All else is smoke and mirrors

by Nalyra

Summary

Will sets out to facilitate or help Hannibals escape.

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Silence of the lambs / current canon compliant.
Smut ;)

Part 6 of Truths we are dealt
Chapter 1

He prepares carefully yet feverishly, knowing he has days at best, knowing everyone around him will keep an extra eye on him now, his best hope being the fact that -they- think he doesn’t know where Hannibal is about to be, not yet.

Will packs the extra shells for the shotgun, hiding it in his bag for the fishing equipment. He adds his ski mask and then hesitates, removing it again after a moment. He lowers his head, his fingers tracing his lower lip and hesitates for a long moment, kneeling over the embodiment of his plans, before he pushes it under the desk at the window and then takes the stairs up, two steps at a time, his heart skipping beats. He opens the door to the left upper bedroom, stacked with boxes from before he came to live here, put away and left in an all time low, reminders of another life. He kicks the first box slightly and then sighs, resigning himself to go through them all if necessary, eyeing the dust swirling in the few sun rays coming in through the dirty windows dubiously.

He coughs when he opens the first box, books and old t-shirts, moving on immediately, his brain supplying him with the impression of a vague recollection of what to look for. It’s in one of the last boxes, of course, and Wills fingers shake a bit as he pulls the garment sleeve from the box, wryly tracing it for a moment. He opens the zip slowly, trying not to catch on anything, his old police uniform still in almost pristine condition, carefully folded away, the dark blue cloth still spotless. Will licks his lips and then takes it out, looking at the various badge positions, his thoughts racing. He carefully puts the uniform back into the sleeve and then takes the whole sleeve down with him, putting it next to the shotgun, just out of sight to the casual onlooker. He breathes once, deeply and then turns to the boxes he took with him when he left Molly, rummaging around until he finds the FBI jacket he wore sometimes for a while after Jack had dragged him into this whole… mess. He starts when he hears a car on the driveway, hastily putting away the jacket stuffing it under the garment sleeve.

He kneels down next to the open box in preparation, breathing deeply once, his senses confirming his suspicion, the unprompted opening of the door only cementing it.

„Hello Jack."

There is a small pause as his door is closed again with a small click, Jack Crawfords eyes on him a silent weight, gauging and calculating. Will starts to unpack the box carefully, methodically, trying not to arouse too much suspicion, the timing too crucial. Jack sighs after a moment, indicating the boxes, his arm movement seen from the corner of Wills eyes.

„I see you’re finally getting comfortable again, Will. Took you a while."

Will tilts his head, keeping his voice gruff. Easy now.

„Well, I need to stay here to share my heats for the foreseeable future, don’t I, Jack."

Jack hums, nodding to himself, watched through the windows reflection under Wills lashes. Will licks his lips, deciding to deflect further.

„I see you didn’t need my expertise after all… Good for whoever managed to have a breakthrough in the case."

He pushes himself up a bit, hands on his knees, turning slightly to Jack, knowing his position will bare his throat to the Alpha, cementing the subconscious impulse to acquiesce.
„So, since you don’t need my expertise, Jack, what -can- I help you with?“

Jack looks at him for a long moment, his eyes flickering down to the scar in Wills neck for a moment before he huffs a laugh, shaking his head.

„Just wanted to know how you are… and that I am indeed seeing ghosts.“

Will closes his eyes, all the alarm bells ringing in his head, letting his head drop back even further, his voice soft, letting the bitterness color it, twisting the words.

„Well, I might as well be a ghost, now.“

He opens his eyes again to see the twitch of anger on Jacks face, subconscious and instinctual, wondering for a moment how easy it is apparently to play now, before he drops forward again, resuming his submissive position at Jacks feet. Jack steps forward, his hand coming to squeeze Wills shoulder, making his insides clench in annoyance but he sighs, pretending to appreciate the gesture. Jack squeezes once more and then withdraws his hand, his voice tired.

„You take care, Will. I’ll stop by from time to time."

Will swallows, closing his eyes again lest they betray him, keeping his voice almost inaudible.

„Thank you, Jack.“

He stays there, his hands on the box, softly tracing the cardboard until the sound of the engine fades, his eyes opening again, flashing like blue fire.
He calls Alana in the evening, croaking into the phone and on the voice message he leaves, pretending to be sick and then leaves in the middle of the evening, taking only a small backpack and the fishing bag, the garment sleeve folded into it with him, mind racing with possibilities. He puts his car into one of the huge parking lots at the nearest mall, stealing some license plates from one of the cars next to it, going into the mall and into the movie theatre there, flirting with the cashier, pretending to pass time until he can go fishing in the early morning hours. He smiles at her and she giggles when he mouthes ‘special fish’ at her, a part of him wondering at himself. He leaves the theatre through the employee entrance, timing it so everybody is busy starting the movies, checking for cameras carefully. He stays in the shadows and finds a small silver car, some older Toyota model, the side door unlocked. He puts the stolen license plates on with a few clicks and then opens the car and short circuits it carefully, pulling out of the parking lot, a cap over his eyes, just after 11pm.

The 14 hours down to Memphis are beyond exhausting and Will only dares to stop twice, to fill up gas and use the restroom, buying various bottles of coke and junk food on the counter. He stops at another mall in Memphis and repeats the process, feeling weirdly numb while he does so, anxiety suffocating all emotions. He chooses a black Lincoln this time, more suitable for what he tries to do, checking into one of the cheap cash only motels with a sigh of relief, knowing he will need the dark to pull this off. He carefully takes out the uniform and jacket, ironing them, before he goes out again on a whim, buying makeup and a women's razor, pretending to buy them for his wife, eyes rolling and grumpy at the checkout, the woman there snickering a bit at him. He grins to himself when he leaves the store, knowing they will only remember him as a grumpy husband now, not someone trying to change his appearance.

It’s a bit awkward to take the beard off this way but it works, the soft pads on both sides of the blades helping with the fact he did not get any shaving foam. In the end there is a veritable stranger staring at him, his face never before, or at least not as long has he can remember, having been without a beard. He runs his hand across the skin, feeling weirdly naked and yet reborn. He applies the makeup carefully, only masking the scar on his cheek and neck, knowing his forehead will be hidden by the cap.

He smiles and the man in the mirror flashes his teeth, sharp and vicious like a wolf.

He watches the entrance from the street for a while, his dark Lincoln fitting perfectly with the other government cars, watching the come and go in the huge building. The radio moderator is in quite a fit over the fact that Memphis has been turned into a ‘zoo’ for such a monster, stating that ‘the cannibal’ had been installed here on Senator Martins request yesterday, wondering how long he will possibly stay here. Will purses his lips and silently echoes the thought, eyes narrowing in thought. Hannibal would not have given them the correct name, and that trainee will have known… at least if she followed his instructions, a game with Hannibal always ‘quid pro quo’. He taps his fingers against the wheel, deciding to go with gut instinct, yelling at him to up the game, to let Hannibal know he’s here.

He pulls his FBI jacket tighter around him, huddling the folders closer to himself, before he hurries...
through the rain into the lobby, his voice dropping into his old souther accent.

„Yo, been asked to drop these off upstairs at the office?“

The men behind the desk exchange a look, the response wearily careful.

„All visitors to Dr. Lecter must be cleared with the administration. I am sorry, but I cannot let you up to him.“

Will forces a laugh, shaking his head in pretended amusement, his tiredness only supplementing his story.

„Oh no, won’t be going up to that monster. Just need to drop these off at the Plannings office on first floor. Apparently they’re important enough for the Sergeant to send me into overtime….“

The man sighs and drops the pen, a certain relief showing on his face.

„Ah, well thank god. The less people visit that…. man the better. Can’t take the elevator though and beyond the first floor it’s all locked.“

Will nods, grinning, his stomach flipping.

„Sure. Be right back. Wanna have my knock-off time after all.“

He hurries over to the stairs, making a show out of pulling up his nose and wiping his face with his sleeve before he takes the stairs up, his heart hammering in his throat. He drops the dummy folder off at the office he mentioned, just in case someone would check and then runs down the hallway, and to the air venting system, its maintenance station at the far end of every floor. He opens it carefully, his breaths panting and gasps a relieved sigh when he sees the small opening beneath the controls, air blowing up through it. He takes off his FBI jacket and then carefully takes off his uniform shirt, the t-shirt beneath soaked in sweat. He takes it off and then redresses, not wishing to risk being seen without clothing, before he pushes the t-shirt into the chute, careful to leave enough room for the air to keep circulating. He closes the little door again, quietly before rushing back down, only slowing down when he reaches the lobby, throwing a sloppy salute to the guys behind the desk, knowing they’ll dismiss him immediately.

He pushes through the revolving door, his heart skipping a beat when he sees -her- pushing on the other side, her eyes thankfully fixed on the outside.

He runs over to his car through the pouring rain, gasping and almost sneering, knowing, just knowing that Hannibal will find a way as soon as he smells him. He grins fiendishly and then starts the car, utterly sure that it will not be a bloodless escape.
Will watches almost dispassionately as Special Agent Starling is escorted from the building, her knuckles white where they clutch the folder, tracing her finger over the same point of skin over and over for a moment. Must have liked her then. Will pulls a grimace and then concedes that he did, as well, in another time and place the possibilities more open. He sighs and continues to watch, wide awake despite all suddenly when he sees various officers hurry in, a deadly calm descending on him. He watches the ambulance pull up as if from far away, the doctors hurrying out and Will smiles, leaving the car, taking his fishing bag and his suitcase with him this time. He throws them into the open ambulance, behind the seating bench and then turns towards the drivers cabin, knocking politely on the passenger side before he opens it.

„Heya, they been telling me to drive with you, just in case.“

He hauls himself up and then drops into the seat with a sigh, not even pretending to cover his yawn. The driver grins at him lopsidedly, indicating the town hall behind them with a nod.

„Been keeping you on overtime?“

Will raises his head, snorting.

„You know it.“

The man harrumphs in agreement, offering a cigarette silently and Will takes it, knowing all cops smoke at some point or the other. He takes a deep inhale, willing himself not to cough, closing his eyes against the tears this has well up. The driver chuckles, needling softly.

„Not used to a good smoke?“

Will smirks wryly, shrugging.

„Been tryin’ to stop…. This shit isn’t good for stopping though.“

The man takes another inhale, the tip glowing red for a moment.

„No, it aint.“

The radio crackles, the doctors informing them that they are coming down in a yelled transmission and Will jerks, wide awake again in a flash, throwing his cigarette out of the window, eyebrows raised while he throws a knowing look at the driver. The driver leans over before he ignites the engine, his voice vaguely sarcastic.

„They’re always so melodramatic. I mean, I’ll get them there. As fast as possible. And if that aint fast enough…“

The man shrugs and Will forces his face into a genial smile, suddenly not quite as sorry. He licks his lips when the stretcher is pushed in, willing himself to stay calm, the doors slapping closed sounding like a death sentence in their own right.

„They’re always so melodramatic. I mean, I’ll get them there. As fast as possible. And if that aint fast enough…“

He opens his mind to the bond and swallows harshly when there is only a vague echo, insecurity stealing into his soul, worrying for a moment if he is in the wrong place after all but before he can make up his mind the driver pulls out, exiting the premises at breakneck speed. Wills vision tunnels in and then he calms when the bond stays that way, does not thin or waver, the two men in the back setting up the IV bags.
They’re in the tunnel when it happens, the soft beeping of the monitor never changing, only the screams of the men in the back echoing hollowly in the tunnel as they rush by. Will closes his eyes and then smiles, feels how the man next to him freezes in sudden terror and then Will turns to him, grinning.

„If you know what’s good for you, stop.“

The man squeaks a ‘what‘ and then yells, forcefully.

„Fuck you, man.“

Will clicks his tongue, sighing a bit dramatically, his tone dry.

„Ah, no. Sorry. I am already bonded.“

His hands shoot up and he twists the mans neck in one swift motion, his hands going to the steering wheel right after, stabilizing the car after a moment. He takes the nearest exit and puts the ambulance into neutral drive, letting it roll to a stop on an empty rest bay before he pulls the handbrake and kills the engine, true steering not possible without getting rid of the body first.

Will swallows and then exhales a shuddering breath, his neck prickling, a tear escaping. He raises his eyes to the mirror, locking them with Hannibals blackish red ones, intense and burning amidst pieces of raw flesh. He reaches up and back, biting his tongue when Hannibal takes it, their skin burning where they touch. Hannibal squeezes his hand once and breathes the word, encompassing all and everything.

„Mylimasis.“

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They crash into each other next to the ambulance, clutching each other in a weird brutal tenderness, just breathing each other in for a long moments, their foreheads pressing into each other. Will draws his open mouth up Hannibals chin, groaning deeply, his mind and body swamped with their combined pheromones, his body reacting instantly. Hannibal tilts his head and kisses him open mouthed and deep and yet almost carefully, restrained. The moment their tongues touch Will breaks and pulls Hannibal down forcefully, biting and licking, teeth clashing, wild suddenly, the deep wet heat sending shivers everywhere.

Hannibal twist his hands into Wills jacket and then hurls him around, never breaking the kiss, both of them crashing into the ambulance. Hannibal pushes and then maneuvers Will against the car, pushing into him until Will cannot quite breathe anymore, oxygen hard to come by between his restricted chest and the bruising kisses. Will locks his hands behind Hannibals head and then Hannibal pulls up Wills legs, pressing in even more, only their clothing preventing what they both want desperately, the smell of them both heavy in the air. Hannibal breaks the kiss and descends onto the bite mark, biting down harshly and the bond flares open again with an overwhelming rush of feelings and Will mewls, gasping for breath, pulling Hannibals head up forcefully, returning to his lips, shuddering when he tastes his own blood.

Hannibal begins sucking on Wills tongue and then pushes his hand between them, starting to stroke Will through his trousers, timing the motions to the perfect counterpoint, bringing Will to orgasm within moments. He screams his pleasure into Hannibals mouth, greedily swallowed down and then
Hannibal releases his mouth, lips red and glistening, his eyes wild, his voice cracking.

„I cannot breed you here…“

Will gasps, still high on the feeling, another jolt of lust running through him at the rough words, shaking his head in agreed desperation, biting his own lips and Hannibal descends on him again, like a starving man, the pain and pleasure merging into addictive brilliance, breath robbed in deep wet heat. He rears back again after a moment and Will closes his eyes, willing himself to calm down, all his senses screaming at him to ignore the situation and mate, deepen the bond again. Hannibal lowers him carefully down and then presses a kiss to his forehead, his voice deeply appreciative.

„I cannot tell you, beloved, what your smell, drifting over to me, meant to me.“

He draws back, his eyes twinkling, a mischievous tone in his voice.

„And for it to happen while she was there… your little messenger.“

Will licks his lips, grinning, feeling lighter than in months. He tilts his head, a bit sheepishly.

„Ah, well that was a coincidence I’m afraid. Though I’m glad you caught that.“

Hannibal chuckles, his hands still petting Will wherever he can reach.

„How could I not…. She carried your scent straight to me when she came back after that first time, the little bird.“

Will hums, pulling the silvery strands between his fingers softly.

„Did you give her the necessary information?“

Hannibal tilts his head, eyes narrowing, a cruel smirk entering his features.

„You… could have done that, could you not? You know of what I speak.“

Will clears his throat, his eyebrows raising slightly, a pars cruel and parts embarrassed expression coloring his features.

„Well, that placing of the corpses really was quite … random, wasn’t it?“

Hannibal grins, touching his left canine with his tongue, his eyes sparkling.

He pushes his hands down Wills backside, pushing in harshly, dragging a long, low moan out of Will, Hannibal inhaling deeply. Will licks his lips, swallowing harshly, his voice gravely, trying to concentrate.

„We need to get out of here. If Jack hasn’t gone by Wolftrap by now he will in a few hours. And you’re a fugitive anyway and so they’ll know where I’m gone to I guess as well.“

Hannibal nods but it takes a few seconds until he steps back, watching Will with dark eyes and Will quietly and very drily arranges his trousers a bit, trying not to wince at the mess in them. He opens the door and retrieves his backpack and fishing bag, handing it to Hannibal. He opens the drivers door and loosens the handbrake, waving at Hannibal to push at the passengers door, both of them pushing the ambulance into the foliage, grunting and very glad that the ground is slightly tilted.

Will rolls his neck when the ambulance disappears in the bushes, the broken foliage not obvious in the dark. He pulls the FBI jacket tighter and then walks up to the busy street, holding up his hand, a part of him hating the necessity to come. A green old Dodge slows, stops and opens the passenger
door and Will bends down, seeing an elderly woman. He grimaces and then schools his face into a kind geniality, praying she will follow the suggestion.

„Ma’am, I need to confiscate your car. There is a perp on the run, please step out of the car.“

The woman narrows her eyes, shaking her head slowly, irritation on her face.

„No, you can’t do that!! I need to get to my sisters… Show me your credentials.“

Will swallows and stands up, mumbling a ‘sure’, closing his eyes as the drives door is opened swiftly and the sound of a neck breaking rings out, quickly swallowed in the sound of the cars rushing by. Will shakes his head, once, releasing the tension with a sigh before he gets into the passenger side, helping Hannibal manhandle her into the back seat. Will looks out of the windshield rigorously, trying to stay at the same headspace he was before and failing miserably. Hannibal puts the gear into drive and pulls out, silent for long minutes, before he forces the issue.

„You are aware there was no other alternative.“

Will closes his eyes, a cruel expression tugging at his mouth.

„I know.“

Hannibal tilts his head, the motions visible in the reflection of the windshield when Will opens his eyes again. His voice is neutrally cold, careful, the note of trepidation shivering along their bond.

„There will be others, Will.“

Will licks his lips, nodding.

„I know.“

He sighs and shakes his head, hissing through his teeth for a moment.

„I just…. hate killing the innocents.“

Hannibal lowers his head a fraction, the motion weirdly reptile like.

„And yet, you let those girls at risk so we could… play our game.“

Will averts his gaze, his hand covering up to cover his mouth for an instant, his stomach dropping out from under him, the truth as brilliant as ugly.

„I will do anything, now.“

The statement reverberates between them and along their bond, settling like a fever in their souls, the answering rush of obsessive possessiveness from Hannibal anticipated and yet overwhelming. Hannibal pulls into a camping lot and screeches to a halt in the small parking lot, instructing Will to wait with a look before he disappears into the night, grim determination enveloping him like a shroud. He returns a moment later and they take the backpack and fishing bag, hurrying towards the far end. Hannibal waves at one of the older caravan models silently, the door apparently unlocked. Will sinks down onto the couch in the back, his mind numb, the soft jostling weirdly relaxing, the
intense flame that Hannibal is in their bond unwavering focused.
He wakes up when the movement stops, his mind instantly alert again, wincing when he pushes himself up from where he has slept with his head on his forearms on the small table, his neck and back hurting. He looks out and sees only darkness, the caravan apparently in a not yet finished new subterranean parking lot, cables hanging from the ceiling. Will frowns and then remembers that it is Sunday, the working crew most likely not in today.

He stretches and then frowns, Hannibal apparently close but not inside. He gets up and then crosses the small space and opens the door, following the sirens call to the entrance of the garage, Hannibals silhouette a dark shadow. Will clears his throat, his voice loud in the quiet.

„Why are you out here?“

Hannibal turns quietly, tightly controlled violence oozing off of him, eyes very dark, his voice a shiver in the air.

„I could not stand to be in the same place anymore without taking you. I did not wish to do this with you unconscious.“

Will closes his eyes, throat dry, arousal rushing through him, his tone raw.

„Ah, you could have… I am yours after all."

Hannibals hands shoot up, locking around Wills throat.

„Do not tempt me, mylimasis."

Will grins, letting the beast shine freely for a moment, sees the echo, throbbing between them. He drops his hands to his belt, eyes locked to Hannibals, feeling the sudden rush of slick as his body prepares, his fingers fumbling with his trousers, frantic suddenly. He lets them drop and then kicks them off together with his shoes, Hannibals hands very tight now though not yet constricting, breath heavy, eyes huge and black. Will hesitates for a moment and then pulls down on Hannibals tie, still bloody and from another unfortunate soul, and Hannibal catches on immediately, dropping down and backwards to the ground in a controlled collapse, with Will straddling him, Hannibals hands still on his throat.

Will reaches down and undoes Hannibals trousers as well, roughly shoving them down over his hips, ghosting his fingertips over his cock with a deep rush of need, the moan in his throat vibrating against Hannibals hands. Hannibal sits up and pulls Wills head down and into a deep toe-curling kiss, and Will shifts, his knees and feet scratching through the gravel, small cuts adding the hint of copper to the mix of scents in the air. Will holds fast on the tie and then lowers himself, gasping when his body opens with gravity’s pull. Hannibal growls at him and then uses the leverage to twist his hips up, the sudden movement so intense Will sees stars. He lets go of the tie and puts his arms around Hannibals shoulders, feels how

Hannibal strokes his thumbs along his adams apple and then suddenly releases his throat, his hands dropping down to Wills hips, gripping gently, an intense expression of vulnerability crossing his face. And suddenly the frantic intensity that brought them here, in the dirt in the dark, drops away, and Will sobs drily once, feels the answering exhale on his mouth that may or may not have been a word, inconsequential with the myriad of feelings running open between them.

Will drops his head forward and his forehead descends on Hannibals, tilted up towards him, eyes closed below him. It’s slow now, small movements, the pleasure building as if in afterthought, the
closeness feeding their souls, entwining ever further. Will shudders to completion at some point, feeling Hannibal lock deep within him, the resulting feedback loop making him shake apart in Hannibals arms, their gasps mingling.

They stay like this, locked within each others embrace and bodies until the sun rises, the light filtering through the foliage in front of the windowless light shafts, signaling a new day.

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They redress in clothes from the old caravans cupboards, eating baked beans from cans, Will grinning when he sees Hannibals little twitch of disgust, resonating between them. He clicks his tongue, munching on another spoonful of beans, voice muffled on purpose.

„Wanna go down to New Orleans with me?“

Hannibal shoots him a look, eyes flashing.

„Only if you let me hear that accent. It is your old…. hunting ground after all.“

Will raises his eyebrows, tilting his head, a slightly embarrassed expression flitting across his face.

„Ah, well, if you insist. I have you know though, that I just used it to get to you.“

Hannibal chuckles, voice dropping low.

„I very much appreciate seeing you without the beard, Will. And I appreciate the sacrifice this meant for you.“

Will nods, swallowing, not daring to answer, eyes flitting back and forth between Hannibals, who returns to their previous topic, obviously picking up on his discomfort.

„Was it so nice to use your accent again for you to want to try it on again?“

Will snorts, shaking his head, scratching the rest of the beans out of the can.

„No. But I thought we could lay low there for a while and then cross over to Cuba maybe. You know, no extradition laws.“

Hannibal stills for a moment and then smiles a soft smile, his answer unspoken between them.
They switch cars again at another parking lot, stealing a small brown VW Polo, Will wondering for a moment who had the brilliant idea for a color like that. The drive down south is uneventful, Will being extremely grateful it is only a few hours this time, even with the addition time it takes along the back streets, both wary of road blocks.

The radio informs them that Agent Starling has shot the man dubbed as ‘Buffalo Bill’ just as they reach the outskirts of New Orleans, Will grinning wryly to himself, wondering what this will do with and to her for a moment, the politics of success so very harsh.

They park the van in the backlot of a big apartment complex and then take a cab down into the French Quarter, slowly reemerging from the devastation that was hurricane Katrina a few years back. They rent a small apartment in a small complex for a week, Will spending his last cash and all his charm, makeup on and accent fully thrown in, with Hannibal out of sight around the corner, making the woman blush furiously, forgetting to ask him for his ID for his fake name, Hannibals proud jealousy a fascinating contradiction, tickling along their bond.

Hannibal enters the small apartment after a moment, eyes black, carefully controlled, a self depreciated smirk on his face. He looks at Will for a moment, who smirks at him, tone playful.

„Now, whatever will we do here for a week?“

Hannibal smirks, and then steps past Will with an effort, making Will snort. Hannibal picks up the phone and enters a very long number, more numbers after various prompts, Will rolling his eyes and taking a beer from the mini bar, flopping down on the bed, chugging it down in one long swallow, placing the bottle on the night stand afterwards. Hannibal finally presses a combination on the number pad, and then waits, smirking, his voice clear after the beep sounds, audible even for Will.

„A beast is kept, and needs nourishment still. Please implement fallback 42. Thank you.“

Will snorts when Hannibal hangs up, his voice dripping with amused sarcasm.

„Fallback 42?“

Hannibal smirks and then lays down next to Will, propping up on his side, his hand settling on Wills stomach, over the scar. His voice is low, his fingers pulling out Wills shirt by increments.

„The answer to life, the universe and everything.“

Will snorts again, his hand coming up to pop the first button on Hannibals shirt open.

„Ah. I wasn’t aware you were aware of Douglas Adams.“

Hannibal tilts his head, his fingertips tracing the sliver of skin visible by now.

„One must educate himself in many areas to be able to judge.“

Will hums, fingers pulling softly on the chest hair just visible. He shivers when Hannibal pushes his
thumb under his belt for a moment, before he reaches up under the shirt, ghosting over the smile, back and forth, in an hypnotizing rhythm. He raises his eyebrows, softly teasing.

„Oh yeah?“

Hannibals pupils dilate, a slightly dangerous impression in his smile.

„Do you wish to acquire proof?“

Will chuckles, suddenly breathless.

„Of your expertise?“

He opens another button, tilting his chin up, eyes flashing.

„Anytime.“

Hannibals hand pushes up a bit, tracing along Wills ribcage, tone thoughtful.

„We have time… Tell me, Will, have you touched yourself during that heat?“

Will hesitates, fiddling with a button hole, his voice halting, no further explanation needed to know which heat is meant.

„You know I did.“

Hannibal hums, pulling his hand down to cup Will through his jeans, making him gasp.

„Did it help?“

Will shakes his head mutely, not really in the mood to discuss this issue, slightly irritated that Hannibal has brought it up at all. Hannibal reaches up, bringing his hand to Wills throat, expression intense.

„It will not happen again.“

Will snorts, drily and viciously, tone sardonic.

„You can’t know that.“

Hannibal tilts his head, his eyes narrowing, his hand tightening.

„You misunderstand me.“

Will frowns, waiting for Hannibal to continue, trying to keep his annoyance out of their bond but of course Hannibal notices, his hand tightening just a fraction, bending down to bite at Wills chin, once, hard, making him hiss before Hannibal returns to his position, explaining softly and calmly.

„As you know a heat is a special state of mind for an Omega, in a way submitted to his or her bodily needs, in need of someone to take care of them. However, the body acceptance of this assistance can be trained. We will use the time here to make sure you can take care of your heats if necessary. Even though I will endeavor for it to be never put to test.“

Wills mouth drops open, his brows furrowing, thoughts stumped.
„What… are you suggesting?“

Hannibal inhales and then pushes himself up, and off the bed, pulling the armchair over and seats himself in it, matter of factly opening his own trousers and freeing his erection, before he returns his hands to the armrest. Will watches all that with a strong sense of bewilderment, irritated and peeved. There is a small pause, the air heavy with arousal between them, Wills irritation by the second. He opens his mouth to repel whatever Hannibal wishes to do but Hannibal holds up his hand, finally breaking the silence, voice low.

„I will recite a poem in Italian, and you will touch yourself while I do so. For the next 24 hours we will emulate the peak of a heat. It is necessary that you do as I say and when I say it in that time. My voice, the smell of my pheromones and your actions will trick your body into accepting the relief offered. Eventually and hopefully, it will be enough to visit the room in your memory palace if need be. Of course, the exercise will have to be repeated and you need to do exactly as I say. “

Will swallows harshly, feeling light headed and feverish, his voice raw.

„You want me to submit. “

Hannibal exhales, his tone firm.

„Yes. “

Will swallows again, tone a bit incredulous.

„It’s not going to work. We don’t have anything to simulate a knot with. We need to get toys first. “

Hannibal purses his lips, tone matter of fact.

„There is no guarantee you will have access to toys the next time we could be separated. We will use whatever we have access to. Fortunately, the bottle seems to have the proper width. “

Will swallows.

„No. “

„Will… “

„No, Hannibal. “

Hannibal sighs, a smirk passing over his face and then he nods, once after a few seconds.

„Very well. It will be harder without but doable, still. Also, I will take you from time to time to trick your body into accepting. “

Will laughs harshly, his stomach in knots of anxiety.

„You’re enjoying this. “

Hannibal strokes himself once, unapologetic.

„I do. “

Will hisses, sudden fury rushing through him, his arousal not abating in the slightest.

„You really do, don’t you. I bet you enjoyed pushing that tube down my throat back then… Wonder
what else you enjoyed pushing into me."

Hannibal inhales deeply, his face taking on a cruel impression, mixing with helpless adoration.

„I enjoy everything about you, Will. Any pain, any pleasure, any sound…“

Will closes his eyes for a moment, spitting out the words, conversely pulsing at the words, want flooding him, still aware enough to recognize that he needs the edge, craves it, because and despite everything.

„Well then, you will have to make me submit then."

Hannibal snarls and Will jerks with the jolt of lust this action provokes in him, the wave of Alpha pheromones that Hannibal releases after a moment hitting him full force, robbing his breath. Hannibal begins to stroke himself leisurely, his voice gravelly and yet hypnotizing, brooking no argument.

„Undress yourself."

Will works his jaw, resisting for a moment, needing the force to fall, the freedom the insistence promises. The impulse travels along their bond, thundering into him, irresistible, the last vestiges of resistance crumbling, his mind blanking out. His hand shakes as he follows the order, pushing his clothes off the bed, the relief to feel the air on his skin almost overwhelming.

Hannibal hums, his hand continuing his movements, the scent heavy in the air, making Will ache, his voice very low, hypnotic.

„Now, touch yourself. Stay on your back and let me see. Do anything to quench the need. Bring yourself to orgasm. And listen to the cadence of my words."

„Dell’inesusta tua miseria godi. Tanto ti valga, anima mia, sapere; sì che il tuo male, null’altro, ti giovi."

Will pushes the heels of his hands into his eyes for a moment, undulating, feeling feverish. The soft, very slow cadence of the syllables is musical in the air, and Will shivers, his hands dropping down after a moment to caress his upper chest, pinching his own nipples, eyes tightly closed. He licks his lips and feels the order, spreading his legs in acquiescence, his breath short, skin erupting into goosebumps.

„O forse avventurato è chi s’inganna? né a se stesso scoprirsi ha in suo potere, né mai la sua sentenza lo condanna?"

The words are an intimate caress, echoing along his mind and cradling his soul, marrying the dull need within him to their rumbling sound, his hands pushing down to skim over his hipbones for a moment, not quite there, not touching there. He bites his lips and throws his head back, baring his neck, instinct taking over more with every second, his hips moving of their own accord, appreciation vibrating along their bond.

„Magnanima sei pure, anima nostra; ma per quali non tuoi casi t’esalti, sì che un bacio mentito indi ti prostra."

"Dell’inesusta tua miseria godi. Tanto ti valga, anima mia, sapere; sì che il tuo male, null’altro, ti giovi."
He moans a sigh, allowing his hands to finally touch himself there, one hand starting to stroke in tact with each syllable, one dropping lower, where the dull ache manifests itself now, his hips starting to roll fully, his head thrown sideways, presenting the bite mark fully. He pushes a finger in and his moan mixes with the deep exhale on ‘prostra’, the need throbbing suddenly, the sound of echoing movements sharp in the air, lust thundering across their bond. Will moans sharply, desperately, pressing his lips together, the movements of both hands intensifying, two fingers now, not enough, not enough, the desperation forcing a pause. There is a hiss and then the command makes him gasp, the moment he pushes four fingers in, mewling mixing with the soft cadence of Hannibals words again, gravelly and strained.

„A me la mia miseria è un chiaro giorno d’estate, quand’ogni aspetto dagli alti luoghi discopro in ogni suo contomo.\“

Will moves restlessly now, turning onto his side, bending his back so he can use a different angle, uncaring now, his movements jerky and stiff, continuously gasping. The pleasure mounts between them both, iridescent, begging just out of reach, his body screaming for the knot, and Will speeds up even more, hearing Hannibals moan as if from far away.

„Nulla m’è occulto; tutto è sì vicino dove l’occhio o il pensiero mi conduce. Triste ma sollegiato è il mio cammino;\“

Will snarls and grits his teeth, needing the final push, frustration starting to seep into the pleasure, his body bathed in sweat. He feels the command but only screams in frustration, his head shaking on the duvet, his curls sticking to his face. He feels Hannibal lean closer, the smell promising relief enveloping him, words bathing him in their dark caress.

„e tutto in esso, fino l’ombra, è in luce.\“

Hannibal jerks over him, his essence branding Wills skin and then he grips Wills hand with his messy hand, pushing his fingers down and inward, hard, the outward and uncontrollable sensation finally the push that Will needs, the pressure against his prostrate triggering the chasms, the final push along their bond, the words branding his soul, falling and falling into white hot pleasure.

„Caro mio.\“

Chapter End Notes

The poem in total and with translation. I think it would fit very well, if Hannibals ‘soul’ is Will :) 

Umberto Saba
All’anima mia

Dell’inesausta tua miseria godi.
Tanto ti valga, anima mia, sapere;
sì che il tuo male, null’altro, ti giovi.

O forse avventurato è chi s’inganna?
né a se stesso scoprirsi ha in suo potere,
né mai la sua sentenza lo condanna?

Magnanima sei pure, anima nostra;
ma per quali non tuoi casi t’esalti,
sì che un bacio mentito indi ti prostra.

A me la mia miseria è un chiaro giorno
d’estate, quand’ogni aspetto dagli alti
luoghi discopro in ogni suo contomo.

Nulla m’è occulto; tutto è sì vicino
dove l’occhio o il pensiero mi conduce.
Triste ma solleviato è il mio cammino;
e tutto in esso, fino l’ombra, è in luce.

My soul

You delight in your unending misery.
Such, my soul, should be the worth of knowledge,
that your suffering alone should do you good.

Or is the self-deceived the lucky one?
He who cannot ever know himself
or the sentence of his condemnation?

Still, my soul, you are magnanimous;
yet how you thrill to phantom opportunities,
and so are brought down by a faithless kiss.

To me my misery is a bright summer
day, where from high up I can make out
every facet, every detail of the world below.

Nothing is obscure to me; it’s all right there,
wherever my eye or my mind leads me.
My road is sad but brightened by the sun;
and everything on it, even shadow, is in light.
Chapter 6

Will undulates to the soft, warm wet cloth cleaning him carefully, washing him down completely, before covering him in a cool linen. He stays still and enjoys the moment of quietness, his mind flitting away from the thought that Hannibal has told him that they will repeat this, often, soon. Hannibals mouth travels along his side and then rearranges him on his back, the lips skimming along the smile, and Will exhales deeply, his hands coming up to thread through the silver strands. Hannibal lowers his head to Wills sternum and they stay like this for long minutes, their bond hovering on peaceful appreciation, just glad to be there.

Hannibal hums and then crawls up Wills body and its only then that Will realizes that Hannibal is naked as well, the deep kiss possessing him eradicating that thought again right away, giving as good as he gets, moaning in amused disbelief as Hannibal pushes his knees up and takes him in one swift motion, a wave of rut pheromones taking his mind, the pace bruising right away, hitting into that spot, the knot expanding, and Hannibal moans into the kiss, wave after wave of his essence breaking Will and this time the whiteout pulls him down into unconsciousness, his sounds of pleasure devoured, eaten and swallowed by the beast he craves.

Hannibal repeats the ‘training’ as Will quietly dubs it until he is able to come to the sound of ‘Caro mid’ and his own ministrations alone, even while being fully in rut induced heat, shivering and crying out but he has to admit it helps, the frantic need abating a bit after, his mind fooled. Or, he amends quietly, at least by the actual presence of Hannibal here. He sighs, vowing silently to himself he will not put it to test, his whole being hurting at the thought.

He pushes himself up, quietly chuckling to himself when Hannibal stays asleep, fully out of it for once, sleeping deeply next to Will on his side, expression relaxed. Will sighs and then pushes one silver strand out of Hannibals forehead, before he slides out from under the sheet and quietly walks over to the few take-out menus, strewn over the dining room table. He checks their remaining cash, a lone twenty bucks available and decides to order large pizza, the minibar contents used up during their induced heat period, totally uncaring for Hannibals preferences for once.

He stretches and then goes for a shower, his body swamped by endorphins, feeling light and exhausted at the same time, simply able to enjoy the cascading water for once, no need making itself known. He dresses himself in his last change of clean clothes, hoping that whatever Hannibal called into action will actually include clothes and or cash, though weirdly unperturbed by the prospect of finding out, of just… waiting and seeing. He looks at himself in the mirror, wet curls wild and untamed, his clean shaven face angular and yet soft somehow, the bite mark silvery on his skin. There is a knock on the door and he feels Hannibal move, his alertness like an exclamation mark flashing up in their bond, Wills amusement lulling him back somewhat. Will checks through the little spy and then opens the door and pays the lanky teenager, not caring for the change, the kid stalking off without much looking up from his phone.

He turns and walks over to Hannibal, pushing the box up to him for a moment, drawing out the words.

„Mhhhh, pizzzzzzaaaaa.“
He hears Hannibal chuckle, and flops down at the table, moaning in ecstasy as he bites into it, the cheese tasting heavenly. He is in the process of devouring his second slice when there is a knock on the door again, Hannibal instantly fully alert again. Will brushes the crumbs off his hands and gets up, checking through the spy again. He frowns when he sees the dark clothed man, a big suitcase in one hand and turns towards Hannibal, calling back quietly.

„Seems to be your Fallback 42.“

He opens the door and wants to push it open when it flies open forcefully, the man pushing a gun with a silencer to Wills head, walking in with him, carefully keeping away from Hannibal. He kicks the door closed behind him, his voice rough, looking past Will at Hannibal.

„Gimme the combination for the lock. Or your little Omega will die.“

Hatred oozes along their bond, ice cold and instant, but Hannibal only pushes himself back against the headboard, primly pulling the sheet up over his lap before he folds his hands on top of it. He clicks his tongue, looking at his nails, tone utterly bored, making Will want to cackle but he refrains, feeding on the instant adoration that flows back at his amusement.

„And you are?“

The man presses the gun forward even more, hissing.

„Doesn’t matter. Gimme the combination or he’s dead.“

Will doesn’t need to see that Hannibals mouth twitches into a cruel smirk, his tone echoing the motion.

„Ah, a simple exchange then.“

There is a pause and then Hannibal addresses Will, tone mildly curious.

„Would you be amendable to some roasted pig cheeks in white wine sauce for lunch tomorrow?“

Will smiles, widely, seeing how the action spooks the man. He inhales deeply, breathing the words on the exhale.

„I’d love some. I’ll provide the meat.“

He drops to his knees as soon as the words leave his mouth, his hands coming up to bend the mans arm up, the shot going up and into the mans jaw, dropping him dead instantly at Wills feet. It’s so swift and unexciting that Will looks down at him in consternation for an instant, his pulse still rather slow, all things considered, his tone dry.

„Well, look what the cat’s dragged in.“

Hannibal laughs softly and then gets up, unabashedly naked, offering his hand to Will and pulls him up, softly tracing his knuckles for an instant, teeth flashing.

„You really are a lion now, beloved.“

He leans forward, lips catching for a moment in a soft glide before he draws back, gaze black and intense on Will.

„I could not love you more.“
Will reaches up and drags Hannibal down for a deep kiss, their tongues stroking leisurely, deep. He pulls back after a moment, his soul reaching, their shadows entwining.

„Do you love me enough to buy me some new underwear?“

Hannibal snorts, the sound weirdly elegant on him and bends to place a kiss at Wills scar for a moment, voice rumbling against Wills skin.

„Maybe.“

Will grins, touching his tongue to his teeth for a moment.

„You can rip it off again, later.“

Hannibal bites softly at the scar and then comes up again, eyes sparkling with amusement.

„Now -that- is the right encouragement, mylimasis.“

Will snorts and then presses a soft kiss to his lips, voice vibrating with laughter.

„God, you’re terrible. Good thing I love you.“

He steps and turns, buffeted on the feeling echoing back and forth, feeling filled up, bursting with elation at the seams.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The suitcase contains various items of clothing for them both, as well as new albeit naturally fake identification, credit cards and a big pile of cash in addition of a MacBook and a burner phone.

Will thumbs through the bills on the table for a moment after he returns from the bathroom, naked again, not wanting to get the blood of retrieving their pound of flesh onto his clothes. He shows the two pieces to Hannibal who trims them in the small kitchen, and wraps them in foil with a marinade of oil and dried herbs, found in the cupboards, unhappy but not complaining that they better should not go out for special herbs.

„300 000 Dollars? Why do we need so much cash? Are you afraid that the cards don’t work?“

Hannibal hums, packing the meat away, before turning to writing a small shopping list for Will to get later.

„I thought we would take a flight down to Cuba. Private transportation has its price. And immigration has to greet us with open arms.“

Will raises his eyebrows, feeling slightly astonished.

„You already set the Cuba plan into motion?“

Hannibal smirks, indicating the MacBook with a nod.

„While you were busy in the bathroom, I received an interesting message and have subsequently set everything in motion, yes. We will be picked up at the diner 6 blocks down at exactly 7pm tomorrow. The flight will take us down to a private air field near Matanzas. I believe it may be better to skip Havanna for the time being.“

Hannibal hesitates, tone wistful when he continues.

„Though I am hopeful we will be able to walk the streets of Havanna soon.“

Will shakes his head, somewhat irritated, waving his hand in a circling motion, to emphasize his intent to rewind.

„What interesting message?“

Hannibal clicks his tongue, tone reflecting glee.

„Ah. Apparently Frederick has chosen to take a ‚time off‘ after my escape, as it is called.“

Will groans in delighted disbelief.

„And he chose to go to Cuba.“

He shakes his head and then chuckles, his tone downright sardonic.

„Well, I hope Frederick ‚learned‘ enough for a lifetime.“
Hannibal's eyes flash in fury before he reins it back in, teeth flashing sharply.

„It will be. By default, mylimasis.“

Will grinds his teeth for a moment and drops his head back, anticipation settling deep in his gut. He softly quotes, the future a mix of bright and dark colors, swirling and irresistible.

„All else is smoke and mirrors.“

The wendigo turns and smiles and Will sheds another skin, his antlers locking with the beasts.

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They leave the next day, their would be assassin propped up in the bathtub, ‚reading‘ the take-out menus, a few bills showered around him, the apartment still rented for four more days, securing their getaway slightly.

The limousine that picks them up at the diner is black with tinted glass and empty. The driver does not look at them, pulling away right away, the journey quiet and intense, both checking the way they're going continuously.

Will breathes a sigh of relief when they reach the little private airfield, the lone jet already prepared and warming up. Will grins when he sees the overpainted sign, the original flat relief visible only from this near, matching the scar on Hannibal's back. Hannibal smirks and enters the jet first, inhaling deeply before he enters.

Will steps up behind him, his eyes adapting to the lower lighting slowly, Hannibal's voice drifting over, amused but with a sharp edge.

„Hello, Alana.“

Her voice is frosty, carefully relaxed, red suit donned and makeup matching in an implementation of careful constructed armor.

„Hannibal.“

She looks over at Will, tone taking on a slightly peeved edge.

„Will. I was under the impression you would call me, not some woman.“

Will shrugs, unapologetic and deeply relaxed suddenly, dropping into one of the seats across of her, smiling broadly.

„Not all plans can be fully predicted.“

She sighs, looking down at her clasped hands for a moment before she nods towards the cockpit door, voice calm.

„You may instruct the pilot as you wished. We will… use the time aboard to discuss the future.“

Hannibal smirks and puts their luggage away, the suitcase containing the shotgun now as well as Will's backpack, this way more inconspicuous.

He steps over and knocks on the cockpit door, speaking with the pilots in low tones, Will watching
Alana the whole time, sees the relief that crosses her face when she realizes the flight will only a few hours. Hannibal returns after he pulls the front door closed, cheerfully settling next to Will. Alana clears her throat, voice haltingly.

„You left quite a trail escaping, Hannibal. Quite an impressive feat.“

Hannibal smiles, teeth flashing, eyes dark.

„Ah yes, a bore though to have such … unsuspecting prey. You should have taught them better.“

Alana clicks her tongue, braving a smile.

„They did not ask. Frederick was quite sure he knew how to deal.“

Will chimes in, quietly supplementing, looking out of the little window as the plane accelerates.

„And Jack was otherwise occupied.“

Hannibal purses his lips, head tilting, inhaling deeply with the takeoff.

„Congratulations, Alana, I see you and Margot have decided to give Morgan a sibling.“

Alana swallows, her hands clenching for a moment, looking over to Will before locking them with Hannibal again.

„Thank you. It was one of the… main reasons why we decided to adhere to your… wishes.“

Will smirks, his smile genuine, voice kind.

„I’m glad. I hope it all goes well.“

Alana inclines her head, nodding for a moment.

„A new life. For us all.“

She hesitates and then pushes herself up, carefully keeping her balance while the plane climbs up, hesitating after a step, addressing them both but looking at Will.

„I have a farewell gift for you. One moment please.“

She leaves towards the bedroom in the back and Will frowns, looking at Hannibal, who shakes his head at the unspoken question. No other humans then. Will shrugs slightly and settles back into the seat, the door in the back opening again after a moment and Alana returns, a small bundle of fur in her arms, and Wills heart beats, hard, something in his chest hurting suddenly.

Alana steps close, hesitating, her voice low, words obviously practiced.

„This is Mari. She is one of Applesauces. Please accept her as a token of appreciation for the forgiveness you have gifted.“

She bends forward and gives the little bundle to Will, bravely bending over Hannibal in the process, and Will has to blink the tears away, something he didn’t know was missing slotting into place. Hannibal reaches over and tucks a curl behind his ear, their bond thrumming with fondness.

Will looks up, eyes suspiciously wet and a bit furious about that but then a little snout pushes up and the pup licks at his face and he laughs, fingers starting to pet through the soft golden and freckled fur, starting to softly coo at her, totally ignoring the others.

He feels Hannibals amusement over the bond and basks in it, accepting and echoing his appreciation.
of it freely, hearing Hannibal answer as if from far away, fully concentrated on rubbing the little belly.

„Thank you Alana. A truly fitting gift indeed. We accept.“

Will bends lower and laughs when the tail hits him in the face, the pup jumping up and barking, happy in his hands.

Chapter End Notes

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Next up - Frederick and Cuba :)

I hope you liked it!
Let me know what you think?

Kudos and comments feed my muse :)

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