Summary

Will was a little bit different than other people and it wasn't because his mind worked differently. Hannibal takes this difference in its entirety, without hesitation.

#JustFuckMeUp

Notes

The chance of a man having two fully functional penises is rare. There have been accounts in history and even a man alive today who has two that work just fine. Usually they are accompanied by health problems. So for the sake of this fic, pretend that Will is in perfect health.

See the end of the work for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don’t own Hannibal.
Entering into a romantic relationship with Hannibal after the whole Tobias Budge incident had not been a shock for Will. He outcome had seemed inevitable as they had grown closer in friendship over the past year. The fact that Will had been the one to initiate in the beginning was what was so shocking.

Will was very hesitant to enter into a sexual or romantic relationship with people because of how he was. Not only was he abnormal in mind but he was also abnormal in body. How could he ever expect somebody to accept him not only for his mental deformities but also his physical ones?

The beginning of the relationship began quite like any other he would normally expect. Meaningful gazes that meant a lot more than they usually did. Sometimes physical contact that lasted for far too long and said far too much. And sometimes the brief touches and kisses shared between them.

Will had been the most mentally content he had ever been in his life. And it truly seemed that Hannibal Lecter was the one to bring about this miraculous change in him. For all intents and purposes, Hannibal was the best thing to ever happen to Will.

Will did not want to botch up their relationship all because he was not normal. Hannibal, for some unknown reason, found Will's mind to be an attractive thing. Maybe because the two of them were cut from similar cloth. No one had ever understood Will like Hannibal did. Perhaps that mutual understanding was what attracted the man first of all.

Hannibal had not initiated anything sexual though, and that left Will severely confused on the situation. He, who was normally an expert at reading people's intentions, was left lost in the moment due to Hannibal Lecter. Was he supposed to be the one leading or did Hannibal prefer to take charge? Naturally, both of them tended to dominate certain fields so obviously Will’s questioning had to be considered.

All it came down to was Hannibal's reaction to Will's physical deformity. He had had a few trysts in his younger years and it was only by mercy that the prostitutes involved look upon his bodily addition as a reward. But Hannibal wasn’t some whore trying to keep herself afloat. This meant more than anything else.

Hannibal had known that Will had been holding some sort of reluctance in expanding their relationship’s parameters, but until now he could not fathom just what was holding a man back. Now though, he understood.

But just because he understood the reason, did not mean that he could understand why Will thought it was something to worry over. Quite frankly, it was an anomaly and it intrigued Hannibal to no possible end. The fact was, his dear William had two penises.
Diphallia was not a well-known condition and quite frankly, Hannibal would not even label it as a condition. There were few accounts of people being born with more than one sexual organ. The fact that Will was one of these people and that both of his were exactly the same length and fully functioning, made him all the more interesting.

In fact, something like this played right into Hannibal's fetish. Though some would not believe it even if Hannibal had told them himself, Hannibal did not take charge during sexual encounters. Hannibal's extensive list of kinks even consisted of pegging.

The fact that Will would penetrate him twice at once, was enough to get the doctor not only hot under the collar but absolutely scorching. The fact that he would be penetrated by flesh only and not some ridiculous plastic toy that a manufacturing company had created, made him all the more happier. And his trousers all the more tighter.

The doctor fixed his soon-to-be lover with a smirk and crowded him against the wall. “Dear Will, I think you’re perfect,” purred the blond.

Will gaped, his flushed face explaining it all. “You...do?!”

Hannibal moaned so his darling would know just how much he liked it. “I think we should adjourn to my bedroom, Will. We must test our limits after all.”

“You’re serious!”

Hannibal simply lead the man to his room, his pleased smirk firmly in place. “Indeed. I do hope you live up to my expectations.”

Spreading his suited arms, Hannibal smirked and offered, “I’m yours, dear Will.”

Will waited perhaps five seconds, before he was on Hannibal like a fire on a brush. With full permission given and the sexual eyes going back and forth between them, he would simply go along with it until Hannibal refused him. Take what he could while he could get it.

Hannibal’s many layers of clothing impeded his progress a tad, but Will was a patient man and was dying to see what laid beneath such exquisite finery that was tailored specifically for Hannibal’s frame. Hannibal’s face was enough to make Will aroused and he could only imagine what the rest of him would do.

He was toned. Not necessarily muscular to the point of it being noticeable when the man was relaxed. But when Hannibal tightened his muscles, his arms were suddenly much larger and his chest seemed all the more powerful. Will wrapped a hand around a bicep and could have come from the subtle power beneath the flesh.

Hannibal was a little soft in the middle and honestly, Will had expected it a bit. The man was not perfect despite what his suits and classy air said about him. If one dined on such lavish dishes every day for every meal, of course they wouldn’t be perfectly tight everywhere. It was the price of being a chef. Tasting your own food, not mention then eating it all, had lasting results.

But he liked it. It was Hannibal. It was real.

Also, the light dusting of silver/blond hair that began just below the bellybutton had him wanting to see more.

Hannibal’s perfect trousers joined the rest of his clothing and Will took a second to marvel at the fact that Hannibal wore briefs and not boxers. Briefs that clung to his thighs very nicely and
provided a wonderful view the package they were concealing.

“Will, perhaps you would like to get the lubricant now?”

Will gave a low nod and accepted the bottle that Hannibal had managed to procure out of nowhere. Yes, he was getting to the good part.

“I would be most gratified if I could undress you, dear Will.”

Will backed up a step and opened his arms while eyeing Hannibal with slight worry. The man didn’t seem to feel the same as he set to quickly and efficiently ridding Will of all of his clothing.

“Oh, Will,” the man breathed, his voice nearly a moan. His eyes were riveted, staring only at the black pair of briefs Will was wearing and the ten that bulged in two different places.

A hand reached up, running along the contours and stroking the flesh through the fabric. Hannibal leaned into Will and murmured against his ear, “I cannot wait to have them inside me.”

Will should have found that to be embarrassing.

He didn’t.

Hannibal was pleased when Will laid him on the bed once more. If he wanted to take all of what Will had to offer, he would need to be properly prepared and Hannibal intended to take everything. His greatest width was a five and a half inch circumference and Will combined was certainly larger than that. But it would be so worth it!

“How do you prefer to be taken, Hannibal?”

Yes, Hannibal was not only taking but being taken. The thought of Will rutting him into the fine bed and simply not allowing him any movement, sent a thrill up his spine and made his already erect cock twitch.

Hannibal wasted no time in situating himself and waiting for Will to do as was expected of him. After all, this was Will’s show and Hannibal wanted to reach the climax soon.

Will was careful in his exploration. His fingers were gentle as they pried Hannibal open and forced their way inside, working on loosening him up and expanding his insides so that he may take both of Will’s cocks at once.

“Are you sure you want t-”

“Will,” interrupted the blond, “I want you to fuck me with both. Together.”

“R-right!”

Ah, his darling was still so shy. That was okay, Hannibal would train him out of it. Soon, Will would live by the ability to pleasure Hannibal and Hannibal only. He would be taught all of the doctor’s favorite methods and his secret pleasures.

Will tongued the ring of flesh as his fingers worked Hannibal open. He was incredibly lucky in this situation and he knew it. And Hannibal, the man who was like a pillar of strength, preferred to be taken during sex. It was a shock, but also incredibly arousing.

Will’s cocks twitched, soaking his briefs with his pre-cum. He shifted to alleviate his discomfort. He wanted to be safe with Hannibal and his own body would not force him to speed things up.
“Hurry up, Will.”

But Hannibal definitely would.

Will disposed of his underwear and climbed onto the bed. The lube was cool against his heated flesh, but he generously applied it to both dicks, since Hannibal was so intent upon having them together.

He had done this with a few prostitutes before and knew what to do. He had a little process to make the slide in easier.

Grasping both erections, Will pushed both heads together and popped them into the opening of Hannibal’s ass. They fit in, if only just barely. Will remained in place as he allowed Hannibal to get used to the sensation. Hannibal had already squirmed and moaned upon intrusion.

“More!” the man demanded, voice breathy.

Rubbing the bulging hole at the edges, Will inserted his thumbs and spread Hannibal open even more, pushing in slowly.

The raw and filthy noises slipping from Hannibal’s throat made him proud. He was the one evoking such a reaction. Hannibal was slipping into French because of Will and God did that not boost his ego.

Hannibal looked back at him, eyes heated and mouth set in a teasing line. Before Will could question him, the man planted his hands and knees firmly and shoved himself backward, taking the rest of Will’s cocks up to the hilt.

Will had to brace his hands against Hannibal’s trim hips, having not expected the sudden movement from the man. His breath was firmly robbed from his chest.

“My apologies,” grunted the blond. “You were taking too long.”

Dr. Lecter was a cock hungry slut, Will learned. He was naughty and liked to be told so.

Will leaned over the man, earning a whimper when his body pushed the other’s into the bed. “You like being taken like this, don’t you?”

“Yes!”

“Are you a size queen, Dr. Lecter?”

The response he received was entirely in French and Will was able to understand most of the words despite them being so slurred. It seemed that Hannibal had a foul mouth when he was pushed to the brink of sexual frustration and pleasure.

The man tightened around Will to prove his point, making the profiler moan.

‘I love it when a good cock is able to fill me all the way. You are by far the best!’

Another stroke to the ego which had Will moving much faster to reward Hannibal for such kind words.

The friction, the sliding, the fact that Hannibal was experimentally gripping onto Will’s cocks in order to keep him inside and prevent him from moving away, were the best feelings.
The best sex Will had ever had.

“Do you want to come, Hannibal?”

“Please, Will?”

“I will… if you tell me another one of your kinks.”

Hannibal struggled to find the words, allowing Will to keep up the thrusting, trying to see how long he could keep the man incoherent. It was fun in more ways than one and Will would definitely love to do this again.

“S-Stuffing!”

“Hm?” the brunet hummed questioningly, teasing. He had an idea of what it meant, but he'd like to be sure. Still, Hannibal had answered and that deserved a little roughness in return.

Hannibal’s perfect hair was mussed beyond recognition as he rubbed his head against his immaculate pillows. His body throbbed and ached and it was perfect everywhere. Will was so much bigger than anything he had ever felt before and it was heavenly.

He could die a happy man if this was the way to go.

Will was teasing him and Hannibal could not find it in himself to mind. Will was playful during sex and that revelation would certainly aid in Hannibal’s other sexual pursuits with the man.

Back to the question at hand.

“I like it… when I am stuffed with more… than my body can physically handle.”

There, he’d finally gotten it out.

Oh, Will had hit his prostate again! Will was so perfect. Such a considerate partner, giving Hannibal everything he could. That delicious cock fucking him open so perfectly!

“We’ll have to experiment with that, won’t we?”

And then the man reached down to give Hannibal’s neglected cock a few strokes necessary to bring him to completion and Hannibal moaned both in satisfaction and sadness at their time being over. Will had successfully held him on the edge for over eight minutes and if that wasn’t a sign of how perfect he was for Hannibal, the blond didn’t know what would be good enough.

Will slammed into one final time and Hannibal’s scream was so violent, he couldn’t actually hear it. All he knew was that he was finally coming and Will was filling him up from the inside.

Will’s cocks, which both worked just fine. Did that mean twice the amount of come than usual? He would have to consider the possibilities later on when he was coherent. For now though, he was exhausted and wanted to rest with his lover.

Hannibal’s body tightening around him was the final straw that pushed Will into his own pleasured end and Will breathed heavily in the wake of their coupling, completely bewildered at how he’d just had the best sex of his life, with the most amazing person he’d ever known.

When he moved to pull away, Hannibal’s hand stopped him.

“Is said… that I like stuffing, Will.”
Kinky. Dr. Lecter was a kinky boy, wasn’t he?

"I still can’t believe… you were that aroused."

“I still am, Will. My body just can’t react properly right now. You’ve… fucked me good and proper.”

Hannibal’s foul mouth during sexual acts would never be forgotten. Will thought it was sexy.

“Besides,” the blond continued, “how could I not enjoy getting two for the price of one?”

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELO. I FOLLOW BACK.

End Notes

How was it?

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