Purity

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Summary

Will is cast aside by his alpha and sacrificed to the Windigo that hunts in the forest. However, after confronting the creature Will then finds himself in the home of Hannibal. The alpha lives alone and seems to have taken it upon himself to nurture Will back to health, despite Will's protests. Over time Will grows comfortable with Hannibal and little by little reveals his dark past and the reasons for his abandonment. Hannibal, being a pure bred alpha of the highest caliber, is well aware of just how rare and valuable Will is and decides to take the wounded omega for himself. But when Will's past comes back to ruin his new and prosperous future, it seems the only solution will be bathed in blood.
Chapter 1

Will ignored their insults and abuse. He even ignored how they tore the clothes from his body and smeared the fresh blood over his skin. He just closed his eyes and tuned them out, allowing their voices to become muffled, distant, and then vanish from his mind. He forgot about his pain, the way his skin stung when it came in contact with the cold air and slick leaves on the ground, and how the ropes that bound his arms behind his back were unnecessarily tight and straining. He forced his mind to focus on anything else. The smell of the crisp night air, the way the torches they carried flickered light across his closed eyes, and the feeling of being lifted, pushed, and moved.

He was jarred out of his thoughts as he was pushed down onto a stone slab, the Alter, just outside the town and on the outskirts of the forest. He groaned at the agony his body was feeling as he forced himself up into a sitting position. His face was roughly grabbed and made to turn and look upward. The man, who not just a few hours ago had been his alpha, sneered down at him. “This is what you deserve.” He hissed loud enough for the crowd of people behind him to cheer and call out in agreement. “You have disrespected me for the last time, and to take out your revenge on our child…” He fell silent for a moment as the crowd behind him was overcome with yells. “I hope the Windigo eats you alive and leaves your ruined corpse here on the Alter for the ravens to pick at.”

Will’s head was shoved away and the crowd turned to leave. Their footsteps making crunching sounds as their feet trampled the autumn leaves that littered the forest ground. Will watched them go, down the hill and back to the glowing lights of the town nestled in the valley. He knew he should feel sadness, or even terror at being left as the winter solstice sacrifice, but he wasn’t. In fact, he felt liberated. How many times had he curled up and thought that death could only be better than the life he was living. A sense of calm over took him as the moon overhead shone brighter as it passed through the sky. He waited, slowly growing colder until the only thing he could feel was his own heart beating in his chest. Despite his resolve and acceptance of death, it would seem his body had other convictions.

Late into the night, after the lights of the village had long dimmed, Will felt more then heard something in the forest. He turned his head and looked toward the black shadowed vastness of the trees. He could not see anything, nor could his white deer ears detect any sound, though they had long ago grown numb from the cold. All the same, he knew he was not alone in the calm and quiet night any longer.

He stared motionless as he waited. His breaths came in puffs of white the blood that he had been covered in shone black and almost iridescent in the moonlight. After what seemed like an eternity something in the shadows shifted, moving with what seemed like an immense weight. As it emerged from the woods Will noted how the creature still did not make a sound. The leaves neither crunched nor rustled as its four legs carried it into the open. The moonlight shone across its black furred body and the antlers that donned its head were enormous. Will pursed his lips as the creature came to stand a few feet from him. Will frowned slightly. It was an elk? Elk usually stayed more toward the peak of the mountain. Why would there be one all the way down here in the valley?

Will then noticed the odd almost feathered like appearance of the animals coat, specifically around the neck and hind quarters. His eyes then snapped to gaze into the animals own soulless black orbs.
He inclined his head then turned and laid down on the Alter, not taking his eyes from the creature’s. “You’re not an elk, and since you are going to kill me I ask that you do it quickly.”

The elk released a breath, which evaporated in the night air like a cloud. The animal studied Will a moment longer before it released a cry as he hunched down to the ground. Its body rippled and Will could hear bones breaking, bending, and cracking. He watched the animal morph slowly and terrifyingly into the silhouette of a black skinned man. The enormous horns on the top of his head remained. The sight of it, of something so completely unnatural, should have terrified him. Will was overcome with a sensation and realization that all the sacrifices who had lain here before him had screamed, begged, even cried, and yet Will did not. He was not afraid, he was mesmerized.

The man walked forward, his feet shifting the leaves. He came to stand and then loom over Will, smelling him. Will could do nothing with his hands tied behind his back so he only tilted his head up, exposing his neck for a clean and easy death. His heart was hammering; the echo of it reverberated in his ears. He heard the creature growl and felt breathe against his neck. He closed his eyes, expecting a sharp pain and then nothing. Instead his head was grabbed by his short soft curled and then smacked against the Alter, leaving him unconscious.

Will periodically drifted in and out of consciousness. He recalled a moment where he was being carried. He could tell by the feeling of weightlessness and the gentle rocking back and forth of his body. Then there was another time where he recalled seeing a light in the distance, blurry and obscured. Another moment he had sworn he had been awakened and been forced to drink something that had burned down his throat, but he had drifted back into sleep soon after that. He could not be sure however, if these moments were real or just more hallucinations that his mind had thought up.

When he finally did awaken, at least enough so to be aware of his surroundings, his mind was foggy and clouded. He felt drunk, for lack of a better term, and curiously warm and wet. He groaned as he opened his eyes and turned his head. He was in a bathtub of steaming water and there was someone scrubbing him with careful sure strokes. He blinked, trying to clear his blurry vision but couldn’t. His sense of touch was the only one he was sure was correctly unhindered, and it felt wonderful. The gentle slide of the cloth down his skin cleaned him of the sticky and rancid smelling blood.

Will took a breath, smelling the perfumed waters. Vanilla, if he was not mistaken. It was such a gentle and calming scent. He turned his face to try and get a look at the person cleaning him. Even with his obscured vision he could tell he was a man, both tall and well built. He tried to make out his face but the hand with the rag then moved to start cleaning the back of his neck and shoulders. Will closed his eyes and moaned into the touch.

“Who are you?” He managed to say weekly.

“I am not a threat to you, if that is what you wish to know.” Replied a voice that was accented, calm, and gave the impression of a man with absolute control.

Will breathed in the vanilla scent once more but his nose caught the tangy smell of something else. Will turned his head, sniffing again. The smell was hidden, yet it slunk through the air like an elusive wisp of smoke. Will moved to follow it and found himself climbing slightly out of the water as he nearly pressed his nose against his bather’s neck. Unaware of their closeness or his actions Will breathed in the scent, taking it deep into his lungs. “You smell,” Will released a breath “good.”

“Do I?” The man said as he guided Will back into the tub. Will made no protest and went
willingly. The rag began to massage as it cleaned him once more. “What do I smell like?”

Will shook his head sluggishly “I don’t know, just good.”

There was a long pause and then another question “Have you ever smelled anything like me before?” Will shook his head, no. “I find that hard to believe.”

Will shook his head again “Not lying. Don’t like to lie.”

That earned him an almost amused chuckle “That is good to hear.” The cloth stroked down Will’s spine “Where is your alpha?”

A pained sound escaped Will and he said in an almost guttural hiss “Don’t have one.” Another pause and the rag stopped. An almost whimper emanated from him as he elaborated “Doesn’t want me. He got rid of me. That’s why I was the sacrifice.”

“Why would you’re alpha willingly cast you aside?”

A noise akin to a hurt or wounded animal came from Will as he shivered “Not good.” He whispered, sounding like a terrified child “I’m a… bad omega.” The rag resumed and Will visibly relaxed. He was pushed back and encouraged to fall back asleep. The man’s voice was lulling as Will seemed to hang to every word.

“I believe you, but you are wrong in your assumptions that you are somehow bad.”

Will smirked as he closed his eyes, slowly drifting back into unconsciousness “You’ll see.”

“Yes, I believe I will.”
Softness. Pure, wonderful, and fluffy softness that was as silky as spring flower petals encompassed him. Will awoke from his slumber with a fleeting thought of regret as he came back to harsh reality. He refused to open his eyes as he pressed further into the comfort around him. His mind was sure that what he was feeling was all part of some tangible dream and that if he could just go back to sleep the comfort would stay. He breathed in long heavy and then sighed in contentment. The smell of vanilla, warmth, and… as Will took another sniff, food. There was an aroma of gloriously delicious smelling food.

Almost immediately Will’s stomach gave a painful contraction that left him gasping as he opened his eyes. He blinked as a rather old style lamp came into view. The light it gave off was soft and luminous as it bathed the room around him in a soft orange. He was lying on a bed that was piled high with pillows, down comforters, and expensive looking sheets. Will blinked, not knowing where he was. He moved into a sitting position and noticed, due to the soft textures sliding against his skin, that he was naked. A soft blush came to his cheeks as he remembered the bath and the man cleaning him. Hesitantly Will brought his arm up to his nose and he sniffed. The same vanilla scent clung to his skin and it was impossible to distinguish anything else. It was as if the smells from Will’s old home, the forest, and even his ex-alpha were gone. The realization of this was surprisingly calming.

Will glanced around once more as he moved back the covers and got out of the bed. The room he was in did not have any windows and housed very little furniture. There was a bed, a small table that featured the lamp, and then two doors. One door was opened and led into a bathroom with a large tub. Though the room looked impeccably clean he was sure this was the bathroom he had been bathed in. The memory of the delicate cloth and suds cleaning him sent shivers down Will’s spine. The other door was closed and he was hesitant to open it.

He could only assume this was the house of the man who had bathed him. A man who, from what very little Will could remember, had sounded calm, seemed unthreatening, and yet whose scent had had Will…intrigued. All the same, Will’s mind raced with questions and worries. Where had the Windigo gone and why hadn’t it eaten him? Why was he here? Who had been that man and why had he helped him? Will pursed his lips as everything, including his own mind, became an immense weight on his shoulders. Will sat down on the bed, but his backside and fluffy white tail came in contact with a texture that was different then the sheets.

Will turned to see a set of clothing neatly folded on the corner of the bed for him. He picked up the casual gray t-shirt and the pair of almost light blue boxer brief shorts. Will looked between them and though he did not feel that the garments constituted ‘proper clothing’ he was still happy the man had left him anything at all. Given the room around him, the expensive bedding, and the way he had taken care of Will left no doubt in his mind that his would-be-caretaker was an alpha.

Will frowned as another thought occurred to him. Technically, by the laws, this alpha did
not owe Will anything. He was not mated to Will so he had no obligation to care for Will’s needs. Not even to provide a set of clothes to cover him with. So, therefore, the bathing, the bed, and the clothing in his hands were all kindnesses bestowed upon his from an alpha he barely knew. That alone had him both undeniably worried and grateful at the same time. A part of him wanted to run away. To open that door and just run out of this house as quickly as he could. But where would he go? Without an alpha’s protection an omega was considered little more than a stray dog. And if Will did run away there was no guarantee he would be able to find someone to help him or even care for him. Very few alphas would probably be sympathetic toward an abandoned omega. This unknown alpha had both saved and cared for Will and, from what Will could tell, had not taken advantage of him while he slept. He shook his head as his stomach began to growl. The smell of something cooking grew more potent with every passing moment and his stomach gave another violent lurch.

With a groan of acceptance Will dressed himself in the clothes and then cautiously went toward the door. He half expected it to be locked and was rather surprised to find that it was not. The door opened without a sound and as Will tiptoed out into the long hallway he was sure that at any moment the alpha was going to come from around the corner and punish him for leaving without permission. Just like Will’s former alpha had done. Or perhaps he would run in to the alpha’s omega mate and Will would have to blindly defend himself and cower in the room while the omega screamed. Will gulped, looking over his shoulder and back at the room. For a moment he debated going back but his stomach and the smell made the need to eat too great. The carpet beneath his bare feet was a neutral chocolate brown, which complimented the pattern of the wallpaper and the refined looking portraits that Will passed by. When he reached the end of the hall he turned, following the scent of food, and then slowly made his way down a staircase to a lower floor. At the foot of the stairs he heard the sizzling of meat and the sounds of someone in the kitchen.

His ears twitched, trying to detect how many people there were, but he could only hear the sounds one at a time, indicating only one person. Will made his way across the foyer and into another set of rooms. The one to his right shone with a bright light and had no door separating it, marking it as the kitchen. Will crept forward it and peeked around the corner.

A man stood at a stove cooking something that looked as if it were on fire, but the man appeared to not be concerned. He picked up a bottle of what Will assumed was wine and quickly drizzled it in the pan before setting the bottle back down. He was dressed in a white blouse shirt and black slacks. Around his hips was a tightly tied, white apron and his feet were bare on the white-tiled floor. The kitchen around him was immaculately kept and shone with an array of pots, pans, and some utensils hanging from the ceiling in neat order. Will took a subtle sniff and almost moaned as the scent from earlier in the bath, dark and earthy, wafted into his nose. It was the powerful and musky smell of an alpha, but the likes of which Will had never encountered before. The smell was almost intoxicating and it made Will’s toes curl. He wanted to bury himself in the smell and rub all over it like a cat, claiming it as his.

The man paused and then looked over his shoulder, staring directly at Will. His short sandy blonde-brown hair had been combed back and out of his face. A face, Will noted, that was rounded and yet had some telling high cheek bones and hard lines due to age. He was not that much older, however, as Will guessed it was only by possibly ten years. The large antlers that were protruding from the top of his head were quite impressive. The dark color of them complimented the black fur of his deer ears nicely. Will’s eyes quickly scanned down his body once more before looking back at the alpha’s face. The man’s amber-brown eyes continued to watch him with an almost detached quality, like the way a predator might look at a prey when it’s not hungry.

“I am glad to see you’re awake,” the alpha spoke. His tone was that same eerie calm and yet
conversational. He smiled, though it seemed practiced and not genuine. “The dining room is across the hall. I have already set up a place for you. You can wait there and I’ll be with you shortly.” He turned back to the pan. Will continued to watch him with a hundred more questions racing through his mind. Why did he have to wait in the dining room? Was the alpha cooking for him? Alphas never cooked, it was always omegas that did the cooking. Why did the alpha feel the need to cook or feed him? This was odd. This all was completely odd and wrong.

Will licked his lips as he tried to clear his mind and calm himself down. Regardless of whatever it was, whatever he felt, he didn’t have a choice. He had nowhere to go and the only thing he could cling to for support was this alpha’s kindness, which might stop should Will begin to lose control of himself or his mind like he usually did. He took a steadying breath and spoke as calmly as he could “Thank you.” The man stopped again and turned to look at him. His expression had now changed, but only slightly. His eyes seemed more curious now, if not pleased. “Thank you, for everything.” Will tried to meet the man’s eyes for just a second, letting him know he really was appreciative, but he gaze flittered away and down to the ground.

“You are welcome.” The alpha spoke again.

Will nodded, silently taking that as his cue to leave. He turned and looked for the door across the hall. Finding it he turned the handle, opened it, and walked into a spacious dining room. There was a large, solid, polished oak table that had been prepared with two settings. However, Will only gave it a cursory look because on the far war there was a set of two glass doors that looked out on a small patio and a truly enormous garden. Will strode past the table a pressed a hand against the glass, looking out in awe.

The early morning light was bathing the leaves and green, lush grass in an almost ethereal light. The dewdrops caught the light and resembled diamonds in their reflection. The garden, like everything else in the house that Will had seen, was pristine and neat to apparent perfection. There was neither a single weed nor plant out of place. As he continued to stare Will was overtaken with the feeling that he wanted to see the garden in full bloom. With it being the end of fall, almost winter, naturally the plants were not in their flowering stage. Yet still, even in its dormant emerald green state, it was no less peaceful. Beyond the garden, a white perimeter fence acting as a barrier, were the dark and towering trees of the forest. Will’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion. They were still in the woods? As far as he knew, no one lived in the woods, especially not in a house as luxurious as this one.

The door to the dining room opened as the alpha walked in holding two plates and a basket of bread. He looked up at Will and took notice of where he had been staring. “Do you find my garden interesting?” He asked as he set down the plates.

“Yes,” Will answered nervously “I find nature… comforting.”

The alpha’s eyes watched him, and then he nodded as if understanding “Quiet serenity, I find its beauty and silence to be more to my liking than the big city.” He set down the basket of bread and then indicated for Will to sit. “Would you like something to drink?”

Will looked at the table, then back at the alpha before sitting down. He didn’t’ answer the question because he wasn’t exactly sure what to say. The man didn’t seem to mind, however, as he took the seat opposite Will without comment. Will looked down at the meal on the plate that appeared to be eggs with diced tomatoes and small cubes of meat. The smell wafting from the warm food had Will’s mouth watering. He gulped and quickly glanced at the alpha before remaining still.

The man had taken a bite of his eggs when he noticed Will was not eating. “Are you not hungry?”
Will opened his mouth to speak but at the moment his stomach gave a pathetic gurgling noise. Will’s cheeks turned a bright pink as he looked away and answered truthfully “Yes.”

“Then why don’t you eat?”

His posture stiffened “It is not customary for an omega to eat until an alpha is finished.”

The man regarded him for a second before saying “That was certainly the custom many generations ago,” he spoke evenly “but I find I enjoy company when I eat.” He then resumed eating.

Will waited only a second longer before slowly picking up his fork and stabbing at the eggs. He brought the food to his mouth, sniffed again, and then took a tentative bite. A smooth and spicy combination of flavors washed over his pallet. The eggs were perfectly cooked to fluffy saltiness, the tomatoes were fresh and juicy, and the meat was tender and spicy. The three things, which seemed like the simplest ingredients to Will, were delicious together. He could not help but close his eyes in delight.

“Do you like it?” Will nodded eagerly, taking another, bigger, bite. “I thought you might.” He allowed Will to take several more bites and get about halfway finished before he spoke again. “Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?” Will’s fork stopped midway to his mouth.

Will weighed his options. He could tell the alpha no, but he didn’t know how the man would take it. Alphas were not the most compassionate creatures. He decided to say “If you tell me your name, then I won’t mind.”

This show of spirit as well as thinly veiled humor seemed to amuse the alpha as he smiled again “My apologies. I have been rather rude haven’t I? My name is Hannibal. And you are?”

“Will.”

With introductions out of the way, Will resigned himself to the inevitable questions Hannibal would have. He set down his fork and nodded. “I found you lying in the woods unconscious. Why were you there?” Hannibal began.

Will shrugged “I was the winter sacrifice to the Windigo, apparently I wasn’t a good enough sacrifice.”

“You have a mating mark on your neck,” the alpha continued “though it is almost completely faded and hard to even tell it is there. Rather unusual for a mating mark.”

“Marks… don’t really stick to me.”

“Apparently the same cannot be said for bruises. Your body is covered in them.” The instinctive need to cover his arms, where the worst of the bruises were, was immediate but Will ignored it. Hannibal had seen him naked already and knew the extent of the injuries Will had suffered. “Were those given to you by your alpha?”

“Yes.” Will answered robotically. He expected the next question to be why and he prepared himself to answer it.

“Is your alpha looking for you?”

“No.” Will eyes momentarily looked up from the table to meet Hannibal’s before looking away again.
“Not fond of eye contact.” It was a statement but Will answered it like a question.

He considered his response and decided it was best to not be completely submissive, or to seem weak because of his past. “Eyes are distracting,” he began “and I’m not particularly fond of the pain that often follows with the contact.”

“Your alpha did not want you to look at him?”

Will sighed “He felt it was a sign of challenge, and more than that he said he didn’t like the look of my eyes.”

There was brief pause and then Hannibal spoke in a soft and almost curious tone “Look at me, please.”

The ‘please’ was what caught Will off guard and had him looking up almost immediately. He stared at Hannibal and saw within those dark eyes a vast and limitless intelligence the likes of which Will had not seen in an alpha before. “Pity.” Hannibal said after a long moment of silence.

“What is?”

“That your alpha was so ignorant to deny himself the pleasure of looking into your eyes.” Hannibal took another bite of his eggs. His countenance gave nothing away to indicate that what he said was anything more than a blatant unimpressive fact, as if he had been remarking on the weather.

Will’s face heated again and his mind raced with trying to figure out if that compliment was meant as an endearment or not. “It was not… ignorance.” Will replied brokenly.

“Oh, then what was it?”

“Ignorance implies an unknowing of something better. There was nothing better for him to see.” Will took a steadying breath as his mind thought about his ex-alpha. The way he acted, the way he thought, the very person that he was became like a book that Will was reading from. He unconsciously shivered, trying to draw himself away as he quickly took another bite of his eggs. The eggs became a solid grounding point to the real world and he slowly drew himself back. “As far as he was concerned, nothing was better than him.”

Hannibal studied the omega in front of him, his curiosity beyond peaked. The omega’s uncharacteristic white deer ears and tail, also his lack of antlers, had been the initial peculiarity that had caused Hannibal to spare the omega’s life rather than eat him. That, and the truly beautiful scent that came from the young man’s skin. It was such a delicate smell, so fragile and calming, a smell that, for all biological knowledge, should never come from a deflowered and mated omega. Then again, mated omegas did not have cute pink holes like Will had either. Hannibal had made sure to wash every inch of Will while he was in the tub, because he had wanted to smell Will’s natural scent and not the revolting stench of the putrid goat blood.

Though Hannibal was sure that Will had been mated, it appeared as if Will’s body was doing everything in its power to reverse the process. Hannibal suspected that Will’s mind had not even properly formed a bond with his alpha like it should have. All abandoned omegas experienced a severing of the mental bond which, quite literally, caused them to become crazy and hysterical. And yet here Will sat for the most part calm and eating. Something was off and the mystery of it was just too tempting for Hannibal to leave it unsolved.

When he had noticed Will in the kitchen his first thought had been about how truly adorable the omega looked. Now clean of all that blood and muck Will did truly have a pleasing physical
appearance. His only fault had been with his rather malnourished and underweight body, but Hannibal was sure a few healthy regular meals would fix that quickly. He listened and watched Will with his full undivided attention. He tried to be as considerate to Will as he could while still probing for information. He refrained from asking questions that he felt the answers were already obvious. Will had been abandoned, that was obvious. Will had been abused, that was obvious. Why he had been abused and why he had been abandoned was what Hannibal wanted to know, but such direct and personal questions were for a later time, a time when Will trusted him more.

“You are correct, that is not ignorance.” Hannibal nodded “Your alpha was an imbecile.” It was not in his character to openly criticize people he had no acquaintance with, but he felt it was justified. Any alpha who could look at Will and not immediately tell what he was had to be an imbecile.

Hannibal had known, but had still had some doubts until Will had openly shuddered at the table. He was an Empath, with true, complete, empathy and compassion. A virtue and a curse given to those omegas that were so blessed to be pure submissives. Pure omegas, or homozygous omegas, were extremely rare and the fact the Will was one only furthered Hannibal’s curiosity as to why any alpha would cast Will aside.

Pure omegas were, for lack of a better term, perfect. Like all omegas they craved and desired complete domination so they could submit naturally and willingly. They generally were quiet and shy and tended to thrive in environments that met their need for seclusion and peace. Unlike normal omegas, however, only certain alphas could claim them. Pure omegas were incredibly fertile and their bodies sought to be mounted and bonded to only the most pure blood alphas.

At this thought the reasoning behind Will’s body’s rejection of his former alpha became more than apparent to Hannibal. He smiled wryly. Unfit alphas did not deserve such a precious treasure like a pure omega.

Will did not make any further comment on what Hannibal said as he finished his eggs and then set down his fork. “If you wish me to leave now, I will.”

“Why would I wish that?”

“I am an abandoned omega and you are,” Will gestured around them “A very wealthy alpha. You have been more than generous, but you and I both know there is not obligation for you to continue… and I know I’m eventually going to leave. I’d rather do it now then just sit waiting for you to tell me to go.”

Hannibal regarded him coolly before asking “Do you have any children? Back with your alpha I mean.”

Will frowned at the sudden question “I-no. No.” He stammered, confused.

Hannibal nodded “Then I see no reason for you to leave.”

Will eyes hardened and he immediately felt the need to flea “Are you keeping me here?”

Hannibal chuckled at that “No, you are not a caged bird. You may leave through the door and out the garden gate if you so desire, but I do not think you will.”

“And why is that?”

“Because you are curious, like me.”
“Curious about what?”

Hannibal smiled reassuringly as he stood up and grabbed the plates “You said I smelled good, and that you had never smelled an alpha like me before.” He made his way to the door before looking over his shoulder at Will’s sitting figure “Wouldn’t you like to know why?”

Hannibal knew that Will knew he had no place to go and that he could use that as an incentive to make Will stay. However, he felt that baiting Will was a far better tactic than making him feel pressured or cornered. The trick to seducing a pure omega was making them want you. And though Will did not want him yet, Hannibal was confident he would in time. Oh yes, he had definitely made up his mind. Will would fit into his life oh, so perfectly.
Chapter 3

Hannibal was a dangerous alpha. Will could not pinpoint exactly how he knew this or why he felt this way to begin with. It was simply his instincts telling him to be wary of the man, which was considerably hard to do when the alpha was possibly the nicest and oddest Will had ever encountered.

In Will’s experience, alphas were very egocentric, demanding, ruthless, and domineering. Though his ex-alpha had also been a man with a variety of finer tastes and enjoyed refinement, he was nowhere near as calm or intellectually driven as Hannibal. Though Hannibal had a very lavish and posh lifestyle he seemed to be very content with the simple things, as Will often saw him drawing or reading a book.

At first when Hannibal had offered for Will to stay he had thought the only reason the alpha wanted him around was to do cleaning and cooking, amongst other normal omega duties. Considering Hannibal did not have an omega of his own, the conclusion seemed only logical. Though Will had no wish to do these things he also found that Hannibal had been right. Will was curious and had no wish to leave possibly the most stable environment he had ever had. However, Will quickly learned after attempting to clear the table of the dirty dishes one evening that Hannibal had no desire for him to work. In fact, he didn’t want Will to do anything but relax and enjoy himself.

This was unheard of. Naturally Will balked at first and thereafter the seed of worry had been planted in his mind. Why would someone like Hannibal keep him around if not to do the things that omegas naturally did? If anything cooking, cleaning, laundry, and any other domestic chores were considered by society as the repayment the omega gave to the alpha for in exchange allowing them to live in their house, regardless that the omega was mated to the alpha. So, therefore, for Will and Hannibal’s situation it seemed even more of a logical conclusion because they were not mated.

Will sighed as he reclined back on the plush couch and turned so he was laying down on it, curled inwards. He glanced around the living room as he continued to think.

Though Will was concerned about Hannibal’s lack of wanting him to do anything it did seem to reflect more on his personality rather than a kindness toward Will. The man did seem to be very particular about everything. He wasn’t controlling or vicious about it like his previous alpha, but Hannibal did still like things done a certain way. The books were in a perfect order, the cleanliness of the house was always spotless with only the slightest hits of a ‘lived-in’ feel, and every meal was always cooked to a decadent perfection for the pallet. If Hannibal had asked Will to do anything he was absolutely sure there was no way he would have been able to do it to Hannibal’s standards. In that case perhaps it was a blessing that the alpha chose to do everything himself rather than have an omega do it, Will thought. He could only imagine how considerably less violent his previous alpha would have been if he had just done everything himself… or if Will had just learned to do everything correctly. Will closed his eyes as he took a calming breath.
Hannibal’s treatment of Will was also uncommon. Where most alphas confined omegas to their rooms or restricted their movement to only certain parts of the house, Hannibal had told Will he could go anywhere at any time. And with Will not having to do any labor, the omega had found himself coming to grips with the realization that he had ‘free time.’ He could go anywhere and do anything. Well, not exactly anywhere. He had no ambitions of leaving the security of the house for fear that the Windigo might find him. When he voiced these worries to Hannibal the alpha had only smiled at him.

“Your worries for the rest of the forest are valid, but I assure you Will my house is indeed safe. I have lived up here for many years without incident and I do not think that will change due to your presence.” Hannibal had said.

This had calmed and reassured Will immensely. Enough so that he felt safe in venturing out in the garden by himself and staying out there for hours just enjoying the nature. Most days Will would wake up to the smell of food wafting from the kitchen and after coming down to have breakfast with Hannibal he would open the sliding glass door, walk out into the garden, and lay down in the cool grass. He would often fall asleep only to be woken up by Hannibal for lunch. After that he would then walk through the house as if familiarizing himself with every nook and cranny. There was a lot of house to see. Following that, Will would inevitable retreat to the living room and lay down on the couch to contemplate, just like he was now.

So for the most part sense coming to live with Hannibal his days were spent eating delicious food, sleeping, and… well relaxing. It was what Hannibal had wanted him to do and though the idea had seemed impossible to Will in the beginning he found that now he was, indeed, relaxing. It was such a strange feeling to be so comfortable and trusting of an environment. When he fell asleep he did not have to worry or expect to be woken up with a harsh slap. When he ate he did not have to wait till Hannibal was finished nor were the portions on his plate any less than Hannibal’s. If anything they were more than Hannibal’s.

Will suspected this was because Hannibal felt he was too thin. Will at one point had tried to broach this subject and tell Hannibal he didn’t need this much food or such decadent desserts at dinner time, which were Will’s main weakness, only to have Hannibal inform him that he was in fact a doctor and that Will was most definitely underweight.

“I am by no means trying to make you fat, but an omega of your age should have a more healthy weight distribution and higher metabolic intake. Otherwise your body’s basic biological functions will be hindered.” Hannibal had informed him as he had refilled Will’s wine glass for the third time.

“I have not noticed any problems.” Will answered. His cheeks were a light pink and his mind just a tad bit fuzzy. He had never had alcohol before and had not wished to seem rude in rejecting it so he had taken a sip, only to find he rather liked it. Will had begun to suspect that where Hannibal was involved there were many things Will was finding he liked and enjoyed.

“Really, then your heats and sexual drive have not been affected by your body weight and malnourishment?”

Will shrugged as he took another sip from his glass “Not really. Then again, there wasn’t much there to begin with.”

Hannibal set down his glass to regard Will with a rather inquisitive stair “Tell me.”

Will had blushed at that and took another sip of wine “Um… this isn’t something I should be talking about with you.” He had tried to deflect.
“I am a doctor Will, my question is purely from a medical concern for your wellbeing.”

Will pursed his lips “Why do you care?” He asked, innocently.

“Because you live in my home and I consider you under my care.”

Will snorted “I’m an obligation then.”

“No.” Hannibal replied evenly but darkly. He caught Will’s gaze and held him there, staring into his eyes. “I care about what happens to you Will. Is that surprising?”

Will gulped “Yes.”

“Is it unwelcome?”

Will absently licked his lips, tasting the sweetness of the wine. Something inside of him warmed and melted under the alpha’s direct stare, but he found it wasn’t due to fear. In all truthfulness Hannibal’s concern and direct manner at taking care of him had Will feeling kind of…special.

“No.”

Hannibal nodded, as if rewarding Will for his answer “I consider you my friend Will, and I take care of my friends.” Will had blushed at that “Now, tell me about your heats.”

“Well… there’s not much to say. My heats have never been that long or intense. They don’t really bother me, to be honest. Maybe one day of heavy slick but that’s it.”

“You have never experienced an elevated temperature, blinding urge to procreate, or any of the normal symptoms?”

Will shook his head “I know what you’re refereeing to. I’ve seen other omegas go through their heats, but to answer your question; no.”

“You realize that is abnormal?”

Will smirked “Everything about me is abnormal.”

“How did your alpha deal with your heats?”

“He did what all alphas do.”

“But with your symptoms, I am assuming that spending your heat with him was not pleasurable.”

Will shook his head again “Never was.”

“Did he get violent with you?”

At Hannibal’s words a memory of his alpha replayed like a rehearsed horrific play before Will’s mind. The back of a slender hands slicing like ice across his face with such force that Will fell to the floor. The way he had been pinned to the ground and a hand had closed threateningly tight on his wind pipe. A perfume of pheromones lay thick and pungent in the air, yet it reminded Will or rancid milk. The sheer fear and helplessness had consumed him as he closed his eyes for what seemed like the hundredth time, and retreated into the darkest depths of his own mind. Away from the pain. Away from the reality that he suffered. Away from everything that proved he still existed. Like wading into a quiet stream and submerging under the water to drown out the screams of a burning village.
“Yes.” He took a steadying breath and then another large sip of wine.

The house, Will recalled, had seemed so nice from the outside. He remembered from when he was younger and had been brought to live there. A young virgin omega being taken from the slums and told he was to live in such a large house with a wealthy alpha, it had seemed like a fairytale. All too quickly, Will had realized the refined decorations and polished wood walls were nothing more than a glorified cage. And his alpha, which was so highly respected and considered very attractive, had been a wolf in sheep’s skin. Those hands that Will had admired for their ability to play music so beautifully, had hit and clawed with savage and heartless cruelty.

“He felt I was doing it on purpose.” Will elaborated “So even when my heat ended after a day he made sure that…” Will broke off and held out his glass to Hannibal. It hadn’t been finished yet but the alpha refilled it anyway.

“Does talking about it upset you?”

“All the memories I have are… unpleasant. That’s why I prefer to ignore them.”

“Ignoring them will not help you move on from them.” Hannibal could see that Will was growing agitated, despite the alcohol in his system, so he allowed some of his alpha pheromones to enter the air around them. The smell of Hannibal’s superiority would equate with control and safety in Will’s mind and calm him. He was pleased to see the cute omega visibly relax almost immediately. It would appear that Will was very receptive to Hannibal’s scent and influence. This was not surprising and greatly welcomed.

“If your heats did not last for more than a day and did not leave you exhausted, am I correct in assuming they were also infertile?” He nodded. “And this angered your alpha.”

“Every time.” Will sighed “It’s not like I didn’t want to.” He added defensively “I would have… I wanted to so badly. I thought if I just had a fawn of my own everything would be fine and he’d treat me better, like them.”

“They?”

Will visibly curled in on himself as he spoke in a quieter voice “I was my alpha’s third omega.”

Hannibal frowned. Three omegas was a rather large harem for such an unfit alpha. Then again, Hannibal only knew he was unfit because of his own superior breeding. “Why did your alpha want you?”

“He didn’t. Not really. My family sold me as a servant and after finding out I was a virgin, he thought to make me his third mate.”

Though virgin omegas were not actually hard to find, per say, they were rather uncommon in a more poverty stricken lifestyle where Will had grown up. It was highly likely Will’s alpha had only taken him as another trophy to show off his superiority over other alphas and not because he had been attracted to Will, yet another observation to indicate the alpha’s inferiority.

“Then it is probably for the best you did not conceive.”

“I never said- he-” Will shut his mouth as he began to tremble “Please, let’s stop talking about this.” He set down his glass and covered his face with his hands “Please. I don’t wanna to talk bout’ it.” He started to sob.

“Will.” Hannibal spoke in his tone that warranted obedience “Look at me.”
Will lifted his head and blinked his blue tear-filled eyes “Yes, Hannibal.”

Hannibal stood and walked over, placing his hand on Will’s cheek. Unconsciously Will pressed into the warm palm and inhaled the alpha’s scent deep within his lungs. “I apologize if I upset you. It was not my intent and I regret causing you any discomfort. Can you forgive me?” Will had not even hesitated with his response.

“Yes.”

Hannibal smiled “I will take you to your bed now, as I’m afraid you are quite intoxicated.” Will grumbled as he stood up and allowed Hannibal to lead him away.

Will at first had thought that whole encounter had seemed rather staged, but he could not understand why Hannibal would go through all the trouble just to find out about Will’s ex-alpha. The man had no need to do so, as far as Will could tell. Had that whole thing just been an unpleasant conversation due to lack of judgment because they had both been drunk? Hannibal had not seemed that drunk. Then again, Hannibal did not seem much of anything. Thus Will had blamed the alcohol for lowering his inhibitions just enough that he had willingly allowed that whole conversation to take place. Thankfully Hannibal had not brought it up again in the days after that.

“May I join you?” Will turned his head to find Hannibal leaning over behind the couch and smiling down at him. “I greeted you when I first came in but you seemed deep in thought.”

“Did you?” Will blinked as he tried to stifle a yawn. If he didn’t know better he could have sworn he had been so deeply reminiscing that it felt like he had fallen asleep. “Sorry, I was thinking about something.” He noticed Hannibal’s sketchbook was in his hands. “Why do you draw?”

“I find it relaxing and I enjoy recreating beauty with my own hands.”

Will rose himself into a sitting position as he angled his body and folded his arms over the back of the couch. “What do you draw? Scenery?”

“Sometimes. I draw whatever I find interesting.” He offered Will the sketch book “You may look through them if you would like.”

Will considered the book before taking it and turning around to place it in his lap as he opened it. Hannibal had come around the couch and had sat in the chair opposite him when Will said “I don’t really have any knowledge of art, but these look amazing.”

It wasn’t a lie. The drawings on every page that Will flipped through were done in gray scale with simple pencil, but they were miraculous. They were so lifelike that Will felt as if they were almost like another world.

Hannibal chuckled “I am glad you think so.”

Will paused on a portrait of a flower filled meadow that looked so serene in the morning sunlight “Where is this?”

“It a little ways further into the forest. The animals and their young often gather there in the spring.”

“I want to see it.” Will said before he could stop himself.

“In time.”
Will didn’t know what to make of that response so he flipped to the next picture, only to be struck speechless as his cheeks warmed to a dark pink. There was a picture of himself sleeping on the sofa wrapped and curled in a quilt blanket. Will gulped as his fingers touched the pencil lines in almost disbelief. This picture seemed softer and more cherished than the others, like Hannibal had taken his time and tried to capture every little shading and detail.

“Why would you draw me?”

“I told you, I draw things that I find interesting.”

Will closed the book and handed it back to Hannibal as he looked down at the ground “I’m not that interesting.”

Hannibal accepted the book as he stood “On the contrary, I find you incredibly interesting.”

Will looked up to catch Hannibal’s eyes once more and stared at him for a long moment, trying to understand the alphas motivations. “Why are you doing this?” He whispered his panic rising.

Hannibal was quiet but then he set down the sketchbook and offered a hand to help Will stand, the omega took it. Once they were face to face he said casually “Because, I am attracted to you Will, as I have never before been attracted to any omega.” He leaned forward and made a show of scenting Will. “I find you fascinating; physically and mentally.”

Will forcefully retracted his hands as his eyes widened. He took a step back and Hannibal let him. For a moment the alpha looked annoyed, but it was quickly covered up with an understanding nod “I have made you feel uncomfortable again. I shall take my leave and start making dinner.”

He turned to leave but a sound almost like a distressed whine escaped Will’s throat “How…why?” Will could only stammer as his heart wanted to beat out of his chest.

Hannibal stopped and without turning around he said “I am drawn to you Will. And I know that you are drawn to me. What other conclusion could logically explain this preliminary bond we seem to be nurturing.”

“**Lust.**” Will offered quickly as if it were the natural answer.

Hannibal chuckled “If It was simply lust I felt for you, Will, then I would have already seduced you into my bed.” The last part was said in a sultry growl that had Will’s blush darkening and his legs weakening. Will opened his mouth to protest when he felt something. A drop of wetness slid down the crack of his ass and then began to travel down his leg. He gasped as he shivered, feeling more slick coming in excess amounts. His skin heated and felt sticky and tight, and it was becoming hard to breathe. He looked at Hannibal, who had now turned to stare at Will with dark predatory eyes. In the light of the room his eyes almost looked like they were glowing.

Will watched him with bated breath. Wetness outside of his heat had never happened to him before, regardless of whether he was sexually aroused or not. So, why? Why was this happening now!? And in front of Hannibal of all people!?! It was beyond terrifying! Will took a step back, wondering if he needed to start running. But where to? This was Hannibal’s house. There was no one to help. Then again, Will remembered, no one had ever helped. If his previous alpha had not cared if he was ready or not then what did that mean for Hannibal? He saw Hannibal scent the air and knew without a doubt that the alpha could smell his slick. Would he take this as a sign of consent? Most alphas would. And to tell the truth, the pheromones Hannibal was giving off in response didn’t smell so bad to Will either. He wanted to whimper and go to Hannibal even though he was shaking and close to tears. He knew what sex was, the pain and humiliation of it, so why
did the idea of Hannibal mounting him not have him screaming. Will licked his lips as he clutched his arms. He closed his eyes and waited. Waited for inevitable.

“He will not take you Will,” Hannibal spoke quietly.

Will’s eyes shot open as he looked at Hannibal with obvious shock “But…you said-”

“Without your consent.” He finished. He gave Will one last meaningful look before turning and leaving.

Will stood there until he heard the sounds of dishes rattling before running to his room, shutting the door, and then jumping into the shower. He turned on the water to as hot as it would go and his skin stung with the burning of it. He covered his mouth as he began hyperventilating, tears coming to his eyes. Whether they were from fear, confusion, or astonishment and relief at Hannibal’s words, he was not sure.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

A few people have been asking “Exactly what time period does the story take place in?” Well, it is a fantasy universe, however, think of it as a fantasy realm set in the late 19th century but with some modern day aspects. Also, I apologize for the delay with updating. However, after writing chapter four I realized it was rather short and didn't have much action going on rather than just character development. So I waited to post chapter four with chapter five, which is a main plot point chapter and therefore more juicy to read.

Edited by the lovely Fairy-kun

Hannibal emptied the contents of the pan he had been cooking with into a small container before snapping a lid on the top to keep in the freshness and heat. Placing the pan in the sink, he then regarded the three meals he had prepared on the counter. All of them were high in protein and fat content to help Will gain more muscle as well as weight. Even in the short few weeks since he had come here, the omega’s body was already filling out quite nicely. Hannibal was pleased to see this as Will would need to be healthy and fit before the next stage of his plan. His plan, to make Will his willing mate, for the most part, was working perfectly.

The only problem had come with trying to get Will to confront and explain his past. Since the evening with the wine, Will seemed determined to never answer another question and any time Hannibal tried to overtly bring up the subject the omega bristled and shied away. Hannibal was by no means a stupid alpha; in fact he was the furthest thing from it. Though it was important to know just how deeply Will’s trauma was so that Hannibal could court and seduce him accordingly, forcing Will to tell him his life story was not going to achieve anything Hannibal wanted. It was very clear to him now that he had found out all he was going to from Will and that pressing the issue any more was only going to make the omega distrust him. So, Hannibal relented and decided to go about finding the information through other means. These means were not as favorable to him, but he saw that he had little choice. Besides, he concluded that Will was worth any inconvenience.

“Are we having three meals for breakfast?”

Hannibal turned as Will leaned against the doorway to the kitchen. He looked ruffled and still half asleep, obviously he had just got out of bed. His dark curls were in disarray and the T-shirt and boxers he wore were wrinkled in a tantalizing way. Though Hannibal was sure he could find some other clothes around the house for Will to wear he found himself reluctant to allow the omega to wear anything but the shirt and boxers. The outfit was both revealing and covering in just the right ways and it teased Hannibal to no end, challenging his convictions. And every time Hannibal remained in control he considered it a credit to his superior alpha pedigree, proof that he was the best and thus worthy of Will. As Hannibal made no effort to hide the way he gazed at Will it was no surprise when Will flushed slightly under his gaze.

“No. Unfortunately my pantry is running low on certain items so I will have to go into town today. I do not know how long it will take me, as I have many errands to see to, and that is why I have
prepared you all three meals for today.” Hannibal explained as he untied the apron from around his waist and hung it up on a hook.

“‘Into town’?” Will’s voice wavered slightly, betraying his unease.

Understanding what Will was probably thinking, Hannibal said “If you are worried I will inform the people of where you are, you need not.”

Will’s color heightened. “That’s not exactly...” he trailed off. Hannibal raised a brow in question. “I know you wouldn’t do that. It’s just that you have never been away before so I’ll be here alone.” He fidgeted from one foot to the other “What am I supposed to do?”

“You may do whatever you wish. You know you are safe here, and free to come and go as you please.”

Will licked his lips “I know that, but usually you’re also around for me to talk to.” he looked away, showing his discomfort with the topic and admitting his reluctance to be without Hannibal. Hannibal smiled, recognizing the behavior for what it was. Dependent behavior was only exhibited by an omega when they were extremely comfortable in their environment and depended on the alpha to keep that environment stable. Thus, when an alpha had to leave, the omega often felt the need to accompany them because on a primitive level their brain equated the alpha’s presence with normality and security. Will, however, was not in a position where he could come with Hannibal as both of them knew that for the sake of Will’s safety the townsfolk must still presume Will to be dead.

Hannibal placed a hand on the omega’s shoulder, squeezing just hard enough to convey comfort and reassurance “I will endeavor to return back to you as quickly as I can.” He lowered his hand “Now I must get dressed. Before I leave is there anything you would like me to get for you?”

Will turned his head and met his gaze with a confused expression “What?”

“Is there anything you would desire for me to bring back?” Hannibal repeated calmly.

Will still looked at him with the most perplexed face “This is your house and you do all the cooking. I don’t know what we need.” Will’s nervousness began to rise “I didn’t know that you even wanted me to keep track of-”

“I was referring to personal desires Will,” Hannibal chuckled “treats, in a matter of sense.”

Will blinked “Treats?”

“Yes. Would you like me to bring you back anything?” Will’s blush darkened and spread to the length of his neck. He immediately looked down at the ground and shook his head, no. Hannibal would have asked the question ‘Did your previous alpha never give you anything?’ if the answer were not completely obvious. Knowing this, Hannibal refused to allow Will to tell him he didn’t want anything.

“There is a bakery in town and not far from one of my appointments.” Will’s white deer ears twitched, showing his interest. “I find they have a rather delicious strawberries and cream cake in the summer, but given that it’s near winter they might have a selection of cookies that I could bring back.” This time it was Will’s tail that twitched, once again betraying his desire. Hannibal doubted there was anything more adorable then Will’s fondness for sweets. He smiled “I’ll have to pick up some milk then as well.”

Will’s ears fell at that as he mumbled “Y-You don’t have to. I know milk is expensive.”
Hannibal inwardly sighed at the comment. He pitied and regretted that Will had had such a poverty stricken upbringing that to him milk was a luxury. Hannibal made the mental note to buy three bottles of milk and to make it a permanent part of Will’s diet so that his bones would not suffer. “There is no expense I would not gladly give to you.”

Will gasped so softly it was almost inaudible to Hannibal’s ears. The omega lifted his head to look at Hannibal. His eyes were surprised and searching, as if trying to make sure the alpha wasn’t tricking him. Hannibal took this opportunity to lean in and gently touch his nose to Will’s. It was not so much a romantic gesture but one of intimate familiarity, and one that had not been used for many decades. All the same, Will’s reaction was instantaneous. Though Hannibal doubted he did it knowingly the omega still leaned forward slightly when their noses touched, once again showing his subconscious acceptance of Hannibal’s closeness and protection. As Hannibal pulled away Will seemed startled with what he had just done but he looked to be controlling himself better than previous times. Hannibal allowed himself one last breath of Will’s calming sweet scent before he turned to leave, exiting the kitchen and going up the stairs to his room.

Once he was in his quarters he discarded his casual cotton blouse shirt. Unbuttoning the front he striped it from his lean muscled arms and placed it in the hamper to be washed later. Now shirtless, he turned to his wardrobe and opened the two solid oak doors to reveal an exquisite selection of coats, suits, vests, formal neckerchiefs and ties, blouse cotton undershirts, and about four pairs of shoes. Hannibal momentarily looked out the window to his left to see that the brown and orange leaves of the trees were being painted in the golden rays of the morning sun. Dew was gathering on the glass and just outside on the far right corner he could see a gentle garden spider nestled patiently within the middle of its web. It looked to be a crisp morning, which probably meant the walk down to the village would be a bit chilly until the sun rose high overhead.

With this in mind Hannibal rid himself of his shoes and trousers. Standing in only his underwear he then selected a thick pair of black trousers and the sturdy pair of black boots he kept for during winter. He slipped on the pants and then sat on his bed to put on the shoes. Once they were on he pulled his long trousers down to cover them before standing again. Given that he was going into town it would be best to dress fashionably but given that it was not a formal occasion, excessive refinement would not be necessary. For this he chose a plain white blouse shirt and then a modest cranberry red vest which he made sure looked both appealing and presentable before choosing his coat and tie. He let his fingers slide over the soft silk of each tie as he regarded their patterns and colors, choosing in the end a thin striped red and gray tie. He draped the fabric over his neck and then efficiently began tying it in an eldredge knot. Because it was going to be a rather cool day even in the afternoon he chose a raven black waist-length square-cut waistcoat that buttoned in the front. He closed the wardrobe and then entered his bathroom to allow himself a quick satisfied once over before combing his hair and the fur of his ears before returning back down stairs.

He was surprised to find Will waiting by the door “Is there something more you need?” Hannibal asked.

Will shook his head “No, I just wanted to… see you off and say goodbye.” He visibly gulped as his downcast eyes rose to gaze at Hannibal. Something Hannibal could not exactly pinpoint seemed to churn in Will’s blue-gray eyes. He looked not so much frightened but ill at ease, which Hannibal could understand, but there was a detected hint of curiosity and perhaps yearning which Hannibal did not understand.

Hannibal smiled at him as he nodded to Will and then moved to open the door. “I shall return some time tonight. You need not wait up for me.” He turned to leave but Will caught the sleeve of his coat.
“I will,” Will said softly “I’ll wait for you.”

Hannibal allowed a moment of silence to let the words Will had just spoken sink in for them both before replying just as softly, as if he were whispering a sweet nothing in Will’s ear “Nothing would give me greater peace of mind then knowing you are here and that you would greet me when I return.” He leaned forward and touched their foreheads together, yet another sign of closeness and, in a way, another example of Will’s acceptance of him. When Will didn’t pull away but instead closed his eyes and pressed back Hannibal knew it was only a matter of time. He pulled away and Will’s hand slipped from his coat as he left the house and shut the door behind him.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

This is the only warning I will give.
This being a Hannibal fanfic naturally dark themes and imagery are expected. This chapter is where the beginning of all the dark themes start.
And I will warn readers now, while still not trying to give anything away, that the dark imagery towards the end of this story will get rather intense.
Thank you for your time and please enjoy reading :)

Edited by the lovely Fairy-kun

He did not visit the village often, usually only to hunt and procure supplies. He did not have to visit around this time of year because the meat from the winter sacrifice was more than enough to sustain him. Though seeing as he chose not to eat the ‘sacrifice’ and in due time Hannibal planned for Will to be pregnant that meant the alpha would have to stock up on both meat and other provisions before winter was upon them. However, food was not his only reason for coming here at this early hour of the morning. As he walked across the street he kept very vigilant of all the sights and smells around him.

It was hard, in some parts of town, given the smell of sewage and the occasional farm animal running lose, but Hannibal had a very acute sense of smell and he was on the lookout for Will’s ex-alpha. Though the scent of the man had long since faded from Will’s beautiful flesh, the smell was still fresh in his mind from when he had carried Will from the alter and through the forest to his home. How long ago it seemed now and yet it had not been that long at all.

He waited for a carriage to pass by before crossing the street to the bakery. The shop was small and was situated right in between the slums of the village and the wealthier district. Hannibal did not particularly like sweets—though he did enjoy them—so it wasn’t all that surprising when the older women behind the counter of decadent selections became rather startled by his presence. Though the people were not aware of his true nature, they did regard him with a high amount of respect.

This was because a long time ago when his parents first came to the village, his father had saved the people from an outbreak of diphtheria. Diphtheria was a serious bacterial infection of the nose and throat which caused the infected to gradually lose the ability to breath due to the excess accumulation of thick gray mucus. Hannibal had only been a small boy at the time but he remembered his parents explaining that they had to build up a good reputation so that no one would dare question them later when they started hunting. Their plan had worked perfectly and to this very day the Lecter name was treated with the utmost reverence.

“Dr. Lecter,” the old woman wheezed out softly as she attempted a coy “how are you doing today sir?”

“I am well.” He answered as he looked down at the display case.

“Well that’s good to hear! We did just open so you’re lucky, you get to have your pick of the lot.” She tried to laugh but it ended in a cough.
“That was my intention,” he said absently as he eyed the cookies and some of the pastries.

“If I may ask, sir,” the woman began “are you by chance looking for something in particular?” She smiled “A present for someone perhaps?”

Hannibal’s eyes flicked to her and though he felt the question a little rude he decided against taking offense to it. The woman was old and the small gray deer ears on the side of her head showed some soft silver hairs. Her face was round and wrinkled, but kind. She was not committing a social crime, she was just trying to help and be friendly, as older people were ought to do. She gazed up at him through her wrinkles with an expectant and somewhat hopeful expression.

Hannibal smiled faintly down at her “Yes, I am, and it is.” He did not want to admit anything to the woman, lest she gossip it about the town and then everyone would suspect something. Hannibal had made it very clear during the entire time he was growing up that though he did enjoy the pleasure an omega offered, he had no wish to mate. This desire stemmed more from unwillingness to take a mate that he felt was unworthy of him, and all the omegas that he had seen up until Will had been most unworthy. Flirtatious, scatter brained, whores were all they had ever been to him. Hannibal did not have the patience for such truly idiotic behavior. Even if he had, and had wished to reproduce with such an omega, he had no doubts that he would have had to kill them the moment they found out what he truly was. And thus he would have been forced into robbing his fawn of a mother. That was not something he desired. What he truly wished was to have the same unbreakable bond he had seen his parents share. His mother had of course known what his father was and had accepted him, had even allowed him to change her. The thought that he might, no… would achieve that same cherished bond with Will, was enough to make him feel the stirrings of what he knew could only be genuine affection. And the thought of Will, beautiful and radiant, sitting in the garden and stroking his very pregnant stomach that was full of Hannibal’s child already had him wanting to growl with primal satisfaction deep in his chest.

The woman beamed at him “I knew it! Is it for someone special?” Hannibal decided a noncommittal nod would do and the woman practically giggled “Then may I suggest the pumpkin pie? It’s delicious and the pumpkins are just perfectly ripe at this time. That’s why my friend who runs the apothecary down the street just loves this time of year.” Hannibal remembered a small passage in his medical textbook regarding herbal remedies and stimulants, and he did believe pumpkin was one of them. Then again pumpkin was a member of the Cucurbitaceous family, which included squash and gourds, which in turn were recommended to promote healthy fertility cycles in omegas.

Hannibal nodded again “I’ll take two then. After all, it is fall and what better way to celebrate the changing of the seasons?” The women grinned as she started puttering around and readying a box to put the pies in.

“It will be just perfect.” the women agreed “Would you like anything else?”

Thinking that Will would also enjoy something sweeter than pumpkin pie, and deciding in an instant that his omega would only have the freshest of what was available, he asked “Do you have anything with apples?” Apples were usually harvested in mid to late fall so it was highly probable the woman would also have something made with them.

“Oh yes, sir! We have pies and turnovers and blossoms with caramel and candy apples for the little ones.”

Hannibal considered the different options, but then thought about Will’s face when he returned with all of them for him to try. The look of happiness and the smile that Will would give him… “I would like two of each then.”
The woman stopped to stare at him as if in disbelief “Two, sir… of each?”

“I believe that was what I said.” Though Hannibal still smiled charmingly at her, his eyes darkened just enough to convey his superiority and displeasure at being questioned. The women bowed her head down instantly and nodded.

“Yes sir, many apologies. Just don’t get many folks wanting so much, sir. Beg pardon.”

Hannibal said nothing more but looked out the window. The streets were becoming busier by the moment and Hannibal had every intention to reach the wealthier part of town before then. He looked back to the women and saw that she was moving as fast as she could but by the size of the boxes she was putting in the bag it would be cumbersome for Hannibal to have to carry that around, especially while hunting. “How late will you be open?”

“We are open all day sir but close up at sundown.”

“I have quite a few more errands to run and I don’t want the food to spoil.” Hannibal said in his most prestigious alpha tone “I will pay double if you’ll keep these for me until I return later tonight.”

The women stopped and looked as if she were going to ask more questions, but then thought better of it. Hannibal’s inward regards for the woman heightened as she proved she was not so stupid as to make the same mistake again. This was good, because Hannibal was sure that when Will became his mate he would be frequenting this bakery quite a bit and it was best to establish the power he held now so when he asked for this same thing in the future the woman would never question it. “Yes sir.” She didn’t ask what time Hannibal would return nor did she ask about his payment. She just accepted his decision and would make do with it. Such a proper display of submission by a stranger warranted a certain degree of gratitude. So, Hannibal took from his coat pocket a round gold coin and placed in on the counter. The women lifted her head just enough to look at the coin with wide eyes, but didn’t meet Hannibal’s gaze.

“I realize this is an inconvenience, but I appreciate what you are doing.” He said softly and almost sweetly. “I will return shortly after sundown. Thank you.” The ‘thank you’ had the woman blushing as she stammered.

“Not at all, sir! Your generosity is most kind!”

Though Hannibal thought it only polite to thank people for their services regardless of biological identification, many alphas did not share this viewpoint. As a result, Hannibal’s manners often earned him a certain degree of blind obedience from the omegas and betas he encountered. An obedience that Hannibal knew was very advantageous for him to have. He left the bakery and smiled to himself as he walked along the sidewalks and up the street to the more wealthy parts of town.

Though he usually did a small portion of hunting in the poorer parts of the town he could not deny that the quality of the meat was severely lacking. Because of this he only resorted to the slums when the rapidity of his killings grew too high and costly for his anonymity. The aristocracy offered better meat that was more nourishing but the likelihood of being caught was too high to have continued successful kills without being caught. And so hunting, for Hannibal, was a constant game of cat and mouse.

The further he walked the more people stopped and recognized him and then came over to greet him. High reputation was important to Hannibal so he greeted and mingled with every one of them. Besides, it also allowed him to scent them and see if any of them were Will’s ex. A good majority
of them were omega mothers out on walks with their mates and coming-of-age children. Hannibal tried to ignore the blatant way any of the mothers would try to draw his attention to their young omega daughters and sons. He knew that Will’s alpha had to have been from a more well-off family, the question was: which one?

“Hannibal? Hannibal Lecter, is that you?”

Hannibal had been in the middle of a conversation with another alpha, talking about the medical field, when their talk was so impolitely interrupted by Dr. Frederick Chilton, an associate of Hannibal’s that for the most part he tried to distance himself from. Chilton’s philosophies and practices were for the most part logical but it was the man’s blind need to be recognized that often spurred him to be too ambitious and make mistakes that reflected poorly on his career. Luckily for the other alpha doctor, not many were aware of these mistakes, but Hannibal was. These mistakes and malpractices are what made Hannibal think lesser of him and therefore try not to associate.

Chilton made his way quickly toward him, not at all taking notice of the other alpha and family Hannibal had been talking to. “I have not seen you around these parts for a while. You so rarely come down from that mountain of yours.”

“Indeed I do not, but today I had business in town.” Hannibal offered before turning back to the other alpha and saying politely “Dr. Chilton is an associate of mine. Would you please excuse me?” The other alpha smiled and nodded as he said his goodbye and turned with his family to leave.

Hannibal then turned his full attention on Chilton, expecting to allow the man to babble on for a while before he could excuse himself and continue on. But when he turned to face Chilton a fall breeze blew past them and carried Chilton’s scent, and something else, to Hannibal’s nose. He blinked and as Chilton began talking again he tried to casually scent the other alpha again. There had been a very small trace of the scent Hannibal had been looking for.

Chilton was dressed in a dark gray button down shirt with a green vest. In his hand he held a long cane which Hannibal knew was more for show then assistance with walking. The man’s short brown hair was combed back from his face and moderately sized antlers. It was still wet, as if he had just got out of the shower. Even the fur on his brown ears was still damp. Hannibal could only assume the man must have been in a hurry to leave his home, but if that were true, then why was he stopping to talk to Hannibal?

“I’m actually quite pleased to run into you Hannibal. There is a friend of mine who has been quite eager to meet you. I’m actually on my way to see him now, if you’d like. We meet every other day or so at the pub just a little ways over. You know of it, yes?”

Hannibal smiled “Yes, The White Hart.”

“I knew you had probably at least heard of it. Now, you must come drinking with me and meet my companions, if you are not busy of course.”

Surrounding himself with drunken alphas was not Hannibal’s idea of a good time, especially so early in the morning. However, if he followed Chilton around for a time he might lead him to the owner of the scent. “I am busy, but I see no reason to not make time for pleasant conversation. And I would not wish to refuse to meet this friend of yours who is so keen to see me.”

Chilton looked like he was higher than a kite “Wonderful.” He said as they began walking. He continued talking about this and that, mostly about his patience and the parties he had attended in the spring and summer months. Hannibal nodded and offered his opinions when prompted but for
the most part he was fixated on reluctantly scenting Chilton every time and gust of wind went past them.

It did not take them long to arrive at the bar and see the sign swinging overhead, showing off a white stag with a gold crown around its neck. Chilton opened the door and went inside. He walked past the empty tables, into the back, and then pointed for Hannibal to follow him up and staircase.

“The upper floor is strictly for the alpha elite like you and I. We don’t want anyone listening in or butting into our business.” Hannibal only nodded again in response thinking that the secrecy and reclusion seemed a tad infantile.

When they reached the top of the stairs Hannibal surveyed the rather large attic that greeted him. There was a bay window to his far left that looked out over the rest of the town and offered a beautiful view of his mountain and the multicolored trees of the forest. In the center of the room was a large table and in the middle of that, several large decanters containing various alcohols. Around the table were lavishly adorned lounge chairs and sofas.

Two other men were already present when Chilton and Hannibal entered. The first had rather pointed and torn up sand colored deer ears with antlers that protruded from his head that were thin and twisted in an odd shape. His hair was a windblown sandy dark brown in color and a sharp pair of glasses that were perched high on his nose. He wore a simple white shirt, blue patterned vest, and pants. He did not look up when Hannibal and Chilton entered but continued looking at the small box in his hands.

The man next to him was of a considerably darker completion and his ears and antlers were more sophisticated in appearance. His face was clean shaven and his black hair trimmed very short. He was young, but from his posture and clothing, Hannibal could tell that the luxury of a rich lifestyle was not new to him. When the man finished sipping from his glass, his dark eyes turned on Hannibal in a rather challenging glance. This was a bold, unwarranted, and very unbecoming display for such a young alpha when being introduced to his superior. Hannibal could tell almost instantly that this man was someone that was very used to getting his way.

“Gentlemen, may I introduce Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Dr. Lecter these are my friends, Mr. Tobias Budge and Mr. Mason Verger.” Chilton offered before he took a seat and indicated Hannibal should join them.

Hannibal continued to stand, staring at the younger alpha before him who continued to look right back at him. It was a challenge, and one that Hannibal would not willingly ignore. He scented the air and knew there was no mistaking it. This alpha was Will’s ex. A sense of cold detached calm rolled over Hannibal and seeped deeply into his skin.

“Is it for practice to challenge every alpha you meet, or have I done something in the past to offend you?” Hannibal asked, his voice reflecting no emotion and remaining impassively polite.

Tobias continued to stare at him a moment longer before smiling and deflecting his gaze back to the glass in his hand. “My apologies, I was merely testing you.”

Hannibal took a seat next to Chilton “Did I pass?”

“With flying colors, as they say.” Tobias waved a hand. “As Frederick said, my name is Tobias. I’m the owner of a musical instrument manufacturing company as well as the school for the vocally gifted.”

“And I am Mason, no doubt you have heard of me and my family.”
Hannibal had not heard of any Mason, but he was aware of the Verger cattle plantation. “Your family owns a great deal of the land to the west of here.”

“The best farm stock in the world.” Mason grinned as he embellished “My family has been selectively breeding the beasts for generations. We know exactly how to get the best meat from any animal before it is even born. ‘Good meat comes from good stock’, that is our mantra. Do you by any chance buy any of our meat Dr. Lecter?”

“I have never had the pleasure, as I live outside of the village and manage my own food.”

“Do you? Why, I’m curious.”

Hannibal wanted to get the topic on omegas and mates. He needed to see if his assumptions were correct, but he highly doubted he was wrong. “I find I enjoy the benefits of a large town but dislike the noise and attention my reputation brings. I prefer my solitude.”

“And what attention is that?” Tobias cut in.

Hannibal smirked “Alphas with our wealth and desirability have many advantages but also disadvantages. I find myself unable to walk down the street without being propositioned by handfuls of omegas or parents trying to wed their children into the higher class.”

The three other alphas laughed, but Tobias shot Chilton a cold look as he said “And why are you laughing Frederick? You have no mate or fawns to speak of.” Chilton stopped laughing and glared at Tobias, but the younger alpha continued. “At least Mason and I have mates, beautifully fertile and pregnant.” He turned his gaze to Hannibal “I myself have several. I find it best to keep my harem continually fresh so that I don’t get bored.”

“I see.” Hannibal faked surprise “For one so young, that is quite impressive.”

“Omegas are drawn to me and I see no reason to deny them, providing they are, of course, virgins.” A dark look entered Tobias’ eyes. “Surely you understand the rage an alpha feels when he finally mounts a willing and beautiful bitch only to find he’s mounted a whore.”

“That is true,” Mason interjected “Even bulls will refuse to breed with a cow that has already been had. It is not completely surprising that alphas aren’t any different. Out of the three, alpha, beta, and omega, we are the ones most primal in our needs.” He chuckled.

Hannibal cast a glance over at Chilton and saw that the man’s eyes were blazing. He looked as if he were trying to restrain himself from saying something. Hannibal smiled “Chilton, if you have something to add I am eager to hear your thoughts.” Chilton looked at Hannibal, but then turned back and reached over the table pouring himself a full glass of brandy.

“You must forgive him Dr. Lecter; he still has not forgiven Tobias.” Mason grinned. He turned to Tobias and asked “May I?”

“By all means.” Tobias nodded. The way he said it sounded mocking, as if he would agree to anything that made Chilton angry.

“You see, there was this omega that was working in Tobias’ house and when he found out that our dear Dr. Chilton had taken a shining to the little thing, he snatched him up and mated him on the spot.” Mason chuckled. “The joke is on you though,” he turned to grin at Tobias “quite the heap of trouble that little mistake got you.” Tobias growled low and threatening, but Mason completely ignored him. “Unlike you, Tobias, I don’t need multiple mates. I have my dear Margot, and she is the most perfect omega an alpha could ask for.”
“Perfect omega? I thought she was an alpha.” Chilton asked, his voice sounding a little hoarse from the alcohol.

“We’ve started her on the hormone therapy. She’ll be a pretty little omega soon enough.”

Wanting to direct the conversation back to where it had been going Hannibal addressed Tobias “I’m afraid I’m confused. Was this omega not a virgin?”

“Oh no,” Tobias waved a hand. “Think nothing more of it. I do not wish to bore you with such a disgusting story.”

“Oh, so it’s disgusting now.” Chilton growled. “If you had let me buy him from you, you wouldn’t have had to deal with any of it.” Hannibal wanted to slit his throat for constantly interrupting.

“Oh, and I supposed you would have wanted him to kill your child.” Tobias hissed before he started laughing once more “Then again if it was your child perhaps I wouldn’t have blamed him.”

“He killed your child?” Hannibal asked.

Tobias sighed “I don’t want you thinking less of me, but I suppose now if I don’t tell you it would just be told to you by one of the townsfolk. They gossip so enthusiastically.” Tobias set down his glass and crossed his arms over his chest. “I mated the omega and bound him to me simply because I did not want Chilton to have him. You should know he was a very beautiful omega, irresistible, in fact. Most omegas are just so eager to have me inside them, but he refused and fought me. It was very refreshing. He quickly became my favorite, but after two months when he refused to become pregnant I found myself having to teach him and train him. All omegas should want to please their alphas and be bred, and he was purposefully defying me.” Tobias growled deep from within his chest “He insulted me.”

Hannibal’s outward appearance did not change. His expression was pleasant and interested, even though in his mind he was imagining torturing Tobias. Slowly. Intimately. He would nick his throat with a knife and watch him slowly bleed out, after cutting off all of his limbs of course.

“He kept coming up with excuses about his heats that were nothing but lies. As if I would believe that it wasn’t his fault when many of my other mates were already pregnant. I tried to teach him, tried to show him that this was the proper way for an omega, but he still refused. So I talked with Mason and procured some of his aphrodisiac.” Hannibal blinked; confused by the term and Tobias’ meaning so he looked to Mason for clarification.

“In addition to cattle, my family also raises pigs. Sometimes the older sows need some coaxing to get things going again. I told Tobias he should try the drugs on his reluctant bitch and see what happens.”

Hannibal slowly turned his head back to look at Tobias. “You used livestock hormone medication on an omega.” It was not a question but a sentence stated for clarification.

Tobias shrugged “I saw no harm in it. Omegas and livestock are not that different to begin with, and it did work.”

No, Hannibal thought, to rid the man of his arms and legs was not enough. Letting him slowly bleed out was too merciful. He deserved better. Decapitation? No, disemboweling sounded more pleasing. He could use the intestines to make sausage and the stomach to make haggis or tripe. Both meals would be high in nutrients to help Will when he became pregnant with Hannibal’s fawn. With Hannibal’s offspring.
Hannibal maintained his calm demeanor with expert grace. “Did it?”

“Oh yes, little bitch got knocked up right away.” Mason then pointed to his head “Bit of a problem in the brain though after that.”

Hannibal didn’t doubt it. For Will to be drugged with something that was not meant for his species, raped until impregnated, and then to come back to his senses only to come to terms with what had been done... Hannibal dragged down the nearly undeniable, savage urge to change into his most animalistic form and tear their faces off with his own teeth.

“I didn’t mind though.” Tobias continued “After that he seemed to finally understand what he was meant to do. Though he still continually messed up, I was more lenient with his punishment, given that he was finally carrying my child.” His eyes turned almost completely black “Then he disgraced me for the last time. He bore me a dead fawn and in addition it was female.” He grabbed his glass again and drained the entire contents. “A sick, ugly looking thing. I’m thankful the bitch killed it because I certainly wouldn’t have accepted it.”

If Tobias had been any other alpha Hannibal might have taken pity on his ignorance and informed him that stillbirth and infanticide were two completely different things. Though it was very uncommon for an omega to have a stillborn baby it was not so uncommon in pregnancies where the alpha was unfit or the bond between alpha and omega was not natural. But as it stood, Tobias was not any other alpha and Hannibal’s loathing for him was already peaked. “And what did you do then with this omega?”

“The whole town was screaming for his execution because of what he did so I offered him up to be the winter sacrifice. Maybe the Windigo can find a use for him that no one else could.”

“Yes, as a meal.” Chilton spoke once more, his voice sounded like a harsh whisper. “Though I worry he won’t satisfy the beast for long. We may have to do the spring sacrifice early if we want him to stay away from the village.”

Tobias and Mason openly laughed “Are you out of your head? Do you mean to tell me you actually believe that old legend?”

“I was not aware that anyone truly believed it.”

“You,” Chilton indicated toward Mason “do not live in this village and you,” he pointed to Tobias “are too young to know of the decades of carnage this village has seen. We started the sacrifices to end it all.”

“And did it?” Tobias shot back, obviously not believing him.

Chilton sighed as he leaned back onto a pillow “Yes, thankfully. The only deaths we see now are normal murders and the occasional disappearance.”

“Well then, you might just want to watch out. If I know my Will, he won’t be able to satisfy that creature at all. We might just start seeing bodies pile up again.” He grinned and Chilton seethed.

“You should not joke about that!”

“Well then let us just ask, shall we?” Mason turned his cold dead eyes to Hannibal “You live on the mountain where the creature is said to reside. So tell us, have you seen it.”

“Yes.” He answered simply.
There was a pause as everyone seemed taken aback. Hannibal took his time as he looked back and forth between the three men in front of him. He eyed each of them with a calculative look before he rose to his feet and then leaned over to pour himself a glass of wine. He didn’t fill the glass completely, only to about two fingers. Then he brought it to his nose and took a tentative sniff. The dark aroma of truffles and the fruity tang of peaches met his nose. He brought the glass to his lips and sipped. Running his tongue over his lips he set the glass back down and regarded his audience one more.

Mason’s eyes widened “You have, oh how wonderful!”

“I do not believe you.” Hannibal turned his gaze to Tobias “If you have seen the creature, then why are you still alive? The legends say he kills everything he sees.”

Hannibal allowed a truly genuine smile to grace his lips, dark and foreboding “The legend is correct, but slightly misinformed. I believe he kills everything he sees that he wants to kill. He is not a mindless monster, but selective. To answer your question, Mr. Budge, the Windigo does not wish to kill me, so he allows me to live in peace.” He saw when he looked toward the window that had at one point been early morning sun had somehow turned to late afternoon light. “It has grown rather late gentlemen and I’m afraid I must take my leave. It was a pleasure meeting you and I will see you again soon.” He turned and walked toward the stairs.

“I do hope you will. I would love to hear more about this Windigo.” Mason called out to him. Tobias said nothing.

Hannibal descended the stairs to find that the lower level that had previously been empty was now quite full of patrons. He made his way to the door and was about to open it when he heard Chilton call out to him. He looked over his shoulder at the shorter man with barely contained impatience.

“I’m sorry about Tobias. He’s young and truly doesn’t know his place and as for Mason, he can take some getting used to. But they were both quite pleased to meet you.”

“I was very pleased to meet them as well.” It made it so much easier when his prey found him. Though it was not time to kill them now, Hannibal comforted himself with the knowledge that they were on his mental list. They were marked for death and just didn’t know it yet. Though, Tobias had been right about one thing. The Windigo was certainly going to start hunting in the town rapidly once more.

Chilton smiled at that “I’m glad to hear it.” He was about to say good bye when he stopped. Hannibal watched as the man blinked in confusion and then leaned it to make an obvious display of sniffing Hannibal’s coat. “Did you go to the Corner Bakery?”

“Yes, though I do not appreciate your rudeness.” Hannibal warned lowly.

Chilton took a step back and at least had the wherewithal to look sheepish. “My apologies, I was just not aware that you liked sweets. I remember in your youth that you didn’t care for them.”

“Appetites change as we get older. You, as a fellow doctor, should know that all too well.” Hannibal opened the door before bidding in a tone that might have suggested a more definite finality to anyone listening close enough “Goodbye, Frederick.”
The moment Hannibal closed the door behind him Will practically rushed to the window and watched him leave. The alpha walked farther and farther away from the house until his figure was eventually concealed by the trees and the downward slope of the mountain. When he was finally gone from Will’s sight the omega turned and looked around the room. It seemed empty and vast around him and in an instant he felt rather small and insignificant when compared to the sheer size of the house. He was overcome with an urge to just go back inside his room, curl up in the cool blankets, and just hide until Hannibal returned. But Will shook his head and told himself he was being foolish. If Hannibal felt he was safe then he was safe. And more then that he knew Hannibal would not have left if he had felt Will was anything but protected in his absence. That thought gave Will pause as he made his way back to the kitchen.

He looked around and after finding a fork he leaned over the center island countertop and began poking at the first dish that Hannibal had made. The eggs were cold but perfectly spiced and cheesy and the bacon, which was smoked and salted, tasted wonderful to Will’s pallet. That too had Will thinking, remembering, that he had not always felt so comfortable and cared for. It seemed so long ago when he had felt so cold and drained on the altar. At that time he had felt no regret in the knowledge that he would die. And yet here he was in this house, with such a wonderful alpha.

Though Will still had the lingering feeling that Hannibal was dangerous, he found he was still unable to explain why. The alpha had been unfathomably kind and attentive and even when Will had become slick in his presence he had done nothing to force Will sexually. As far as Will was aware no other alpha could say the same or even compare to Hannibal. And that thought alone sent a tingle down Will’s spine. Hannibal was truly something else, and there was no doubt that the man was not only interested, but also cared deeply for him. Confronting this knowledge had him feeling a surge of conflicting emotions. Fear: that what had happened in the past would only happen again. Hope: that it seemed that Hannibal wanted everything that Will did. Joy: that it wasn’t too late and he could still be happy. And also a thought of inadequacy. Hannibal was so much…better, he could probably have anyone. He wasn’t unattractive or poor so omegas had probably been offering their slick holes up to be mated to him his entire life. If that were true, then why did Hannibal want or see anything of value in Will?

Will was by no means beautiful, or wealthy, or talented, or cultured, or even a virgin. He had nothing to offer, and yet Hannibal had said he desired him. Will set down his fork and hung his head in his hands. Why? Why would anyone want him? His parents had never wanted him, that’s why they had sold him. His first alpha had wanted him, but only to take the only thing Will had that was worth anything. And once that was gone he had made sure Will knew his place, slamming his face into the smooth grain of the wood floor and shoving his legs apart as he ran his tongue over his back. He made sure to get saliva in every one of Will’s fresh wounds, making them sting and bleed more. In the beginning Will had covered his mouth to keep from screaming or crying too loudly. It would only mean a worse punishment. He could not remember at what point he stopped caring. Perhaps it was just after he conceived, when he found he was able to silence
everything and block out the pain by just submerging into the darkness.

It was like a mass of black water that swirled and pooled around his mind. Sometimes he welcomed its cold suffocation and other times he feared it for the things it showed him. He could feel it now the more he thought about his alpha, about Tobias. About the way he smiled in delight when Will had made a mistake or the way his face had twisted with rage upon seeing the lifeless baby Will had birthed. Will’s body began to shake.

“You call this mine?” Tobias had hissed as Will had still lain on the blood soaked bed. “This scrawny and puny creature!” He stripped away the black cloth that had been covering the child to let Will see the tiny still body. She had been taken away from Will so quickly that he had not been able to see her. Seeing her now, so small and cold, was just too cruel. Will’s eyes brimmed with tears. He wanted to look away because of his grief, but he couldn’t. She was his and he had not even been able to touch her. “This is an abomination!” Tobias had screamed “No child sired by me would look this pathetic and sickly!”

“Sir,” had come the midwife’s soft voice. She had been cowering by the doorway “This fawn it’s…” She looked to Will as if in horror. “Dead.”

“Dead.” Tobias had repeated, coldly before turning to Will. Will remembered looking up at him, trembling and fearful of what he would do. “So you killed it.”

Will’s heart had leapt into his throat even as he had shaken his head “No.”

“You killed it.”

“No!”

Tobias face came closer and in Will’s mind it twisted and morphed to almost look snakelike as he hissed again in cruel undertones. “You killed it.”

“NO!” Will screamed as he slammed his hands down on the counter. The sharp noise of something hitting the floor and something else shattering like glass brought him out of his dreamlike state. He gasped as he looked around, startled and breathing heavily. A sharp throbbing climbed its way up Will’s arms and had him hissing in pain. He cradled his wrist to his chest and tried to rub it but that only caused more pain. Biting his lower lip his eyes then took note of Hannibal’s refrigerator. Rushing to it he opened the door and saw that the inside was carefully organized with vegetables and the whole top shelf was dedicated to meats carefully contained in individual plastic bags. Grabbing something that looked like a thin cut sirloin Will placed the cold meat against his wrist and gritted his teeth at the sting. He hit the refrigerator door with his hip before walking back to the island and leaning against it.

He used his good hand to wrap the bag of meat around the rest of his wrist. The cold stung but it was restricting the spread of the pain. He closed his eyes and reprimanded himself for being so stupid. He knew allowing the darkness of his mind to consume him when he was thinking such negative thoughts was a bad idea and yet he had done it anyway. Perhaps he really was stupid, just like his alpha had always told him.

“I find you fascinating; physically and mentally.” That was what Hannibal had told him. Will continued to gaze at his wrist even though his mind was thinking of other things. Thinking of Hannibal helped him ignore the pain. “Your alpha was an imbecile.” Was he? Had Tobias been an imbecile? It didn’t make sense to think that both of them were right. What they said was contradictory. If Will really was ugly, and worthless, and stupid then why would Hannibal say he was fascinating? And Hannibal, in Will’s eyes, was not a man that lacked education. But if
Hannibal was right and Will was somehow worthwhile then that meant that what he said was also true, that Tobias had been an imbecile. The more Will thought about it he could not for the life of him think of any reason why he considered Tobias to be educated, and therefore smarter, and therefore right in the first place. Tobias had been wealthy, but after meeting Hannibal Will knew now that wealthy did not equate intelligence.

He tried to move his wrist and a stabbing pain again went up his arm. He removed the meat to gently feel along the bone. It didn’t feel broken but it did throb and feel tender to his touch. Replacing the meat he turned to look around him and that was when he saw the remains of the food he had been eating scatters across the floor. Next to it laid the shattered glass remains of what Will assumed had been a saltshaker. His mouth fell open in horror. He rushed to the floor and started gathering up the food in his hands, allowing the meat to slip from his grasp and flop on the flood with an almost gushy sound. He gathered up all the food and the frantically looked around for the trash can. After disposing of the remains of egg he then went back to the container and fork, picking them up and then placing then in the sink. Then he started gathering up the shards of glass, accidentally pricking his finger on one but refusing to take notice of it. Throwing the glass to in the trash he started to scoop up the salt as best he could.

Hannibal would know. Will knew this for a fact. No matter how well he cleaned up he would still know. Will would have to tell him. He could lie, but to what end? Besides, he knew Hannibal probably hated lying. He flicked the salt into the trash and then looked at his hurting stained hands. Releasing a heavy sigh he went over to the sink, turned on the water, and let the cool water clean his palms. He really had made such a mess, and after Hannibal had been so nice as to promise him a treat. Will hoped the alpha really had meant it and would indeed return with something just for him. Though he probably wouldn’t give it to Will after seeing the mess. He could just imagine it.

Hannibal would enter the kitchen and notice the salt shaker gone. His alpha nose would pick up the traces of blood and he would turn to Will with a dark look. “What happened?”

“I… got carried away and broke something. I also wasted your food. And…I didn’t mean to.” Will would offer solemnly. “I’m sorry.” A shaky breath escaped him. “I’m so sorry.”

And then his hand would be lifted and his wrist would be inspected before Hannibal would reprimand him by saying “I’m glad you’re alright.”

Will blinked, once again coming back from his momentary daydream. He looked back down at his hands and noticed they were clean. Hannibal would not yell at him. Will smiled. He would not punish him. He would just be happy Will was not harmed. Will considered how Hannibal’s face might look. Those deep brown eyes that were flecked with gold would just stare down at Will with such a caring expression and Will would look up at him with...what...adoration? No, that didn’t seem right, though Will did admire the man. Yet all the same what Will felt, what drew him to Hannibal, seemed far more primal and deeper. Thinking about this he felt an almost instant rise in his body heat and a sudden lightheadedness. Thinking it was from the stress of his mind he turned off the faucet and walked out of the kitchen to his room. He needed to rest. He wanted to go to sleep and just forget everything, even for just a little while. But when he entered the room and stretched out under the covers he suddenly felt exposed and unprotected. He tried to shake off the feeling but it only grew. After an hour, when he was half mindless from the need to take a nap, he unconsciously got out of bed and in a half daze wandered through the house. He wandered through the kitchen and even the living room, sometimes stopping to touch things and even smell them. He emitted a high pitch whimpering sound every now and then until he came to the foot of the stairs.

The scent that was all over the house was stronger from up there. Will vaguely realized that he had never really explored the upper level, knowing that that was where Hannibal’s room was. He made
his way up the stairs and felt comforted with every step. When he reached the door to Hannibal’s room he opened it and the delicious smell of the alpha washed over him. Will practically purred and smiled. He didn’t look around but made a straight dash to the bed and leaped on top of it. He was exhausted and his heated skin loved the feel of the cool and soft sheets. Subconsciously, Will did not understand. The sheet and covers under his body were just as nice as the one in the guest room but somehow these felt better. Will rolled in them like a cat in catnip, covering himself from head to toe before he sighed in satisfaction. The shirt he wore felt confining and hindered him from touching the cool sheets with as much exposed skin as possible, so he rid himself of it before curling up in a ball in the middle of the large bed, his white tail wagging back and forth in pleasure.

With the nagging feeling of be exposed and unprotected gone, Will finally closed his eyes and drifted off into sleep.

He dreamed that he was running. Running across the cold cobblestone street of the village but the rocks were slick with blood. All around him the night sky was alight with fire but Will wasn’t afraid of that. He was terrified of the thing chasing him, trying to catch up to him. He stumbled and then suddenly the blood soaked street was the cold white snow of winter high on the mountain. He gasped as he stood up and looked around him. A noise, unearthly and unnatural, called out to him from behind. Will froze and feared for his life. He didn’t want to look behind him. Didn’t want to see. And yet something urged him to look, begged him even. It wanted to be seen. Will gulped as he slowly turned and came face to face with the massive black elk he had seen at the altar. The animalistic alternate form he knew the Windigo possessed. Its black round eyes watched him. The labored breaths that left its body escaped through its large nostrils like steaming white clouds. The creature looked at him, watched him, sniffed him even, but did not make a move toward him. Will outstretched a hand and the elk touched its nose to his palm, leaving a smearing of blood. A few drops fell from Will’s fingertips to the snowy white ground.

Will curled his fingers into his palm. It was not his blood. Then in an instant he was alert again, terrified and scared as if another threat was behind him. He turned and saw Tobias. His dark skin was a contrast to the white falling snow and his eyes appeared opaque and white, almost like a corpse. He grinned at Will as he began walking toward him.

Will backed up several steps before stumbling and falling down in the snow. With every foot that Tobias advanced his position the snow around him turned black and sick like tar. Will looked on with widened eyes and was just about to start running again when the elk moved in front of him, shielding Will with the front of his body. The same unearthly noise from deep in the creature’s chest shrieked through the air, warning and deadly. Will turned and saw Tobias stop, an expression much like fear crossing his face. Will then looked up at the elk and knew, without a doubt, he did not need to fear it. He outstretched a hand and the elk touched its nose to his palm, leaving a smearing of blood. A few drops fell from Will’s fingertips to the snowy white ground.

Will found himself glancing back at Tobias and not seeing him as his ex-alpha, or even as a man, but as a monster. A monster that enjoyed the pain and torment of those who were weaker. He turned his head away and the hand in the fur tightened “You’ll never hurt me.” Will spoke softly “Will you?” A sound akin to a purr rumbled through the beast as its eyes turned a shimmering gold. Then, who was the real monster, Will wondered.

Still staring down Tobias, the elk opened its mouth and its jaw snapped in half to reveal rows upon rows of sharp blood stained teeth. The front limbs of the creature creaked and elongated as Will rose up to his knees and whispered in its ear “Kill him.” A roar that could only be described as blood curdling echoed through the wind as the Windigo charged forward.

A mournful howl drifted on the air and began to rouse Will from his sleep. At first he equated the
howl with his dream but as he slowly regained consciousness he realized it was not a figment of his imagination at all. Pushing himself up into a sitting position he could clearly hear a mournful and suffering howl that was echoing through the woods. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and looked around. He noticed with immediate shock that he was in Hannibal’s bedroom and had completely disheveled the alpha’s bed linens. However, he did not have much time to consider his actions as the sound came again. His head jerked to the curtain-covered window to the left of Hannibal’s wardrobe.

The sound triggered something inside Will. Perhaps it was the pained lilt to the call or the cry for help. Whatever the case, Will felt a need to do something and at the very least investigate. He went to the window and threw open the curtains to find that the daylight was nearly all gone from the treetops. It would be night soon and though he didn’t know much about the forest he was sure anything that was injured would not survive long.

“Hannibal!” Will called out, but received no answer to from the empty house. “Hannibal!” Will called louder. When there was still no reply he turned to Hannibal’s wardrobe and opened it. Quickly grabbing a thick coat and a pair of shoes he attempted to cover himself. The coat was a little too large but it covered Will down to his knees and would do. The shoes, however, would not. They were practically falling off Will’s feet when he attempted to take a step. Kicking off the shoes he then grabbed a pair of very thick socks which would just have to be enough. After putting on the socks he rushed down stairs and called out “Hannibal!?” one final time. Hoping the alpha was home and would be able to help him, but apparently he wasn’t. With that he rushed to the back door and made his way out into the garden. The sound was much clearer now and Will’s stomach felt sick just listening to it. He made his way through the garden and to the gate on the far end. Taking a deep breath he lifted the hatch and opened it. The untamed and uncontrolled reaches of the forest outstretched before him, yet he was not afraid. After all, the scariest thing in these woods was the Windigo and Will was no long afraid of it. With a sturdy resolve he made his way forward and into the wood.

With every step Will drew closer to the sound, the sun’s rays grew darker and darker until only the moon’s beams cast everything in an ominous light. His search took him deeper and deeper into the forest. He climbed over fallen frees and made his way through brambles and shrubs. Every few moments he would look up at the moon to reorient himself from where he was in relation to the direction of the house. He had just finished climbing a rather steep hill when he spotted what was making the noise from the top.

Down below him was what looked to be a big sandy colored dog. Will’s interest was immediately peeked. He loved dogs. He had always been feeding the strays around his childhood home, that was until his parents had told him to stop. It was probably a hunter’s dog that had wandered off and become lost, Will assumed. Will barely gave another thought before he dashed down the steep slope and then had to skid to a stop in front of the creature. His eyes widened, his deer ears fell nearly flat against his head, and his mouth fell open. What he had readily assumed to a big dog was by no means a dog at all. It was a huge wolf about the size of a horse. The creature tried to round on him and snarl but the verbal threat ended in a high wine as the creature jerked back in pain. Will leaned to the side to see that one of the wolf’s back paws was caught in a bear trap and the jagged edges of the metal were tearing through the flesh and biting into bone. Up higher on the dogs flank were additional seeping and bleeding wounds that looked as if the animal was trying to bite off its own leg.

Though the animal did not make another noise it did watch will with caution filled eyes. Will held up his hands defensively “I’m not here to hurt you.” He took a step forward and the wolf flinched. He waited a pause before speaking more softly “I heard you crying. Why are you out here all alone?” He looked around. As far as he knew all wolves ran in large packs so why was this one
alone? “Were you…abandoned?” Though he did not expect the wolf to reply he pursed his lips in sympathy. “Yeah, I know what that feels like too.” The wolf continued to watch him. As he came closer it raised its head and sniffed the air. The brown pain filled eyes widened and the growls resumed once more. Will was close enough now that all the wolf had to do was move about two feet further forward and it could rip his throat out.

“Please,” Will begged as his gaze looked to the wound before locking with the wolf’s. “I just want to help you.” As if to show he was not a threat he got on his hands and knees. The wolf stopped growling and watched Will curiously. On all fours Will began to move forward bit by bit. The wolf continued to stare but did nothing as he came closer and closer and then was finally kneeling in front of the trap. Will’s father had been an avid hunter, so he was well acquainted with how to release these traps. After unlocking the spring mechanism he grabbed either side of the clamps and forced them apart. The amount of exertion the action put on his wrist immediately had Will clenching his teeth in pain and nearly a second later he felt something snap. The wolf jerked its foot free at about the same time Will cried out in agony and then stumbled some feet away.

He cradled his wrist to his chest and with a sigh Will disabled the trap so that it wouldn’t hurt any other animals and then got to his feet. He looked at the wolf and thought about bringing it back to the house. Hannibal was a doctor and he probably had some medical supplies that Will could use to help. He looked down at his wrist and was sure that it was broken. As he tried to move it the bones hardly even made an attempt before he was hissing in pain. This, in addition to the rumpled bed and shattered saltshaker, Will was sure would have Hannibal less than pleased. That being said it was probably best he did not attempt to take the wolf home.

Resigning himself to leave the canine to its fate and returning back to the house Will turned and started up the steep slope of the hill. About a third of the way up he reached out to grab a branch and the wood snapped under his weight. Only having one hand to steady him he went tumbling down the slope to then land with a loud smack on his back. All the wind rushed out of his lungs and he coughed as he tried to get back on his feet. He glared up at the top and silently cursed his horrid luck. He was just about to try again when a cold nose lifted up the coat and pressed right against Will’s posterior, making him yelp loudly. His head jerked to look over his shoulder and his tail smacked the wolf right in its muzzle, making the animal snuffle and then back away. Will frowned as he said “That was very rude.” The wolf blinked at him and then gave itself a full body shake as if to warm itself up.

Will turned back to look at the top of the hill “Great. Now just how am I-” he gasped as the wolf roughly shoved its head between his legs and then threw his body backward so that he landed on the animal’s back. Will subconsciously dug his fingers into the sand colored fur just as the wolf bent its hind legs and then leaped. The animal practically soared as it reached the top of the hill with very little effort. Unfortunately due to the animal’s injury the landing was less than graceful. Upon impact with the ground the wolf whined and then fell to the earth, sending Will tumbling from its back and into a pile of leaves. When Will emerged, sputtering, he ran to the wolf’s side and helped it back up.

“That,” he gasped “was very dangerous!” it was a rather scolding tone. He hung his head, trying to calm his rapid heartbeat. “Well… I guess that’s your way of paying me back for saving you.” He looked up to see the wolf staring down at him and sniffing him softly. “Thank you.” In that moment the wolf yawned, exposing the white fangs and rows of teeth and bathing Will in horrid dog breath. Will covered his nose with the sleeve of the coat as he then turned to walk away.

He started following the path his footprints had left in the soft underbrush when he heard the loud snap of a twig. Turning around swiftly he was only met with the steady eyes of the wolf. Will ignored it and started walking again. This time he looked over his should and saw the wolf
following him. He stopped and turned to face the creature “You can’t come back with me. You’re not a pet. And even then I don’t think my alpha likes animals.” He stopped as he realized what he had just said. The wolf blinked at him and then emitted this almost pleading sound. Will snapped his mind back to the present and shook his head “I said no. Look, he’s already going to be angry because I’ve hurt myself. I don’t need more trou-

There was a shuffling sound behind him and a cluster of high pitch chattering. He turned around swiftly once again to then be greeted by a group of small red eyes nearly a foot above the ground and all hiding within the bushes. They stared at him and a feeling of dread washed over Will. He backed up and the wolf growled threatening as it came to stand beside him.

The chattering that had started off soft, escalated to an almost deafening echo. It almost sounded like high bitch buzzing that resonated with Will’s eardrums. He covered his ears as one of the creatures slinked forward and into the light of the moon for Will to see. Will nearly wanted to scream at the sight of it. He had no idea what kind of creature it was but he knew it was not natural. It had large bug like eyes and a large lipless smile that showed off its two front fangs. The aardvark-like ears were hairless much like the face and blue in color. The body was small but it looked as if the monstrosities had human hands and feet but no spines to speak of. Its mouth opened to show that it had two tongues that were the source of the high vibrational sound. The creature began to advance on Will but then suddenly stopped. It sniffed the air and then in an instant made a multitude of different level squeaks as if in fear before scurrying away, its comrades following it. They seemed to vanish into the darkness without another trace.

Will blinked in confusion and then brought up the sleeve of his coat to sniff himself. All he could smell was Hannibal’s scent and the earth around them. He frowned as he said aloud “Do I stink or something?”

Whatever the reason, Will was not about to question it in too much detail for fear of the creatures changing their mind. He briskly walked forward and behind him heard the wolf labor to keep up with him. He would have turned around and tried again to keep the animal from following, if he had thought it would do any good. With an annoyed roll of his eyes he added bringing a huge wolf home to the list of things Hannibal would have to deal with.

He made his way back to the house with no other incident and was surprised at how easily he remembered his way back. Even when he lost the trail he just followed his instincts and within less than half an hour he was approaching the gate. Will went to shut it but the wolf pushed him aside to then curl up and lay down in the middle of the garden. Will shook his head as he shut the gate and locked it back in place. “Look, I can probably promise you a safe place to rest for the night but nothing more.” The wolf barked at him, actually barked. “What is it now?” It whined pitifully. “Are you hungry?” Will scratched the back of his head as he made his way into the house and shut the sliding glass door behind him. He went into the kitchen and he stumbled upon more than found something for the dog to eat. The sirloin Will had been using earlier was still on the ground. Will picked it up. With the meat being out of the refrigerator for so long it was unlikely Hannibal would still use it.

Taking the steak out of the bag he went back to the door and threw it on the ground in front of the wolf. The animal yipped before eagerly tearing into it with its teeth. “That’s all I can offer you.” Will said almost apologetically “Goodnight.”

As he closed the door and went back into the house he called out “Hannibal?” but like before received no response. “Where is he?” Will almost whined. “He said tonight but it’s-” he looked at the clock and saw that it was an hour until midnight. He was out in the forest for far longer than he thought. He scratched the back of his head again and this time a leaf stuck to his palm. Seeing this
he immediately rushed to Hannibal’s room and located the bathroom. He didn’t want to be filthy and covered in dirt when Hannibal did get home. Stripping of the coat, wet and muddy socks, and the boxer briefs he then got into a very hot and warm shower. The heat seemed to help his wrist and he angled his face so it was right under the spray.

Why wasn’t Hannibal home yet? Will thought as he washed the debris out of his brown curls and off his tanned skin. Had something happened in the village? Had they…known? Will gulped as the grip of fear clenched around his heart. Had they smelled Will on him and done something to him? No, no that couldn’t be. Hannibal was an alpha and too wealthy. The townsfolk wouldn’t dare stand up to him even if they did suspect something. But what if it wasn’t just some random vagrant? What if Hannibal had met up with Tobias and he had…. What if he told Hannibal about the baby!? Will stomach clenched so tight he thought he might vomit.

If Hannibal knew about…. anything that had happened to him with Tobias there was no way the alpha would let him stay. There was no possible way the man would even still be interested in Will. He would see him as the failure of an omega that he was. The liability that he was. He closed his eyes. God, how could he forget about his irregular heats and his inability to conceive normally so easily. Earlier he had hoped Hannibal’s interest had meant a potential for a normal life. But there was no way Will could give him that. He couldn’t give Hannibal fawns, or even a normal monthly heat cycle that was so intense it would trigger his rutting instincts. Will had nothing that he could offer the alpha and yet he wanted to stay. He wanted to stay with the man and be with him and eat meals with him. He wanted Hannibal to come home so he could hug him and then have his calm accented voice tell him everything would be alright.

He finished with his hair and then turned the water off. Exiting the shower he saw that there was a shelf to his left that had three neatly folded amethyst towels on it. Taking one he quickly dried himself off and then left the bathroom as he vigorously scrubbed at his hair. When he was done with the towel he let it fall to the ground and then stood before the bed, the sheets still rumpled and the dark purple coverlet half on and half off the mattress. He had slept in Hannibal’s bed without a second thought. Willingly rolled and covered himself in the alpha’s scent because it had comforted him. He had even just used Hannibal’s bathroom. If anything bad had happened in the village and that was why Hannibal had been detained…

Tears began to fill Will’s eyes and he flopped unceremoniously into the bed. If something had happened, and Hannibal no longer wanted him to stay, then Will would leave. He would leave Hannibal’s side even though he knew it would destroy him. He would leave the happiness he had found here. The comfort. The acceptance. And he would forever be at a loss for what to do, because he already felt with the core of his instincts that Hannibal was his. That Hannibal was his alpha.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

My editor says I need to add this little note. In this fic Hannibal has four forms, or rather for transformations. There is the human deer eared form, then the black elk form, then the black human form with antlers, and finally the very terrifying animalistic form which is only slightly described in this chapter as to not give everything away.

By the time Chilton was walking out of the bar he had a throbbing headache and a very low threshold of patience. Tobias and Mason had spent the rest of the day discussing and boasting about their business accomplishments, prowess, and security that their genes and family name would be passed on. Tobias had even been so helpful as to inform Mason that when Margot’s hormone therapy was completed and she was successfully bred that killing the fawn, should she happen to bear Mason a female child, would actually assure that the omega’s body would quickly return to normal and a new heat cycle would begin within a month. Mason thanked him and agreed that that was the most merciful thing to do because no omega, or alpha for that matter, should waste their time raising something that would never take over the family business.

If they had continued talking about those topics Chilton would have been content to remain in their company and contribute to the pleasant conversation. However, as usual, every topic soon turned into a ridicule of Chilton’s life and how it was somehow insignificant in comparison to theirs.

“Honestly Chilton, when you die who do you have to claim your fortune and medical practice? Someone is going to have to treat the sick and elderly…or at least pretend to like you do.” Tobias had sneered with a grin.

Chilton bristled and had informed them with conviction that his assets were in order and to be given to a colleague of his that he trusted implicitly. Then he had excused himself and now he was outside and welcoming the cool night air. The wind was sharp and biting, as it always was as winter crept over the mountains and drew closer with every passing day. He sighed, and wished that Hannibal had been able to stay. Honestly the only reason he had agreed to finally bring Hannibal in the first place had been because Tobias and Mason refused to believe such a man existed.

“Graduated at the top of his class, is the child of some couple who saved the town from some illness or whatever, is both wealthy and unmated, and is friends with you. My dear Chilton such man couldn’t possibly exist.” Mason had laughed.

Chilton took a steadying breath. Well, at least Hannibal and finally come so that the other two had been able to see he wasn’t completely worthless. After all, Hannibal respected him. However, the other alpha had seemed to be acting odd, Chilton thought. Or rather, not acting odd as much as smelling odd. Chilton looked up at the moon which hung high in the sky, crescent in shape. He was sure he remembered a time in their youth at college together that Hannibal had refused an offering of homemade chocolate from some female omega with the apology that he did not enjoy sweets. So smelling the delectable tang of baked goods on his friend’s coat had been…
surprising. Then again, Chilton did not know why this was bothering him so much. Hannibal had seemed annoyed when Chilton had asked, but that was probably due to the fact that he had smelled the other man. Scenting among alphas was never really done without permission so Chilton had been in the wrong. But still, the uncharacteristic smell made him curious. It was like a splinter in his mind, festering and itching its way into his brain. It just seemed…odd, and in Chilton’s experience odd was hardly ever something not worth looking into.

He sighed again and looked behind him into the crowded bar. If he left now and did not say goodbye he doubted his companions would care. They knew just as well as he did that he would just be back the following day to do the whole thing over again. Because he would rather be in their company then at home, alone. Turning his coat collar up, he began walking up the street with the intention of going to his house but an idea stopped him and had him turning to walk down the street toward the poorer part of town. Perhaps he would stop by the bakery and ask the owner what Hannibal had been doing in there. A part of his mind informed Chilton that his actions were almost borderline stalking but the splinter in his mind pushed his concerns aside.

What was Hannibal doing? Of course he trusted the man implicitly and Hannibal detested lying, so Chilton knew what he said was the truth, but all the same Chilton wanted to know. Was his friend taking pity on the bakery and had offered them a loan? He knew the bakery was not going to go under just yet but their financial troubles were no secret. No, loaning someone money had never really been Hannibal’s hobby. He doubted the alpha had just recently and suddenly started having a craving for sweets. It was not in his character. Then perhaps the sweets were for someone else? That though had Chilton’s mouth falling open slightly in shock. Yes, it would make sense for Hannibal to buy treats for someone else if he liked them. Doting upon things he enjoyed was very much a part of his character. But who would Hannibal buy for? As far as Chilton knew there was no one in town that Hannibal had any ties with. The man was more or less a hermit or a recluse. So someone Chilton did not know. If that was the case why would Hannibal not simply admit it unless he wished to keep it quiet? Yes, yes, that had to be it. But the only reason he would want to keep it quiet was if it was an omega.

Chilton froze in his tracks. His friend must be courting an omega. At first the idea seemed ludicrous, but there was no other logical explanation. Then as he resumed walking a form of anger welled up inside him. Why would Hannibal not tell him? Up until now Chilton had been under the impression that Hannibal confided everything in him because they were the only two doctors in the entire village. It was only natural that Hannibal would and should confide in him. The fact that he didn’t was offensive.

He was about one street away from the bakery when a scent seemed to waft upon the air. The metallic and telltale scent of blood. Chilton was about to look around when he saw Hannibal come out of a darkened street up ahead and start walking toward the bakery entrance. Chilton ducked behind a wall as he watched. Despite the sign reading ‘closed’ the other alpha walked up to the door and opened it. The old woman behind the counter greeted him with a smile and was saying something to him, but Chilton couldn’t hear what. It was then that he noticed Hannibal was carrying a large brown paper bag with him. From the way he was holding it Chilton assumed it was heavy and filled to the top with something. The bag looked very much like the ones that were given out at the butcher shops, but Chilton remembered that Hannibal said he farmed and raised all his own meat. Why would Hannibal have gone to the butcher’s shop? Was it yet more presents for this omega? If it was, Chilton could not imagine the sort of high ranking pure bred omega that would have had the ability to entreat Hannibal to do all of his or her bidding like this. It was not like his friend to buy so much or cater to anyone that devoutly. Sure he had seen some people manage to get Hannibal to play favorites, but it was never for long and Hannibal had never gone to such lengths as these. When Hannibal walked out carrying what looked to be two more large canvas bags of baked goods Chilton’s curiosity grew exponentially.
He ducked back behind the corner as he waited for Hannibal to walk down the street. Luckily he was downwind from the other alpha so he did not have to worry about his scent alerting Hannibal to his presence. He waited and waited, all the while his ears were perked upward to hear every footstep as Hannibal walked. Chilton watched him pass and all of the sudden the smell of blood hit his nose again. It was neither potent nor was the air saturated with it, but it was still there. Cold meat from the butcher’s never had any lingering blood smell. Unless, was it thawing too rapidly? Or perhaps Hannibal had asked for fresh cut meat. Knowing his friends superior pallet, Chilton was sure that was what he had done.

After Hannibal was a good way down the street Chilton moved out from behind the corner and followed. He stuck to the shadows and out of sight even when they reached the slums of the city which were more populated. Still Chilton followed, through the slums and rank sewage streets and out the guarded gate that was the entrance to the village. It would appear as if Hannibal was walking home. So he was not bringing the gifts to an omega? Or… was the omega at his house? A pure bred unmated omega living in an alpha’s house was beyond scandalous and Chilton quickly dismissed the notion. Hannibal was not a man of sin but one of the highest class and would never do such a thing. Which meant… the omega was already mated to him. His friend had mated and bonded with an omega and Chilton had not heard a word. Not a whispering from a vagrant on the street or a woeful sigh from some elderly omega spinster. What sort of mate was of such a high caliber to demand Hannibal’s loyalty and yet still have no reputation to warrant the village knowing of their successful mating? That had him realizing that perhaps all the food was due to the omega being pregnant.

He continued to follow along after Hannibal from a further distance away as they walked through the open fields and grasses before they began to climb the hill that would soon turn into the forest. Hannibal was mated and expecting a fawn. The idea was mind boggling. For as long as Chilton had known Hannibal he never would have thought it possible. He simply had to see this omega. Witness their beauty and then return to the village to tell Mason and Tobias. And to think Hannibal had sat there and said nothing about mating or offspring and yet the entire time he had been hiding this. Chilton frowned when he considered that telling them might cause both of them to once again remind him of his unmated and childless lifestyle, but even he knew that it was beyond him to not inform his companions and even the village of this great news. Perhaps knowing that he was mated would cause the old mothers to finally back down and leave him alone, which might mean that Hannibal may consider moving back into town. Oh, Chilton certainly hoped that was the case. He had desired to make Hannibal a partner in his hospital for as long as he could remember. Hannibal had denied him in his youth, but he just might reconsider now.

With fanciful ideas of future plans and economic mergers clouding his concentration it was no surprise that after entering the dark forest and walking well beyond the line of where the trees began, Chilton lost sight of Hannibal. When he realized this he came to abrupt stop and looked around. In the almost concealing darkness it was hard to make out anything beyond or behind him. How could he have lost sight of the other alpha or track of his scent, he thought as he smelled the air. It was as if in an instant the man had completely vanished. Still thinking that with those bags the man could not have gone far, Chilton persisted onward for a good five more minutes. When he still did not find Hannibal he stopped again and with a feeling of failure turned around. He started to walk back, making plans in his mind to possibly send a telegram or make a proper call to Hannibal’s house for answers. He walked for a while and then after a time he noticed that the trees were not thinning. The end of them never came into sight. He fully expected to have been out of the forest and walking into the empty plains of the valley by now. If anything, the woods around him grew thicker. Noises began to be picked up by his ears as he looked up overhead. The moon was nearly at its highest point in the sky, marking the late night hour.

A rustle of leaves had him jumping and stopping in his tracks. A series of squeaks could be heard
from time to time accompanied always by the shrill cry of something in pain. But true fear came when he heard a distant echoing chorus of wolf howls. In this moment Chilton began to think that following Hannibal was not his brightest idea. He gulped and looked around him, wondering if he would die here.

“Hello, again, Frederick.”

Chilton about jumped out of his skin as Hannibal’s voice practically spoke directly in his ear. He spun around, gasping for breath as looked up at Hannibal. “Dear God, Hannibal, you nearly killed me.” He joked.

“Not quite.” Hannibal smiled faintly before his face darkened “Why are you out here Frederick? It’s getting very late.”

Chilton panicked and tried to think of something plausible to say “I was… just enjoying the night air I suppose. After spending so much time in the company of Tobias and Mason one desires more intellectual conversations. I decided I might come see you.” He looked down and noticed that the bags Hannibal had been carrying were gone.

“I see,” Hannibal replied “but you have never been to my home.” He pointed out “So how did you know to come this far?”

“You live in the forest at the peak of the mountain. It is not exactly a hard location to find.”

“And yet here I find you on the east side of the mountain.” Hannibal’s voice changed. There was a bite to it, an accusational tone. “You know I am not fond of lying, Chilton.” Hannibal angled his head and in the darkness his brown eyes changed and became gold. They nearly glowed in the shadows as he stared at Chilton with a fixated intensity. “Would you please tell me why you were following me?”

“I wasn’t following you.” Chilton said unconvincingly. He licked his lips as a shiver of unease crawled up his spine. He felt…unsafe, watched even. It was a feeling unlike anything he had ever known before. Fear, primal and warning was churning in his gut. He wanted to run. He wanted to flee this place and run as fast as he could. But to flee rather than fight was not like an alpha at all. He should fight, and yet he knew he shouldn’t.

“Continuing to lie will not change anything.” Hannibal’s gaze looked him up and down.

Chilton sighed and rolled his eyes as if exasperated “Look, I figured out you have an omega and I just wanted to see who she was for myself.”

Hannibal continued to stare at him and the feeling of being measured and preyed upon now gripped Chilton to a suffocating degree. “How did you come to this conclusion?”

“I realized that the only reason you would buy so many sweets and so much meat had to be for some pregnant omega. But what I don’t understand is why you wouldn’t tell me.”

“So you were watching me even when I went to the bakery.” It was not a question but a statement. He released a long breath as he growled “You are going to make me late.”

“How…what is going on?”

“You are quite right Frederick. I do have an omega.” Hannibal began conversationally as he removed his coat. Chilton blinked in confusion. “A very rare omega, actually. A pure omega.” He paused to give Chilton a disinterested look. “Do you know what that means?” Chilton shook his
head, no. “I thought not, otherwise when you saw Will you would have known what he was.”

Whatever fear and confusion Chilton was feeling vanished at the mention of Will’s name “Will?” His eyes widened as Hannibal finished with his vest and folded it to lay on the ground with his coat. “What are you doing!”

“I do not wish to ruin all of my clothing.”

That made no sense. Chilton shook his head “No, you can’t mean Will. At least… not the same Will. He was killed by the Windigo!”

“No, he was not, because he was able to tell just what Will was. And he decided that the sacrifice was far to,” Hannibal paused as he thought of a word to describe his darling omega “Precious, to be killed and then eaten as a simple meal.”

“So… he’s-” All the words died on Chilton’s tongue. Realization and understanding about the eyes, the discarding of his coat, what Hannibal was saying, it all dawned on Chilton and left him feeling hollow with terror. Hannibal grinned. Will… dear god he was going to mate and bond with Will!? Why? Why would he body himself to an omega who couldn’t conceive properly? Unless… Chilton’s mind raced. Pure Omega. That had to be part of it. That had to be the reason.

“Alphas very rarely feel fear, so their flight responses are very subdued and almost non-existent.” Chilton began to back away and Hannibal followed, keeping the distance between them minimal. “I confess that this was not my plan Frederick. Though you insulted me and in the past have desired the omega who will soon be my mate, I felt given our history it would be only fitting to kill you last. But, unfortunately, you have made yourself a liability.”

“I…” a shuddering breath escaped Chilton “I won’t tell anyone. Hannibal…Please.”

“You do not need to worry Frederick. I will make sure to give your best to Will.” He said it so softly, without the hint of a smile or even a trace of emotion in his glowing eyes. “I’ll give him your heart.”

Chilton opened his mouth to scream but Hannibal was there, instantly in front of him, and something stabbed into Chilton’s neck. He tried to gasp and breathe but wasn’t able to and as whatever punctured him was retracted he stumbled backward, gripping his neck. He could feel a trail of blood and though it caused him considerable pain he could breathe once more. He tried to cry out, but no sound came and the pain in his throat intensified.

“I don’t like noise. It attracts attention.”

Chilton looked toward Hannibal. He watched as his skin turned the color of ebony. His bones creaked and broke as they elongated abnormally. Chilton took a step backward and fell to the ground. The moment he did he turned and scrambled back up to his feet and ran blindly. He was not about to stay and watch! He ran deeper into the forest. Going as fast as his legs could take him as he gripped his neck to stave off the bleeding, which he could feel was becoming a thick pool on his shirt collar. He burst through bushes and leaped over fallen trees and logs. He ran and ran until he tripped and fell to the ground. Gasping, he half crawled to the side and hid himself under some gnarled mangled roots of a tree. Covering his mouth to keep himself quiet, he listened, but all he heard were the sounds of the forest. The hoot of an howl, the caw of some kind of bird, and then the rustling of bushes.

At first he ignored the rustling due to the fact that it sounded farther away and too light to be Hannibal. But then the rustling got closer, and closer. It was so sporadic, sometimes over to the
right and then in an instant over to the left. Each time the foliage moved Chilton thought he could
detect the sounds of tiny scurrying feet. He closed his eyes, ignoring the rustling yet again as he
momentarily prayed Hannibal would not find him. God, how could he have been so blind? The
man was the Windigo. Was the monster! And Chilton had never suspected a thing. Then again, he
supposed that had been Hannibal’s plan from the start. His disguise was… ingenious, perfect even.
Moving just enough to see up and beyond one of the branches, he risked a look. There was nothing
but empty darkness.

A high pitch chattering startled him into turning around. At his feet sat a small, rabbit-sized
creature with red bulging eyes and hairless wrinkled skin. It had a large lipless smile and when it
opened its mouth it looked as if it was about to smell him, but instead two snake like tongues began
to whip back and forth vigorously. The chattering he had heard before escalated as suddenly one
more of the creatures came out from the underbrush, and another, and another. Each new arrival
opened its mouth and added to the rising noise.

With a moment of realization Chilton knew he had to run again. These creatures were like an alarm
and would lead Hannibal right to him! He rose to his knees and made a move to climb over the
roots but suddenly four more creatures were there, hissing and clicking. Chilton got to his feet and
looked around. There had to be at least fifteen of them now, gathered around him in a circle. He
tried to back up. They followed. With a quick dash one of them tried to attack but Chilton managed
to kick it and send the thing flying. The noise doubled in intensity and Chilton covered his ears.

Another one of the creatures darted and this time it succeeded. Its tiny but very sharp teeth sunk
into Chilton’s leg, through cloth and flesh right down to bone. Chilton opened his mouth to scream
but nothing came. The creature tore its mouth away, taking a chunk of his leg with it. Feeling his
muscles and tendons literally ripped from his bones he fell to the ground again, clutching his leg.
Another one attacked, taking a chuck of his arm. Another attacked his calf until he was covered in
the monsters. He thrashed wildly but even when he dislodged some of them they still got their
mouthful of flesh. The smell of blood now perfumed the air and bathed the foliage around him.
The exposed arteries in his legs gushed spurt after spurt of blood into the air, only to have the
creatures lick and lap at the ground. It seemed to send them into frenzy, the smell and taste,
because they attacked Chilton with an even more ravenous need. Chilton tried to cover his face and
his ears. The noise was echoing now and had the rest of the forest almost singing along with its
tune.

Then in an instant the noise ceased. An unholy quiet, the likes of which Chilton had never heard
before, descended upon the woods. The creatures on his body froze and stopped all their frenzied
eating. Chilton dared not look at them but he heard one of them give a soft hiss before he felt every
one of them release their grip and dart away. They escaped under the brush and disappeared as
quickly as they had come. Chilton lay there bleeding, silent, and practically convulsing from his
increasing loss of blood. Tears stained his face and when he tried to move he found his legs
wouldn’t work. Looking down he saw that his ankles and calves had been practically stripped to
the bloody marrow of the bone. His mouth opened in horror and an almost gargled noise escaped
him. Tears filled his eyes once more.

There was no sound to warn him. No rustling of leaves or even the release of a breath to mark his
arrival. Chilton simply felt awash with a cold dread and emptiness. When he looked up, what
greeted him with an elongated fleshless skull and pearly white eyes set in lidless sockets could
hardly be described as either human or animal. It was a horrendous spine-chilling sight and Chilton
could only watch as the Windigo moved with an unnatural grace and grave-like silence. He closed
his eyes and cried, openly weeping. The Windigo twisted its long neck, snapping Chilton’s head
between its jaws. If Chilton had been able to scream he would have shrieked as the fangs pierced
his skull and then a second later he knew nothing as his whole head was crushed and globs of
brain, blood, and broken bone dripped to the ground.

Hannibal’s form curled in on itself as he changed back, twisting on the ground as he took a more human like shape. His neck cracked back into place at the same time his eyes returned to their normal brown color. With his hand he grabbed the remaining shreds of brain matter that had stuck to his teeth. He tossed it to the ground and licked his lips. He could tell from the acidic taste of the blood that the meat would be almost ruined. Honestly, if his prey had not have run he could have given him a considerably more merciful death. And the taste of the meat would have not been tainted. All the same, Hannibal dispraised Chilton at this very moment; not only because of his rudeness, stalking, and his audacity, but now also because he had made Hannibal late getting back to Will. And from judging by the moon, he was going to be even later.

Hannibal truly wished for nothing more than to cut into Chilton right here, harvest his meat, and then leave him to decompose in the forest. But he could not. If Chilton was reported missing rather than dead then that would warrant an investigation which, in all probability, would turn to Hannibal for questioning as Chilton’s closest ‘friend.’ They would pry into Hannibal’s life and privacy and they would find out about Will. Under no circumstances could or would Hannibal allow that to happen. And so, he would have to take Chilton’s body back down the mountain, mutilate and disgrace him like the other two, and then he could return to his precious Will. His beautiful mate, who was patiently waiting for him to return, was most likely frantic by now. Hannibal glared down at the remains of his colleague with the utmost disdain. Then a thought occurred to him. There no rule that said the whole body would have to be taken down. Just enough to show and prove it was Chilton who had died.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I know this chapter is short and a complete tease! But the next chapter will be posted within the next 24hrs I swear, my editor and I are putting the final touches on it now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sun was just peaking over the horizon when Hannibal finally returned home. He hoped that Will had indeed fallen asleep rather than wait up for him. All the same, just in case the omega had managed to wait, Hannibal decided to enter through the back entrance of the garden so that Will would not see his blood stained clothes or the packages. Honestly, if only Chilton had just been smart enough to leave well enough alone. Though Hannibal didn’t mind killing him sooner rather than later, that didn’t change the fact that doing so had certainly put a wrench in his plans. Delays and recalculations were not things he enjoyed on a regular basis. With this in mind, it naturally came as quite a shock to him when he opened the gate and was greeted by the huge sleeping form of a sandy colored dire wolf. He blinked and would have worried for Will’s safety, but the creature’s fur showed no signs of blood except around his wounded leg. Upon further inspection, the wounds were clearly inflicted by the animal itself. Seeing this, Hannibal then glanced at the gate lock. He verified that it had been latched before he opened it. He also looked around the fenced off perimeter of the garden. It was still intact and unobstructed.

There was no possible way a dire wolf would have invaded his territory without reason. The creatures generally stuck to their own kind and feared his scent like all the other animals. So why was this one here and sleeping so soundly? The wolf snored loudly and though Hannibal wished it gone he was too exhausted from all the walking and hunting he had done. He had no wish to fight at the moment and more than anything just wanted to see Will. He wanted to embrace the omega and inhale his lovely scent. He needed to touch him and know that he was safe and unharmed, because his alpha had protected him. Deep within the darker and more primal parts of his mind he revealed in the knowledge that he had eliminated and disposed of a potential rival alpha. It only served as further validation for Hannibal’s ego that he was the best and therefore the only rightful mate for Will.

As he shut the gate and began to walk past, the wolf opened its eyes and then raised its head. It barked. Hannibal glared at it and the wolf whimpered, but did not make a move to leave or flee, another very curious behavior for the usually vicious predator. It was then he noticed the distinct shorter whiskers and the lack of gray fur around the muzzle. Taking note of the animal’s size once more Hannibal judged the creature to be slightly smaller than the normal dire wolves he encountered in the woods. Meaning that this one was still juvenile, and thus that explained its more trusting behavior. It simply didn’t know better. Turning away, Hannibal made a mental note to deal with the animal later. First he had to store away the meat before Will saw and then he would devote his attention to other matters.

As he entered the house he paused to listen. With his acute hearing he did not detect any indication of movement. He shut the door quickly and made his way to the kitchen, heavy bags in tow. After placing them on the counter he first put all the deserts for Will in the fridge. Once that was done he turned to the meat. Each raw cut had been rinsed with water and then wrapped in plastic to seal in the smell and avoid detection. He had placed a few of Will’s treats on the top as well to help mask
any lingering odors. At the bottom of the bag, lying on their sides, were two ice cold bottles of milk to help keep everything cold. The concealment of the rewards of the hunt had worked perfectly, like it always did.

He did wish, perhaps, that this hunt had gone as seamlessly as previous hunts. Though Chilton’s interference had not been planned, Hannibal had intended for him to die eventually regardless. His death had offered Hannibal the opportunity to harvest more meat, which would be needed in the months to come if all his plans came to fruition. Will’s healthier state of being would surly bring about his heat soon and after that, when he was pregnant, he would need a great deal of nourishment so that his offspring would be gestated and born healthy. Hannibal already had a list of meals within his mind that he would make for Will and he delighted in the thought of them.

He carefully separated the meat that had been from Chilton and kept it away from the rest. Because of his violent death the meat was likely to need extra seasoning and flavoring to mask the more acidic taste. Opening up the fridge he organized the meats within the top two shelves and then placed Chilton’s meat on the bottom shelf. Closing the door he then rinsed all the plastic wrapping in the sink, washing them thoroughly with water before throwing them away. The bag he had carried everything in smelled of sweets more than anything else so Hannibal simply folded it before throwing it away. He turned around and had intended to clean the counter but stopped. He turned back to the garbage can and moved the bag and plastic aside. Under the waste was what looked to be the remains of Will’s breakfast, shards of glass, and the faint smell of blood and salt.

He rose and turned to look at the center island counter once more. Indeed, the salt shaker was missing. He then looked behind him to the second counter where he had left Will’s meals. Two of the three he had made were untouched. A surge of annoyance coursed through him. First Chilton, then the wolf, and now Will was refusing his cooking? He closed his eyes and took a deep calming breath. That was when he smelled it.

He blinked and scented the air again, detecting the faintest traces of something alluring and tantalizing. He followed the trail of the smell. It lead him out of the kitchen and to the main entrance way. Hannibal noted the muddy footprints leading up the stairs. Had there been an intruder? No, the footprints looked in the shape of bare feet rather than the soles of a shoe. It was unlikely any intruder would take off their shoes and purposefully leave behind evidence. Besides, Hannibal could not smell the scent of anything other than that which already captured his interest. Glaring at the dirt, he decided it too could be ignored until after he located that smell. He walked up the stairs and with every step the scent grew stronger. He moved down the hall and stopped before the door to his bedroom. The scent practically perfumed out of the slightly ajar door. Hannibal quietly pushed it open.

The smell of Will smothered in the fragrant pheromones of pre-heat wafted around Hannibal and enveloped him. His pupils dilated as he took a very long breath deep into his lungs. As he exhaled his body hummed with excitement. His eyes fell on Will’s naked body curled up on his bed and wrapped in his sheets and blankets. The covers were wrapped around his lower half but his torso was exposed. The fluffy white tip of his tail was poking out. His hair was a tussled mop of brown curls and his snowy white ears were folded back against his head. As he slept he seemed to be whimpering softly and shivered from time to time.

Hannibal continued to stare at Will despite his efforts to try and calm his escalating heartbeat. His body was exuding alpha pheromones in order to match Will’s own, broadcasting his proximity and claim to the omega nearing a fertile heat. Hannibal had smelled pre-heat and heat pheromones on omegas before but Will was by far the most potent he had ever encountered. He was sure this was due to the fact that Will was a pure omega and he had been in Hannibal’s presence for an extended period of time. It was not surprising that an omega’s heats tended to be more fertile around
particularly virile and fit alphas. It was nature’s way of selecting a perfect bonding pair for superior offspring.

Hannibal walked forward and stood by the bedside, gazing down at Will’s pale skin that was quickly becoming flushed and sweaty. Though Hannibal could tell Will was not in heat yet it was only a matter of time, possibly starting tomorrow even. He inwardly groaned, thinking how all his plans up until this point had gone exceptionally well. He had brought Will home and given him food, shelter, and protection. The three basic needs every omega required. The food he had fed Will had been high in fats and protein so that the omega would flourish and grow healthy. He had given Will freedom within his territory so that he might grow accustomed and feel secure within it. And finally he had made his interest blatantly obvious but had not taken advantage of Will. To do so, Hannibal felt, was beyond improper and besides he did not want Will associating him with his previous alpha. No, it had been of the utmost importance for Will to submit freely; for him to choose and accept Hannibal willingly.

And now here Will was, in his bed, naked and covering the entire house with the aroma of his body’s impending estrus. Whether Will had done it intentionally or not, the act of smothering himself in an alpha’s scent and then sleeping in that alpha’s bed was an ancient declaration of bonding intent. As such, the primal alpha part of Hannibal’s brain wanted to take control. He wanted to growl and mount Will on his bed immediately. To take what was rightfully his and give Will what he so desperately wanted. To mate, bond, and breed him right then and there. Hannibal reached out a hand with the intent of cupping Will’s cheek, but stopped just before he did.
No, not yet. It was a struggle to ignore his instincts, but he composed himself. He would not take Will like this. He still reeked of the stink from the village and the faint smell of blood. No, if he was going to finally mate with Will, he wanted to do it properly. He wanted himself clean so that only his and Will’s scents would be present. He also needed to make sure everything else was taken care of before the heat truly set in; because once it did, neither of them would have much time or intelligence for anything other than breeding and knotting over and over again. That thought had a delighted shiver running down his spine. He licked his lips and could almost taste it.

He turned and walked to the bathroom, stripping off his clothes. His foot stepped on something wet
and when he looked down he saw his coat and a pair of dirty socks. Once again annoyance flickered through Hannibal and he picked up the clothes. The coat reeked and was covered in wolf fur. Hannibal glanced over at Will and could fathom a guess as to why his clothes were dirty and why there was a wolf in his garden. He supposed the footprints in the hall and the broken glass was all Will’s doing as well. He should be beyond aggravated, but given Will’s impending heat Hannibal decided that his omega was probably not in the most logical state of mind. He would not scold Will, this time, but when there was a proper moment, he would make sure Will understood this kind of behavior was not acceptable.

Stripping the rest of the way, he threw all the clothes in the hamper to be washed. With one last look at Will’s sleeping angelic form Hannibal entered the shower and washed himself thoroughly.

Chapter End Notes

Artwork done my the wonderful Staubhase
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

As promised :) Here is your lovely next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Everything was uncomfortable and sweaty. Though he shivered, Will felt strangely overheated and yet not hot enough. It was like he was trapped in a cocoon of contradictions and all the while there was a pounding in his head. Will moaned as his mind slowly surfaced from the deep seas of sleep. He blinked and his ears twitched at the sound of water. He rolled over lazily and then he sat immediately upright when he saw Hannibal standing in the bathroom drying his hair and dressed in nothing back a pair of pajamas pants. “Hannibal!” He said, the eagerness in his voice making him blush. Hannibal tugged the towel from his hair and smiled at Will as he placed it back on the rack.

“Good morning, Will.”

“Morning?” Will turned to look out the window and saw that indeed it was sunny outside. Will frowned and fixed Hannibal with a hard glare “You said you’d come back late last night.” An irritated growl escaped him. Hannibal’s smile faded slightly. At least the alpha had the decency to look guilty, Will thought.

“My sincerest apologies, Will. I was delayed.” Hannibal said as he came over and sat on the side of the bed next to him. The very moment he sat down Will’s mind ceased to care about Hannibal’s explanation and instead focused on his dark earthy scent. It smelled stronger than before, but that didn’t make sense because he had just taken a shower. Will’s head throbbed again and he brought his hand up to his forehead. Unfortunately, he tried to use his injured hand and the moment he moved it he hissed in pain. “Will?” Hannibal looked down before gingerly taking Will’s wrist in his hands. Will said nothing as the alpha gently pressed against his skin and bones. If anything the touch felt wonderful and Hannibal’s fingertips felt so cool to his overly warm skin. Then Hannibal pressed the spot in the middle and Will whimpered again. “It would appear that you have broken your lunate bone.” He gave Will a knowing look. He stood up from the bed “I’m going to get you some medication. I’ll be right back.” Will nodded, but as he watched Hannibal leave he felt a sense of urgency and need for him to stay. He bit his lower lip as he kept himself from crying out.

Hannibal went back downstairs, noticing once again the dirt footprints. The unclean floor still aggravated him, but Will needed him more. He sighed as he ran through the list of things that still needed to be done in his head. They would just have to wait. Will’s welfare was his utmost priority, especially so close to his heat. He entered the kitchen and contemplated just how Will had managed to break his lunate bone in the first place. As he poured a glass of milk he assumed it had to do with the wolf outside. That thought gave him pause. Will had left the house and had managed to tame a dire wolf? True the wolf was still young, but in Hannibal’s experience even pups were vicious and did not trust easily. And yet, the wolf in his garden seemed quiet calm and even submissive. Had Will done that? A feeling of awe and even pride bloomed in his chest as he smiled. After placing the milk back in the fridge, he then took a hold of one of his knives and brought the tip to his thumb, pushing the razor edge in just far enough to draw a drop of blood. The droplet then fell into the glass of milk.
Hannibal had no desire for Will’s heat to be anything but pleasurable and a broken bone would certainly hinder that process. On his own it would take Will several days to heal with a splint. For someone like Hannibal, any injury was quickly repaired within a few hours. Healing quickly was part of a Windigo’s nature. If they didn’t, then every time they transformed they would be bedridden for months. If Will ingested a drop of his blood then he would gain some of Hannibal’s abilities for a short time, specifically the regenerative healing. Bringing the cut to his lips, Hannibal licked it clean and in an instant the puncture was gone.

Taking the glass in hand he went to the cupboard, selected one of the bottles within, and dispensed out two small pill shaped capsules that held a mild pain reliever. Replacing the bottle he then quickly made his way back upstairs. The look of relief on Will’s face as he entered the room was heartwarming. He resumed his spot on the bed and offered Will the pills and glass of milk. “Swallow these and then drink the entire glass.” Will did as instructed with no comment. When he was done Hannibal took the glass from his hand and placed it on the nightstand. He took Will’s hands in his “Now,” he began “am I correct in assuming this injury also has to do with the dire wolf currently in my garden?”

Will seemed to forget about his pain and even Hannibal’s calming touch for a moment as he remembered the wolf. “Oh! Is he alright?”

A curious question, Hannibal thought. “He barked at me but he seemed harmless-”

“Oh, he is!” Will interrupted, and then realizing his mistake his ears flopped downward slightly in apology. “I’m sorry… I only meant to say he’s not a threat and that he’s injured.” Will licked his lips “I was hoping you could help him.”

Hannibal regarded him coolly “I am not a veterinarian Will.”

“I know, but you are a doctor and know how to heal wounds right?” Will’s blue eyes were pleading. “Please, can you just take a look?”

Hannibal would have asked why this was so important to Will, but he assumed it was because of his escalating hormones. Omegas, before their heat cycles, were prone to be overly emotional. Knowing this, refusing to help the animal would not improve Will’s condition. With an inward sigh he nodded “I will see what I can do.”

Will looked shocked. “You will?”

“If it would please you, yes.” He was immediately taken aback as Will hugged him, wrapping his arms around his neck. The blanket which had been covering his lower half slipped downward, exposing his excitedly wagging tail.

“Thank you Hannibal.” Will whispered in his ear. He went to pull away when the feel and brush of Hannibal’s skin stopped him. The smell of mandarin, pine, patchouli, and something muskier enveloped Will and had him lingering rather than pulling away. It was an intoxicating scent, and one that Will wanted to rub all over himself. He sniffed Hannibal’s neck and then practically purred and nuzzled into the juncture. He closed his eyes and a delightful feeling of belonging washed over him. He felt safe, happy, and needed. The heat of his skin grew hotter and in a way he felt confined and too tight in his own body.

“Will.” Hannibal spoke in a low calm tone.

“Hmm?” Will took in a deep breath of his scent “You smell so good right now.” His tongue darted out to lick at Hannibal’s skin.
“Will, are you aware that you’ve gone into pre-heat?” Will stopped, blinking as he finally came back to himself. He pulled away to gaze into Hannibal’s eyes. At first he thought the alpha was joking, perhaps even teasing him, but Hannibal’s face was very serious.

Will shook his head “No I…” he gulped “I told you about my heats. This is…” He finally stopped and took a good mental assessment of his body. The headache, the oversensitivity to both smells and skin contact, the elevated temperature, were all signs of an oncoming heat. “But it’s never felt like this.”

“I do not doubt that. However, I think our growing closeness to one another has triggered you to become fully receptive.” Hannibal looked down and lightly stroked Will’s fingers. “I would not be surprised if you found this heat to be stronger than your previous ones and more typical of normal heats in duration and exertion on your body.”

Will shook his head again “Hannibal no I’m-” he stopped himself. He didn’t want to say it. He looked at the alpha next to him and felt hopeless. He didn’t want to get Hannibal’s hopes up if he was expecting Will to ask him to stay with him. Will wanted to, and his mind had already made the conclusion it was going to, but a new thought had occurred to him. He couldn’t ask Hannibal to stay and be with him under false pretenses. He didn’t want to lie and have Hannibal only be broken later.

One of Hannibal’s hands moved to cup his cheek comfortingly “You’re upset,” Will nodded “tell me why.” The touch was tender and offered Will a reprieve from the hot blood coursing under his flesh. Hannibal’s hand was like a cool breath of air, reassuring and calming.

Will closed his eyes “Hannibal you’re wrong, I can’t be going into a normal heat because I… I can’t conceive.” It wasn’t completely true, Will knew, as he had conceived under the influence of drugs. But he never wanted to go through that again, nor did he want Hannibal thinking he could naturally have children. And if there was even the slightest chance, Will did not want to go through losing a child again. Especially Hannibal’s child. “I told you before, all my heats are infertile. I can’t Hannibal, even though I want to, I can’t.” He hung his head, ashamed and embarrassed. He waited for Hannibal to say it, to tell him it was alright but that he wanted him to leave. He wouldn’t blame him.

“I’m afraid you are misinformed, Will.” Hannibal replied in hushed soothing tones. “I am a pure bred alpha and my sense of smell in quite acute. I assure you from an alpha and medical standpoint that you are entering a fertile heat.” Will raised his head and Hannibal brushed a tear from his eye “If you were truly infertile, Will, then you would not be having any heats at all. What has happened is that your body has delayed a proper heat cycle until a suitable alpha was presented to you.” Hannibal’s eyes darkened as a mischievous smirk played across his lips. “Are you aware of where we are?”

Will licked his lips again “In your bed.”

“I found you here,” Hannibal whispered as he moved closer. Will followed suit as he leaned in. Their noses touched as he continued talking “You have covered yourself in my scent and wrapped yourself in my linens, placing your scent there as well.”

“My bed wasn’t comfortable anymore.” Will tried to explain.

“And why do you think that is?”

“Because I want to be here,” He moved so that their lips were closer and with every word his breath ghosted over them “with you.” His eyes searched Hannibal’s face for any sign of rejection.
He wanted him to say yes so badly. His heart felt tight within his chest, anxious. “But… Hannibal I’m—”

“Perfect.” Hannibal’s eyes locked with Will’s own as a low growl was emitted from his throat “William,” he turned his face and his lips caressed ever so lightly down Will’s jawline to the juncture of his neck. “I would be most honored if you would allow me the pleasure of your heat,” Will gasped softly “and your consent to bond with you.” Hannibal’s teeth nipped his skin and Will’s entire body broke out in a shiver. The first gush of warm slick was released, much to Will’s embarrassment, but he only moaned as he fully pressed himself against Hannibal.

“Yes, yes please,” He moved and captured Hannibal’s face in his hands. With the cocktail of his own pheromones and Hannibal’s clouding his mind he barely even felt the fading pain in his wrist. His mind did not register anything else besides them, the bed, and the need pulsing through him and demanding that he submit. “Please mate with me.” He gulped, trying to calm down from his excitement. His heart was pounding in his ears and his breathing was nearly frantic with relief. His eyes darted to Hannibal’s and then back down to his lips. With great hesitation Will leaned down and ever so delicately brushed their lips together before pulling back slightly. His breath caught as a feeling of absolute belonging and possession came over him. He groaned and pressed their foreheads together. Will could only assume Hannibal felt it to because he also moaned. He felt Hannibal’s arms wrap around his waist and draw him close and into his lap. Will released a shuttering breath as he felt more than saw Hannibal’s lips on the side of his mouth, just touching his cheek. He turned his head and this time pressed their lips together fully. Their mouths molded against one another and Will moaned again at the overwhelming feeling.

In his past he could remember very few kisses, and even then none of them had been like this. Hannibal’s mouth was so warm and wonderful against his own. Their lips brushed and caressed as they seemed to simply enjoy one another. It was intimate and caring in a way that Will had never thought possible. When Hannibal’s tongue brushed against his bottom lip Will opened up eagerly. He pressed against Hannibal more fully and delighted in the taste and more personal exploration. He felt one of Hannibal’s hands slide up his naked back, fingers trailing along his spine, then over his neck before he entangled them in Will’s hair. He used this hold to angle Will’s head and deepen the kiss. Will was alight with sensation and when he tried to move his body to wrap himself around Hannibal he gasped and all but froze as he felt his alpha’s very evident erection through his pants.

Hannibal felt this in the tension of his body and broke the kiss to gaze into Will’s eyes once more. Will noticed that Hannibal’s usually brown eyes seemed darker now, almost a dark burgundy in color. The flecks of gold in the iris were more pronounced and made his eyes seem more predatory. He gave Will a concerned look and the omega averted his gaze, not wishing to admit his concern. This had been going so well and everything had been feeling so nice. He had even been pleasing Hannibal, but like always Will messed it up. He began to tremble as he lightly bit his lower lip. Hannibal’s free hand caressed over his right hip as he leaned in to kiss Will’s cheek. “Tell me.” He repeated in a whisper against Will’s skin.

“I’m sorry.” Will took a steadying breath and turned to look him in the eyes, even though it worried him what he might see. Anger? Disappointment? Will didn’t know what to expect. “I’m sorry. I want to.” He took another breath as he nodded his head “I really, really do. I’m just… I won’t complain about… it’s fine.”

The hands of his hip continued stroking him with a thumb “That does not tell me what has frightened you.”

Will took another breath “I want to be with you, but I’m not fond of the pain that comes with…”
this. But,” he touched Hannibal’s chest and combed his fingers through the dark hair “I’m fine as long as it’s you. I want to make you-” he broke off as he shivered again.

Hannibal’s eyes darkened and he shook his head slightly “My darling Will.” He leaned in and gave Will another kiss before saying “Sex,” he trailed his lips down his neck “and mating, are never meant to be painful.” Hannibal growled as he moved them so that Will was straddling him and had his legs wrapped around his torso and hips. They were still sitting on the bed as they pressed their bodies and chests flush against one another. “I will never hurt you.”

Will’s eyes widened at the words and he captured Hannibal’s face in his hands once more, angling his head upwards so their eyes met again. Hannibal gazed up at him and the sincerity in those eyes left Will breathless. The sheer devotion and longing that those eyes reflected right back at him. He remembered his daydream from earlier, what he had said, and the glowing gold eyes of the Windigo. In that moment, Will knew. He knew what Hannibal was and what he was capable of, but those eyes held no secrets from him and the fingers brushing against his skin were the most loving Will had ever known. The scariest thing was that Will was not afraid. If anything, knowing what Hannibal was and just how dangerous he could be only furthered Will’s resolve to bond with him. The thought of having the strongest and most deadly alpha had his body tightening and clenching with urgency. He knew what this meant, and he welcomed it without a second thought.

A soft smile spread across Will’s face and his hands slid down Hannibal’s neck to his shoulders before wrapping around them. “You’ll never hurt me.” He repeated. He moved his hips and felt Hannibal’s erection press up against him. The bulge felt thick and heavy and despite his worry at what pain it may or may not cause, Will found himself eager to know what it felt like inside him. He gasped and his lips brushed against Hannibal’s once more as he whispered in a hoarse voice “Please, kiss me more. I want more.”

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will’s waist as he moved them sideways and spread his omega across the bed. Will looked positively beautiful like this, all flushed and trembling with need. His dark curls in disarray and framing his cherub like face. His pink lips kissed swollen and breathless. Hannibal let his gaze linger on Will’s slender but well-toned body, his flat stomach, and his hips. The blanket had somehow managed to still cover up his genitals in a very teasing and pleasing manner. With a determined hand Hannibal grasped the blanket and slowly slid it down Will’s body, making the omega blush and moan as the satin fabric caressed over his all too sensitive skin. Creamy long legs, a very erect cock, and slick inner thighs met Hannibal’s hungry gaze.

He moved forward and Will’s thighs parted instinctively, much to Hannibal’s appreciation. He growled low and reassuring to let Will know he was pleased. His palms moved along the inner skin of his thighs as he lowered himself down to his stomach. “Hannibal?” Will said in a wavering voice. Hannibal kissed and then gave a tentative lick to Will’s slick, letting the flavor wash over his tongue. It was fragrant and as sweet as pure honey. “Hannibal?” Will said again but this time Hannibal shushed him.

“Let me show you pleasure.” He replied in a deep husky accented voice that was smooth as silk. He pressed Will’s thighs further apart and brought a single finger to his entrance. The slick ring twitched at his touch but then immediately relaxed as he began to massage it in tight and then wide circles. The slick made it more than easy to begin shallowly pressed against it. At first softly and then growing in pressure with each push. Above him, Hannibal could hear Will’s breath hitching and then the trembling in his thighs increased. The omega did not know what he was doing and was hesitant, but Hannibal knew Will would find in enjoyable soon enough. He shallowly thrust his finger until the ring opened and swallowed him to his first knuckle. Then with great care Hannibal slid in the entire finger and only once it was all inside he curved it upward and with pinpoint accuracy pressed against Will’s prostate.
Will’s trembling all but stopped as a loud gasp escaped him “W-what?” Hannibal pressed against it more forceful and enjoyed the way Will’s eyes rolled back in his head and he groaned loudly. His erect cock bounced once and a drop of pre-cum slid to his stomach. Without waiting for Will to recover Hannibal leaned up and licked his mate from his balls to the tip of his erection. Will released a startled noise and then a cry as Hannibal took him in his mouth. His hips jerked up involuntarily and Hannibal willed his throat to relax as he slid his tongue along the underside of Will’s shaft and hollowed his cheeks on the way up.

His finger continued to alternate back and forth between firm presses and then soft swipes against his prostate while his mouth sucked eagerly. Will’s mind was in frenzy, what Hannibal was doing felt wonderful but Will was sure this was not what an alpha was supposed to do. Was it? He lost all thought as Hannibal released him with an audible pop and then swirled his tongue around the tip before biting it ever so gently. “Hannibal, you don’t—” Will bit his lower lip and stifled a loud moan. He tried again to say something, to tell Hannibal he didn’t have to do this, but the alpha ignored him. He took Will’s cock in his mouth once more and swallowed him down.

Hannibal changed the angle of his finger only to have Will whimper in frustration and loss. He pushed back against Hannibal’s hand and his hands moved down to comb through Hannibal’s still damp blonde hair. His thumb brushed over his black deer ears before his palms came in contact with the sturdy impressive antlers. He tightened his grip around the base as he used it for leverage. His hips began to rock back and forth, torn between the pleasure of Hannibal’s mouth and the fulfilling stretch of his ass. When Hannibal’s free hand moved to still Will’s hips the omega nearly wailed.

The finger inside Will was joined by another and they twisted and turned, torturing the sensitive nerve endings just inside the expanding ring. The rough long fingers stroked and rubbed, but never plunged deep enough to satisfy Will’s ever increasing need. It was like an itchy need inside him, maddening and insistent, that was driving him insane. He could hear himself moaning and nearly begging shamelessly and he didn’t care. Hannibal released Will’s cock with another satisfying pop to then have the pleasure of seeing a healthy amount of pre-cum drip from the dark red tip. The droplet slid down the tip before falling into a puddle on Will’s lower stomach, just below his bellybutton. With an intrigued smile Hannibal leaned in and licked up the droplet with great relish. He let the flavor of Will wash over his refined pallet and found the taste of his semen just as flavorful and delightful as his slick. The omega was like a rich perfected dessert and definitely the only sweet thing Hannibal would never grow tired of.

With great effort Hannibal managed to tear his mouth away as he moved up Will’s body once more. He kissed the omega again at the same time that he added a third finger. He encountered no resistance and instead Will’s body submitted and accepted the thicker stretch with great ease. The omega was practically writhing beneath him as Hannibal devoured him with his kiss, biting his lips, sucking at his tongue, and ravaging his mouth.

Overloaded with sensation, Will was almost dizzy and felt terribly desperate. “Hannibal, please!” He begged. His pleas for more were reduced to muffled grunts and moans; each huffed out in time to the frenzied thrusts of his lower body. His hands scraped their way down Hannibal’s back before sliding down to the swell of his ass. Finding the hem of his pajamas Will angrily pushed the fabric down, exposing Hannibal to the cool night air and his exploring touch. Will’s inner muscles contracted around Hannibal’s fingers with such a force that the alpha groaned, knowing how wonderful that same contraction would feel around his knot. Another gush had Hannibal’s fingers coated liberally with slick. As he pulled them out he turned his head to look at them, seeing how the fragrant vicious fluid dripped off and down to the bedspread. He brought one finger to his lips and licked it clean. A whine from Will had him looking down at the omega that, without a word, opened his mouth. Hannibal pressed his second finger against Will’s tongue and greatly enjoyed.
watching him clean it.

His right hand moved and captured Will’s own, intertwining their fingers together in a loving gesture. Will’s breath caught in his chest as Hannibal looked down at him with all the possessive determination of a man who had been lonely and starving for so long. “Will.” He breathed out, husky and low.

“Hannibal,” Will managed to say before he licked his lips “I want…I want to see you.”

The alpha smiled at this as he leaned back and away from Will until he was off the bed and standing. Will watched with utter fascination as Hannibal’s body moved. He was all lean muscle, power, and contained grace. His shoulders were broad and his waist narrow. The hair that covered his chest trailed down over his stomach and to his navel. The pajama pants hung low on his hips and were straining against the very prominent bulge. Without thinking Will licked his lips again. Hannibal dipped his thumbs into the waistband and pulled his last remaining clothing down. His erection was freed and Will could not help the intake of breath at his surprise. After Hannibal kicked the pants away he returned to the bed, looming over Will with a predatory dominance. “Are you frightened?” Hannibal asked.

Will shook his head “No.” He blushed “I just… wasn’t expecting you to be that big.” His body shivered again at the words and the thought that Hannibal was about to thrust that inside him. The alpha was about to claim him and mark him. Was about to breed him so full that Will doubted he would ever want anything else. Hannibal smirked at that then gathered Will in his arms and switched their positions.

Will blinked in confusion as he rested above Hannibal and straddled his hips, their cocks pressed flush against one another. Hannibal stroked a thumb over Will’s cheek “For this first part, I want you to ride me until you get used to me being inside you.” Hannibal explained. Will’s blush darkened even as he nodded and moved to raise his hips. Hannibal took himself in hand and held his cock in place as Will maneuvered his body and finally pressed the tip against his wet opening. A part of Will’s mind detached in preparation for the pain. He closed his eyes and pressed down onto Hannibal’s cock only to cry out in ecstasy as his body opened completely and took the whole thing right down to the base. His body was suddenly alive right down to his soul, which sang with completion. He opened his eyes as Hannibal touched his face again and realized he was panting.

“Will?”

“I-” Will tried to talk but he couldn’t. Hannibal was inside him! Completely inside him and touching those burning tender points inside that had been so maddening earlier. It was relief, sweet glorious relief and yet Will yearned for more. He wanted Hannibal to move! To grab him and slam into him as hard as he could! He wanted his knot to swell inside him until he was mindless with the pleasure of it! “It feels so good.” Will tried to reply, not wanting Hannibal to think he was in pain and stop what he was doing. No, Will never wanted him to stop. Dear god, it was the furthest thing from pain and Will wanted it every day for the rest of his life!

He placed his hands on Hannibal’s chest to steady himself as he leaned upward and then slid back down. The moan that escaped his open sighing mouth was obscene. The slide of Hannibal, thick and hard, against his slick walls was euphoric. It felt so natural, so perfect, that Will almost had a hard time believing it was real. This was sex? This was mating? How could he have not known this? How come it had never been this way before? He looked down and gazed longingly into Hannibal’s eyes and knew his answer.

Hannibal’s hands combed through his hair once more and curved around Will’s white deer ears. The snow white fur that was soft as a feathers touch felt wonderful under his talented fingers. He
brushed his thumb along the inside as if massaging. Will’s body clenched with even more urgency around Hannibal and the alpha growled with satisfaction. The fluffy appendages had always been overly sensitive, but having Hannibal touch them as he rocked his hips and bobbed on top of him was quickly sending Will over the deep end. Will bit his lower lip as he felt the pressure inside him building with a startling intensity. His muscles were contracting and his whole body seemed to be tightening. “Hannibal.” He whined in clear distress, worried about what was happening. He didn’t know what this was and it frightened him. He wanted to stop but it felt so good he needed to keep going. Hannibal’s hands left his ears to then grip firmly onto Will’s hips. “It’s alright Will,” he breathed as he thrust upward, slamming himself into Will’s body and making him scream. “You may cum.”

The words were like a trigger and the effect on Will was explosive. His back arched and his body slammed down, wanting Hannibal as far inside him as possible. He cried out as his first ever orgasm raced through him in uncontrollable waves of rapture while his body convulsed in Hannibal’s arms. Ribbons of white cum shot from Will’s body and covered both his and Hannibal’s stomachs. His ass shook and he collapsed on top of Hannibal’s chest, panting with breathless need. Will ass clenched rhythmically and then seemed to burn more when it failed to find something. Will mewed and whined.

Hannibal lifted his head and captured his mouth in one last brief kiss before he said “Lay down on the bed on your stomach.” Will didn’t really have much choice as Hannibal was lifting him off his cock and moving his body with ease. Will fell on the bed and lay on his stomach as Hannibal wanted. Unconsciously his white tail moved to the side, a primal and animalistic sign of submission. His ass was still clenching insistently, to the point of almost causing pain. He felt Hannibal move behind him and then he was pressing against Will and thrusting himself inside once more. Will moaned and pressed back into the touch. When Hannibal was fucking him the pain lessened considerably, even if his body was still contracting.

Hannibal’s thrusts were hard and fast. The slap of his hips bones against Will’s cute round ass had the omega purring and pleading. With every thrust Hannibal made sure the broad head of his cock slammed against Will’s prostate. The more he stimulated Will the stronger his contractions around Hannibal’s knot would be and the less likely it was that any of Hannibal’s cum would spill out. His breath was hot against the back of Will’s neck and he could feel his canine teeth stinging with the need to bite and claim. His body and instincts were ferocious and never before had Hannibal experienced such a violent craving. Will was so perfect, so beautiful in his submission. He lay under Hannibal, willingly accepting and enjoying everything he gave him, and his body convulsing around him and begging to be knotted. Hannibal snarled as he leaned forward and licked the back of Will’s neck. Will gasped and immediately turned his head to once side, exposing the vulnerable flesh.

“Do it!” He begged in a yearning and truly desperate voice. “Please, claim me! Please make me yours! I want you! I want you to be my alpha, please!” He screamed again as Hannibal sank his teeth into the side of his neck, piercing the flesh with ease. Blood filled Hannibal’s mouth and in that same instant he came. He shoved himself deep within Will’s body and felt his knot expand at the base. It grew and grew well beyond the size that Hannibal had ever previously experienced and pressed full and flush with Will’s walls; plugging him up completely before a torrent of hot cum gushed forth into Will’s receptive body. Will trembled and his eyes closed as he relished the feeling of it.

Hannibal did not stop biting Will until the taste of the blood in his mouth and the smell of his new mate fully registered in his mind. He growled, low and satisfied, as he felt the mental opening and forging feeling that was the first impression of the bond that would later turn empathic by the end of Will’s heat. Knowing that it was initiated so readily only served to prove Hannibal’s conclusions.
that he and Will were perfectly compatible. Then again, why would a pure bred alpha and a pure omega not be perfectly compatible? Will was meant to be with him and now the precious omega was his permanently. Hannibal purred as he released Will and licked at the droplets of blood seeping from the wound. He wasn’t too worried about the injury, for his saliva and the blood he had given Will in the glass of milk would rapidly heal it by morning. Oh yes, by morning the wound would be gone but a lovely mating mark would be in its place.

Though his body was exhausted Hannibal slowly lowered himself on top of Will, ever mindful of the knot that connected them. Will made a slight sound of discomfort but it was quickly turned into a sigh as Hannibal kissed up his neck and then angled his face to the side to he could kiss his lips tenderly. Will enjoyed the loving attention and kissed Hannibal in return. “Is that what sex is supposed to be like?”

“Yes,” Hannibal answered a little breathless “Did you enjoy it?”

“I loved it.” Will grinned sleepily and laid his head against the pillow. He allowed Hannibal to maneuver them so that they were lying on their sides and his alpha’s arms were wrapped around his waist. His hand found Will’s and intertwined their fingers together. Will smiled against the pillow. His head felt clearer and for the moment the burning intensity and heightened sensitivity were gone. Then he frowned as a thought occurred to him. “Hannibal…you are sure this isn’t my normal heat?”

“I am quite positive.”

Will considered this a moment, not sure he wanted to believe Hannibal and risk getting his hopes up. Then again, Hannibal was a doctor and an alpha and should know what he was talking about. Besides, he was not the type to lead Will on or lie to him. Will knew that Hannibal would never do that to him. “Good.” He licked his lips “Because I want to do this again and… and I hope I can give you a fawn.” He had never said a truer statement in his life. He wanted more than anything else to be with Hannibal and to have a family with him. He felt Hannibal smile against his shoulder before a kiss was placed on his skin.

“Nothing would make me happier my dear Will, now we should rest before your heat truly sets in.”

“How long will it be?”

“However long your body decides to be receptive.”

“And you’ll be here with me?”

The hand with their intertwined fingers tightened “You are my mate; I will always be with you. I will never let you go.”

Will had never heard more loving and earnest words in his life. In the back of his mind Will could feel Hannibal’s conviction as he said it. He could feel his alpha’s devotion and loyalty. Hannibal loved him and would do anything for him. In that moment Will was the happiest he had ever been.

Chapter End Notes

I do not know how many of you would be interested in this, but I will be publishing
another story that features a romance between two characters that both Mads Mikkelsen and Hugh Dancy played. The pairing is Nigel (Charlie Countryman) / Aiden (Blood and Chocolate). The story will feature both mafia like assassins vampires and werewolves, to give a very very brief synopsis. Below I have added gifs of Nigel and Aiden from their respective movies so that readers may be able to asses their hotness and thus decide weather they would wish to read the future story or not. As of right now the story, 'Vive la Vida', has not been published but it will be soon. Thank you very much for your time and support!

Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)

Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
The lighting matched Will’s present mood. He blinked as he rose from the bed, feeling warm and satisfied all over. Looking over his shoulder, he found Hannibal resting peacefully on his back by Will’s side. The blankets were a tangled mess around them but his alpha’s bare chest was completely exposed. Will remembered pressing up against that chest, how the muscles had contracted under his hands. The dark hair had felt almost soft against his palms. His gaze lingered and he licked his lips. Without thinking he turned in the bed and slid in right along Hannibal’s side. He rested his head on his chest, nuzzling his cheek against the ticklish hair as his lungs filled with a deep breath of Hannibal’s scent.

There was a rumble and a groan before a hand combed through Will’s disheveled curls. “You’re awake.” Will whispered.

“So are you.” was Hannibal’s reply. His voice was deeper than usual, which made Will shiver delightfully. He lifted his head to look into Hannibal’s eyes as the alpha threaded his fingers through Will’s curls “Good morning.”

Will smiled and then moved up to kiss him on the mouth, a soft and welcoming touch before he settled back down on Hannibal’s chest, turning his head to gaze at him. “We are mated now.”

“Bonded,” Hannibal elaborated. “Are you in any pain?” Will shook his head, no. The alpha smiled “And your heat?”

Will drew inward mentally to assess his own body “I still feel the wetness, and everything feels… raw.” He hummed “It’s like it’s waiting, does that make sense?”

“Yes, yet another indication of a normal heat. It will probably flair up soon, triggering my rut. It’s likely sated for now because we copulated so early in your cycle.” He kissed Will’s forehead “We should take this time to eat and bathe.”

Will whined as he slid his hand down Hannibal’s stomach “I’m fine with staying here.”

The alpha chuckled “As am I, if it were not important for both of us to stay hydrated.” Will made a whining type noise and Hannibal could not help but smile “The treat I promised you is also downstairs.”

That got Will’s attention. He raised his head to look at Hannibal in shock. With everything that had happened he had entirely forgotten about Hannibal’s promise. His eyes brightened and his ears pointed straight up with interest, his short tail swishing back and forth. “You got me something,
truly?!” Hannibal nodded. “What did you get?!” Will’s excitement was like that of a child’s,
earnest and overly emotional. This was probably due to his heat and past neglect of the simple
pleasantries from his childhood. Whatever the reason, Hannibal found it endearing and was more
than willing to indulge him. After all, Will was his mate now and Hannibal would make sure the
omega would never want for anything in the world ever again. He would drape Will in silk sheets
and feed him only the finest foods, which naturally Hannibal himself would prepare. He would
gladly kill lesser alphas and feed them to Will on perfectly polished bone china, and find honor in
doing so. He outstretched a hand to caress his knuckles over Will’s cheek.

“Go down to the kitchen and see for yourself.”

A spark of delight entered Will’s gorgeous eyes before he practically leaped out of the bed. He
almost tripped on the sheet but caught his footing and gathered the fabric around his waist before
racing out the door. Hannibal watched him leave with an amused glint in his eye. He too rose from
the bed, but at a noticeably more languid pace. He was a considerably older alpha. By no means
was he unfit, and he could keep up with and pleasure an omega through their heat with the best of
them. It was just that he was more reserved and in control. Will was no freshly pubescent omega
either, but he was still younger than Hannibal. Come to think of it, Hannibal thought, Will was
nearing the appropriate time where omegas would begin to experience menopause like symptoms
in their heat cycles. However, due to Will’s irregular heat pattern in the past and his current
pheromones, Hannibal was convinced the exact opposite was true. Being around a fit alpha had
indeed triggered Will’s full heat cycle, and it was unlikely that it would diminish anytime soon
because of Will’s age. If anything, his cycle would probably be like that of a newly matured
omega, ripe and potent for years to come. Thinking along those lines, Will could potentially be
receptive well into old age. This thought pleased Hannibal’s more primal alpha pride, for it meant
they would have numerous fawns together.

He slipped on a new pair of pajama pants and then made a quick visit to the bathroom before going
downstairs. When he entered the kitchen he found Will had taken every one of the deserts out of
the fridge and placed them on the island countertop. The look on his face was caught between joy
and disbelief. Hannibal walked toward him and Will jolted suddenly, as if coming out of a
dreamlike state. He looked to Hannibal, cautious “There are… which ones, exactly, are mine?”

“All of them.” Will’s eyes widened “You may have your pick and eat whatever you desire at your
leisure.”

Will’s gaze turned back to the numerous open boxes. The smell of sugar, caramel, pumpkin, and
apples wafted on the air and nearly had Will salivating right then and there. He had never seen such
a lavish assortment of baked goods, and every single one of them was all for him. He didn’t have to
share, or gaze at it longingly through a frost crusted window outside while his stomach growled, or
watch as every so often his ex-alpha would eat one in front of him and delight in the way his eyes
lingered on the empty plate. These were his and his alone. Bought by his alpha. He took a step
away and tried to hide the tears that threatened to come to his eyes. He fisted his hands and looked
away, determined not to cry.

“Will?” Hannibal’s voice was concerned, and it gave Will the conviction he needed to follow
through with his actions. Steeling himself he turned and walked over. Taking Hannibal’s face in his
hands he kissed him, deep and meaningful on his perfectly shaped lips. There was a second’s pause
and then Hannibal kissed back, wrapping his arms around Will’s waist. As Will moved away he
cast his eyes down.

“I’m sorry, it’s just.” He didn’t get to finish as he was kissed again.
“Never apologize for taking your pleasure from me.” Hannibal whispered a little breathlessly against Will’s parted lips when they separated. “Never hesitate or deny yourself either.”

At those words Will was pressing up against him again, his hands wrapping around the back of Hannibal’s neck and dragging his mouth down for another passionate kiss. He could smell it, the pungent heady scent in the air and feel the heat rising off Hannibal’s skin. It called to his own, demanding it show his desperation. Will felt the beginnings of the itch inside of him returning. Skin that felt too tight and the need that could only be satisfied by his alpha. Yet somehow Will could tell that this time it would be worse, far worse. Hannibal stopped them and gently pushed Will away, leaving the omega gasping and doe eyed.

“You need to eat, Will.” He practically shook with the effort of holding himself back. Space, they needed space. No matter how small. He released Will and moved to the other side of the island so that he could stand across from his mate and converse with him if need be. Will watched him and seriously considered growling at him and jumping his alpha then and there, but the food did smell overwhelmingly tasty and he was feeling famished. He turned and walked to the other side, mirroring Hannibal, as he picked up his fork and sampled the closest thing near him. He took a large bite of apple pie with a light dusting of brown sugar crumble on the top. His face melted in sheer enjoyment and his ears twitched before folded back in clear pleasure.

“I take it you are pleased?” Hannibal chuckled, and Will nodded eagerly.

He took several more bites of everything, one at a time, before returning back to his choice favorites. Though, in truth, everything tasted wonderful, especially to his empty stomach. Hannibal said nothing and let him eat in silence, concentrating solely on Will’s delighted face. It was only after Will’s stomach was more or less sated that he looked to Hannibal and actually got up the nerve to ask quietly “Why don’t you treat me like other alphas treat omegas?” Hannibal’s face hardened slightly, but Will persisted. “You respect me, gave me a choice, and never once have you said I had to do anything because I’m an omega.” Will licked his lips “Most alphas would never do that.”

“I am not most alphas.”

Will laughed at that, thinking about how he knew what Hannibal was. He was not sure if Hannibal knew that he knew, or if he wanted him to know. So Will would play along until Hannibal came forward and told him. And if he never did then that was fine with Will as well. “I know that,” He tilted his head “but why?” Even as he asked, his eyes focused on Hannibal’s breathing chest. The rising and falling of those toned muscles and that alluring dark trail of hair.

Hannibal nodded as if understanding “I suppose it was taught to me by my father. He adored his mate, my mother naturally, and it is often the ideal of any child to live up to their parent’s standards.” He locked eyes with Will. Hannibal remembered his father telling him that if he were to ever choose a mate, to choose carefully and wisely. He had not needed to say it, for Hannibal already knew the dual nature of their kind and what it would mean for anyone to be the mate of someone like him. That was why he had originally intended to never take a mate, until Will. Will had been the rebirth and solution to all of Hannibal’s denied desires. “They had a deeply loving and trusting bond throughout all of my childhood. That is what I wish for you Will, for us.”

Hannibal’s gaze darted away momentarily, and Will noticed this though he didn’t comment of it. It was not the right moment for Hannibal to say it, to even contemplate telling Will the truth. Though he believed it was important for a boded pair to be open and honest, it was not the right time. Later, much later, at a time when even if Will balked it would be hard for him to leave. It was underhanded, but Hannibal refused to let Will go or to lose him for any reason.
“Do you trust me, Will?” He asked, looking back at his mate’s eyes once more.

There was no pause or hesitation “Implicitly.” Will’s eyes focused on the juncture at Hannibal’s neck. An urge unlike any other had Will’s teeth nearly grinding together. He wanted to bite that flesh, to sink his teeth deep into the skin and claim Hannibal as his own. “I want to bite you.” He said aloud, almost reverently. “I want to mark you.”

Hannibal looked intrigued at this, but Will could see the smoldering fire deep in his dark eyes. He wanted Will to bite him. He wanted Will to claim him just as desperately as he needed and craved to claim Will, to have his mate yielding under him and thrashing with the force of their intercourse. “In more ancient customs, when bonding, both the omega and alpha bit one another to signify their mutual choosing of each other.”

Will set down his fork as he leaned forward. He hadn’t realized how wet he had become in the last several minutes, but there it was. The sheet clung to his ass in a hot, sticky mess. He could not care less. He saw Hannibal scent the air and growled in a very alluring manner. “Is that your way of saying you wouldn’t mind if I bit you?”

“I already told you,” Hannibal’s eyes darkened and began to glow again “take your pleasure.”

Will’s body shivered as he moved around the island and divested himself of the sheet, letting it fall to the floor. He stood before Hannibal, naked, letting his eyes look the alpha up and down. “Turn around and lean against the counter.” Hannibal growled, the alpha part of him not entirely liking being told what to do. “Please,” Will looked up at him through dark lashes “I promise you’ll like it.” It was the ‘please’, a term of politeness said in a submissive tone that had Hannibal following along with Will’s directions. A lingering growl escaped his chest but he did turn and lean his back against the white tile.

Will’s eyes roamed over his flat stomach, the curvature of his hip bones, and the very evident large bulge in his pajama pants. He shivered as he remembered how that thick cock and knot had felt being inside him not the morning before. God, how he wanted that again, but he wanted something else more. He moved to stand in front of Hannibal. Leaning in he placed a kiss on the alpha’s chest right where his heart would be before he continued to kiss and lick down his body. He slowly bent his legs until he was kneeling on the floor. His face was right at Hannibal’s crotch.

“Will.” His voice sounded strained, yet curious.

“I’ve never done this,” he gulped. His face blushed with the admission and his pink tongue licked his pouting lips. It was true. This was the one thing Tobias had never forced on him, and for very good reason. His hands went to the hem of the pants and pulled them down to Hannibal’s ankles. The cock that arched high and rigid before Will’s panting mouth was long and thick. He was a little worried that he wouldn’t be able to take it all, but something inside him desperately wanted to. He could and he would. “Let me do this.” Will half-begged “I want to do this.” There was another accepting growl and a hand reached out to thread through Will’s dark curls. The omega’s eyelashes fluttered as he felt the reassuring and yet dominant hold. It was a comfort, and one that had Will all the more eager to give Hannibal the most pleasure he could. His palms caressed up his alpha’s inner thighs before he leaned forward and licked from base to tip.

The hand in his hair tightened at the initial contact and then relaxed when Will moved away. He stared a bit in wonder, the taste of Hannibal heady and arousing on his tongue. His hand moved from Hannibal’s right thigh to gently wrap around the tip and stroke up and down, causing the foreskin to slide over the slick head. He liked watching it and after a few strokes he leaned forward again and sucked on the foreskin, using a little bit of teeth. Hannibal made another primal noise from deep within his chest.
Will shivered as he felt Hannibal’s desire, his hunger. It raged within him and around them, whipping through his mind and body and driving Will crazy. He loved it and needed more. He wanted Hannibal panting and snarling under his touch, because of his touch. Any form of caution or reserve Will possessed was completely gone. His mind was guided and consumed by only the most basic urge to please his alpha. Taking Hannibal’s cock more firmly in hand Will lowered his open mouth around the entire head, licking the underside before swirling his tongue in a circular motion. Hollowing his cheeks, he sucked. The hand in his hair tightened again and pressed him down. Will obeyed, willing his jaw to relax. He was doing fine until the tip reached the back of his tongue. Instinctively, he panicked and tried to push away, almost choking. Hannibal released him and Will gasped in some needed breaths.

“Sorry,” Will said when he got control of himself “Sorry, let’s try that again.”

The fingers caressed his scalp and ruffled his curls as Hannibal replied in a gravelly voice “It is quite alright, William.” Will looked up, suddenly unsure of what he was doing, only to be met with the surprisingly wine red colored eyes. A changing of eye color to a more predatory red was almost always the first indication of rut. It was a trait left over from when alphas use to fight for their omega partners, sometimes to a vicious bloody death. Hannibal was not panting, but his breathing wasn’t exactly even either. “You do not have to do this.” Even as he said it, Will could tell he didn’t truly mean it. Hannibal wanted him to continue. He wanted him to submit on his knees all pretty and eager with his pink lips and tongue hungry and waiting. He wanted Will to beg, to whine, and to say please.

Hannibal was wound tighter then Will had ever seen him. It made the omega feel powerful and in control. He shivered again as he shook his head “No.” Will gripped his cock again. He licked the desperate flesh rather than consuming it yet again. He wanted his throat to relax and grow accustomed, slowly. Then he was sure he’d be able to take Hannibal to the very base. His tongue slid over the broad head, licking at the droplet of pre-cum that escaped and caught on the underside just before the foreskin. Hannibal jerked in his grip.

The taste of pure, thoroughbred alpha, salty and wild, filled Will with an addictive craving and desire. Will’s hunger, his need, tore through him and left him aching and desperately bare. There were no conflicting emotions, no pain, and no fear of what was to happen next, just an unparalleled enthusiasm.

“Will,” Hannibal warned in a low and possessive tone “I would not advise teasing at this time.” There was a roughness to his voice as his hips jerked against Will’s pleasing sucks. Hannibal’s control was tenuous; Will could feel his struggle to hold back.

“I’m not afraid,” Will spoke between licks.

The hand in his hair tightened to almost pain “I might hurt you.”

Will groaned at the feeling and a smile spread across his reddened lips “The kind of pain you’re referring to, I don’t mind.” He gave a long torturous lick to Hannibal’s scrotum. He licked his lips when he was done “I want to see you.” He whined “I want to please you.” The brief thought that they were in the kitchen, where they had first seen one another, mindless with rut and heat sent a thrill down Hannibal’s spine. “Do you not like this?”

“I like it too much.” His voice was lost as Will took him in his mouth once more. His lips tightened around the head, drawing out the pleasure and memorizing the shape of him. He sucked with hollow cheeks as he bobbed his head up and down, at first only taking the tip and then more and more. He released Hannibal’s cock with a resounding pop when he came up for air, taking a few seconds to allow his throat to relax as he kissed and nipped Hannibal’s testicles. Then he would go
down once more, taking Hannibal further into his throat every time. He slid the long, thick cock along his tongue and sucked with his lips in an obscene manner. Both Hannibal’s hands were fisted in his hair, pulling taught but not painful.

“That’s good, Will, keep going.” Hannibal breathed as Will took him almost to the back of his throat but not quite. He moaned loudly. “So beautiful, so sweet.” His hips jerked as his cock seemed to swell in Will’s grip. The praise sent an electric current straight to Will’s weeping erection. He steadied himself, palms on Hannibal’s thighs, before finally sliding down, slow and steady, until his nose pressed against Hannibal’s skin. He wasn’t able to stand it for long, but he did manage it, and when he came back up, gasping, Hannibal groaned, petting his head softly.

“Perfect,” his voice sounded almost worshipful in a way. Then he was tugging on Will’s curls once more “That’s enough.”

Will whined and refused to move, instead leaning back in to suck and nip at the base of Hannibal’s erection, where the knot would soon swell with blood just before his orgasm. Hannibal snarled in warning and tried to force Will’s head back but Will insisted, growling back and licking more fervently.

“Will.”

Will didn’t care, he wanted it. He wanted to taste it and feel his alpha’s cum slide down his throat. To know that he had done this and caused Hannibal to come undone so effortlessly. He wanted it to happen right here and now, while his lips were pressed firmly around the man’s dick. Lust, rich and exotic, swirled around him, in him, driving the itching need and heat within him higher. With every long hard suck, Will’s ass clenched with hollow need. Every cell in his body seemed oversensitive even as his every thought was focused on his one task. The knot was beginning to expand and Will found it hard to continue deep-throating so he relented and sucked lavishly at whatever parts he could. One hand moved to wrap around the expanding base of Hannibal’s cock while the other cupped his heavy sack and massaged encouragingly. He could feel the skin of his testicles tightening.

Will hummed against him, sweet moans of rising pleasure that tore at Hannibal’s determination and left it in tatters. The fingers in his hair had changed slightly, pointed tips now scraped against his scalp. Above him Hannibal was panting as he no longer tried to restrain the thrusting of his hips. He practically held Will’s head in place as he slid his cock past those slick swollen lips. Will welcomed it, allowing his throat to go lax as Hannibal raced toward his own end. Will’s fingers stroked the throbbing shaft as best he could, sending his own senses spinning.

Hannibal gritted his teeth as his head fell back. His hips moved in short digging strokes, filling the omega’s mouth as the vibrations of Will’s moans stole every last thread of his sanity. The knot was fully swelled and Will clenched his fist around it tightly, mimicking the contraction of his own body. Will’s other hands moved to dig into his thigh, nails biting into flesh. The small twinge of pain had Hannibal teetering on the very edge.

Will’s eyes looked up at him for a just a second before he slid off his cock long enough to say in a pleadingly broken and mewling tone “Please,” and then wrapped his lips around the burning hot tip, licking the slit.

Rapture coursed through him and he gripped Will’s head tight, hunching over slightly as his orgasm drained every bit of energy from him. His whole body contracted in a single motion and in an instant Will’s eyes widened. Thick, salty, warm cum splashed onto his tongue and had him swallowing instinctively. He would have moaned at the feel of it sliding down his throat but in the next instant there was another mouthful and another. He tried to keep up but it was coming faster
than he could handle. He managed to swallow about twice before he released Hannibal to breathe some much needed air. The cum didn’t stop, it shot in white pearly jets from the tip and splattered over Will’s cheeks, his nose, his right eyelid. Some of the stronger sprits even managed to arc up into his hair and over his ears. Will let it happen, trembling with the feel of it and finding pleasure in getting covered by his alpha’s ejaculate. He let Hannibal ride out his orgasm, and as he could tell his alpha was coming down he leaned in and smeared the few remaining droplets of cum over his lips, licking them away.

Careful of the cum covering and even dripping down his face, Will licked Hannibal clean. He expected his alpha’s cock to soften, to recoil into a dormant state until next it was needed. It didn’t. It stayed completely ridged, the color of dark embers in a fire. With a gasp of excitement Will realized Hannibal was not done with him yet. He moved back, shivering with the ache to have his body filled. His eyes could only stare at Hannibal’s thick cock and the already expanded knot. He whined and Hannibal snarled in response.

“Get on your hands and knees.”

Will turned and did as instructed instantly. He pushed his ass up high in the air as he bowed his back and pressed his chest to the floor. It was a perfect presentation and the optimal position for every drop of cum to enter deep into Will’s body. Will’s eagerness to please and be bred was by far the sexiest thing Hannibal had ever encountered. He moved behind Will and pressed the tip of his cock against his dark pink ring. It made him smile to see the color knowing that, only hours before, it had been a soft pink. Will’s body had accepted the mating. Hannibal’s eyes darted to the mating mark at Will’s neck. The wound had closed and was no longer bleeding but a telling scar still remained.

He smeared the tip of his erection in the slick dripping down Will’s thighs and to the floor before forcing the head past the ring. Will gasped and made a series of broken sounds as Hannibal continued to push himself in. The ring stretched and stretched until it was nearly at Hannibal’s knot. Will whimpered, tears of both pain and all consumed urgency making him beg. “Please, I need it.”

“I know,” Hannibal responded, groaning at just how impossibly tight Will felt.

It needed to go in. It needed to be deep inside him and plugging him up. It was the only way to get any relief. Will pushed back, his tail swishing in irritation. “I can…handle it.” He tried to gasped out “Put…it in.”

One hand grabbed Will’s ass and pulled a cheek aside, Hannibal’s other hand firmly gripping the base of his cock and forcing himself inside, Will’s hole expanding just enough to engulf it. Will howled as his ass was finally full and clenching earnestly around Hannibal’s hot girth. Will’s mind returned just enough to have him smiling in relief “Yes, just like that. It feels so wonderful, Hannibal.” He practically purred “Love this, I want it so much.” He nearly yelped when Hannibal wrapped a hand around his erection and started jerking him in harsh quick strokes. “H-Hannibal?!”

“Cum, William.” Was all Hannibal whispered in his ear before he dipped his head and bit into Will’s shoulder once more. Will screamed, his own release covering Hannibal’s stroking hand. His body clenched and spasmed around the knot, earning another groan from his alpha as a second load of hot cum was released inside him.

They panted against one another’s sweaty and heaving bodies. Will’s legs strained with the effort of supporting them, but he did. They both gasped with open mouthed exhaustion. They would need to sleep again, before the next round of sex. Will hummed as he returned to himself, rather pleased with his accomplishments.
“Remind me to suck you off in the future,” he chuckled “I liked it a lot.”

Hannibal didn’t answer, but then again he didn’t need to. They lay like that for a while, just resting but not truly comfortable enough to sleep. Will was about to ask when they were going to move when he heard a scratching noise. Raising his head he tried to crane his neck to see where it was coming from. It sounded like it was coming from the dinning- oh god! Will turned to look at Hannibal.

“The wolf, I-I completely forgot about him!”
“The wolf, I-I completely forgot about him!” He tried to move but Hannibal growled as he forced the omega to stay in place “But he needs me!?”

“Trying to get away from me when I’m cumming inside you is not the best course of action at the moment.” Hannibal warned. “You’ve triggered my rut, Will. I doubt I’ll let anything near you until I am sure you carry my fawn.” The words and phrasing of them sent a delightful tingle down Will’s spine, making Hannibal grimace slightly as another gush of cum was forced from his body.

Will sighed as he felt it, but then shook his head. He needed to stay focused. The wolf needed him and Will could only guess how long the animal has been in pain and suffering in the cold. It made him feel all the more worse for forgetting about him. “Alright, alright.” He whined, accepting that he would just have to wait until Hannibal’s knot went down. “Just, please let me help him when we become untied.”

Hannibal growled again “No.” Will opened his mouth to protest, but Hannibal nipped the back of his neck. The action caused him to instinctually relax into complete submission as he gasped. “Heat pheromones are some of the strongest and can be carried on the wind for great distances,” Hannibal explained in a slightly exhausted voice. “If you were to go outside then your smell might carry and alert others.” He didn’t say the exact words but Will caught on to his implications. His smell might carry on the strong winds down the mountain and to the village. Though it was improbable that anyone would immediately know it was Will specifically, alphas that were not in control of themselves might venture to follow the scent and brave the dangers of the mountain.

“I will see to the wolf and you will meet me upstairs.” He took a steadying breath. “As wonderful as it is to smell myself on your skin, we must bathe.” Will nodded. He loved the sex and the feeling of being so completely and thoroughly fucked, but he was slightly sore and sticky. A shower sounded nice.

It was a good forty-five minutes before Will whined as he felt the bulbous knot finally soften inside of him. Hannibal kept a tight hold on Will’s hips as he slowly pulled out. The moment the tip slipped free a bit of thick white cum tried to spill out, but Will’s hole contracted greedily and tightly sealed it in. Hannibal smiled, satisfied that his release would remain within Will’s body. He got to his feet and then helped Will to stand, his legs a little shaky under him. “Go upstairs and start the warm water. I’ll be with you shortly.” Will nodded, still a little dazed, but began to walk away.

Hannibal’s eyes watched him until he was out of the kitchen and he could hear Will walking up the stairs. He then turned and grabbed the pajama pants from the floor, putting them back on. The wolf was still scratching at the back door every so often, much to Hannibal’s annoyance. Ignoring the creature a moment longer, he put away all the deserts Will had not finished. It had touched and warmed him to see Will so delighted with the treats. After making sure everything was in its proper place he then returned to the cabinet where he had retrieved the pills for Will earlier. On the top shelf was a black medical bag that he kept in case of emergencies. It was nowhere near as extensive or as complete as his true medical supplies, which he kept under lock and key in his office. This was just a simple basic kit for minor injuries. It had originally been his mother’s idea. When she had been teaching Hannibal how to cook he had a few times sliced into a finger or palm with the exceptionally sharp knives. Inside the kit were some bandages, a few butterfly closure adhesive strips for split skin, iodine, hydrogen peroxide, gauze, and a needle and thread.

Grabbing the kit Hannibal made his way to the back sliding glass door. The wolf perked up and
stepped away when it saw him. As the door opened the animal sat down on its hind legs and whined pitifully. The creature’s almond shaped amber eyes looked clear and curious, but there was the slight drooping of the eyelids that indicated pain. Hannibal looked at the leg. In just the short span of a few hours it seemed the skin had become swollen and agitated. From the wet fur around the wound it was obvious that the animal had tried to lick it, cleaning it himself. Saliva did have some antibacterial and healing properties and the constant licking with the tongue did dislodge and get rid of dirt and debris, but it was by no means a true antibacterial salve. Saliva minimized infection but did not cure it.

He approached the creature and knelt on the cold ground, the grass crunching under his weight. The air around him was frigid and biting. It stole every wave of heat coming off of his warm body with savage intensity. While taking out the iodine and bandages he looked up at the sky. The clouds were moving above them at a brisk pace, signaling that the wind above them was far worse than that around them. He could feel the chill in the tips of his fingers. Winter was finally upon them. Hannibal would not be surprised if within the next day or so there was a sheet of thick snow blanketing the ground.

He pushed on the wolf’s shoulder until it was lying down on its side. Taking the leg in hand he began to pour drops of iodine onto the skin around the perimeter of the wound. Once the skin was tinged orange in color he then switched to the hydrogen peroxide, pouring it slowly over the open tissue. The chemical’s foamed white on contact with the skin. The wolf emitted a high yowl of pain and began whimpering continuously, but it made no move to jerk away or bite Hannibal. Against Hannibal’s better judgment he, once again, was impressed with the animal. Though it seemed to be trusting, almost to a fault, it also was intelligent enough to realize that Hannibal was helping and that it would be best to not attack him. He waited a moment and then wiped the foam away before applying another covering of the peroxide, just to catch any lingering germs. After wiping away the second layer of foam he wrapped the freshly cleaned wound in clean gauze and bandaged the whole thing up to the creature’s hock. The wolf struggled back onto its four legs and then turned, sniffing and inspecting Hannibal’s work.

“Do not touch it.” He warned, making the wolf look at him once more. “I am doing this as a kindness on my mate’s behalf and nothing more.” The wolf continued to watch him for a moment before its tail began wagging and it licked Hannibal’s cheek.

He pursed his lips in a somewhat frown, not knowing how to feel about the animal’s affection. After a moment he decided to take it as a ‘thank you’ and nodded his head as he replied “You’re welcome.” He got up, gathering his things and went back in the house. He placed the bag back in the cupboard and was about to walk away when he stopped. After thinking for a long moment he went to the fridge and gathered all the meat that had been from Chilton. Carrying it back to the door he un-wrapped it and threw it on the ground before the wolf. The animal’s teeth tore into the fresh flesh as its tail wagged even harder. As Hannibal walked away once more he told himself he had only fed the animal because the meat had been poor quality anyway and would not have made a satisfactory meal. With the problem of the dire wolf now resolved for the time being he ascended the stairs two at a time, eager for a shower and to return to his beautiful mate.

When he entered the room, however, he found Will sitting on the foot of the bed waiting for him while wringing his hands. The cum had been wiped and washed from his face but some of the sticky ropes were still in his hair. He stood up when Hannibal returned and asked “I-Is the wolf alright?”

“Yes.” He nodded, frowning slightly.

Will blushed and fidgeted uncomfortably “I’m sorry I’m not taking a shower already. It’s just
that…” he looked around nervously. “This is your room and I didn’t… I didn’t know if it was alright from me to be up here without you.” He had never shared a room with his previous alpha, and though he had entered Hannibal’s room of his own volitions he had also been under the influence of pre-heat. Despite that he was now mated and happy, it was hard to break old habits or thought processes.

“This room is as much yours as it was once mine. It belongs to both of us now. We are mates, Will, and I would like us to sleep, bathe, and be together as much as possible.” His words and the meaning behind them, to be wanted so openly, had Will feeling a little lightheaded.

He licked his lips “I… would like that too.” He looked around the room, marveling that Hannibal would be willing to share this with him.

“Please consider this your place of comfort as much as I do. If there is anything you want, you need only ask.” Hannibal explained as he crossed the room to stand before Will. A hand outstretched to caress from his shoulder, down his arm, and then cup his hand.

Will shook his head. “I don’t want to change anything.” It was true. The room just reminded him so much of Hannibal with the way it was decorated it actually made him feel safe. He subconsciously stretched out his free hand to touch Hannibal’s side.

“Nothing?” Hannibal asked.

Will glanced over at the dark purple bedspread and sheets. Though he liked the color and it did fit with the room’s elegant feel, the rich dark wood of the furniture, bedposts, and doors, he could not help but feel that, being what Hannibal was, the alpha should be sleeping on dark crimson or ruby sheets. He could just imagine it, Hannibal laying him down on fabric as smooth as silk and as red as blood. He would kiss him, caress him, and fuck him senseless on a sea of garnet that matched the romantic darkness that was his hidden nature. Yes, Will wanted that.

“I would like the sheets to be red,” he said a little breathlessly, his skin still remembering the heat and knot from not even an hour ago. He could feel the itch inside him start again, dull and distant but there. It amazed Will at just how insistent his body was. It was maddening.

“Red,” Hannibal repeated as he turned to look at the bed. He thought about it, considering how it would look. It would seem his new mate had a secret flair for design. Not as perfected as his, but a fresh and insightful talent none the less. Hannibal assumed that with time Will would eventually develop a finer taste for things. The thought endeared him immensely. “I think that’s a splendid idea. I shall purchase new linens the next time I go into town.” He looked Will up and down. Another thought occurred to him.

Although Hannibal had enjoyed seeing Will wear next to nothing around the house, now that the omega was his mate, it was Hannibal’s responsibility to provide for his every need. Will would need a wardrobe. This was a particularly difficult problem as Hannibal would need to take Will to town to make sure that all the clothes were tailored to his exact measurements. Which, given the current circumstances, he was quite unable to do.

Thinking along those lines, it would probably be that way for many years if something was not done about it. But what could he do? Tobias would have to be out of the way, of that much Hannibal was certain, then, perhaps, he could slowly reintroduce Will back into society. The town would certainly not shame Hannibal’s new mate, especially after the successful birth of his fawn. Yes, that could work, but that was still a little too far in the future to make accurate predictions now. Even if Hannibal did feel the compelling need to now provide only the finest for his precious mate. He wanted to lavish Will and show him off as all proud alphas did with their mates. But he
First he needed to successfully breed Will, and then he could focus his mind on other matters. For the time being Will would just have to make due wearing Hannibal’s shirts and undergarments… or nothing at all. Either way Hannibal did not and would never object. The thought of his newly bonded mate lounging over the couch by the fire and wearing only one of his tailored shirts had him growling with interest. The garment would be too big for Will’s slighter frame and it would hang off one shoulder and the hem would come mid-way to his thigh in an adorable fashion.

“Hannibal?” Will had barely finished saying his name before Hannibal dipped his head and captured his lips in a deep kiss. Will leaned into him, tilting his head up and opening his mouth in response. Hannibal slipped his tongue past his lips, tasting the sweetness of sugar and teasing before his teeth nipped the omega’s bottom lip. This left Will’s knees feeling week and trembling. He moaned before pulling back to whisper “If you keep that up we won’t be able to bathe like you wanted.” Ignoring his own words he kissed his mate again, his fingers winding over Hannibal’s broad chest. Hannibal responded by catching Will’s wrists and then moving forward to practically slam him against the wall.

He growled, low and possessive as he turned his head and trailed kisses down Will’s neck. He could smell the pheromones rising as Will arched his back. The omega’s skin heated under his touch and when Hannibal’s lips trailed over his pulse point, he felt it flutter. His own biology rose to match Will’s and he opened his mouth to nip and suck at the mating mark that was still fresh on his skin. Will gasped and Hannibal wound his arms around his narrow waist, bringing their erections together, the touch only heightening the arousal, their bodies pressed flushed against one another. Will’s hands moved to Hannibal’s shoulders, giving him more balance.

Hannibal exhaled against Will’s skin before tearing his face away to gaze into Will’s eyes. His dark pupils were wide with lust as he tried to restrain himself. Will gazed up at him adoringly, worshipfully even, which did nothing to help Hannibal’s temptation to dominate him. “Get in the shower.” He ordered and Will’s kiss swollen lips turned down in a slight frown. He looked concerned; worried that Hannibal was angry with him. Then he smelled the air and his eyes widened. He could detect the more musky scent and it called to him. Rut pheromones had the same effect on omegas that heat had on alphas. He nodded before lightly pressing against Hannibal’s chest, making him take a step back so that Will could move. He leaned in, their lips almost touching, before turning his head and then whispering in Hannibal’s ear.

“Yes, alpha.”

Hannibal’s last shred of restraint dissolved and the more animalistic part of his soul consumed him. He turned to watch Will move away from him, a wild beast watching its fertile mate and waiting for the exact moment of perfect submission to mount him. He could not help but appreciate the very delectable sight of Will’s round ass, especially with his cute white tail. He followed after Will, determined to not let him out of his sight. The smell of him clung to the air around them. It was intoxicating and neither of them could focus on anything else but each other.

Will slid open the door and made a purposeful show of bending over to turn on the water. He leaned back as the water sprayed forth, holding out a hand to test the temperature. When it was warm enough he stepped into the shower and cast a look back at Hannibal. He saw the dark gaze and felt the control of his presence. Hannibal’s eyes followed even his slightest movement and stared at him with an almost vicious intensity. Will wanted to whimper and beg. He wanted to bend over the nearest surface and just show Hannibal how wet and willing he was. The craving and yearning feelings were consuming him and his mind felt drunk. He was aware of his body, and to a certain extent in control of it, but what he wanted he did not have and it was infuriating. He stepped
more fully into the spray and dampened his dark curls. It was warm and soothing as the water drenched and then cascaded down his skin. Then Hannibal’s hand was there, moving over his hip to then stroke just below his bellybutton.

A soft sigh escaped Will as he turned around, gazing up at Hannibal through long eyelashes and lust filled eyes. He licked his lips as he whispered “I’ll wash you if you wash me.” Hannibal smirked at that, grabbing a bottle of shampoo and dispensing some onto his palm. With his other hand he guided Will’s head into a tilted back position before his fingers began to comb through his hair and massage his scalp. Will, at first, tried to keep looking at Hannibal, but once those fingers touched his head his eyes closed and he simply relaxed. His hands went to Hannibal’s chest. His fingertips touched the now wet chest hair and ghosted over his nipples.

It did not take long for Hannibal to work Will’s hair into a fine soapy mess. Then his fingers moved on to rub and stroke down his ears. That had Will gasping and moaning as his erection bounced once and then pressed against Hannibal’s own. Ear were a very sensitive part of the body for omegas. Will bit his lower lip as he tried to calm himself and quiet the sounds he was making. Then without words Hannibal covered Will eyes with one hand and tilted his head back again with the other. The water washed over his scalp and downward, clearing the soap away. In this position Will’s neck was completely exposed. If Will had been anyone else at this moment, Hannibal would have taken the opportunity to tear their throat out. Once Will’s hair was clean Hannibal uncovered his eyes, making the omega blink as he readjusted to the light.

He looked to the alpha before him, blushing slightly. Neither of them had anticipated just how erotic this would become and with every passing moment the air between them was getting tenser with anticipation. “Me now, right?” Will gulped, grabbing the shampoo.

He dispensed a little more than necessary on his palm but when he moved toward Hannibal’s head the alpha leaned down ever so slightly to make it easier for him. He did not look at Hannibal as his hands began to work the soap into his hair. Instead his eyes were transfixed by the antlers protruding from the top of his head. They were so dark and extensive with their multiple points. Will could not remember seeing a more impressive set. He wondered if Hannibal would let him touch them. It wasn’t that antlers were particularly sensitive but the majority of alphas took offense if they were touched. Then again, come to think of it, Will remembered he had held onto Hannibal’s antlers during the first time they’d had sex. The blush on his cheeks darkened.

“Do you want me to wash them too?”

“If you wish.”

Will shivered again at his words. The thought that Hannibal trusted him, or at the very least cared about him enough to let him touch his antlers, was almost euphoric. Will nodded as he went to stand up on his tiptoes. His hands cleaned the black deer ears before moving on to the very base of the antlers. They were so smooth and reminded Will of ebony. They almost shined even with the poor lighting in the bathroom. Even on his tiptoes Will was not able to reach the final point at the top, but he tried as best he could. His fingers brushed and stroked a thin layer of soap over every inch that he touched. When he went to strain to reach a particular fork, however, he yelped and almost lost his footing as he felt a tongue circle around his nipple. Hannibal caught him around the waist but his mouth was still firmly pressed against Will’s chest. He took this opportunity to suckle and then nip the tender pink nub with his teeth.

“Hannibal.”

A sound rumbled from deep in his chest as he moved his head away and then lowered Will to his normal height. He stared down at the omega and then crowded him against the damp glass wall.
Will's ears turned back and flat against his head as he offered his throat. Hannibal's eyes darted to the exposed flesh once more, pleased with the submissive presentation. He licked over Will's right collarbone. The water streamed down their bodies; over arms, hips, and legs. Will gasped in clear need as he wound his arms around Hannibal's back. He mewled and tried to push Hannibal backward and when he did take a step back, Will took a firm hold of his shoulders and used them as leverage to stand up on his tiptoes once more to sink his teeth into the juncture of Hannibal's neck.

The taste of blood was immediate and had Will's eyes going wide. It was rich and flavorful as it dripped onto his tongue. Hannibal's snarl could only be described as animalistic and the sound of it had Will jerking away, licking the blood from his red stained lips. Will's nails bit into Hannibal's flesh as he met the alpha's gaze with one of almost challenging satisfaction. “You said I could.” The taste of Hannibal's blood had him feeling empowered. Much the same as he had felt while sucking Hannibal off.

Hannibal's eyes were a dark burgundy once more as he leaned in and licked more of the blood from Will's lips, catching the drop that had been sliding down to his chin. “Turn around.” He bit out through clenched teeth. Will didn't really get much time to obey as Hannibal was already lifting him and spinning him around. He pushed Will's front against the cool wet glass of the shower so that the warm spray of the water perfectly cascaded down his bowed back.

He grabbed the soap and after lathering his hands he began to caress them from the muscles of Will’s shoulder blades all the way down his spine to his tail. Will moaned as he tried to move with the hand and change the position of his feet just slightly. Hannibal’s snarl of disapproval reverberated off the walls and he grasped Will’s tail, firmly jerking him back into the position he wanted. Will pressed back restlessly but could not help the feeling of submission at Hannibal's dominance. Now that Will was back where he was supposed to be, Hannibal’s hands moved to skim lower. He cupped Will's ass and gave it an appreciative squeeze.

With both hands on each luscious ass cheek he parted them to reveal Will’s twitching red hole. Now that he had spread him open the water that slid down his back, taking the soap with it, and wet the exposed skin. It would not be enough to clean Will completely of his slick but it would help. Thinking this was Hannibal’s intent Will moved his hands back and took hold of his own bottom. Hannibal gave the top of his hand an appreciative squeeze before Will's eyes widened as he felt Hannibal’s cock slide against him.

It did not enter, nor did it even try to penetrate. It just slid from the back of Will’s balls and all the way up to the base of his tail. Will wiggled a little, as the feeling was slightly ticklish. “Hannibal?”

He then pressed his full length between Will’s cheeks, letting it just nestle there surrounded by heat. His hands covered Will’s and he pushed the cheeks together, allowed Will to really feel every inch of him. He slowly and torturously slid back. All of him was slick with soap and water, and when he slid forward again the long stroke brushed wonderfully against Will’s hole, making it relax and tighten.

“Your really do have a perfect ass,” Hannibal complimented, letting his hands fall away so that Will’s hands could move back to pressing against the shower wall. “I don’t think I’ll ever tire of it.” He moved forward and let his hips cradle and press themselves against Will’s backside, insistent and eager. Will’s mouth opened in a wordless sigh as Hannibal’s cock moved to press against his tail, but his hand roamed down and thrust two fingers inside him. Having already been fucked not too long ago the ring opened easily and tightened around the fingers impatiently. Hannibal began to thrust those fingers, hard and jarring against Will’s walls. They stretched and probed deeper and deeper inside. His mouth moved to suck dark hickies into Will’s neck and
Will’s whole body burned and everything felt warm to his touch due to the water, but it wasn’t enough. He needed more, demanded more. He growled, wanting Hannibal to just take him already, but the alpha only chuckled, amused. Something inside Will rose, angry and insistent, as he without warning spun around and kissed Hannibal on the lips. The fingers thrusting inside him stopped and when Will pulled back and nearly hissed “Fuck me, now.” He wound his hands around Hannibal’s chest and pulled them together, kissing him again. Hannibal growled but his hands lifted Will up and guided the omega to wrap his legs around his waist, locking his ankles together.

Will could feel the tip press against him and he begged shamelessly “Yes, Yes! Please, I need it again! Always, please!” It pressed in and Will’s body welcomed it with longing intent. “More,” Will gasped again, his fingernails dragging red lines up Hannibal’s back. “More.” He kept his thrusts short at first, but they had Will crying out nonetheless. He teased his mate, not giving him all of his thick cock quite yet. Will was almost painfully hard as his erection brushed against their flushed stomachs, creating the most wonderful friction.

In this position, Will appeared incredibly fragile and almost small next to Hannibal’s more muscled and broad frame. The alpha held the omega up in his arms as if he weighed nothing and fucked into him as if somehow Will might just fall apart if he didn’t. Will was gasping and nearly crying himself hoarse when Hannibal finally relented and slammed inside him, his balls pressed firmly against Will’s ass.

“Ah! Fuck, yes!” Will mewled, detaching from Hannibal’s mouth to turn his face back towards the ceiling and cry out again. His alpha giving him a few perfectly-aimed and rough thrusts. Will twisted his head and bites into Hannibal’s shoulder making the other man howl as he does the same to Will.

Will’s body is stretched and straining in the best possible way. The muscles in his legs contract to keep him in place even as they tighten with his impending orgasm. “Fuck, Hannibal.” Will moans, licking the bite mark he just made. He curls against Hannibal and buries his face into his neck, jaw dropped in a permanent ‘o’. It sounds like Hannibal’s uttering words under his breath, but Will can’t make out what they are. They seem to be in a different language. Whatever it is, it has Will nodding feverishly even though he doesn’t understand. He doesn’t care. Whatever Hannibal wants he will gladly give him.

Hannibal captures his mouth in another kiss; his tongue pushing past Will’s parted lips. His thrusts become more powerful and erratic and Will finds himself screaming into Hannibal’s mouth. He’s so close, so very close! Will’s too pumped full of pheromones, adrenaline, and alpha cock to even care about anything but the pleasure he is feeling. He’s shouting himself hoarse every time Hannibal’s hips and ass flex and he shoves himself back home into Will’s trembling body. The room feels suffocating. The air is hot, misty, and humid. It was so much, too much. God, how he just wanted to cum!

Then in an instant the water is shut off and Hannibal is pulling out of him. “W-what?!” Will gasps, his eyes going wide. “No! No!” He tries to make a grab for Hannibal, but the alpha just picks him up and places him outside the shower. Will tried to struggle but it was futile. He leans against the sink and glares at Hannibal as he steps out too. He opens his mouth to protest when he sees Hannibal’s expression. It was blank, except for the nearly blood red eyes. In that moment, Hannibal looked the closest to the savage killer Will knew he truly was. “Hannibal?” Will’s ears turned back. Had he done something wrong? He didn’t think so. Hannibal had said he could bite him, and- he didn’t get farther than that thought because Hannibal lifted him up onto the sink and spread his legs wide. Will nearly yelped with the treatment but then lost all ability to breathe as
Hannibal knelt on one knee and began licking him. His face was fully pressed against Will’s ass and his tongue was thrusting into his gaping hole. Will screamed as loud as he could as he came, his cock twitching on his stomach. His ass spasmed and released another healthy gush of slick. When Hannibal pulled away and licked his lips, his mouth was covered with the clear fluid. Will fought for breath as Hannibal got back to his feet and then thrust himself hard and fast into Will’s body once more. He stopped and let the tip of his erection press against Will’s prostate, milking another few drops of cum from Will’s dick.

Hannibal leaned in close and touched their noses together. Without thinking Will leaned up and licked some of the slick off his lower lip. The taste was almost sweet, much like the treats he had just consumed. Hannibal purred before he shoved his tongue into Will’s mouth once again to let him taste himself. His hips resumed their brutal thrusting pace and in very little time, Will was relived to feel the knot shoving inside him. He ground back against Hannibal’s hips and tried to give as good as he got while he gasped and moaned into the kiss. When the knot caught on his rim and Hannibal’s body shivered convulsively, Will breathed a sigh of joy. He felt the torrent of cum release inside him once more as Hannibal rested his head on his shoulder.

It was quite a while before Hannibal managed to brokenly speak in a gravelly voice, “Bed…sleep.” Before lifting Will into his arms once more.
They had fallen into the bed and slept for several hours. When Hannibal awoke the exhaustion from earlier still lingered deep in his bones. He had no understanding of what day or even what time it was. He had lost track the moment he had entered rut. His head hurt slightly and he could tell he was dehydrated. It was his own fault. He had made sure that Will had eaten to retain his energy but had completely neglected his own body. A mistake he blamed on his biology’s intent to focus on nothing but procreation. He rose from the bed, noticing the soiled and rumpled sheet absently. Will was lying by his side, curled into a tight ball, and hogging all the covers and pillows. Hannibal clutched the side of his head as a throbbing started just behind his forehead. Meat, he needed meat.

Leaving Will to continue sleeping in peace, he went to his wardrobe to select another pair of pajama pants. He could smell that the pungent musk in the room and the pheromones coming from Will were significantly fainter, indicating that his heat had run its course. He was not surprised since the average heat cycle lasted anywhere from three to five days.

He looked out the window to estimate the approximate time but found that the ground was completely covered in a pristine, white layer of snow. The sky was cloudy but light enough to see that miniscule, white flakes were still drifting lazily to the forest floor. Snow piles were even collecting on the branches, which still had a few lingering brown leaves hanging on until the last second.

Though Hannibal remembered thinking it was cold enough to snow when he had tended to the wolf, he was still surprised with the abruptness of winter’s arrival. Thankfully he and Will would not have to worry about food for a few weeks, as Hannibal had made sure to re-stock, though he had not planned on feeding a wolf as well. He pursed his lips in thought as he turned and left the bedroom to go down stairs. First he would make himself something to eat and then he would make a list of the things that needed to be done that day. Now that Will’s heat was over there was a bit of cleaning and further preparations to arrange.

He entered the kitchen and took some sausages, eggs, and marmalade out of the fridge. The sausages, naturally, he had made and seasoned himself. He turned away, but after a moments hesitation he turned back and doubled the amount he had previously taken out, because he knew Will would wake up because of the smells of cooking food and come down stairs with an appetite as well. As Hannibal simmered the sausages and then whisked the eggs into fluffy perfection he thought about Will. Even if Will had conceived and was pregnant at that very moment, his scent would not change to indicate it for at least two more weeks. Even after the egg was fertilized, the small bundle of cells still needed to travel down and implant into the blood enriched uterine wall, which was not instantaneous and could take a few days. Then after implantation the placenta would have to form and attach to the omega’s blood stream. Only after it attached to the blood stream would the body as a whole realize it was supporting an extra life and make changes to accommodate. Though Hannibal was sure of his ability to impregnate Will and he had faith in Will’s own fertility, not knowing and waiting to know was quite aggravating. In fact it was quickly becoming torturous. He wanted to know right this moment.

It was strange, wanting something so badly that wasn’t even related to his darker nature. He had felt this intensity with some of his hunts, but never with wanting to be a father. Even the thought that it was a possibility had him filled with anticipation and longing. He tried to calm himself and his excited mind. He reminded himself that even if Will was not pregnant, though that would greatly disappoint him, he and his mate still had several more chances ahead of them. An omega’s
normal fertility cycle usually had them entering heat every three months. So if they had missed this opportunity then they would try again in the spring. However, if they were pregnant now then the fawn would be born in the spring to early summer. Another thought occurred to him. His mother had been like Will, but his father had changed her before Hannibal was born. Thus, both his parents had been Windigos during the pregnancy. Windigo offspring matured faster and the gestation time was only four to five months, in contrast to a normal deer which would be five to six. If he assumed that Will’s pregnancy would be somewhere between the two then the fawn would most definitely be born in the spring.

He finished spreading the orange marmalade on the two slices of toast before placing the finished plates on the counter. He had just finished taking the plates to the dining room when he stopped, hearing a ringing noise from upstairs. There was only one phone in the entire house and that was in his office. What was even stranger was that he never received calls because no one ever knew his number. The only people that would possibly know were the town’s city hall or the police. Either or was not a good sign.

He set the plates down and then began walking toward the stairs. He was passing the bedroom when Will opened the door, gloriously naked and rubbing at his still sleepy face. “What is that noise?” He mumbled in clear irritation.

“It is the phone in my study.” Hannibal answered a little curtly. “I have prepared breakfast in the dining room or, if you wish, you may return to bed.” He left Will without another word as he walked briskly to his study.

This was the only room in the house that he usually kept shut at all times. The study was the second largest room in the house, and for good reason. Large, solid, oak bookshelves lined the walls to the right and left and were full of a multitude of books, novels, and manuscripts. There was even a second upper level that could only be reached by climbing a wooden ladder. In the center of the room was a desk, and just a ways in front of that two chairs sat in front of a fireplace. On the furthermost wall behind the desk there were two large paintings.

The phone’s ringing was obnoxious to his ears. With every passing ring Hannibal’s nerves grew more frayed. He lifted the cone shaped receiver from the hook switch and brought it to his ear at the same time he said into the mouthpiece “Hello, may I ask who this is?”

There was a pause on the line as the operator finished patching the call through and then a voice was heard “Am I speaking to Dr. Hannibal Lecter?” It was a woman’s voice.

“Yes, but I am afraid I am quite curious as to how you got this number.”

“I’m the secretary of Registry and Division of Assets. I am to inform you that you must come down to city hall immediately to claim the property that has been bequeathed to you.”

Hannibal frowned “I was not aware I was to receive any new property.”

“It was stipulated in Dr. Frederick Chilton’s will that you were to be his beneficiary should he die with no know relatives or heirs.”

Hannibal paused for dramatic affect before speaking again “Dr. Chilton is dead then?”

There was another pause and then a slight wavering to the voice “Yes… my apologies. I thought you would have already known.”

“No, I did not.” Hannibal thought back to the way Chilton’s skull had caved in and shattered under
the sheer force of his teeth. “And I am to inherit his possessions?” Now that really had surprised Hannibal. Though he had tolerated Chilton, he would have guessed that, though Chilton assumed they had been friends, they still had not been so close as to warrant him putting Hannibal in his last will and testament. Obviously, however, Chilton had considered him close enough to do just that. It made his death all the more sweet and yet, tragic. To be killed by one you thought to be your friend. It was probably the oldest form of betrayal in the world.

A noise from the doorway had Hannibal turning to see that Will was leaning against the doorframe of his office, watching him with a worried expression. He was also wearing one of Hannibal’s dark green cable knit sweaters and a pair of his underwear. The sight made Hannibal want to ravish him against the door and then drag him over to the desk.

“Yes, but you will have to come down to city hall to finalize the paperwork.”

“I see,” Hannibal replied absently as he continued to look at Will “I will come down in a day or two.”

“Um, I’m afraid it must be today, Doctor.”

There was a flicker of rage at her insistence “And why is that?”

“You are gaining ownership of his practice as well, and I’m afraid the patients Dr. Chilton has must resume treatment immediately.” What kind of patients had Chilton been treating that warranted immediate care? The man had not been in charge of a hospital, just a very private practice that only the elect aristocracy had been able to afford. Though Hannibal was sure there had been the odd injury or two, the extremely wealthy were more or less healthy physically. It was their mentality that needed attention more than anything else. Did a countess need to vent about how the silverware she bought was not quite silver enough? Hannibal inwardly growled. The ownership of Chilton’s medical practice was not exactly a gift he wanted. “I’m sorry but I must ask you to come down today and sign the paperwork so that everything can be in your name and legalized immediately.”

Hannibal thought long and hard, trying to think if there was a way to deal with this later. Then again, if he didn’t deal with this they would probably keep calling and agitating him until he went. He didn’t want that. He wanted to be left alone. He closed his eyes for a moment as he sighed “Very well, I will be there by this evening.” He bid the woman goodbye before hanging up the receiver.

“Are you leaving?” Will asked, finally setting foot in the office and walking up to Hannibal.

“An associate of mine has died, Dr. Chilton.” He watched Will very carefully to see if he recognized the name. Will just stared at him, his ears drooped slightly.

“I’m sorry for your loss. Was he a good friend of yours?”

“No, we merely shared the same profession.”

“Then why are you leaving?”

“It appears that he has made me the sole beneficiary of his will. I must go into town to sort out the legalities,” his fingers caressed Will’s cheek “I find no pleasure in leaving you, but I must go.”

Will nodded “It’s alright, I think,” his face fell slightly “I’m done with my heat anyway.” He licked his lips “At least I don’t feel the itching or burning anymore.”
“Would you like me to check?” Will blinked, confused by what Hannibal meant. “I do not wish to leave you if you are still within the last remaining tremors of heat. To do so would be cruel. So I am asking if you would like me to check you before I leave.” He said it as if that explained what the ‘check’ was exactly.

“Yes, but I don’t know how you would check for that.”

Hannibal gestured to his desk. “Bend over the side and present to me. I will see if your anal passage is still dilated and receptive.” Will blushed but nodded as he moved over to the desk and, after moving a lamp out of the way, leaned over so that he was resting on his arms while still standing.

Hannibal moved behind him and slid the underwear down to mid-thigh. His white tail swished to one side, still a sign of his submission. Hannibal’s finger brushed over the cleft of Will’s ass before pressing inside to touch him. Will jerked and made a face of discomfort. Unlike when he was in heat, there was no copious natural lubricant to aid Hannibal’s fingers with penetration. “Relax,” Hannibal spoke softly “I’m not entering you just yet.”

Indeed he wasn’t, he seemed to be massaging Will’s anus and ass with expert dexterity. Within moments Will found himself relaxing and even closing his eyes slightly. After the last few days of being fucked, the massage did feel quite nice. He sighed and then blinked as he felt himself getting wetter. It was not the same as before. There was no itching or blinding need and the wetness was considerably less, but there it was none the less. There was also the beginning tendrils of arousal and Will felt himself grow half hard. Embarrassment and fear of what Hannibal might think Will said “I don’t understand.” His voice trembled with genuine confusion. He looked over his shoulder at Hannibal. “I’m not in heat so why am I getting wet?”

“Generally speaking, yes, omegas are only able to enjoy intercourse and become slick while in the throes of heat. However, there have been cases where if a mated pair is perfectly suited, as I have said before, that exceptions do occur. You and I are perfect mates, Will. So I am sure that you and I will enjoy further sexual activities outside of your heat.” His fingers pushed inside Will’s body and moved up, touching experimentally.

Will’s blush darkened as he licked his lips “Oh.” was all he could say. The thought that he could still have sex with Hannibal and not have to wait for it every three months had him immensely elated. His tail began to wag and Hannibal used his thumb to push it aside and keep it still.

Male omegas were incredibly different in their reproductive anatomy than their female counterparts. In a very distant past it had been documented that male omegas had been able to both produce and carry offspring. How they had evolved and lost their ability to sire was not exactly known, though it was assumed to be correlated with the evidence of the superior health and vitality of children that came from alpha/omega couples rather than omega/omega couples. Male omegas currently still had a working penis that could achieve an erection and ejaculation, but the sperm they produced was sterile. From a physical standpoint, they looked completely male, but from an anatomical standpoint their abdominal region was unique. The anal passage was forked. One led to the lower intestines and the other lead to the cervix and uterus. There was a muscle that was wrapped around the branching point of the fork which led to the uterus. It was usually tight and kept the passage closed off unless the body released the specific hormones that induced heat. As Hannibal probed and pressed he found that Will was indeed no longer receptive. The passage was tight and closed off completely to his touch. He withdrew his fingers and slid the underwear back into place.

“You are no longer in heat.” Will sighed as he stood up, trying to calm his half arousal and hide it
from Hannibal’s view. The alpha chuckled “Would you like me to help you with that?”

Will’s ears perked up at the invitation, but his ass clenched a little in protest. His hips were cramping and he was still feeling exhausted from the last few days. He smiled sadly at his mate but shook his head. “As much as I would like that, I think I need to rest just a bit longer.” Though Hannibal would never admit it, he was a tad grateful for Will’s refusal. If Will had agreed, then of course Hannibal would have satisfied him. It was his alpha privilege and duty, but he would be lying if he said he too was not feeling a little lackluster. Will’s amused smile grew sad as he said “I’m sorry… that it didn’t last longer.”

“You have nothing to apologize for, and your heat was considerably longer and more natural than any you have experienced before.”

“But was I…” He bit his lip “was I alright?”

Hannibal’s head tilted ever so slightly to the side “If you are asking if I am pleased with you sexually, then I am concerned at my own performance.”

At that Will had to laugh. He shook his head again “God, no,” He sat on Hannibal’s desk “I enjoyed everything.” Will looked at him and smiled, making the other man smile back. The thought that they were mates, that they had just spent his heat together, and that his life was now forever tied to Hannibal’s own, weighed heavily on his heart. “Yeah…” He pursed his lips and visibly became uncomfortable. He opened his mouth as if to say something but closed it again. Hannibal understood his unease and moved to stand before him and wrap an arm around Will’s shoulders to bring him into a hug. Will immediately wrapped his arms around his waist and buried his face in the crook of Hannibal’s neck. Hannibal, in turn, placed his cheek on the top of Will’s head, his disheveled curls creating a soft pillow that tickled his nose. “Regardless of whether or not you carry my fawn in your body at this very moment, you are my mate.” He was so ardent and serious that Will wanted to kiss him again. He wanted to touch him and be as close to him as possible; for comfort, support, and kinship. He trusted that Hannibal knew better than him but the seed of doubt and fear of the past still lingered in the dark recesses of his mind.

“I just… I want it so badly.” He took a steadying breath of Hannibal’s scent before pulling away. “Do you know what I mean?”

“Yes.”

Will smiled; happy in the realization the he was not alone. He un-wrapped his arms and moved off the desk to start walking around the office. He looked up at the bookshelves in amazement. He had never been in this room before and he found it quite interesting. “You can go. I’ll stay here and wait for you.”

“You won’t be bored?”

Will shrugged “If I am, I have a wolf I can play with now.” He didn’t see Hannibal’s deadpan look at his words. “I think I’ll name him Winston.” He fingered the spine of one of the books. “I could also read these,” he continued on “I’ve always loved books.”

Considering Will’s upbringing in poverty, this new information was surprising. “You are able to read?”

Will laughed again, though this one was hollow “I know what you’re thinking. I taught myself.”

“How, if I may ask.”
“Signs and old newspapers mostly.” He plucked one of the books from the shelf and held it within his hands, stroking a thumb over the hard cover. “Though I’ve never read an actual book before. But I did overhear some people talking about them and the stories they contain.”

“Unfortunately the majority of my books are those of my occupation. Though I do own some works of history, art, and the classics.” He walked over to another shelf and pulled three books off. Taking the book in Will’s hand he handed the omega the other three. Will accepted them as Hannibal said “You are free to use my study if you wish. All I ask is that you put things back when you’re done.”

Will nodded “I’ve noticed you like things clean.” His ears folded down “I suppose the mess I made during my pre-heat… you didn’t appreciate.” Hannibal said nothing and Will knew he had been right. “I can clean up some of that while you’re gone.” He offered. “I enjoy laundry and I do know how to wash expensive clothes.” Hannibal’s expression was skeptical. “You can’t do everything around the house,” Will pointed out “what sort of mate would I be if I let you?” Hannibal considered this and then decided that even if Will did mess up a shirt or two he was more than able to afford new ones.

“As you wish.” He nodded, giving Will a kiss on the forehead. Will grinned but when Hannibal went to move away he grabbed the alpha by the back of his neck and brought their lips together for a true kiss. Will loved kissing him. Their lips pressed together told Will more than all the words in any language.

When they parted Will asked “Will you stay and finish breakfast before you leave?”

“Yes, I believe I will.”
Chapter 13

He took yet another shower to wash away, or at least subdue, any lingering pungent scents. After which Hannibal had eaten breakfast and then kissed Will goodbye before leaving. There had been an uncomfortable feeling in his gut at the thought of having to leave Will yet again so soon. Especially since the last time he had missed the beginning signs and scents of Will’s heat. The alpha part of him lamented the loss. An omega just on the cusp of teetering over the edge into full blown fertility was more sweet and tantalizing than the scent of full blown heat itself. The promise of what awaited, and the debauchery that would be the result, it was like foreplay for any alpha. And now, after he had thoroughly covered Will in his scent and filled him in every sense of the word, Hannibal truly wanted nothing more than to be at home and watch over Will. His instincts yearned to be beside Will, not wanting to miss the second his scent changed, signaling conception. But there was not much Hannibal could do. To ignore a direct request from Registry and Division of Assets would be too suspicious as Hannibal supposedly ‘lived alone’. There would be no logical explanation for any delay. So he left, making the journey down the snow covered mountain side, leaving a foot trail in his wake, and to the perimeter of the town.

Upon arrival, the town seemed ill at ease. The first indication had been the still lit oil lanterns that dangled before the opened gate of the fortification that surrounded the town perimeter like a defensive wall of brick and wood. The second had been the scent that clung in the air. Hannibal’s superior sense of smell could detect the muted odor of fear that whiffed off every passing person. The people milling around him seemed more aware of others and their eyes darted suspiciously. Not at him of course. The moment anyone saw him they would give a respectful nod or smile of acknowledgement. Everyone was still ignorantly and quite hilariously unaware of the predator in their midst.

Hannibal had been weary of making a social appearance so soon after a kill, but he was also confident in his manipulation and the mask he wore. He made his way to City Hall as briskly as he could with the snow still falling around him. He was careful of the streets in case some areas had become icy overnight. He wished to visit the Registry and Division of Assets, sign the paperwork, do whatever else needed to be tended to, and then return home. He never returned to the village so soon after a hunt. It was too risky and a waste of his time. As he passed a store a manikin in the window caught his eye. He paused momentarily to observe the closely interwoven fabric of the burgundy cashmere sweater with matching black plaid scarf. The image of Will wearing such a garment flashed through his mind and he agreed that the color would be perfect with his dark curls and warm eyes. Thinking of Will again brought on a feeling of longing. Right now he should be at home with Will and preparing his mate a fine meal from his kills. Serving his beloved mate the flesh of lesser alphas, those that had dared think himself his equals. Those that had dared to think they were worthy of claiming Will. And Will, so cherubic in his appearance, happily eating and finding delight in the taste and flavor of the flesh. He would let his mate eat his fill and then possibly, if their energy had returned, he would end the night by pushing him on top of the nearest surface and mounting him once more. It was a wonderful idea, sex after a perfectly cooked and shared meal, and one that Hannibal intended to make a routine of.

As he walked he could even hear some whispered gossip as he passed clusters of people in front of shops.

“Do you really think those deaths were just simple murders?”

“I want to think it. The alternative is just too horrible to consider. Or…at least… I don’t want to consider it.”
“No one does. Who would? But…that’s right, they have to be murders. After all we did the winter sacrifice. The Wendigo should be appeased.”

“Besides, the Wendigo always humiliates and parades his victims. Remember? The others were just killed with some organs missing. That could be anyone just looking for some cash on the black market. You know how those grave diggers are always diggen up corpses and selling them to medical schools.”

“That’s horrid!”

“Yup, but corpses a’nt good for much else. At least that way they’re not taking up space or stinking up the gutters.”

“But what about Dr. Chilton? He was at the gallows!”

“Well, part of him anyway.”

“How can you say that!? His head was gone and his body was pulling the lever while his heart hung from the noose!”

It had not been Hannibal’s most artistic display, but he felt it had been poetic enough given the limited time span he had. He had meant to do as he had said and feed the heart to Will, but after careful consideration he felt the organ was best suited to another purpose. Unfortunately he had not been able to do much else to the body because it was important that people recognized who it was. So most of the corpse had been untouched except for a few areas where Hannibal had harvested the meat, which he had later given to the wolf. An animal that by all accounts should never be kept as a pet and yet somehow it was. He was not sure how he felt about that, but the creature did seem to make Will happy. The omega had so little to be happy about in the past that Hannibal felt it was his alpha duty to compensate for it. If anything the wolf could become yet another means of protection at the house.

Hannibal had been walking up the street and past The White Heart when a voice called out to him. “Dr. Lecter!” He turned to see Mason gesturing toward him from across the street. Despite the immediate distaste for the other man Hannibal nodded and remained civil.

“Good afternoon Mr. Verger.” He walked over and Mason tipped his hat in greeting. There was a taller and very round man standing next to Mason, but from his attire he looked to be a servant of some sort. He even wore the Verger Family Farm insignia on a broach fastened to his lapel.

“Yes, horrible weather though.” Mason looked up at the snow with obvious annoyance. “Snow is not the best for livestock so we have to keep them indoors during this time; you understand the mess that makes.”

“I can imagine.”

“Either way, I’m glad I caught you Dr. Lecter. You see Tobias and myself have a sort of…surprise, I guess one could say. And we would be most delighted if you would see it. We would enjoy a fellow elite’s input before we, well, give it as a gift.”

Hannibal’s brows furrowed ever so slightly “Do you wish me to see this surprise now?”

“Not yet I’m afraid. Tobias has yet to arrive with it and it would seem you were on an errand before I stopped you. I merely wished to tell you so that you might stop by later after you have finished your business. Besides, I wanted to hear more about this Wendigo.”
To refuse would be wiser but rude, and more than that it would make Mason suspicious. Alpha’s generally frowned upon other alphas who did not share, or at least mimic to share, their same snobbery and entitlement. After all, they were alpha, and in their society there was nothing better to be. Add in wealth and power and you got the recipe for a deplorable individual. Thus, not wishing someone like Mason to discredit him as an alpha, Hannibal would be forced to accept. Though in retrospect, it wasn’t a bad idea to gain his victims trust so that it would be easier to kill them. Thinking along those lines, Hannibal was able to nod and fake interest.

“I would be delighted to. I shall return here once I am finished at City Hall.”

“Splendid.” He looked as if he were about to turn away but stopped “I think you’re really going to like this, Dr. Lecter. It’s been one of my better ideas.” His grin told Hannibal more then he wished to know. Whatever this ‘gift’ was Hannibal knew he was not going to like it one bit. As Mason turned and entered the pub Hannibal left and began walking once more.

He made his way up several more streets before finally reaching his destination. The white building was two stories and had pillars holding up a marble statue of an angel. Within the angel’s outstretched hand was a gold scale with an olive branch heavily weighing down one of the balancing plates. The wings were weathered and chipping in places from years of neglect. The face was covered with a perfectly sculpted vial that obscured everything until the onlooker stood before the statue and gazed upward in just the right position. Only then was the angel’s face revealed to be a hollow black granite skull with deep vacant sockets and grinning teeth. Hannibal admired the angel, found himself reflected within its likeness, before he focused his mind back on the task at hand and entered the building.

He walked up to the desk clerk and offered his name and reason for being there before asking where the Registry and Division of Assets department was. He was directed upstairs and to a particular door number. He followed these instructions and after knocking on the door he was met with the thin face of a woman. Her hair was a bright carrot red and wound into tight springy curls. Her ears were the same color but were triangular in shape. She was most definitely not a deer. Behind her there was the brief swish of something thick and long. She wore a black and white dress and stank of cheap perfume. No doubt it was to hide her bitter beta scent. She smiled at Hannibal, but it seemed fake and thin. “Dr. Lecter I presume?” Hannibal nodded “I’m Freddie Lounds, please come in.” She gestured for him to come in. The moment he walked through the door it was shut behind him quickly and even locked. Hannibal watched her practically skitter to behind the desk where she seemed impatient to begin talking. It was then that he caught a glimpse of the equally red fluffy tail with a white tip. A fox. “If you don’t mind I just have a few questions before we begin any paperwork.”

“I see no reason why you shouldn’t.” Hannibal offered kindly as he continued to stand. He had not been offered to take a seat so he was waiting and judging Ms. Lounds for every second of her impoliteness. Any alpha or beta should have known better.

“What was your relationship with Dr. Chilton?” Foxes were not known for being tactful, and at the moment Ms. Lounds was certainly living up to the stereotype. Foxes were crafty, manipulative, tricksters and egocentric in every way.

“We were colleagues of the same profession and schoolmates at the university.”

“So you were close?”

“I would assume so, yes.”

“Close enough for him to leave you everything?” The sneaking suspicion in her tone was not lost
on him, but he remained impassive.

“Frederick had never been very popular in the mating circles, even at school. To my recollection he was never offered even an arranged mating. As we grew older his lack of title and excessive wealth did not make him the ideal candidate for early bonding. So it was not all that surprising that at his age he was mateless and fawnless. If you are asking if I was surprised he left me so much, then my answer is yes. I assumed he at the very least had some remaining family that he would rather have divided his estate with.”

“But though you’re a doctor, you don’t have a clinic or practice here in town?”

“My parents preferred a more personal approach and would make house calls rather than own a clinic. After I received my education I carried on this tradition until my colleague, Chilton, settled here and I found the majority of my patients gravitating over to his care.”

“Why was that?”

“I never asked him what he charged but I assume it was cheaper. Also house calls do take time and only so many can be done in a day whereas scheduled appointments are for a specific amount of time and can happen in rapid succession.”

“Did this make you angry?”

“Not at all. I prefer the mountains and woods to the more cramped accommodations here in town. And besides, with the estate my parents left me I am wealthy within my own right and was only working because I chose to and not out of necessity.” He tilted his head quizzically “Are you accusing me of something Ms. Lounds?”

She faked a laugh “No, I’m just curious.”

“And why is that exactly?” Hannibal pressed, allowing a bit more dominance to show through.

“Chilton’s death seems like more than just a murder to me and I was wondering just who was in line to benefit from it.” Her eyes stared at him, cold and very nearly soulless. Foxes were always such cunning beasts, but their deceptions always lead them into trouble.

“I don’t see how that would be any of the Registry and Division of Assets concern.” Hannibal replied “If I am really such a suspect as you claim then that is a matter for the police to inquire about rather than you.” Ms. Lounds bristled under his tone and opened her mouth to retort when the handle of the door jiggled roughly. Then there was the sound of a key being inserted and the door opened in a hurried woosh.

A woman with a darker skin tone and short raven black hair entered the room. A deadly scowl creased her lovely face. She advanced the desk and nearly snarled in an icily calm tone “I demand that you leave my office and building this minute. I have already informed the authorities and they are here.” She turned to look behind her. Standing in the open doorway was an older man of an even darker complexion and wearing a police uniform. He entered the room, and nodded to Hannibal.

“Sorry to interrupt Dr. Lecter but this women is trespassing and impersonating Ms. Chyioh here.”

Freddie’s fox ears turned flat against her head in clear anger even though she stood up from the desk and proceeded to walk out of the room as if nothing had happened. At the door, however, she cast one lingering look at Hannibal before turning around the corner.
“I’ll make sure she is escorted out of the building before returning.” The man informed the women, who Hannibal assumed was the rightful Ms. Chyioh.

“Thank you Jack.” Ms. Chyioh nodded before taking a seat and looking to Hannibal. She did not apologize but did expose a bit of her neck in clear respect for him. “I am Chyioh and I have been put in charge of Dr. Chilton’s last will and testament. I realize you are probably very busy so let us try to get through this quickly.” Hannibal nodded. “First off, you are gaining all of Dr. Chilton’s property. The house and all its amenities,” she slid a key in front of him “and his private medical psychiatry practice in Uptown. The house can be sold if you see fit but the practice is under a lease agreement for at least another year.”

Though Hannibal had not yet decided on what he should do with the medical practice it was at this moment he considered an alternative option. If he kept the practice he would have a steady source of additional income. Not that he needed it. The lure of it came more from the fact that with the possibility of will being pregnant that meant Hannibal would have to hunt more. With every child that Will and he had the need for fresh meat would increase. That meant he would have to make frequent trips into town, which in his current situation would attract notice. However, is he own and managed the medical practice it would give him an alibi for being seen as well as staying very late into the night. It would also give him very immediate access to his preferred pray, the aristocracy. He would be able to tend to them like sheep and choose which ones were ready for the slaughter. Yes, the idea of keeping the practice was in his better interest in the long run. Besides, if any of his children decided to follow in his footsteps it would give them a safe hunting ground to practice. The idea of his son or daughter sinking their teeth into the jugular of some worthless patient, tarring out the esophagus and tasting their first blood covered flesh under his supervision and in the safety of his office had him practically bursting with pride. Yes, his children would have that opportunity.

As for the house, he saw no reason to keep it. Even thinking in the long term sense he knew Will would never be comfortable living in the village again, neither would Hannibal. The misty woods and isolation the mountain provided was to perfect and a necessity in their lives. Then again, if Will was pregnant and his mate, Hannibal needed to provide for him with more than just food. Will could not simply wear Hannibal’s clothes forever, he knew this. But buying clothes, getting the things Will would need, how was he to do this? Even if he paid some underling off to be discreet someone in the village would notice. And there would be no plausible explanation for an unmated alpha to be purchasing pregnancy clothing or clothing that was much too small for him. He had realized this problem a while back but now it seemed of more precedence. Luckily the problem was of moderate concern now, but eventually is would become a very big hassle. For example, he could use the house when any of the children grew older and began to attend school. However, how was he to explain that he even had children when he wasn’t mated? This problem would have to be solved in some way, and relatively soon.

“I had not planned to sell anything. It would be an insult to my colleague’s memory and what he worked hard to achieve.” Hannibal lied.

They spent the rest of a good hour and a half ironing out the specifications so what could and could not be done depending on prior financial agreements and laws. By the end of it Hannibal was quite sick of the legality and after signing his name for what seemed like the twelfth time he exited the office with two keys and a copy of the paperwork saying that all of Chilton’s money withholdings would be transferred to his estate accounts within the week. Hannibal walked down the hallway, looking at the keys in his hands with distaste. He now had to make his way to Chilton’s practice, located on the second floor of a building on the outskirts of the more richer part of town. After making his authority and ownership known, and informing the workers that the practice would be open once more within a few days, then he would leave and arrive at the White Heart to see what
Tobias and Mason were plotting with their so called ‘present’.

“Dr. Lector.”

Hannibal stopped, looking up to see the dark skinned man from earlier. “I’m sorry about earlier, but it was not the best time to introduce myself. I’m Agent Jack Crawford of the investigate police unit.”
Hannibal studied the man before him with the utmost scrutiny. He took in his tailored suit that was at least a few years old. He made a careful note of the ease with which he stood straight-backed and professional, which spoke of an obsession with his job. The way he met Hannibal’s gaze with an air of determination but also respect. It was just enough as to not seem challenging but more resolute in his pursuit to have a conversation.

“Jack Crawford,” Hannibal repeated the name as he turned to face the alpha agent fully. “I see. Am I to be questioned by you as well?”

Jack chuckled in half amusement “I apologize for Miss Lounds. She fancies herself a reporter.”

“I was unaware that the newspapers had become so open minded.” Due to Ms. Lounds being both a fox and female, Hannibal greatly doubted any newspaper is this town would have her under its employ.

“When I say ‘reporter’ I use the term loosely. There is a restraining order against her that was filed by the local printing agency. Because of that she now conducts her own investigations and self-publishes them from a private printing firm. She calls her publication Tattle Crime.”

“Appropriately named I am sure,” A small smile curved his lips in half amusement. Mentally he filed away every bit of information Jack gave him into a folder that he had labeled with her name. He had a nagging suspicion that the fox was going to become a particularly reoccurring problem. He added her to the list of names within his mind and found himself amused at how long that list was becoming. “But Agent Crawford I doubt you wanted to talk to me about the ill conduct of an aspiring fake journalist.”

Jack laughed again “No, I do have some questions regarding the Dr. Chilton case.” He held up a hand “By no means do I mean to implicate that you were involved. Far from it. You are not under any suspicion, but you are the only man that he seemed to have any contact with. I was hoping you could give me some leads.”

“So the police are treating this case as a murder investigation?”

“Yes. The department is adamant to prove the case a murder as they want to quell the rising fears of the public.” He pursed his lips “With the… exaggerated aspect of his death a good portion of the community is thinking that this was done by the Wendigo and that more attacks are soon to come. Superstition is a hard fear to rationalize especially given this town’s history as I’m sure you know being a doctor.”

“Yes. Do you not believe in the Wendigo then Agent Crawford?”

Jack was silent for a second “I would like to say that I don’t…”

Feeling that the man did not wish to elaborate more on that statement Hannibal relented in his probing for information “I would like to do anything I can to help, but though I did know Chilton fairly intimately I would not say we were particularly close. I saw him on occasion but that is all. I’m afraid you are mistaken, however, as I know of two other men that he frequently engaged with more than myself.” Jack’s eyes brightened as he said this. “He frequented a pub called The White Heart, where he interacted socially with two alphas by the names of Mason Verger and Tobias Budge.” Hannibal wondered if putting Jack on the scent of the two other alphas might have
negative repercussions, but at the same time it would widen the pool of suspects and lead to many more dead ends that would conceal his true involvement.

“I see, strange how I never came across any knowledge of this.” Hannibal agreed, it was rather odd that no one would mention Frederick’s usual social engagements. Unless they were being kept secret, but then why would that be? “I’ll have to look into talking with them. Do you know why Dr. Chilton left all his estate to you Dr. Lecter?”

“I assumed because he had no heirs and we shared the same profession. I assure you the inheritance completely took me by surprise.”

“I’m sure it did. You must have your hands full now I’m sure.”

“Yes, there is a great deal to be done.”

Jack nodded his head, catching on to Hannibal’s subtle implication “Then I shall leave you Doctor. Thank you for your time and what you told me. We may be in touch later on.”

Hannibal inclined his head politely “I would not be adverse to it. However, you might have to call and schedule an appointment at my new practice. As I doubt I’ll have much time for anything else in the upcoming days.”

Jack nodded again as he waved goodbye. He bundled his coat around him tighter “Good luck and stay warm Dr. Lecter.”

“I shall, good day.” Hannibal watched him leave and lamented, momentarily, that eventually he would have to kill the agent. He was a threat, to be sure, but it was always slightly disappointing when his pray actually had a basic to somewhat decent set of manners or intelligence. Not that it truly changed the outcome in the end, but it was easier to kill when he could rationalize that the pray did not deserve the life it was given for one reason or another. With one last look at Jack Crawford’s retreating figure he turned and began to make his way toward Uptown and Dr. Chilton’s practice.

It was a long fifteen minute walk uphill in the snow. Hannibal figured he’d get used to it, but at the same time he was annoyed that Chilton’s practice could not have been in the more central location. As it was the walk from Hannibal’s own home into town was a hindrance. Now he would have to not only do that walk but then this walk as well. He would have to leave home substantially early if he was to get to work and open the clinic at an appropriate time. That thought made him think of Will, curled up all nice and warm in his bed. His mate lying on his chest as he slept so peacefully due to his alpha’s substantial body heat. And then the thought of having to move him, leave him, as he rose from the bed to get dressed. Of Will slowly stirring as he awoke to then frown as he realized Hannibal would be gone and he would be alone in the wide large bed. The fantasy had Hannibal gritting his teeth.

He stopped on the opposite side of the street as he looked across and saw a hanging sign before a moderately sized building. The sign read ‘Dr. Chilton’s Psychiatric Medicine’ in an overly large flowing font that Hannibal found too pompous for his taste. Crossing the street he took note of how the front of the building looked as if it were in a slight state of decay. There was a cobblestone path leading up to the front door that showed some moss and even mildew growing on some of the rocks. Hannibal made an effort to avoid them so he didn’t slip. There was a small rusted fountain off to the right next to a small garden that showed only untiiled clay dirt. All in all the front of the office building looked as if it hadn’t been tended to or cultivated in several seasons. Though it was winter Hannibal’s own garden was still green and showing life despite the snow. There was no reason this garden should not do the same. Creating another list on his mind Hannibal added that
as the first of what he knew would be many projects.

As he approached the door he touched the key in his pocket but found there was no need to pull it out. The door was slightly ajar and a light shown from inside. With a slight frown he knocked on the wood. Though this was now his property he had no wish to barge in and startle the occupant inside. What if it was a burglar? If it were then he would have more food to bring back to Will this afternoon. When he knocked there was an answering sigh as a female voice called out.

“I’m sorry but we’re closed for a few days. If you need to reschedule please call and leave your appointment information at the office number.” Hannibal opened the door slowly to see a woman with her head in her hands and leaning against a desk with about three empty cups of coffee scattered around her. She didn’t look up as she ran her hands over her face. Protruding from her long mop of raven black hair were two triangular ears of the same black color. However, unlike Miss Lounds’ ears, this woman’s were smaller and not as drastically pointed at the tips.

The woman finally opened her eyes as she sighed dramatically. Then turning her head she yelped when she noticed Hannibal. She stood up immediately and the long slender tail behind her ruffled a bit from the shock. A cat, Hannibal mused. She pursed her lips as she tried to hide her embarrassment. “I’m sorry but we are closed.” She repeated almost robotically, as if this was the hundredth time she had said it.

“As I’m sure you are,” Hannibal intoned “but I am not a patient.” The woman’s right cat ear flicked in clear curiosity. “I’m Dr. Hannibal Lecter-“

“Oh thank god,” she smiled in clear invitation and she came around the desk and offered her hand. “They told me Frederick had left everything to a fellow doctor but they said they didn’t know when they would be able to get in contact with you.” As Hannibal shook her hand she cast a sidelong scowl at the phone. “That thing has been going crazy sense this morning. You’d think the gossip getting around town that he died would have them not calling, but not a chance. All of them want to reschedule their appointment in a blind panic or demand answers and ask if they need to seek out another doctor. The latter comes from mostly the alphas and the prior the omegas.”

“I was unaware that Frederick had that many patients?”

She rolled her eyes at his comment “The aristocracy is full of neurotics.” She leaned against her desk “Oh, sorry. I was so relieved to see you I didn’t really say who I was did I?” She laughed softly “I’m Beverly Katz. I was Dr. Chilton’s secretary. I guess I’m your secretary now, unless you want to fire me?”

“That remains undecided.”

Beverly just grinned at his retort and moved back behind the desk. “Then I guess I better start doing some work then. You’re here to look at the office right?”

“That was why I initially came, among other things.” Hannibal looked around the small waiting room and then to the singular wood door that stood on the opposite wall. He walked toward it and grasped the handle.

“Do you want me to give you the files Chilton had on all his patients so that you can familiarize yourself with them?”

Hannibal paused to think about that. If Chilton really had that many clients then it would take the greater half of a day to memorize every detail of every patient. Time he didn’t have if he wanted to get back to Will. “Please just bring me the files for the patients he has appointments for within the
next few days.” With that he opened the door and walked into possibly the smallest and most
devour of offices he had ever seen. He thought devoid was the best word for it as the space was
truly lacking in any sort of amenities, culture, art, or even effort. There was a desk, two very worn
but high backed chairs, a small bookshelf, and then a large thick curtain which had been drawn
closed. Hannibal approached it and with a steady hand pulled the curtains away to reveal a large
panoramic window. The glass was dirt covered and needed a good washing but Hannibal
considered it not without promise. This window he could work with and the natural light, if he
remodeled this office, could serve to make the space look considerably bigger and more
impressive.

That was how Beverly found him as she walked in and placed a small stack of files of the desk.
Her eyes widened as she saw the window “Oh wow, Frederick never opened the curtains. Said the
light bothered his eyes.”

“Did he?” Hannibal replied absently. His attention was fixated on the door. Only one entrance in
and out of the office. It was impractical and made him feel like a caged animal. That would be the
first thing to be changed.

“Yeah,” Beverly shivered slightly. She brought her tail around and cupped the tip in her hands,
rubbing vigorously. “Man is it cold in here. If you’re going to be here awhile do you want me to
set a fire for you?”

“Yes. And you may start one for yourself as well.”

Beverly’s ears turned flat against her head “Um… there is no fireplace in the reception room.”

Hannibal wanted to ask then how she kept herself warm. Or how even the waiting patients kept
warm until Chilton was ready to see them. But he stayed silent on the matter “Then I advise that
you use the fire you start here once I leave. I shall not be long. I only came to see what needed to be
accomplished before we re-open the clinic.”

“Oh! So when exactly are we opening again?”

“Considering the amount of construction I would approximate three days.” It was winter so the
craft, trade halls, and business were probably dying for work. Winter was not the primary season
for construction. He would stop by and get the necessary people started on the project
immediately. “So you, Ms. Katz, have the next three days to do with as you see fit.”

Beverly’s ears perked up at the prospect of a vacation. “Really, wow. You’re quickly becoming my
favorite boss ever.”

Hannibal ignored her comment, even though it amused him. “Please inform any additional staff of
the changes as well, will you?”

“...Yeah sure, but I’m the only staff here.”

Hannibal paused again to look at her “Only you? There is no additional secretary or even a licensed
nurse that Frederick would have as an assistant?”

Beverly shook her head “Nope. Chilton was… kind of private and a lot of the people that came
through here didn’t last long because they weren’t impressive enough. At least that’s what it
seemed like to me. Hell he was probably going to fire me soon because I’m a beta- even though he
told me that’s the reason he hired me in the first place.”

“I see.”
Beverly apparently took this to mean he wanted her to elaborate, when really Hannibal had only responded in kind as his mind turned to more pressing issues. “Yeah. Apparently he tried both alpha and omega secretaries but ‘issues’ kept arising so he tried a beta, but I think my efficiency was annoying him.”

“It would appear I may have to put an ad in the local paper or inquire around as to find an assistant.”

“Seriously? I guess you’re not a work-aholic like Chilton then. He spent every day here and every hour that he could.”

‘Chilton did not have a beautiful pregnant mate waiting for him in his bed.’ Hannibal thought with more than a little pride. Realizing that Beverly was still in the room and looking around as if waiting for something Hannibal coughed lightly to get her attention. “The fire, if you would be so kind.”

Beverly’s tail frizzled again in embarrassment and a bit of pink came to her cheeks “Right, sorry! I’ll get right on that!” She turned and nearly darted from the room.

He smiled, despite his slight annoyance. Beverly did not seem all too troublesome, and she seemed intelligent enough. Hannibal would keep her in his employ a while longer. Besides there was no telling what information she might know, about Chilton or the patients, that might prove useful still.
Though he understood that Hannibal had responsibilities and was obligated to go it still did not help the feeling of loneliness that overcame Will every time he did. After breakfast Will watched him leave through the window once more, the sinking feeling in his stomach making him sigh as he released the curtain to fall back into place and obscure his view. Turning to look around at the empty house he decided he would first start by cleaning up the mess he had made. Going to the kitchen he wet a rag with some soap and filled a small bowl with warm water. He carried it to the foot of the stairs when he got down on his knees and started scrubbing.

The action made him think back to his previous life. Back then all the omegas had different chores around the house that had to be completed every day by a certain time or they would be punished. The punishment depended on the omega and the severity of what they did wrong. For one it might be the refusal of food for two to three days and for another it may be corporal punishment. In Will’s case Tobias had figured out very early on that he loathed doing anything that had to do with intimate touching. So Will’s punishments were often sexual in nature. There was one time Tobias had him wash his back while he bathed. It was tame compared to the later tortures Will would have to endure but oddly the sheer fake sweetness and lack of physical pain with the action had actually caused the incident to be more mentally scaring for him. Mental punishment. It had been Tobias’ favorite. That particular memory had Will thinking back to the shower with Hannibal and how he had greatly enjoyed that. Then again, why wouldn’t he. He enjoyed everything Hannibal did. His lips curved upward in amusement. Tobias had never let Will’s fingers go anywhere near his antlers, nor had he ever been able to get Will fully aroused. Hannibal had Will hard, aching, and wet from just an acknowledging glance or even a rare smile. Will considered it yet another failing on his previous alphas part and just one more thing to think better of Hannibal, as an alpha, for.

When he finished wiping up the dirt he returned to the kitchen to dispose of the water and rinse out the rag. He then washed his hands before turning to the refrigerator. Looking up and down the racks Will grabbed a large bag of what looked to be a thick slice of possibly a thigh muscle. He wondered briefly who this meat used to belong to and what they could have done to make Hannibal kill them. The thought, however, was just a momentary musing and quickly forgotten. Setting the meat on the counter he quickly went upstairs to put on some pants and shoes. He had been anxiously waiting to see his new wolf companion all day and did not want to waste another moment. Now that he had finished what he promised Hannibal he would do he could fully concentrate on the wolf and getting to know him. He had never had a pet before, though he did realize the wolf would hardly be classified as a pet. The closest he had ever come to owning an animal had been a stray cat he had rescued when he was younger. He had fed and cared for the starving animal for about a week before the other neighborhood kids had found it and lured it away to then be killed for someone’s dinner. Will had blamed himself for that one, feeling it was his fault for getting the animal to trust people. After that he had tried his hardest to leave animals alone but to little success. They seemed to gravitate to him and he would have been lying if he has said he hadn’t craved their comfort. He felt they were the only ones who understood him… or at least didn’t judge him.

Will hadn’t even reached the door before he could already hear the scratching of claws against glass. The wolf perked up as soon as it saw him. Its tail wagged excitedly and as soon as he opened the door the animal was trying to bite and jerk the meat away from Will’s hand. “Ah ah no!” Will
scolded sternly. The animal stopped, taking a step back. The ears lowered and a pitiful whine was emitted from his throat. Will frowned, even though he found the behavior adorable “You’re a wolf, not a dog.” He sighed and tossed the meat in the air. The wolf immediately jumped and snatched it within its jaws before chomping away in a famished manner. Will approached the wolf and knelt down to touch the bandages. They were still fairly intact. Obviously Winston had not been chewing at them, which was good. “I’m glad Hannibal could do this for you. You’ll heal faster this way.” Winston finished with his meal and then turned to look at him, licking his jowls. Will stared into those almond shaped amber eyes and saw neither aggression nor fear. Subconsciously Will smiled as he lifted his hand and without having to say anything the wolf moved to lick his palm.

“You’re a good boy Winston.” Will practically cooed to him. He crossed his legs and sat down on the ground despite the coldness of the snow. Winston seemed to find this a very agreeable idea and flopped unceremoniously on his side, laying his head in Will’s lap. His tail swished against the snow, making patterns and sending some small drifts flying. Will laughed, petting along the animal’s shoulder to the small of its back. He looked around at the white pristine trees and then up the mountainside. His ears perked, trying to make out the various noises around him. He could hear birds, the chatter of a squirrel in the distance, and what he thought might be the gentle and subtitle snores of a sleeping owl in a tree just overhead. “I suppose all the animals are a little more alive when Hannibal’s not around.” Winston turned his head as if listening to what Will was saying. “He is one of the top predators after all.” He looked down at Winston “Are you scared of him? You don’t seem to be.” Winston blinked at him then opened his mouth to yawn widely. Will covered his nose at the stench “My god Winston, you need-” his criticism ended with an exclaimed yelp as a pile of snow fell onto Will’s head. He shook the snow from his hair and ears as Winston got to his paws and started barking up at one of the trees.

When Will could finally see again he looked up and gaped at what he saw. A creature, the likes of which he had never seen before, was flying from tree branch to tree branch. It soared high enough to then dive, crashing its body into the piles of collected snow and then soaring upward again. Will dodged and moved a good few feet away to get a better look at the strange animal without fear of being drenched again.

It was large for something that flew with such ease. Its body appeared to resemble that of a fluffy cloud. The head was black with light blue scales that formed around an oval shaped black eye and protruding antenna. The wings that buzzed almost like a dragonfly protruded from its back, three on each side of its puffy body. It was possibly the oddest looking creature Will had ever seen. Like a strange hybrid offspring of a sheep and an insect. He watched the flying cloud swoop and dive twice more before it dove and the branch it wished to bounce off of broke. The branch, animal, and snow crashed downward and a high pitched baaing noise was heard as they plummeted into the snow banks. Will raced over but Winston got there first, growling and opening his mouth with the obvious intent to bite the creatures head off. Will heard the panicked baaing noise again.

“Stop!” He called out as he reached the wolf, grabbing him by the scruff of the neck “You don’t need to kill it.” Winston whined but Will was firm “I said no,” to emphasize his displeasure his made a short but quick tsking nose. Winston reluctantly backed away.

Will turned and saw that the insect cloud creature was stuck under the branch. He made a move towards it but the animal’s wings only buzzed wildly in fear. “Hush hush…shhhh.” he soothed in a nearly soft whisper. Changing his tactics and instead of coming from above he moved his hands lower and brushed against the animals chin, scratching. The creature froze, as if startled, but didn’t make any more noise. “There we go. See? Nothing to fear.” With his free hand he easily lifted the branch and tossed it away. The wings buzzed almost instantly but Will noticed one was bent slightly. He ran his fingertip along the thin transparent membrane but could not feel or see any holes or cuts. It was a sprain, Will concluded, as he lifted the animal into his arms. It was then that
he felt the softness and thickness of the creature. It was like holding a pillow that was alive. What he had originally thought to be a cloud like body was actually pure white wool that was incredibly dense and almost springy. Another thing he noticed was the warmth. Heat radiated off this animal in waves and Will found himself nearly hugging the creature from how good it felt.

The wings buzzed again but the animal did not seem inclined to fly. Thinking the damaged wing rendered it flightless Will petted the soft wool and spoke absently “I can’t take you inside. Hannibal barely agreed to letting Winston stay,” he smirked “and that was after knotting me several times.” A long and distant howl rang out in the forest. Will jerked and looked outward for as far as he could see beyond Hannibal’s garden but all that met his sight were trees and rolling snowy ground. At his side Winston’s ears folded backward and he whined again. “Friends of yours?” Will asked only to have the wolf snort and shake his head. Though troubled and curious by his reaction Will turned back to the cloud bug creature. “I can’t just leave you out here to be preyed upon; but as long as you stay in this garden you’ll be protected.” He moved back toward the house and walked to the large patch of earth that didn’t have any snow at all, obviously where Winston had curled up and slept the night before. He placed the bug down and the motioned for Winston to lie down as well. “Winston, you watch over him and don’t eat him.” He took the wolf’s muzzle in his hands and looked directly into his eyes “No. Eating.” He said again. Winston blinked once before laying down on the earth. The bug’s warmth should not only keep itself warm but also Winston as well. “Good, I’ll bring you dinner near sundown.” He told the wolf.

Turning back to the insect he said in a more soothing tone “Rest here for tonight and I’ll see how you’re doing in the morning.” Will pet the creature’s head. With any luck Hannibal would stay home tomorrow and he could maybe venture out into the forest to find the creature’s home. Not that he was particularly scared or worried about the dangers of the forest, but he did admit that having Hannibal with him probably would be safer. He highly doubted there was anything scarier in this forest than a Wendigo. With that settled he went back inside the house, thinking he should really get started of cleaning the bed sheets.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I am very sorry for the long delay between updates. Until recently I have been working almost every day of the week, with usually only one day off, which didn’t leave me very much time for my baby, family, and even less for my writing. However, my husband and I are now a little more financially stable. So much so that I finally was able to quit my horrible job and until I find a new one I’ll have considerably more time to not only be with my son but also to write. Which makes me extremely happy! I’m going to start work on the next chapter right now! I hope to post it no later than this weekend. People have been asking if I finally had my baby, and the answer is yes. Little Brendan was born September 22nd 2016.

Here is a picture of him at 3months old.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

A/N: Messed up imagery in this chapter. But if you're in the Hannibal fandom you're use to that so have fun.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal closed the last of the files and then peered out the window. Clouds hung low in the sky and blotted out the sun. Because of winter’s longer day it was more difficult to discern the hour without the sun’s position. His eyes glanced back to the clock on the desk and he found it was just a bit before the dinner hour. Perfect, he had finished right when he meant to. Rising out of the chair and grabbing his coat he exited the study and found Beverly behind her desk sorting even more files and seemed to be copying notes into a single manuscript. Though he felt a pang of curiosity at what she was doing he desire to get back home to Will within a reasonable hour outweighed it. He still had to meet with Mason and Tobias to see what this ‘present’ was. He did not know how long that would take but he hoped to excuse himself from the situation fairly quickly. Perhaps he could make the excuse that with taking over all of Chilton’s assets he needed to retire early. It was a thin excuse, but one that was truthful and quite possible.

“I’m leaving for the night Ms. Katz. You are welcome to stay if you wish.” He looked down kindly at her when she looked up from her deep concentration “I have left the fire in the study. It is quite warm. You may move all your work in there where it is more spacious.” Beverly grinned at him as he made his way out the door.

“Thank you Dr. Lector!” She called. Hannibal nodded but did not reciprocate her outburst. He closed the door behind him but no sooner had he made it to the street then a rounder man, bundled up in layers of sweaters, scarves, and a hat and coat jogged past him and looked to be making his way toward the door. The man stopped at seeing the sign that read closed. An audible high pitched pained whimper escaped him.

Hannibal knew he should ask, to inquire if the man was alright. But he was already pressed for time. It did not seem to matter, however, as the man turned and upon seeing him practically bounded up and into his personal space. His hands gripped Hannibal’s upper arms, his face beseeching. “Do you know if it’s true? A-about Dr. Chilton? I…I had an appointment today but the lady on the phone when she called said that all appointments are cancelled and that he had passed away. And then I hear the others talking about the latest wendigo attack and-” his lips trembled as he tried to take a calming breath before becoming hysterical. “I-I told the woman that I couldn’t just not see anyone that it was important, very important, that I continue to see a doctor for my treatment.” He let go of Hannibal and rubbed his hands over his face, looking as if he were about to cry. “Oh God, I hate being this neurotic!”

Hannibal glanced around him, thankfully the street was empty. “I’m Dr. Lecter. I’ll be taking over for Dr. Chilton. Am I correct in assumed you are one of his patients?”

The shorter pudgy man seemed to stop snuffling long enough to look up in surprise “R-really?” The relief was evident on his round face. “Oh my yes, I’m Franklyn. Please, will you tell me if I can maybe have a talk with you right now? Or tomorrow-” He quickly back peddled “tomorrow
would be ok, I think. I just need to tell my alpha that I’m still seeing someone.”

“I regret to say that I will be making some renovations to the office for the next three days. If you wish I can have my secretary put you down to be my first appointment after that.”

“That would be wonderful!” Franklyn snuffled again. “I’ll tell my alpha when he gets home. Oh, thank you Dr. Lector!” As the man nodded eagerly and then shuffled off on his way Hannibal waited until he was gone from view before turning to walk back down the road. If that was an example of the sort of patients Chilton had dealt with then Hannibal was going to have a very long mental list of potential pray. Honestly, what person acted so carelessly as to touch another individual after just meeting them? From what little Hannibal had been able to quickly observe, it was clear that Franklyn was an omega to a particularly strict alpha. No doubt that his alpha’s overly domineering behavior was aiding, if not the cause of, the neurotic behavior the omega obviously suffered from. He walked as quickly as he could to the White Hart and contemplated the particulars that he wished to have in his new office. He wondered if he could convince a carpenter to make him a second level to his office purely for the storage of books.

Thankfully even with the small delay he made it to the pub relatively quickly and after entering he removed his coat and made his way upstairs. The temperature of the pub was comfortably warm and the smell of ale pungent in the air. Stepping into the large attic area once again, expecting to see the other two alphas leisurely lounging, Hannibal was greeted by the sight of Tobias and Mason conversing in front of a naked kneeling woman. He froze, taking in the woman’s restrained hands and feet, the bit in her mouth, and how her hair was brought forward to obscure her face and the fact that a blindfold was around her eyes. She sat uncomfortably bent in the sexual presentation position atop the table in the middle of the room.

The two men turned and Mason’s smiled was wide “Oh, good! Dr. Lector you’re finally here!” He moved away from Tobias and stood before him. “It seems that I have made an error.”

Hannibal glanced one last time at the woman, hoping the error was in reference to her “I’m afraid I do not quite understand.”

“Oh,” he gestured to the woman on the table “I know, quite beautiful isn’t she. Very distracting, but in the best way.”

Hannibal restrained himself “Mr. Verger, am I to assume that I have walked in on what was meant to be a private affair?”

Mason laughed in delight “Obviously not! Tobias and I are not nearly so crass. No no, this little beauty is what I was talking about earlier.” He walked back over to the woman and made a show of patting her head like a dog. “This was to be my present for Dr. Chilton as a thank you for agreeing to help me out with my sweet Margot.” Hannibal was hearing what the other alpha was saying but he could only stare in abstract fascination and horror at the scene playing out before him. Mason grinned, taking his silence to mean something entirely different. “I bought her from a very highly qualified procurer. He assured me she was well worth her price. Tobias here was just saying that he would not mind one of his own.”

Hannibal licked his lips as he tried to regain his voice and composure. “This was your present for Chilton?”

“Oh yes,” Mason’s grin then turned almost lecherous “Then again, I suppose it’s your gift now from what I hear. The whole pub was all gossiping about it. Really, Dr. Lector, I did not know you enjoyed playing such amusing little mind games. You should have told me Chilton was dead.”
Hannibal pursed his lips “I did not feel it was my place.” He offered simply.

Mason waved a hand, clearly not interested one way or the other. His other hand moved from the woman’s head to stroking down her spine. Though her body didn’t move the bit in her mouth was clamped down on. “You don’t have a mate, do you Dr. Lecter?”

Though Hannibal was sure he had already answered this question in the past he repeated “No.” It was the easiest lie Hannibal had ever told.

“Good, then this one won’t have to worry about any jealous mates.” Mason chuckled, kneeling down to take her chin between his fingers “She is an omega, not too young to be annoying but not too old to be out of estrus, so you’ll have many fun heats left to look forward to, very healthy and sturdy, and as you can already see quite the looker.” As he spoke he walked around her, as if showing her off like one of his prized pigs. “The only problem with her, that I’ll be upfront with you about, is that she’s not a virgin. Checked myself before Tobias brought her here. But you don’t have to take my word for it.” The implication hung there, dark and pendulous.

“I would not question another alphas word,” Hannibal replied.

With every syllable spoken Hannibal imagined himself tearing the man’s skin from his face. Piece by bloody piece would fall away and leave Mason with a truly grotesque mask to match his indescribably cruelty.

“And she’s all yours Hannibal,” Mason purposefully used his first name just to see if it would make him falter or squirm. This was a test as much as a gift, of that much Hannibal could tell. “Unless… you don’t want my present?”

It was a trap if he ever saw one, and not even remotely disguised. To say he didn’t want such an obviously lovely omega when he was not mated would be illogical and reflect poorly on him as an alpha. Because obviously being an alpha elite he wanted to bed and own any pretty thing that crossed his path. Tobias and Mason were testing him yet again, and despite the hatred Hannibal harbored for them he needed to play along and have them think he was one of them. “How could any rational man refuse such a hospitable and generous gift?” Hannibal smiled as he stepped forward. He looked to Tobias “You’ve been strangely silent sense I arrived.” He observed aloud. Hoping to try and change the subject.

“He’s just angry because before you got here he was trying to convince me to give the bitch to him.” Mason snorted “As if you can handle another omega.”

Tobias glared at him with a savage intensity that Mason did not even seem to notice. The gaze he leveled at Hannibal was less severe “I do apologize.” He began “I was merely thinking about my own omegas. Some of them went to Chilton for weekly sessions. I did not want to presume that you would be keeping the practice going sense you live so far away. I was hoping” his gave another sideways glare to Mason “to broach the subject to you a little later. After Mason had his fun.”

“Then you’ll be pleased to know that I am keeping his practice.” Hannibal nodded “I can continue seeing your omegas if you so wish. I cannot say if my methods of treatment are like those of Chilton’s but I will naturally do my best as a doctor.”

Tobias sighed in an obvious show of relief “Thank you. There is one in particular that has proved most troublesome. I don’t exactly want you to treat him, just placate him so that he’s not so much of a nuisance.”

Glancing down at the woman Hannibal felt sincere pity for her. She was clearly in pain but he
could not do anything for her yet, not while Tobias and Mason had every intention of leaving her as such while they talked. “You do not wish me to treat him?”

“Oh it’s quite the story, but first” Mason patted the woman again “Will you not try her out?”

At this Hannibal very nearly growled in disgust “I am not an alpha that finds voyeurism appealing.”

“We can leave you alone?” Mason offered.

“Leave the man be! He obviously likes the present now can we focus on something else? This was entertaining but has now grown increasingly boring.” Tobias made a show of rolling his eyes and looking down at Mason.

“Only because I wouldn’t let you have her.” His practically evil grin was back again “If she had been yours I do not doubt for a moment that you’d be mounting her in this very room. Present company regardless.”

“I prefer to make sure my omegas are pleasing before I claim them. A lesson I learned from my previous omegas. This is Dr. Lector’s first,” he smiled over at Hannibal as if he were a wiser parent to an ignorant child “let him make his own mistakes.”

As an alpha Hannibal could not let the insult slide “I’m sure if this omega was as unappealing as yours it would be a mistake.” Tobias’ face fell at his words and Mason grinned, but what surprised all of them was the snicker of laughter that came from the woman. Before Hannibal knew what had happened Tobias grabbed a handful of her silky long hair and dragged her face upward, causing her neck to strain and her full breasts to jerk as she strained for balance.

“Were you laughing at me?” He hissed. He raised his hand as if to slap her but Hannibal stepped forward, grasping his arms in a formidable hold. For a second a look of surprise crossed Tobias’ face as if he did not expect Hannibal to be that strong. Hannibal watched him with cold nearly emotionless eyes.

“I prefer my omegas to remain uninjured. As I am a doctor, it is me who will have to heal all wounds that they suffer.” He immediately thought of Will, and just how true his words were.

“So you prefer to inflict them yourself,” That was not what Hannibal meant, but if Tobias wished to twist his words to his own meaning and eventual demise then so be it “I can respect that.”

“Actually I think I will take Mr. Verger up on his previous offer. Would you gentlemen please give me a moment alone?” He released Tobias and turned his attention toward the omega, refusing to look back at either alpha.

Mason nodded eagerly and left the room. Tobias watched him a moment longer before leaving himself. Plainly sulking. Hannibal’s ears listened intently as their feet hit each one of the stairs. He counted the number, ensuring that they were, in fact, gone.

The moment he was sure he exhaled a sign of relief. Kneeling down he first undid the bit and let in slip to the ground. The woman took a long breath, licking her lips and opening her jaw until a loud crack was heard. “I’m going to undo the blindfold and then your restraints.” He spoke in a soothing voice, much like he had done with Will before he had learned to trust him. His hands brushed past her cheeks to unfasten the tie at the back of her head. She stiffened, but did not make a move to attack him. The moment the blindfold was off bright sky blue eyes opened and held him with a truly criticizing intelligent gaze. Hannibal almost smiled at the sheer loathing that was almost tangible in those dazzling eyes. She truly was beautiful, of that there could be no doubt. Her
lovely face framed perfectly by her hair, the color of fallen leaves browned and sleek with the first rain of autumn. At the top of her head were twin deer ears the same dark shade of brown with amber flecks at the tips.

True to his word Hannibal rose to his feet and walked around to unlock the cuffs that bound her feet and hands “I apologize for what I can only imagine has happened to you until now. I hope you believe me when I say I had no part in this.” She waited until her arms were free to answer him. Turning her head she continued to watch him, taking in his every move and ready to jump at the slightest provocation.

“You accepted me readily enough.”

“Yes,” Hannibal agreed “Because your fate, should I have rejected you, would have been far worse.”

“So I am to understand that what you did was a form of compassion?”

“Was it not? You saw how he reacted.” Hannibal countered. He walked over to one of the sofas and retrieved a blanket. When he turned back she appeared to be contemplating his words and after a moment she nodded. He offered her the blanket.

“Thank you.” She wrapped it around her body and moved off the table to stand.

“What is your name?”

She paused in her inspection of the room to look at him again “No alpha has asked me that in a very long time.” Her eyes softened and instead of loathing she seemed to be reevaluating him. “Alana.” She turned away to look toward the exit. “I can’t leave can I.”

“No, they would catch you. And if not returned to me you would just be given to some other alpha.” Hannibal moved to stand closer to her, but not too close.

Alana looked down at the bruises that were forming on her wrists. She rotated them in her hands before sighing “At least they don’t seem broken.”

“Would you like me to check?”

She shook her head “I’m a doctor as well. I know what a broken bone feels like.”

An omega doctor, now Hannibal’s curiosity was peaked “Regardless of my views on omega trafficking and ownership, it would be best for you to pretend with me.”

“Pretend?” She turned toward him and faced him fully without the slightest indication of fear “Am I not to be your omega then?” She looked mildly offended, if at a superficial level.

“You are a rare beauty to be sure but,” he paused, a thought occurring to him. In a fraction of a second a plan formed in Hannibal’s mind and in even less time than that he had made the decision to be honest with the woman before him. “I already have a mate.”

She frowned “I thought I heard you say to them that you didn’t?”

“Yes, it was a lie. I do not wish them to know. I ask that you keep my secret.”

Alana blinked up at him “As long as you don’t rape me.”

“The thought never crossed my mind.”
“Really?” She seemed incredibly skeptical.

“Yes.” Hannibal answered truthfully. “What I want from you Alana is something a bit more complicated than physical pleasure. You said you are a doctor. As it so happens I am in a position to inherit a practice that I find myself disinclined to operate purely by myself. I was wondering if you would like to work for me.”

Her expression was a mix between confused and flabbergasted “Work for you?”

“Yes. I think it a perfect solution given our current predicament. You are now under my ownership and cannot leave. However, neither you nor I wish to engage in an actual omega and alpha relationship, which we will be expected to do. And I am in need of a fellow doctor. One that I can trust. Having you work for me under the guise of us being mated will benefit us both.”

She pursed her full lips “I tried being a doctor. I took over my fathers practice after he passed away only to have the bank take all of it away because an omega could not be a doctor.”

“That will not happen to you here because you will be under my care. I have a great influence in this town. No one will question you if I vouch for you.”

She was studying him again “I don’t know whether to take that as truth of over inflated alpha ego.”

“A little of both, perhaps.” That got her to smile just the littlest bit.

“If we’re to be mates, Hannibal,” repeating the name she had heard Mason say “then how are we to do that without a mating mark?”

That gave Hannibal pause “I will have to bite you.” It was considered cruel to bite an omega’s neck outside of sexual intercourse as the pain was incredibly excruciating. Though biting her would initiate a preliminary bond it would be unstable and incomplete sense the sexual act was not there to ease the process and cement it. The ‘attachment’, if it could even be called that, would eventually fade until it simply vanished. At least it should, and Hannibal hoped it would. He had no wish to have to explain THIS to Will. Hopefully, though, Alana would be unlike Will and the mating mark would remain for the sake of the lie. Though he felt it necessary for Alana to know some information about Will, so she could help him with other obstacles down the road, Hannibal felt it should be on a strictly need to know basis.

Alana was quite for a long moment, thinking to herself and probably weighing her options. He waited patiently. Eventually she nodded and turned away from him, moving her luscious hair out of the way. “Better do it then. I’ll try to be quite.” She was strong, and Hannibal admired her for it.

She placed his hands on her shoulders, steadying her as well as trying to be comforting in what little way he could. “Actually it would probably be best if you were loud. I’m sure Mason and Tobias have already informed every alpha downstairs of what is transpiring up here.”

“How charming.” She moved her neck to one side as Hannibal opened his mouth and pressed his teeth against her skin. His canines only exerting the little bit of pressure. Fast and swift, Hannibal told himself. It was quite unusual form him to be biting into something that he didn’t wish to harm. He sank his teeth into her skin, drank the blood that flowed into his mouth, and closed his eyes to her scream the nearly echoed off the walls.

Chapter End Notes
A/N: I have been getting a few emails and such asking me if I have a Patreon account. The answer is that no, I do not. Nor do I have a Ko-fi or any of those other support options because every time I looked into one I found out-
1) People do not want to pay for fanfiction. Fanart, yes, fanfic, no.
2) If you do try to offer a way for followers or fans to support you in any way you are punished. Which was my experience with Ko-fi. I was banned from AO3 for a month.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Now that I am finally un-banned I can post the next chapter!

It was considerably later than he would have liked to be returning to his home. He would have to apologize to Will yet again. He considered briefly that he would most likely stay home tomorrow as to acquaint himself with the paperwork of his future patients. However, that would mean that the construction, which he had finished talking to the guild about nearly an hour ago, would start without him. His dueling desires warred within him as he walked through the snow and up the steep bank toward his house. He could now see it in the far distance and it caused a smile curved to his lips. He wanted to supervise the plans and make any changes to the blueprints to better suit his more secret needs. Luckily he had told the man already that the place would need to be expanded and a separate room added so that Alana would not be sharing his. Fortunate for the contractor, Hannibal had found him a most competent and rather serious man who had seemed eager for work. He had even said he would have the beginning sketches and rough blueprints drawn up by tomorrow morning.

This need to add a personal touch and oversee the plans for himself in person warred with his new desire, if not aching need, to stay at home with Will as much as possible. He felt guilty for mating the omega and then leaving him, even if it had been out of his control. The intensity of his own instincts continued to surprise him. With every step that he took closer to his home he was consumed with the need to see Will, touch him, smell him, and snuggle him close against his body and cover him in his scent in any way possible.

Though Hannibal acknowledged that he was many things, some of them being not very admirable, he recognized in himself an almost romantic and passionate tenderness toward Will. A disadvantage that he was adamantly reluctant to correct. Despite all of the knowledge of self-preservation he had learned throughout his life, he found himself trusting Will. His thoughts touched on the possibility of how Will might become pregnant with his fawn, and the same feeling of pride swelled within him as before. The feeling of possession, adoration, and as he imagined Will’s tender face looking down at a health swollen stomach Hannibal admitted to the very strong feeling of love that was quickly growing. To love someone, especially for a person like him, was perhaps the greatest and foolish mistake of all. Any yet somehow a part of him argued that it was inevitable. He paused for a moment outside the door, steeling himself and brushing away all emotion and thought. It did not matter. It could not matter, at least not right now.

The moment he opened the door he was enveloped in the scent of Will. He looked around and was a little surprised to see that his mate had not greeted him at the door. He half expected Will to be patiently waiting or his return. He called out and didn’t have to wait long before he saw the omega racing down the stairs wearing nothing but a pair of his pajama bottoms. He raced around the banister and practically leapt into Hannibal’s arms, kissing him instantly. Hannibal felt himself all but melt as he returned the gesture. His arm’s curled around the other man’s more slender waist and up the warm bare skin of his smooth back.

When Will pulled away he was smirking “I got caught up drying all the linens by the fire and then putting them back on the bed. I finished your bed but then decided I should probably do the guest
bedroom comforters too because I wouldn’t be sleeping there anymore.”

Hannibal nodded at his logic “I appreciate the thought, but the guest bedroom is the least of my concerns at the moment.” He leaned in for another kiss but Will playfully stopped him with his fingers.

“The first one was just to welcome you home. Don’t think I didn’t notice you were late again.”

“I believe I told you I wouldn’t be back until late.”

“Did you mean to come home earlier then this?”

Hannibal softly, and reluctantly, admitted “Yes.”

“Then you are late.” Will whispered the words against his lips. He moved his right hand to caress over Hannibal’s ass, petting the black tail when he came in contact with it. It was a seriously bold and incredibly affective gesture.

Hannibal made a low growl of pleasure “I see you’ve regained your earlier interests. You are not too sore anymore?”

“As I said, you were late, plenty of time to recover.” He tilted his head in such a way as to kiss Hannibal before teasingly turning and trailing his lips down his neck. “I did just change the sheets. It would be a shame to dirty them again.”

“You have another suggestion?” Hannibal’s tongue laved against the mating mark o Will’s neck, making the omega whined and his spine bend under Hannibal’s palm.

“The couch in front of the fire? It’s nice and warm there.” Will nipped the shell of his ear “Or the floor, I’m not picky as long as you’re fucking me.” Hannibal snarled as he lifted Will up into his arms and began walking. Will’s legs instantly wrapped around his waist and something akin to a chuckle left him.

“You have a rather vulgar mouth.”

“Is that a complaint?” Will teased with a smirk.

“No.” Hannibal gave a rather hard nip to the mating mark “Not in this instance.”

Will half expected to be thrown on the couch but instead Hannibal sat down first and moved Will until he was straddling him. The warmth from the fire that Will had kept stoked radiated outward and felt hot against his back. Hannibal’s lips were practically cold in comparison but they warmed quickly as they traveled kisses over his skin. Hannibal’s hand delved into the back of the pajamas and he grasped Will’s tail, stroking the soft fur between his fingers. Will moaned and his hips ground downward against the alphas many layers of clothing, making him hiss in annoyance. His head turned and he buried his nose in Hannibal’s neck. Hannibal moved his free hand to stroke Will neglected and pressing cock when the omega went completely still against him.

The change in Will’s body was unmistakable, like night and day. Pliant warmth suddenly turning to ridged marble in a second. Before he could say anything however, Will hands were pressing around his throat. Fingernails that had not previously need sharp poked distinctly into vulnerable skin. He could still breathe but the threat was there. A snarl left Will’s throat as his face slowly pulled away and those wonderfully cheerful eyes that had gazed at him so affectionately moment before were now cold, detached, and furious in a dark and sinister manner. As Will stared unblinking at him Hannibal noticed the thinnest ring of gold surrounding the omega’s iris.
“Why do you smell like another omega?” His words were frigid.

Hannibal kept calm, even though his inner beast was beginning to stir at the threat. Another creature was threatening him. It was only natural, but this was Will. He reminded himself that this was Will, his mate, and that he had sworn to never hurt him. Even though Hannibal knew that a time might come when he may have to break that promise, he was adamant to not let it be now. He was intrigued, however, that Will had caught him. He had taken great pains to mask the scent heavily and had even mingled for an uncomfortable amount of time down in the boisterous and beer rancid lower part of the tavern. Then the smell of wood and sawdust from the guild and followed up by the crisp cold of the snow and wind, the scent should not have been so easily distinguishable to an omega. To an alpha, yes, who had better olfaction, but not to an omega. Unless… He very carefully scented the air but did not detect any change in his mate’s smell, other than anger. Perhaps once again Hannibal’s blood was having some unforeseen effects on Will that not even Hannibal could have predicted.

Though tasting and the sharing of blood was the first stage to becoming a wendigo, Hannibal had been sure that Will could not have consumed enough to actually merit worry. Apparently he had been wrong. Upon further reflection the hands around his throat were stronger than any omega could have achieved. They actually were just shy of cutting off his breath now. Most curious. This should startle him. Make him reevaluate and step back from his obsession with the omega that was currently in his lap, but as Hannibal continued to stare at that ring of gold, all he felt was darkly satisfied gratification.

“Because I bit and marked another omega.” Hannibal replied truthfully. He had expected the hands to tighten, to threaten him further and cause actual injury. He did not expect to have one leave and slap him across the face. When Will made the motion to do it again Hannibal caught his fist in an iron grip. His own instincts boiled up within him and he bared his teeth in a warning growl. Any other omega would have immediately apologized and submitted, begging for forgiveness and mercy. Will just hissed at him “Then you lied.” Something morbid entered his gaze as he turned and exposed his throat, a submissive gesture but the challenge was all in Will’s eyes “Are you going to hurt me now for hitting you?”

Hannibal ground his teeth “I said I would never hurt you.”

“You also said you were not interested in having multiple mates.” Hannibal’s hands tightened in the back of Will’s hair as he brought their faces close. Intimately close.

“I’m not.” He said it almost as if he were swearing. Infusing the two words with all of his emotion and need for Will to understand.

That seemed to give Will pause, a flicker of hope seemed to fleetingly pass across his face. He opened his mouth to speak and then shut it, trying to form words. “Then… why?” It came out in a hushed, pleading, and broken cry. Hurt, vulnerable, and wrapped in confusion.

“I did not mate this omega. I merely bit her to look like I did.” The grip on Will’s hair softened “It was never my intent to keep this from you.” He lied “If it had been, I could have easily repressed or gotten rid of the scent altogether.”

“So you wanted me to smell it?” Will’s eyes narrowed “You wanted me to think that so close after our mating you were cheating on me.” He didn’t sound in the least bit convinced, and Hannibal agreed that his logic was sound.
“I was going to tell you the moment I got home. I was not expecting such a warm welcome or the possibility of intercourse.” The hands that had been holding Will’s fist at bay caressed down his arms and up to his shoulder and then his cheek. “An act that I admit I’ve become increasingly fond of.” His thumb brushed over Will’s bottom lip “Do you not trust me, Will?”

There was a long pause and then the omega’s eyes fell and his entire body posture changed, seeming sheepish. “Yes… I trust you.” He then gave a sideways glare “But you better explain right now why you bit another omega.”

“For you.” the disbelieving expression Will sent him spoke volumes that words would not “Will, with my new inheritance of my college’s practice I will have to be away from the house considerably more. Leaving you unprotected.”

“I have Winston.”

“One wolf will not be able to defend you from the entire town should they realize their sacrifice still lives.” Hannibal took a breath “This omega I encountered was forced upon me as a present. I could not easily decline her due to my reputation and the fact that I could not say that I was already happily mated for fear of alerting them to your existence. This omega is also doctor. By marking her under the false guise as my mate she could then work at my practice and afford me more time at home with you.”

“…And you think having an omega doctor at your practice isn’t going to make anyone the least bit suspicious?”

“For all the public will know she is my mate, and what I choose to allow my mate to do or not do is my own concern because I am her alpha. Even if there are those who would dare to speak out against it I will deal with them personally.” By adding them to the reserves of meat packed away in his refrigerator. “There is another reason.” Hannibal’s voice took on a soft quality as his eyes ogled Will’s chest and torso, down to his flat stomach. “When you grow with my fawn you will need special clothing that I cannot buy without attracting suspicion. Having a mate will dispel that.” His hand went to Will’s stomach, his thumb stroking the warm skin. Just below his palm the omega’s erection showed a renewed interest.

“There is special clothing?” Will was a little breathless and intrigued.

“Yes…” Hannibal knew the answer already but he hesitated with the question he wanted to ask. Though he knew about Tobias and was intimately aware of everything he had done to Will, Will himself had barely spoken about it at all to him. So he was unsure of weather it was a subject to be touched on now considering their moment of intimacy. “Did your previous alpha never buy you anything?”

For a second Will looked as if he wouldn’t answer but in the end he gave a slight shake of his head. “Nothing.” He sighed as Hannibal’s palm brushed the head of his cock “I never… nothing was all I ever got from him.” He said it as if that was supposed to explain everything, and to Hannibal it did.

His other hand cupped Will’s cheek and brushed his thumb over his lips. The hand that had been petting his stomach moved inside his pajamas and started stroking his cock with sure and long fingers. Will’s lips parted and Hannibal leaned forward to lick his bottom lip “I will buy you everything.” Another gasp “Nothing will stop me from finding a way to give you everything you deserve” The gold vanished from Will’s eyes and his pupils dilated “Everything you desire.” His thumb and forefinger smeared through the precum on the slit and moistened the rest of the head. Will moaned and pressed against Hannibal’s hand. “I want to buy you sweets and watch you gorge yourself on them. I’ll buy you the softest and most beautiful lingerie to caress your perfect skin. I
want to dress you in fine silks and suits and show you off. To show every other alpha in the world that *they cannot have you.*"

“H-Hannibal.” Will was practically thrusting into his hand as his arms were wrapped around the Alpha’s shoulder to hold him up. One hand clutched the back of the couch for support. His cock was so close, Hannibal could tell.

“So beautiful Will. So perfect.” He practically purred. “Look at how you come undone or me. How you need my touch and crave it.” Hannibal could tell even he was getting a little caught up in his own words. “You will give me the most perfect fawn. Beautiful. Intelligent. I want to breed you so full that you desire nothing else.”

“I don’t.” Will gasped, his hips stuttering. “I just... I don’t want to lose you.” He pressed his head against Hannibal’s. His ears falling flat as he gasped and trembled.

“You can never lose me.” Hannibal whispered, thinking how true it was. He would never let Will be rid of him. Even if the omega escaped Hannibal would find him. Never stop hunting him for even a second. Will was his. Everything about Will was his and his alone. “You are mine.”

Words of praise and fidelity were always an omega’s week point. Will moaned brokenly as he came, covering Hannibal’s hand and the inside of his pants. He whined, keened, and rubbed his head against the alpha’s shoulder, looking for reassurance. “Never doubt my loyalty to you Will.” Hannibal breathed as he petted his fingers through Will’s soft hair. “Never question it.” Against his shoulder, Will nodded. After a long moment’s pause he then eventually slid down to the ground and brought his mouth to Hannibal’s erection.
It had been only two days and the progress on the renovations was going very smoothly and faster than Hannibal could have hoped. At this rate he would be able to start seeing patients again by late afternoon tomorrow if need be. All in all most everything was actually going ahead of schedule, remarkably enough. He had managed to secure discreet living quarters for Alana and the news about their farce of a mating was already being well talked about. They had been seen together in public and he had dined openly with her. So much so that even if there were whispers about why she seemed to live separately from him, due to his status alone, it was unlikely anyone with etiquette would openly ask him why. If anything the gossiping grape vine would probably just make hypothesized excuses of his behalf. As he was also sure that in some way or another what he was currently doing would also reach the burning ears of the public.

Alana stood before the three mirrors admiring herself while the modiste stood behind her with a critical eye. The older women look Alana up and down approvingly before looking over to Hannibal for approval. “The crimson color does suit her skin quite well would you not agree?” And it was true. The dress Alana currently had on made her look like a vision. Hannibal thought it gave her an air of regality and he could just see patients coming in and being in awe of her. Then again, perhaps that would also be a problem. From where Hannibal sat in the plush chair in the corner of the room he waved his right hand in dismissal.

“I like the design but a less aggressive color if you please. Perhaps a vermillion or violet?”

The seamstress nodded as she turned away to go searching for something else while Alana turned to look at Hannibal over her shoulder. “Are you sure you wish to buy me even more clothes? My new wardrobe I thought was more than generous.”

“You needed to have something to wear while we are out in public. This is more a wardrobe specifically for work.”

“I see. In the past I usually just wore one of my father’s old pants suits.”

“And why would any female omega wear such a thing?”

“Wearing unattractive and inappropriate clothing does tend to discourage many alphas.” She explained as she fiddled with a fake rose along her left shoulder. “I feel like a garden. An itchy silk garden.”
“You are mated now,” Hannibal eyed her bodice and the row of flowers that started on the left shoulder and wound across her breast and then around her torso and down one side of the gown. “You need never fear of another alpha’s advances again.” After regarding the reses a moment longer he nodded his head. When the modiste came back with three other gowns Hannibal informed her bluntly that anything with flowers was unwanted. Luckily the gowns she had in hand did not have any flowers at all.

Alana was changed into another gown of a simpler design in a soft cream and light lavender. This design suited her much better and accentuated her ace and eyes. It gave her a soft and comfortable demeanor. One that Hannibal was sure would put their many omega patients at ease almost instantly. Instead of being faced with a significantly more gorgeous omega then themselves they would be met with a more motherly and compassionate looking omega. Alana must have also seem the change in the mirror as well as she too nodded her consent as she looked at Hannibal through his reflection in the mirror.

“We shall take this one and six more like it. Keep with the muted colors and more a-line design.” He spoke. The modiste nodded again and after pushing a darker green dress away she offered up a pink one. Hannibal immediately shook his head “Pink is for young omegas who have just presented and are newly coming out. Or for young babies in prams.”

“I never really liked the color pink to be honest.” Alana added. Still without saying a word the modiste nodded once again toward Hannibal and left. Once she was gone and out of earshot Alana turned and stepping off the pedestal came to stand very close to Hannibal. “I need to tell you something.”

Giving her his full attention Hannibal asked subtly under his breath “I there something wrong?”

“Yes, in a way. An omega came by yesterday asking when we would be open again. He seemed very eager.” Hannibal knew immediately to whom Alana was referring to. “He was sort of portly and overly apologetic.”

“That would be Franklyn.” The man had seemed to make it his absolute mission to search out Hannibal and ask him at least once of day when he would be seeing patients again. Even though Hannibal had told him the same answer every time he asked. Even then after receiving an answer to his question he would then linger and shower Hannibal with compliments and praises that were wholly undesired. “I suggest you get to know him very well as he’s one of the omegas I intend to give to you once we reopen.” He had planned on dealing with Franklyn himself but after reading his file the man clearly showed an overly submissive disorder and a tendency to hyper fixate on an alpha’s approval. Despite being mated he would even go so far as idolization and even stalking, as Hannibal was clearly becoming his latest fixation.

“I think he would be better suited to being treated by you.”

“And why is that exactly?”

Alana raised her elegant eyebrow at him as if questioning “You read his file. You know who his alpha is?”

“The file I have mentioned he was mated but not who to.” He tilted his head a little in thought “If it were pertinent information Chilton would have included it. Why do you ask?”

“He followed me to my apartment Hannibal.” She looked over her shoulder to make sure they were still alone “It really worried me and when he started crying he informed me that his alpha was just so angry and adamant that he ‘get out of the house and get that cunt of his fixed’.” Alana frowned
“His words, not mine. So I asked him who his alpha was. It’s Tobias.”

The modiste came back in, forcing Alana to turn away and get back before the mirrors. Though Hannibal’s interest was now peaked he pretended to care about the other dresses and such, all the while just looking to Alana’s expression in the mirror for which ones were good and which ones weren’t. As he watched the fifth dress be untightened and lifted over her head he noticed the under slip catch and tear with a resounding rip. Both women stopped dead as they looked over the damage. Alana immediately offered her regrets while the seamstress looked both annoyed and struggling to try and not show it. Hannibal merely wanted the women to be gone for another lengthy period of time so he could find out more about Tobias. After all he was a particularly bog fish Hannibal was looking forward to sinking his teeth into, but only after he found out everything in order to kill him and then cover it up without anyone knowing.

Sensing, however, that because they now had seven dresses that Alana liked and therefore the modiste would expect them to leave, Hannibal found himself saying “If you desire my dear you may choose some nice undergarments to go with your new gowns.” Hannibal had meant some new slips, petticoats, corsets, or even binders. At his words, however, the older women smiled knowingly and then turned to Alana.

“You’re alpha is very generous my dear, you should thank him.”

“Yes,” Alana looked toward Hannibal and pretended to be embarrassed, if not a bit coy “Thank you, alpha.”

“Now come along dearie, we mustn’t be brazen and tease the man. I’m not that kind of show. You know how alphas can be.” She tittered to herself as she grabbed a lush velvet curtain and began to slide it across the room, effectively cutting off Hannibal on the other side. Before she disappeared behind it she grinned at Hannibal “I’ll make sure she looks just delectable. Just for my knowledge what colors do you prefer? And do you like lace, silk, or satin?”

Still thinking the woman was referring to slips and the like he considered the style and color of each of the dresses Alana had chosen before answering “Lace I think, but satin is also acceptable.” As for color… just two, one of each, should do just fine “Black or white I think.” That way no matter what dress it was one of the two would coordinate with it.

The woman nodded and then disappeared. This left Hannibal alone with nothing more than his current thoughts and mood, which were not the most pleasant. If Franklyn really was one of Tobias’ many omegas then it would indeed behoove Hannibal to take him on as his patient, despite the more unprofessional attitude the omega was exhibiting. However, it also had Hannibal questioning as to why Tobias would even want an omega such as Franklyn. The size of an alpha’s harem being equated to his power aside, most alphas would still not take on an omega so obviously flawed as Franklyn was. Then again, Tobias was the same alpha who had looked at Will and thought him worthless enough to serve up as a sacrifice. The thought alone made Hannibal long for the day he would sink his teeth through flesh and snap bone. To hear the many blood choked scream and gasping coughing breath. But even a judgment so phenomenally erroneous as Tobias’ was could not possibly have been so blind when faced with Franklyn. It would be as if listening to “The dance of the sugarplum fairy” but when asked who its composer was one would answer ‘Shakespeare’. So unbelievably imprecise that one could only come to the conclusion that the answer was given by the village idiot. A person with so small a brain, that if Hannibal were to crack his head open there wouldn’t be enough to cover a small water biscuit. No, there had to be another reason for why Tobias had claimed Franklyn as one of his.

“So sorry to keep you waiting.” The modiste grinned as she came peeking back around the curtain.
“I think you’ll be most impressed young man. She makes a gorgeous model if I do say so myself.” She pulled back the curtain and Hannibal was both taken back and astounded by what he saw. Alana stood on the pedestal wearing far less than even a slip or traditional corset. What adorned her skin was a sort of garter dress. Sheer see-through black lace covered her bust and down her stomach to a pair of panties that too were attached to a garter belt and thigh high stockings. The ‘dress’ part of the outfit, if it could be called that, came from a long layer of fabric in the back the flowed outward like a ball gown. However, it only flowed in the back, with the front being nonexistent.

His mind at a blank after seeing this he could only say “I think there has been a miscommunication.”

“Do you not like it? Perhaps a bit too conservative? I do have some more risqué versions if you like, though this one is the latest fashion. Very popular in the other parts of the world you know. Alphas enjoy knowing what their omegas are wearing under all those clothes. It’s like a little secret only they know.”

Hannibal was about to protest when he took another look at the lingerie and the vision of Alana just melted away. He saw Will standing before him, looking at himself in the mirror, blushing in an embarrassed but excited manner as he turned to look at himself. Then, wearing that, he would turn and look at Hannibal with a sheepish smile. Will with his white ears and tail would look just breathtaking in that black lace. The dark color contrasting beautifully and acting as a metaphorical stand in for the corruption Hannibal was most assuredly enacting on Will. Sweet innocent pure white being overtaken and coveted by darkness. It made Hannibal shiver.

“I also have it in white as you can see. If you wish her to change.” The woman held up a hanger with a pearl white version of the same outfit, however this one had red heart shaped buttons on the stockings and a blood red ribbon interwoven into the garter belt lace trim. Hannibal immediately imagined Will in that one too. Though he would never have considered ribbons in the past he admitted the contrast of white and red was appealing in its own right. It made Hannibal think about blood, passion, and the absolute completion he felt when he knotted deep inside Will.

He fantasized about Will sitting at the end of their bed fiddling with the buttons in agitation “This stupid thing just won’t hook.” He turned to Hannibal with an almost pouting expression “Can you help me?” He imagined himself walking over and getting down on one knee to correct the matter. Such intimate feminine attire caressing Will’s soft skin being both covering and revealing. The qualities of the lace being a perfect tease. His breath quickened as he thought about how long and supple his legs would look, so sleek and tempting. Hannibal could see himself running a hand down Will’s outer thigh while his lips did the same to his inner thigh. And Will would sigh so prettily. Part those legs in invitation.

Oh yes, though he had not known anything about this new form of undergarment he could very easily see why it had become popular. He immediately wanted to dress Will in them constantly. Have him walk around the house in them. Have him be like a constant work of art and sexuality that would test Hannibal’s patience to the very limit and then reward him.

“Alpha?” It was only when Alana said something that Hannibal was brought out of his reverie and back to the current moment. “Do you like it?” She asked, pretending once again to be unsure and indecisive. It continually amazed Hannibal how good of an actress she was. Then again… an omega whom was smart enough to learn how to be a Doctor is this society, she would have to be a good actress.

“They are lovely my dear, as are you.” He smiled reassuringly, pretending as if it were Will that
had asked the question. “We’ll take this as well. One of each color. Do you have any more to show me?” He suddenly found himself wanting to see all the styles. As ever he was a many that made decisions only after seeing all that was to offer.

At the prospect of him spending even more money the older women flittered away with a delighted “Oh, Yes sir! Right away!”

Once she was gone Alana eyed herself in the mirror. “You were thinking about her, weren’t you?” Hannibal said nothing because he felt the answer was obvious. Even though he should correct Alana that his mate was not a ‘her’ but a ‘him’. However, the less major details she knew the less likely it was for her to accidentally say something and ruin everything. “I can feel it, vaguely. Almost like an incomplete or nagging emotion. It must be the bond. It’s trying.”

Hannibal looked down at his hand. For no particular reason other than to just not look at Alana while she still wore that outfit as much as possible.“Biology does what it is supposed to regardless of our opinions on the matter. Rest assured it will not fully complete nor ever function beyond the vague feeling you are describing. Without proper nurturing it may even wither one day until it dies."

She nodded, seemingly satisfied with that answer “Do you feel anything? A slight itching or even a veiled understanding of me?”

“No.” He answered honestly. The only emotions and slight consciousness he was beginning to have a more profound connection with was Will’s. For example, even now he could sense that his mate was happy. He did not know exactly what Will was doing, nor could he talk to him or hear his thoughts, but he could feel a sense of contentment meaning that Will was unharmed. Alana sighed, and Hannibal was forced to actually look at her. He pursed his lips at her expression.

“Yes,” He watched her intently as she continued to look herself up and down “You may have one if you so wish.”

“This one. I really like the way I look in it.” She smiled then “I’m guessing she looks a lot like me, this mate of yours?”

“What makes you think that?”

“If you’re using me as a model, or rather a stand in, for buying her clothes then I only assume she has the same measurements as me.”

Not exactly but for the clothes he was buying if they were a little loose it would not be a big deal. Will was gaining weight anyway and if he was with child then that would only speed everything along. Besides where Will differed most was the measurement of the chest, and it was not like Hannibal was going to buy him a bra. Stockings, panties, garter belts, corsets, and negligées were one thing but he wasn’t so sure on a bra.

The woman returned carrying a multitude of outfits “Do you have a preference with which one we should start with sir?”

Hannibal looked at them at a glance before his eyes settled on a burgundy wine colored nightie with slits over the chest and another one that had a silk robe in a soft, pale, robin’s egg blue. “These two, if you would. Thank you.”

It continued like that for another hour and when they finally left the shop Hannibal looked down at his watch with a soft sigh of regret. Though it was not terribly past the time he had estimated the
shopping spree would take he now was running fifteen minutes behind when he should. He supposed he could just postpone picking up the custom embroidered field books he had ordered. Or he would have to spend less time at the bake shop picking out new sweets for Will. They had just crossed the street when a familiar and unpleasant voice called out to him.

“Oh, Hannibal!”

Hannibal immediately put his arm around Alana’s waist and gently persuaded her to stand behind him as he turned his head and smiled at Mason. “Mr. Verger, good morning.”

Mason looked at the many beautiful boxes Alana was holding. The smaller parcels they had taken with them while the larger ones Hannibal had instructed the modiste to have her servants deliver to Alana’s apartment. “I see your new gilt has you wrapped around her pretty finger.” He chuckled in a condescending but indulgent manner “Enjoy it while you can my dear, he’ll make a sow of you yet.”

“I don’t see the harm in making sure my mate looks her best.” Hannibal interjected “It only benefits me.”

“Yes, I do see your point. How I would cherish having my beautiful mate by my side. But, unfortunately, she is not ready yet. Which actually brings me to what I wish to talk to you about.” He stared intently at Hannibal and for all intents and purposes Alana was no longer even there. “I spoke about my lovely Margot earlier, do you remember?”

“I believe you mentioned something.” Hannibal offered vaguely. The less he had to say to the revolting little man the better.

“Well Chilton was supposed to be helping my Margot understand her true nature and come to terms with her density. But now that he’s dead and eaten the responsibility as it were falls to you.” He grinned “And I’m sure with us being such good friends and all you won’t have any trouble fitting her in to your busy schedule.”

It would seem that today was turning out to be quite lucky. Not only did he find an unexpected present for Will but his two greatest enemies were handing him snitches, in a sense, to all their dark dealings and secrets. “Of course, Mr. Verger. If Chilton promised as such I feel it would be rude of me to renege on that agreement. I’ll inform my secretary that Margot should be one of the first to be seen.”

“Oh, I knew you would understand. And you will be seeing her yourself, correct?”

“You would not like her to see Alana?”

“Not in the least. I’m sure you can understand.”

“Very well. Though wouldn’t it be beneficial for her to see Alana every so often?” Knowing Mason he added “For her to listen to another omega about the importance of submission. And the enjoyment that can be found in pleasing ones alpha. After all, Alana has first hand experience.” To his amazement Alana actually blushed and looked away.

Mason’s grin got even more toothy “Oh, I thought as much. After all no Alpha buys such gifts for a disobedient omega.” Mason then seemed to acknowledge Alana again, but not in a good way. He leered at her “I bet you whimper so sweetly when that knots nice and tight in you.”

Hannibal growled warningly “We are in public, Mr. Verger. I ask that you conduct yourself with the decorum befit that vocation.” Though to discuss omegas like property in public was allowed, to
use such vulgar vernacular in front of them was not seen as proper in the least. After all, an omega’s constitution was very delicate and they were prone to fits and fainting easily.

Mason didn’t seem to care one way or the other and rather found Hannibal’s warning amusing “I meant no offence Hannibal. It’s really a compliment, I assure you. But yes, perhaps it would be a good idea then for your little mate can talk with Margot. But I do suggest that you be in the room. Margot exhibits this unnatural and inexcusable behavior whenever she’s around female omegas. It’s why I never let her out of the house off her leash you know.”

“As you shouldn’t, if she’s that disobedient.” Even as he said it the words tasted like dust in his mouth. “But I assure you my Alana can be trusted.”

“That’s what all the other said in the past.” Mason’s expression turned dark “She has this way. I’m warning you Hannibal. You’ll have your hands full with her.”

“I am inclined to take your advice,” Hannibal nodded “I shall. I promise you.”

“See my dear Hannibal, you understand me so well.”

“Not completely as yet, but I shall as we continue to meet.”

“Just out of curiosity… are you seeing Tobias’ little charity case too?”

“I’m not sure if it is proper for me to talk about other patients that you do not have dominion over. If I am seeing a patient that is related to Tobias I should first get his permission before saying anything.”

“I’ll take that as a yes. In any case don’t waste too much of your time with Franklyn. He’s a hopeless case and even Tobias does not have any real hopes that he can be cured. Well, it is getting late and now that I’ve said what I needed I’ll let you take your omega away.”

“It is getting late.” Hannibal agreed. “Do you wish to return home?” He asked Alana.

“I will do whatever you think is best, my alpha.” Her voice was so sweet. If only Mason was not already walking away perhaps he would have seen the fire and brimstone in her brown eyes. When the other alpha was far enough away she said “You play the mindless bigoted sadist so well.”

“And you the simpering doting wife.”

She moved the packages to her other arm only to have Hannibal grab two of them. Smiling, she then entangled her free arms around his right bicep and they began walking again “You know,” Hannibal began “I was once told that verbal insults hurt more than physical pain. I shall have to ask Mason his opinion on the matter, after his inevitable future disemboweling.”

Alana pursed her lips as she tried not to laugh “Oh, if only. I hope it comes sooner rather than later.”

She had no idea how right she was.
Will had awoken to Hannibal’s lips on his forehead kissing him goodbye early in the morning. He moaned as he tried to bring himself out of his sleep stupor. He had pitifully reached out a hand to clasp Hannibal’s “Don’t go. Stay.”

Hannibal chuckled “I must go. I have plans that need to be seen to but I promise to bring you back more sweets.” Will only grumbled “Is there anything you would particularly like to try?”

Will thought for a moment then said “Nothing more with pumpkin. I had too much. Apple and strawberries are always good.” Then he remembered “There was something you were eating not so long ago. What was that? You don’t usually eat sweets and there was only one so I never got to try it.”

Hannibal had to laugh “And I thought my late night snack had gone unnoticed. That was an apple kringle. Flaky layers of Danish filled with apple filling, almond paste, and raisins shaped into a pretzel. Just before it is baked, it is topped with sugar and sliced almonds.”

Will moaned again, smiling as he buried his face deeper into the pillow “You can go if you bring me back one of those.”

“I’ll bring you ten.” He kissed Will’s forehead again “Now go back to sleep. The sun is barely even up.” He brought up the cover to drape in over Will’s shoulder and then was gone.

By the time Will did fully wake up it was almost midafternoon. He was surprised he had overslept so much, but then he remembered that Hannibal had kept him up until late into the night. He smiled to himself as he got out of bed and then looked in Hannibal’s closet for something to wear. Taking a coat off the hanger Will spontaneously decided that he would take a walk with Winston today. He also wanted to check on the bug creature, which he had decided to name Snowdrop. Or Snowy for short. He had wanted to ask Hannibal exactly what kind of creature Snowy was but that had been thrown out the window when the alpha had come home smelling like another omega.

As Will put on his boots he thought about Hannibal’s words. Had he really meant them? Will thought and felt that he did. He didn’t see why Hannibal would lie to him. Not only did it not seem at all like Hannibal to do so, but moreover there was no reason for it. If Hannibal wanted another omega there was nothing stopping him form getting one. The only thing that did was Will’s desire that he wouldn’t and in turn Hannibal’s desire to make Will happy and respect his opinion. Hannibal respected and honored his request. That was way more than Tobias’ had ever done.

“I need multiple mates because I can’t be expected to just ‘go without’ while those of you that are pregnant can’t have sex. Besides, there is always the risk of one or two of you being a dud like you. If you can’t give me a fawn then at the vest least you could show your appreciation for what I do for you in the way you were meant to.”

The memory hurt. As they always did. But for the first time it didn’t consume Will and leave him feeling like he was so ill he wanted to retreat back to bed. With a sense of relief Will realized that it was because that’s all Tobias’ was now, a bad memory. One that he could slowly but surely, step by tiny step, move on from and onto bigger and better things. Redirecting his thoughts back to Hannibal, Will supposed all he could do really was trust Hannibal and hope. Besides, he supposed it was unfair to be demanding things from his mate when he too was not being totally truthful.

Then again, neither was Hannibal. The alpha still had no idea that Will already knew his little secret. He wondered if that truth would ever come to light. He supposed it would have to if he did
somehow become pregnant.

Pregnant.

Will paused on the last tie of his right boot and flattened his ears in thought. Pregnant. He rubbed a hand over his stomach. Yes, if he was pregnant he supposed he would have to confront Hannibal about being the Wendigo. He had a right to know about the child inside him. What exactly his body was incubating. But he honestly could not guess what Hannibal’s reaction might be. Was it best to bring it up? It was obviously something Hannibal was not forthright with talking about so maybe Will should just pretend until they couldn’t pretend anymore. Then again maybe it wouldn’t even come to that because Will might not be pregnant… might never be pregnant. Or what if the baby died again? What if… the baby was already dead inside of him like before. He had continued to suffer month after month for nothing. What if he gave birth and Hannibal was forced to look down at his dead fawn. The fawn Will had unknowingly killed.

He covered his face with his hands. No. That wouldn’t happen again. It was not his fault. He knew that. He knew that. Still, he should tell Hannibal the truth. Warn him what might happen and how sorry Will was. Then that would only bring about questions about Tobias and… and… he really didn’t want to talk about that. What if it changes Hannibal’s perceptions of him. What if he changed his mind and realized Will wasn’t worth this. Tears came to Will’s eyes and he started rocking back and forth to comfort himself. It was ok. It was ok, everything was fine. Nothing was happening right now and nothing was going to happen.

Not yet

Will took in a staggering breath as he flopped to the floor holding himself. He didn’t want to lose Hannibal. He needed to tell him the truth but that would only seal his fate, he knew it. No. If Hannibal wanted to not say anything about what he really was then it was only fair Will got to keep a few secrets of his own. But what if he was pregnant?

He closed his eyes and could hear the distant wails of crying babies. Cute, adorable, perfect little crying babies that were not his. Blood surrounded him and pooled at his feet and felt as cold as ice against his skin.

No.

His child lay before him. Silent as the grave it was being lowered into. There was no tombstone. There was no kind wishes of resting peacefully. There was no date of life. There was no gender.

There was no name.

With every passing month that his stomach had grown Will’s reluctant anger and resentment towards his future child had only grown. He knew it was not its fault. He had hoped that maybe the baby would love him and give him a reason to finally smile in this world. His feeling of protectiveness and hope had only fueled the cancer that was his despair. He had blamed the child. Hated it. Loved it. Wished for its life and death countless times over.

He fell to the ground before the hollow grave. It was all his fault. He had whished this and it had come true. What kind of mother wishes for the death of their child? He didn’t deserve a baby. He didn’t deserve to live. It should be him in this grave. With the cold winter ground being buried on top of him. Taking away his air and closing in around him. The weight crushing him down until he finally stopped breathing.

Good.
The crying of the children began to change into shrieks and wails of what could only be damned souls. And from the blood pool around Will’s naked shivering body came a long, elongated, skinless ox like skull. But ox didn’t have sharp canine teeth. From the black eyes sockets of the skull two yellow eyes like lanterns in the night shown forth.

Will gasped and jerked upright from his vision. He was still on the floor in Hannibal’s house. Clutching his chest with his eyes wide and fearful. He was shaking uncontrollably. A loud clattering at the door to the garden had him getting to his feet and walking outside. Air. He needed air.

The moment he opened the door Winston was whining and nearly jumping on him. He pawed at the ground in agitation and rubbed his nose against Will’s hand adamantly. “Shhh,” Will soothed “I’m fine Winston. It’s ok.” The wolf pushed his massive head into Will’s arms. Will hugged him, taking a breath of cool refreshing winter air. “I’m alright.” He repeated “I’m alright.” He imagined water, refreshing and cleansing washing over his skin. Taking away the pain, the fear, the threats… everything just washed away.

After he had calmed down he looked into Winston’s eyes and smiled “Thanks Winston. I needed that.” The wolf licked his face before sniffing him up and down. He seemed very concerned with Will’s scent, and whined again. “I’m Ok, Winston, really.” Will laughed it off thinking the animal was hungry. He opened the bag of meat he had gotten from the fridge and held it out. Winston salivated at the sight of it but then closed his mouth and using his nose pushed the meat back toward Will.

Will frowned and held it out again “It’s ok, it’s yours. You can have it.” Winston looked at Will, then the meat, before taking it in his front teeth and turning away to tear at it chuck by chunk on the ground. Will looked around and peeked under a nearby snow covered bush “Where is Snowy?”

As if on cue the animal cooed and caused Will to turn and look up at the roof of the house. Snowy sat on top of the weathervane rotating lazily. “Snowy!” Will had to laugh “Get down here.” The creature cooed again before buzzing its wings and drifting downward slowly. “Well I guess your wings are feeling better.” Snowy nuzzled into his arms and then began to lick the snow away from his fingertips. Will had found out that first night after Snowy had come to him that the creature did not eat meat or even vegetation. It seemed to survive almost exclusively on water in any form. Will then looked up at the roof of the house and noticed all the snow had been cleared away from the east side. “I guess you were hungry.” Another coo.

He laughed as he stroked a hand down the creature’s back. Once again marveling at its softness. “I was thinking the three of us could go for a walk.” Winston’s head perked up at that as he licked his muzzle clean of any lingering meat flavor. “Would you like that?” The wolf snorted but trotted over to the perimeter gate. Will grinned as he undid the lock and away they went.

The wood was layered in a sea of white and it made Will feel slightly guilty as he blemished it with their footprints. But in any case it would serve as an easy trail to follow back home. They walked without destination or any true haste. Will just wanted to enjoy the scenery and air. The trees with their thick trunks and roots that cascaded high above his head into a canopy full of snow and glittering sunlight. Long skinny icicles hung from low hanging branches and showed small prismatic rainbows into the air when looked at from just the right angle. Will smiled in absolute delight.

When the snow grew too thick he hopped on Winston’s back and allowed the much larger dire wolf to trudge through. Snowy hummed bemusedly alongside them with the occasional trip to an icicle or two. Will folded his arms over Winston’s head as he reclined forward “Isn’t it beautiful
Winston? Sometimes it’s hard to imagine why anyone is scared of these woods.” Winston snorted again and flicked his right ear “Oh, yes. I know why. I’m just saying that they are quite beautiful.”

Everything was just fine and about the point where Will was going to turn back Winston stopped in his tracks. He scented the air and his ears turned forward and alert. Will leaned back and stroked a hand down his neck. He didn’t ask what had the wolf immediately weary but he was sure anything that alarmed Winston was not good for him either. “Winston lets go home.” He whispered.

A howl echoed through the forest and Winston visibly shook, cowering as he took two steps back. “Winston go!” Will hissed, clutching tightly to the thick fur with his hands. Winston whimpered as he turned and ran. Large paws thundered through the snow as if it were nothing. Kicking up spray as he effortlessly bounded over hills and logs. The howl rang out again, but this time closer.

“Winston run as fast as you can alright!” Will called. He turned to look behind him to look for Snowy, seeing that the bug was not far behind, buzzing hurriedly. Another howl and then a clamoring of falling snow. Will turned to his side to see two white wolves charging just a ways off through the trees but clearly trying to catch Winston. A loud growl had Will turning to the other side, seeing a sandy golden wolf not more than a few feet behind. The animal snarled and snapped its fangs inches away from Winston’s tail. Will turned forward to focus on the trail ahead. It was only a split second to see the low hanging branch above the log Winston was about to jump over. The wolf leaped, and the branch crashing into Wills head sending him backward and falling to the ground. Will lay there in the snow clutching his head and feeling the blood drip down his fingertips. He groaned and then looked up to see the other wolves had all surrounded him.

The two white ones stayed close together and were smaller than the gold to their left. Another wolf, a reddish brown one, ran up but came to a halt a few feet away from Will. She sniffed curiously. More snarls and yips of pain could be heard. Will looked behind himself to see Winston cowering before a gigantic maimed black and gray wolf. He was easily twice the size of the others and the right side of his face was horribly disfigured. It looked as if the skin had been shredded and then it had healed. Where the right eye should be there was only a vacant socket with oddly pulsing black tissue. It roared at Winston, despite that he was already submitting and cowering on the ground. A large yellow puddle could be seen under Winston’s tail.

“Winston!” Will cried out, getting to his feet only to have the other wolves growl at him. Except the red wolf. Where the others blindly showed their teeth she took another step forward, continuing to sniff Will cautiously. Another step. Now she was practically sniffing Will’s hand she was so close.

Another loud yelp and Will turned to watch the black wolf rear up on his hind legs and then slam his front paws down on Winston’s head. “Winston!” Will screamed, racing over to him. The white and golden wolves made a motion to stop him before the red wolf blocked their path.

Will ran to Winston’s head and caressed his hand down the wolf’s muzzle. “Winston? Winston please!”

Winston opened his eyes and whined, pushing his nose into Will’s chest. Another vicious snarl followed by a spray of saliva made Will turn his head and look into the face of the alpha wolf. His long canine teeth gleamed as they were bared mere inches from Will’s face. Fear spiked through Will in that moment, but Winston pushing at his chest brought him back to reality. Steadying himself he gave Winston one last pet before standing up to his full height. Which compared to the height of the alpha dire wolf was really not that intimidating.

With a deep breath Will said “I ask that you leave my friend alone.” The alpha roared, spraying more saliva. Will cringed but remained determined “If you’re angry because we came so far into
your territory I’m sorry. If you let us go we will not trespass again.” In that instant Will felt something. It was like a spark of knowing in his mind. A feeling of panic that was not his own settled in his chest. And then a following wave of reassurance. Of resolute determination.

“Hannibal.” Will spoke softly, touching his heart as he felt the muscle flutter. Hannibal knew he was in trouble. He was coming. A smile tugged at his lips as he looked back up at the wolf “You’re going to want to let me go.” The wolf grabbed Will by his shoulder, sinking in his teeth as he tossed Will to the side like a rag doll.

Pain sung through Will’s body and then a foreign feeling of numbness and calm. And rage. Pure, uninhibited, overflowing rage. Will managed to move his injured arm and push himself into a sitting position. Blood flowed from the open wound. It dripped and splattered over the perfect white snow. He tried to steady his breath so he wouldn’t go into shock as the black wolf turned and began to stalk toward him. Winston leaped to his feet and pounced on the alpha’s back, his jaws clamping around the wolf’s neck. The red wolf also attacked, biting at the alpha’s leg and thrashing her head wildly. The alpha howled. It picking up the red wolf and threw her off as easily at it had done Will. Then it bucked its body until Winston was tossed aside and slammed into a tree. Its head then turned around and growled at the white and gold wolves, who despite his command did nothing. The alpha barked at them venomously but the other three, even though they were obviously intimidated, still did not move to do anything. One of the white wolves even whined and shook its head back and forth.

“Seems the rest of your pack is smart.” Will smirked, gaining the alpha’s attention once more. The huge dire wolf glared at Will and then opened its mouth as if to swallow him whole when it froze. A light wind blew past them and with it carried Hannibal’s unmistakable scent.

Will turned toward it and looked up the path to see a large black furred elk. He recognized it as the one who had shown itself when he had been sacrificed at the altar. The same one who had been part of his dream not so long ago. The forest once again took on a completely unearthly quietness. It was as if nature itself retreated into hiding when Hannibal was present. Will took a step forward but the wolf turned to snap at his leg, barely missing it.

A noise that was truly bloodcurdling echoed through the woods. It was neither a cry, nor a roar, or even and howl or a scream. It was a sound Will had never really heard before and was beyond words to describe in true detail. It echoed in his head, in his soul, and seemed to be the call of death itself. Then there was the snapping of bone and the crunching of muscles and tendons. Will looked up at the elk to see its mouth opening to reveal sharp glistening white fangs. Its front hooves contorted into black clawed hands.

The wolf cried out in challenge as the wendigo took its first step nearer. The snow made no sound beneath its feet. It looked truly horrendous with its gaping open mouth and misshapen five fingered hands. But it wasn’t done. The black eyes of the elk became smaller and turned pearly white. The two magnificent antlers atop its head split and grew, becoming jagged and twisted even as the flesh parted to rivers of black blood. The other wolves whined, whimpered, and yelped in terror as they frantically scrambled backward and away. Winston only lay perfectly still in the snow with his muzzle buried in his paws. The alpha wolf looked as if he were about to take a step back but decided against it. Howling one last time he charged at the wendigo.

He leaped into the air and landed on the creature’s back, clawing and biting at the thick hide. The wendigo growled in the back of a pure black throat as his hands grabbed the wolf by his hind legs and dragged him off, throwing his against the nearest tree. He then charged the wolf and his long antlers skewered through the smaller body. He lifted his head only to slam the animal down into the earth again and again. Snow went flying in large clouds that then were sprayed in crimson.
Blood splattered the trees and dripped down the antlers themselves. Where it mixed together and almost appeared as if the black blood was drinking it up. The wolf screamed in pain even as it tried to defend itself, biting uselessly at the antler with every downward slam. The ground shook with the sheer strength of the wendigo. With a rough thrash of his head the wolf was dislodged and went tumbling through the drifts off in one direction. Whimpering for the first time the alpha tried to get up but his back legs were broken. It didn’t matter. In an instant the wendigo was on him again, pushing him down with his clawed hands. The gaping jaws crunched down on the wolf’s ribs. Blood gushed out of the animal’s mouth. Then, as if to portray his dominance with one final horror, the wendigo pulled back and took the intact ribcage and spine of the wolf with him. The lungs, heart, stomach, and other organs fell to the snowy ground with a loud slopping noise of blood and raw gore. With no effort the powerful teeth shattered the bones and then the mouth opened to emit that chilling noise it had before.

The head of the wendigo turned to look at the carcass and then with labored breathing the breaking of bone could be heard again. This time from the creature itself as the more horrifying parts of its body receded and vanished, leaving the once black elk that had been on the horizon not moments before. The creature snorted and then turned to leave. Will watched it with absolute fascination, a mixture of pride and awe coursing through him. This creature of death and nightmares was his mate.

For a moment Will thought Hannibal would just walk right by and not even look at him. Perhaps he was pissed that Will had gotten himself in trouble. Though Will knew it was more likely he was playing it cool because he didn’t want Will to suspect what he truthfully already knew. But then he stopped and ever so slowly the head turned around to look back at Will. Those dark black eyes made Will feel like his entire person was being judged. Gulping out of reflex Will momentarily wondered what to say. What would he have said to the wendigo that had just saved him, if he didn’t already know it was Hannibal? “Um… thank you again for saving me.” He started. He took two steps forward “You’re… the wendigo. Aren’t you?” Will licked his lips “I’ve been meaning to thank you for sparing my life. Because of you… I was saved by…” Oh god what should he call Hannibal to his face? He wanted to make the alpha happy but not be so out of character as to arouse suspicion “I was saved by a really wonderful man. Who then became my mate. And so… thank you.” The elk released a heavy breath into the cold air before moving closer to Will and then making no effort to hide that he was scenting him. Will took a step back, worried that Hannibal might be able to tell something, but the elk growled and Will shivered. Then he noticed where Hannibal was sniffing. His lower stomach at just about the level of his hips. The same place Winston had sniffed him. And that red wolf as well.

In an instant Winston’s refusal to eat the meat made sense, his pushing Will away to save himself made sense, the other wolf’s reluctance to attack him and even to go so far as to immediately protect him made sense. They could smell it. Hannibal could smell it.

Will’s hands immediately went to his stomach “I’m pregnant.” Overwhelming joy coursed through him. “I’m pregnant.” His hands went to cover his mouth as tears came to his eyes. “Oh my god.” He laughed and without thinking turned to run back to the house. He needed to tell Hannibal. He wanted to tell Hannibal. But Hannibal was already here, and he already knew. Will wanted to leap into his arms and kiss him. But to do that here and now would only bring on another conversation that Will didn’t want to have right now. He just wanted to focus of the baby. He just wanted to be embraced by Hannibal and know he was overjoyed with a successful copulation. Stopping momentarily he said “I’m sorry. But I really have to go. Thank you.” He smiled brilliantly “Thank you!” He waved as he ran off in the direction of the house. There, now he could run home to ‘tell Hannibal’ and Hannibal was now free to leave to race home and get there before him. He wondered how Hannibal would cover up all the blood or make it seem like he had been home the whole time. Oh Will didn’t care, he was just so happy to actually be pregnant! All those months of
being ridiculed and suffering because he hadn’t been able to conceive. Fuck Tobias, he had seemed to be able to get pregnant just fine with Hannibal.

There was a high pitched woof and Will looked over his shoulder to see Winston running after him. He stopped long enough to grab onto the wolf’s fur and hoist himself up. Then he leaned forward and whispered in his ear “Not too fast now Winston. Give Hannibal a chance to catch up.”

Though Winston did slow his pace just a tad they still arrived at the house within eight minutes. As Will dismounted he hoped that was enough time to allow Hannibal to do whatever he needed to do. He walked up to the back door and then froze at the sight of his own bloody hands as he reached for the handle. Oh yeah, he’d been injured. He was only now beginning to register the pain again. He had been so flooded with endorphins he had forgotten all about it. The actual physical pain of his body just pushed to the back of his mind entirely. Regardless, he opened the door and went inside the house.

Hannibal was not in the kitchen or by the fireplace, but as Will took the stairs two at a time his white deer ears perked in the direction of running water. The shower in their bedroom, of course, Will should have known. He ran as fast as he could and without ceremony opened the bathroom door and practically tackled Hannibal against the wall. Still wearing clothes and still covered in blood.

The alpha actually did look surprised to see him and alarmed at his condition. “Will?! What-why are you covered in blood?!” Hannibal’s hands went to his shoulders “Are you injured? Who did this?” A hand cupped Will’s cheek. “Are they in the house?”

Will shook his head and could not stop the tears from falling. “I’m pregnant!” Hannibal’s eyes went wide. “I’m pregnant can’t you smell it?”

“All I can smell right now is your blood! What Happened?” Will began tearing off the clothes and throwing them to the floor outside the shower. “Will!”

“It doesn’t matter I’ll be ok.” He said as he kicked off the boots and then his pants. Now he stood naked before Hannibal and placed both his hands on his mate’s chest. “Please… Hannibal,” his voice broke “I need to know please. Am I pregnant?”

“Will we are in the shower. How about I take care of this,” he touched the punctures of Will’s shoulder that were still oozing blood down his arm “and then when we’re dry I’ll scent you.”

“Now Hannibal!” Will hissed and when it looked like the alpha was still going to protest Will caved and laid his head on Hannibal’s chest. “Please just try Hannibal. Please.” His voice was full of emotion. Pleading.

There was a moment of silence with only the spray of the water pounding in their ears. Then with a great sigh Hannibal said “As you wish.” He lifted Will’s head and tuned his neck to the side to expose the mating mark. Hannibal moved in very close and took a deep breath. Will immediately could tell he smelled it. The fingers against his shoulder and cheek twitched and the alpha took in an even deeper whiff.

“I’m pregnant.” Will echoed.

Hannibal groaned as he pulled back and looked down at Will. His eyes glowing gold again. “Yes.”

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s neck “I’m pregnant.” He repeated, his eyes focusing on the alpha’s lips.
“You’re pregnant with my fawn.” Hannibal murmured in an almost whisper, their noses touching.

“Are you happy?” Will asked, their lips only a breath apart.

“Overjoyed.” Hannibal breathed out before crushing their mouths together and wrapping Will up tight in his arms.

The scent of pregnancy was all over Will. Hannibal had no idea how he had missed it but it must have fully taken affect while he was gone. Didn’t matter, he relished the scent now and practically ground himself against Will’s body. He wanted that scent to cover him and to sink deep within his skin. *His mate was pregnant.* The thought repeated itself over and over again in his mind. As he kissed down Will’s jaw to his shoulder he then tasted the blood. A feral growl escaped him and his tongue licked at the wounds. His mouth traveled back up to then nibble at the mating mark, making Will shiver.

“When I bite you, I want you to bite me.” Will nodded his consent and Hannibal wasted no time in sinking his teeth into flesh.
I’m trying to work out a schedule with my stories so that you, the readers, can be happier with knowing when your favorite stories are going to come out. However, with two little ones and my mother just being diagnosed with cancer my time for personal hobbies is not really a priority. Which is why I have devised this current system! From now on I will do updates once every six months and the end of each chapter will specify the date the next chapter will be published. I hope this is agreeable to most, if not all, of you and I look forward to your continued enjoyment and support of ‘Purity’. Seriously you guys have collectively just been so patient and awesome I wish I could give every last one of you a hug. Thank you! Which is why to start off this new system here is Ch20, an emotionally intense chapter, and Ch21 to help make up for the very long wait you all have had.

Will winced as Hannibal gently prodded at the wound on his back shoulder. “Is it serious?” He asked even though he pretty much knew the answer already. Though finding out that he was pregnant had considerably elated both he and his mate, Will knew it was inevitable that Hannibal would be angry that he was injured.

Hannibal ignored his question “Something with sharp teeth took a good chuck out of your shoulder. But it does not seem like your tendons or bones have been affected. Raise your arm over your heard, please.” Will did so, even though he had to grit his teeth through the pain. “Very good. I’ll get some bandages and disinfectant. It will hurt considerably but the last thing I want is for you to become ill.” Hannibal turned and wiped his red tinged hands with a towel. “I tight stitching might not even be a bad idea.” He saw Will’s ears flatten completely against his head. “And I don’t want you interacting with that dire wolf anymore.”

Will’s ears shot straight up as he turned around with a horrified expression “What? Why!?”

“I am not an idiot Will. I can tell these are Dire Wolf marks. Besides I was never too keen on you keeping such a wild creature in the first place. Dire Wolves are not pets.”

“Winston didn’t do this!” Will stood up only to have Hannibal pull him back down.

“Stay here. I don’t need you trailing blood all over the house.”

“Winston didn’t hurt me! Some other wolf did. He attacked us out of nowhere and Winston was just trying to protect me!” something like a growl escaped Will’s clenched teeth “If you don’t believe me he was hurt too. He’s probably in the garden waiting patiently for you to go help him because he’s a good boy!”

Will tried to contain his outrage at Hannibal. How dare the alpha take Winston away when he knew perfectly well what had happened. Hannibal, on the other hand, was greatly amused by Will’s displeasure but even more impressed with his loyalty. “And you are not lying just to protect him?”

“No!” Will shook his head “I’ll never lie to you.” Then in an instant his body stiffened, as if
remembering something. For a moment Hannibal was curious about the reaction but then he remembered that Will still had not told him about Tobias. It was not important, considering Hannibal already knew, and besides perhaps some painful memories were better left being old jagged scars then open bleeding wounds. Hannibal sighed as he stretched a butterfly stitch over the separated skin. Yes, Will had more than enough wounds already. Healing his pregnant mate was not how Hannibal had wished to return home. He would much have preferred a kiss at the door and then to surprise Will with the new lingerie.

“Alright. Let me clean you up and then I’ll go down and see to… Winston.” The Dire Wolf had protected Will. Hannibal felt indebted to the animal, and it seemed to him that calling him by his name was the least he could do.

Will didn’t say anything. In fact he didn’t make a sound for the rest of the time that Hannibal tended to his shoulder. Not even a groan in discomfort as he wrapped gauze around the shoulder blade and the upper part of his chest. When he was done he left the room only to come back a moment latter holding a glass of milk and a small plate with a pastry on it. He handed them to Will and a small smile creased his firmly pressed mouth “You remembered.”

“I always do. Though I bought you a dozen apple kringles, not ten.” Will laughed as if he found it amusing, but to Hannibal’s ears it sounded hollow. Empty of its usual warm mirth. Thinking Will just needed some time alone Hannibal decided to ignore it. “I’ll go check on Winston. Please drink all of the milk. You’ll need the extra calcium now.” Will nodded, but didn’t look up to meet Hannibal’s gaze. Truthfully there were several more drops of Hannibal’s blood mixed in with the drink that would probably aid to a faster healing. Hannibal hoped he wouldn’t have to stitch the wound with needle and thread but he would if he needed to.

When he reached Winston the wolf was in pretty bad shape as well. His breathing was heavy and he seemed to be leaning against the fence as if to hold his own weight. His ears twitched as Hannibal approached but he only offered a pathetic whine in greeting. “Easy now,” Hannibal soothed, running his hands along the animal’s body. A broken rib, possibly a concussion considering the slight swelling around the head, and a few more fractured bones from what he could tell. With a pained sigh he concluded that there was no other option.

Hannibal brought his wrist to his mouth and elongating his canines. He tore into his own flesh. Blood ran in rivulets down his chin and arm and then to the snowy ground below. He extended his arm and put it in front of Winston’s nose. The wolf’s keen sense of smell hardly had a problem detecting it. Winston’s head rose and his gaze leveled with Hannibal. Hannibal allowed his eyes to change to their alarming gold color “Hurry before it heals,” he smirked “and I change my mind.”

Winston hesitated but then started licking at Hannibal’s blood cautiously “You protected my mate. For that I thank you and I owe you a debt. With the wounds you have, if I did not give you my blood and thus share my regenerative abilities, you would have died slowly and painfully.” Winston whined again. “I mean only to state the facts.” He pulled his wrist away, already the skin healing closed and taking on a bright pink shade. Hannibal rose and looked out at the woods just beyond his garden. The air had a distinct smell of wolf dander in it. With a half frown he looked down at Winston “That wolf I killed was your alpha?” Winston wagged his tail “Thus making me your alpha I imagine?” Winston woofed softly. He turned to gaze at the tree line once more “They’re out there. Call them here.”

Winston raised his head and a long echoing howl erupted from his chest. It was only a moment or two before four more wolves came leaping over the snow and down the hill to then skid to a halt at seeing Hannibal. Their ears drooped and their tails tucked between their legs as they tentatively approached the fence and whined. Walking over he opened the gate and gazed down at the animals
in front of him. Just to make sure they knew their place he allowed his alpha scent to exude from him and cling heavy and authoritative on the breeze. To such a degree that his more primal animalistic presence was peeking out from behind the curtain.

The wolves immediately flattened against the ground, whimpering with terror. One even urinated. Satisfied with their submission Hannibal scaled himself back and then turned to call Winston over. Once the wolf was at his side he spoke clearly to the others “I am your alpha now and I will allow you to reside here in my territory and hunt within it. As long as you do not challenge me you will have nothing to fear. In exchange you will guard my territory, and especially my mate and offspring. No harm is to come to them, ever.” He glanced at Winston. If Will was any indicator of how strong something or someone became when they regularly drank Windigo blood then Hannibal had a good estimation that the blood he gave was going to do a bit more than just heal Winston’s wounds. But should he give the same power to the other wolves? Well, it wouldn’t do to have one wolf being stronger than the others if they were to function as a pack. A dynamic which was only as strong as its weakest link. Bringing up his wrist one last time he tore open the skin and offered it to each wolf. Like Winston each one hesitated before their tongues peeked out of their mouths.

As he left the garden he made a mental note to remove the fences. After all, what purpose did having a fence serve now sense he basically had his own wolf sentry unit. After washing his hands in the sink to rid himself of the wolf saliva he was about to go back upstairs when he saw Will sitting in front of the fireplace. The flames cast an orange glow on his troubled face and he watched them as if the dancing tips were the age long struggle of good and evil. Drying his hands Hannibal made his way over to him. Will didn’t even notice him until he called his name, startling the forlorn omega.

“Did you drink your milk?” Hannibal asked.

Will nodded then opened his mouth as if to say something but nothing came out. He seemed angry with himself and tried again but this time only tears came to his eyes and began to run down his face. Will turned away and buried his head in his hands. “I’m sorry.”

Hannibal grabbed the blanket from off the back of the couch and wrapped it around Will’s naked body. “You have nothing to be sorry about Will. And you need not worry about Winston. He will be fine.”

Will only wrapped the blanket tighter around himself “I’m sorry.” He repeated, in a gasped whisper.

Hannibal frowned “I’m afraid now you’ve lost me, Will. What exactly are you sorry for?”

Will raised his head just enough to be able to look at Hannibal as he gulped and said “I lied to you. I know I said I never would but I have. And I can’t… I need to tell you.”

“Will,” Hannibal said soothingly as he knelt down to then sit beside him “whatever it is you do not need to cry.”

“But I do. Because… when I tell you…you may not want me anymore. And I’m scared Hannibal. I’m so scared of that happening.” Hannibal cupped his right cheek in his hand.

“Will, that will never happen.”

Will pushed his hand away “You don’t know what it is I’ve lied about. Don’t say that and give me hope when you’re just going to come to your senses.” He turned away. Even moved a foot or two
away, curling into himself and clutching the blanket around him. He took a steadying breath. Then another. And another. “It has to do with my previous alpha. He... I've been thinking about him a lot lately. About who he was, what he did, and what happened to me. And I know what you would tell me but... it doesn't change how I feel. I know what's logical but it doesn't matter I still feel so much guilt. It doesn't change that it's still my fault.” Another steadying breath. “I was sold to Tob- my previous alpha. My family didn’t come from much so I mostly just survived off the streets until they died. The local orphanage took me in but they tried to get rid of omegas before their first heat so that the alphas wouldn’t be tempted. Besides, that’s the best time to sell omegas is when their almost ripe. Alphas like being an omega’s first after all.” There was no sarcasm or even cynicism. Will was just describing the world as it was. “So I was bought and kept in a room. At first it was nice, I suppose. I got three meals a day of this really rich food and sense I had come from the gutter I thought I was so lucky. He, my alpha, at first didn’t seem that interested in me. Just kept asking if I ‘felt different yet’. At the time I didn’t know what he was talking about. After I think a year he moved me to a different room. Smaller. But not horrible. The meals were still coming so I was fine. When my first heat happened it only lasted a few hours. I hardly even noticed it. I only knew it was a heat when he came to my room and smelled it. Then when he found out I wasn’t receptive anymore he got... violent. And angry.”

Will’s body subconsciously rolled back until his back was leaning against Hannibal’s arm. Hannibal, in response, raised his arm and allowed his fingers to pet the back of Will’s neck reassuringly. Not stopping him from his story but offering comfort none the less. “He thought I did it purposefully. That’s when he moved me into the basement with all the others. That’s... what he did with his omegas that weren’t expecting. Every morning we would get up and do whatever chore was assigned to us then after we were done we had to go back. None of us really talked as he needed absolute silence to compose and work on his music. Every time I went into heat after that I tried to tell him but he would always finish his work and it would be too late. He started giving me the harder chores and the more disgusting jobs as punishment. When I still hadn’t conceived after a few months he then began withholding my food or giving me the scraps of everyone else’s food. He quickly saw that he could get the others to treat me horribly if it became a reward to do so.”

Will closed his eyes and shook his head “I’m... getting off track.”

“It’s alright,” Hannibal soothed “take as much time as you need.”

Will nodded “The months went on. I think it was about when I had been there a year that he started really demanding I conceive. He said that he had no use for dud omegas and that if I didn’t give him a fawn he would just sell me to some whore house. He said that every day...and night...every time. For...I can’t remember how long, but it seemed like an eternity. It was more than a year I think. Maybe even two... or three...or-”

“A pretty little thing like you will fit in really nice there. The whore house is where all the little omegas go to get bred. They love it. I’m sure having three cocks shoved up your body at very moment of the day would straighten you right up. Might even make you finally learn to enjoy what I do to you.” Tobias hissed in his ear as he licked his cheek. “It that what you want? To be sold?” Will shook his head as tears came to his eyes “Then stop denying me,” Tobias’ hand tightened around his neck “and fucking enjoy it.”

“Will?” Hannibal’s voice brought him out of the memory. Will turned to look at him as Hannibal’s thumbs brushed away the tears streaming down his cheeks. In that moment it was like a damn had broken. The feeling, the overwhelming stress and emotion that had just been building up and ignored for so long now gushed from Will in hiccupping gasps as he began to cry freely.

“He began to rape me every night. Telling me I needed to be trained on how to enjoy an alpha. It didn’t matter if I was in heat or not. He said that if he came in me every night that I would
eventually conceive weather I wanted to or not! He made me beg him to do it. He made me ask to
be… but I didn’t want to. I hated it and wanted it to end so badly I felt I might combust. Then he
started feeding me these pills. If I tried to stop him he’d just hit me until I couldn’t move and force
it down my throat anyway. I was in so much pain Hannibal, all the time. I’m sorry. I just…
couldn’t take it any more so I gave in. I let him do whatever he wanted just to make it stop and…
and…I did finally conceive.” He closed his eyes. He couldn’t look at Hannibal as he said what
came next. Couldn’t bear to see his disgust and rejection.

“I hated the baby inside me. I hated it so much. I don’t know…I blamed it…and I shouldn’t. Oh
god, how could I. At night I would lay awake wondering what kind of child I would birth. And I
wanted to meet it. I did. But I also kept thinking it was just going to be another him. What was I
doing allowing another him to exist. And the fact that it was his just made me want to die. I
wanted it to die. And then…when she was born. She was dead. I…killed my own child and wanted
it. I-I-I,” He brought his hands over his mouth as he sobbed “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I swear I love
this child and want it so much!” His hands went to clutch his stomach “But Hannibal, I may…
what if I kill your child too? I don’t want to but-” he finally opened his eyes “Hannibal… how
could you want me to be the mother to your fawn when I wished for the death of my first. What
mother does that?! I…I don’t deserve your baby. I don’t even deserve to live.” He sobbed harder,
practically curling into a ball as he cried loud and hard.

Hannibal said nothing as Will covered his face with his hands and after a very long while he slowly
regained a small bit of control over himself. His naked body was shaking and Hannibal reached out
a hand to pet his head. With his pretty white ears flat against his chestnut hair he was the picture of
a vulnerable omega in need. A sight that Hannibal was powerless to ignore as his instincts roared
for him to comfort Will at any cost. With his mate bordering on hysterics he ever so slowly slid his
hand down and wrapping it around the back of Will’s neck, massaged his fingertips against the
mating mark. Will instantly began to breathe again, in and out with even speed. The tears quieted
and the hiccups stopped as Hannibal pulled him into his lap and placed his head on his shoulder.
His other hand grabbed the blanket and he wrapped it around Will’s body before rubbing his back.
Neither said a word until Will was once again calm.

“Are you angry?” Will asked in a small voice.

“Yes, at the way you were abused and mistreated both mentally and physically. At the way you
were neglected and abandoned emotionally.” He kept his voice even and mild as to not upset Will
again. “Can you tell me his name?”

Will shook his head “I… don’t want to.” He didn’t want Hannibal ever meeting Tobias. “Do you
want me to leave?”

“You are mine and this is your home. You belong here.”

“But what if this baby dies?”

“Then we will mourn the loss together.”

“What if I can never give you a fawn?”

“My devotion to you is not contingent on progeny.” He turned and placed a kiss on Will’s
forehead. “And after what you went through and the way you felt, your reactions were completely
justified and normal. You should not loath yourself for feeling violated, resentful, or angry. And
just because you did not want the child does not mean you are responsible for its stillbirth.”

“But-…” Will wanted to argue, to hurt himself more, but he knew Hannibal was right. It just was
hard to accept it. To allow himself to not be blamed. To not take blame.

“The entire time you were pregnant did you see a physician?” Will shook his head, no. “Near the middle of the pregnancy did you feel movement from the fawn.” No. “Did you experience any pains? Specifically internally?” Again Will shook his head.

He closed his eyes as he admitted in a small voice “She was so tinny Hannibal. I only saw her for a moment… but she was so small.” He bit his lip to keep from crying again “She didn’t deserve what happened.”

Hannibal nodded against his head as he continued to rub Will’s back “What was her name?”

Will frowned, lifting his head to look at Hannibal confused “She…didn’t have one.”

“Don’t you think she should?”

Will blinked, practically flabbergasted but what Hannibal said “Give her a name?”

Hannibal nodded “What happened was tragic, but not your fault. Yet you feel guilt because of it. Because you feel you didn’t do right by her as a mother should have. You feel as if you owe her an apology.” Will nodded, dumbstruck. “Then give her a name. You cannot bring her back and change what has been done, but you can give her an identity so she does not merely fade away from having existed at all.”

More tears came to Will’s eyes but he wiped them away “I don’t… know what I should name her.”

“Is there a name that means anything to you?”

Will tried to think of one. Any girl name that he liked or had heard or had seen. However, he felt that just choosing any name was not meaningful in the slightest. A name that meant something? In his mind a memory surfaced from when he was very young. He had been digging through the trash for food when one of the other street children came up to him. She had stolen a large bag filled with loaves of bread and was sharing it with everyone. All of them were gathered in a back alley eating with rabid intensity but for once there was no fighting because there was more than enough to go around. The girl had offered Will a loaf with a sweet smile as she had said ‘Eat. Today is a good day.’ Oh, if only Will could remember her name. What was her name? He closed his eyes and tried to concentrate and then when he opened them again he smiled to himself and looked at Hannibal “Olivia.” He moved to lean back against Hannibal’s shoulder “Her name was Olivia.”

They watched the fire burn and felt the heat circulate the room then Hannibal took a steadying breath as he said “I promise our fawn will not die.” Will nodded. Though he knew Hannibal had no authority to make such a claim that was completely up to fate, but it calmed him to hear it said nonetheless. “Thank you,” Hannibal spoke in a barely audible whisper “I know it took a great deal of courage to tell me.”

Will nuzzled into his neck “I don’t want there being any secrets between us. I care about you too much to want to be anything but honest with you.”

Hannibal turned and lifted Will’s chin with his fingers “As do I.” He agreed before kissing Will’s parted lips and sliding his tongue against Will’s own.

Will thought about how Hannibal still had not told him about what he truly was. Then again, Will hadn’t told him that he knew either. He supposed it was just a matter of time and patience. Baby steps, so to speak. Baby steps.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Originally I didn’t really have any plans to address female alpha physiology with specifics. I had only really delved into my old biology and genetics textbooks in order to explain male omega anatomy/physiology/biology in a scientific and mostly accurate way. But then as I was thinking more about it, and not addressing female alpha physiology seemed like not only a lack of world building on my part as a writer but also a missed opportunity. After all biology in real life is just rampant with WTF species, behavior, genetics, and reproductive physiology, etc. I am a biologist and to not try and explain female alphas would just be cowardly.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Dr. Lecter your first patient has arrived.” Beverly smiled from the doorway. Hannibal turned away from the bookshelf he had been observing to make sure that the titles were in alphabetical order by author last name. He nodded in silent acknowledgment as Beverly closed the door behind her. With one last cursory look around his new office to make sure everything was to his specifications and preference, he took a momentary breath before opening the door.

A quite fetching young woman sat in one of the seats in his waiting room. Her hair was a cascade of velvety vibrant red curls that had been pulled back with a solitary white rose on the right side of her head. This exposed her equally as red furred deer ears that were slightly pointed at the tip with a sprinkling of white speckles. It surprised Hannibal for those sorts of markings, specifically on the ears, were usually seen only on fawns under the age of thirteen who had not quite reached their majority. The color also was surprising as red fur, at least amongst fellow deer, was nearly just as uncommon as white. The more widely seen colors were of course anything between brown, amber, or even gray and the occasional black. The dress she wore was equally as white as the rose and overflowed with ruffles and lace. Hannibal’s first impression was that she almost looked like a bride, but the moment the women turned her head to meet his gaze Hannibal saw a pair of sea foam green eyes look back at him with no small measure of cunning and sophistication.

“Miss Verger I presume? Please come in.” He moved out of the way and gestured with his hand. She stood, not saying a word, and entered his office. She did not stop for any lingering glances but instead went to sit directly in one of the two chairs in the center of the room. She laid her gloved hand in her lap and looked at him expectantly. Taking in the picture she made from head to toe Hannibal then noticed then every bit of her body was covered. Her hands to the knuckles of her fingertips, her neck to the very bottom of her jawline, and even her dress was overly long as to have a train behind it.

Hannibal closed the door as she said “It is a pleasure to meet you Dr. Lecter. I have been very eager to continue with my therapy.” Her voice was quiet, demure, graceful, polite, and completely rehearsed.

A wry smile curved Hannibal’s mouth “Have you, Ms. Verger? May I call you Margot?”

A coldness entered her eye “It would not be professional. And oh yes, it is very important you see that I correct what is wrong with me.”
Hannibal came to sit in the other chair, watching her pointedly “You’re brother has instructed me to explain the importance of understanding your omega nature.” Margot nodded “I have also read your file Ms. Verger, and I find it odd that a naturally born alpha such as yourself has an omega nature?”

She was quiet for a moment but the coldness in her gaze turned to reservation “As I am sure my brother has told you my biology was a mistake and he is helping me correct it.”

“Has he mutilated your body yet as part of his plan in your correction?” Much like male omegas, female alphas were rare and their anatomical biology was specific to their orientation. Where male omegas had a forked anal passage that lead to a uterus and also had sterile testicles and a penis, in contrast female alphas were hermaphroditic. Though they appeared female in their outward anatomy when unaroused there was a second slit that lead to an internal phallus which became external when occasion permitted, usually a receptive omega in heat. Strangely, however, female alphas tended to only mate female omegas as there seemed to be a disinterest on their part for male omegas, though it was never quite known why. It was Hannibal’s opinion that it was just a preference. He had seen many male alphas prefer either male or female omegas or even both. He himself had enjoyed the pleasures of either gender before committing himself to the perfection that was his true mate.

“You are very direct Dr. Lecter. But no, he has not.”

“But he plans to?”

“He has told me as such. It is the final step and to be my initiation. If I am remembering his words correctly.”

“Do you consent to it?”

Margot tilted her head at that “What an odd question doctor.” But she did not answer it and continued to gaze at him.

“Has Mason given you any medication to assist with your conversion?”

“I am on a strict hormone regimen that my brother regulates himself.”

Hannibal grabbed his notepad and began writing. After a second he then ripped off the slip of paper and handed it to Margot. “Please give this to your brother. If you are to be under my care I will have you only taking medicine that I prescribe. If he should neglect to get you this proper medication, tell him that to do so would only lengthen your rehabilitation rather than shorten it.”

Margot looked at the slip of paper “Are there any side effects to this medication?”

“Why do you ask?”

She seemed unwilling to answer but then looked down as if embarrassed “I find it hard to eat after I take my hormone injections. And walk. I usually don’t leave my room.” Hannibal was about to speak when he saw Margot’s gaze ever so quickly glance at him and then down again.

“The only side effect that I know of from this medication,” Hannibal smiled knowingly. He could not wait to see her reaction “is that it will do the exact opposite of what your brother wants.”

Margot’s eyes locked with his. “That powder I prescribed is to be mixed in with any skin cosmetics or perfume and applied around your neck liberally. It sinks into the skin and absorbs any alpha scent pheromones. Your brother will think your physiology is changing when you are, in fact, not abusing your delicate balance of hormones at all, and I’m sure becoming healthier because of it.”
He crossed his legs “Let me be direct once again Miss Verger. I have no intention of turning you into anything other than who you wish to be. Now if you had come in here saying that you truly wished to become an omega then I would have considered helping you to achieve that goal. However, from the moment I saw you I could tell that was never your desire and was, as I had already concluded, a plan concocted by your abusive and vile brother.” Margot said not a word ad her face remained a very blank mask. “We will continue with these meetings once a week under the ruse that I am assisting you with your progress.

Margot was quiet, as if trying to decide whether she believed him or not. Then after what seemed like a long impenetrable pause she looked away and focused on his books. Her expression changed, looking more bored but no longer guarded. “What shall we do instead?”

“I intend to act as your psychiatrist and listen to anything you wish to speak about.”

“That will be very boring for you.”

“I do not think it will.” Hannibal shrugged.

Her eyes snapped back to him “You wish for me to tell you secrets about my brother.” It was not a question as her eyes practically burned though Hannibal’s clothes.

“Yes.” Hannibal answered honestly “His dealings, his business, his acquaintances. Anything you feel is needed, Miss Verger.”

She still did not smile or overly emote any emotion really. Hannibal got the impression that she had been so monopolized and manipulated by her brother that she had probably developed it as a form of self defense. He could not help but test his theory “When was the last time you have smiled Miss Verger?”

“Yet another odd question Dr. Lecter.” She tore her gaze away to the books again but this time she stood and walked over to them. “When I was young, I can’t remember what age, my father had brought us home chocolates but Mason had hidden mine away. When I asked for them back he said we’d share one.” She took out a book “He put it in his mouth and leaned forward but when I went to take a bite he ate it and then kissed me. He shoved his tongue in my mouth over and over again until I cried. He didn’t even stop when we fell to the ground. Then he pulled back and said that my first kiss was sweeter than any chocolate. He told me he loved me and that I would one day be his lovely little omega and sire him many sons.” She opened the book and flipped to the fifth page “He’s made sure I know it has to be sons. He dosn’t want any daughters. Daughters become omega bitches only good for breading. Son’s become alphas fit to lead his company. Did he tell you how he also plans to have his son’s fight to the death to see who inherits the company? It’s what pigs do when there are too many males in one particular area.” Her fingertips lightly caressed the page she was on. “You are a very strange alpha, Dr. Lecter, to have poetry in your office library.”

“I find it helps calm me when I am particularly vexed with a problem.” He came to stand beside her as he pulled out another book “I also have been known to draw as another form of stress relief.” He had not expected a flicker of fascination to enter her eyes as she politely took the sketchbook from him. Her fingers turned from page to page, depicting beautiful pencil and sometimes ink sketches of peaceful rivers, flowers to an astounding detail, and the occasional fauna. “Do you enjoy drawing as well?”

“Oh yes. I use to do it all the time when I was younger.” She stopped at the picture near the back of the book that showed a striking likeness to the way Chilton’s body had been displayed in the town square.
“It was quite a shock. I could not get the image out of my head.” Hannibal explained.

“I would not know. I’m not allowed to leave the farm.” She closed the book and went to offer it back to him.

Hannibal nodded and then pointed to his desk “If you wish, for the rest of this appointment you can use some of my sketching pencils and draw to your heart’s content. I even have an empty sketch pad that I can keep here for you.”

She seemed confused at his kindness “No secrets today?” She said plainly.

“As much as I would like to delve into your brother’s sociopathy I’m afraid my next appointment will require a considerable amount of patience and calm that I must prepare for. It will have to wait until next week.” He pulled out a scarlet bound drawing book and handed it to her. “If you wish, Miss Verger.”

She looked down at it and then with a slightly hesitant hand, she accepted it “You may call me Margot, Dr. Lecter. If you wish.”

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter Update (M/D/Y) 12/23/2019
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

For some reason my writing muse, which I like to think is a form of cat, has sunk her claws into me and will not leave my imagination be. So here is your next chapter early.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal has seen, met, tolerated, ignored, and dealt with a multitude of horrid, rude, stupid, gullible, naive, ignorant, malicious, cantankerous, dismissive, arrogant, cruel, and downright pathetic individuals. Every single one he had learned to manipulate and gain that strategic advantage over his prey. Some he exploited, a few he had blackmailed, but more often than not he simply killed them and ate them for the sheer annoyance that they were to himself and society at large. It many ways sometimes he felt as if he was a shepherd of society and the existence of his kind and others like him were simply a manifestation of the world trying to correct what had gone wrong. It fulfilled a biological need for him and made the world a better place for it. Instead of all those horrid people either getting away with their sins or merely wasting space in a prison cell, Hannibal rid them from the world altogether. That and he did admit it was a little fun.

What he wouldn’t give right now to kill Franklyn. He had intended to let Alana take over Franklyn’s care but a last minute rescheduling to their client roster today had forced Hannibal to take over Franklyn’s first session. Something he had tried to actively avoid but was hoping to make the best of it now.

It had only been ten minuets of their hour session but Hannibal counted no less than eighteen offenses so far. Franklyn was a simpering, blubbering, small minded omega with a hair-trigger reaction to cry at anything, everything, and of course nothing. Hannibal watched as the man proceeded to pull out handkerchief after handkerchief from his coat pockets before blowing into them and then dabbing at his eyes. Most of them were already used, to Hannibal’s palpable disgust. His shirt was littered with food stains but he seemed uncaring of his appearance. That much had already been made very clear to Hannibal by the slacks he wore being two sizes to small and tailored to stop four inches above his ankle for some reason. Hannibal averted his gaze to the manila folder in his lap which was Franklyn’s file.

“I thank you so much for seeing my Hannibal.” Franklyn sniffled. “Can I call you Hannibal?”

Hannibal could feel the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end with just how revolted he was by that question “I think for right now we shall keep it professional, Franklyn.”

“But I know you outside of work and we talk.” Franklyn pushed with a somewhat saddened face.

“Yes, but now I’m at work and you should be focusing on your treatment. I see here that you are one of Mr. Budge’s omega’s.” If Hannibal was going to be here he may as well extract what information he could. He had hoped to merely just read from Alana’s notes or listen to the session recordings to learn anything. He needed to know more about Tobias before he could finally be able to kill him. Though Hannibal had pondered and ultimately come up with a fitting end for the would-be alpha, Hannibal was a cautious and prepared man that never took his priority targets lightly. More than that, however, some questions about Tobias had begun to ruminate in his mind.
that, if he could get Franklyn talking, could be answered easily enough.

“Yes yes, I’m his eighth…or maybe the twelfth?” He fidgeted “It’s hard to tell sometimes.” He smiled “See, I can be on the upper floors but the others have to stay on the lower floors.”

“And why is that?” Hannibal crossed one leg over the other and did not miss the flicker of interest that sparked in Franklyn’s eyes at the motion.

“Well…” Franklyn frowned as if distractedly pondering the reason “I never really cared to ask.” His tone was meek but gave off the impression that he didn’t feel it was his place to ask.

“Why do you think, then?” He kept his tone calm and casual. As if this were a conversation had over tea and of little importance at all.

“I didn’t think. That’s what I’m saying.” He laughed “Even then.. Tobias sometimes doesn’t answer me when I talk to him.”

“No, Franklyn,” Hannibal took a steadying breath “I meant why do you think your alpha has his omegas separated?”

“OH! Hmmmm… probably because I listen to him and don’t anger him as much? Well I know that the floor below the upper floors is still kind of nice. That’s where all the pregnant omegas are taken care of. Then there is the instrument room. No wait… I think it goes upper floors, instrument room, pregnancy floor, and then below that,” he shrugged “I don’t really know. I just know it’s not good.” Franklyn took out another handkerchief and began to fiddle with it nervously.

“Are you alright, Franklyn?”

“Y-yes.” Franklyn smiled at him “You’re always so kind Dr. Lecter. No alpha even asks how an omega is doing and yet you do.” He sniffed before looking down at his hands and the handkerchief. “Oh, you mean this. I just usually nibble on things when I’m nervous but Tobias doesn’t like it so I’m trying to stop.”

“I’m only asking these questions to get a better understanding of you Franklyn so that we can address your further concerns later. Now, how do you know what you say is true?”

“How do I know? Well the omegas that come up to clean and everything sure aren’t nice looking. Some are prettier than others but they don’t really talk to me either. It’s very lonely.”

“Why is that?”

“I don’t know why some are prettier than others that is just how things are when you’re born ya’ know?”

“Why is it they won’t talk to you, Franklyn?” Though Hannibal was pretty sure of the answer already.

“Oh! I think Tobias told them not too. He wants me to concentrate only on giving him a fawn.”

“It is understandable. Most Alphas generally like a great deal of progeny to ensure the continuation of their family and to show their status.” Hannibal nodded “But with so many omega’s you’re alpha must already have other children?”

“Ya’know… now that you mention it I’ve never seen any.” Franklyn leaned back in the chair “Maybe… all those omegas are duds. Maybe they’re sterile. He keeps them around as free help but
they can’t make him happy and that’s why they live down in the lowest floor? It would make sense.”

If that hypothesis were true it would make no sense that Tobias treated Will as he did. Will would have just been, so to speak, one dud of many. Tobias would not have fixated on him and would have just allowed him to continue on cleaning. Besides, it was statistically unlikely that that many omegas could not conceive. Perhaps Tobias himself was sterile.

“No wait… I met one.” Franklyn nodded “Yup, I remember he has a son. He’s an older boy in college going to become a musician like his father.”

“But you’ve never seen, met, or heard of any other children?”

“Nope.” This seemed to make Franklyn momentarily happy “If I could just give him a fawn maybe he’d be happier more?”

“No even from the pregnancy floor?”

“Hm? Oh- Nope. It’s really quiet down there actually.” He pursed his lips “Like… very quiet.”

It was, again, unlikely that with multiple omegas pregnant that not a single one of them was near their time or had had their baby yet after so many months. Surlly even after or during Will’s pregnancy there should have been others. So why were there no children? No noise of babies crying?

“Why are you so curious anyway?”

Hannibal made a note in the file “I wanted to discern if perhaps your difficulty with conceiving was because of stressors where you live. If perhaps being the lead omega was causing you to be physically or mentally exhausted. Stress can be a major factor in omega conception and fertility.”

Franklyn outright laughed before blushing “You’re so thoughtful Dr. Lecter, but no. I’m not stressed at home at all. I do whatever I want and as long as I don’t go into the instrument room Tobias gives me anything I want. But still…” Franklyn frowned again “I’ve had two heats already and I haven’t gotten pregnant yet. Do you think it’s because of my age?”

“You do not appear that old,” Hannibal lied “but age could be a factor. How old are you?”

“I’m thirty eight.” He laughed a little bitterly this time “I was the last of my brothers and sisters to be married off. My family comes from a good newspaper company and so our father was very selective about whom he approved for us. By the time they finally found someone for my elder sister and then could get to me, well… not many people want an older omega. But still, Tobias was so nice in choosing me. He didn’t even have many demands either.” Franklyn nodded even though Hannibal didn’t say anything “I overheard them talking. All Tobias wanted was a good dowry and my father’s utter promise that I wasn’t aggressive.” The laugh that came out of him was almost a chortle “Can you imagine! Me! Aggressive? I don’t even think omegas can be aggressive. What an odd thing to ask.” Then his mood soured a bit.

“But as I said… It’s been two heats and I’m still not pregnant. Tobias isn’t pleased and just last night made mention that he hoped I wasn’t doing it on purpose.” Tears welled up in his eyes again. “I swore to him I wasn’t and that I was a good omega that loved him. But he just got annoyed and left the dining room. That’s why I’m so adamant to see you Doctor Lecter. To fix whatever is wrong with me.”

“When is you’re next heat Franklyn?”
“At the end of this month. Do you think you’ll be able to fix me by then.”

“I’m still not quite sure if your problem is biological or environmental and I can make no assurances until I do. Please understand that these things take time and a single hour once a month is often not enough.”

“You could increase it! Tobias won’t mind. He likes that I’m seeing you and when I’m away from the house.”

“I’m sure Mr. Budge would-”

“Besides,” Franklyn continued on undeterred “It’s nice talking to someone who’s willing to listen. And if you can help me become pregnant fast the better.” Hannibal did not like the almost cherishing look of Franklyn’s face. “And-” he seemed to add as an after thought to cover up from saying to much “I don’t want Tobias to get more angry at me.”

“How about I talk with your Alpha then?”

“You can do that?”

“He and I frequent the same tavern. Though I am obligated by oath to keep what we say in our sessions a secret, I will however make sure that he realizes you’re progressing and that is enough for now. I can even increase your visits, if he permits it, but I do have other patients so you will have to meet with my partner on occasion.”

“Oh yes your mate!” Franklyn smiled “It’s all the town can talk about. How the most eligible bachelor in all of town finally took the most beautiful omega for himself. So many alphas are soooo jealous.” Franklyn tittered. “I’m sure the fawns you’ll have with her will just be the cutest!”

At Franklyn’s words Hannibal imagined a young girl with his black ears and long flowing curls of Will’s chocolate brown hair. He imagined himself holding her up as she washed her hands after cutting the vegetables to be served with his latest kill. She would turn and look over her shoulder with the sweetest and wholesome smile as she’d call out “All done Daddy!”

The feeling that overcame Hannibal was new and unlike anything he’d ever felt in his life. But he was sure that, upon thinking and imaging his future daughter, his heart melted.

“Yes,” Hannibal answered softly “I know they will.”

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter by no later than 1/5/2020
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

The muse's claws are still deep in my skin. Here's another chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal regarded Ms. Lounds with a fiercely restrained contemptment. Though he was sure her reason for being here were entirely selfish and had nothing to do with her psychiatric wellbeing, he was still a professional. This was his office and she had made an appointment so he would act as manners would dictate. “Ms. Lounds, it is nice to see you in good health. Please have a seat.” As the fox sat opposite him he offhandedly noticed how short her skirt was, and how she had chosen to sit in the chair. He hoped for both their sakes that she was not foolish enough to think such an insulting and pathetic attempt would work. Besides, she was a beta. Alphas were, by nature, usually indifferent to betas because they lacked the ability to go into heat. Of course they were able to reproduce, but not through chemical cues or any biological drive that would be able to excite an alpha or even an omega. They were also unable to bond. That was why Betas usually stuck with other Betas. In fact Freddie was very lucky she was a Beta. It was probably the only reason no one had confronted her about her skirt being entirely too short and indecent. If she had been an omega, she would have been arrested or presumed a prostitute.

“I don’t think I have to pretend, as that would just insult both of us now wouldn’t it?” She smiled as she leaned back “I’m sorry I had to do it this way but you are a very difficult man to get in touch with.”

“And as a reporter you have deadlines to complete.” Hannibal offered as a slight tease to agitate her “But I fear I do not see how Chilton’s death could really still be important news.”

“It isn’t,” Freddie said dismissively “Until I tie it to these recent animal killings.”

That had Hannibal pausing in mid thought of their little tactical mental chess game. “Animal killings?”

“Have you not heard?”

“I’m afraid I’ve been keeping to myself as of late and have had very little time for gossip.”

“Ah yes, I heard you just recently took a mate. Lovely little thing, so says the local gossip.”

“Thank you, but I do not talk about my mate during sessions.” He crossed his legs and placed his hands in his lap “Why exactly are you here Ms. Lounds? I find myself curious that you went through all this trouble to see me but I cannot quite understand what information you are trying to uncover.”

“Everyone around town is talking about how the Wendigo was not appeased by the winter sacrifice. They say he’s the one that killed Chilton and that he’s now killing the livestock and pets around town.”

Hannibal had made it a matter of principal never to kill another animal after he had perfected his
hunting skills enough to finally hunt his true prey. The wolf that had attacked Will had been a
different matter, that was him protecting his mate. And besides, there had been something off
about that beast. Very few creatures of this world would not run in fear at the mere smell of him.
That was why all the inhabitants of the mountain left him alone. But that wolf had outright
challenged him, even when his pack had backed down and refused to help him. “I don’t remember
the legend ever saying dead animals were a sign of his rage?”

“The legend is vague at best. Besides, I’ve only found one person alive that swears he had actually
seen it. Most of the people around this town just do the sacrifice as a tradition without really any
continued reason for it.”

“Really?”

“Yes, I know there is no Wendigo in those woods! Which means someone killed Chilton, and I
think it’s you because you had cause to benefit from it.”

“So you think I am killing the local hoof stock and beloved pets as well?”

“I’m not entirely sure on that. I think you have someone covering for you by doing that as a
distraction.”

Hannibal allowed a little of his alpha scent to permeate the air as a warning “You are in my office
Ms. Lounds and are growing excessively bold for your station. I assure you I am not behind any
mass slaughtering of animals.” He leaned his cheek against his thumb and forefinger “But what
exactly makes you think there is no Wedigo in the mountain woods?”

Freddie looked as if she wasn’t going to tell him so he made a show of sighing as he stood and
walked over to his bookshelf. “Ms. Lounds, I’ve lived here for many years. And when I first came
here I can only say that the murders and humiliated corpses that took place every night were very
horrific. The people here didn’t fabricate some story or ritual to keep their little ones from running
off to the woods. The created it because they were terrified and because there truly was something
killing in the dead of the night. To write off the traditions of this town as fantasy and cautionary
tales is not going to appeal you to the public nor gain you any credibility as a reporter.”

“It will if I can prove its just some serial killer and nothing more.” Freddie frowned “Besides, you
live up on the mountain where the creature lives and deep in the forest don’t you?”

“I live on the outskirts, just before the tree line. Because when my parents built their home, they
respected the legend and did not wish to anger the Wendigo with their presence.”

“Then why do you still live there?” Freddie stood and walked right up into Hannibal’s personal
space. It took all of his resolve to not snarl at her. “Some say you and tempting fate Dr. Lecter. Did
you know that? Some are even saying it’s you that’s angered the beast by living up there and so
close. Because I sure as hell know it has nothing to do with the sacrifice.”

“Why?”

“Because he’s still alive.” Freddie admitted, looking damn smug at Hannibal fake surprise “I went
to the alter the morning after the sacrifice and found nothing. No blood. No bones. No entrails. No
body. Nothing. It was so obvious that the sacrifice just got up and ran away.”

“And your first thought was to come and accuse me of murder rather than believe that if there is a
Wendigo that perhaps the sacrifice running off would anger it?” Now his agitation at the sheer
illogicalness of her thought process, though correct but for all the wrong reasons, was getting the
better of him.

Thankfully Alana opened up his door at exactly that moment, derailing their argument. She was an absolute vision in the new pant suit he had bought for her. She averted her eyes and offered an apology “I’m sorry alpha, but your end of the bond seemed upset so I wanted to see if I could help. I did not realize you were in a meeting.”

“No, it is quite alright Alana. Ms. Lounds was just leaving.”

Hannibal and Freddie stared one another down. Unflinching. Unmoving. And after a solid three minutes Hannibal wondered if the fox was a suicidal as she was crafty. Then she turned and practically stomped out of his office. Alana moved out of the way and once she was gone turned her attention to Hannibal with a questioning brow.

“Please inform Ms. Katz that Ms. Lounds will no longer be accepted as a patient.”

Alana nodded and then shut the door without another word.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter by no later than 1/5/2020
Chapter Notes

A/N: Dear Mr/Miss Deeply_Disturbed
It took me forever, and I deeply apologize for that, but I am happy to finally fulfill my promise to you and your beloved departed dog. May Charlie rest peacefully and with dreams of many squirrels to chase.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will awoke the next morning to find his shoulder had already mostly healed. That didn’t surprise him, as he had once again consumed Hannibal’s blood. Even the additional amount that he knew had been in the milk. He was almost certain that his sense of taste was becoming more refined. Flavors had become more decadent and robust, but specifically the smell and taste of meat and blood seemed to be coming to the forefront; and with it a feeling of hunger that was not related to his stomach. Will was unsure, because this sensation was so new, if it was due to the pregnancy or his continuing exposure to Hannibal’s blood. There had never been a study or even a question about the consumption of alpha blood on omegas, let alone supernatural alpha blood. Was drinking his blood turning him into a Wendigo? He had been under the impression that that only happened when one consumed the flesh of their own species. But hadn’t he been doing that? Vaguely Will made a mental note within his mind to ask Hannibal about it at some point.

Feeling sticky and his face tight from all the tears he had shed the night before, he decided to bathe first before going downstairs to eat and then check on Winston. He had felt Hannibal kiss his brow again this morning as he was leaving but Will had been too exhausted to awake fully and bid him good morning. It was as the warm water cascaded over his soapy hair and down his back that he realized that he felt as if a great weight had been lifted off of his heart. He still felt guilt and even anger but it was nowhere near the clawing, biting, malignant mass that it had been before. He didn’t have rising paranoid anxiety that it was looming their just out of his mind’s reach waiting to strike and swallow him whole. It was freeing and very cathartic. For the first time in a long time Will felt as if he could not only confront the darkness but learn to control it.

As he stepped out of the shower and then caught a look at his reflection in the mirror he paused to truly look at himself. Though he had only been with Hannibal what was relatively a short while his skinniness from before was gone entirely. His muscles had filled out nicely and though he was still an omega his chest had broadened to now match his shoulders. He wiped a wet curl away from his forehead and blinked as he took in the features of his face. His ears were white as the snow of winter but the inner shells as pink as cherry blossoms. His eyes were their same stormy blue but could he spy flecks of gold? Or was that just the light? He turned his cheek and to his amazement something else caught his attention. Reaching up a hand he rubbed at his cheek. Yes, he had stubble. He had the beginnings of facial hair. Weren’t omegas not supposed to have facial hair? Turning his gaze to other parts of his body he felt and saw nothing but smooth skin. Rubbing his cheek again and then the upper lip he could confirm that it was slightly abrasive. Well that was odd, but yet just another thing he might have to ask Hannibal about. Looking at himself again as a whole, however, he astonishingly could actually see that he was indeed attractive. It was such an odd thing to finally realize. To understand why another person would want you physically. He blushed softly and then saw his reflection in the mirror, which caused him to blush even darker. His embarrassed expression and the way his ears naturally folded downward over his head was
beyond adorable. Turning away he smirked to himself as he dried himself off and then went to sit on the bed and dry his feet.

When he turned to Hannibal’s wardrobe he found a large rectangular box had been placed in front of it. Curiosity peeked he went over and almost giddily opened the note on the top that had been wax sealed. Folding open the small paper it read-

My Dearest William,

Though I do appreciate the pleasant picture that you make when you wear my clothes I have taken the liberty to purchase a few that I am sure will fit you. I look forward to seeing you in them.

With deepest devotion,

Hannibal

Will could not help his grin as he opened the lid of the box and found three black dress slacks, a belt, and five different button down blouse collared shirts. Their colors were all gem shades: ruby, sapphire, emerald, amethyst, and a soft aquamarine. As he cautiously picked up each piece of clothing he practically purred at the texture between his fingers. He knew enough to know that the fabric wasn’t actual silk but it sure felt as soft as it. Grinning he decided to wear the aquamarine shirt, but when he opened the wardrobe to put the other clothes away he found another box with a secondary small note. It was not as formally written as the previous one and simply read

It would give me immense pleasure to see you in this as well.
As well as to assist you out of it.

That had Will’s curiosity positively threatening to bubble over as he quickly opened the smaller box and marveled at the soft delicate garments inside. There were four in total and with each piece he held up in his hands he could feel himself growing more excited and flustered. His tail flipped back and forth and his erection hardened, hot and insistent. The lingerie was so smooth and supple in his hands. The very slide of it against his fingertips made him shiver. The beauty of all of them had his mouth practically gaping open. Every one of them was stunning and beautiful in a different way. With a compulsion Will had never felt before he stood up and decided he was going to put on every single one to see how they looked on him.

First, was the white gown with a sweetheart neckline and lace along the bottom hem. Interwoven into the lace was a dark midnight blue satin ribbon that matched the crossing ties in the back of the dress as the opening on the fabric plunged downward to showcase all of the creamy skin of his shoulder down to the small of his back and the fluff of his tail. The blue matching Will’s eyes perfectly. He lifted the hem to look at how his erection strained against the bikini high cut panties with little blue bows tied on each hip. As he turned in front of the mirror he felt that this was probably the most modest of the set. Hannibal probably mean him to wear this to bed as a nightgown of sorts. Looking at the back one last time Will had to smile that it certainly would offer the alpha a nice view as they slept.

The next piece was sexy in design but the colors gave the impression of sweetness. It was a soft cream shade with a band of amethyst colored lace around the top that started at his neckline and clung to his skin till it reached his nipples. Then it turned into the skin colored cream netting that fell around his midsection like a dress that was open in front. The underwear this time were the same dark purple that looked almost brief in their cut, but the sides were several thin straps of
material that cascaded over each hip and bet in the back just below his tail and revealed that the posterior of the underwear was indeed a thong.

The third, Will decided once he saw it, must have been designed with male omegas in mind. It was all one connected piece of clothing that had been a bit of a challenge to get into but the results were worth it. The bodice started just below his nipples and pushed in just enough on his skin to give his pectoral muscles a slight bulge above the emerald lace trim. Black fabric slung to his slender form and then cut off above his navel, save for two green ribbons that cascaded down the sides of his hips to then weave into the black garter belt and stockings. There were no panties with this outfit, but a single clover charm rested just above his bellybutton and when turned over read ‘Lucky You’ on the back.

The last, Will knew immediately, was the one he would choose to wear for when Hannibal got home. It started with a black lace choker with blood red ribbons and a cute red rose charm and a set of shimmering pearls on either side. Then came the snug black corset that not only straightened his posture but definitely had him feeling very desirable. The same red ribbons wound this way and that in a complicated interwoven pattern that was most certainly for show rather than functionality. Will had at first worried he was going to have to untie all those ribbons and redo them himself. Thankfully, before doing any of that he had found the zipper on the side. Getting said zipper up the last inch or two had been a slightly contortionistic achievement, but at least the ribbons were still in perfect artistic tantalizing display. The garter belt hung low on his lips and attached to both the underwear and stockings. Each featured the same interwoven ribbon and though the stocking didn’t have any charms the panties, at the front, featured the same red rose and pearls. The stockings came to mid-thigh and as Will inspected the last piece of the outfit, he found it was a matching red ribbon for his tail. This one, with all its dark black fabric and red accents, had Will thinking it was Hannibal himself clutching desperately to his very skin and leaving him slightly breathless.

Looking over to the shirts once more Will assumed that the colors of the lingerie were to match whatever outfit he was wearing. It just seemed like something Hannibal would do. However, Will still wanted to wear the blue shirt. Smirking at the thought of how annoyed that would make Hannibal he grabbed the soft blue shirt and did exactly that. The lighter color of the shirt did very little to hide the black and red underneath it but Will thought that was all part of the fun. He purposefully left the two top buttons undone so that the choker was on full display. He wanted Hannibal to see his fashion ‘faux pas’ the moment he walked in. He could just imagine the steamy reprimand being hissed against his throat as he pretended to play innocent and nibble Hannibal’s ear. He couldn’t help the little sound of excitement he emitted. Then he heard the sound of the wolves outside barking.

His mind immediately stopped fantasizing and he realized he had wanted to go check on Winston. Quickly putting on pants and shoes he made his way downstairs and just before heading for the back door he grabbed one of Hannibal’s coats. Bundled up nice and tight he slid open the back door to find not only Winston but several other wolves as well. The animals stopped their excited backing long enough turn to Will’s as if awaiting orders. Winston walked up to him and butted his head against his legs, whining in greeting.

“Hey Winston, my good boy.” Will look at the other wolves “Isn’t this your pack?” Winston whined again “Does Hannibal know?” the wolf offered a low woof and licked his palm. Joy and happiness raced through Will blood as he took a step forward to meet the other wolves. So Hannibal hadn’t meant to take Winston from him, for that Will would be eternally grateful. He laughed as the other wolves nuzzled against him excitedly until once accidently knocked him over of his rump in the snow. Winston immediately pushed forward and growled in warning. Will used his body to pick himself back up “It’s alright boy, calm down.” He grinned “That baby won’t be affected by a little bump. I’m fine.” Winston still growled and glared at the offending golden wolf.
Will good naturedly pushed him aside as he offered his hand to the golden wolf, who had one ear that flopped forward in an adorable manner. “You were just a little too excited, weren’t cha?” He said to the wolf. The animal’s tail wagged happily in reply as he came forward again and licked his face. “I guess I should give you all names shouldn’t I?” Will looked from the two white wolves, to the lone red, and finally the gold. “You,” he pointed to the gold wolf “You are going to be Charlie. You seem happy and loving like someone named Charlie would be.”

He looked to the red wolf, which stood proud and watchful. “You’re going to be the beta,” Will pointed toward Winston “He’s your mate isn’t he?” The red wolf only flicked her ear as if to confirm his suspicions. “If I remember correctly, only the alpha pair in wolf packs is allowed to breed. But considering my mate and I are the alpha pair that really isn’t an issue.” He gently petted her head and found her fur to be of a thick and lustrous softness. “If you wish to have pups I will all to happily welcome them to the family.” She emitted what seemed to be a grateful sound and then moved so that his hand was rubbing against her side. As he stroked along her flank he felt movement beneath his fingertips. Pausing, he knelt down in the snow to rub more insistently against her belly. Again, he felt a flurry of movement. “You are already pregnant.” He stated, looking to the other wolves. None of the other wolves had been Alpha and her stomach felt way too big for her to have just conceived. They had to be the offspring of that black wolf from before. The wolf that his mate had killed. Though Will did not regret the obviously mad animal’s death, he did regret robbing an unborn child of its father. Then again, was it really something to feel bad about when the father would have likely been horrible to them?

“I’m sorry,” Will whispered as he turned the wolf’s head to face him “Do you blame me for your mate’s death?” The wolf growled and shook her head before moving over to press her body against Winston, who returned her affectionate licking happily. “Oh, so… Winston really is your mate?” Then it clicked into place in Will’s mind “That’s why you were alone and didn’t want to go back to your pack wasn’t it?” he asked Winston “That black wolf took everything from you, even your mate.” Winston huffed and Will’s smile returned “Then I’m glad he’s gone.” He then looked between them as another though occurred to him. “Your anger and revenge should die with him though. When theses pups are born they will not take on the sins of their sire, alight.” He scratched behind Winston’s ear “These pups will be yours, yes?” A twinkling in Winston’s eyes told him he understood as he licked Will’s cheek once more. “Very good.” He leaned forward and hugged Winston before kissing between his eyes “You’re a good boy and a good alpha.” The red wolf pushed against his hand with her cold nose and Will laughed “Oh yes, a name!” He thought about her coloring, then about what she must have gone through after Winston left, how many aspects of her life mirrored Will’s past. “I think I shall call you… Aria. That’s a very strong name for a female to have. Queenly in origin. Do you like it?” Aria licked his palm and then turned to nuzzle against Winston once more.

Finally he turned to the white wolves “And you two,” they looked practically identical “Are you siblings?” The wolves both barked in unison. “How about Benjamin and Jerard? Ben and Jerry for short.” One of the wolves patted and paws the ground in agreement while the other seemed more reserved and simply flicked his ears as if to agree.

Will nodded and was satisfied with his name choices. He glance back at Aria and wondered when was she due to deliver, as he now had the responsibility and delight and helping her birth her pups. He was sure Hannibal would help him with that, even if he wasn’t going to be too happy at hearing the news that she was pregnant. Then again, he had already agreed to all the wolves, what was two or three more. Unless it was six? He didn’t think wolves had litters of six.

A loud clattering caught everyone’s attention and before Will could react the wolves were in hot pursuit, barking warningly. Will followed along and found them growling and snarling at a small window at the very base of the bottom of the house that seemed to lead into a basement of some
sort. However, Will was unaware of the house having a basement at all. The window had obviously been hastily pushed open as whatever it was had run scurrying in fear. Sighing Will clapped his hands to get their attention “Alright, calm down. It’s probably just a rabbit or something leave it be. I’ll go get you guys some food alright?”

Winston shook his head agitatedly and then gently nipped at Will’s cufflink before walking over to a trail of footprints in the snow that lead right up to the window.

Rabbits did not leave human shaped footprints.

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter by no later than 1/5/2020
Be Patient, I’m working on a huge batch chapter upload for this story and others as an Xmass present for everyone.
I know you’re shivering with antici...........pation, but I promise the wait is worth it 😊 !!!
Fear cracked and froze like ice in his veins. Despite how he was dressed, Will immediately felt the cold of the world around him down to the marrow in his bones. The darkness seeped and crawled across the expanse of his mind, whispering with each inch of advantage it gained. The footsteps could not belong to Hannibal so they had to be an intruder. But why was an intruder here of all places?! Who could it possibly be? His perfect happy little world was crumbling, threatened, vanishing before his eyes. Will covered his mouth and immediately retreated back to the safety of the garden. He went to go inside the house but stopped before the door as he realized that what if the person had exited the basement and was now somewhere in the house. He began to shake with the fear of not knowing and sank down to his knees. Distantly he could tell Winston was at his shoulder whining but Will just closed his eyes.

What if it was Tobias?

No. Don’t think that. He couldn’t think like that. No don’t think that way! It couldn’t be. No.

Everything he had gained and everything he had to lose weighed down on him. Suffocating him. His throat was impossibly tight and he felt like he was stuck in a void where all sound was being swallowed up so he couldn’t even scream his distress.

“Please, help. What do I do? I don’t know what to do.” Will mentally pleaded as tears came to his eyes. His mind began to ache as he curled up in the snow and tried to breath. Wheezing, strained breaths through his teeth. It hurt and he was frightened the darkness was going to try and consume him again.

It was laughing at him. Tobias’ dark and cynical clipped laugh. It reminded him that he would never be free. To think that he could ever have controlled the darkness was a foolish assumption to begin with. The laugh seemed to reverberate off his mental walls and he whimpered. “Go away.” He hissed “Just go away.”

“Will?”

His eyes opened wide as he very clearly heard Hannibal’s voice in his mind. Sitting up he took several steadying breaths, suddenly able to breathe again, as he absently clutched the front of his head “Hannibal?”

“Yes Will. I can feel your fear. What has caused you to become so scared? Are you out in the forest?”

“You can hear me?”
“I told you our bond would only grow stronger given time. It would just appear that your stress forced a stronger connection.” He had felt much this same thing, pain and fear, when Will had been attacked by the wolf but it had not manifested itself into a true telepathic connection like it did now. All Hannibal could conclude was that Will had to be in a state of absolute panic and terror. “Now answer me Will, are you in the forest?”

“No. There’s a person here. In our house. The wolves… they scared them into some kind of basement.” With every word he said he could feel himself calm down and come back to himself, enough so that he could stand up again and pet Winston’s head.

“Will, I want you to stay where you are. Remain hidden. I’m coming home.”

Will thought about everything in the house. The clothes, his scent, and all the food in the fridge. What if the person was here to find out if Hannibal was the Wendigo? They had to be. Why else would anyone be here and sneaking around? And if they did find anything, and they got back to town, then Will’s whole life would be shattered in an entirely different way. They would surely kill Hannibal and him for being his mate. They wouldn’t care that he was pregnant. If anything they would want the child dead too.

Fear melted and spilled away. It was replaced with anger, courage, and conviction. No, no one was going to hurt his baby again. Never again. Heat like fire seemed to flow into his blood. Eyes cold and hardened Will stared at the house and thought to himself that this person was a threat to his unborn child and had committed the atrocity of invading his territory. He shouldn’t be laying here on the ground cowering! He wasn’t that kind of omega any more. If he wanted to keep his life so badly then he was going to defend it himself. He was the mate of the Wendigo! He should start acting as such.

“Will? Can you still hear me? I can tell you are no longer scared what has happened?” Hannibal’s voice sounded faded, like a whisper on the wind.

“I don’t want to lose you.” Will sent back at him, hoping he would hear it before the connection was lost.

With a remarkably clear and yet clinically detached state of mind Will looked through the glass door and into the house for a moment. Thinking about what his next move shall be. The intruder was in the basement, a room Will had never seen. Meaning that wherever it was was likely hard to get to, hidden, or possibly even locked. Either way that would by some time. Hiding himself was out of the question because it was too obvious that someone other than Hannibal lived here. Besides, hiding would only give the person unlimited and unrestrained access to everything in the house and thus plenty of information to take back to town. No, he couldn’t let that happen. He had to confront the person, make them stay.

A smirk came to his lips. He could make them think he was on their side. Make them think they were saving him. That might work to keep them around long enough for Hannibal to show up. Though he was sure his alpha wasn’t going to be too long. Turning to Winston he ordered in a very calm and low voice “I want Aria stationed here, at the back of the house. It is unlikely they will try to escape through here because they will want to flee toward town and not the forest. The rest of you I want on each side of the house to make sure they do not escape. If you see anything that is not me or my mate you are to attack on sight.” He stroked a palm over Winston’s forehead and between his ears. “Hurt them, cripple them, but do not kill them or let them escape.” Winston jerked his head and then ran off.

Steeling himself for whoever or whatever was in his home Will stepped forward and opened the door.
He walked into the kitchen. Nothing seemed out of place physically. However, a faint rustling sound that came from in the walls alerted him. He followed it right up to the wall on the far side of the room and then continued to follow the noise as it grew in frequency until he was at the staircase. He started to climb the stairs but the noise grew softer, so he went back down. The noise of his feet on the wood must have given the intruder pause as the rustling stopped. Without being able to hear any auditory clues Will then closed his eyes and smelled. Deep slow breaths, and after his third one he could detect a hint of something fridged, like frozen meat and blood. Opening his eyes he rounded the staircase and found that under it, obscured by the shadows, was a small innocuous black handle. Taking a firm hold Will jerked it open.

He was met with the sight of an old dumbwaiter shaft. He recognized it easily because Tobias had used several of them in his house. They were used mostly for laundry and food, but Hannibal had and would never use such a thing. With a closer look despite the darkness Will noticed that even then all of the parts were missing. There was no rope, pulley, metal shelf or cage, and not even the separating doors that were supposed to open and close before anything was placed inside. It was little more than a channel of blackness in the wall that was so dark Will could not even see down it.

Still, the smell was significantly stronger now and he could detect more than before. His tase twitched at the scent of dander, from specifically fluffy fur. A perfume that reeked of too much musk. He could also detect hints of wet leather and ink. Yes, the intruder was at the end of this dark passage. But there was no way for Will to get to her. Yes, he was sure it was a her now.

“Hello?” Called a female voice.

Odd that his pray would make themself known, but Will wasn’t going to quibble about it. After all, he needed to play the dumb omega. “Yes Hello? Are you alright?”

“I… seem to be stuck in a freezer of some sort.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry about that! Can you manage to climb up? There really is no way in or out of there. It’s an old part of the house we had renovated. Please, come on up.”

“Do you have a rope by any chance?”

“I wouldn’t know about that. I just did the laundry, however, will a sheet do?”

“I guess.”

Will took his time walking back through the house and to the guest bedroom where he had once stayed. He tossed off the comforter and then began to tie the top sheet and fitted sheet together. He was fine sulling these linens with that horrid perfume but there was no way he wanted that smell in his bed. No, his and Hannibal’s nest was just for them. The only smells he ever wanted on those blankets were of alpha, omega, heat, wetness, and lots of cum. Will shivered slightly at the thought as he returned and lowered down the sheet “Ok! Can you see anything?”

“Yeah! Yes, let me grab hold and I can try to climb up.” Will hoped this would be quick. He wanted to finally meet the sneaky little fox.

His surprise when a red haired women with actual orange fox ears and tail appeared was genuine. He had only been mentally joking about comparing her to a fox, he hadn’t thought she’d actually be one. Then again, he supposed it was rather fitting actually. Clever, cunning, and mischievous foxes. Always getting themselves caught in traps and having to chew their own legs off just to escape.
She, to her credit, seemed just as surprised to see him.

“Oh, um Hello. I’m sorry-” She said as she stood to her fully height “I.. didn’t realize anyone would be here.”

How to play this? Will considered his options. How would a doting, meek, simple minded house omega act? “That’s quite alright, but how did you get in there?”

“I… was chased by these wolves.”

“Oh yes, the wolves of the forest are quite territorial.” Will nodded. “I never leave the house I’m too scared if them.” At that she gave him a questioning look but Will just smiled as he pointed to the kitchen. “You must be cold from running though the forest. I can make you some tea if you like?”

Slowly she nodded, following Will as he made his way down the hall “Thank you.” Once she was sat at the table Will hummed as he readied a pot for the stove and tried to find those proper teabags in one of the small metal tins Hannibal kept. He wondered if one might be poison of some sort. Looking at the labels it didn’t seem so, but how was Will supposed to know. All the same, though it would be a benefit to poison her, he wasn’t really in a line of sight to do it without detection. “Do you live here?” The fox asked.

“Yes, I live here with my mate.” Will looked over his shoulder.

“And… your mate is?”

“Hannibal Lecter. He’s a doctor in town. Do you know him?”

“Yes,” When Will continued to look at her as if expecting her to explain how she nibbled her lower lip before saying “I came to ask him about some medical advice. Do you know when he’ll be back?”

“Probably tonight. He always comes back at night.” Will answered conversationally as he measured out the hot water before adding the tea. Making sure it was just right he brought the tea over to her and set down the mug. “Here you are.”

“Thank you,” she took the mug in her hands but didn’t sip it. “I don’t remember Dr. Lecter having a,” she paused as she looked Will up and down with a critical eye “mate.”

“I’m not surprised. My mate doesn’t like to talk about his personal life. He’s more the strong silent all business type, you know.” Will laughed as he took as seat across from her at the table. “Can I get you anything else? Food maybe?”

“No… I’m fine.”

“Then if you don’t mind me asking, what kind of advice do you need from my mate to come all the way out here? It’s a very dangerous and very long walk.”

Her eyes narrowed at his question and instead of answering she asked her own question “I’m sorry, I don’t think I ever got your name.”

“I’m William. And you are?”

“Freddie.” She finally took a sip of the tea after sniffing it “I need Dr. Lecter to look at something for me is all.”
“Like what?”

“Just… well I suppose I can show you.” She seemed to fish something out of her skirt pocket and with it tightly closed in her hand she offered it over to Will. The moment he held out his hand she released it and a small dark colored brownish gray rock fell onto his palm. Will stared at it a moment, wondering why the stupid fox had just handed him a rock, when he picked it up and looked it over in his fingers. “I don’t understand?” He looked to Freddie, who was doing an admirable impression of a fish out of water.

“So you can touch it?” She said it out loud but her eyes were unfocused as if she had meant those words only for herself.

“It’s just a rock.” Will frowned “I don’t see how my mate can help you with this. Or how this has anything to do with medical advice.”

Freddie sighed as she snatched the rock back “It’s nothing.” Her ears flattened against her head in agitation “I just read something somewhere about iron and… honestly, it was a stupid theory.” She looked down at her tea and mumbling to herself. Will heard her say “He’s just trying to get in your head. That’s what he does. Remember that.” One of her fingers was absently petting the side of the cup. After she took another sip she seemed to come back to herself. “What did you say your name was again?”

“William.”

“Wasn’t William the name of the omega that-”

“Will?” Both Freddie and Will jumped as Hannibal came walking around the corner. Will looked at him in befuddlement. He had not heard Hannibal come in, nor felt his presence at all. It was as if he had been a phantom. The alphas eyes then turned and practically glared at Freddie “Ms. Louds.”

“Hannibal?” Will said as he took a step toward Hannibal only for Freddie to rush to his side and grab his arm.

“We need to go!”

“What?” Will tried to pull away from her but she only held tighter.

“No! You and I need to go now.” She rounded to confront Hannibal “That’s why the wendigo is angry isn’t it?”

Hannibal’s eyes flicked to Will before turning back to Freddie. They were cold, stern, and almost lifeless as he took a step forward. Freddie retreated, taking Will with her. She slowly steered them around Hannibal, who continued to follow them with slow stalking steps, until they were heading toward the front of the house. She was going to run out the front door just like Will had figured she would. He allowed himself to be dragged with her, all the time watching her with a worried expression. He cast a few scared glances to Hannibal, just to keep up appearances. Although, he was quickly feeling that the moment of ultimate truth for their relationship would soon be upon them.

“Ms. Louds I ask that you unhand Will.”

“No, he’s the reason the wendigo is angry. He is supposed to be dead!” She gave a hard jerk to Will’s arm. “You really are the reason why it’s angry. Why did you take and mate its sacrifice!?”
“I thought you didn’t believe in the wendigo?”

“I didn’t, until I came up here and was chased by Dire Wolves! Those things are supposed to be extinct! And then I heard you—” in an instant she had a knife in her hand. It was relatively small and triangular in shape with a wooden handle. She placed the blade at Will’s throat. “I heard you talking to those wolves. They obeyed you. How?”

“Hannibal?” Will asked. He still wasn’t scared, per say, as Freddie with every step was getting closer and closer to the door. But Will was beginning to wonder just what his mate was doing. And why was he not stopping this?

When Freddie reached the door she turned to fumble it open and that's when Hannibal charged her. He wrapped his hand around the blade as he slammed her into the door with his bulk while his free arm pushed Will out of the way. As he grabbed Freddie’s red hair and jerked her away Will scrambled away but turned back at Hannibal’s scream of pain. He saw that Freddie had not only sliced his palm but had also stabbed the blade into his chest. Hannibal was gasping, writhing on the floor in agony, thrashing violently.

“Hannibal!” Will cried as he raced to his side. Taking out the blade and throwing it away. He ripped away Hannibal’s clothes to see just how bad his wounds were only to watch as his skin darkened in color. It turned from a healthy pink to a volcanic ash black. It seeped through his veins and all over his body. It went up his neck and into his eyes which turned the same endless black.

Now truly terrified at what was happening Will turned to growl at her “What did you do!?”

Freddie was on the ground with her back pressed firmly against the door as she too looked on in terror. Her eyes were as wide as dinner plates as she continued to mumble “It’s not possible. Not possible.”

A guttural roar exploded out of Hannibal chest as he turned onto his stomach, his fingernails elongating as he began to tear his clothes to shreds. Will covered his mouth with his hands as he watched his mate’s body concave inward and his once proud physique become nearly emaciated and deathly. His hair fell to the ground in patches and with one final convulsion everything stopped. Long black claws carved into the floor as the body they belonged to heaved for breath.

“You’re… the..” Freddie practically squeaked as tears came to her eyes. Hannibal raised his head and the black voids of his eyes looking at Freddie as he bared his teeth with a maniacal grin.

Freddie raced to her feet and then opened the door wide with a echoing bang as she ran out. Will watched her leave, not really worried that she’d get far away. When he turned back Hannibal’s eyes were now looking right at him. He gazed right back, unmoving and unafraid, as he waited to see what Hannibal would do. Truly seeing him like this was a little startling, but all Will could think was how mystically and horrifically beautiful he was. He had imagined what monstrous form Hannibal might have but he hadn’t quite pictured this. It really did look as if he was some undead starving creature that had just crawled out of a grave. Will sat there, waiting and waiting, until he heard the telltale scream of Freddie being captured by his wolves. The chorus of howls that broke out sounded rather victorious. Hannibal made no move toward the door and still just watched him. Was he really that worried that Will was going to reject him? Scream in fear of him? Was he seriously more concerned with Will that he’d let Freddie get away? It would seem so. Well that just wouldn’t do and was far too dangerous. Even though Will thought and felt that was possibly the sweetest thing an alpha could do, he really should get Hannibal back to thinking clearly.

Sighing, Will decided to fold on this little stalemate of theirs. He’d let Hannibal win just this once. Taking Hannibal’s elongated clawed hand in his own Will brought it to his lips for a kiss to the
knuckles. “So this is what you really look like?” Hannibal didn’t say anything. “I wondered when you were finally going to show me. But I’m happy now that we can finally be honest with each other.” He smiled and gave Hannibal a quick peck on the cheek before whispering in his ear.

“But I’m a little annoyed that you’re letting dinner get away.”

Hannibal still did not move, and it was then that Will wondered if this form of Hannibal made him more animalistic in his mindset than his more human one. Then there was a slight tilt of his head and a blink of his eyes before turning and with a speed unlike anything Will had ever seen he raced out the open door on all fours. Will jerked to his feet and ran after him.
Chapter 26

As Will raced to the open door the first thing he saw was Freddie screaming and flailing madly even as one wolf had her pinned down by the shoulders and another was thrashing wildly with her leg. Blood flowed like rivers onto the white snow and splattered as sharp canine teeth pierced flesh. Her cries only grew more agonized as the flesh continued to tear, showing muscle, bone, and tendon. The wolf continued to pull and thrash until with a echoing break the leg separated from her body. Freddie’s face was a broken shell of her former confidence and pretty looks and now only showcased sheer terror and misery. The one wolf ran off with the leg held in its jowls and another followed after. It didn’t matter; Freddie wasn’t going anywhere with Charlie still on top of her and Hannibal fast approaching.

When Hannibal was only a few feet from them Charlie moved away and bowed his head in respect. Hannibal ignored him completely as he loomed over Freddie’s body, staring into her soon to be dead eyes. She screeched and tried to claw at his face but her manicured nails didn’t even pierce his hide. It was as if she were trying to scratch granite. She thrashed even more trying to push her body away in the snow but Hannibal only grabbed her around her neck. With just one hand he squeezed cutting off her air. She tried to pull at his hands but there was no give at all. Her eyes bulged and her mouth gaped open as all she could do was look up and into Hannibal’s black face.

Her airway constructed more with each passing second. Her mind focused inward on her body and her quickly burning lungs as she tried to gasp for air. Then, to her horror, Hannibal lifted his other hand and made a point of showing them to her before raking them down her stomach and plunging them inside. Because of her lack of breathing all she could feel with acute clarity was the death of her own body. Tears welled up and spilled forth from her eyes as the feeling of having your abdominal muscles torn and pushed aside as claws dug and search or something inside of her was rather indescribable. Feeling it, knowing it was happening to you, and still being alive to witness it as death crept into your vision. This had been Hannibal’s thought all along; to make her confront her own miscalculations and misdeeds. That there were repercussions for her actions, regardless of her profession. Then, just as Hannibal could see that only mere moments remained in her eyes, he released the hand around her throat. As her body expanded for the much needed air, he opened his mouth and began to tear and eat her alive.

More blood flowed from the new gaping wounds and filleted skin. Hannibal consumed her like a starved wild beast. Skin, organ, tissue, even bone broke and bent to his hunger. Blood was splattering and gushing everywhere and the smell of it was intoxication. Will had to close his eyes and shiver at the mere sight of it. Suddenly there was a pulsing in his head and his mouth felt horribly dry. The blood looked so red and inviting. So tempting and delicious. And it was all just going to waste on the dirt.

Will gulped as he made his way forward, the thought that he wanted to eat too entering his mind. He was suddenly so hungry. Just one bite. A tiny little taste. His stomach growled and he wined as he fell on all four and crawled over to where Hannibal was. Hannibal seemed to be in some sort of frenzy as he did not notice Will approach and instead moved down Freddie’s body to separate her gaping abdomen and plunge his face inside, his canines immediately sinking into her stomach. Will sat beside him, looking over the mangled and now dead corpse. He had never eaten a fresh kill before so he didn’t know what was good. His stomach gave another painful lurch and looking toward her chest he noticed a piece of lung had been cut in two and was sitting wedged between two ribs.

Will licked his lips almost as if in a trance as he plucked the piece and brought it to his mouth.
“No Will!” Hannibal’s mental command was almost defining.

Hannibal tackled him to the ground and threw the piece of food away. Will snarled in rage and kicked out in anger as his hunger only tripled. He tried to move back to the body but Hannibal only snarled and bit down on the mating mark at his neck. “I said no, William!” Will cried out and whined but was powerless as his body immediately went limp. He didn’t know why but he began to sob as he felt Hannibal lift him over his shoulder, back into the house, and up the stairs to their room.

Hannibal tried to place Will gently on the bed but the omega kicked away and curled into a ball at the top of the headboard. His body was shaking with how badly he wanted to eat and how euphoric the smell of blood made him. “Why?” He sobbed out loud “Why would you stop me?”

“Because our child will never be born if you do!” That seemed to sober Will up enough to make him lift his head and look at Hannibal with perplexed eyes. Hannibal stood to his full height and looked down at his palm. “I cannot seem to change out of this form.”

“Why?”

“It is because of the iron knife that she stabbed into my chest. Though iron cannot kill me it does weaken many a supernatural creature, including myself.” He leveled his gaze at Will “I am unable to speak in this form. It is fortunate, however, that our mental connection now allows us to communicate telepathically. It would seem though that distance does affect it. I can very clearly read you now, but before it was only when you were scared.” Will wanted to say something but his stomach cramping had him falling to the bed and clutching his abdomen. “Will?”

“I’m sorry…” he whimpered “I’m just so hungry Hannibal. I can’t even think.”

“Did you eat the meal I made for you in the fridge this morning? What about your snacks?”

Will shook his head, no. “Does it have meat in it?” He moaned. Though Will couldn’t see it himself Hannibal saw Will’s eyes shine with a shimmering gold ring as he said “It needs to be meat.”

“As you wish.” Hannibal replied as he left the room. Will closed his eyes and tried to focus of his breathing. When Hannibal finally did return with a bowl of eggs with peppers and meat Will jerked upright in the bed and practically grabbed it from his hands. He was grateful for the spoon as it allowed him to eat faster. If Hannibal hadn’t provided one, Will probably would have eaten with his hands. The moment he crunched down on his first huge chunk of meat he whimpered as the taste of rare red meat and traces of blood flowed down his throat. All cravings and pain stopped and Will was himself again. He took several more bites before looking at Hannibal. “Better?”

“Very much so,” Will managed to swallow “Thank you. What meat is this?”

“Kidney and liver. They are organs that have a great deal of blood in the body and now that you are pregnant I felt you could use the extra iron. Though, perhaps now I’m considering you need a bit more than a little extra.” He said nothing more as Will continued to eat and only after his mate has practically liking the bowl clean did he ask “How long have you known?”

“Sense just before we mated. I could tell by the way you’re eyes changed color. They tend to do that when you’re either really angry or about to shape shift.” Will turned on the bed to face him better “This isn’t your only form, right? I’ve seen you as…well, yourself, and now this, and then there is the elk. So which one is the real you?”
“My truest form is… a monster. It is best that you never seen that side of me, Will. It is the side that is the most animalistic and that I have the least control over. I do not know if I would even recognize you as my mate. In that form... I am like death.”

Will highly doubted that, but now was not really the time to argue. He just nodded as he moved closer to where Hannibal was crouched at the foot of the bed. It was odd seeing this almost mythical and all dark skinned hairless version of Hannibal. He was so used to seeing the Alpha as the epitome of class and propriety that it seemed in such shadowy contrast to it. A rumble came from Hannibal’s chest as he rose just enough to lean into Will and cage him in with his arms to press him down to the bed.

“You knew what I was and you mated with me anyway?”

“Yes.” Will made sure to keep looking into Hannibal’s eyes so that his alpha would know he wasn’t lying.

A soft growl emitted from his throat “Why?”

“Because I’m yours. You said so yourself, remember?” Will’s eyes turned thoughtful and passionate as he leaned fully back against the bed. The shirt he had on was splattered with blood sprays but that just made the already sheer fabric even more see-through to the lingerie he had on beneath. He smiled as he saw Hannibal’s eyes focus in on the chocker and the parted collar of his shirt. “And you are mine, regardless of what you are.” He folded down his ears, looking embarrassed “I want you Hannibal.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“It wasn’t my secret to know or tell. I felt it wasn’t my place, and if I did confront you about it you would just be angry.” It wasn’t completely true but close enough. “I… didn’t want to lose you.”

Hannibal growled as he moved forward to then loom over Will’s body and settle between his parted legs. Hannibal leaned down and nuzzled his cheek “There is no way you could ever lose me, Will.”

Will whimpered as he felt warmth creep over his skin and dampness growing between his thighs. “What did you mean when you said our child would never be born?”

He had moved on from nuzzling to licking and nipping just hard enough to cause little red marks that had Will gasping at the slight pain “There are steps to becoming like me, for those who are not born as such. Once you do them, however, how you appear and are physically at that time shall remain permanent forever. If you became like me now, you would never give birth.” His lips trailed down to Will’s collar bone where he bit and drew blood. “You must wait until after our fawn is born.” A clawed hand with impossibly long fingers came to rest against his womb.

Will closed his eyes as he pushed up into those teeth and gripping hands. He still had all his clothes on and with every second that passed he wanted to just take them off. He moved to unbutton the shirt but Hannibal growled warningly and he mewled, as if rejected. “Have you been leading me though the steps? What have I done without my knowledge?”

Hannibal raised one very long sharp clawed finger and dragged the tip ever so lightly down Will’s neck and then to the first button of the shirt. With a flick it was cut away and he continued on to the rest. “First, there is the drinking of fresh blood. That is willingly given.” Once the buttons were gone that same claw pushed the shirt aside to reveal the underwear Will wore beneath. Will stared up at Hannibal with bated breath and curiously felt rather flustered and bashful. He blushed as he
looked away only for Hannibal to purr at his cuteness. He didn’t know why he was suddenly feeling so self-conscious about how he looked considering he knew fully well that he looked good.

“Second, you must hunt and kill in cold blood one of your own kind.” His gaze drifted down and a soft hiss left his clenched teeth that had Will following his line of sight and seeing his pants. Without being told he undid the button and pushed the slacks down just enough for Hannibal to see the panties and garter belt. Will’s erection was hard and straining against the fabric that was already nicely soaked with his slick. The smell of it filled the room to both of their enjoyments. Hannibal’s long black finger pulled the pants further down as he leaned in and nuzzled Will’s cock and gave it a teasing lick through the fabric. Will moaned and pushed his hips upwards, wanting more.

“And… that last… thing?” It was so hard to concentrate when Hannibal was mouthing at his sex but he wanted to know. Needed to know.

“Lastly,” Hannibal’s voice sounded truly cold and very predatory “You must eat the fresh uncooked flesh of your prey.”

Will parted his legs and was rewarded as Hannibal moved further between them to lick and suck hungrily at his slick. Will’s hands moved to grab Hannibal’s antlers as he tried to angle his hips up more so that his mate could eat him out properly. As it was he was practically bending himself in half and yet it still didn’t feel like enough.

“Like this, I can smell how perfectly pregnant you are.” Will gasped at the smooth dark tone of Hannibal’s satisfied mental voice “You taste richer and creamier on my tongue.” Will bit his bottom lip as a rather embarrassing gush of slick leaked out “You seem very eager for me to mount you.”

Will nodded and moved one hand to try and stretched the panties out of the way of Hannibal’s mouth “Yes, please.”

Hannibal snarled as he moved up to look into Will’s face again even though the omega was still bent with his knees nearly touching his shoulders “Even in this form?”

He nodded “Yes,” He breathed “I want you in every form.”

Hannibal’s mouth came closer and he licked across Will’s lips. This allowed Will to both smell and taste himself. “I am aware of who you are and what I am doing, but I do not have complete control. I may hurt you with my intensity to claim you.”

“I can take it. I still want you.”

A soft kind of rumble escaped him as Hannibal pressed their foreheads together “You do not fully understand, Will. Penetrative intercourse outside of your heat may feel more intense and invasive. And I cannot guarantee I’ll be gentle. I’ve never had sex in this form.”

Will smiled sweetly and then allowed a smoldering intensity to take over his face as his gaze flicked up and down what he could see of Hannibal’s body. “So I’m your first?” With a teasing lilt to his voice he leaned up and just before he kissed Hannibal full on the mouth he said “Then perhaps it is me who should be gentle with you.” While distracting his mate with his tongue and lips Will moved a hand between them and felt at Hannibal’s groin. Instead of finding a nice thick cock like so many times before, this time he found a hot and obviously aroused slit. Confused, but not enough to stop the kiss, Will allowed his fingers to press and caress the wet folds. Just as his fingers were getting quite soaked he then felt something hard and large press outward against his palm. Curiosity finally peaked, Will tore his lips away and pushed Hannibal back just enough to
look down between them.

A very very large black cock was slowly pressing out of the folds and seemed to already be leaking an almost pearlescent shinny white fluid from the tip. On the upward ridge just below the head there appeared to be a prominent bump. What really caught Will’s eye, however, was the beginning of an extremely massive knot at the base. It would seem that when Hannibal was in this form his phallus was internal rather than external, which allowed for a considerably bigger size.

“Oh, Hannibal,” Will could not help the excitement that entered his voice. “Is this for me?”

“Well.” Hannibal’s tone was warning even if his more animalistic side pressed forward and pushed the erection into Will’s palm. His fingers easily wrapped around the head but almost were not able to touch.

With still a very mischievous glint in his eyes Will leaned back and half turned away, playing coquettish. “I’m sorry, Alpha.” He purred as he caressed his fingers up his thigh and over the stockings, the panties, the garter belt, and over the ribbons of his corset to finally touch the rose charm at his neck. “Does my form not please you?” He turned on to his stomach and showed off the red ribbon at the base of his white tail, which twitched playfully. He leaned up just enough to move a hand behind him, into the panties, between his cheeks, and then pulling it out and showing the sticky slick that was still attached to his fingers in thin strands before breaking. “Am I not wet enough for you to fuck me?”

He was immediately shoved down into the bed as the fat cock pressed up firm and insistent against his panties, rocking against him in a mockery of mating as Hannibal seemed to struggle for control. Claws pressed into skin and a hot mouth growled into Will’s ear. Another animalistic noise escaped him as he humped Will’s backside with little finesse.

So Hannibal had been right, this form was more primal. Will could work with that. He pressed backward and laughed amusedly as the cock moving between his cheeks but against the fabric seemed to grow more urgent and demanding the longer it was denied. Sharp canine teeth found and mouthed at his mating mark in a not so gentle way. Will exposed his neck even as he reached a hand back to pull down the underwear and then guide that nice cock to his eager hole. Even when it touched and Will tried to relax so Hannibal could enter him, the beginning stretch was more than he expected. He tightened up out of reflex only to have Hannibal bite down punishingly on his mating mark and grip his hips as the alpha forced himself inside. Will cried out as he could only take about half of him. The Wendigo did not seem satisfied by that as he pulled back without giving Will time to adjust and thrust back in with even more force. Will’s body yielded and submitted, his ass growing wetter to accept more of Hannibal inside him. He arched back even as another brutal thrust came, but with every one the cock went deeper.

Will gasped with open mouthed ecstasy as he could feel wetness dripping down his thighs and even felt it soaking the bed around his knees. Whether it was purely his slick alone or a combination of him and Hannibal’s own wetness he didn’t care. The borderline violent intimacy of it all had Will practically shaking with need. Hannibal had been right; feeling himself be taken outside of his heat was significantly different. There was a bit more pain but it wasn’t unmanageable and it was the kind of pain that teetered on the knife’s point of pleasure. With one last bullish roll of his hips Will closed his eyes as he felt the beginning knot be pressed and forced inside him. Will sighed and pushed back, bowing his spine and rocking in a pleading way. He wanted Hannibal to begin moving again. Wanted to feel himself, now stretched wide enough to accommodate him, being fucked into the sheets. Instead Hannibal clutched him tight as the knot began to grow.

And grow.
Will panted and then began to worry as it didn’t seem to stop. It pushed against his walls and just kept coming. He tried to move and reposition himself but Hannibal’s teeth actually bit into his skin. Will whined as he closed his eyes. The knot was just in the right place that it was squishing his prostate mercilessly. Tears came to his eyes even as it made him feel like he could come at any second. Precum leaked from his own cock and onto the bed as all he could do was little humps and grinds against the sheets for relief.

“Ha-Hannibal?” Will gasped and then lost whatever he was going to say as he felt something else. Deep inside his body something began to heat up and practically burn against his walls. It felt almost as if a hot coal was being pressed practically against his stomach. “What? Hannibal what is that!?” He tried to move and the hotness turned into stinging pain that had him crying out and then curling back under Hannibal’s looming body to stop it.

“That... I believe is a barb.” Came Hannibal’s strained mental voice. “Do not move or it might damage you. Barbs are meant to punish uncooperative and unfaithful mates.”

Will pressed backward and instead of feeling pain felt even more pleasure from the pressure of the knot. “Alright.” He replied back mentally. “But you know I’m not, right?” He looked over his shoulder and saw that Hannibal’s face was just within kissing distance. He was able to move just enough to kiss his chin and nip at his cheek. “I’d never do that to you.”

“I know my dear,” Hannibal reassured him “It’s just my biology.” Will whimpered as something new happened. The heat seemed to be spreading now, deeper inside him and pressing even further into his body. Will tried to focus on breathing as he struggled to deal with it. A large clawed hand came to his throat but it cupped him gently as Hannibal’s mental presence coaxed him through it. “Breath. Slowly, with long exhaling breaths.”

“What is happening?”

“I’m cumming inside of you.” His voice sounded rather enraptured and satisfied “It’s... different then any I’ve felt before. You feel so tight around me and I can tell my release is thicker. It’s not leaking out at all but staying just at the head and heating up considerably.”

Will nodded “I can feel it too.” His thighs were shaking from the strain and he wanted so desperately to cum but he didn’t want to take this moment away from Hannibal. He also wasn’t sure if he’d be able to jerk himself off without feeling the sting of the barb again.

Hannibal made a pleased noise as he nibbled Will’s ear “Just a bit more, my sweet omega. The barb will recede soon. I can feel the last coming out now. Then I’ll make you cum around me.”

“It’s too hot though.”

“I know, but you can take it. Just a little longer.” He pushed against Will and enjoyed the whimper and mewl that escaped. “So wonderful and perfect.” Will smiled at the praise and then gasped as he felt the prominent press of the barb lessen and then the feeling of the knot as well. He frowned as he pressed his face in the sheets, lamenting the loss of the thick erection as it pulled out of him. Then he felt the thicker cum well up and began to leak, which made him shiver all over. But Then Hannibal’s clawed hands grabbed his hips and the thick head was back at his hole. Will quickly looked over his shoulder to seen the Wendigo’s toothy greedy grin.

“Hannibal?”

“It would appear that in this form my erection does not subside after orgasm.” Will was going to say something but instead as the Wendigo force himself back inside and shoved Will’s torso into
the sheets all the omega could do was howl as thrust after thrust slammed against his backside with an audible slap.

“I did promise you an orgasm, did I not? How does multiple sound?”

Will pushed back against every thrust and grinned even as he gasped “Yes, Alpha! Incredible! Thank you!”
Will had been curled up encased by radiating warmth and security. His mind had drifted and slumbered peacefully only to be disturbed by a sensation. The feeling of skin brushing skin. More specifically, fingers caressing his cheek. He grumbled as his mind tried to linger longer in the realm of dreams but the continued tactile stimulation finally had him sleepily opening his eyes to focus on Hannibal’s face. He had returned to his normal self and Will smiled up at him as he moved closer to snuggle. “Good morning.”

“Good morning.” The fingertips at his cheek went to his neck, down to his shoulder, and then over to his lower back to pull Will in even further until his chin was nestled within Will’s dark curls. “Are you hurt at all?”

Will hummed as a smirk pulled at his lips. “No. A little sore, I’ll admit. That barb was intense and your knot in that form was bigger.” He moved to kiss Hannibal’s collar bone. “But I liked it very much. So don’t worry.”

Hannibal didn’t say anything. He just let his hand stroke up and down Will’s spine as they lay there together for several moments. Then Will remembered the wolves “The female wolf is pregnant. I’ve also named them.” He offered conversationally. When Hannibal still didn’t talk Will figured he was deep in thought and shouldn’t disturb him.

“You knew before we mated and yet still you bonded yourself to me anyway.” It wasn’t said in a way that Will thought he needed the omega to audibly confirm it. It just seemed like Hannibal was thinking out loud, so Will remained quiet. “My Will.” Hannibal’s beautifully accented voice soothed. The hand at his back moved over his body to cup his cheek and angle his face upward so they could look at each other. With their noses touching Will took the opportunity to brush them together affectionately. “My beautiful mate and omega.” Will smirked at that.

“Yes Hannibal?”

“I do not think there is a more perfect person to ever exist on this earth than yourself.”

Will laughed “That’s very sweet, even if it is not true.” He went to kiss Hannibal but the alpha pulled away just enough to stop it, but not to move away from Will altogether.

“I do not give compliments lightly Will. Nor am I in the habit of embellishment.” His eyes turned golden as his smoldering gaze intensified. “How else should I describe you? When you have granted me my deepest desire it seems overnight. You looked upon me and accepted me even with all my flaws.”

Will considered his words and shook his head “I’m just the same as you. You accepted me, even with everything that I was. That I am.”

“What you have are not flaws, Will.”

“Neither are yours.” Will smiled a little bitterly as he thought about his past “We are products of what happened to us. What the world is and was. But that does not mean it still has to be that way here. Between us. In this house. In this bed.” He pushed up and pressed against Hannibal until the alpha rolled onto his back and Will half crawled onto his chest and folded his hands over the man’s heart impulsively. “I meant it when I said I wanted no more lies or secrets between us. That I’m yours and always have been. I’m not leaving Hannibal. I never was.” His thumb absently brushed
against his chest hair.

“Anyone else would have.” He countered.

“Anyone else would have already been made into dinner.”

“So you know about that too?” Will nodded. “How?”

“That was just a logical conclusion really. You are a creature that eats people after all. Not beef or chicken.” Something about that struck Will as funny and he started to laugh “I bet there isn’t even any regular meat in this entire house is there?”

When Will turned his head and looked down at Hannibal from his curled up position on his chest his white ears caught the morning light. His dark curls were an adorable mess about his head and his eyes were shining with mirth. He was everything Hannibal could and would ever aspire to have in a mate.

“May I have my kiss now?” Will purred cutely.

“I’ll give you more than a kiss.” Hannibal pressed their lips together as he leaned up and curled Will up to sit in his lap, the Omega’s legs draped over his right knee. His left hand supported Will’s back while his right went between his legs to cup his half awake sex. With Hannibal’s fingers wrapping around him and his tongue delving into Will’s mouth it did not take much encouragement for him to reach full arousal. Will tried to keep up with the kisses but Hannibal’s stroking palm and dexterous fingertips left him gasping. Hannibal didn’t seem to care as he would just capture Will’s lips in another kiss, determined to leave him breathless and panting. He could feel Will’s slick wetting the sheet beneath them but neither cared.

Hannibal gave a rather long stroke and swirled his thumb around the head. Will moaned loudly and turned his head away to look down at what Hannibal was doing. He bit his lower lip even as he parted his legs wider. “Yes, thank you Will.” The praise made him shiver.

“Hannibal,” he tried to concentrate “What position do you want me in?”

Hannibal moved to mouth at Will’s ear, nipping playfully “Just this position.”

“But, you can’t-” he moaned again “be inside me the way I am.”

“This isn’t about me being inside you. Or my pleasure. This is about me showing my appreciation for my mate.” He moved down to kiss the mating mark before licking it.

Will pressed his hips further up into Hannibal’s palm “But isn’t that an omega’s job?” he whined.

“Oh my dear Will,” Hannibal smiled against his skin “not between us. Now tell me what you want.”

Will tried to think as he closed his eyes and leaned back. This put him at an odd angel but before he could say anything Hannibal was already rearranging him to face away from him and press his back against his chest. Still sitting in the alphas lap, Will whined in need as Hannibal’s hands came around his body to his hips. Leaning more fully into his mates embrace Will parted his legs once more and the stroking of his cock was then joined by a finger circling around his entrance in both a teasing and very stimulating way. Hannibal’s mouth was on his mating mark again, but this time he felt sharp teeth molding the flesh and suckling. It sent mini convulsions down Will’s spine and his head rolled back to rest against Hannibal’s shoulder.
“Oh, Hannibal.” Will whimpered

“No more talking. Tell me what you want through our bond. I want to strengthen our connection.”

Will’s eyes fluttered momentarily just before he decided to close them entirely and give in to sensation. “It might take a while for me to cum. It is early morning and I really don’t want this to stop.”

This bond felt so peaceful to Will, so open and welcoming. It reminded him of a river constantly flowing, moving, and always steady in its course. Emotions and awareness pooled and curled around him like ripples in an obstructed current. He could feel Hannibal’s presence like an immeasurable immobile force. And yet, at the same time that the feeling of his mate was so resolute he never once felt as if it were encroaching on him. It was there and protective, but with just enough room to allow Will to breath and think for himself. Hannibal allowed Will’s mental awareness to be his own rather than a subdued victim of his vastly superior strength.

It would be so easy for Hannibal to do just that. To force Will to do his bidding and direction through mental execution and subjugation. To bend the bond and strain it to the point of snapping. With a sense of horror, Will realized this was what Tobias had wanted. What he had tried to do; but Will’s own body had never developed a bond. It had rejected it. Squashed any bud of it in its infancy before it could take root. His body and all that he was had been rejecting Tobias from the very beginning.

And had accepted Hannibal unquestionably.

“You really are my mate!” Will could not contain the feeling of relief and exultation that consumed him and flowed into the river around him. Hannibal’s amusement flooded the link between them as he keened.

“Yes, my perfect pure omega.” In that moment he slipped two fingers inside Will and both of them cried out in exclamation. It was like the pleasure of their physical bodies was reverberating and compounding. Will could feel not only the pleasure of being penetrated and stroked but also of having his own body move in Hannibal lap and thrust into his hand. He could feel Hannibal’s physical pleasure as well as his own.

“This is- so intense!” Will was struggling to breath as his hands went to grab around Hannibal’s wrist to keep it in one place as he brazenly humped into the alpha’s fist. The hickies Hannibal had been giving to the mating mark turned a bit more painful as he added two more fingers to his thrusting inside Will’s body. Will nearly screamed at the pressure against his inner walls.

“More! Please don’t stop!” Will felt so overwhelmed, consumed, and so at home all at once. “Please never stop!”

“As my mate wishes.” His lips released the making mark with a muffled but still audible pop as his head turned to quickly bite down on Will’s ear “Tell me omega,” he sounded distinctly smug “Do you enjoy rutting into your alpha’s hand?”

Will bit his lower lip again even as he quickened his pace “Yes, I do. Very much.”

“Using my body for your own pleasure. How scandalous you are.” Will could feel Hannibal’s own orgasm approaching right alongside his. “What would your alpha say?”

He thinks Hannibal means it as just a teasing open ended, if not rhetorical, question. But Will can’t help but throw the comment back in Hannibal’s face “He’d tell me to enjoy myself and put on a
good show.”

At that Hannibal’s own body leaned forward and for the first time Will felt the alpha’s erection pressed right up against his fluffy tail. He heard Hannibal moan loudly and before he could stop the thought it slipped thought their vibrant mental link.

“Sooolo soft.”

The moment he heard it Will loved the idea and pressed back against Hannibal as he brought the fist closer so that his thrusts didn’t have his ass moving so far away from that thick hot cock. “It is soft isn’t it?” Will didn’t have much control of his tail but he could twitch it a little. “Would be such a shame if it got dirty with lots of my mate’s cum.”

He had every intention of playing with Hannibal a bit longer but his own words and the picture they painted got to him as well. It was only a few more thrust and a cry of Hannibal’s name that sent Will over the edge and he released himself inside the alpha’s clenched hand. He panted for breath as he also felt, physically and mentally, Hannibal’s own release against his ass and tail. He leaned back limply against his chest for support as he calmed down and started to mentally pull away. Hannibal allowed it and the river became a tangible but gentler stream.

“You never cease to amaze me, Will. I’m beginning to think you are incorrigible.” Hannibal shook his head. “Is there anything else I should know about beforehand? Any fantasies you harbor?”

Will laughed again with a wide grin on his face “Now Hannibal, where is the fun in that?”
Chapter 28

A month or so had passed in the blink of an eye it seemed. The repeated snowfall in the beginning had dwindled down into just a chill and biting cold. Hannibal didn’t mind because it meant his walks to and from home were all the easier. Their quiet reading and snuggling by the fire’s warmth had become a nightly ritual after dinner. Will would often fall asleep in his lap or on his shoulder and when it was deep into the quiet of night Hannibal would have to carry his mate up the stairs to their bed. This usually woke Will up enough that he would be coherent enough to change into pajamas before flopping onto the bed. Hannibal would curl up behind him and carefully place his hand on the omega’s lower abdomen. It was still too early to really feel anything but Hannibal liked to imagine he could push against the beginnings of a slight pooch. It soothed him to his very core in a way that nothing else ever had. Like the quieting of a tempestuous storm.

If only his professional life was as perfect as his personal one.

It was becoming a rather irksome routine and Hannibal was dead certain it was not due to incompetence or confusion on Kats’ part. He and Alana had agreed to switch off every other week with Franklyn to help with his increasing fixation on Hannibal. However, the last four weeks this had not happened. Meaning that Hannibal found himself dealing with the annoying omega anywhere between twice to an excessive five times a week. With his only reprieves being those days that Hannibal purposefully spent at home. Franklyn seemed to always find some reason to meet with him even outside of his scheduled days. He’d call up or come running in begging for another session and even willing to pay the exorbitant fee that was the ‘emergency rate’. This caused Hannibal to either move around other clients and shift them to Alana or work later and give Franklyn an evening appointment. Though some of his clients took offence at being treated by Alana, most were omegas themselves and didn’t mind her gentile and quite grace. Margot certainly didn’t seem to mind. Hannibal had hoped to talk with her more after their little agreement but shortly after that was when Franklyn had started his abhorrent behavior.

He had kept updated on Margot’s condition through Alana. With Alana being Hannibal’s colleague it was natural that they did share information about shared patients. They had even grown comfortable enough to debate and hypothesize different triggers, symptoms, and cures for the various ailments they thought were wrong. Hannibal quickly found that he was growing very fond of Alana, in a strictly professional and somewhat friendly sense. Margot, from what Alana had told him, was doing well on the false medication and a great deal of her physiological problems were resolving themselves. Mason was none the wiser as yet and Hannibal hoped to keep it that way for as long as possible.

A loud sneeze from Franklyn brought Hannibal out of his thoughts and back to reality, unfortunately.

“It happened again.” Franklyn sniffled and then started balling into his hands.

“To what would you be refereeing to Franklyn?”

“I’m not pregnant. My heat came and Tobias was there but still nothing! Am I too old? It’s because I’m old isn’t it!” Hannibal raised a hand to try and calm his hysterics but Franklyn didn’t even notice. “I read somewhere that older omegas have problems conceiving. That’s why they call us old maids ya’know.”

That was not in the least bit correct and Hannibal breathed deeply though his nose as he counted to ten.
“What is wrong Doctor? Is it my sack?”

Hannibal wanted to scream at the layman’s term “I could not say for certain without an actual physical assessment but I do not believe your uterus is the problem, Franklyn.” He crossed his hands over one knee “Remember our conversation about stressors and patience. Not all pregnancies happen instantaneously.”

“Tell that to my siblings! They keep asking me when I’m going to have kinds and when I say I don’t have them they give you that look. Like they are pitying you AND know something you don’t at the same time!” Franklyn got up and started walking around the room. “It makes me so angry. But I can’t show that because I’m a good omega. Tobias likes it when I’m a good omega.”

“Franklyn please sit down.”

“But I’m so nervous! And Tobias took away my handkerchief as punishment for not getting pregnant.” He made an exasperated sound as he then flopped himself on the couch like a toddler. Next his head shot up as if a thought finally managed to manifest itself within his self-centered myopic brain. “Maybe I’m just not getting enough!”

“Getting…enough?”

“Of his cream!”

Hannibal unfolded his hands and rested his forehead against his palm as he closed his eyes. He counted to twenty five.

“Maybe I’m just not accepting enough. Some of it does come out so maybe I just need to make sure it doesn’t! Maybe my sack it too tiny and that’s why that happens. Are there drugs to make my sack bigger? Will you do that for me Doctor? Please please please?”

“There are no such drugs or herbal remedies that can do that Franklyn. Now can you please listen?”

“Are there drugs to make him cum more? Maybe if there was more it would be easier for me to conceive. My heats only last two days so maybe that’s just not enough. Are there drugs to make me go through a heat longer? Like a week.”

“Those medications are exceedingly dangerous for your health.”

“Oh I’ll be fine. I take the vitamins Tobias gives me all the time and feel just fine.”

Franklyn continued to blather on and did not notice Hannibal raise his head to watch him closely. For once the buffoon had said something of interest. “Franklyn.”

“I mean- maybe if I had a whole week it would finally happen. Tobias seems to like having sex and he likes it when I cry during sex.”

“Franklyn.”

“Maybe having a whole week would be good for us. He’d finally get out of that instrument room and be able to relax. He’s obsessed right now with making this matching violin set that he wants to sound absolutely perfect but he gets so angry that the strings aren’t doing what they are supposed to.”

“Franklyn!” Hannibal growled loudly. The omega startled and practically jumped several feet in
the air before turning to look at Hannibal in an alert posture. Seeing his patient’s wide almost scared eyes Hannibal willed his calm to return and give him peace of mind. “I apologize for scaring you. Now, will you please sit down?”

Franklyn nodded as he came to sit and stare at Hannibal as if he were a sight of pure wonder. “Wow… that was very impressive, Doctor Lecter.” He laughed a little “You… really know how to command an omega don’t-cha.”

“Franklyn, I want you to tell me about the vitamins Tobias is giving you.”

“They’re little pills with herbs to help me conceive.”

“How often do you take them?”

“Every morning with my breakfast in bed.”

“For how long do you take them?”

“Um… I don’t know. I don’t get them at the end of the month right before my heat but that’s about it.”

Hannibal wanted to yell with how obvious the answer should have been. And how absurd it was that Franklyn himself couldn’t hazard a guess as to the truth of it at all. “I see. Franklyn, perhaps you should not take those pills any more. I am concerned that having too much medication to help you conceive may have the opposite effect.”

“So… you don’t want me to take the pills? What should I do with them then?”

“Throw them away.”

“Oh, Tobias would see that or at least be told about it.”

“Then hide them.”

“He’d find that out too. He’s very clever. I wouldn’t even know where to hide them that he’d never look.”

“Then how about you flush them down the toilet or in the sink.”

“Oh! I never thought of that. That may just work yeah! But, are you really sure this will help?”

“I am most positive it will.” Hannibal looked up at the clock and was desperately grateful to see it was one minute passed when their session was supposed to end. “And I’m sorry Franklyn that is all the time we have today. Will you be able to get home without much hardship?”

“Oh yes Doctor Lecter. I’ll manage just fine.” He was about to putter out the door when he clapped his hands as if remembering something. “Oh, Doctor Lecter! I forgot to tell you. I asked around about how many babies Tobias has had and it was the strangest thing. Nearly all of the other omegas just hissed at me or ran out of the room but there was this one that told me Tobias’ had many. She herself just gave birth to her eighth. I congratulated her but she didn’t really seem happy about that and refused to talk to me for the rest of my bath. It was really awkward.” At Hannibal’s blank expression Franklyn paled. “Did I do something wrong? Have I made you angry?” He looked as if he was about to cry again but Hannibal quickly gave the lesser man his placative smile.
“No Franklyn, you’re a very good omega. Thank you. Now please be safe getting home.”

“Oh, I will Doctor Lecter. You’re always so kind.”

Hannibal was never more grateful to close the door behind him. With a silent deep sigh he went to clean up all the tissues that had been strewn about his floor with much distaste. As he was cleaning up Alana entered the room though their shared door. She knew she was supposed to knock before entering, but at the moment Hannibal could not care less about her manners. Today she wore a gown of soft lavender purple with hooped sleeves and white lace trim. Her hair was piled high atop her head with a single pearl dipped pin to keep it in place. As always she was a vision stepped right out of a painting. Hannibal considered her only equal to be the calculative and smoldering intensity that he had seen that day when he met Margot.

Hannibal only spared her a cursory glance as he continued cleaning. “I will be but a moment longer Alana, it has been a long day and I wish to go home.”

Alana said nothing.

“I’m afraid I must insist you take Franklyn’s next visit. Would you be amenable to that?”

Alana still said nothing.

Her silence finally registering as something wrong. Hannibal stood up and gazed at her with a critical eye. She did not appear hurt and he did not smell blood only…Oh? Hannibal found himself dumbfounded as he scented the air again, but what he smelled was unmistakable. No wonder Alana was standing there so still and refused to talk. She was meeting his eyes directly but her expression was for the most part unreadable with cracks of worry. Hannibal turned to face her fully as he took two steps toward her and then gestured with his hand for her to sit. “I see congratulations are in order.”

“Thank you.” She finally spoke, though her voice was hushed and betrayed her rising unease. She did not move to take the offered seat.

Hannibal did not move from his pose, wishing to continually remain inviting and unthreatening. It was obvious to him that she was scared and, given the new information, he did not want her to roll that fear over towards him any more so than it already had. “It is alright, Alana, but if you will permit me I have some questions.”

“I have some too.”

“As I think you should. How about we compromise? One for one. Is that to your liking?” She nodded. “May I ask if you were raped? I know your heat was last week.” He had given her the time off and worked himself late into the night for two days straight. Even offered her one of his shirts considering they were pseudo-bonded, but she had declined.

“No, I was not raped.” At that a mock smile came to her face. “Of course that’d be the first question you would ask. Not anger that I am pregnant, but worried that I was forced to be.” She shook her head “You really are different, Hannibal. And I don’t know if I’ll ever get used to it.” She then turned to knock on her door and as it swung open Margot emerged. She was wearing another one of her button up dresses but in a horrid apricot color that did not fit or compliment her at all. Hannibal could only assume Mason had been the one to pick it out. Margot risked only a fleeting look of concern at Alana before looking back to Hannibal. Her eyes were not threatening but in an instant they could be.
Alana leaned in and seemed to whisper something in her ear that had the other alpha pacified somewhat. At least enough to allow Alana to take her hands in hers before she looked back to Hannibal. “Now it’s my turn. Will you help us?”

Staring at them as they stood there in front of him all Hannibal could think about was how much his life had changed. He’d momentarily had thoughts along similar lines, but in that moment it was clearly laid out before him as if he were laying chess. There had never been an opponent so he had challenged himself, moving this piece here and that there with no real care or consequence really as the rest of the world was to dull to understand the greater gravity of what was going on. And that had been alright by him. It was what he had come to know as his world and his existence. He hadn’t needed nor looked for anything greater. He’d hoped, but not passionately. Then his queen piece had become important to him. It had brought about a cataclysm of changes, finally having something worthwhile to lose. That’s how he now found himself here. It was all because and for Will. An omega that had now proven to be worth everything Hannibal had and could give. He’d killed for Will. Now he thought he might even slaughter an entire city if that’s what needed to be done.

If he had not had Will to protect then he would have discarded Alana and left her to whatever fate was unkind or unjust enough to befell her even though he felt and knew it was wrong. He would have done it because he had not wanted to be bothered. And yet here he stood, a monster helping out such poor unfortunate souls. He would help them, protect them, and even cared about them now in his own twisted way he supposed. Did that make him a good person regardless? He didn’t think a creature such as him could ever become something considered good. If there was good at all in this world. It was all just chess. He still didn’t have an opponent, but now the pieces were moving on their own and it was considerably more fun. It challenged him in a way even his own mind never could.

“Yes,” Hannibal smiled “to the best of my ability.”
I was going over my notes, rough drafts of scenes, and plot point’s that I have for this story… and I’ve decided to trim some unneeded fat/filler that was just going to slow down the overall drama. There is nothing worse than needless and pointless filler, in my opinion. I’ve seen it done way too much in books and anime just for the sake of having added more to the episode/page count. If nothing meaningful in any way happens, don’t waste time on it. I also think the pace could be picked up a bit. So I’m going to try and make my chapters denser so that every new installment is another important thing happening. Because in all seriousness where this fic’s story is concerned, we’re in the home stretch and I wanna focus on the suspense, horror, and drama. Seriously, shit is about to go down.

Hannibal watched Margot carefully as they made their way through the crowds and up and down the busy shopping district. She held onto his arm loosely and he made sure to steer her away from offensive smelling puddles that might tarnish her silken gown. Her expression was blank, if a little guarded, as she stared straight forward. She hadn’t said a word to him sense she had arrived at his office with a polite “Good morning, I am here as you requested.”

It had taken little cajoling from Hannibal to convince Mason to allow him to bring Margot along on this particular shopping venture. If anything, the other alpha had seemed oddly pleased with the idea. “You wish to take Margot shopping for baby clothes?”

“Yes. I am unable to take Alana at this time and I thought it would be a perfect exercise for her to be more comfortable with her delicate side. Margot would have a much better idea of what clothes are cute and suitable for showing off young children, as omegas do enjoy doing.”

Mason had laughed “Oh, yes. It’s the only thing they can do really. But do you think Margot is ready? She’s progressed that much?” Hannibal could think of nothing better to do then take Margot with him shopping for clothes. He would use her as a cover for his own purchases and allow her to indulge in picking out outfits for her own child. He would pay for everything, naturally, as compensation for her unknown services. It really was a win win situation. He also had plans to send Alana and Margot out together on another date to buy furniture and other such decorations. He though the two of them would enjoy that sort of thing and would be all the more grateful to him for it. Mason had leaned back against the couch and made a rather amused noise “You work quick, Dr. Lecter. I’m quite impressed.”

When Hannibal stopped in front of the Andalasia Boutique Margot started at the display window with a reserved yet interested expression. There were little mannequins of a boy and girl about toddler age. It featured a small blue striped vest and shorts with a white collars shirt and then a small little white dress with pink rosebuds along the hem and capped cleaves. “I do not understand what you hope to gain by bringing me along.”

“I have little to no knowledge of what is the best choice in this instance. If I was dealing with an adult man or women I would be able to pinpoint the color pallet and design of clothes of what
looks good on their frame. Babies, however, are beyond me, and I do not wish to make a poor decision.”

Margot was quite for a moment angling her head just so and giving him a pointed look with her keen eyes “Mean, you don’t want you mate to be angry. You don’t know what’s cute or not so you brought me along because I’m a woman and you assume I am knowledgeable in this area.”

“Are you not?”

Margot’s ears folded down in annoyance and she admitted with a soft sigh “Yes, yes I am. But I’m offended that would just assume such a thing.” She patted his arm and Hannibal took that as his cue to take her inside. The entire shop was bustling with omegas, pregnant and elderly alike. They puttered, fuzzed, and fawned around the racks of tinny little clothes and shoes as if they were the most perfect things in the world. They all turned and seemed excessively surprised when Hannibal walked in, muttering softly amongst their peers. As Hannibal looked around himself at the draperies, pretty pictures of baby animals, and ribbons tied in long colorful braids that cascaded from the ceiling, he was never more grateful that he had brought Margot with him. He’d never felt more out of his element. A monster such as himself surrounded by small cutely-misshapen fluffy plush animals and things with lace and bows…. It was truly laughable.

Margot’s grip on his arms tightened just before she moved away. Just out of reflex Hannibal followed her as she went over to a table of small long sleeved bodysuits in a cascading assortment of colors.

“Would you like me to pick our clothes suitable for a girl of boy?” She asked.

“Both.”

Margot paused and then turned to look at him again, her eyes questioning. “My mate and I plan to have many children. At that rate the probability of either gender is irrelevant. There will eventually be a baby who is suited to the clothing.”

“But what if you don’t?”

“Then I have a family friend who will take the clothes off my hands, I am sure. You see, her mate is also pregnant.”

Margot’s expression changed with understanding and a soft blush came to her cheeks “I-I see.” She turned back to the table “I’ll, pick out only the best outfits then.” A certain light entered her gaze as she began sorting. Her whole demeanor changed. She seemed more relaxed now, even bordering on happy. Nesting behavior. It was most common in omegas but alphas were not immune if the fancy struck them.

With his keen hearing Hannibal could pick up on the whispers still going on behind his back. “Am I unaware of some unspoken rule that alphas are not allowed in these types of shops.”

Margot chuckled “No, nothing like that. They’re just surprised that an alpha would take interest in his fawn at all. Most alphas only care about the act and don’t want to be bothered until the child is born. Thus it’s up to the omega to get everything ready.” She held up two little outfits and tucked them just under Hannibal’s chin.

“What are you doing?” He wasn’t offended, but he did feel even more ridiculous when she did it.

“Looking at your coloring. If the fawn has black fur like you then he or she would look better in deeper color tones. Which will be easier to find in boys clothing rather than girls.” Her eyes then
stared right into his “Alana’s brown coloring would also look good in these tones. What fur does your friend’s mate have?”

“White. White as pure fallen snow.”

Something in her eyes told Hannibal that the way he’d answered told her something more than just coloring. She turned around and picked up a small dress with little white bows on the sleeves that was a dark amethyst purple. “What about this?”

“It looks pretty enough.”

“But does it speak to you?”

“…speak to me?”

“Yes,” Margot set the dress down before picking up a set of long sleeve onesies in the entire cascading colors of the rainbow “Can you imagine your child crawling towards you dressed like that? Does the very thought of it make you want to melt and cuddle them? That sort of thing.”

Hannibal’s frowned only deepened “I’m… not sure.” He tried to imagine what she was saying but couldn’t really come up with an idea of what their fawn might look like. He had no idea what he himself had looked like as a baby and trying to imagine a baby version of Will just had him cringing. Having his mate dressed in sexy lingerie was one thing, dressed in baby clothes was defiantly a turn off.

“You’re having difficulty, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I’m ashamed to say.”

“Well,” Margot pointed over to a shelf “There are some plush animals and children’s books over there. Why don’t you pick out the baby’s first stuffed animal. That’s an important thing.”

“It is?”

“A child bonds to his or her parents but they also need a lovey. Something to comfort them when the parent isn’t there or when the parent is mad at them. Sometimes it’s a blanket and other times a plush. They’re both over there so pick out one of each. You might even want to buy multiple. Of the same kind, I mean. Laundry.”

Hannibal walked over to the shelf and upon looking though the different rows he came to the conclusion that apparently puppies and kitties dominated the selection. Well, he supposed Will would like a puppy since he likes the dire wolves. He reached up and took down a black and white husky looking dog. This would be a good choice for a boy or a girl. But what if the girl wanted something more… girly? He didn’t want to assume what his future daughter would or would not like but he didn’t want to cheat her out of having something she’d like better either. Should he put the dog back? He looked at the other animals and then something on the top most shelf caught his eye. Pushing a bear out of the way he grabbed something white but with pink, yellow, and blue fur. Bringing it down for a better look he realized it was a unicorn. A white unicorn with a puffy poof main that started out pink and then changed from yellow to then blue at the tips. The horn was black except for a single white stripe. The eyes were abnormally large but not frightening or intimidating. It looked… friendly, he guessed. The whole plush was about the size of his palm but it was cute. And it was the only mythical creature they had. He liked it, and found it strangely easier to imagine his future fawn playing with it. Regardless of what gender they were.

“See,” Margot chuckled as she came to stand next to him, her arms full of clothes “You do have
good taste.” When Hannibal gave her a perplexed look she said “That’s a Galarian plush. The company that makes them only puts out a certain amount per year and they change the animal they do every season. So when you find one you like, buy it, because you’ll never see it again.”

“How do you know that?”

“I was very fond of them as a child. My parents bought me several.” Her fingers stroked the plush “I use to think they were my friends and kept nightmares away.” She smiled absently, as if in a dreamlike reminiscent state.

“I see,” Hannibal looked at the unicorn again “Perhaps that should be something you can share with your future fawn?”

If Hannibal had to choose a word to describe her change in expression, it would be broken. “No, I can’t.” Her face became passive and nearly emotionless again “My brother burned them all the first time I refused to let him mount me.” She stared straight at the plush even though her eyes were unfocused and distant. Then her gaze flicked to look Hannibal right in the eyes “I was twelve.” She looked away again.

Hannibal starred at her before leaning down so what he said could be heard in a more hushed tone. “Would you like one?” She came back to her usual self so quickly it was almost like he’d snapped his fingers. “I can have one ordered and give it to Alana.”

“That isn’t necessary.”

“I’m sorry to disagree with you.”

Anger bit into her words though they didn’t rise above a hush “Why would you even do such a thing? What do you gain from it?”

“I gain nothing,” Hannibal replied cooly “But the fawn will. Unicorns, unlike many mythical creatures, are among the few to represent good in the world. Purity, honesty, magic, and innocence. They even are said to protect people, especially children, from darkness and evil. Do you not think that would be something beneficial for a child to have in this world?”

“I know what unicorns are.” Even though she said it all harshness had left her tone. Emotion bled into Margot’s gaze as she asked “You would do that? Even though you are already doing so much?”

Hannibal shrugged as he returned back to his full height “It’s just a plush.” He turned to move away but she grabbed his sleeve.

When he looked back she shook her head. “No, it’s more than that.” She just as quickly let go of him as she turned back to the blankets. “You wanted to know more about my family? My brother likes showing off our prized livestock. Perhaps you’d like to see it?”

“That sounds very lovely.” They finished with their shopping and their purchases. As they were making their way back and moving through a crowd of chattering people, she reached out to grasp his hand and clench tightly. He was about to ask her what was the matter when she turned and crowded into his space. Leaning up on her tiptoes she whispered against his cheek.

“He has a collection. Please be careful.”

Though he did not know what that meant, he knew a warning when he heard one. They continued on their way and when they got back to his practice Mason was already there with a carriage
waiting for them. Alana and Beverly were standing right next to it.

As they approached Alana smiled at them and then wound her arms around Hannibal’s vacant arm “I hope your shopping trip was uneventful, my Alpha.” She looked to Margot “Did you enjoy yourself?”

Margot nodded “I found many of the baby clothes perfect for your future fawn, Ms. Lecter.”

“Oh, you omegas talking about such trivial things is honestly rather precious.” Mason gestured from the carriage “Come along Margot. I have big plans for tonight!” He sounded way too happy for Hannibal’s liking.

“Thank you for all your help, Margot. I hope you have a pleasant night.” He moved his body in such a way as to block Mason’s view. Alana and Margot recognized the opportunity for what it was worth and quickly clutched hands before parting. As Margot got into the carriage Alana turned away and then placed her palm on his chest.

“Hannibal… why do I have a really sickening feeling right now?”

As the carriage drove off Beverly sneered “Jesus was that guy disgusting!” She walked over to them and pointed at Hannibal’s face “Did you know he was asking Alana how big your knot was to make her pregnant so fast? Seriously boss, you might wanna keep your mate away from that guy.”

Hannibal covered Alana’s hand with his own as a comforting gesture. He thought about just how right Beverly was. “A very wise observation and I think I will endeavor to do just that.”

Chapter End Notes

For those of you who recognized the two easter eggs in this chapter, you get 100 chocolate chip cookies.
Chapter 30

Margot had not shown up for her therapy in a little over three weeks. In two days it would be a full month. Alana was naturally beside herself with worry and nearly strangled every moment by anxiety. But she conducted herself well and only people who really knew her would notice the slight weaver in her glance or occasional shudder and detachment. She talked to Hannibal, occasionally, if she just needed a place to vent. Hannibal allowed it, because he supposed Will would act much the same if his alpha randomly disappeared. And because though she was upset she never cried in his presence, which he was grateful for.

Hannibal was concerned as well for Margot safety but in his own way, though he also was not at liberty to show or discuss it for different reasons. An alpha showing true compassion was seen as weak. Sentiment and true affection meant you cared for something or someone. And that thing you cared for was then a liability to be used against you. It could be taken away, killed, and used in all sorts of ways to harm you momentarily or continually. That was the basic principal on which alpha society, which also encouraged ruthlessness and deception, had evolved. The very foundations and all that was around them was created by alphas and, for the most part, for alphas. That was also why society had evolved to allow multiple mates per alpha. One alpha with many omegas could sire many children per year. And during a time where it was unlikely for any child to reach adulthood that was the only logical thing to do.

He knew asking Mason about Margot would probably only worsen everything. The man had sent him a crate of meat with a note specifying that it was a gesture of his appreciation. Staring down at the delivered bounty of hogs heads and cloven feet in bags as well as sheets and racks of ribs, Hannibal cringed in distaste of every last ounce. It wasn’t that it was from a freshly mutilated animal that he found distasteful; it was more the blatant show of death and wealth that had him turning his nose. Such an obvious show of power that lacked any refinement or elegance to it, besides he didn’t really like Mason that much to begin with. He’d given it all to Beverly, who being a cat was all too happy to take the present off his hands. Even thank him profusely for his generosity.

“Are you sure it’s ok for me to take it?” She’d asked, her eye still shimmering hopefully.

“Yes, it would just go to waste otherwise.”

“Oh! I’m so sorry,” Beverly cat ears lower in embarrassment “I’m sorry.”

“About what?”

“Well… I just naturally assumed that you ate whatever you wanted. But maybe that was wrong of me. With you being a deer I should have asked if you were an omnivore or a herbivore.” She looked to the crate “In that case is this a backhanded gift? Like he’d actually tell you to go fuck yourself or something by giving you meat?”

“No Beverly,” Hannibal corrected “I eat whatever I wish. I actually rather love meat.” He smiled sweetly at her “Just not this kind of meat.”

It was remembering moment like that that got him through the more boring parts of his day. As he bid his patient a pleasant evening out the door he saw that Franklyn was waiting for him with jittery eagerness. He reminded Hannibal of a puppy. An ill-mannered and particularly stupid puppy. He was also wearing a coat much too small for his body and too refined for his usual tastes. It probably belonged to Tobias and not him. Still, with ever present good grace of character,
Hannibal smiled as he greeted him. “Franklyn, your appointment isn’t until three days from now and I didn’t see that you scheduled an emergency visit?”

“I didn’t Hannibal-”

“Dr. Lecter.”

“Yes, right! Sorry sorry. I tried to call earlier but your receptionist said you were booked solid today and I’m sorry but it just has to be right now!”

It had indeed been a long day and Hannibal really didn’t have time to add in another appointment. Because doing so would make him late when coming home for dinner. And tonight he was looking forward to teaching Will how to make Carbonara. It was a very simple dish with perfectly spiced bacon from a fat pompous prick who had questioned Hannibal’s parental marriage status at the time of his birth. Not to mention he promised Will he was going to try and fix up the backyard for his wolf pack the next day. With every passing day Will grew more attractively round and slightly squishy. Though naturally his mate worried about his increasing weight Hannibal dashed all his fear by satiating his ever increasing appetite. Both calorically and sexually. “Franklyn I’m sure whatever is bothering you is just-”

“Oh Please! Dr. Hannibal, please! I can’t take it much longer. I’m about to cry again!” Tears were already welling up in his eyes.

Hannibal tamped down on his rising ire. Once again for possibly the millionth time this unendurable bitch was standing between him and his mate. He took a steadying breath as he then forced himself to say “If it is that important,” He cast a look over to Beverly who was already nodding and waving her hand. She would either reschedule or postpone his next appointment. Giving her a nod Hannibal gestured for Franklyn to come in but the omega only shook his head.

“I’ll follow you Dr. Hannibal.”

Hannibal did not understand why it mattered but with Franklyn he really could not care less. He turned and went back into his study and over to his desk to retrieve Franklyn’s file. The sooner he listened to the unavoidable whining the sooner he could leave. “So what is the trouble this time Franklyn?” He was actually mentally weighing if keeping Franklyn alive was really beneficial to him anymore. It wasn’t like the omega was giving him any more insight into Tobais.

“Trouble?”

Hannibal was sure he heard a locking sound of the door. He usually did that himself, but that was after the patient went passed him to sit down. He was happy Franklyn at lease had enough wits to remember that. “I know the last time we talked you said your heat was once again unsuccessful.”

“Oh that! Yeah, I think I figured out the problem.” Really? Hannibal highly doubted the man had enough wits to find his way out of a paper bag without an alpha there to guide him every single step of the way.

Now Hannibal heard the sound of a scrapping chair and as he straightened to ask what Franklyn was doing, he smelled it. It had been masked initially by Tobias’ concentrated scent but now Hannibal could smell the sweet scent of fertile omega clearly. The slick that was already saturating Franklyn’s underclothes. He’d come here to Hannibal’s office on the cusp of heat. And there was only one reason why.

It made Hannibal instantaneously furious.
His canine teeth warmed with the anger building inside of him. They threatened to elongate and be bared in a vicious snarl. Hannibal held the urge back. Before he even turned around he growled “Franklyn, are you aware that you are on the brink of your heat?” He would give the stupid man the benefit of the doubt. Hoping that the omega was just blessedly ignorant and not so suicidal.

“Oh yes, Hannibal.” Franklyn’s voice took on a sickening playfulness as he failed miserably to be coy. Hannibal turned around, but only because he could sense Franklyn coming closer. “It’s as I said,” he grinned as he advanced one step at a time. Hannibal pushed himself up against his desk. He wanted to retreat out of pure disgust but his alpha pride would not allow him. The monster inside of him kneaded its claws. “I’ve figured out why I can’t get pregnant. Your mate got pregnant so quickly. You must be very potent. I bet we’d only need one time to get the job done.” The very idea of that had him ready to slice the man’s neck clean open. His instincts called for him to kill the inferior omega and present him as an offering to his mate. A mate that he could then fuck while Will ate this poor wretched souls heart.

“Franklyn you will desist this deplorable course of action immediately!” Hannibal growled warningly.

Franklyn shivered but just kept moving forward “Oh wow. That really made me want to obey.” He moaned “It’s ok. I can keep quiet. Your cute little mate doesn’t have to know. No one has to know.”

Though Franklyn was referring to Alana, Hannibal immediately thought of Will. Even if he had wanted to there was no way he could betray his true mate. Not after Will had accepted him unconditionally. Not after they found out they were pregnant. Not ever. It was unthinkable to him. “I’ll know, Franklyn. And I’m telling you no.” His instincts were slamming against his mental walls of control. They were tearing holes through his facade.

Prey was right at his fingertips.

Juicy, delectable, ignorant flesh that was still alive and not worthy to be so.

Eat him.

Eat

Franklyn was right in front of him now, pressing into his personal space and body. He was touching him. “What the fuck does that matter. Alpha’s don’t say no, Hannibal.”

In the next instant Hannibal’s hand was around the man’s throat, squeezing enough to make his eyes bulge. Franklyn’s hands went to claw at Hannibal’s fingers but those perfectly manicured nails did nothing. Hannibal was so livid and revolted that as he lifted Franklyn up into the air his gaze glowered at that pudgy round face.

Eat

“This. Alpha. Is.” He turned and slammed Franklyn down on his disk, splintering the top wood. “Are you so impudent as to be too busy planning your next move to hear my words of rejection?!” Franklyn’s scent was frantic with fear as he scrambled to get away but couldn’t. Hannibal jest held him tighter.

Feast no his flesh

He could do it. Completely get away with it too. An omega cheating on their alpha was a
punishable offense. No one would think twice if he just snapped Franklyn’s neck. Just a tiny bit more pressure. He could already feel the bone straining.

“Dr. Lecter.” Came a soft dignified voice.

Hannibal paused, recognizing Margot’s feminine patient tone. His anger and feral instincts subsided for surprise and curiosity as he turned his head to see she was standing at the adjoining office door and Alana was behind her. Where Alana looked very alarmed at the scene before them, Margot seemed perfectly composed and impassive. As if she’d seen worse things than someone being choked to death. Then again considering her absence, maybe she had. Alana brought her hands to her face as Margot took a step forward and carefully touched Hannibal’s shoulder.

“You are so angry your eyes are changing color.”

That brought Hannibal back to his wits as he let Franklyn go. The omega slumped to the floor coughing and gasping. Alana moved as if to rush to his side but Margot put up a hand, she froze. Margot and Hannibal watched as Franklyn gasped and sputtered back into a normal breathing pattern. He was shivering violently as he looked up at Hannibal in absolute terror.

His face wore the same expression that so many had before. The expression Hannibal had assumed Will would have if he ever found out what Hannibal was. Instead his love had smiled at him. Even teased him that he was letting the food get away.

Margot leaned down to look Franklyn right in the face “You have betrayed the bond given to you by your alpha. You are no better than a common harlot.” Hannibal was surprised at her words, for it didn’t sound like anything she would believe in. Let alone say.

“No,” Franklyn began to cry as he shook his head “No please. I’m not. I just wanna be a good omega.”

“Then return to your alpha, where you belong.” Franklyn wobbled to his feet and went to the door. Moving the chair he had placed to block anyone coming in out of the way he then unlocked the nob and departed. Beverly was in not a moment latter, but Hannibal just gave her a look that had her snapping her mouth shut and slowly closing the door without another word.

The tension in the room was still tangible, even though its instigator had finally left. Alana finally moved to stand in front of both Hannibal and Margot. “Are you alright? What did Franklyn do?”

“Can you not smell it?” Hannibal asked in a dull annoyed monotone.

“Smell what?” She scented the air but when she looked back at Hannibal he knew she must not be able to. Perhaps it was because she was pregnant. Hannibal could only assume.

“He arrived here on the brink of his heat in the hopes I would be seduced into mating with him and impregnating him.” Alana gasped. Hannibal just turned to Margot “Are you unharmed? When we did not hear from you we feared the worst.”

“It was the worst.” Margot replied coolly, looking down at the ground. “Alana tells me it’s been almost a month.” She paused “I’m pregnant. When he wasn’t home he used injections to keep me receptive. After twenty one days of iron restraints and forced drugs I’m not surprised I’m pregnant.” Her eyes looked over to Alana and for an instant she allowed emotion to bleed through. She looked so remorseful and so contrite. And if she wanted desperately to beg her forgiveness.

Alana shook her head as she said on a choked sob “I already said before it’s not your fault. It’s never your fault.” A firmness entered her voice and eyes “No matter what happens I will always
love you.”

Margot didn’t say anything back. She only offered a genuine smile. Hannibal watched as not a second later she drew herself back into her stoic shell. Margot turned to regard him seriously “He suspects I have affections for you. Apparently one of his spies followed us on our little outing and he saw me whisper to you. He thought it was a kiss. I told my brother it wasn’t. Of course I denied it.” She paused for just a second “Then I had to show him my loyalty… otherwise he was going to kill Alana and you. That’s what he does when someone offends him. He kills off their entire family line. I couldn’t let him kill Alana and my baby.” She leaned against Hannibal’s broken desk. “Not even children are safe.”

“How can he manage to do that without arousing any suspicion?” Murdering that many alphas, omegas, and even children would surely be noticed. Mason couldn’t bribe everyone to keep quiet. It was statistically unlikely.

“We have prize winning livestock for a reason,” she gave Hannibal a look “especially the pigs. Pigs eat anything.” So all of the people he murdered were chopped or ground up in pig food. It was a convenient disposal, Hannibal would give him that.

“I see. Did you sneak away to tell us? I don’t want you getting hurt further because of me.”

Margot shook her head “Now that I carry his heir I’m escorted everywhere. Right now he thinks I’m with Alana getting my therapy session. However, I am supposed to ask you to come outside with me. He wants to meet you.”

“Why? Is it a trap?”

“Not this time. He’s very happy I’m pregnant. He wants to thank you by inviting you to his farm. With my show of obedience he now trusts you again. You cannot refuse. And when you go to the farm, do not touch the fences. And nothing is as it seems.”

“Margot what are you talking about?” Alana moved to grasp her hands.

Margot gave him one last look before she shrugged and played dumb to Alana’s question. “Animals can be dangerous is all.” She looked down and then touched Alana’s stomach “How is the baby?”

“They seem to like strudel and mashed potatoes. It’s the only thing I can keep down.” Alana laughed a little sadly “Hannibal has been nice enough to make sure the baker always leaves some for me to pick up after work.”

Margot turned to him “Thank you.” She then looked at the clock and let Alana’s hands go “I have two minutes to get down to the carriage. Please follow me, Dr. Lecter.”
Will was in the library getting a new stack of books to read by the fire when he heard the door open and close. Setting down the books he then ever so carefully made his way down the ladder. He wasn’t supposed to be up here and if Hannibal found him he’d get another lecture about safety so late in his pregnancy. As he touched down from the last step he momentarily lost his center of gravity but held onto the ladder until he was steady. Feeling secure once more Will made his way down the stairs. When he didn’t see Hannibal at the front door his white ears turned in the direction of the kitchen. Sure enough he heard the clanking of pots and pans being put on the stove. Turning he went into the kitchen and was momentarily struck with the memory of when he’d first been at Hannibal’s house. Standing just at the threshold of the kitchen watching the alpha cook. Thanking him for his kindness.

Knowing what he knew now Will just bet it was that first tidbit of politeness that had earned him major brownie points.

Still, as Will looked down at his bulging stomach, it seemed like so long ago now that Hannibal was little more than a stranger.

He walked in and embraced Hannibal from behind as he salted the water in the pot. He was about to teasingly remark on how his alpha was late again when the scent of another fertile omega slammed into him like a freight train. Will was momentarily speechless before rage overtook him.

“You have exactly one minute to explain-“ Will started to threaten but Hannibal interrupted him.

“One of my omega patients came into the clinic on the cusp of his heat. He propositioned me. I refused.” Hannibal turned on the burner “I nearly strangled him to death.” One hand then moved to turn on the opposite burner under the skillet but his free hand went to clutch Will’s hands that were intertwined over his chest. Will was once again speechless as he processed what Hannibal said before slowly leaned in to nuzzle against his left shoulder blade.

“Young man.” He whispered and then a moment later asked “Is he still alive? I wouldn’t mind if he’s my first kill after the baby is born.”

Hannibal chuckled as he patted Will’s hands to let him go. He moved over to the fridge to grab the bacon. “Don’t concern yourself with the likes of him. How have you been today?”

Will shrugged “Dealing.” He frowned “The baby kicks a lot. A think this little one might be born walking.” He eyed the bacon slices Hannibal was putting on the cutting board. Five slices “More.” Hannibal gave him a look and added three more “More.” He looked as if he were about to tell Will about the importance of limiting fat but Will just stroked his stomach and gave Hannibal that pleading doe eyed look. Hannibal’s ears folded back in irritation, knowing he was being plaid. But in the end he rolled his eyes and threw the whole pound of bacon onto the cutting board. Will was now salivating he couldn’t wait for dinner.

He helped Hannibal by cooking the pasta perfectly al dente. Then he scrambled some eggs with a little paprika, salt, pepper, and garlic into a bowl. Once the meat was cooked and thoroughly brained of about a cup a fat the pasta was also drained and then the meat and egg mixture thrown in together. Will frantically stirred the pot and the residual eat from the pot and pasta cooked the eggs just enough until it was a light creamy sauce with plentiful bits of bacon. It smelled so good that even the baby gave a little kick. Once Hannibal handed him his plate Will walked out toward the living room and the fire. He knew Hannibal didn’t like him eating anywhere but the dining
room, but he also knew he could get away with it. There seemed to always be a blanket on the
couch for whenever Will wanted to rest in front of the fire. Which was a lot.

Hannibal came to sit next to him but Will was surprised when he didn’t say anything. Usually his
mate would chide him even the tiniest bit. “Are you alright?” Will asked, moving from his prone
lounge position to sitting up straight.

Hannibal nodded “It has just been a long day. And at the end of this week I have been invited to
visit another Alpha’s home.”

“Do you have to go?”

“Unfortunately, yes.” His gaze hardened even as he took a bite of food “I worry about what might
happen if I don’t.”

That was a rather curious word choice. Was something going on that Will needed to be worried
about? “Is everything alright Hannibal?”

Hannibal’s face cheered up at little at his tone “Nothing like that, dear Will.”

“So nothing like… someone knows what you are?”

“No. We are safe.” Hannibal took another bite “You are safe.”

“Alright,” Will moved in closer “Then what has you looking so distant?”

Hannibal stopped eating and staring at the fire to turn and lock eyes with him. “What happened
earlier today. When that other omega was close to me… I felt nothing but revulsion.” He set down
his bowl to take Will’s face in his hands and one thumb brush over his cheek “It would seem you
have nothing to fear Will. Even my own body would never cheat on you. I am yours, completely.”

Will smiled against his palm as he set the bowl down on the floor before reclining back until he
was lying on the couch. “Do you wanna check the baby?” He knew Hannibal wanted to, but ever
sense he’d started doing it morning noon and night several days ago Will had limited his touching
from a medical standpoint.

“As you wish.” He moved up Will’s shirt and smoothed his hands over his stomach. Will couldn’t
stop smiling as Hannibal pressed against him here and made the baby kick upward, then there and
the baby kicked downward. Honestly this child was quite the versatile one, always moving and
stretching. It often left Will breathless and wonder if he could die from baby limb stretches, but
honestly he was to overjoyed that the baby was healthy. Hannibal paused, one hand on the top of
his stomach and one at the bottom. With a furrow to his brow he pressed again and this time the
movement was so forceful Will gasped and coughed a little. It felt like a foot had just kicked in his
lung.

“Do you have to egg him or her on?” Hannibal’s hands slid to just over Will’s belly button and his
face look completely awestruck.

“There are two.” Will blinked. He leaned up on his elbows just enough to get a better look at
Hannibal’s face.

“Two?”

“Yes, my love.” Hannibal leaned forward to kiss his stomach. “We are having twins.”
Chapter 32

He received a formal letter at his office from Tobias asking that he join the other alpha for dinner the following night. It seemed rather abrupt and immediately had Hannibal suspicious. He hadn’t told Tobias about Franklyn, but that didn’t mean no one else had. Franklyn was hardly the type who would have left his office and been discreet about anything. Hell, Franklyn possibly could have told Tobias himself. As idiotic as that would be. Either way Hannibal was on his guard as he showed up at the very upscale several floor home. From the moment the door opened there seemed to be servants everywhere.

A butler greeted Hannibal at the door and took his coat. A maid walked by with a vase of fresh flowers. Two other maids were cleaning the opulent staircase. Two more butlers were folding laundry. There was one polishing crystal and another silver. And there were still more. Every one of them fixated on their tasks and wearing the same dull impassive faces. It reminded Hannibal of Margot’s disinterested mask, but unlike her these omegas had no fight left in their eyes. Every one of them was like a china doll. The ominous appearance they made was only complimented by and equally dark house. All the window drapes were closed and every candle light seemed to be a dull flicker.

The butler indicated with his hand and perfect mannerisms “My Alpha awaits you in the dining room. You are perfectly on time, Dr. Lecter.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal said in passing to the maid who took his coat. “I trust he has not been waiting long?”

“No, Dr. Lecter. He knew you would arrive perfectly on time so he just sat down himself. Dinner will be served exactly in five minutes.”

Exactly? “I see your alpha runs a tight ship.” Hannibal observed, though not unkindly.

“Master Budge prefers perfection. Will you please follow me?” He led Hannibal down the hall and past the kitchen. Hannibal made a quick glance and found his suspicions to be correct. Inside the kitchen alone had to be at least ten more omegas running ragged preparing food. No wonder this house had so many levels. I would have to.

Just how many mates did Tobias have? If Hannibal could assume that all these omegas dressed in maid and butler uniforms were his mates. He treated them more like staff. No, staff were paid for their jobs. These poor unfortunate souls were slaves. As he sat down at the table he saw Tobias smiling at him from across the spotlessly white table linen. A glass of red wine held between two
“I’m quite relieved that you accepted my invitation, Dr. Lecter.” He began with a rather warm tone “I felt it only fitting that I apologize to you in person. Seeing that you were decent enough to keep Franklyn’s abominable behavior out of the nosy papers. The last thing I need or want is a scandal like that.”

That’s not why Hannibal had done it. It had been for perfectly selfish reasons of not wanting any unneeded attention on him. And when he’d returned home he’d cuddled with Will on the couch for at least an hour just to get his turbulent mind under control. Finding out he was going to be the father of two had certainly helped. He still could believe his perfect pure omega mate had blessed him with twins. It was almost unheard of for omegas of any sort two have twins. It was seem as a sign of great fortune and prefect comparability. Hannibal could not have been prouder. “I felt it was only the gentlemanly thing to do. For a fellow alpha elite.”

Tobias grinned at him and actually laughed “At first when I met you I didn’t like you, Hannibal. But your sense of style and propriety matches my own. I find I respect you now. Which is why I would like to give you one of my famous instruments.” He snapped his fingers and small maid with a black eye seemed to materialize from the shadows to hold out a sleek violin case. Hannibal looked at it before unclasping the locks and lifting the lid. Nestled within velvet lining was a pristine and absolutely beautiful violin. Hannibal carefully took it out and admired its supple feel and sheen. It was expertly measured and when he plucked a sting in hummed in pitch perfect tune.

Hannibal knew he could not go without thanking Tobias and praising him for his skill. It was expected of him to still adhere to the etiquette of society. “I see your reputation is justly earned. It is a fine instrument.”

Tobias seemed emboldened at his words “Yes. I was worried the gut for the strings would not be ready in time but it proved suppler than I thought. Would you like something to drink?” He offered.

“Yes. The contents of your own glass is making me jealous.” Tobais chuckled again at that and before Hannibal could even reply a red wine was being poured for him. Every single one of Tobias’ mates was well trained and snapped to attention exactly on cue. It was entirely unsettling.

“You’re staff is very quick.” Hannibal remarked.

“I train them to be. I hate delays and untimeliness. But these are not my staff,”” he held out his arms in a all-encompassing gesture with a nearly gleeful grin “they’re my omegas.”

A scowl now crossed Tobais face. “I am lacking in progeny.” He turned his gaze back to his wine glass “I currently only have three sons to my name.”

“With so many omegas?” Hannibal wanted this topic of conversation to continue so he said something to ease Tobias’ mind “Are they duds? Or are they merely not in the right mindset to conceive? Like Franklyn?”

“Franklyn was a worthless cast off bitch.” Tobias reclined in his seat “I only mated him because his family offered up a handsome dowry for him. I would have allowed him the freedom of the
house, but he just kept talking. Bothering me and sticking his fat nose where it didn’t belong. I sent him to counseling just to be rid of him and his desperation to get knocked up. I understand it’s what an omega always wants but his was excessive. Bordering on psychotic even. Surely you mind have seen it?”

Seen it? He’d been the recipient of it! “You did not wish him to conceive?”

“Would you want your progeny coming from that?” Tobias waved his free hand “Besides he was too old. I knew that even before I got him. It seems to be my curse. I always attract defective omegas. The first one I ever got was beginning of my curse I swear. They either are duds or they give me daughters. I have no use for daughters.”

Hannibal did not like where this was going, but his inner monster sure did. With every word Tobias said his primal self just checked the next box on the list of criteria for prey. “I don’t understand. Do you give away the female children to an orphanage?” Hannibal was actually hoping the answer was yes.

Tobias outright laughed “And have them grow into slutty little omegas to taint my family line?! I think not. Luckily I found a much better use for them. You see, Mason and I have a little agreement. Whatever I don’t use he feeds to those pigs he loves so much.”

“What you don’t use?”

“Guts. Intestines. I use to pay top dollar to get lamb guts for my instrument strings. Then when I started having an accumulation of useless babies I had an epiphany. Some work more efficiently than others when I tan them, but I cannot even begin to tell you how my music and instruments have improved because of this new process. Lambs are not allowed to be killed until they are weaned from their mothers. It makes the gut more tuff. But my way has the guts being pristine and incredibly fresh.” He laughed again. “Go ahead, see for yourself. Play the violin.”

He couldn’t possibly mean what he was saying. “You kill your own unwanted children for your instruments?”

“Precisely,” He frowned slightly “You do not approve?”

Hannibal looked down at the instrument in his hands and thought he could hear the numerous screams of crying newborns coming from the silent strings “I think it’s…ingenious!” Hannibal actually grinned because in his entire life he’d never found anyone so worthy of dying by his hands. “You made this violin from the intestines of-”

“Goodness no! This I made especially for you.” Hannibal looked up as Tobias just grinned “Franklyn would have wanted you to have it. And I felt as a fellow alpha you would enjoy it hanging on your wall. Perhaps even serve as a reminder for your own little omega what happens when cunts go astray.”

Hannibal had hunted humanity for several years. He had killed urchins and aristocracy alike. The dredges of humanity that had committed both sinister and imbecilic acts. And yet as Hannibal sat there at that table, he wondered just how for so long the true monsters like Tobias and Mason had even escaped his jaws. As soon as Will gave birth, Hannibal would come for both of them. He would enjoy ripping them apart. He would drink their putrid blood and spray it across the snow white ground. And then he would feed Tobias’ barely alive body to his mate. So that Will may finally be like him.

“Oh,” Tobais gestured with his wine glass as dinner began to be served “I hope you are truly
hungry my dear Doctor.”

Hannibal chuckled “My dear Tobias,” He placed the violin back in its case as he folded his napkin over his lap “I’m truly famished.”
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

A/N: I was going to post these updates on the 20th of December so they'd be closer to X-mass, but something has come up and I'll now be out of town that day. So I'm just going to post them early. Happy Holidays!

Will recognized the room around him, but for the first time he was not afraid of it. His fingers tentatively played a few of the keys on the piano. The instrument had played such lovely music during his imprisonment in this house. The many halls with all their paintings and awards that he’d walked down numerous times no longer seemed to whisper of the monster’s impending arrival. Sometimes he would run down these halls just to escape it, but now he stood waiting for it. His teeth ached and for it being pitch black he was able to see fairly well. He felt that something was coming nearer. A low rumbling sound echoed in his ears. It grew until it was a maddening shriek that resembled scraping mental. Was that truly an animal? A door was then illuminated in front of him. Will regarded it with great suspicion. He knew every inch of Tobias’ home and this was not part of it. Still, with caution, he walked forward and opened it. On the other side was a roaring inferno and he could hear people screaming in agony. Just as quickly as he had opened the door something unseen shut it. Everything went quiet except for the soft slightly watery cries of babies. Will turned and the darkness dissipated to reveal his and Hannibal’s bed. Lying in the middle were two small bodies, kicking and blinking impossibly blue unfocused eye. Will raced to them. He was overjoyed because he knew they must be he twins. He touched their little heads and his finger stroked the inside of an impossibly tiny palm. They were so small, but alive. Another hand reached out to touch the tiny head and at first Will was calm because he assumed it would be Hannibal, until he saw the skin color. His head shot up and he looked right into the furious eyes of Tobias. He yelled and lunged as Tobias grabbed the baby’s head and ripped it right off its body.

Will awoke from his nightmare in a horribly sticky warm sweat and gasping for breath. He sat up in the bed and immediately clutched his stomach. The twins gave a painful lurch but Will was only happy to see that they were still very much safe. In the next instant Will covered his mouth and made his way as quickly as he could to then vomit in the toilet.

As he leaned his head against the cool rim he tried to calm down his racing heartbeat. Why had he had another nightmare? Or was it a vision? He used to get those a lot before he’d accepted Hannibal as his mate. Then they had sort of faded away and left him in peace. The fact that they were now returned could not be any kind of good sign. It had to be an omen. A hand went to press protectively against his stomach as he growled.

Even if it was an omen he would not let Tobias touch his fawns. He would sooner rip out the Alpha’s throat. “I’ll protect you.” He said to his babies “Mommy’s here. I won’t let anything happen to you. It’s ok.” He closed his eyes and took a deep breath “It’s ok.” The second time was said more for himself.

Moving up and using the toilet for support Will slowly rose to his feet and then stopped when he felt viscous water run down his legs. Realizing what it was he then began to panic. He ran to the top of the stairs and yelled Hannibal’s name. When the Alpha didn’t respond Will swore and then closed his eyes as he tried to concentrate on their mental bond.
As Hannibal rode in the carriage he noticed the sun reflecting off the snowy hills and clustered mounds cradled within the numerous tree branches. The sun’s warmth was not yet hot enough to melt everything yet still drips of liquid water did fall down to the brown dirt underneath. Spring was coming, quickly creeping in and spreading the breath of rejuvenation. Hannibal usually didn’t mark the changing of the reasons so closely, but now with every passing day he could feel himself grow restless for the impending birth of his fawns. Upon finding out that he was having twins he had already gone back to that shop and purchased one of every plush they had from dogs and cats to penguins and rabbits. The latest Andalasia plush to just come out had apparently been a Griffin. He’d bought that too. And he’d bought one for Margot. Though he’d only done that because the inclination had struck him at a vulnerable time when he was feeling uncharacteristically generous. At least that’s what he reasoned with himself at first, but after further reflection Hannibal began to wonder if he felt sympathy for her. Maybe even more. Perhaps something along the lines of mercy and empathy. He hadn’t given her the plush animals yet. The unicorn and griffin sat perched on his office bookshelf waiting patiently for their rightful owner. The other plush creatures had already been placed in the secret nursery.

As a surprise to Will Hannibal was renovating and decorating one of the upstairs rooms into a nursery. The inspiration had struck him the moment he found out they were having twins. It was very nearly finished and though Hannibal was sure his mate suspected something his little omega was polite enough to allow him his secrecy. Hannibal had every intention of showing it to will very soon and could not wait to know if he accepted it. It was really one of the only projects, besides the installation of a swing on the back porch, he had done completely himself. After all, it wasn’t like he could ask the guild to come out and do the work for him. Besides building a suitable nursery, which was akin to a nest, was an important thing for omegas. And Hannibal felt a bit guilty that given their situation Will was very unable to go out and do any baby shopping and choose for himself what he would like. So Hannibal had done his best to do that for him. He only hoped Will accepted the room. If he didn’t then they would have to change everything at the last moment and doing things hastily usually guaranteed a drop in quality. Which Hannibal would not accept.

He was taken out of his reverie when the carriage driver called out that they had just crossed the territory line that then marked the beginning of the Verger Estate. The estate and farm were quite incomprehensibly massive. It resided about thirty minutes outside of the town and just below the eastern side of the mountain and forest line. There were rows upon rows of Amur Maple trees lining the road into the estate and though it was at the end of winter the trees shown in bright red and yellow likes flames as if it were fall. A very odd and unnatural spectacle, though admittedly gorgeous. As they drove further and further in Hannibal saw men tending to a large stockade of pigs. To the right of that was an open field of cows and across form that a stable where horses were being groomed. All of the sudden the majesty of the ranch was tainted but the putrid smell of fecal matter. Hannibal cringed and wondered how it was that when Margot came to see him she too did not reek of this odor that clung to the air like a rancid miasma. As the driver pulled up in front of the house then dismounted to open the door for Hannibal Mason was already walking down the steps of his mansion with a well-endowed grin on his face.

“My dear Doctor Lecter! I am so pleased you could come.” He laughed as Hannibal stepped down from the carriage “I cannot wait to show you the grounds. And my own private collection.”
“Private collection?”

“Oh yes, in fact I insist. It is only the best thing I can offer you after you finally managed to rid my dear Margot of that lingering fanciful ideal that she could not be my omega.” He sighed dramatically but the look in his eyes was unquestionably concurring “Her virgin body was everything I knew it would be. And again, I have you to thank for that Doctor. So please come along now!” He turned and Hannibal followed him through the opulent doors and into the entranceway. Immediately the decor and art that met Hannibal’s eyes had even him a little breathless. He line of thinking was that this home looked more like a museum rather than an estate someone actually lived in. Two priceless perfectly while marble statues stood as banisters to a cascading crimson staircase. They were both women who looked to be wearing body length veils that cascaded to their feet. By the way the marble had been painstakingly chipped away to resemble the supple folds of cloth that clung to the curves of their female forms, Hannibal assumed they were meant to be naked under the veil even though nothing all too detailed was shown. No, in fact all the care and life had obviously gone into the flow of fabric, the contours of their mournful covered faces, and the flower crowns that adorned the tops of their heads. One wore asters, which among herbalists were associated for driving away evil spirits, and the other wore the smallest tiniest flowers in a simple but plentiful circlet. Hannibal could only assume the flower was Baby’s Breath, which was a representation of true love, pureness, and undefiled innocence. Knowing all this, the statues seemed rather ill placed considering the house they were in.

“Do you enjoy art, Doctor?” Mason asked as he came to stand beside him.

“Only that which is worth looking at. These two statues are very expertly crafted.”

“Yes, these were done for my parents I’m afraid. I’ve been thinking of having them removed. They do not really fit with my interests, but Margot has begged me to keep them.” He waved a hand “I really should stop indulging her I suppose. It’s not really fitting for an alpha to be hen-pecked.”

“I completely agree. However, she is pregnant now. A little indulgence is acceptable.”

Mason chuckled “Is that how you treat your omega? My friend, do be careful.” As he walked away Hannibal followed again. “Omegas are a frail and simple sort. You give them and inch, they’re inclined to go off and cuckold you. It isn’t their fault, as you know, but they simply just can’t be trusted. Alphas will be Alphas and Omegas will be Omegas and all that.”

So it was natural for an Alpha to always want sex and an Omega to always want babies. Hannibal wasn’t surprised by Mason’s stereotypical way of thinking, but it was also so misguided he had to wonder where the man had leaned it in the first place. “Where is your omega?”

“Up in her room. The pregnancy has begun to make her feel unwell and she complains of pain often.”

It had only been a week that didn’t make any sense “Are you sure she is alright?”

“Oh yes, just being a little dramatic really.” He seemed amused by his own words though Hannibal could not understand why “But I really am getting off topic. Please, allow me to show you around.”

Hannibal allowed Mason to brag, dogmatize, instruct, and even pontificate as they walked around the entire stockade and even inside the stable. A few of the horses had seemed to shy away as Hannibal got near them, which gave Hannibal pause. Usually domesticated animals were unable to notice his darker nature. Yet a few of these horses seem to have intelligence to their eyes that spoke of recognition. They didn’t startle or shrike when he drew near them. They just quieted and
watched his passing figure warily. Hannibal thought it peculiar, but was not at the liberty to let his mind wonder for very long.

Mason was an eager talker and demanded Hannibal give his full attention and copious praises. Every time Hannibal opened his mouth to stroke Mason's already inflated pustulious ego the other Alpha seemed beside himself with glee. “See! I just knew you would understand, Doctor Lecter! Even Tobias finds some of this boring. Which I find a little insulting actually.” He huffed.

“After all that you do for him I can understand why.”

Mason’s eyes shimmered with knowing “Oh, he told you about that did he?” Hannibal nodded “So despicable isn’t it? I mean, I don’t mind taking care of his problem, but I freely admit if my lovely Margot gives birth to a daughter I would still let her keep it. It is my child.” That seemed oddly reasonable for Mason and Hannibal waited for the other shoe to drop. “But I really would insist on only one.” There it was “Having as many as Tobias does is just insane! I told him he should selectively only breed those that gave him sons and cull the rest from the herd.” Mason brought a finger to his lips “If I may have your thoughts, Hannibal, what is your opinion of Tobias?”

Hannibal knew that was a dangerous question to answer and didn’t trust Mason to not turn on him if his answer was too juicy a morsel to stir up drama over. “I feel he is an expert in his craft. However, if you are asking me about his predicament- I’m afraid I have always been a man who prefers quality over quantity. Though I do slightly envy his harem.”

Mason nodded his approval “Well spoken, Hannibal! Ever the diplomat.” He laughed “That was a test you know. But you passed with flying colors as they say! I knew you would, so don’t take offense.” He motioned for Hannibal and himself to go back inside the house “It is now time to show you my pride and joy. Come with me to the basement.”

They walked down a creaking staircase that seemed to grow darker and darker the further they went. At one point the smell of the farm faded from the air to be replaced by a dusty mildew odor. It was sad that he preferred it to the stench of feces. Mason lead him into a large darkened room with a single table and two chairs in the middle. He sat down and indicated for Hannibal to take the other seat. “Tell me, Hannibal. What do you know about the supernatural?”

More than Mason ever would and that sort of question immediately had Hannibal on edge “There are many supernatural things, Mason. To which are you referring to?”

“ Mythological creatures, mostly. I don’t by in to all that ghost nonsense.”

“Then I know a little. As I said, I live in the windigo’s territory. To not know or believe in mythos would be incredibly naive. I know enough to keep the peace and not invite a pair of fangs at my throat.”

“Oh yes,” Mason moaned “The windigo is quite the fascination for me. I one day hope to catch it and add it to my collection.”

There he was using that word again. “Collection?” Mason snapped his fingers and the lights of the room brightened considerably. “Welcome to my zoo of monsters, Doctor Lecter.”

All around them there were large glass pained enclosures. As Hannibal turned he counted no less than five prisons. Leaving his chair to stand he fully gazed at the entrapped and bound creatures before him. Mythical wondrous creatures not unlike himself bound and muzzled like rabid beasts. Walking forward to the first enclosure he went to press his fingers against the glass in sock. Just before the tips touched they began to burn in the telltale presence of iron. Hannibal slowly
retracted his hand and put it in his pocket. “How do you keep them contained?”

“The glass is infused with iron and so are their restraints. They are powerless to leave. Go ahead, look to your heart’s content. Not many people get to see this and you are perfectly safe I assure you.” He leaned back in his chair “I like to come down here and just look at them. Second only to Margot, they are my pride and joy.”

Behind the glass in front of Hannibal was what looked to be a horse with a gleaming silvery iridescent mane. If not for the lack of horn on its head Hannibal would have known it to be a unicorn. Had mason removed it? No, not when he prided himself on this being a zoo. So if this wasn’t a unicorn then what was it? It was then he noticed the large makeshift and particularly deep pool of water next to the standing horse and how though the animal was in the crystal clear water, Hannibal could not see its hooves. Ah, not a unicorn but a kelpie. A very rare and murderous creature that enjoyed luring playful children to a watery grave. A single touch was so sticky that the only way to brake free was to cut off your own limb. The kelpie looked at Hannibal with the same intelligence that he’d seen in the horses at the stable.

A theory began to form in Hannibal’s mind which only was helped by the next enclosure. Erymanthian Boars were particularly ginormous, gruesome looking, and vicious animals. This large one stood several feet taller than Hannibal and was chained down to the ground and walls with thick iron links. Mangles jingled on its four hooves and it looked as if all of its spikes and horns had been cut to be blunt and dull. “What is this creature?” Hannibal played dumb.

“That is my Erymanthian Boar. My first hunt and capture. He is the sire for all my wonderful pigs here on the farm. We milk him daily to ensure we have enough seed to spread around. He takes offense to it though, not sure why.” Mason laughed “Getting one off every morning should be a treat. That’s why I unfortunately had to restrain him like this and cut off all his pretty horns. I originally let him run loose and gave him a pasture with all the gilts he could want, even a few sows that had proved to be good mothers. But he started eating them all because they were so tiny compared to him. He didn’t recognize he was supposed to fuck them. So he has to stay here now. Though all my pigs are nearly half his size now. Perhaps he would deem one worthy to be mounted now.”

“And the kelpie?”

“Oh, so you know what that one is? Well it is a more generic monster I guess. I originally got him in the hopes that he could do for my horses what the boar is doing here for my pigs. At least he knows when its time to perform his duty.”

“What do you use the horses for?”

“Racing, mostly. I earn a lot of money that way. I enter in my horse and because they have no name and proper breeding people think they won’t win. But they always do. I can only use then so many times though. The hybrid ones don’t live very long. Maybe a year or two.”

He was taking the sperm of extremely dangerous creatures and mixing it with his livestock! Did he not understand the dangers of the little genetics game he was playing? Then again, of course he didn’t. This was the same man who thought using livestock hormone on omegas to keep them passive so Alphas could rape them was completely acceptable. As Hannibal moved to the next cage he honestly could not distinguish who was worse.

Tobias or Mason.

Next came a Bandersnatch. Its wrinkled bulldog like face would have been cute if it had possessed
puppy dog eyes and fur. The pink hairless wrinkles around the muzzle peeled back in a growl to show serrated sharp teeth like those of a shark. The eyes were bloodshot and drained an almost black discharge. The rest of the body was covered in hard epidermal armor plates. It looked more like a tank then an animal. The long claws on the front paws that were usually sickle shaped had been bound together and allowed to grow uncomfortably long. The animal was retrained by every inch of its body. Hannibal wondered what it would do if it was set free.

He moved to the next enclosure and something black with teeth charged the glass only to slam against it and then the collar around its neck electrocuted it as punishment. “Oh he’s torn through his muzzle and chains again. The naughty boy.” Mason chuckled. The Kludde howled its rage as it fell to the floor, silvery blood dripping from its lacerated mouth. Kluddes had large wolf like bodies and corresponding bat wings. This one had its wings wrapped several times around its torso and then chained into place. The eyes were vacant sockets. Had the creature gouged them out itself, or had Mason? What once was a terrifying and formidable creature had been reduced to a snarling mutt. The Kludde could not see but it could hear… and it could smell. The creature stopped its growling long enough to sniff the air curiously. Its head then turned toward Hannibal.

In contrast to all the others before, the last enclosures held something relatively small and peaceful. Winter Fairies. The bringers of snow, cold, and the frost that encapsulated all the world in a stasis until spring. Like their pixie cousins, fairies were small humanoid creatures with pointed ears and doll like features. Their coloring and wings mirrored the season they embodied. Their cuteness was what often made people gravitate to them, especially children. They preferred uninterrupted solitude and could be mischievous but not usually to a harmful degree.

“Gorgeous aren’t they.” Mason asked as Hannibal turned away from the fairies to look at him.

“Why do you have fairies when all the rest of your collection is so fearsome?”

Mason beamed as he tapped on the glass twice. A spray was released into the enclosure and the fairies stopped flying to them plummet to the ground convulsing “Just a nerve toxin. Don’t worry they’ll be fine in an hour. He then unlocked the glass to swing it open like a door. Grasping one of the fairies by its wings he then shut the door and jerked his head to one side for Hannibal to follow. They went back up the stairs to the foyer of the house and stood in front of a close curtained window.

“Did you know that seasonal fairies can only live in the season they are compatible to.”

Yes, Hannibal did. “No. I did not. I only know that they are nocturnal.”

“They are. It’s nearly spring now. Let’s see what happens.” He opened up the curtain and held the dangling fairy up to the light. Already paralyzed by the nerve toxin Hannibal watched as the creature’s skin began to burn, peel, and bleed. It tried to let out one last desperate cry before it burst into flames and then silvery dust fell to the ground. Hannibal look to the pile and then at Mason, who was smiling maniacally. As if the very sight was supremely arousing.

“I didn’t know it would be that interesting. You see Hannibal, this is why I have my zoo. To conduct experiments like that. I’m really a scientist at heart. And just think, when I catch that Windigo how perfect that will be. The town might even be so happy they’ll throw me a parade! Not that I care at all about them truly.” He sighed “But to have a creature that is the harbinger of death and malevolent intent.” He shivered “Oh, it makes me want to go see Margot and slide into her-”

“You are so sure you will catch it?” Hannibal interrupted. He knew it was rude but after everything he just saw he could not take the mental image Mason was conjuring up.
“It’s a stupid animal, Hannibal. Just like these beasts are. Just watch, you’ll see. I’ll catch the windigo and drag its hide through all of Main Street for everyone to see just how scary it really is.” They turned as there was a rather loud smak behind them. Margot was coming down the stares but she looked like she had almost tripped. “Oh, Margot dear. So you finally decided to join us. Good girl. Come here now.”

Margot, though dressed as perfectly as ever, looked as if she were about to faint. Hannibal continued to watch her as she took careful steps down the rest of the staircase. All the while Mason just kept blathering on.

“So, what do you think of my collection?” When Hannibal didn’t answer immediately Mason frowned in irritation. “Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal gave him a sideways glance as he offered “I think it’s very interesting that you have so many mythological and dangerous creatures all tucked away beneath your farm. And no one truly is the wiser?”

“Of course not!” Mason shrugged “Even Tobias does not know about this Doctor Lecter. I trust I can keep you to secrecy?” Margot was almost to them but she wobbled a bit.

“Of course, Mr. Verger. I’ll take it to the grave.” He kept watching Margot and when she took her next step she nearly fell. Hannibal rushed to her and managed to catch her, lowering her to the ground.

“Margot what is the matter?”

“It…hurts.” Her hands clutched her stomach as her face contorted in pain.

Hannibal looked to Mason “How long has she been like this?”

“I told you she’s been acting dramatic all morning. Just ignore it Hannibal, really.”

“If she’s in pain that isn’t something you ignore. Her baby could be in danger.” Hannibal said it in the hopes that Mason might come to his sense and let him examine Margot. Instead Mason’s eyes turned deadly cold and nearly savage.

“Why do you care?”

Hannibal could not believe what he was hearing “I’m a doctor Mason I could check her out and make sure everything is as it should be. She may be having a miscarriage! Do you not want me to save your child?”

Mason eye began to twitch as he laughed again “So compassionate Doctor. Truly a perfect physician. So tell me,” He came right up close and got in Hannibal’s space “Is it my child? IS! IT!” That psychotic look had entered his eyes again.

Was this the moment? Was Hannibal going to have to kill Mason right here and now?

“Hannibal?” Hannibal paused as he heard Will’s mental voice.

“Will?”

“Hannibal, thank goodness! Please you need to come home. I’m in labor and I need you here!”

Hannibal quietly cursed the timing of all of this. Margot took in a breath as she raised a hand and
covered his own “I’m fine…Doctor. My Alpha is right.” He looked down at her and saw her imploring eyes, begging him to back down. When Hannibal turned back to Mason, he let his gaze drift down to pacify him.

“No, Mason. If you are insinuating that I have made sexual advances on your mate, I have not.” He gently set Margot on the floor as he stood. “I am sorry if I have caused any trouble or disrespect. Would you like me to leave?”

Mason still stared daggers at him but the murder in his eyes had lessened. “Yes, Doctor, I think our little visit is over with for today. No hard feelings, I’m sure.”

“Hannibal?”

“I’m coming Will. Get yourself to our bed and try to hold on until I get there.”

Hannibal said his goodbyes and as he left Margot was still lying on the floor. Mason followed him all the way out the door and to the carriage. As Hannibal was climbing in Mason noticed an odd burn mark at the top of his hand. Perhaps it was from Margot’s iron ring.

He’d always wondered why she never wore it when she went to her appointments.

He waved Hannibal off as he watched the other Alpha leave and then made his way back into the house. Closing the door behind him he then noticed the Margot was trying to crawl her way back up the stairs. He smiled as he went after her, grabbing her by the back of her lustrous hair and whispering in her ear “You’ve been keeping secrets from me again.”

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter Update by the end of January

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