The Lion and the Lamb

by MB234

Summary

There’s much more to Dr. Lecter than what meets the eye, of that you are sure. But then again, you’re not the only one here with secrets. Will yours, and the promises they bear, lead to your doom or your salvation at the hands of Hannibal Lecter?

That’s the thing about lions and lambs, one is the prey and one is the predator. You weren’t entirely sure which role you fulfilled.

Notes

“The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan’ rill
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney’s hazel shade”
– Lady of the Lake

See the end of the work for more notes
Delectable

There might be just the slightest chance that you were becoming a little bit enamored with your FBI mandated psychiatrist.

It wasn’t just the way his impeccably tailored suits clung to his obviously robust body, or the tight stretch of his dark jacket that strained quite becomingly over his broad shoulders. It wasn’t just the fall of his peppered hair across his handsome brow or the undeniably alluring bow of his full lips.

No, it was the culmination of all those things, combined with the powerful smolder of his dark gaze that seemed to bore through you as you sat, uncomfortable, on his plush, finely upholstered chair. He made you feel some kind of molten emotion that you couldn’t describe, like a word that was on the tip of your tongue, or a dream that you couldn’t quite remember once you’d woken up, the details slipping away like sand through your fingers. He made you curious and cautious, enraptured and enraged, pliant and passionate.

And this was only your second session.

A second hour of petulant silence, of Dr. Lecter asking questions that you just couldn’t answer, of those dark eyes scanning you, as if they wanted to devour you whole. You could feel him assessing, measuring, like a farmer taking stock of his chattel, and on instinct you tried to deflect his curious prying’s. You were actually starting to like him, to enjoy the timbre of his voice and the atmosphere of this calming room, and you knew that once you opened yourself, once you spilled your innermost thoughts, you’d lose him just like all the other therapists that had come and gone. Another referral to add to the already burgeoning number of transfers. Another embarrassment to catalogue in your painful memories.

“You seem upset.” The level tones of his voice were calming, as velvety and rich as butterscotch. The warmth of his voice flowing over your prickling flesh thoroughly spurred you to consider telling him everything, to confide, and that dangerous, if momentary, slip of control annoyed you beyond compare. Suddenly you found your ire rising right alongside your temper.

“Oh yeah,” You sassed, your tone biting as you crossed your arms over your sweater bedecked chest and scowled, “Did you need a doctorate in psychology to ascertain that?”

The heavy silence that followed your caustic words snuck slyly between the beats of your pounding heart, sending blood roaring through your veins, straight to the deep blush that was blooming hotly on your cheeks, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that. It was highly inappropriate.” The wool of your admittedly short skirt bit at your stocking-clad legs, your discomfort and embarrassment causing you to re-cross your thighs, your gaze focused intently on
your hands that lay folded in your lap. You’d put a little more effort into your appearance today, mostly due to the 6:00 appointment you were currently engaged in, though you rationalized away the extra primping with the justification that you were feeling better this week, lighter, less guilty. Less dark.

Silly, you knew, especially given that no matter how you looked the simple facts, that you were required to be here because of what you had seen, even though you weren’t a full FBI agent but rather a special consultant that was occasionally brought on retainer, and that you could think of about twenty other places you’d be more comfortable right now, remained.

After a moment of pregnant silence the Doctor spoke again, that calming voice of his just as velvety as it always was, “It is quite alright. I encourage every facet within the range of emotions in here. Whatever you need to express, whatever you wish to enact, please feel free to do so.”

Sudden, rampant fantasies played in your mind without warning, undeniably spurred by the subtle intention in his words, by the entendre that lay just beneath his lilting voice. You saw yourself bent over his desk, him pounding his hardened shaft expertly into your wet, trembling flesh, one of his large palms spread over your nape, pressing you firmly into his immaculate stationary; you saw your sex spread before him as he knelt between your thighs, his lips fanning hotly over your taught skin, his hands holding your limbs tightly in place, his iron grip unyielding as he teased his tongue just beyond where you needed it most.

Where the hell had those darkly carnal thoughts come from?

You were no stranger to bondage play, and in the past you had enjoyed many sexual relationships in which you and your partners explored each other’s limits, boldly tracing the threshold between pleasure and pain, too much and too little, more than enough and not even close to satisfying. You were, however, an intensely private person, and though your tastes ran dark you preferred to keep them tucked away where the light of day, and curious colleagues, couldn’t find them.

Besides, even though you enjoyed the sound of Dr. Lecter’s voice and the gilded promises that glittered behind his shadowed eyes you had no intention of actually opening up to him. You planned to tell him what was necessary to pass this mandatory nonsensical protocol and be on your way, letting those pleasant, but unattainable fantasies remain dormant in your fertile mind, where they’d never come to fruition.

“Still, mockery is not the product of a strong mind,” You said after a moment, imbuing your voice with a certain tone that could be interpreted as playful, “And I assure you Doctor, my mind is not weak.” Your comment succeeded in coaxing just the barest upturn of the good doctor’s pouty, sensual mouth, and your heart twisted suddenly in your chest in a fervent response that shocked you.
“Of that fact I have no doubts,” He said in that calm, accented voice, his gaze never leaving yours, those dark, glinting orbs fixed wholly on you, “Just as I can tell that your will is equally strong, and at the present moment it is fixed upon utter secrecy.”

You glanced away from him at those words, ceding to the silent challenge that had passed between you, floored by his correct read of you. So he was an observant psychiatrist then, a pariah in his field, a wolf among sheep. You’d have to be a more convincing liar then, let him think you’re leveling with him.

“I know why I’m here Dr. Lecter,” You said after sighing deeply and squaring your shoulders, “I saw some things, I did some things…” You trailed off, your brow furrowing as you realized you were having trouble talking about this. Before you let yourself consider the possibility that you might actually need this therapy, you internally shook yourself and refocused. “The FBI thinks that I need to talk to someone about these dark things that I have experienced.”

“And do you disagree with them?” He asked, tilting his head as he spoke, as if he thought it was cute that you were rebelling against such a staunch authority.

“The Bureau is nothing if not thorough.” You said, sighing and dipping your head as you contemplated exactly how and why you disagreed with the FBI. As you did so your hair fell like a curtain around your face, obscuring the decadently furnished room and its perplexing inhabitant from your view. For just a moment you could imagine that you weren’t merely under the Doctors scrutiny but were here in this room that smelled like old books and a hint of red wine, topped off with an incredibly enticing musk that was all male, all Hannibal Lecter, just to enjoy the man’s alluring presence.

“But I don’t want anyone telling me how I feel,” You finished finally, after a pause in which you firmly collected your wandering mind, raising your head to meet his gaze unflinchingly, “How I’m supposed to be ‘doing’. That’s my business and mine alone.” The Doctor’s lips upturned of their own volition at that show of your fiery spirit and a small, warm thrill skittered down your spine in response.

“I assure you that is not my aim. I am contracted by the FBI as an impartial and quiet psychiatrist, but above all else whatever you say to me will be protected and confidential. I will merely give the FBI a rudimentary assessment of your mental fitness, as they have requested. The details will stay between us. No matter how dirty they are.” There was a gleam in his eye as he spoke, a hint of something heavy and palpable beneath the upturn of his smile, a flash of conniving excitement that caught your attention like the glint of a knife in the dark.

Of course he’d given you this speech already, during your first session, saying that you could confide in him, that you could open yourself fully to him, but it was at this moment, in the fifty-ninth minute of your second session, that you really started to believe him.
When he rose and moved to gather his things, presumably for the end of the day, you realized that you’d been gazing at him for almost a full sixty seconds, lost in thought as you stared into the smoky orbs of his eyes, your gaze rapt as you tried to memorize the quirk of his knowing smile, the gentle fall of his peppered hair, the cut of his strong jaw.

Highly embarrassed, and more than a little aroused in every sense of the word, you cleared your throat and donned your coat hastily, intent on slipping out of the room without another word. Your head was already cluttered with half-imagined, heated glances, knowing grins and the promises they held; you didn’t need any more innuendo clouding your judgement.

However, as you paused distractedly to sling your discarded bag over your shoulder at the office doorway you were surprised to hear Dr. Lecter’s voice warm at your back, close enough not to break the socially acceptable touch barrier, but near enough to toe the limit between propriety and scandal.

“You should really wear your hair back, out of your face,” His voice was soft yet firm, like the velvety antlers of a great stag. He’d moved near soundlessly, with all the grace of a great jungle cat that stalked its prey, “The eyes are, after all, the windows to the soul.”

And you will bear your soul to me.

The sentiment hung unspoken in the air, but lay thick with supplicating invocation. You didn’t dare breathe, not even between your heartbeats, as you hurried from Dr. Lecter’s gargantuan presence, from his lilting words and thrumming gazes. No matter how hard you tried to shake it, for the rest of the day, and even into the remaining week, a sense of undeniable foresight clung to your back. Lecter was right, you realized; you would bear your soul to him.

And, inevitably, it would be glorious.
Exquisite

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Just half of an hour, thirty more minutes, one thousand eight hundred more seconds and then you would once again be in that decadent, immaculate room with the darkly seductive Doctor and his tantalizing, unanswerable questions. It was idiotic, really, how excited you were, especially given that you knew you would reveal nothing of importance to him. Perhaps you just enjoyed that small, enticing taste of the finer, more refined lifestyle that your one hour with Dr. Lecter provided you. Or maybe you just enjoyed the Doctor himself.

The past few sessions with Dr. Lecter you had arrived early and waited, taut and anxious, outside until the appropriate time to knock. Last week in the minutes before your appointment you’d heard the comforting, familiar notes of Mozart’s Die Zauberflöte K. 620, specifically the Queen of the Night Aria, spilling from beneath the heavy door. If your ear was right, the lilting, melodious voice belonged to none other than Diana Damrau, one of your favorite lyrical sopranos. As you climbed the sparse steps that led to Dr. Lecter’s office now you wondered eagerly what Sonata or Symphony you might hear today.

Sure enough, as you walked breathlessly into the neutral waiting room, the deep engrossing notes of Bach’s Cello Suite No. 1, the first movement by the sound of it, crept from beneath the solid oak door that was just one of many concerted barriers between you and Dr. Lecter. You couldn’t help but smile as you listened intently, settling comfortably into one of the numerous plush couches that were arranged meticulously about the room, wondering exactly what it was that intrigued you so much about the Doctor.

He had the demeanor of dignitary, all flattering smiles, dark glinting eyes and large strong hands folded diplomatically, but you suspected that at his core he was something of an alpha male, a true dominant persona. Hints of its thrumming mastery peeked out from behind his eyes and flashed in the lilt of his broad shoulders, in the thrum of his powerful body that moved with smooth, predatory grace, in his low voice that commanded attention, respect and ultimately submission. It was perhaps the lattermost aspect of him that you responded to the most.

In the deepest, darkest parts of your mind, playing in the spaces between those shadowed corners where you harbored your most powerful fantasies, you longed for someone to bring out those docile, obsequious tendencies that you nurtured within, to coax them out, to bridle them, to enjoy them. And maybe that very same, untrodden, untried, itching part of you scented its strong, virile mate in Hannibal.

Indeed in the days since your last session with him, an hour that had been filled with more mildly prodding questions and staunch deflections but also noticeably more warmth, more connection, you hadn’t been able to get him out of your mind completely. He was always there now, moving
across your skin like an itch you couldn’t quite scratch, coiling in your belly like a sense of foreboding augury that you just couldn’t quell. You were a self-processed, passionately spirited woman, and as such that meant that your libido was markedly active, responding deeply and completely to those things that awakened your responsive body. In recent weeks you had forgone your usual methods of self-pleasure, namely your voluminous collection of toys and vibrators, in favor of your fingers to quell your burgeoning lust; that seemed right somehow, more fitting given the raw, visceral lust that the Doctor had awakened in you. Currently, your virulent male of choice was waiting on the other side of that door, no doubt indulging in a glass of expensive wine and soaking up Bach’s majestic masterpiece as he awaited his next evening appointment.

It was, you realized as your lips quirked of their own volition and something akin to appreciation roiled in your chest, more than just blatant need, more than searing want, that attracted you to the Doctor; it was the fierce, powerful pull of kindred spirits, of souls that were born of the same molten core, the same vitriol of the universe.

And given your secrets and the repercussions they threatened, that searing, tantalizing recognition pushed your thoughts beyond worry, beyond fear, into something that was built more like awe than dread. Something that might have you on your knees before him, confessing your black, turgid, stormy ciphers before the day was out.

When that thick, wooden door swung open, the echoes of Bach still sliding about the room, you couldn’t quite stop the teeth that bit fervidly at the flesh of your full bottom lip, tugging, teasing to stop the sigh that threatened to tumble from behind your smile. The Doctor was dressed in a soft, muted tweed suit the color of autumn soil, the thick brown cloth threaded through with a deep cranberry that was accented in his crimson tie and matching silk button down. He looked so handsome you weren’t sure if you wanted to growl or swoon.

You settled for a demure, hasty study of the stately fall of his peppered hair across his forehead and the curve of his lofty cheekbones snuck between footfalls as you passed him and entered the familiarizing room with contrite strides, settling comfortably, and quickly, into the smooth leather seat facing his. He smiled slightly and welcomed you with a soft greeting, closing the door behind you with a gentle click that you somehow felt reverberate down to your very bones.

“We seem to match today.” Dr. Lecter observed, a wry, hearty grin, one that seemed genuine, curling his lips before he dropped his aphotic gaze to your form. You stilled, following his line of sight to the deep, rich red lace of your long sleeve blouse and coffee colored weave of your slim dress pants. Even your shoes, knee high leather boots that molded to your legs, matched the cut and copper dye of his smart wing tips.

“Great minds,” You replied with a twinkling smile that met his zealously, letting the rest of the unspoken idiom hang warmly in the air, watching him with poorly disguised admiration as he drew out his blank note pad and undoubtedly expensive fountain pen. You did so admire his penchant for vendible’s of the upper echelon.
“And I see that you have taken my advice.” He noted with a pleased nod to the sweep of your thick hair off the long lines of your neck, your locks coiled easily in a loose bun at your nape, stray tendrils left to fall at will around your cheekbones and about your ears. You had figured that since you had no intentions of humoring his psychiatric prodding’s you might as well take his aesthetic advice. *Especially when it’s whispered in hot, molten tones at your back, his breath fanning wickedly over your tender, goose bumped skin; utterly tempting, and sinfully tantalizing.*

“Yes, well an outside opinion can be fortuitous,” You replied after clearing your throat hard to stem the attraction blooming low and hot in your belly, “And if it flatters…” You trailed off, your fingers sweeping a willful strand off of your collarbone to twirl it back into the twist at your neck, your eyes falling to your lap as a blush heated your cheekbones.

“I assure you, it does.” Dr. Lecter replied, the earnest, thrumming something in his tone making you snap your eyes up to his, your belly fluttering traitorously as his gaze bored, intense and searing, into yours for long moments.

“Just one of the many things I am sure you are correct about.” You husked, your tone low and tinged with that need that was wreaking havoc through your shifting body, posing an unspoken challenge into the humming air between you and The Doctor. Was that interest you saw sparking behind his eyes, or was that just the reflection of the streetlamps from the tall windows glinting behind his desk?

“I heard Bach’s Cello Suite No. 1 from outside in the waiting room today.” You remarked urgently so that you didn’t have to answer your own internal musings, “It’s one of my favorites.”

“You are a lover of classical music?” Dr. Lecter questioned, definite interest sparkling in his lurid gaze as he shifted towards you, moving almost unthinkingly.

“Oh yes,” You replied, smiling easily at the intrigue in his voice, “Before I got my degree in Criminology I studied Music. I received classical training from the Boston Conservatory at Berklee. Is that surprising?” You questioned with the upwards tilt of an eyebrow, amusement flitting the corners of your lips into a slight smile.

“No,” Dr. Lecter insisted, politely acquiescing before the tilt of his broad shoulders belayed the truth behind his words, “Well in my experience vocalists are usually…louder. More chatty.” You laughed at that, pleased to hear his own low, rumbling peals joining your hearty chuckles after a moment.

“I never said I got along with all of my classmates. Besides,” You continued with a wide smile, “I started out as an instrumentalist anyway; that was always more my element.”
“Understandable.” Dr. Lecter said, urging you to continue with a graceful tilt of his head, most likely seeing and seizing this rare window in which to perform the therapy you were here to receive, “Why make the shift into the realm of police work?”

“I know it seems like a strange leap, but in a way Criminology and Musicianship are not so different.” You insisted, resting your elbows on your knees as you leaned into the space between you, knowingly taking the bait but unable to stem your passion on the topic, “Discipline is universal in all arts, is it not? With practice you can improve any skill.”

“Unless you lack that fundamental spark of talent.” Dr. Lecter supplied, intrigue glinting in his gaze as you conversed.

“True,” You acknowledged with a slight tilt of your head before continuing, “And some things are not as easily mastered. Instinct, for example, some might argue simply cannot be taught; it must be inherited or honed. You can be taught to shoot a gun, but without instinct to tell you to fire at one of two identical suspects, each brandishing a weapon – which do you shoot? Which has the will and intention to kill?”

Dr. Lecter leaned back, seeming impressed by your diatribe, carefully considering the options of the scenario laid out before him briefly before continuing, “The FBI would say closest threat, or deadliest weapon.”

“Indeed they would,” You agreed, smiling slightly as you spoke, eager to make your point, “But what would you say?”

“I say look at the eyes.” Dr. Lecter supplied, the fervor tinging his voice surprising you, as if he’d been spurned by a vital misjudgment before and was speaking now to his past self, “You can always see true intention behind the eyes. Reading the soul is something not usually taught at the police academy.”

“But it can be taught through music.” You insisted, knowing you were speaking more that you ever had in a session, but you disregarded any apprehensions lingering in your chest in order to more fully drive your point home, “Didn’t Mozart lay his soul bare on the pages of Die Zauberflöte or Beethoven in his Moonlight Sonata? Don’t you feel your soul stir when you hear Vivaldi’s Four Seasons or Stravinsky’s Rite of Spring? Music teaches discipline, yes, but it also teaches a deep appreciation and knowledge of the human spirit. What is music if not passion personified; emotion wrought into sound?”
“I must say, you surprise me.” Dr. Lecter said after a pause in which he regarded you thoughtfully, blatant respect and admiration shimmering in his eyes, “And you are right. More FBI agents should think like you, it would greatly benefit their police work.” You blushed deeply at his unexpected complement, an uncontrollable smile curving your lips, your lashes dusting your cheeks as you gazed down in a flurry of embarrassment at revealing so much of yourself. All of your carefully constructed walls had come crashing down the moment that Dr. Lecter stoked your roaring passion for music; you’d have to be much more careful in sessions to come.

“Maybe they’d catch more killers,” you supplied after a long moment in which you studied your interlocking fingers coiling in your lap, “If they conversed in emotion rather than fact.” You glanced up briefly, intending to gauge the expression on Dr. Lecter’s face briefly only to get caught in the dark web of his gaze intent, even rapturous, on you, hot and molten for just a moment before that mask of calm calculated intent slid over his features once more.

“They would.” Dr. Lecter replied, that hot heat flaring to life behind his eyes once more, just for a split second, bright and searing and stunning you with its intensity, until it faded completely, remaining only in the upturn of his lips, the hunch of his broad shoulders towards you, the interest blatant in his voice, “For isn’t that what it is to murder - taking more than your share of someone, stealing their emotions for your own? Isn’t emotion what murderers converse in?”

You were suddenly too full of something akin to nervousness, to trepidation, to reply as his words sunk in, as they permeated through the layers of your consciousness, awakening strange, ancient alarm bells that screamed careful! against your skin and tensed your muscles in preparation to run. And yet you loved it, loved the adrenaline rattling through your veins, coiling in your limbs, curling your fingers.

“Yes,” You replied, licking your lips wantonly and leaning in further, matching his stance inch for inch, layer by layer, “I believe that it is.”

As you grinned you saw the barest hit of a smile flick Dr. Hannibal Lecter’s lips up into a smile, a genuine, real, visceral smile that set your body alight and made your very bones tingle in trepidation.

And you knew that, for better or worse, you were now conversing in that secret, altruistic language of the gods.

Chapter End Notes

Hello lovely readers!
I know that it has been far too long since my last update, but I assure you I haven’t forgotten about you! Please enjoy this update, and know that there are more to come! I love your feedback, so please let me know your comments, questions and concerns about this chapter! Thank you!

P.S. Here's a mood board for this chapter! Check it out if you're interested! <3


End Notes

Hey readers!

So I just started binging on Hannibal and needless to say I fell in love with it! This is my first try at a Hannibal fic, so if you feel that the mood/vibe of it doesn't fit quite right with the show, I apologize. There is more to come and I can tweak and change things as I go along, but please do let me know your thoughts!

Thank you so much for reading! Any and all feedback is greatly appreciated! Again, thank you!

P.S. I love making mood boards for the things I write, just to help envision the chapter and add a nice visual aspect to the writing. Check it out if you're interested!


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