In Which Newt is a Damsel in Distress and Hannibal Chau Kicks Down a Door

by aunt_zelda

Summary

Newt gets kidnapped by gang rivals of Hannibal's, who plan to torture him and film it and send it to Hannibal. Hannibal is having none of that and rescues Newt. Then he takes Newt home and bandages him up.

Notes

Written for this prompt at the Pacific Rim Kink Meme:
http://pacificrimkink.livejournal.com/350.html?thread=1366878#t1366878

A rival gang puts a kill order out on Newt, either for something he does now he's more involved in the Kaiju trade or to get to Hannibal. Hannibal gets wind of it one night when he knows Newt is out and about and freaks (in his angry crime lord way), and goes to save Newt. Cue strangely damsel-in-distress scenes from Newt and Hannibal being a complete BAMF. It can be gen, but I'd prefer shippy - either established relationship or first time. +Bonus points if there's possessive mine-mine-mine sex when Hannibal gets Newt back. + Huge bonus points if Newt gets beat up some first, I'm a huge lover of hurt/comfort
Hannibal Chau doesn’t exactly keep a lid on his anger. It’s one of the (many) perks of his career as a ruthless crime lord with a reputation to uphold. So he can threaten people with knives for fun and have people roughed up for his amusement, and, yeah, so what if he can have people murdered? So what if he can get away with murder, himself, with a metal baseball bat and a can of lighter fluid, if he so desires? It’s just business.

That’s the thing about anger though, you gotta use it wisely. Too much and you get reckless and burn out. Too little, and people forget why exactly they should give you 30% of the profits from the club that night.

At least, that’s what’s Hannibal is thinking as he storms down the streets of Hong Kong, looking for Newt and keeping his eyes out for the members of a very specific gang. Because their boss just ordered a hit on Newt, for associating with Hannibal so closely, to fuck with Hannibal’s head.

Hannibal should have wiped them off the map when he had the chance. He hadn’t considered them worth the trouble. He’s regretting that now. He’s going to rectify that mistake as soon as humanely possibly, and, hopefully, with the aid of a metal bat. Because Newt is his and Hannibal isn’t going to stand for this.

When Hannibal rounds a corner just in time to see Newt – limp and bleeding – being hauled into a black car, Hannibal’s vision clouds over to nothing but red. Rage boils underneath his skin, makes his fingers twitch.

It’s too late to catch the car, but he has people who can track it via cameras at city corners, and besides, he has a good idea of where they’re headed. Off to their headquarters, to make a torture video to send to Hannibal, accompanied by various bits of Newt.

Hannibal cracks his knuckles and calls up one of his own cars. Mouthy though he is, frustrating though he is, Hannibal would much prefer Newt with all his bits attached.

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Newt blinks blood out of his eyes. Ok, so … not his best predicament. Tied up and surrounded by big, scary gangsters, some of whom are grinning and leering in ways that go way past “friendly” and dip into “hungry” territory, and his cellphone died before he got snatched off the street.

Really, really not good.

“Pretty him up for the video,” the boss orders, in English for Newt’s benefit. “Chau will not like that, seeing his fucktoy bleed.”

Newt keeps it together through the first couple hits, but there’s only so much he can take before he starts crying. They laugh at him, mock him for crying, and hit harder, and not just at his face.

Newt spits blood onto the floor, grateful that at least he hasn’t lost a tooth yet, and stares at the boss through bleary eyes.

“My … augh … boyfriend,” Newt grins with bloodied teeth, “is gonna kill your ass.”

The boss laughs. “Keep going, gentlemen. When he’s soft enough, you may fuck him too. Use him up before you break him for good.”

Newt spits again, managing to hit the boss’s shoes. Score!

It helps take his mind off the … it wasn’t even a threat, it was a promise. He’s tied up and helpless
and once these men get tired of punching him …

Newt gulps and promptly has the wind knocked out of him by a gut-punch.

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It’s almost laughable how the door caves under his foot. Hannibal barely has to kick it hard. At least their goddamn door shows him respect.

The guards, if you could even call them that, topple like nine pins. Hannibal knows, in the back of his mind, that his own men and women are dealing with survivors, dispatching them, covering exits and blind corners, keeping his back and sides protected. His primary concern is Newt, and anyone standing in his way can move the fuck aside, or suffer the consequences.

He kicks in another door, then another, getting steadily more frustrated. If Newt isn’t here, he’s going to line up the survivors from the initial attack and start a collection of fingers until he finds out where Newt is. Once, many years ago, Hannibal had a necklace of fingers. Something he had to do, when he started his base of operations here in Hong Kong. It’s been too long since he made another.

Door number five is the winner. Newt is tied to a chair in a dim room, getting beat on by a couple of grunts too stupid to be precise about things. Hannibal sees a split lip, a bloody nose, and a whole mess of bruises. Newt’s hair is streaked with crusting blood and his shirt is torn, Kaiju tattoos peeking through the fabric.

Hannibal blinks, and the next thing he knows, two goons are dead a this feet and a third is in his arms, being strangled and scrambling to remove Hannibal’s knife from his side. Hannibal’s people clear the rest of the area.

Hannibal yanks the knife from the dead man and strides towards Newt. Up close he can note more details, like the fact that Newt’s glasses have been broken and are barely dangling from one ear. He’s shaking and there’s tears on his face.

“Hey,” Hannibal catches Newt by the chin, carefully, opens one eyelid. “You ok, kid?”

Newt grins, mouth bloody, and nods, wincing in pain. “Yeah, they … hadn’t gotten to Act Two yet.”

Hannibal glares. “Act Two?”

“Boss told ’em when they got tired of hitting me, they could … you know …” Newt shrugs and shudders as pain wracks his body.

“Really?” Hannibal holds up a hand as one of his personal bodyguards is about to start shooting the survivors. “And they were gonna film that and send it to me?”

“Yeah. To make you mad.”

“Well, I’m plenty mad now,” Hannibal turns on the survivors, who cower properly. As a special bonus, their boss has been located and is kneeling among them.

Newt spits out more blood. “Yeah, I figured.”

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They drive away from the burning remains of the warehouse. Hannibal doesn’t have a new finger
“Never heard anyone scream like that,” Newt says faintly, as Hannibal cleans the cuts on his face and slaps bandages over them.

“Yeah, it’s amazing what the human body is capable of when its fingernails are being yanked out.” Hannibal holds up a water bottle to Newt’s lips. Newt drinks, and then spits into the cup Hannibal offers him. He repeats this several times, then drinks down some water.

“Lose any teeth?” Hannibal asks.

“Nah. One in the back is a little loose, but that could just be my imagination.” Newt goes to poke at it and Hannibal holds his wrist so he can’t.

Hannibal doesn’t stop holding his wrist until they get back to one of Hannibal’s safehouses.

Then Hannibal helps Newt out of the car and, ignoring Newt’s halfhearted protests, carries him bridal-style inside.

“I knew you’d come and get me,” Newt says as Hannibal lays him down on the bed and starts pressing on his ribs to check for more serious injuries. “I told them you were gonna kill them. Boss just laughed at me.”

“Well, he wasn’t a very smart man. You, on the other hand, are a goddamn genius.” Hannibal presses a kiss to a spot on Newt’s cheek that isn’t bruised or bandaged.

“Yeah, I know,” Newt grins, then hisses with pain as Hannibal presses slightly on his left side.

“They’re not broken, quit your whining,” Hannibal brings out some icepacks from the fridge in the corner. “Though I’d rest easier if you got an x-ray or two tomorrow. Just in case. Hairline fractures are a bitch.”

Newt pouts. “So no sex?”

Hannibal laughs. “Greedy, aren’t you? I already saved you tonight, shouldn’t it be me demanding sex from the rescued damsel?”

“Hey, I’m no damsel!” Newt protests, trying (and failing) to sit up. He hugs the icepacks against his chest.

“Sure you’re not … princess,” Hannibal says, pulling down Newt’s pants and bandaging a cut on his thigh that had mostly stopped bleeding.

“As soon as I … can move again,” Newt says, voice tinged with pain. “I am going … to kick … your ass.”

“You’re welcome to try,” Hannibal chuckles. “Once you’re all rested up again.”

He gets Newt more water, and painkillers. The good stuff, not the cheap crap from the 7-Eleven on the corner. They’ll knock Newt out soon enough, hopefully let him sleep out the worst of the pain.

“Mmmm, sweet sweet codeine.” Newt beams.

Hannibal lazily traces a hand over the waistband of Newt’s boxers. “Now, I believe someone
mentioned sex?"

Newt whines. “God, yes … please …”

It’s slow, and gentler than Hannibal usually is, because he doesn’t want to jostle Newt’s beaten body. So, though his cock is throbbing with need, Hannibal contents himself with jerking Newt slowly and taking him into his mouth. He doesn’t do this much, usually it’s Newt on his knees, or crouching on the bed, and his mouth is fucking gift from the gods so Hannibal certainly doesn’t complain. But it’s a nice change of pace every once in a while, and the little desperate sounds that issue from Newt’s throat make all the spit and jaw soreness worth it.

Hannibal swallows, and Newt is already blinking slowly.

“Think I’m … gonna sleep …” Newt slurs.

“You do that, kid.” Hannibal crawls up beside him, taking hold of Newt’s wrist, carefully. “I’ll stay right here.”

“Promise?” Newt whispers.

“Promise.” What Hannibal says is the truth. After what he did to that gang, nobody is going to be stupid enough to try and make a move on Newt like that again. Nobody’s ever going to try and take Newt away again. “Christ, I need to fuck you,” Hannibal growls, more to himself than to Newt.

“Later …” Newt says, and Hannibal could have sworn Newt was already asleep, at this point.

“Yeah, later,” Hannibal runs his fingers through Newt’s hair. “You’re mine, you know that, right?”

“Mmm-mm …” Newt smiles, eyes already closed.

Hannibal watches Newt drift off to sleep, and struggles to be a patient man.

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