Vocabulary Lesson
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Vocabulary Lesson
by Devereauxs_Disease

Summary

Will must explain a term to Hannibal. It goes about as well as expected.

Will strolled into the late afternoon heat clutching a towel and inhaling the scent of the ocean. Letting the amber light bathe his face, he settled onto a sun-warmed chaise, resting the towel beside him. It would soon be his favorite part of the day.

The house in El Quisco was steps from the beach, which Will loved, and minutes from Pablo Neruda’s Isla Negra home, which sold Hannibal before he even saw the property. At night, while sweat and come dried sweet and sticky on their bodies, Hannibal would read Neruda’s poems to Will. The empath wasn’t sure he could fall asleep anymore without the music of Hannibal’s voice and Neruda’s words.

In the distance, he saw a head crest over the waves.

Showtime.

Will watched, entranced, as Hannibal emerged from the rolling sea. Nearly a year ago, the cannibal had performed a parody of this act, bleeding from the gut and dragging Will with him. Now, the evidence of that night was reduced to a small puckered line that defined the doctor’s fuzzy stomach.

Today, Lourdes had abandoned Will to join Hannibal in the water. The empath watched in amusement as man and dog paused to shake, waves lapping at their heels. Using both hands to sweep his rapidly growing hair off his face, Hannibal arched his back in a lazy stretch before
walking toward the house.

Will wasn’t positive he could breathe. Lourdes took off down the beach on important dog business, but Will’s eyes remained on Hannibal, who was striding slowly toward him with a smile ghosting his lips.

“How was the swim?” Will’s voice was as tight as his pants. He shifted and tried not to notice the grains of sand clinging to Hannibal’s powerful calves as he approached the veranda. Rivulets of sea water cut paths across Hannibal’s cheekbones, flowing down his strong neck before dotting the doctor’s thick thatch of greying chest hair, shining like diamonds in the fading light.

Will knew when he laved Hannibal’s skin tonight, he’d taste salt. His mouth watered.

“You’re staring,” Hannibal whispered. He bent close, reaching past Will to grab the towel. The cannibal’s chest brushed softly against the plane Will’s cheek. Hardly an accident, but Will shivered even before the cold air hit the damp patches of his skin.

“You’re still staring.”

Hannibal’s smile was wide, the doctor preening under Will’s shameless scrutiny. Will reached out a finger, tracing a lazy path toward Hannibal’s nipple and bringing the briny digit to his lips.

“Just adding this moment to my spank bank, Dr. Lecter,” Will kept his voice low and suggestive, though his smile was cheeky. But Hannibal’s face had altered. The doctor was curious. Will hated curious Hannibal. Curious Hannibal usually meant Will would be cleaning up blood, listening to a lecture, or having an excessively embarrassing conversation in the near future.

Fuck.

“Spank bank?” Hannibal was already adopting his therapist voice and settling into a chair, looking ridiculously professional for a man dripping with sea water and wearing nothing but a tight pair of swim trunks, towel abandoned over the back of the chaise.

“It’s just an expression, Hannibal.” Will glanced down at his hard-on. Sorry buddy, it’s going to be a minute.

“I gathered it was an expression. What does it mean?”

Will sighed, running his hand through his hair.

“It’s just means a place you store all your fantasies, for…later.”

“You record these fantasies mentally, then?”

“Yeah, it’s just a Mind Palace for masturbation, that’s all,” Will watched Hannibal process this information. The doctor’s eyes narrowed.

“So in this masturbatory Mind Palace, you’re imagining spanking me?” Hannibal tilted his head slightly, the fading sunlight caught the grey in his stubble. It was really unfair to have to hold a conversation with a man who insisted on glistening like Poseidon after his evening swim.

“What? No. Well…I mean… not always.” Will waived a dismissive hand at Hannibal’s raised eyebrow. “It’s just a general masturbation file, that’s all.”

“But you’ve called it a ‘spank’ bank.”
Will sighed. Clearly, Hannibal wasn’t letting this go.

“As in spanking the monkey.”

Hannibal’s eyes darkened, now the empath had the cannibal’s full attention. Will braced himself.

“You have bestiality fetishes?” A neutral question, no blame or judgment. Christ Will hated that therapist voice.

“JESUS! No! I just, it’s a term that means—”

“I’m not sure where we’d acquire a monkey. A trip to the Amazon, perhaps? What size monkey were you masturbating too? Can you give me a description?”

Hannibal was lost in what Will liked to call Persnickety Bastard Mode, it was the state Hannibal entered whenever he planned a meal or a murder. The cannibal would pick at every last detail until everything was arranged to his precise specifications. Will hated this mode.

“Hannibal! HANNIBAL! Don’t. Stop.”

Will snapped right in front of the doctor’s face. Hannibal looked up temporarily distracted from whatever illegal monkey heist he had half-planned.

“I DO NOT WANT TO FUCK OR SPANK A MONKEY” Will spoke slow and loud, hoping that would end this nightmare.

“If you’re concerned about bites, I’m sure we can modify some gloves-”

“HANNIBAL! I’m begging you, I don’t want to…” Will noticed the twitch in Hannibal’s cheek muscle. “You’re fucking with me, aren’t you?”

The smile was back – big, toothy, and utterly devastating. Will wanted to hold a grudge, but his cock had apparently already forgiven Hannibal.

Stupid smile.

“I couldn’t resist.”

Will shifted in his seat to ease the pressure on his groin.

“I understand. You’ll have plenty of time to laugh about it, too, when you’re sleeping on the couch tonight.” Will moved to get up, a half hearted attempt meant to provoke Hannibal into action. Reliably, the doctor shot out a hand, grabbing Will’s wrist and dragging him backward. Will landed on Hannibal’s wet lap, wriggling so the cannibal was forced to wrap strong arms around empath to still him. Restrained, nestled on Hannibal’s hard cock, and already licking salt off his lips, Will met Hannibal’s eyes with a little smirk.

“I’d rather spend the night in your bank, if you don’t mind,” Hannibal’s bangs had fallen over his eyes in thick dripping sections. Water dripped from the doctor’s hair onto Will’s throat, making him shiver. “I noted that you had a spanking section that might interest me.”

Will beamed.

“Really Dr. Lecter? All those years locked away and you haven’t had your fill of punishment?” Will was practically vibrating in Hannibal’s arms.
“Alana was a poor disciplinarian,” Hannibal allowed. “My suggestions of whips and black leather fell on deaf ears, I’m afraid.”

A loud honking laugh escaped Will as he helplessly gasped for air. He could picture the tight purse of Alana’s lips as Hannibal suggested something so unspeakably rude.

“God, did you actually do that? What am I saying? Of course you did.”

“She was not committed to my rehabilitation, evidently.”

Will shifted his head allowing the tip of his tongue to seek out a gleaming drop of water on Hannibal’s chest.

“Lucky for you, your new keeper has only your best interests at heart.” Will pulled away from Hannibal to stand. He pointed inside. “Bedroom. Now.”

Hannibal stood, erection obscenely outlined in his trunks. Towel abandoned in the chair, Hannibal paused in front of Will, raking his eyes over the empath.

“Did you hear me, Hannibal? Go.”

“My apologies, Will. It seems a bank has just opened in my Mind Palace. I wanted to make the first deposit. I’ll go now.” Hannibal’s smile was lascivious and Will felt his heart and groin clench. Pleased with the reaction, Hannibal winked and sauntered inside.

Will used the wet towel to crack Hannibal across the ass as he passed.

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