Woo Me Not With Words

by Devereauxs_Disease

Summary

Ok, so it's Chronicopheliac's birthday and I could only think of one thing to get someone this wonderful: Porn. So here it is, just ridiculous gratuitous smut for one of the coolest people in the fandom.

The present wasn’t nearly as subtle as Hannibal seemed to think it was. Will came home from a walk along the beach to find a brand new set of fishing equipment laying on his bed. It could have been merely a courteous gesture from a friend - except for the note. Attached to the rod, in Hannibal’s neat script was a snippet of Keats. Will was honestly rather surprised that he hadn’t bothered to draw hearts around the flowery verse.

Will smiled, the pull of muscles almost unfamiliar after the weeks of agonizing pain or recovering on the run. He was no longer being hunted by the world’s most dangerous serial killer, he was being courted.

Hannibal Lecter was not nearly as slick as he liked to think he was. Longing glances, unnecessary touches, and polite inquiries about topics Hannibal could not have cared less about, like fishing or dogs. Will was delighted to learn that the world’s scariest monster was not only human, but a bit of a dweeb.

They had only been in the house a week when Hannibal began what could only be classified as wooing. It had started with things that could easily be mistaken for Hannibal’s impeccable manners: Will would find his favorite fruit in a bowl on the counter; Hannibal’s lavish menus had been abandoned for simple, yet exquisite meals that appealed to Will’s tastes; and every night, while Will recovered from the head wound that left his vision fuzzy and concentration impossible, Hannibal would read.
Keats, Byron, the occasional verse by Shelley – all were becoming familiar to Will. Also becoming familiar to Will was the theme: Love, of the burning passion variety. Some nights Will had to bite his lips to keep from laughing as Hannibal read Bright Star to him in languid tones.

Will began to feel like a heroine in one of those Victorian novels he pretended to read in high school. Dainty, swooning on a settee while being wooed with stories of grand passion. It would be funny if it wasn’t such a fucking cock tease. Hannibal had even started to bow slightly whenever Will entered or exited a room.

It had to stop.

Will Graham would not be Jane-fucking-Austened into the sack. He certainly wasn’t going to swoon to death, or whatever the fuck Keats suggested. Will wanted blood and fury and passion, not breeches and bouquets. His vision had cleared and now that he was in fighting form, he was ready for some romantic insurgency. He made up his mind: If Hannibal wanted to play Mr. Darcy, that was just fine, but he’d be damned if he was going to be Jane…or Elizabeth…or whoever the fuck it was who got to marry that douche.

When Hannibal returned from the market, Will was waiting. Perched on the counter, which he knew annoyed the cannibal, swinging his sandy bare feet lazily into the cabinets, each soft thump showered the pristine tile with sand and grit.

“The tackle is great, Hannibal.”

Hannibal’s lip pulled into the barest snarl as he watched Will’s sandy feet litter his kitchen floors, but he brushed by and began to unpack his bags. Will smirked, shifting to bring his feet up onto the counter, Hannibal paused, leaning over their freezer with a pint of Will’s favorite ice cream.

“I'm glad you like them, Will. Would you mind removing your feet from the counter?”

Will smiled sweetly, eyes wide.

“Nah, I don’t feel like it.”

Hannibal opened his mouth, then closed it, and continued to unpack.

“I want a boat too.”

Hannibal stilled, a radish lofted in his hand.

“Do you?”

Will nodded.

“And a dog, maybe two.”

“Should I start a list?”

Will frowned, tilting his head to the side.

“If you’re too old to remember.”

Hannibal abandoned the produce in favor of staring at Will, hip leaning near the empath’s sandy feet.
“May I inquire as to why I’ve become your personal Santa Claus?”

The corner of Will’s mouth began to curl.

“Because if you’re going to buy your way into my pants, I’m going to set the price, not you.” Hannibal’s lips parted slightly, Will’s smirk deepened.

“Didn’t think I’d figure it out? Candle light poetry readings, special treats waiting for me in the kitchen,” Will toed Hannibal’s shopping bag, revealing a bag of Will’s favorite caramels. “Now a brand new rod and tackle. Golly, Hannibal, I figure I’m about a week away from pledges of troth. And while that’s really sweet, I’m just not that kind of guy.”

Will moved his foot across the counter, resting his big toe on a large ceramic pot Hannibal had purchased at an antique shop. Eyes locked on Hannibal’s, Will pushed the pot off the counter. At the shattering sound, Hannibal blinked.

“I like a little mess.” Will’s foot moved over to an ornate vase that held a bouquet of sweet Williams.

“Will that is an ancient Inca vase.”

*Push. Shatter.*

“Now it’s a teacup.”

Hannibal grabbed Will’s ankle yanked, dragging the empath across the counter to him.

“Stop this.”

Will’s eyes ticked up in thought.

“No.” He shrugged off Hannibal’s grasp and headed for the doctor’s china display. A hand grabbed Will’s shoulder and spun him.

Hannibal brought his hand to Will’s face, a gentle, calming caress against his cheek. Will whipped to the side and sunk his teeth into Hannibal’s hand. The doctor snarled and shoved Will against the wall by the china cabinet, the power of the move forced Will’s jaw open. Held with an arm across his throat, Will smiled and spat blood.

“Don’t you fucking dare play the pining romantic hero for me, Dr. Lecter.” Hannibal’s eyes went black, his whole body stilled. “If I thought for one second the simpering Romeo act was real, I would have drowned you at the base of the cliff. That bullshit is how you get into Alana Bloom’s panties, not mine.”

Will shoved at Hannibal, moving to leave. When the doctor’s bloody hand shot to his throat, slamming him back into the wall, Will smiled.

“And how precisely,” Hannibal leaned in, voice hissing into the shell of Will’s ear. “Do you suggest I get into your panties, Will?”

Will turned his head as best he could, Hannibal’s grip giving him little wiggle room. He met Hannibal’s eyes and pressed forward, choking himself as he fought to get close to his doctor.

“By ripping them off.” He raised an eyebrow. “Please.”

Hannibal’s mouth ticked, a flash of amusement before he lunged. The hand on Will’s neck
never wavered as Hannibal bit and sucked at Will’s lips. The empath moaned, licking at Hannibal’s gnashing teeth and rocking his hips wantonly. His cock was painfully full against his zipper.

Hannibal pulled back, keeping Will pinned to the wall. He could feel Hannibal’s blood dripping down his neck, it made his cock twitch. Hannibal released Will’s throat, fingers wrapping around Will’s chin and forcing the blue eyes to meet his.

“Will, if you move, I’ll bite.” Hannibal’s voice was a steady lilt, almost soothing. “Do you understand?”

Will moaned. Hannibal’s fingers sunk into Will’s chin.

“Words, William. You certainly had enough of them a few moments ago.”

Will shivered, his tongue felt thick in heavy in his mouth.

“I understand,” He sounded like he was begging, and his cheeks flushed at his naked need.

“Good.” In one flick, Hannibal had ripped Will’s shirt open, buttons spraying around the room. Hannibal cocked his head, considering the man before him. “If, for any reason, you need this to end, your word will be… vase.”

“Hannibal, I-” The hand was at his throat again.

“Vase, William. Say it for me so I know you’ll remember.”

Will’s breath caught in his throat, he tried desperately to calm his heart. It really would be a shame to spray his shorts now that things had finally gotten interesting.

“V-vas…”

Hannibal pressed his mouth to Will’s neck, hot breath and wet tongue mapping the fluttering pulse under the thin skin. Will’s hips thrust forward, desperate for contact. Hannibal’s teeth sunk into Will’s neck. For a moment, the empath thought of Dolarhyde and the gush of blood that finally ended him. Will moaned.

Hannibal’s mouth was moving, tracing over his collarbone and along sensitive nipples. He couldn’t stop the shivers that ran through him.

“That is perilously close to a movement, Will.” Hannibal’s mouth was moving south and Will knew it was only seconds before he lost this game. The doctor tongued his bellybutton, two hands working open Will’s shorts and sliding them down. Will couldn’t keep the tremor out of his breath.

Hannibal’s mouth left Will’s stomach, goosebumps formed in the absence of his heat. The doctor studied the tented boxer briefs, Will’s cock peeking out from the fly.

“I believe I’ll take your advice, William.” Hannibal slipped two fingers into the gap in the boxers and savagely pulled, tearing the fabric and exposing Will fully. Hannibal leaned forward, lips pressing to the very tip of Will’s dick. He looked up and offered a toothy smile. “Now would be an excellent time to remember the rule, Will.”

His mouth was open, chest heaving, and yet no air seemed to be going to Will’s lungs. He watched Hannibal wrap his lips around the tip of his cock, sucking gently. As Hannibal allowed
Will to sink further into his mouth, his tongue started to work, undulating along the veins in the shaft, swirling around the head. Will was lost in the feeling of wet suction the pressure that was just short of enough. Hannibal spun him around the edge of the cliff, but would not toss him off.

When the tip of his cock barely breached Hannibal’s throat, Will broke. He thrust forward, desperate for the tight, wet constriction. Nails dug sharply into his left hip, slamming him back to the wall. Hannibal didn’t choke, his tongue continued to stroke the underside of Will’s cock as he pulled back slowly. Will closed his eyes. He wanted to weep at the leisurely loss of that mouth.

As his tip slipped out of Hannibal’s lips, he felt something sharp. His eyes snapped open in time to watch Hannibal drag his incisor over the head of his cock. Will whimpered helplessly, balls tightening at the sight.

“Remind me of the rule, William.” Each word ghosted over his cock, Will couldn’t stop trembling now. He felt the tooth press slightly into his slit.

“I-I,” Will fisted his hands fighting for words and air. “I move, you…you bite.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow.

“Do it.” Will whispered. Hannibal sprang forward, sinking his teeth just above Will’s cotton-clad hip. Will screamed as he came, cock pulsing over Hannibal’s shoulder and painting his back. He leaned against the wall, gasping, pants around his ankles and torn boxers framing his wet cock.

Hannibal stood, unbuttoning his soiled shirt. He used the edge to wipe the blood from his lips before folding it neatly. Will knew his mouth was hanging open as he stared glassy-eyed at Hannibal.

The doctor sniffed, pushing his bangs off his forehead with a steady hand.

“I have quite a mess to clean up here, Will. I suggest you use that time wisely.” Will squinted at Hannibal trying to understand words. “When I come upstairs, I expect you to be naked and ready for me. You’ll find lubricant in my nightstand, I would recommend using a generous amount.”

Will nodded, still frozen in place. He watched as Hannibal walked to the pantry to retrieve a dustpan and broom. The muscles in his back corded and flexed as Hannibal bent over the shards of priceless pottery. He looked over his shoulder at Will.

“I would not tarry, if I were you.”

Will’s brain snapped on. He needed to get upstairs. NOW. His first shaking step sent him sprawling. He’d forgotten about the shorts at his ankles. He kicked them off and abandoned the fabric to the floor, scrambling for the stairs. The fog of an orgasm made his limbs clumsy, but the promise of another forced him to move.

Will raced for Hannibal’s door and threw it open. He had yet to enter the cannibal’s room, but at first glance, something seemed strange. Hannibal’s bedroom was oddly understated. Soft blue walls, clean grey linens and not one antler in sight. Will found the room oddly soothing. He shed the tatters of his clothes as he climbed onto the four-poster bed. Looking out the giant bay window to the ocean, the calm of the waves rushed over him. It was then he understood.

This wasn’t Hannibal’s bedroom. It was their bedroom. Hannibal had painstakingly chosen every stitch of fabric and every stick of furniture with Will’s tastes in mind. He even made sure Will could view the sea from their bed. That knowledge was more deeply moving than any phrase Keats could have composed. Will took a moment to press his face into the pillows and revel in the scent
Rolling onto his back, he slapped at the nightstand. It took some fumbling before he found the jar of lube – who knew Hannibal kept three lip balms and pedicure socks in his nightstand? – but Will finally procured the black container. He opened himself carelessly, too eager for Hannibal to be as methodical as he should. The thought of the delicious spike that will accompany the stretch makes him thrill, his cock jumping lightly against his stomach.

He was two fingers deep and considering the merits of a third when he felt the gaze on him. Hannibal leaned against the doorway, still shirtless, pressed grey slacks elegantly draping over his erection. Will moaned, one hand reaching for Hannibal.

The doctor was at the bed with unnatural speed, grabbing Will’s ankle and yanking the empath toward him. Will flails, finding no purchase on the bed as he’s dragged.

“Timeout. Uh, vase, whatever.” Hannibal immediately released the ankle, his eyes widening slightly. Will knelt on their bed, for once taller than the man before him. He ran his lubed hands up Hannibal’s furry bare chest and kissed him sweetly, tugging gently on his cannibal’s lower lip. “I love our bedroom. I love you.”

Hannibal’s eyes were soft, a rare genuine smile stretched his mouth. Will felt arms snake around his waist, hands grips his ass. He allowed Hannibal a few more gentle presses before he bites the cannibal’s chin.

“Ok, time-in,” Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “Un-vase.”

Hannibal cocked his head. Will brought his hand down hard on Hannibal’s pec.

“Throw me on the bed and fuck me already! We’re losing daylight.”

The hand that was massaging the globe of his ass flew up to snatch Will’s curls. Will smiled. Game on.

“Somehow, you have the impression that you can dictate terms to me, William.” Hannibal yanked, sending a sharp pain through Will’s scalp and blood rushing to Will’s dick. “Let me disabuse you of that absurd idea.”

Will opened his mouth, only to feel another savage pull on his hair.

“I have a new rule: Move all you want, but if you say anything but my name, I’ll bite.” Hannibal pressed his mouth to the join between Will’s neck and shoulder. “Do you understand, Will?”

“Yeah I-” Hannibal bit down hard, Will moaned, his cock back in full force.

“Do you understand, Will?”

“Hannibal.” It was a whisper. A soft plead for mercy. Hannibal nodded slightly.

“Excellent. Now get on all fours like a good boy.” Hannibal released Will’s hair and straightened, waiting patiently for Will to obey. The spike of want in his gut took Will by surprise. He twisted, crawling to the center of the bed, eyes never leaving Hannibal.

Hannibal reached for his belt, slowly pulling it from each of the loops. Once free, Hannibal leaned forward and flicked the tail of the belt over Will’s shoulder dragging the leather down
Will’s back and across the empath’s pert ass. A choked sobbing noise pulled from Will’s throat, his whole body convulsed at the slide of the strap.

“Lovely,” praised Hannibal. The doctor ran the belt over Will’s back a few more times, enjoying the way Will jerked and shivered. With his free hand, Hannibal idly traced the swell of Will’s ass. Flicking his wrist, Hannibal snapped the belt against Will’s ass. Another broken moan. “I do believe we’ll explore that a little later.”

“Hannibal…Hannibal please,” Hannibal was on the bed, teeth scraping over the small of Will’s back.

“Remind me of the rule, William.”

Will was going to come. He was going to spurt untouched all over the sheets before he got Hannibal’s cock inside him.

“Please.”

“Tell me the rule William.” Hannibal’s mouth was tracing the dimples in Will’s back, the muscles jumping at each touch.

“Y-your name. Only your name.” Will screwed his eyes shut. He was dripping again and so deeply close.

“Or?” A flick of tongue along the swell of one cheek.

“Bite. Bite me.” Will’s breathing was out of control, great heaving swallows of air, and yet he still felt like he was suffocating. Teeth clamped down just under Will’s cheek, worrying the sensitive skin on his thigh. Hannibal’s nose brushed against Will’s balls, and Will’s legs gave. He sprawled forward, his cock leaping at the friction from the sheets.

Hannibal was off the bed, unbuttoning his pants and slipping them over powerful legs. Will was eyelevel with Hannibal’s jutting cock, thick and ruddy in its arousal. He licked his lips and whined, hips working against the sheets. Hannibal stroked himself lazily, his foreskin sliding back and forth, offering Will glimpses of the shiny head.

The bed dipped as Hannibal approached, kneeling behind Will and giving his ass a slap.

“Up.” Will struggled to get his limbs under him, the friction of the sheets had driven him into a frenzy. Hannibal reached for the jar by his head, Will could hear the sounds of the doctor slicking his cock.

“Hannibal, Hannibal, Hannibal,” Will was begging, shamelessly pressing his ass higher in the air.

Firm fingers wrapped around Will’s hip, hitting the bite mark that was already bruising. Will whined and pressed forward, chasing the pain.

“Still.” Will felt Hannibal’s cock, wet and blunt, pressing into his cleft. When Hannibal pushed in, Will keened, shoving himself backward. It was a painful stretch and Jesus fuck he wanted more.

“Eager?” Hannibal caught Will’s hips and stilled them, focusing on dragging himself in and out at a torturous rate. Will sucked air through his teeth, arching his back to force more contact with his prostate. Hannibal leaned forward, scraping his teeth across Will’s shoulder blade. “Is this
“too slow and romantic for you, Will? Afraid I’ll start quoting Byron?”

Will felt senseless, his whole body shaking as it was filled. But he’d be damned if he’d back down from Hannibal’s challenge, no matter how many times the bastard hit his prostate. He turned his head and caught Hannibal’s mouth in a sloppy kiss.

“More.”

Hannibal snapped his teeth into Will’s back, making the empath scream and shove back into Hannibal. Arms banded around Will’s chest and dragged him backwards, until he was splayed across Hannibal’s lap, rocking himself down on Hannibal’s dick.

“Impress me.” Hannibal moved his hands away, leaving Will to ride him. Will worked his hips frantically, allowing his head to fall back on Hannibal’s shoulder. When he added a twist that made Hannibal’s breath falter, Will grinned and began to work at undoing his cannibal.

Beads of sweat were rolling down Will’s chest, he had no control of the sounds coming out of him, comforted only by the rough panting of the man behind him. When Hannibal’s hand found his cock, Will eyes rolled back. He needed to come or his heart was going to explode.


Hannibal wrapped his left hand around Will’s mouth, muffling his cries. Will could feel the heat from the wound as it gripped his mouth.

“Bite.” Will’s head lolled on Hannibal’s shoulder, his tongue sweeping along Hannibal’s palm. Every part of him was tense, clenching, begging for release. A burst of sharp pain, Hannibal yanked on Will’s earlobe with his teeth, hips still pistoning.

“Show me your teeth, boy. Or I pull out now and you can wait until morning for your release,” Hannibal snarled.

Will panicked, he couldn’t stay like this for hours. He’d die. He’d fucking die hard and begging for more cock.

He bit down.

Hannibal’s grip tightened on Will’s cock, his mouth moving to Will’s shoulder for one final bite. They broke skin at the same moment, and Will came when the taste of Hannibal’s blood flooded his tongue. His body piked as he emptied onto the bed, Hannibal’s teeth in his shoulder keeping him from collapsing in a heap.

His head swam. He was vaguely aware of Hannibal’s hips stuttering and the feeling of wet heat in his ass. His body felt electric, every point of contact between him and Hannibal prickled with pain and delicious waves of pleasure.

The hand at Will’s mouth was gone, and Will’s head flopped forward - he couldn’t possibly hold it up any longer. Hannibal released his jaw, removing his teeth from Will’s shoulder. He sucked at the blood that formed around the bite wound while lowering Will to the sheets. Strong hands ran up and down Will’s sides, gently shifting him until he was cradled to Hannibal’s chest – sticky, hot, bleeding, and completely at peace for the first time he could remember. Will made soft noises as Hannibal’s hands continued to explore the planes of his chest and stomach, that snarling mouth still gently sucking his shoulder.

Will’s skin cooled, but the heat that suffused his system remained. He caught Hannibal’s
mangled hand and kissed the wounds he inflicted, tongue tracing the cuts made by his teeth. As his breathing started to deepen, he felt Hannibal shift against him, mouth pressing to his ear.

“Of all the times I imagined you in my bed, my mind never conceived of this.” Hannibal’s voice was a soft rumble.

“Christ, I was afraid of that.” Will murmured, arching to press lazily into the warm harry chest at his back, trying to cocoon himself in Hannibal. The doctor obliged, wrapping himself around Will. “Let me guess. Rose petals on the bed? A naked recitation of Bright Star with the book resting on your hard-on? Maybe a live string quartet in the corner?”

“String quartets are surprisingly expensive in this part of the world.”

Will laughed, he could feel Hannibal’s smile pressed into the base of his neck.

“You’re goddamn ridiculous, you know that?”

“I’m ridiculous? I was not the one who initiated this clash of bodies by ruining priceless decorative pottery like a petulant house cat.” Will snorted, kicking Hannibal’s shin lightly. Hannibal nipped at Will’s skin again, just to feel the shiver that ran through his beloved. “I find your need for rough hands and teeth to be a delightful surprise, Will. Are there any other proclivities I should be aware of?”

Will began to shift, slowly turning until he was facing Hannibal, spent cock pressing firmly into the doctor’s stomach. Will looked up, his blue gaze framed by long lashes as he caught Hannibal’s eye. A slow, wicked smile stretched his mouth as Will began to rock his hips.

“Oh daddy, we have a lot to talk about.”

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