toll. Just go on...I-I’ll be fine’ he said, his headache punching with full force against his temple.
Jack was certainly not convinced. Stuck in the moment, the chatter in the room grew in volume, wondering what was happening. Jack set them straight quite fast.

‘SHUT UP! Graham thinks the last body is different than all the others. Why? We still don’t know, but his obsession with collecting things might lead us to him this time. An ear was taken from an old acquaintance of mine which shows he’s been following us a while. He knew we would work this case. A trail of body led us here, to Ohio. There is a chance he will strike again. We’ve put a look out on any suspicious activity in the proximity, so our job is to follow any lead that can present itself to prevent another casualty, understood?’ Everyone nodded ‘Any questions?’ One cop raised his hand. Jack gave him a go ahead.

‘Sir, how are we supposed to catch someone if we know nothing about the guy?’ said a round fellow eating a doughnut, totally uninterested.

Jack sighed at the stupidity of the question, and it seemed like he was not alone. He was assured that these were the brightest officers.

‘It’s called being a good cop, asswhat!’ cheered Beverly from her side of the table, getting glares from the man. These men were idiots! Jack thought, and Will might have not believed it if he didn’t see it for himself; but he swears Hannibal had raised his mouth into a faint smirk.

‘Gentlemen’ Jack got a glare from Alana and Beverly ‘ and women. We do have a psychological profile provided by Mister Graham, and based on the mutilated corpses, we know him to be a man.’

Jack was interrupted surprisingly by the affirmative tone of Will. If there was one thing he was good at; it was doing his frickin’ job.

‘What makes this man hard to catch is that he has no MO. He is highly intelligent and is probably following us in our investigation as we speak. I’ve followed this case since it started back in 85. We know he collects objects, parts; anything he can get to paint something. The what was always different to grasp. He feels empty and perhaps he is painting a new image of himself as we speak. I can’t say why things changed abruptly, but he isn’t as wild as before in his kill. It’s...almost as if he wants to be caught, or at least keep us on him. Something made him come out of hiding...or….’

Deep in thought, he glanced at his Doctor’s piercing eyes. He couldn’t shift his gaze away, like a magnet pulled in by an invisible force.

Hannibal’s ear perked up at this. Did Will figure it out already?
A cop answered: ‘Maybe, he had a relapse and found a different way to kill’

Will was exasperated at this incompetence. He was intending on catching this guy.

‘…No, he still keeps medals, but it feels deliberate. Like he knows what he wants now. That never occurred before, not to him. Before, he collected things on a whim, as if it was a surprise even to him. A shiny pearl among the dark sea. A treasure. Now…’ He didn’t know why, but he felt like the blind was removed from his eyes for the first time.

‘What evolved Will? What changed, what is he doing this time?’ asked the black man, hoping the other would elaborate on the subject. Almost like a robot, his green orbs still buried deep into Hannibal’s, he said:

‘He is finally showing his hand, taunting us. I think someone caught his attention; someone worth collecting or to collect from. Enough to jeopardize his identity. He knows what is missing to his painting for it to be completed. This person will be the biggest piece in his treasury and an ultimate fuck you to the FBI by showing us that he is better in every way.’

Finally, Will blinked, thus losing this perfect synchronization of their minds. He tilted his head to the side.

Hannibal’s smile grew bigger in anticipation; he had figured a part of it out. ‘Bravo, Dear Will’, the killer in the room thought to himself.

‘Do you you think it could be you, Will?’ inquired the long black haired women who had gotten up from her seat in worry. ‘I mean, you’ve chased this guy for years’

Jack jumped the gun at the implication.

‘Hmm. Maybe? I really don’t know Jack. I mean he targeted someone you knew, specifically. It could be you, but I doubt he would take that risk. It would make more sense if it was me, but even then, the case was dropped, I never worked on it again. This wouldn’t make sense’ He paced in front of the room, forgetting his anxiety. He pulled at his curls in frustration. How would they catch him now.

‘Why didn’t you tell me this? If this madman could be after you, I want an officer guarding you at all
times’ yelled Jack at him. For all the times to be concerned, Jack really picked his moment.

‘Does that mean we hate to wait for another body to drop? I need you on this, you’ve work this before’

‘This is years of research for nothing Jack! We have to start over, at least on the aspect of his M.O. I don’t need an escort Jack, I can fend for myself.’

Jack was being impossible again. Will was tired of being treated like fine china. Hannibal had been right in asserting this fact. Sure, he had a few screws loose, but that came with the job, Crawford knew that. They were catching dangerous people, surely Jack didn’t believe he would be out of harm’s way. After all, he was the main reason most of them were either dead, in a mental hospital or behind bars.

‘Look Jack. I’m not saying it can’t be me, but it could be someone else entirely. I just have this feeling now. When I got into his mind; it’s like he knew someone noticed him, there’s temptation, seduction in his plans now...I can’t really explain it. He will taunt us. There will definitely be another victim until we find this piece he wants to collect. If we find that missing piece of the puzzle, we will find our man Jack’ Will was sure of it. This felt personal.

‘So you’re telling me everything we’ve learned until now is shit.’ Jack was burning hot now, Will stepped away slowly.

‘Infatuated serial killer? That’s a new one’ Zeller pondered with Price. A grunt was heard from the front, shutting them up. Jack was riled up, it wasn’t the time to piss him off more than he already was. Thanks to Graham. All the cops remained silent observing and waiting orders on what to do.

‘I’m not saying that Jack; I’m only suggesting that his pattern changed; he could become even more unpredictable. So, until another body drops with new evidence...’ He let his sentence linger, really not wanting to think of the possibilities of hoping for a cadavre.

‘We’re back to square one then. Unacceptable!’ Jack said angrily, punching the innocent table in front of him, leaving his knuckles red with blood. ‘I hate waiting, you better be right Graham’ With that Jack just left the whole team behind to get some fresh air.

‘Thanks everyone, just keep your eyes open. Let’s find the missing link and bag this son of a bitch. Dismissed’ Jack said, leaving the room, planning his next move.
As for Will, he made his way to his female colleagues. They haven’t had the time to chat since all of this happened.

In the meantime, Hannibal was reflecting on what had transpired. He was happy Will figured it out. He was proud of him. As for his friend Jack, he was highly dissatisfied by his temper. He did not approve of how Jack treated his pet.

Eventually, he was convinced he could get his Will to off this rude man of the planet. And how they would enjoy their shared meal together over Jack’s demise. It would be….delicious. Sadly, his agenda could not be rushed.

He still needed Jack. Will had intruded into his life, just as much as he did; that scared Hannibal. Sentiment would get him caught or worse, killed. He figured that as long as he was in charge and Will knew his place in Hannibal’s carefully constructed world; everything would work out well for him.

Seeing Will with his female friends made him ache for a sudden need to bring the man closer to him. He missed Will’s company and wanted to be the only thing the man thought about. This Collector had stepped on the wrong neighborhood, if he thought he could steal his Will from him.

Perhaps now that they shared the same accommodation; Hannibal could ease his way deeper into Will Graham’s personal, more intimate life. He licked his lips in anticipation. Maybe it was time for Hannibal to up the stakes, and asks Mister Graham for a date.

‘Damn Will, you sure talked back to the boss today. You have a death wish?’ said the always cheerful asian woman, playfully punching Will’s shoulder. He gave a rare genuine smile in return

‘Honestly, I don’t know what came over me. I guess I’m just tired of being pushed around. I’m already having a hard time in my own head, I don’t need him in there as well.’ said Will, his arms crossed over his chest.

Alana lightly poised her soft palm on his forearm, he blushed at the action, which did not go unnoticed by an incoming Dr. Lecter.

‘Are you sure you’re alright Will? Jack can be an ass sometimes, but he means well. Just don’t go too deep and get yourself killed. You already have enough on your plate with the Ripper back in
Baltimore, don’t overexert yourself with another killer. You might not come back from that.’

‘Yeah, I know. I have two stubborn therapists on my case telling me to take better care of myself.’ he said pointing at Lecter and her.

‘Will, we’re not all okay with you jumping from killer to killer every week to make Jack happy. We care about you, so you should look after yourself better.’

‘May I remind all of you that until serial killers like the Collector and the Ripper finally stop killing, I won’t get to look after my mental state. I save lives Alana, and if the price to pay his my sanity well, at least I’m making a difference...’

‘You won’t make any difference when you’re dead.’ She said a bit more bitter than intended.

‘I assure you I have no intention of letting our Will get to that point, Alana.’ A rich European voice reassured from behind them. Dr. Lecter had finally joined them.

‘Doctor Lecter, I’m really sorry about this morning. This case is just getting to me, and Jack...well’ Will said awkwardly, his hand massaging the back of his head, avoiding Hannibal’s intense gaze.

‘It has already been forgotten dear Will, let us not dwell in the past and focus on the future’

Hannibal explained, his grip solid on Will’s broad shoulder. It was meant to comfort him, to anchor him. Will unconsciously relaxed at the touch.

‘OHhh, a birdie told me you guys are sharing a single bedroom! How is it to share a room with the famous Hannibal Lecter’ Beverly teased, while Alana tried to shut her up, insisting that she was borderline impolite to ask such things. Alana was right; to inquire about one’s personal life affairs was rude, but in that case, he made an exception for miss Katz. Will had come to respect miss Katz for her wonderful detective work, he’d have to keep a close eye on her.

Will blushed, annoyed at her intrusion, but answered nonetheless:

‘It’s different than living alone in my mess at home. He does not belong there, that’s for sure.'
Admittingly, the company is not bad.’ He said looking serious, he didn’t want to say much. Especially about the sleeping together part, Beverley would have a fit.

Alana giggled knowing the peculiar tastes that her old mentor had. She could imagine clearly his expression once entering this tasteless, undecorated room.

‘I welcome the compliment. Will is an interesting enigma; interesting to share pleasant conversations with.’ Pulling Will towards his body, he added ‘If you ladies would excuse me, I would like to borrow Will for this afternoon. I am afraid he did not partake in his morning meal’ Hannibal and Will said their farewells before the tall man dragged him to the side. The girls close within ear range.

‘I would like to invite you to lunch, my treat of course’ Will could smell the manly cologne emanating from that thick neck. He felt dizzy, not knowing what to make of this invitation. Was this meant to be a date?

‘I-I would not like to impose; I have files to...’ stuttered an open eyed agent. He was taken by surprise. His stomach growled as if this was as good as an answer. His hand covered his belly in shame. He felt warm. Was it warm?

Alana saw his conflict from afar, and stopped all this nonsense. Beverly made the first move and rushed like a pigeon.

‘He would be delighted to go, aren’t you Cowboy?’ replied for him Beverley, pushing him towards the exit of Jack’s large room while Hannibal followed with Alana hot on their tail. Will groaned at their intervention.

‘Look, I’ said Will, not sure of what to say. Did he want to go to dinner with Lecter. It really felt like a date now.

Will was about to complained, but Alana stopped him. Will had to learn to listen to others for once if he wanted to help himself. She knew Hannibal enough to know he held high regard for Will. This would do her friend some good.

‘Will, you need to eat. If you want to put an end to this, you need your strength. I’m actually shocked to hear that Hannibal will eat outside for once. You must be special, ahah’ her fingers locked into curled brown hairs playfully, like a mother would do.
‘Please, It would be my pleasure. We could indulge in our usual conversations; it might help you crack this case while we wait for some sort of sign’ further pushed Hannibal, taking Will by the sentiments. He would not dare offend his friend; Will thought about such things. Will gave up then.

‘A-Alright, I would be honored Doctor Lec-, I mean Hannibal’ The two ladies giggled at the sight before them.

‘It’s settled then, Will?’ Hannibal said gallantly leaving the door open for him. Will muttered a small ‘thanks’ and rushed past him, bidding his au revoirs to his two lady companions. ‘Ladies’ he slightly bowed his head and followed behind his muse.

Hannibal could not be more pleased to have Will once again all to himself, allowing to built their codependency even more. He could not wait to see what would happen next. He would build his web around Will, and this dinner would allow him to show Will how good he is to him. His hunger needed to be sated, and Will literally was the forbidden fruit dangled in front of him. A bite would not hurt, for his name was Hannibal Lecter. A predator, a god among men.

Chapter End Notes

XD hope you liked this tiny chapter. Comments are very appreciated, and thanks for leaving kudos!
Hannibal and Will go on a first date...sort of. Hannibal's intentions are there, but Will is still confused. Also, we learn about Will's past with the Collector.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long to do that chapter. I just hit a writer's block and didn't know where this story was going. Anyhow, here is the next installement, before some epic rapprochements between our boys. Sorry for the typos and mistakes. Not beta'd

Will and Hannibal arrived at their destination after an hour drive.

‘After you’ offered Hannibal. Will nodded shyly in response.

A hand pushed the glass door from the exquisite restaurant open for him to pass through. Will immediately felt shame once his eyes flickered around the exquisite allure of this italian restaurant. His clothing definitely were inadequate for such a place, but hell was this place fancy.

It seemed even in the middle of Ohio there were treasures such as these; you just to look for them. Hannibal always had a flare for wonderful aesthetics and good food. The place smelled divine.

‘woah...That’s a very uh nice place’ exclaimed Will, not sure nice even covered it. ‘How did you find a place like this on such a short notice’

Hannibal smiled softly as they were led to a table by a lovely well dressed lady.
‘One should never underestimate the marvels of technology, dear Will.’

‘So, you looked for a place online? I never pegged you for someone who looked things up online’ questioned Will.

Will frowned, not believing Hannibal actually had looked up a place just to make him calm. He couldn’t help the blush growing on his cheeks. This felt so much like a date that Will fidgeted in his seat uncomfortably. He didn’t know what to make of that. Was it intended or not? Was Hannibal actually interested in him or not?

‘I make the effort when I deem it necessary and important.’ said Hannibal as he placed the off white napkin on his lap. Will mimicked him, mirroring his every move.

‘Ah...Thanks, but you didn’t need to take me to something like... this, simply for lunch. I feel overly underdress, unlike you. You’re always...impeccable’

‘I insisted you accompanied me. I am also very peculiar in what I put in my body, as you know. Tripadvisor assures that Michelangelo’s ristorante italiano is quite qualified for what we will require. As for your state of dress, it will have to do I’m afraid as we hadn’t plan for such an outing’ explained Hannibal calmly.

Luckily he didn’t have to answer a long haired blonde waitress approached their table to take their order. Will fumbled with his menu, not sure what to take. The loud rumble in his stomach alerted Hannibal and possibly the whole restaurant of his state of hunger. Guess he was hungrier than he thought.

Before he could choose, a low baritone voice spoke in his place.

‘He will take the Costolette D’ Agnello and as for me, it will be your Filetto con Acini di Pepe. I have read it is to die for’ said Hannibal handing her the menus.

‘Is there anything else you require sirs’ asked the polite young woman. Hannibal loved her manners and how she poise herself. Good mannered people were so hard to find these days. Without further delay, he stated:

‘A bottle of your most exquisite wine, perhaps a Cabernet Sauvignon, por favore’ requested
Hannibal with the best of his charming smiles.

She returned his smile in folds and left with their orders. Will didn’t doubt it, once he looked closer at the menu.

His eyes grew wide at the price range of these meals and almost choked. This was way too expensive. One look at the other man and Will shut up, swallowing his objection. He understood that Hannibal would care for the bill and that he was his guest, therefore he shouldn’t have to pay. Still, it made him queasy.

As if knowing what he was thinking about, Hannibal raised his arm nonchalantly.

‘Think nothing of it please. You deserve only the best Will. Please allow me this simple pleasure of treating you’ asked the psychiatrist.

Will’s skin flushed a shade darker in response to his heart pounding heavily in his chest. This was obviously a date, there was no mistaken it. He wasn’t sure how to react, no one except Hannibal to ever be so considerate of him before. The more he spent time with his friend, the more complicated their relationship had become. Regardless if the older man was male, he found himself not caring in the least. Hell, it wasn’t as if he had never tried a few guys while in university. Who hasn’t? Lecter was a mystery to him though, he never really talked about himself.

Rarely enjoying eye contact, he caught Hannibal’s stare voluntarily and said: ‘Thank you Dr. Lecter for your gracious offer then. I appreciate the insight. I admit I might have needed the break, the food and…well’ he hesitated, but never stopped: ‘...the company’

‘Always an honor, my Will’

Always courteous, Hannibal poured the first glass of red wine once it arrived with their meal. The service had been efficient, no doubt would Lecter pay a good fair for the tip. It was nice for a change to be in a well establishment, and not in a crappy motel with cafeteria food.

They ate in silence for the most part, savoring their well cooked meal. The wine complimented his lamb perfectly, as expected from Hannibal’s expert opinion. It was rich and sweet. When he took his first bite, he could feel those predatory eyes set on his fork as the piece of meat passed his plump lips to finally end up being swallowed thoroughly inside him. His blood burning under the intense gaze. He could swear he felt hunger from the man, like he was the finest piece of meat to ever devour.
‘This is excellent Doctor! I bow to your expertise in choosing this place’ said William, chewing eagerly at the poor slaughtered lamb who served as his meal.

A light chuckle escaped those thin lips poised delicately on the rim of the wine glass. Hannibal swallowed before saying: ‘Appealing to my vanity will get you nowhere my dear, although it does not go unnoticed.’

That startled him, enough to almost make him lose the firm grip he had on his fork: ‘ah...I didn’t mean’

Suddenly, fingers reached for his own which laid idle at the base of his glass nervously. The digits enlaced around his own, their heat comforting. Hannibal was now looking at his solemnly, with a slight hint of worry it seemed. Heat crept up to the back of his skull.

‘Will. There is no cause for discomfort. No ill intent on my part. I apologize if my blunt statement made you uncomfortable. This is for your benefit, you should relax before going back to the work ahead. No need to be nervous’

‘I’m not nervous. I- I might not be used to so-someone so…’

‘Understanding?’ inquired Hannibal while the pad of his thumb caressed nonchalantly at the the soft patch of skin of his trembling hand.

‘Attentive I would say. It’s refreshing. The food was very good and thanks for taking me out. More so for dealing with Jack and me. This can’t be easy for you; cancelling all your appointments, so thank you’ For once, he flashed a genuine small which by the looks of it, his friend had drunken in the sight with gusto.

‘Well, my decision wasn’t entirely altruistic. I enjoy seeing you at work; it’s a beautiful sight. Jack hardly had to convince me. I could say I might have followed you for my own benefit as well’ carried on Hannibal.

For all he had endured, a part inside him swelled in happiness for the good mercy he had to encounter Dr Lecter when he did. He felt safe. Cherished. Cared for and most of all understood for what he was. Complicated psyche and all. Will wouldn’t be against this evolving into something bigger, but still something pulled at him to not just rush into this.
His thoughts had been so loud and deafening, he never realized their plates had been removed and their table cleared, except for their wine glasses. He forced a weak apologetic smile.

By then, Hannibal’s hands were far away from him, as if what just happened had been a dream. Throughout the whole course, he was aware that Hannibal had casually brushed against his skin multiple times. Whenever he could, he would eat him up with his fiery gaze or comfort him with just a simple touch.

Will’s brain could only come out to this conclusion: this was more than a simple concerned colleague lunch date; it was an official date. From all that, he could feel Hannibal wanted something more than just a friendship with him. Doubts clouded his thoughts; then why didn’t the other simply ask him. The truth is that he wouldn’t know what to answer, even if he had mixed feelings for his tall psychiatrist.

Sadly, as much as he wanted this, at least he thought so; now wasn’t the time to invest in a relationship. There was a killer on the loose. Hannibal had offered a distraction, but it couldn’t last forever. People counted on him; he wouldn’t want to disappoint. Jack had been on his back already.

‘Is everything alright Will? Or is your mind still haunted by this case?’ wondered Hannibal with his pale eyebrow raised in concern.

‘Oh! I’m sorry...I didn’t expect to get lost in thought. I have lots to think about right now; I guessed I left all that worry at the office.’ He had not expected Doctor Lecter to see through him like glass. The other must have felt the change in atmosphere. As if a cloud had passed over them, heavy with thunder and rain. Will’s facial features were strained, tired and showed the focus of a man on a mission.

‘Stop apologizing Will. It is too be expected. You cannot shut the vivacity of your mind completely otherwise your work wouldn’t be as efficient. You seem adamant on catching this killer; I’m curious as to why?’

Both men mirrored each other’s stance on the table; a typical trait of their sessions back in Baltimore. Their forearms leaned on the wooden surface, their fingers crossed as Will explained his obsession with catching the Collector.

Will curved his lips into a brief smile, remembering how he had gotten here
‘He’s the reason I started and stopped being a homicide detective. As a boy, I was always aware that my thought processes were...different than other normal people. Felt too much, saw too much. Always the odd one out, alone, but that was fine. I learned to deal with it and more importantly how to use it to my advantage. What better way than to help the system catch deranged killers, so I enrolled at the academy’

‘I guess that this killer got you ‘on the map’ as they say. I remember reading about this man in the paper when I settled for the first time in Baltimore. String of murders all over the country, all seemed unrelated or perpetrated by the same individual. Until a young field agent came up with a profile’ explained Hannibal, interested. ‘You were that young man’ stated the fact Hannibal

The man had an excellent memory, he had seen the picture of the profiler on the case. Will hadn’t look as interesting in the picture as he did now.

‘Yeah. I made quite the gossip back then’ chuckled Will, never relenting his seriousness.

‘Almost caught the guy too, until I got knifed in the shoulder for my trouble. I got discharged after that and stuck to teaching. Well, until my comeback with the Hobbs and the Ripper cases’ His tone dropped a few octaves when he recalled the Hobbs case and how close it had made him unhinged. Luckily Hannibal had been there since, helping him understanding his psyche.

‘Forgive me for asking, but why would you believe this man has resurfaced once again. You’ve said this morning things weren’t as they appeared. What do you see Will that no one else sees?’ Hannibal’s ears perked in hopes to discover new aspect of his Will. Has much as he hated sharing his profiler’s head space with someone else, he couldn’t shut observing Will’S beautiful empathy at work.

‘He’s not feeling empty anymore. Those last crime scenes were practically gift wrapped, it’s as if he wants us to catch him. Which never was the case before. The only individual like him would be the Ripper. Both get trophies in one form of another, that’s why he was so hard to profile. Never took credit for his work, unlike the Ripper. The feelings I get from him are different than the Chesapeake Ripper murders.’

‘So, you believe they are similar?’ inquired the taller refined man. He didn’t liked to be compared to such a predictable killer with clearly no sense of aesthetics.

Will had to think about his answer before replying. ‘Hmm… No the Collector is harder to pin down
since he has no killer’s MO like the Ripper. We know he takes something, but not always. Same complexity, different pathologies. Whereas the Ripper’s kills are controlled, deliberate and carefully planned; the Collector’s are on a whim. He doesn’t seek his victims out, he picks them on a whim. I’m pretty sure he doesn’t know what he wants until he sees it somehow.’

Will shifted in his seat, his eyes cast on the table, before he sipped the last gulp of wine left in his glass.

‘I see. Perhaps what he looks for is not necessarily of a materialistic nature, but something that will allow him to assemble the complex pieces of his puzzle. It feels like this killer might exhibit some characteristics of an identity disorder’ helped Hannibal, loving how the younger man’s voice shook with emotions. Even more so, the underlying darkness that leaked from Will’s words.

‘All I felt then was confusion and lack of sense of identity; he still struggled with his pathology. Now, all I feel is confidence. His picture is complete now; all he needs is an audience to witness his transformation, or at least one to see him ascend to something. But I’m not sure anymore; everything is...very confusing in here’ he said pointing to his left temple with a weak grin.

‘I apologizes for bringing such awful memories to you here when we are supposed to have a remotely relaxing dinner’ Hannibal lowered his eyes, his blond eyelashes casting shadows over his maroon eyes. Luckily, WIll couldn’t see the gleam in those eyes, one pleased with his own discomfort.

The curly haired FBI profiler waved his hand in dismissal ‘Please, as much as I don’t like talking about it, i-it’s actually nice for once to be listened to. WIsh I had that someone back when I quit’

‘Is that why you left the field to teach? As your friend, I believe perhaps taking a step back from this case would do you some good’

‘I appreciate the offer, but I’m too close to stop now. And no, I was discharged because I failed to shoot him once I stumbled upon him killing a body. Was totally a fluke, but I was scared to pull the trigger and well...got stabbed. The next day, two more bodies were found dead, same killer’

‘You felt guilt for the lives of those 2 individuals whose lives got taken for your mistakes. Guilt is a powerful emotion, but also destructive Will. You can’t save everyone’

‘I know that!’ said a bit too loudly the other. HE schooled himself once he glanced at his
surrounding. Last thing he wanted was to draw attention to them and humiliate his friend with his uncontrolled outburst.

‘Will…’ warned calmly Hannibal, the large hand reaching for his. The touch did what it was supposed to do, soothe Will, grounding him.

‘I’m sorry...He’s all I can think about right now and it’s irritating. Actually, Just thinking about it makes me...feel murderous. Will squeeze the fingers back to ground his fleeting emotions.

‘Interesting choice of words William’ chuckled his doctor. Will felt like pulling out his tongue at the man for saying that.

‘You know what I mean...I felt like I killed those people, I don’t want to lose my chance to catch him. This time...it will be different, I’m not the same man anymore’

‘Are you?’

‘No, I told you; I will do whatever it takes to take this man down’ stated Will with a straight face, his resolve showing in his face, with the burning fire of murder. Hannibal licked his lips, almost tasting the madness lingering inside his prey. He had to push for more.

‘Even if you are to kill him, like you did Hobbs?’

Both men were left staring at each other for a few minutes. Silence was deafening, tuning out all the outside noise, as if they were the only one here, just like in Hannibal’s office during their sessions. Eyes met, both searching for the answer that would not raise to the surface. But Hannibal knew better, Will’s silence told him all he needed to hear. He was pleased to see his outside influence got the FBI investigator open to more unorthodox techniques to deal with annoyances.

‘Sir? Would you like the bill? said a feminine voice next to their table.

Their minds came back to where they were minutes before. Quick on his feet, his date nodded at the question. Guess it was time for them to leave, Will almost felt sad about it, having enjoyed his time with his colleague.
‘I believe it is time for us to leave. I hope you have enjoyed our brief time together, however short it was’ causally said Hannibal as he put on his long pristine coat made of what he was sure to be fabric more expensive than his own car. Will was handed his coat and gently accepted it, putting it on swiftly.

Will could see the waitress waiting for them at the counter where it was bustling with other caterers and clients.

‘Of course’ he said a bit too eagerly. ‘The company was appreciated Doctor...I just hope I didn’t spoil your lunch.’ Hannibal frowned, confused. ‘Well, with all that murder talk and the Collector...’

‘Will, I must insist you start using apologizes barely from now on, otherwise we might have to address this issue during our next session’ Hannibal answered playfully. Will smirked. He had gotten the message loud and clear. Stop saying sorry.

He was taken by surprise when a warm hand slithered behind his back like it was the most natural thing to do. Somehow, this felt very intimate, and very possessive.

Will stopped in his tracks, looking lost. He search for something inside those mysterious maroon orbs, but nothing gave way. He was about to reply, until he was told to stay here before Hannibal left to care for the check. He was so shocked, he didn’t fight the order.

Will knew Hannibal wasn’t a very demonstrative man when it came to showing emotions. The man was an unreadable rock, even for him and his gift of empathy. He often wondered why, but quickly shoved the thought aside.

Reflecting on it, their table had been in a very remote section. His thought immediately went to Doctor Lecter. He blushed knowing his friend had probably picked a table away from all the exterior noise.

While he was waiting for Hannibal to pay, a young man maybe in his 20’s bumped into him. He was wearing silver chains all over his body, with piercings. His clothes all black and standing a little bit taller than he was. Kids nowadays were all giants, he thought. He didn’t know what a young adult like him was doing in such a refine place like this. How did he even got in? He planned to let this go and think nothing of it, until he heard it.

‘Stupid fags’ mumbled this individual under his breathe, making sure Will had heard. It didn’t take
Will a minute to glare back.

‘What d’you say?’ said Will, his voice dripping venom. The younger man puffed his chest, not afraid.

Looking smug, staring him down, the boy said: ‘You deaf? I said stupid fags. Can’t you do your shit elsewhere. No one wants to see what you both get up too. Capisce?’

Will couldn’t even begin to make sense of what he was seeing. Murderous rage fuelled him, making his hands twitch.

‘That’s none of your business. You should watch your mouth before someone shuts it down for you’ he growled through gritted teeth. Luckily Hannibal was too busy paying to notice anything. Good, he could take care of this by himself. He didn’t Hannibal to swoop in to save the day. It’s not like they were together.

‘Damn man, you’ve got bite. Maybe that’s why he keeps you around eh?’

‘WHAT?’ he said louder, attracting the attention of a few passersby. ‘Do you even hear yourself? You know I could arrest you for insubordination, I’m a cop. Hell, I could arrest you for discrimination’ threatened Will, hoping the boy would see reason.

‘Then, you homos should stop being freaks and enjoy pussies like everyone else. Your old man looks at you like your a piece of meat, and that’s fucking disgusting’ replied the other, pointing at his date who by that time was looking at Will with interest. Will didn’t pay him attention. His hand shot forward to grab the boy wrists, making the other wince in pain.

‘We aren’t-’ yelled Will whose frustration was gripping him tight, his eyes conjuring unhealthy images of who he could wring the boy’s neck.

‘Is there a problem?’ boomed a dark voice from behind.

He was used to being bullied, but this hurt more. People always assumed things about him, he hated that. This idiot also had dragged his friend Lecter into it and that was unacceptable. About to take his manacles and cuff this guy, he couldn’t help the dreadful feeling that surrounded him as he smelled that rich cologne coming towards him.
‘No, everything’s under control Doctor Lecter’ snapped Will, still glaring at the teenager who looked so smug right now. He shared a glance in those piercing eyes that conveyed the words, back off.

By now, the whole restaurant was gripped with fear and confusion. People were running around in panic wondering how to deal with this. Their waitress, Katrina was it, was dumbfounded but wore a calm mask, as if this was a usual occurrence here.

‘Your bitch here should be kept on a leash and teach him some manners dude.’ Hannibal eyes darken while he passed Will, making his way towards this idiot. He hovered like an eagle, his facial features darkened by his sour mood. The boy never got the hint. In that moment, Hannibal wasn’t someone to mess with.

‘I would suggest you mind your manners yourself young man or you might find yourself prey to something much bigger, I assure you’

Not having any survival instinct, the goth continued his assault, but this time locking eyes with the broader man next to him. Hannibal didn’t let anything show on his face and that scared him. The coldness coming from his psychiatrist felt...familiar, but nonetheless terrifying.

The boy ignored the warning that it was.

‘I don’t get the appeal’ he said referring to their bond in disdain ‘but I guess that a man like him with such a tight ass could make any straight guy gay for a ride’ he said loudly, straight to Hannibal composed face. The boy laughed at his own joke, while everyone else gasped in horror.

Will felt his face radiate heat like an inferno. He lowered his head in shame. What made it worse was the sharp slap that connected with his ass a few seconds later. He jumped, his eyes wide in shock. He didn’t know what to say.

Luckily for him, he didn’t have to. Hannibal beat him to it by pulling the guy by the collar of his shirt away from him. It was the first time he saw composed Hannibal lose his perfect image.

As much as it flattered him, he couldn’t help feel like an object. As if it was Lecter’s right to fight his own fights. He was a grown man for god’s sake. Why did everyone see him as a fragile little tea cup.
He thought Hannibal was different. His fists clenched at his side, his body taut.

The young boy’s wrist was held firmly, allowing no movement. ‘What the fuck freak? Don’t touch me!’ yelled the struggling boy. His struggles only bent his pliable body more, pain increasing. At this point, Will can say he never saw anything like it as the boy’s eyes were blown wide with fear. The image before him showed Lecter with his lips close to the young man ear, and whatever was said sent the boy in a frenzy. What could have possibly been said that would render this man scared shitless? He couldn’t say.

The boy stop his fidgeting altogether. It took not even a minute before his face was drained of any color. He fumbled a sorry rapidly at Lecter and him and ran away as if his life depended on it. What the actual fuck had happened?

Hannibal turned to him ‘Are you alright Will?’ He was so angry at Lecter that he pushed the comforting hand making its way towards his trembling shoulder.

‘Am I ok? No. Why do you always meddle in things that don’t concern you!’ spat Will, distancing himself from the concern individual before him.

‘Honestly, it didn’t look that way. I thought-’ Hannibal was cut off by Will’s shout.

‘Fuck what you thought Hannibal! I was handling it!’ Hannibal seemed actually surprised by his outburst. Good, he deserved it. Will made his way to the exit, his expression deadly. ‘I’ll get a cab, no need to follow me. Unless you think I might need help with that too, fuck you’re such an hypocrite’ Just like that he left.

Hannibal stood in the middle of the restaurant unsure of what to say. That was extremely rude of Will to leave like that. Hannibal had to control his urge to kill, for Will’s sake. At this moment, he wanted nothing more than to punish his prey for misconduct. Alas, it would have to wait. That other boy had dared insult his Will and himself. More so, he had touched what wasn’t his without permission. Such crude behavior wasn’t permitted. That would have to wait, he’d have to get to Will. Sometimes, Hannibal felt it would be so much easier to kill Will Graham, but this newly found compassion for the man had made it inconvenient.

Before he left, he turned to the waitress who apologized for the young man’s behavior.

As it turns out this troubled kid was the owner’s offspring and often caused trouble for his father’s
business. Disrespect of one’s father was also very rude; he would do a favor for the man by eliminating such waste.

The cannibal smiled courteously to the lovely lady: ‘Would it be possible to have the boy’s phone number and address to reach his father please. To discuss this unpleasant affair as you know’

She bowed and quickly went to fetch a pen and paper to scribbled down the numbers. Hannibal was having a different kind of hunger tonight.

Hannibal took the paper and shoved it in his pants pockets before pushing through the exit, unaware of the dark gleaming eyes following him.

Chapter End Notes

Well here it was, hope you liked it. Comment and kudos are welcome. It helps me see if I continue this or not :)
The study in the art of uncomfortable moments

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal try to find balance in their relationship, but it might be more difficult than they thought. Hannibal is happy to see Will response to his advances, while Will is struggling with what he wants. Sometimes, the pull might be stronger than we think. Also, eyes are still following our protagonists. And damn Jack for ruining romance!

Chapter Notes

Sorry for this small chapter, mostly relationship development. Little is happening and sorry for mistakes, this is not beta’d. Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER 6: A study in the art of uncomfortable moments

The next day came too quickly for Will. Yesterday’s dinner date couldn’t have been more atrocious. Will wanted to hide forever in his pillow. He hated confrontations as they often resulted in emotional conflicts and eye contact, but he knew he couldn’t avoid the elephant in the room much longer.

Next to him laid his psychiatrist in his silk pyjama bottoms. For the rest of the day, he had avoided his friend like the plague, still frustrated by how things ended, how he had felt less than a man.

When, Lecter finally joined him in their crappy room, he had already been asleep, well faking sleep as a matter of fact. He hadn’t dare look at him when he had felt the mattress dip under the heavy muscle weight. Not after how he embarrassed his friend at the restaurant. He had been rude.

Hannibal’s sleeping form was serene; it was rare to see the man restful or perhaps unguarded. Once his gaze dropped to the broad naked chiseled chest, he quickly turned away, his cheeks warm.

He sighed. If they were to fix whatever their relationship was, he had to make the first move. He liked his tall friend which was a feat in itself for Will; he didn’t have many friends. Before this whole mess, he had enjoyed his non date date with Hannibal. This man understood him and accepted him which made it hard for him to shut these growing feelings for the other.
He shouldn’t want this, with this man. But love wasn’t always about gender; but more about a connection with someone you can be yourself with. The prospect was very attractive to Will; perhaps it was for Hannibal as well. His doctor rarely opened up about himself. He was a mystery and no one knew what went around that head, not even Will, which was surprising and perhaps a little unsettling. But in a good way, he thought.

Brown curls rustled on the pillow as Will’s head turned towards the sound of shifting blankets. The long muscular form next to him was now awake. He recognized the change in breathing patterns.

Pretending to be asleep was he? Well, there was no point in running around and avoiding their argument forever, so Will laying on his back, staring very hard at the ceiling mumbled:

‘I’m sorry’ There he said it.

Silence accompanied him in his endeavor.

‘I won’t say it again…’ he said firmly out loud. ‘I know you’re awake Hannibal’

The bed sunk until he could feel those piercing eyes on him. He could practically feel Hannibal’s smile on his sensitive heated skin.

‘Nothing gets past you, dear Will. Pray tell, why would you ask for my forgiveness?’ inquired a deep velvety voice. It sent shiver to his spine.

Will hesitated before answering ‘For... lashing out at you at our...d-dinner. It was uncalled for’

Right now the ceiling looked very interesting. As long as he didn’t have to lock eyes with Hannibal, everything would be alright.

‘It was already forgotten, but I appreciate your honesty. I overstepped my boundaries, as such, you had every right to react the way you did’

‘Yeah you did. I’m a grown man, I can take care of myself... but I guess I should be happy you came in when you did’ admitted Will.
Hannibal raised himself from the warm bed they had shared, their warmth mingled together like a summer breeze until it left all too quickly, when Hannibal reached for a folded white towel. Will’s train of thought was cut by this divine image.

Compared to him, the older man was large and masculine. He was framed like some sort of greek god. He suddenly felt too aware of his look. It was silly to even imagine Lecter attracted to him; he was nothing to gaze at himself. Whereas Hannibal was refined and the epitome of masculinity, Will was small; a rough uncut diamond.

Luckily for him, Hannibal turned towards him, curious to hear what he had to say.

‘Hmm?’ Hannibal cocked his eyebrow in question, suddenly amused.

‘I don’t know what passed through my head, but hearing those awful things, I just...That punk made me want wrap my hands around his fragile little neck and twist. I’m not sure I would have remained calm for much longer’ he gave a nervous laugh.

At this admittance, Hannibal’s grin grew large, happy to see the darkness inside him grow. ‘Then, I’m happy to hear my chivalry has kept your murderous rage in check’ Hannibal would have revelled in that scene. His mind conjured the most beautiful of images. Will’s dark blue eyes, fingers digging into that inpolite young man’s throat, and then feasting on his vile flesh. That would have been a sight for sore eyes. Alas, he would have to wait.

‘Shut up’ laughed Will as he threw a pillow at the man who dodged successfully. If this was what domesticity felt like, Will would cling to it like he needed air. He felt...happier.

Hannibal looked at him as if he had grown another head. The scowl on his friend’s face was hilarious. Their eyesight locked momentarily until it was broken when Hannibal went in the shower, leaving Will with dirty images of the man undressing and washing those strong biceps and….urgh bad thoughts!.

Will groaned, willing his very interested cock away. He waited until he heard the shower head spill water. He took a pillow and hoped to smother himself with it.
Inside the bathroom, Hannibal replayed Will’s wonderful reactions for his own pleasure. Will was slowly, but surely falling for him. Being forward had been a great move in the end. He could taste Will’s arousal upon seeing his chest. Give a ounce, and soon the animal will eat out of your hand. The heat of the water hit his face, his straight hair wet, falling flat on his skull. He carefully took the soap in one hand and wandered all over his form.

His engorged cock stood proud against his stomach as the water enveloped it with its heat. His fingers rubbed the soap slowly on his privates, eliciting an animalistic groan from his throat.

Once this case is resolved, Hannibal would be once again the sole essence filing Will’s brain and body. The hunter would soon claim his prey and eat his flesh in the most intimate of ways. Hannibal was not one to engage in sexual gratification, but Will brought this out in him. This primal need to copulate and claim. He gripped his manhood firmly, until he growled his release with Will’s sweet scent still floating in his nostrils. The water washed the evidence away along with his vicious thoughts, cleansed.

In the meantime, Will sat at the wooden table, reviewing the notes from the Collector case. He pinched the bridge of his nose. The pressure on his brain was exhausting, he could feel an oncoming headache on its way. He tried to concentrate, but he found his thoughts trailing elsewhere. Mostly, on the man on the other side. In the bathroom to be precise.

He didn’t know what to make of these feelings; this attraction he felt for his psychiatrist. Rarely, did he ever have anything pleasant in his life, so was it really bad for him to feel this way. No man ever affected him this way. Lecter was good for him, that he knew, he felt safe around him, but still, making this jump would affect their careers if anyone found out. Now was not the time to indulge in this lust.

Will leaned back in his creaking chair, eyes closed. His hands plastered all over his flushed face until it pulled at his taunt neck. The small circular motion of his fingers released some stress that gathered there. He had to get back in the game and catch this man.

‘I’m amazed there was actually hot water left. Still, I would highly recommend a shower Will. It is quite a refreshing way to start the day’

He almost stumbled out of his seat when he heard the deep voice emanating from the steamy
bathroom.

He got his bearings before answering Lecter’s question.

‘Is this your way of saying I smell, Dr Lecter?’ He quirked an eyebrow, amused by his friend’s choice of words.

‘I would never accuse you of such a thing. Although, I would recommend a better aftershave. This one is ill suited and doesn’t give you justice’ said Hannibal whose pace could match the one of a turtle.

‘Piss off...’ he retorqued almost vacantly, barely as a whisper. His eyes were glued to the beast coming out from the misty fog.

Hannibal dragged himself with grace towards him, and that made him gulped the lump in his throat, trying hard to erase the god like image from his brain. It sent the wrong message to is slumbering cock who was starting to gain interest. Bad. If Hannibal wanted to punish him for yesterday’s behavior with the sight of him waltzing in there while wearing only a very loose towel on his hips. Well, it worked. Will’s eyes could definitely see Hannibal strong hip bone and pubic...Stop. He had to stop. He had to go straight to the shower, before he did something he regrets.

Will gathered his things from his side quickly before heading to the shower; hopefully avoiding the very still wet half naked man currently staring down at him with, he swore, was an entertained smirk.

Before he reached his destination, Will’s forearm was intercepted by those large masculine hands. He came to a halt, looking at Hannibal’s thin parted lips that were so close to him, he could taste his breath on his skin. The imposing man broad glistening chest hovered over him, shadowing his frail trembling form. Those eyes pinned him down, forcing him to meet them halfway as he raised his eyes.

For a few minutes, which felt like hours to Will. There were stuck like marble statues, both rooted to their spots. Will unconsciously wet his lips with his tongue in response to the softening grip on his forearm. Nothing was holding him close anymore, but he felt cornered, trapped in that man.

‘Doctor Lecter...’ mumbled under his breathe the younger of the two. Time had slowed for them as he felt the warm breath blowing gently on his cheek. His eyelids were heavy, his pupils dilated, his pulse elevated as pads stoked his pulse point on his wrist. His line of sight forever linked to the
approaching lips. Nervously, he inhaled deeply.

Heated flesh brushed with moist fresh skin as the left side of the profiler’s face collided with a large nose. A nose currently inhaling his scent, taking in his essence.

_Was Hannibal smelling him?_ Will thought awkwardly

Will felt his blood boil, sending blood where it shouldn’t go at the moment. A part of him was jealous of how collected Lecter seemed by this. How could the man remain lucid and controlled, when he felt like a puddle of nerves wrecking. Hannibal was so close. If he moved a few inches, it would link their lips together.

Yet, Will didn’t move away, almost as if they were drawn magically towards each other. Would they...kiss? He welcomed this trespassing, his eyes now fluttering close, their breathing mingling, only for a moment, only…

Until a very angry Jack Crawford knocked on their door. Startled out of his reverie much to his friend’s frustration, Will stepped back as if caught doing a bad thing. Hannibal let him, but none of them looked away from another, neither spoke a word.

‘Graham! Doctor Lecter? You there? Do I need to come in?’ asked Jack from the other side of the room, ready to burst in.

_Oh my god! I almost kissed Hannibal!_ thought a very panicked Will, remembering those last few minutes before Jack interrupted. He found his voice mute. Luckily, his knight in shining armor took the lead, since he was currently too mentally shocked by what just conspired between them.

‘There’s no need Jack.’ replied coldly an annoyed Hannibal, never relinquishing eye contact with the other.

‘I hope Graham is awake, because there’s been another murder. I need you both in the conference room in 20. We think it’s the Collector.’

‘I will relay the message to Agent Graham as soon as he comes out of his...shower’ replied Hannibal, enjoying Will’s fidgeting and fear leaking from his pores. The man had the most addictive scent, too
bad it was always lurking behind that horrid aftershave.

‘Please, do so Doctor’ With that, Jack left, echoing steps fading in the background.

Will didn’t wait any longer before he pushed his way out of this uncomfortable situation. His heartbeat was frantic. He really needed a shower now, with all that sweat and well… Looking at his crotch area, he figured a cold shower would be needed.

‘Hann-Hannibal…’ said Will, unsure of how to act.

Sadly, Hannibal didn’t seem to budge, so he decided to go with the polite way: ‘C-Can I go take my shower now…please I-I ugh need to…yeah’ he stuttered, his words not his thoughts. He looked pathetic, he was sure.

Lecter’s eyes flickered, and then politely stepped aside : ‘Do enjoy your shower William. I sure did fully enjoyed mine’ teased the older man casually.

‘S-sure…’ He sped like a bolt of lightning to the humid bathroom with his things. His boxer shorts definitely felt too tight. He had no idea that his psychiatrist’s husky flirty tone would affect him this much. But hearing his full name on those lips had been a slap to the face. He wouldn’t last long if Hannibal kept playing him like that.

Seeing his prey flee made the serial killer want to pounce. Lecter was known for his astonishing self control, so he let his prey run for the time been. Hunting live bait made il monstro feel alive, powerful. The wait made things more appealing to him, just like when preparing meat. Marinating always added to the taste and experience of the meat. Will had to be perfect, therefore he could afford to wait.

As Hannibal got dressed in one of his famous scottish wool three piece suits, he could not help feel watched. Ever since Will and him had gotten here, he had felt observed. Of course, he knew who it was, but that didn’t stop the Ripper to feel intrigued by this killer’s motive. They would have to meet, it was inevitable, but until then, he would remain at Will’s side, fueling that growing darkness inside his pet project.

TBA- Next chapter some closeness in bed and new murder that brings Will at the center of attention...again.
Hope you liked the little romance. Romance is not my strong suit ahah. Comments and kudos are welcomed as they are good for improvement. Next chapter, we will have another crime scene and perhaps a little action between both man! How did you like it? Want me to continue?
A study in attracting Serial Killers

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal go to crime scene. Courtesy of the Collector and Will finally gets his head around what the Collector is after. As for Hannibal, it seems he knows more than he lets on once again.

Chapter Notes

Hello guys! I'm SSSSSSOOO sorry for not posting anything in a while. School was all over the place and now that I've graduated and have more time here is another chapter.

It's been a while since I wrote anything and it's not beta'd. Hope you guys enjoy this follow up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

************************* PREVIOUSLY****************

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***************break***********

After what felt like hours to him, Will finally was out of that conference room.
He couldn’t help his fidgeting. Between the odds stares he got from his boss, the hunger in Hannibal’s eyes from the back of the room and the curious inquisitive looks from his co workers Team Sassy science and Alana; it was hard not to feel small.

What happened this morning with his therapist was troubling him. Strangely, it wasn’t because Hannibal was a man and had made advances on him, but purely because he found himself attracted to this man as well. Something about the man allowed him focus, safety and a dangerous enveloping warmth. Three things Will had had trouble with before encountering his friend. In this short amount of time, Hannibal had managed to worm his way inside his walls, and that was making him uncertain. Yet, he couldn’t help being fascinated. So much for telling the other man he did not find him interesting when they had met.

He raised himself slowly from his seat when Jack announced they had found another body which pointed the Collector has the perpetrator. As soon as he got up, two lovely ladies rushed to his side. Luckily for him, Hannibal remained at the back...for now.

Hoping to lose them, he made his way towards the outside, but that didn't stop his two friends from following him eagerly with wicked knowing smiles on their faces. He blushed unconsciously, remembering the events of this morning’s almost kiss with Hannibal and his very hot masculine wet body.

Beverly was onto him in seconds.

‘From the expression on your face, I say your date with Lecter went well’ teased Beverly while yanking at his arm.

‘It wasn’t a date Bev’ he said, increasing the pace.

‘Hannibal is not known to waste his time on dinner dates with anybody Will. It was a date, at least to him it was I’m sure’ replied Alana, confident. He grunted and shrugged.

He kept walking straight, avoiding eye contact, afraid it would tell the tale.

‘Don’t you have better things to worry about then my love life? Beverly pouted

‘We’re on a murder investigation and currently on our way to a new crime scene. Please Bev, we
only had dinner and went back to our room. That’s it. Let it go’

He stopped finally at the entrance of the motel. He shivered once his exposed skin made contact with the cold wind. It felt like ice picks stabbing him, and sorta wished he’d dressed better. The pressure building inside him made him sick. It was enough he was confused about his feelings; he didn’t the probing from his friends. His hand palmed softly at his neck, hoping to alleviate the stress there as well as to warm his gloveless hands.

Suddenly, a large woole heavy coat rested on his quivering shoulders, wrapping him in a cocoon of heat. A faint manly smell reached his nostril. Immediately, he recognized it to be Lecter’s. He exhaled a warm puff of air as he felt himself get warmer. His eyes fluttered softly as if he was in a haze. He was so lost in the subtle fragrance, he couldn’t stop the breathy whisper of Hannibal's name from escaping his trembling lips.

‘Han...Hannibal’ Both girls retained their gasps, but their wide eyes could tell they were shocked to see Will so….lost in abandon. Hannibal drank in his love's repressed longing.

Realizing where and with whom he was, he straighten up fast, grabbing at the lapel of the coat and shifting away from his psychiatrist’s side. Hannibal tilted his head in wonder.

‘I-I mean.. uhh. Thanks for the...uh coat Doctor’ he stuttered. How could he have behaved like this!

‘Hannibal’ Will glanced his way like he’d say something funny. Hannibal put his fingers at the back of Will’s head, massaging smoothly his neck and teasing his soft curls and continued as if it was the most normal thing to do. He continued

‘We went over this last night. You may call me Hannibal, especially after the remarquable time we spent yesterday, I wouldn't expect any less.’ Will’s cheeks were now a flaming red.

‘Told ya’ snickered Beverly at Will in a barely audible tone, so only he could hear.

Under his breath, he grunted ‘Shut up!’

Ignoring this childish banter, Hannibal bowed his head in the women’s direction wearing his most courteous smile that could melt any strong metal. Will almost fell for it himself, he wobbled a bit, but went unnoticed.
'If you ladies wouldn’t mind, I believe our dear Will has someplace to be'
Once the car’s engine was cut off and Will finally took in the environment surrounding him. His face turned sour.

‘Is this a joke?’ said Will. ‘Why did you bring us here?’ questioned Will as he got out of the car, slamming the door harder than needed. Hannibal winced at the sight of it, but reigned it the anger that rose up to his chest. This was Will. Will was not food he told himself.

‘I believe I was to take us to where the body was found. This is the place’ evenly explained the light haired man.

‘No...This can’t be...He didn’t?’ Will didn’t wait for Hannibal to follow and ran towards the dinner they had been at hours before. His mind was unraveling; this couldn’t be possible. Had the Collector been there when they had eaten there? Oh god, he had put Hannibal in danger.

He pushed his way in through the crowd of journalists and cops to where Jack was collecting evidence.

‘Graham!’ a strong voice resonated through the building, reaching his ears.

Out of breath and in shock he said: ‘I’m here Jack’ There was so much blood.

Jack didn’t waste anytime in debriefing him. He took out his notepad and explained the sight in front of him.

‘The victim has been identified as a 25 year old Enzo Rizzuto, son of the owner of this establishment’

His boss’s voice tuned out, barely an echo inside his head. He stood in place, unmoving, fear gripping at his heart. Blood pumped faster inside him, his heart rate beat was off the charts and it made him dizzy.

He knew who he would find before he had gotten there. He had spoken to this young individual. He started sweating when he grasped that this death was on his hands, like so many others. He had killed this man, but how was this possible. Unless...
Like magic, his mind clicked. The collector MO had changed. This time, this killer was on the prall. He was hunting a new prey. What did he want to accomplish here? Will tried to focus hard on the task at hand, but the scent of dry blood and decomposing flesh started to get to him. He grabbed at his hair and pulled. Hard. Until a large solid grip caught him, making him relent his stronghold.

‘WILL?’ screamed Jack

Hannibal had stopped him. Trust Hannibal to know when to step in. Salty drops dribbled down his cheek unto his stubble, he was shaking. His whole body felt like it was about to come undone and break like a life in autumn. A dark impulse radiated through his head, suddenly wishing this Collector a painful death. It seemed Will was this killer’s goal and decided to overcome all of Will’s world. His friends. His family. But why?

‘Stand down Will. You are safe here’ Hannibal voice was soothing, bringing him back to the surface. Although, it didn’t stop reality from kicking in.

‘I-I... killed him’ his voice was a trembling mess. Dammit! Those damn tears wouldn’t stop falling. He was toxic, he should stay away from Hannibal. From everyone.

‘What? What do you mean you killed him? Do you know this man Will?’ asked Jack, crowding into Will’s personal space.

‘This...is my fault’ Will’s eyes were vacant, but the guilt was visible to Hannibal’s keen eyes.

To prevent further mental breakdown to his Will, Hannibal placed his body like a barrier in front of Will. Jack could be so blind sometimes, it enraged the Ripper. Alas, he couldn’t kill Jack yet, that would raise questions. And he needed more time to infiltrate Will’s defenses.

Seeing Will mumbling to himself, Hannibal answered in his stead.

‘We didn’t know him personally, Jack. But we have encountered this young man as we left this restaurant yesterday. He had quite a filthy tongue, which could explain why it's missing from the body’ calmy said the predator in the room.
‘If that is right, then this sick bastard was probably in here with you. How come you didn’t see this?’
the black man’s anger was directed at Will who was unresponsive.

‘Jack, I would ask you stop yelling at my patient for something that is absolutely out of his control. Otherwise, I might to take him off this case altogether’ Piercing eyes deterred the other man from retorquing.

As for the profiler, he stared at the image before him, transfixed. The young man had been incredibly stupid and arrogant and perhaps, a part of him was happy this mongrel was taken out. But no one deserves this. He gathered his thoughts and collected himself. He had a job to do. He closed his eyes and let the pendulum swing. All he could feel was as before, a sense of wholeness and methodicity. This was to goad him. The attacker was a complete shadow to him, but the evidence could explain, he was sure. He just had to look...closer.

The scene was gruesome. The body was propped to the booth where Hannibal and he had been sitting. The table had been set exactly as it were when they had eaten. Splashes of red velvety liquid covered the table top and part of the meal settled on it. The boy’s eyes were wide open, almost out of its sockets. Blood pooled at the back of the skull. He put his surgical gloves on and tried to lightly move the head to see the damages.

This man was not killed from the blood, he assessed, but probably from the trauma and loss of blood. The profiler couldn’t believe this, but this man was still alive, stunned, but very much alive and breathing. The Collector was elevating his kills.

He moved carefully to inspect the mouth of the victim. Hannibal was right. The tongue was missing and the teeth were broken in, probably ripped out, judging by the tears in the gums.

Finally, he went for the missing appendage. That’s when it hit him. Why didn’t he see this before! That cut hand was the one that had touched his ass like he was a common whore. The Collector had taken it.

The image was clear as day. Since the man had come back, the hunt had felt different than the first time. That was it. The Collector had set his eyes on him and this was some kind of perverted game to him. Hoping it would bring Will to him or make a mistake. The man wanted to be caught and Will would be his golden ticket. Who will catch who first?

He turned towards Jack and Hannibal with a sure look on his face. He could sense the pride rolling off Hannibal’s careful controlled stare. His older friend lifted his left eyebrow in question.
‘How are you feeling?’ whispered Hannibal.

‘I-I’m fine. Thanks han-nibal…’ Will responded with a weak smile. If Jack noticed he had called his psychiatrist by his first name, he didn’t show it.

‘Enough! What did you see Will? Is it the Collector?’ Jack pressured him with questions, not letting him place a word in. He raised his hand in Jack’s face to make him stop which earned him the stare of death. He didn’t care, he had a killer to catch.

‘Stop it Jack! Yes, it feels like the Collector, but as I mentioned it’s different. He changed’

‘How does that help us catch him?’

‘Well, for starters, this time it draws him to us. Years ago, he was still collecting things to make himself whole. He killed randomly and erratically because he was missing something or lost something he needed to get back for himself. He was probably abandoned. But now, he wants us to find him’

‘A psychopath who wants to get caught?’

‘Yes or at least, he wants to play one last game with the FBI before retiring. He found what he was looking for all those years ago. It’s a good time as any to issue a challenge to someone worthy of the game’

It dawned onto Jack. As for the man standing in Will’s shadow, his knowing grin grew bigger.

‘Who else to play the game with than the man who spent years searching for him. Isn’t that right sweet Will?’ The slithering snake curled around Will’s frame, protectively, knowing anyone could be watching them.

‘Yeah. Unfortunately…’ Will attempted to move away from the large frame next to his smaller one. Knowing what he knows now, he couldn’t afford to lose himself to his urges. Hannibal could be a victim just as much as him.
The cannibal watched silently the inner turmoil inside Will’s head. He had to make his move tonight, otherwise he had a feeling this Collector would put a wedge between them. Hannibal’s primal instincts told him to wait for the opportune moment. The Collector would come to him, perhaps using Will as bait.

Thinking ahead, he perhaps could turn this to is advantage. He would let the events continue their course. Then, Will would have no choice but to leech onto him. Will was strong enough to survive this, after all, this was not about him.

‘I knew it! You there, come here right now!’ The larger gentlemen motioned for an agent to come towards where the body was.

Jack came back with an agent in tow. The cop was rugged, but seemed like a strong man. Will had to wonder what was this about when the cop stationed his person next to him. Will snarled at Jack, his eyes sending daggers at the man for what this implied.

‘What’s this about? If this is a protective detail, I don’t want it’ he shrugged the cop away, who didn’t budge an inch.

‘Stop being such a child about this. It’s for your own safety! I don’t need another agent dead because I didn’t take precaution’ Jack said bitterly, thinking back on the previous mistakes he did, especially with Myriam Lass and the victims of the Chesapeake Ripper.

‘Now you care what happens to me? Jack, this is an opportunity. If this mad man’s after me, then there’s a higher chance we catch him if I’m by myself.’ He then turned his gaze to Hannibal’s maroon pupils, Will’s own look softening ‘ I’m sorry Hannibal, but that includes you too’

‘William, I’m afraid this isn’t a wise decision. At least, let me…’

The profiler cut him off before he could finish.

‘No!’ he said higher than intended. Why couldn’t Hannibal see he was protecting him. Both adults locked their eyes into each other, wishing for the other to move. Hannibal was a stronger opponent than he had thought. ‘Please, Hannibal…’ repeated Will, with care.

Jack grew tired of this charade. Jack was a detective and he knew something was going on between
those two men. He wasn’t against the idea of 2 men together, but what irked him the wrong way, was Doctor Lecter’s position towards Will. Will’s safety was important so he had to let this go for now, but he would have to talk to Lecter after all this.

‘Listen Will, I’m calling the shots here. If I say you are getting a protective detail at all times until this criminal is caught, then you will. Am I understood’

‘JACK, you can’t -’

‘Not another word from you! I don’t like this either, but please humor me’

Will’s fist clenched, nails digging inside his rugged palms. He could taste blood on his tongue.

‘It won’t stop him when it matters, you know that right? You’re just putting someone else’s live in danger along with mine. If something happens, that’s on you Jack’ With that he stormed off to where Beverly was, leaving Jack behind with Hannibal.

The silence was deafening between the two. Tension cut through the air like a sharp knife, until Doctor Lecter spoke in a low tone, never leaving his Will out of sight

‘You shouldn’t antagonize him too much Jack, Will is stronger than you give him credit for. I will look after him. After all, you’ve put him in my care.’ Hannibal’s hands moved to his suit pants pockets when Jack eyed him suspiciously, but not for the right reasons. If only Jack knew how close he was to the beast he was searching for.

‘Yeah I did…T-thank you Doctor Lecter’ and maybe that was a mistake… was left unsaid from Jack’s mouth. Jack left, leaving Hannibal to his own devices.

Hannibal observed the dead body next to his form, enjoying the view, but sad that he wasn’t the one to kill this rude pig. Such a waste of good meat. Maybe it wasn’t that bad he contemplated.

He was certain a foul individual like this one would leave an horrible aftertaste, turning the meat bad. Looking carefully at the body, he could give credit where it was due. This was very good work, but not as precise as him. Hearing William compare him to this amateur had started a fire. No one matched him, he was a master at this peculiar art and no one would take his place, especially not in Will’s head. Only he belonged there.
When his gaze lowered to the other discarded remaining hand, something caught his eye.

*Ahh. It seems our resident killer left me a message* wondered Hannibal, flipping the hand over, but not before grabbing a napkin for the table to erase any trace of trespassing. Reading the message, he could understand why Jack was so panicked for his prized FBI agent and why he kept it secret. Yet he had a feeling, the woman named Beverly would tell the unsuspecting dog lover. Too bad, they all gotten it wrong. He licked his dry lips in anticipation. His senses were tingling with the prospect of a good hunt.

The words written in blood in the hand replicated itself inside the walls of his mind place, like a promise.

**This one’s for you. See you.**

He let the hand flop like dead meat and turned quickly his head when he felt a strong malicious leer stabbing at his back. He smirked wickedly at the challenge, right before the shadow from the crowd left, hiding his face from everyone. Hannibal the only witness to the Collector’s appearance. It would remain that way...for now.

Hannibal prepared, heading to his car, waiting for Will to come back. Time was of the essence. After all, he had a stunning feast deer to ensnare tonight.
Chapter End Notes

Here it is! I only have a few to write and then I'm done yeah! Please comment and kudos are always appreciated. God im rusted LOL Some sexy one on one sexy times to follow between our lovely protagonists! Stay tuned

End Notes

Hope you guys enjoy the story! I love to read comments and feedbacks :)

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