Summary

Weekdays are for appearances and weekends are for his leisure. Fortunately, Hannibal is gracious enough to accommodate Will's tendency to burst in through his front door unannounced and more than a little riled up. Friends are always welcome in his kitchen, especially ones willing to poke and prod at the darker corners of their wants and needs.

Notes

Someone once asked how Hannibal was capable of such perfect time management. Balancing his practice, dinner parties, social outings, and painfully time-consuming murder set-ups. Well, this is my take on how he deals. Originally this was supposed to be humorous but it kind of got out of hand and I accidentally plot with possible continuation?

See the end of the work for more notes.

Morning finds him walking the open air market with a canvas tote hanging from his elbow, picking away at fresh vegetables and ingredients suitable for dinner. He greets the familiar vendors and stops to chat with the ones kind enough to keep a stock of his favored items safely out of reach of inquiring hands.

An hour later, he stops by the tailor’s for one last fitting of the suit he requested last month. The dinner party isn’t for another week, but he is pleased when the outfit meets his expectations and is
ready to be delivered by next Monday. Deciding on cufflinks delays him by twenty minutes.

He takes his lunch at a bistro he frequents near his practice, where he knows the chef and has personally commissioned the wine from Tuscany. He has no problem in offering a knowing smile to the young server who stares longer than is deemed proper, making him flush and quickly head back with his order.

Fridays are usually the busiest days, even when scheduled appointments begin after noon. Five patients with thirty minute breaks between sessions, which he takes to freshen up or to lighten the boredom of the banal trivialities most people bring to his office. Occasionally, he does so by sketching; other times, he goes through the piece he writes for the harpsichord. Innocuous practices that keep both fingers and thoughts in motion.

The last session of the day doesn’t require any sort of buffer when it’s held outside of any official capacity. A reprieve he is grateful for. Will Graham always has something intriguing to bring to their conversations, be it personally nonsensical or work related. Seeing the darkness as painted by the mouthpiece of violence sitting before him moves muscles that often remain dormant during office hours. Small blessings in ordinary packages.

Evening leaves him to cook, moving about in the comfort of his solitary and spacious kitchen. He hums to the music that faintly plays in the background, breading meat to the lulling sway of a waltz.

Tonight, he takes his meal on the kitchen island, keeping an eye on the clock above the doorway as he swirls and breathes in the sweet aroma of his wine. He eats slowly, savoring each bite and thinking of nothing but the metronome of the seconds hand that counts down to the moment when he needs to get in his car.

Once done, he cleans the dishes and stores the leftovers he feels he will make use of by tomorrow.

The duffel bag is stored in the false bottom of his trunk, as it always is, stocked up with sterile essentials. The business card he picked from his rolodex rests in his wallet, ready to be disposed of once the night is through.

It’s two in the morning when Hannibal parks the Bentley near the highway exit, hood and driver’s door open, waiting for the charcoal gray Lexus that always makes its way home at this time. He stands by the side of the road and waves a hand when headlights slice through the pitch black darkness.

The car slows and the window rolls down, the man inside giving both Hannibal and his car a brief onceover. When he decides that there is no danger of getting mugged, he pulls aside and offers a boost when he discovers that neither of them have phone service.

Hannibal thanks him graciously.

* *

He dreams in colors and sensations, in passing images so surreal they’re often forgotten when he wakes. The white cold of snow, the orange heat of fire. The melding and swirling of hues both vivid and dark, like oils over canvas, coloring the backdrop of hauntingly beautiful landscapes.

He can smell, too. The spice of cinnamon, the sweetness of sugar, the warmth of chocolate. The heat of sickness under the moisture of sweat that permeates skin doused in cheap aftershave.

He can also hear clearly. So clear, in fact, that he stops walking through snow covered ground to listen. Three taps in the distance, frantic, like a woodpecker. The knocking comes over and over
again, closer and closer still, until Hannibal opens his eyes to a dark bedroom and realizes that the sound hasn’t left his head.

On the nightstand, the clock reads 11:39AM. It’s a Saturday, and Hannibal has no reason to be up. The week had been long and remarkably busy, granting him a scant three hours of sleep a day at the most.

He lets out a steady breath through his nose when the knocking starts up again, less hurried this time, more hesitant. The rhythm of it is so familiar by now that Hannibal is both pleased and annoyed, and is torn between frowning and smiling into his pillow.

Reluctantly, Hannibal peels the covers away and slips on his burgundy sweater. He makes no attempt at combing his hair or checking his general appearance, hoping that he can convey how tired and unwilling to host company he is this morning. If he succeeds, he will counteract his disheveled state with a warm invitation for coffee.

He opens the front door on the second knock, revealing an agitated Will swallowed up by a moth-eaten coat and a scarf that has been worn thin.

Will freezes with his fist mid knock, eyes widening only briefly when he does a very poor job at hiding the onceover he gives Hannibal. “I woke you,” he says, but not as a question.

“I may have forgotten to set my alarm last night.” Hannibal steps aside to usher him in, the cold working to get the hairs along his arms on end. “Coffee?” Will wordlessly nods his head while peeling away his outer layers in the foyer, trying his damnedest to look at anything that isn’t Hannibal. “Would you be opposed to a full breakfast?”

There’s a moment in which Will fiddles with his scarf, deciding whether he should hang it up on the rack by the door or put it right back on, head back out. He looks haggard, with dark circles under his eyes. He’s wearing his glasses for the first time in weeks.

“Actually, I can come back later. Kinda rude of me to just drop by unannounced. Should have at least called you.”

Hannibal wants to remark that it isn’t the first time he’s done it, but instead he says, “Nonsense. My kitchen is always open to friends.” He takes Will’s scarf and hangs it up. “What brings you home on a Saturday morning?”

Heading into the kitchen, Hannibal invites him to take a seat before moving towards the refrigerator to decide on what to prepare.

“Jack gave me a call at five in the morning,” he begins, but says no more.

Something simple then. Something familiar and welcoming to ease Will’s nerves, to make him feel relatively safe in the bright area around them. “Would you care to help me?”

With less hesitation than he expected, Will agrees. He leaves his glasses on the seat and moves into Hannibal’s space, behind the stage’s curtain, and awaits instruction.

He’s given white onions, peppers, parsley, and potatoes, all of which he cuts and peels with the efficiency of a person who is no stranger to a kitchen. It’s a pleasing sight, one that Hannibal enjoys while pouring cream into a silver bowl and beating the eggs.

They work quietly, only speaking to ask something or another about a pan’s heat or the whereabouts of the olive oil.
Having a task seems to calm Will, keeping his hands and thoughts busy as he stirs and seasons the potatoes to Hannibal’s specifications. He mutters when he accidentally flips a diced bit out of the pan, but Hannibal is there to save it, popping it into his mouth and wincing when he underestimates how hot it is. Will laughs, soft and with a hint of of shyness, and Hannibal quickly turns around to start their coffee.

“Where were you last night?” Will asks just as Hannibal is preparing the French press.

“ Asking me suggests you suspect me of being somewhere that isn’t here, or my office.”

Will keeps his back to him, but there’s a lack of tension between his shoulders. “The car wasn’t in the driveway.” He shrugs.

“My original plan had been to see someone,” he says, not entirely a lie.

“Your phrasing suggests you didn’t see them.”

“I didn’t.” Hannibal begins bringing down plates and drawing the silverware. “Once I arrived, I discovered that they had no real desire for my company.”

He takes everything and sets it on the island, knowing that Will would rather eat here than in the dining room. It’s a lot more personal and requires less thinking when he doesn’t have to abide by proper cues.

When met with silence, Hannibal looks up at him.

“You actually got stood up,” Will says, and he can’t keep the humor from his voice despite trying.

Hannibal frowns, but this only makes Will’s mouth twitch up into an aborted smile. “So to speak.”

“Wow. I wonder how long it’ll be until they regret that.”

It’s a throwaway line thoughtlessly spoken in the wake of good will, but Hannibal seizes it. “One man’s loss is another man’s gain.”

“You don’t look like the type of person who dates,” Will continues, shutting off the fire and shoveling the potatoes into a porcelain bowl that had been set out for them.

The orange juice is brought out before Hannibal goes for the glass cups in the cabinet above Will. He uses the opportunity to crowd him, albeit not menacingly, and to lightly touch his side to Will’s arm. “It wasn’t a date,” he says, slow and deliberate before stepping away towards the island.

Will’s eyebrows climb, comically, well past the curls over his forehead. “Why, Dr. Lecter. How scandalous.”

Hannibal does smile then, letting it touch his eyes while holding out a hand to the chair in front of him. “Does the fact that I am very much as human as anyone surprise you?”

“A bit.” In an impressive demonstration of showmanship, Will dices parsley and sprinkles it over the potatoes, as well as a dash of salt and pepper. He takes a towel and cleans the bowl’s edges, shakes it clean, and drapes it over his arm to balance the hot bowl over to the island. He sets it down at the center but doesn’t look at Hannibal. “It’s a relief almost,” he says, slightly hesitant, but certainly unsure of himself. “There’s a bottle of wine in the backseat of my car. I intended to bring it last night after our session.”

The revelation sets in almost instantly, making Hannibal marvel at the man’s brashness. “Would it
have been a date?” he asks, just this side of teasing.

The click of Will’s throat working around a swallow is audible when he takes his seat, keeping his eyes strictly on the omelette before him. “I don’t do dating.”

“How scandalous, Mr. Graham.”

“I wouldn’t have gone through with it anyways,” he says quickly, scooping potatoes onto his plate and smiling humorlessly. “Had you opened the door, I would have come up with an excuse to leave once I gave you the bottle.”

“In the same fashion you tried excusing yourself this morning? I appreciate the honesty.”

Will reaches for his glass and thanks Hannibal when he serves him juice. “That’s not why I came here. Not this time.”

“Jack called you out to a scene.”

“But your home isn’t your office and I shouldn’t have crossed that line.” Scuffling eggs into his mouth, he hums. “This is really good. As usual.”

Hannibal tips his head in gratitude and stands up to get their coffee. He stops midway across the kitchen when he remembers that he hasn’t tended to any sort of personal hygiene yet, and that he’s still wearing his pajamas.

Filling up their mugs and setting them on the island top, he excuses himself.

“Don’t change for my sake,” Will says, still refusing to look up from his plate. “It’s the weekend. God knows I would still be in boxers if I hadn’t gotten called out.”

“Had our roles been reversed, you would have felt obligated to change into something presentable the moment I walked in through your door.”

Will makes a noise in affirmation. “But you wouldn’t have answered your door if you didn’t want me to see you this way.”

Hannibal blinks, a slow smile creeping up his face when a short bout of silence stretches between them. A surge of pleasure dances its way up his spine, the sheer *thrill* of Will being able to read his intentions with as little as a glance sets a heavy heat low in his gut.

“You wouldn’t exactly greet a census worker looking like that,” he continues. “Or Alana. Or Jack.”

“But I would certainly greet you?”

“You kind of just did.”

“Feeling confident this morning, Will?”

“In my ability to read people, yeah. I know interest when I see it, especially when someone tries hard to keep it under wraps. Don’t mistake unwillingness with obliviousness.” Taking the mug and sipping at it, Will hums again, smiles around the rim. “You’re a difficult man to read, Hannibal. But there are some things you’re not exactly interested in being subtle about.”

*Clever boy.*

If Will continues to speak in such a way, Hannibal fears he might need a sturdier fabric below the
waist. Not that he’s bothered of his body’s reactions, but it would be indecent to host a meal with an erection.

“Allow me to brush my teeth, then,” Hannibal says, words steady.

“I’ve no intention of going anywhere. If you’ll have me.”

Hannibal doesn’t point out that he does intend to have him in every possible way.

The only patients he ever sees over the weekend are those who call in on the off chance of an emergency. In his scheduler, Saturdays and Sundays are solely reserved for his leisure. At the moment he considers this to be a taste of both worlds, because the bulge he cups between Will’s legs is definitely what he would consider an emergency. He says so against the column of Will’s neck.

“That was… really bad,” he says around a shaky laugh, spattering his hands over the soft fabric of Hannibal’s knit top. Fingers sink into it, then drag down his chest and around his waist, lingering just over the swell of his ass.

Hannibal presses the tip of his nose to the soft spot behind Will’s ear and inhales deep, savoring the intoxicating mixture of fever, arousal, and adrenaline. He parts his lips but doesn’t kiss, only allowing himself the ghost of a touch, consuming the rhythmic pulse just underneath the skin.

“I can be quiet, if you want.” It’s a tease, one that is accompanied by another squeeze between Will’s legs. “Set my mouth to better use.”

He watches with amusement the delay in Will’s thoughts, an attractive shade of pink making its way to his cheeks once he realizes what it is that Hannibal is implying. “Oh.”

“Oh?”

“Don’t really know what to do with you,” he confesses, finally letting his hands stray the rest of the way down to softly squeeze Hannibal’s ass. “Never expected to get this far.”

“What gave me away?” Hannibal asks, genuinely curious as he pulls Will away from the bedroom wall they had pressed against. “I was certain I was being careful.” He walks Will backwards to the bed until his knees hit the mattress, encourages him to sit with a light touch to his shoulders.

“You sniffed me.” The statement is borderline hysterical, like he cannot believe that Hannibal would even have to ask. “Repeatedly.”

Hardly anything worth noting, he finds it hard to believe that Will would make such an improbable jump on such little evidence. The man is a wonder when it comes to seeing what others so readily miss, but Hannibal’s ability to bend the truth and render people blind is nearly perfect. That Will has been able to pick up on this is convenient and inconvenient alike. How long until he uncovers more perilous truths?

“You also, uh, stare a lot,” he adds, vaguely waving a hand in front of his face. “Like you want to eat me. That’s less obvious, but I’m pretty sure not everyone who sits across from you gets that look.”

“Then I have been awfully rude. I apologize.”

“No. No, I mean, I just…” Will wets his lips, keeps his eyes straight on where they’re level with
Hannibal’s chest. He huffs out a stunted laugh. “Part of me was skeptical, at first. Hadn’t you been as open about it, I would have backtracked. Gotten the hell out. Either it’s professional or it isn’t.”

“God forbid we find middle ground.”

“A lot of my thoughts didn’t go well with ‘middle ground’,” Will murmurs, beautifully embarrassed.

Hannibal considers him for a moment, avoiding eye contact and fidgeting with his hands over his lap. Reluctant to let the mood shift, Hannibal steps between his knees and pushes a hand into the soft curls of his hair. Nails drag along the warm scalp, drawing a hitch of breath from Will’s chest.

“Did you make a habit out of fantasizing about us during your appointments?” If he did, Hannibal congratulates him for never letting on.

“I tried not to.” Will leans into the touch, spreads his legs wider. “I hardly thought about anything lewd while in your presence.”

“And while not in my presence?”

Will tips forward, hands circling Hannibal’s waist to bring him closer still. He presses an open-mouthed kiss to the warm fabric of his sweater, inhales deep in an attempt to buy himself some time before answering. “Fantasies don’t hurt people,” he says, finally, nuzzling him. “Doesn’t stop them from being embarrassing.”

“We are adults,” Hannibal says, surprised at the unintentional warmth behind his words. “Discussing one’s taste in sexual activities can be beneficial to one’s health, both mental and physical. It may solidify and strengthen the bond forged by pleasure for all parties involved.”

“My fantasies are often not tasty.”

“Then maybe we can discuss them.” A hand still in Will’s hair and the other sliding along his back, Hannibal tethers him to the here and now, offering safety and comfort. Two components needed to crack Will wide open for him to savor. “Regardless of how deviant you might think them.”

“I have a feeling handcuffs aren’t your definition of deviant.” Will pointedly glances around the room, regarding the dark walls, skulls, and antlers that are mounted over the bed. “You’re as far away from vanilla as vanilla can possibly be. You’re *carnal.*”

“I’m a bouquet of flavors,” Hannibal says, deeply amused at Will’s observation. “Does my expected taste for debauchery excite you?”

“As much as it shames me.”

The admission licks arousal at Hannibal’s gut. “Tell me, Will. Where have I taken you?”

Will’s laugh can only be described as a burst, his chin resting against Hannibal to finally look up at him. “I’ve fucked you over your desk, doctor,” he says, that lovely tint along his cheeks darkening further. “On more than one occasion.”

Hannibal feels himself stiffen once more, an absurd amount of satisfaction curling up his toes and reflecting deep in his chest. He suddenly aches to be taken, to be bent over and ravished by this remarkable man. “Ah.”

“Ah?”
“That was unexpected,” Hannibal confides, tightening the hand on Will’s hair until he arches back from the pain. “Although, not an unpleasant thought. Where else?”

“In my bed.”

“Awfully bland.” Will’s mouth twists into a frown, painting a look that reflects the shame he has confessed to. “How did you take me, in your bed?” At a lack of an answer, Hannibal pushes for one by tightening his grip. “Will.”

“All fours,” he grits out, hips bucking up to hump thin air. “On all fours.”

“That’s hardly perverse.”

“Collared.” A pause, eyes squeezed shut. “Leashed.” The word leaves him in a whisp of air, nearly missed were it not for Hannibal’s rapt attention.

Another pause, this one heavy for two warring reasons: Will’s embarrassment, and Hannibal’s curious consideration.

He can’t say he’s at all surprised, but he had expected a studier wall against Will’s defenses. The potential for violence aside, Will had come off as a man far too stubborn to simply give into his animal instinct, both figuratively and literally. To be fair, Hannibal hadn’t given much thought to Will’s sex life, but this is definitely a plus. He’s being given the key to Will’s darkest desires, and it is fulfilling to behold.

Releasing his hair, Hannibal drags his knuckles over the scruff along Will’s cheekbones and jaw in a soothing gesture. “Did you mount me?” He gasps as if he’s been slapped across the face. “At that moment, was I your bitch in heat, Will?”

“Christ, Hannibal.”

“Your pack is very well trained. I assume I was, too. Poised to answer your call, to obey your command to present myself.” Hannibal lowers himself, one knee on the mattress beside Will’s hip. “Did I whine when you penetrated me?”

Will does whine when Hannibal pushes him to lay on his back, still fully dressed and pants tented. His eyes are shut, mouth indecisive of whether it should be open or closed. His entire frame shakes and Hannibal simply watches him come apart, spewing filth and indulging him.

“It wouldn’t have been enough,” he adds, thoughtfully. “You are human, after all. Biology won’t allow you.” There is more to that sentence but it’s lost once Will moves, shockingly quick in this state bordering delirium.

He flips them over, pinning Hannibal beneath him and agilely turning him onto his stomach. Hannibal, of course, doesn’t put up a fight. Lets Will have his way. He isn’t the least bit threatened by the surrender of control in bed.

Taking a pillow to cushion the side of his face, he feels rather than sees Will wrestle off his pajama bottoms, exposing him to the warm air around them. He waits to be touched, hit, kissed, anything, but nothing comes. Nothing but the weight of Will’s body displaced evenly across his back. Hot breath against neck and ear.

“It’s my fantasy, however,” he says, voice gruff and unnervingly controlled. “So biology and logic can fuck off.”

“What are you going to do, Will?” A challenge, more heated than intended. Hannibal burns hotter
than Will’s fever for this.

“Lube.”

“Tell me.”

“I’ll do it dry.”

The threat makes Hannibal’s cock jerk, jaw going slack, no matter how empty it is. Will would never be as cruel. “Top drawer.”

“Condoms?”

“I’m afraid I don’t have any,” he lies, wanting nothing to come between them and the fulfillment of Will’s fantasy. At the perceived pause, he shifts onto his knees and arches his back. “Are they entirely necessary?”

“It would be irresponsible.”

Although he can’t see him, Hannibal can feel Will’s eyes trailing hot paths down his back. “I trust you to be completely honest with me. That honesty is entirely reciprocated.”

Will gingerly places his fingertips at the hollow of Hannibal’s back before pushing them up, dragging the soft fabric with them to expose more skin. “Even knowing we’re both clean, it feels wrong.”

“Wrong, but not uncomfortable.”

“No, not uncomfortable.”

“Good. Now, I’d very much like for us to continue.”

Will’s laugh is soft, and a kiss to the back of Hannibal’s neck startles him. “Is that...impatience I’m sensing?”

“Quite.”

The uncapping of a bottle, the slick sound of skin on skin. “You’re still too calm.”

“Would you rather I ramble?”

“You know what I want to do to you. Tell me.”

Hannibal licks his lips, shifts minutely when his knees protest the position he’s rarely ever put in. “And deny me the opportunity to listen to your voice.”

The blunt tip of a finger presses to Hannibal, rubbing teasing circles without pushing in. Will takes a moment to suck and bite just below the back of his neck, no doubt leaving marks in his wake.

It feels like the completion of their foundation, where the markers Hannibal had placed are now replaced by bedrock. From here on out, there’s nowhere to go but up. Time to build and create, to shape, adapt, and evolve.

“I’m going to mount you,” Will says, voice pitched low once more. “Rut as deep as I can go and then push further.” Two fingers rather than one push in, and Hannibal forces his body to grow still, to open around the intrusion. “Fuck, I’m going to ride your ass, Hannibal, as tight and hot as it is.” First knuckles, second, then third. His fingers begin to scissor.
Hannibal measures his breathing, keeps it steady as he’s stretched to accommodate Will’s girth. It’s a slow and grueling process, growing soft by the time three fingers become comfortable enough. More lubricant, more kisses that include an excess of teeth and tongue.

“Okay?” The question is a heady whisper, one Hannibal answers with a stiff nod. “Anything in specific to get you going again?”

“You will do,” he says with a half smile. “I have the utmost faith in you to take care of me.” Will’s shiver translates onto Hannibal’s skin.

“More credit than I deserve.” Will wastes little time in positioning himself, the bulbous head of his cock breaching the still tight ring of muscle. “Right now, all I can think about is giving you my knot and breeding you.”

The words are enough to knock the air right out of Hannibal’s lungs.

The animalistic imagery stirs him back to attention, the mental image of Will stripped away from his moral binds and simply fucking him in the crudest and most primal of ways is enough to get Hannibal moaning into the pillow.

“Not that I’m comparing you to a dog.” Will says, too coherent for his liking. “You’re more reminiscent of a stag. Big, strong, imposing.” He stills when he’s buried all the way in, skin pressed tightly against skin.

“Entirely masculine.”

“Broad, powerful, but… still under me.” A fast snap of hips that nearly topples Hannibal onto the bed. “Still splitting yourself open on my cock, dripping onto the mattress without even needing to be touched.”

Hannibal fists the sheets on either side of the pillow, delighting in the feeling of Will pulling away only to sit up and grab his hips, pull them back to get Hannibal to fuck himself on him over and over again. It’s fast and dirty, the pace erratic and frenzied, just as Will’s moans and Hannibal’s noisy breathing.

They slip further into a sea of pure sensation, of taste and sound. No need to pretend or to hide behind a pair of glasses. The simplicity of the moment burrows deep into the cavity of his chest, making it its home and manifesting in waves of animal intensity and want. It feels different from the high of the hunt, but not exactly. It feels similar to drowning.

“What are you hiding, Hannibal?”

A simple question that merits a simple answer: nothing.

He doesn’t tense or react, just allowing Will’s rolling motion to shift him. Push him further into the bed, spread him wider, plow him deeper. They’re but two men enjoying good sex.

*Jack gave me a call at five in the morning.*

Hannibal shuts his eyes and smiles because, oh, what a disastrously clever boy.

He receives no cruelty despite what Will might think he knows, his fingers touching softly in contrast to the brutal pounding he’s giving him. Will’s lips are ravenous, worshipful, drinking in the scent of musk and coffee.
But there is knowledge there. There is power and confidence in the way Will approached him, disabled him, rendered him vulnerable. There is no lie but sins of omission and half truths, carefully manipulated scenarios that draw from very real wants and desires.

Will had not lied about wanting Hannibal like this, but he’s used it as a weapon.

Hannibal is deeply charmed and without a doubt infatuated.

“We all keep our secrets,” he says, cursing the way his words slur. It’s too much, heat curling and threatening to spill out at any given moment.

“Some, ah, bigger than others.”

“And far deadlier.”

Will hums, a hand abandoning Hannibal’s hip. It comes to rest against the column of his neck instead. Not with violence, but another display of control. “Beg me for it,” Will whispers hoarsely into his ear. “I’ll give you what you want so long as you ask for it.”

Heat builds, molten in his gut.

Hannibal wonders to what extent those words reach. “I’ve been,” a gasp, low and long when Will grazes against his prostate, “I’ve been cooperative.”

“I know.” The kiss pressed to Hannibal’s throat is chaste, and the hand around it pulls him up until he’s kneeling over Will’s lap. It’s easier to move this way, taking him deeper with each bounce. “And as long as you continue to be good, I’ll treat you nicely.”

The words curl and serve as good as any physical stroke Will could administer. They wrap around his cock and squeeze with desire, with blinding lust because against Hannibal’s back is a predator that has snuck into another predator’s den.

This moment is a promise.

“Stag or bitch? Whichever am I now, Will?”

“Whatever you – oh, fuck, *fuck* – choose to be.”

“What do you need me to be?” Hannibal asks, words breaking as he tips his head back against Will’s shoulder, working himself faster onto him.

The only sound Will makes is a series of grunts, pushing harder, faster, staring at Hannibal so hard his eyes lose focus. “A really attractive man that is miraculously desperate to be filled with my come.”

Hannibal’s laugh fades abruptly into a sigh when Will takes him in hand and begins to pump him out of time with his thrusts. They melt against each other, taking their building pleasure and consuming it.

“Next time,” Will grits out into Hannibal’s ear, “I’m gonna make you come first.” His tongue presses to the tender bit of skin beneath the lobe, tasting Hannibal’s pulse. “That way, you can lay back as I use you till my heart’s content.”

“*Will.*” The tight syllable is warning enough, cock thickening in his hand, spurting, ready to climax.
“Be a good boy and come while I’m fucking you, Hannibal. And let me hear you.”

Sweater pulled to the side and teeth digging deep into his shoulder, Hannibal does as he’s told.

* 

A quick shower and a change of pajamas later, Hannibal stands before the bathroom mirror to catalogue the damage. There are bruises and bitemarks, scratches that run long and red down his arms, but nothing that can’t be covered with a suit and tie. A shame to have them put away, but necessary.

He runs a hand through his hair, combing it back into a faint semblance of order. It’s long enough to need a trim, but the way Will had held on to it makes him think twice about it. Perhaps not yet.

The deeper wound caused by teeth between his shoulder and neck is disinfected and tended to, a gauze taped into place before he slips on a clean sweater. Most of his marks disappear then, but he can still feel each and every one with excruciating sharpness. The same can be said about the pleasant ache along his lower body.

Deeming himself ready to rejoin Will in the bedroom, Hannibal slips a razor under his sleeve.

Will’s back is propped up against the headboard, the book that rested on the bedside table now against his belly as he absently leafs through it. He’s as naked as Hannibal left him, completely unbothered by it or by the sweat and semen that must have dried on him by now.

“The bathroom is yours, if you wish to freshen up.” Hannibal watches him with a soft smile, sated to the bone. “Would you care for fresh clothes?”

“I’ll pass on anything satin,” Will says around a low laugh, putting the book back in its place and getting up. “Otherwise, sure. I’d appreciate it.”

While he tends to himself with the bathroom door between them, Hannibal busies himself by picking up their discarded clothing. He notes that Will’s pants and shirt are free of any stains, only slightly wrinkled, but he doesn’t comment on it, setting them neatly over a chair.

It’s a subtle manipulation, one Hannibal unwittingly suggested. To have Will parade around his home, in his clothes, after having taken Hannibal in his bed. It appeals to both their vanity and to Will’s sense of possession.

The feeling is unequivocally intoxicating.

Moving to the dresser, Hannibal can feel where the razor has grown warm against the skin of his wrist. There is no question that Will knows what he’s gotten himself into, and his confidence is as grating as it is gratifying. The situation requires a copious amount of attention and quick wit, delicate deconstructing and analyzing for any possible outcomes that may turn out unfavorable.

Sliding the razor into the book on his side of the bed and keeping it near the edge, Hannibal sets off to change the sheets.

Fruitless, considering that Will chooses that moment to re-enter the room and push Hannibal down to sit on the corner of the bare mattress. His mouth is hot and wet as it wraps around Hannibal’s flaccid cock, warming it until it fills and he comes down Will’s throat in a matter of mere moments. His enthusiasm is something to behold.

“What about affairs?” Will asks over dinner, watching Hannibal serve them something quick and light.
He had thought about reheating yesterday’s leftovers, but the evening requires a meal that is as fresh as this new development. “Affairs can be convenient.”

Wine is served and taken on the kitchen island. Night has already fallen and Will is once more dressed in his own clothing, keys and phone safely in his pocket as he readies himself for the drive home once they’re finished.

“They eliminate the difficult aspects of dating.”

“Without cheapening the experience by tacking on a degrading label,” Hannibal says, smiling along the rim of his glass. “I had a marvelous time, Will.”

Nodding with a dramatic flair, he takes his own swig, mindful not to overdo it. “You’re saying to the guy looking for an excuse to continue messing around.”

“None would ever be needed. In fact, no label at all may be required if it makes you feel better. It is what it is, and you will continue to be welcomed to my bed.”

“Only your bed?”

“Study, office. Not always for sex, not necessarily. Our conversations can be just as intimate and fulfilling.”

They eat in comfortable silence, neither waiting for the proverbial shoe to drop. Hannibal wonders if he’s imagined the whole thing, if the moment of vulnerability had driven him to skirt along the darkest of realities. Maybe all Will did want was company. Hannibal’s company.

“Either way, I’m keeping the bottle in the car,” Will says teasingly. “Keep my hands on something the next time I come knocking.”

“Of course.”

“Should I call next time? Before I show up, I mean.” He stabs the last remaining cubes of meat and dabs them over the sauce on the plate, popping them into his mouth with a pleased hum. “Driving an hour through snow and ice in the dead of night to find out you aren’t at home.” Will shrugs, swallows, and takes one more sip. “You’re a busy person, I get it. It’d also be kinda rude to show up unannounced. Like today.”

Hannibal takes his time finishing his own meal, dissecting Will’s tone. It’s an unmistakably knowing one. “Yet another reason as to why an affair would be more appropriate. Conflicting schedules would make a relationship in the traditional sense unfairly difficult to maintain.”

He can feel Will’s eyes on him. Steady. “I can work with this.”

“Can you?” The question comes quick, but not defensive. He almost wants to ask for how long. How long will he be able to maintain a casual fling with someone he knows is capable of heinous crimes? Hannibal wants to poke and prod, draw as much as he can but he resists. Not yet. Will isn’t ready yet. His fever smells of sweet spice, but it’s far from being ripe.

“More than I’d like to admit.” Standing up from the island, Will takes his dishes to the sink and washes them. He hangs them up to dry, back to Hannibal and shoulders tenser than they had been when he’d arrived. “We should talk about this. At length.”

“Maybe another time,” Hannibal says. “When the weather doesn’t threaten to strand you here.”

Will turns to him then, leaning back against the edge of the sink. He heaves in a deep breath,
considering Hannibal for a long moment.

It’s a beat of silence, a stretch of time that speaks louder and clearer than the convoluted mess of words they’ve spewed throughout the evening. A promise and a threat in which both of them stand on either end.

No game of cat and mouse here. Traps have been set, and now it’s time to dance around them until either one gets snapped.

“Okay,” Will finally concedes, drying his hands against his pants.

At the door, Hannibal pins him for a brief kiss that is chaster than anything they have done so far. Soft brushes of lips against lips, sweetened by wine and made pliant by full bellies and exquisite sex.

“We may discuss the case on Friday, during your appointment.” Another kiss, this one to the corner of Will’s mouth. “If you wish.”

“Sounds good.” Will nuzzles the side of Hannibal’s neck before pulling away and reaching for his coat. He eases into it, and Hannibal drapes the scarf over his shoulders. “I’ll see you then, Hannibal.”

“Drive safely, Will.”

Hannibal stays at the door despite the cold that pricks at his skin like needles, watching him get behind the wheel and drive off in a flurry of hurried movement. When the snow settles, he closes it.

Winter has just begun stretching out its fingers, promising a cold and brutal season ahead. Thankfully, he now has thoughts and memories enough to keep him warm during tranquil weekends. Even as a creature of habit, he looks forward to the interruption, the shift in his busy schedule.

Will Graham has walked right through his front door. Bedded him. Worn his clothes. Eaten his food. Will has seen, and he has chosen to stay for whatever dubious reason that may be.

Hannibal patiently waits for the game to run faster than he’d anticipated with a smile on his face and heavy warmth in his limbs.

Perhaps Abigail may be of use, after all.

Perhaps, he thinks, looking down at the shattered pieces of ceramic strewn over the sweeping expanse of the corridor, he may have the opportunity to bring this dusty teacup together again.

Patiently, he walks through the halls of his palace, building a room for tonight, for Will to reside in. Whether his stay will be long or cut short by fate and circumstance, Hannibal cannot predict just yet, but he’ll savor each and every agonizingly slow step of the way.

End Notes

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