Hannibal Lecter is a very rational man, who uses rational thinking to overcome his rational problems which he reactions appropriately too. That is, if you asked anyone other than Clarice Starling.
Chapter 1

“claaarrriicce” hannibals impatience echoed through the house. Clarice had planned on spending her afternoon on the couch reading this weeks edition of the tattler, but apparently hannibal had other plans. Clarice snorted and set the paper aside, what could hannibal possibly need now? She had already changed the cars oil, she had already opened all of the jars for him in the kitchen yesterday, the irony of the tasks he had her perform did not uescape her. She walked into the kitchen and found hannibal standing behind the island.

"Whaddya need?" She sighed, somewhat annoyed

"There” he pointed with the wooden mixing spoon. Across the kitchen island, sitting on the counter was a small black spider.

Clarice eyed the spider briefly before turning her attention back to the cannibalistic serial killer “Are you kidding me?” Hannibal responded with a quick shake of the head

“Hannibal”

"I do not appreciated uninvited guests appearing at dinner, human or not’

"Then how about you show him out the door yourself?" She smiled, here was hannibal the cannibal, one of the most vicious killers in recent history, trembling at an arachnid no bigger than his finder-nail.

“I would but I am preoccupied with preparing our dinner” hannibal grinned slightly, not wanting to admit he dropped everything as soon as he spotted the vermin.

“Preoccupied my ass! You're just too proud to admit this little critter has the power to turn mr big bad cannibal into a cowering little boy”

“There Is no shame in arcanaiphobia Clarice, it is very common and spider bites can be quite fatal in deed” Clarice scoffed, she couldn’t believe this

“Hannibal you are being ridiculous”

“There is nothing ridiculous about taking ones safety-” hannibal let out a high pitched scream when the spider had landed on his shoulder. Clarice who had grown tired of her husbands nagging decided to flick the bug into him out of curiosity. The result was priceless.

Hannibal tripped over one of the barstools crashing onto the floor in an attempt to escape the spider. “CLARICE” he yelled, still rolling around and flailing “PLEASE! GETITOFFGETIOFF” his face was red with panic and there were tears in his eyes. This was pathetic.

Clarice sighed and bent over the pick up the half dead spider, took it over to the window and let it free

“So long little guy” Clarice turned around and struggled not to laugh, hannibals breathe had returned to normal, and Clarice had never seen him so embarrassed “Totally rational eh big guy?”

“…we never speak of this again.”
Hannibal Lecter has reasonable tastes and is reasonably healthy

Chapter Summary

Hannibal Lecter is a reasonable man who is in reasonably good health and reasonably healthy eating habits

Chapter Notes

yes hannibal's fake name translates to 'real name-last name'

"Well Sig. Cognome, you're body is in perfect condition, for a man your age" The doctor mumbled the last part, fearing his patients death-stare. Hannibal 'the Cannibal' Lecter had now been living in Florence, Italy for the past 2 years with his loving wife ex-agent Clarice Starling under the false identities of Sig. Veronome Cognome and Sig.ra . Impostura Cognome.

"Splendido Doctor, I shall show myself out the do-"

"Except I'd strongly recommend that you cut back on your red meat intake." Hannibal blinked twice both in shock and confusion, him? Hannibal THE CANNIBAL Lecter cut out red meat? Surely, he couldn't have heard his doctor right.

"Pardon?"

"You will be at dangerously high risk for a heart attack if you continue eating meats at this rate"

Hannibal played the brief conversation over again in his head as he drove home, 'dangerously high risk for heart attack' PSHAW! What did HE know anyway? Honestly nowadays they give any bozo in a white coat a doctorate and job before the poor sap has ever even held a man's intestines! Now back in the day to even HOPE of becoming a doctor you'd have to prove yourself worthy with plenty of newspaper stories about how you killed ex Nazis- no wait...that was just Hannibal who did that. Never mind. Why did Hannibal even need to SEE a doctor? He had been a SURGEON for crying out loud! He was more than likely fine, that doctor was just probably some hippie trying to push his meat-free lifestyle onto others! The nerve! Why who could ever DO such a thing? Hannibal had never in all of his life would ever DREAM of forcing his lifestyle onto somebody else! Hannibal knew what he would do, he'd serve that doctor right, with some fava beans and a nice chianti. No, first, FIRST, he'd go home and eat all the red meat he damn well pleased, maybe he'd even stop at the butcher shop on his way home to pick up steak for dinner, hell maybe he'd pick up 2, or 3, or 4, he could have as many steaks as he wanted! He was in peak shape, nothing can get in the way of Hannibal Lecter!

"Clarice sweetheart, I hope you're in the mood for steak bec-"

"Sorry Hannibal, the doctor just called. We're gonna have to cut back on the meat 'sweetheart'" Hannibal almost slipped and fell on the sass spewing form his wife's mouth. Hannibal made a mental note to 'visit' his doctor ASAP, to 'thank' him for all that he has done.
"But Clarice-" Hannibal pleaded, he couldn't believe this. Hannibal Lecter lived for only 4 things, 1. being actual human garbage at every opportunity 2. Cannibalism 3. Clarice Starling 4. the 'good' life. And here was thing number 3 on that list asking him to give up the other 3 things! I mean how could you expect one to live the good life without cannibalism!? Hannibal was a creative man with a vast imagination, but even THAT had its limitations. It just straight up wasn't possible.

"I'm doing this for your own good Hanni, tough love and all" Hannibal was gaping, he had never felt so...so....betrayed! Clarice just...COULDN'T be serious, how could the love of his life ask him to give up his purpose in life!? and here Hannibal thought cruel and unusual punishment was illegal in Ameri- oh no wait they're in Italy. Well it was still inhumane, and Hannibal had no tolerance for the inhumane.

"Oh come on Hanni, this is about your health. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, and how do you expect me to do that if you ain't even around for half of it? Tell yeah what, we're partners now, I'll go on the diet wit' yeah"

"Ah ah, that would be 'aren't' Clarice, you're an educated woman. I'd expect you to talk like one"

"Oh just shut up and c'mere already" Clarice threw her arms around Hannibal and kissed him roughly.

Clarice had, unfortunately for Hannibal, been 100% about the diet and now kept note of their kitchen's inventory. Hannibal was to eat meat other than chicken and Clarice enforced this rule, always hovering over Hannibal when he cooked and at now she always accompanied him to the market and butcher shop. It had only been 3 weeks and Hannibal was already miserable, Clarice's ability to remain contempt under there new dietary restrictions was some Hannibal held in a high respect, especially after comparing her nonchalance to Hannibal's twitching and scratching. If you didn't know any better you would have said Hannibal was a lifetime cocaine addict going into withdrawal. It was pathetic. Clarice almost felt bad for the guy, but she knew this was for his own good and therefor refused to give in to any of his begging or pleading when he was served salads at dinner time.

Hannibal however, devised a plan to overcome Clarice's tyrannical rule over his belly, one that only a super-villain mastermind like himself could have come up with!

Clarice was awoken at 3:40 in the morning to the sound of rustling, she instinctively grabbed her gun from the bedside drawer and snuck downstairs to find the source of the noise, without even thinking to turn on the lights or wake Hannibal. The rustling grew louder as she approached the kitchen. Cocking her gun Clarice Starling threw open the kitchen door, switched on the lights only to find Hannibal sitting in the middle of the floor gnawing on his arm which he had covered in an on-sweep of foreign spices and sauces. Hannibal spit his arm out and slowly looked up to his gun-wielding wife, bearing a sheepish grin

"We never speak of this again"

After their 'interesting' night, Clarice finally caved in and allowed Hannibal a 3 day recess off his meat-free diet. Later that same day Clarice found herself calling an ambulance to come pick up her husband who had just suffered a heart attack.

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