

When a tornado meets a volcano

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/13006725) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/13006725>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	F/F , M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Alana Bloom/Margot Verger
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Abigail Hobbs , Jack Crawford , Alana Bloom , Margot Verger , Mason Verger , Chiyoh (Hannibal) , Anthony Dimmond , Rinaldo Pazzi
Additional Tags:	Season Three AU , Murder Husbands , Abigail is alive , Possessive Hannibal , Protective Hannibal , Dark Will
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-12-13 Completed: 2018-07-01 Words: 28,726 Chapters: 15/15

When a tornado meets a volcano

by [Elenduen](#)

Summary

Sequel to The Greatest Sin is Pride

Now in Europe Hannibal and Will marry and begin their lives together in Florence with their "Daughter" Abigail.

Everything is perfect, until enemies from the past unite against them to either bring them to justice or to see them die horrific deaths.

Chapter 1

“I Hannibal Anatolijus Lecter do take thee William James Graham to be my lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, for richer for poorer, for better for worse, and forsaking all others unto death do us part”

From behind Will Abigail gave a choked sob which she muffled into tissues, they were happy tears of course that she shed as she witnessed the marriage of Hannibal and Will

“I William James Graham” Will said faltering a little over the words as emotion choked him too “Do take thee Hannibal Anatolijus Lecter to be my lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, for richer for poorer, for better for worse, and forsaking all others unto death us do part”

The Priest, an elderly man who’s face was scored with liver spots and wrinkles smiled at the couple “Now the rings” he said in an age roughened voice

Hannibal took the platinum band that was inscribed with his initials and slipped it onto Will’s finger

“With this ring I thee wed”

Taking a platinum band inscribed with his own initials Will reciprocated the gesture giving Hannibal his ring so they would forever be wearing each other’s initials upon their wedding bands.

“I now pronounce you joined in Holy Matrimony” The Priest declared and stepped back as Abigail threw confetti over Will and Hannibal as the Lady who had been arranging flowers in the Chapel and been called upon to act as second witness clapped enthusiastically while Will and Hannibal kissed for the first time as Husbands.

“Congratulations” she said in heavily accented English

“Merci” Hannibal replied with a thrilled smile while Will spread his arms to receive an ecstatic Abigail who kissed his cheeks beaming brightly.

Using her phone she snapped pictures of Hannibal and Will as they signed the register and their marriage certificate. They had decided to take the chance and marry in a small village outside of Paris under their real names so that this wedding certificate and the marriage could never be considered null and void as it would if they were under false identities.

“Now” Hannibal said as Will completed his signature “Time for Dinner!”.

Paris

“Remind me what exactly we are doing here?” Will asked sipping his scotch and looking round the bar which was filled with society people who made him feel hopelessly outclassed and under dressed despite the Armani he was wearing.

Hannibal may have agreed on letting him continue to wear jeans on a regular basis rather than the tailored suits he favoured for himself but he had not agreed to let Will wear anything less than designer jeans and had insisted on having them tailored to fit rather than just bought of the rack.

Hannibal himself was for once not in one of his exquisite suits but in full bikers leather which went with the motorbike parked out front.

Looking at Hannibal in the tight leather made Will seriously wish that his jeans were less fitted especially over the crotch!. Clenching his fist and digging his nails into his palms to try and take his mind off the increasingly pressing problem thrusting against his jeans!.

Hannibal smiled one of his indulgent/exasperated smiles, (Will was becoming well versed in knowing all of Hannibal’s smiles).

“We are here my darling to acquire our new identities which will lead us to Florence” he replied taking a sip of his champagne, he rose an eyebrow as a handsome gentleman caught his eye and made his way over.

“I couldn’t help but notice the two of you from across the room” the gentleman said his accent British and cultured showing a good education at either Oxford or Cambridge.

“And I couldn’t help but think you both find Roman as detestable as I do!”

Will made a humming noise and took a mouthful of scotch to let Hannibal field the conversation

“Have you read his works?, they are appalling!” the man went on grinning at them “Blink once if you agree!”

Hannibal complied giving a single blink

“Do you know Doctor Fell personally?” Hannibal asked

“He and his Husband Leo Fell” the Gentleman said, “I was Roman’s TA at Cambridge”

Cambridge then not Oxford

“How do you know them Mr...?”

“Anatolijus Zemaitis” Hannibal replied “This is my Husband James”

“Anthony Dimond” the Gentleman said shaking Hannibal and then Will’s hand

“In answer to your question we have only a passing acquaintance with the Fell’s” Hannibal said

“All the better, Leo is worse than Roman!” Anthony stated finishing his champagne and sighed deeply “Well I suppose I should mingle and try to keep out of Roman’s way if at all

possible!", he smiled charmingly "Very nice meeting you both"

"Likewise" Will said trying to be a smooth and calm as Hannibal

"Hopefully we'll meet again" Hannibal said sharing a smile with Anthony as he departed.

Will took a deep sigh of relief and finished his scotch, "I don't know how you can be so calm" he said to Hannibal who was once again staring at his intended, Roman Fell

"Are not all predators calm before they strike?" Hannibal asked "The Lion does not panic when he spies the antelope, the wolf does not tremble when he see's the rabbit, the Hawk does not freeze when he sights the vole"

"Yes but we are not lions, wolves, or hawks" Will countered shifting closer to Hannibal, almost hiding himself behind the broadness of his shoulders and looking around out of the corner of his eyes at the crowd about them, "Besides I feel like I'm the prey right now, the rabbit about to get torn apart by the ravening wolf!"

Hannibal chuckled quietly and reached back to take Will's hand in his own raising it to his lips and kissed his knuckles "You my sweet Mongoose are no ones prey but mine and while I take great pleasure in devouring you I promise I will never tear you apart!"

Will's cheeks flushed crimson and his problem with the crotch of his trousers grew worse still

"Christ sakes Hannibal you're killing me here!" he complained in his hushed voice "Don't you ever wear leather in public again it's a weapon of mass distraction if not destruction!"

Hannibal's vanity veritably sang at this praise even if it was said in the form of a complaint from a clearly uncomfortable Will, the source of his discomfort was equally clear with a single glance below his belt!.

"It is nice to know that marriage has not taken the passion out of our relationship!"

Will glared at his husband "You're a damn sadist!".

Abigail was lain on her belly across the corner suite sofa flipping through TV channels in the hotel suite that Hannibal had rented for them. The president suite of course!.

She looked up as Will came in undoing his tie and discarding it on the table just right of the door where the phone sat.

“Where’s Hannibal?” she asked reaching down into the bowl of popcorn which was on the floor in front of her and grabbed a handful to munch on

“Getting our new identities and dinner!” Will replied untucking his shirt and slinging his jacket over the back of the sofa before throwing himself down upon it, he smiled and stretched his left arm over the back of the sofa as Abigail moved and curled up against him bringing the popcorn with her for them to share

“Anything decent on the box?” he asked taking a handful, hmm packet bought toffee popcorn, Hannibal would have a fit!

“Nothing so far” Abigail replied continuing to skip through the channels “I guess soap opera’s are shit in any country”

“Something all countries have in common” Will agreed getting himself comfortable as Abigail settled on some Chat show which was of course in French “Have you decided on a name for yourself yet?” he asked reaching for another handful of Popcorn

“A couple but I’m not sure” Abigail said “So far I like Antonia, Alessia, Chiara, Gabriella, Sabrina, and Zarah”

To help her blend in once they got to Florence they had decided that Abigail should have an Italian name of her own choosing. At present she was known as Lily Zemaitis, the adopted daughter of Hannibal and Will. Once they got to Florence she would be Will’s or rather Leo’s biological daughter via a surrogate Mother.

“If I may suggest” Will offered “Try for a name that does not sound too dissimilar to Abigail so it won’t be confusing for you until you get use to it”.

This seemed like a fair suggestion to Abigail who nodded her head thinking back over her list of names, “Gabriella then, that sounds similar enough to Abigail, Gabriella Zarah?”

“Sounds good to me” Will agreed “We’ll let Hannibal know when he gets back”, he ran a hand over his face “Fancy a hot chocolate to go with this...”, he paused and watched an overweight woman screaming at a scrawny man on the TV screen “Whatever the hell this is!?”

“Yeah!” Abigail laughed “With whipped cream and marshmallows!”

They eyeballed each other in mock seriousness “Don’t tell Hannibal!”, sharing a laugh Will went to get their stash of instant hot chocolate, marshmallows, and canister whipped cream while Abigail put the kettle on for the hot water.

Across Paris Leo Fell entered the apartment he shared with his husband Roman and paused at the sound of Opera music playing on the sound system.

There was the smell of cooking in the air, some kind of meat but he was not sure what.

Walking deeper into the apartment he stopped dead at the sight of a handsome fair haired man sitting at the dinner table eating a meal.

“Bonsoir!” Hannibal said congenially.

Chapter 2

As with everything else in his life Hannibal believed in quality over quantity, he would rather have small amounts of the finest things than mass amounts of mediocre.

This belief naturally included his sex life.

In his youth he had for a time been lost in lust and had enjoyed several sexual partners as he learned what he liked, what others liked, and how to perfect his sexual skills.

Now in his forties his skills as a lover were well honed and perfected, he knew exactly how to achieve the maximum of physical pleasure and how to get his lovers to the same heights.

Will was no exception in this.

The first time they became intimate after the hated colostomy bag was removed at last Will swore that he saw stars!.

It wasn't that Hannibal was rough with him, nor was he particularly kinky, he did not use ropes or any kinds of bonds, did not slap or use a soft leather whip or anything mild or extreme BDSM.

What he was, was a very sensual and attentive lover.

Like in preparing a meal Hannibal believed in taking in time so he could make the experience memorable and truly delicious.

Hannibal did not go at Sex all guns blazing ripping off clothes in a rush to get between the sheets and start fucking.

He took things slowly and sensuously, first with tender caresses then added gentle and some what chaste kisses that gradually grew deeper and more intense with the touches and caresses growing bolder and firmer as the passion built up from within.

This first stage of foreplay could last for hours Will found, Hannibal, a man who could happily go for an unlimited amount of time without sex quite happily more than made up for his abstinence when he cared to indulge.

Their sex life might not be the rampant every night orgy that shook the bed and left a myriad of bruises in the morning but Will could not say that he was lacking anything because when they did lay together it seemed to take his body days to come down from the orgasm induced high that Hannibal took him to.

As the desire for skin on skin contact finally began to over whelm even Hannibal's inhuman control he would then move the foreplay onto a slow game of stripping Will from head to toe.

Some how no matter what little Will might be wearing Hannibal seemed to make this act last forever and have him whining and squirming in desperate need as Hannibal peeled off his clothes like he was peeling and artichoke.

When Will and he were both finally naked Hannibal lay Will down on the bed and proceed to taste him from his forehead down to toes, licking, teasing, and biting what felt like every inch of Will's skin. It made Will feel like he was being swallowed whole, like he was a feast laid out before Hannibal who slowly and gluttonously gorged himself upon his flesh.

With his wickedly skilled tongue and long slender tormenting fingers Hannibal carefully and meticulously stimulated and aroused each and every nerve in Will's body so that by the time he was done Will's entire nervous system was one raw and shaking nerve ending and Will himself was beyond words, beyond thought, and teetering on the very edge of nirvana.

At this agonising and intoxicating brink of bliss Hannibal would hold Will for as long as he could, delighting both in the torment and manipulation of his lover as much as he did the arousing sight of Will spread out before him naked, vulnerable, and utterly his alone.

After looking his fill upon Will in his decadent and debauched glory Hannibal would finally enter his pliant spread body, filling Will with himself and covering him completely. In this he was just as tender and sensuous, there was nothing rushed, nothing hurried or without incredible grace and refinement. Each and every move was slow and deliberate affording them both the maximum of pleasure and stretching out this final part of their love making as long as was possible before finally bringing them both to ecstasy.

Will had never had such an attentive lover before in life, had not had many lovers at all in fact and had certainly not spent an entire night on a single act of copulation that was so filled with sensation and passion that it sated better than three or four times in the span of one night.

How Hannibal could make the act of love so artistic and all consuming Will had no idea and he certainly was not complaining, even when his sense of time became completely lost somewhere between being stripped naked and finally being gifted his mind blowing climax.

Mind blowing was the only way he could think to describe it as it left him feeling as if he were floating, his body both buzzing with energy and pleasantly numb.

His thoughts that were often a jumble of his own and other peoples were completely calmed, his mind stilled and soothed on the very edge of a dream that he was gently lulled into by Hannibal carefully washing him and tucking him into bed before climbing in himself and wrapping his larger frame about Will as if he were cocooning him in a protective shell.

Will never slept better or deeper than those nights after love making with Hannibal, nor had he ever felt more at peace in his life than he did at Hannibal's side. If there was a heaven on earth then he had found it, at The Devils side.

Florence

Once their new identity's were secured Hannibal wasted no time in taking himself, Will, and Abigail to Florence and purchasing them a lavish apartment in what had in Renaissance times been a Palazzo of one of the wealthy noble families in Florence.

While it did not have a balcony the windows were wide enough for one to sit in and they have a magnificent view of Florence and The Belvedere which was undoubtedly why Hannibal had chosen the apartment though he did not admit it when asked by Will and a grinning mischievous Abigail who seemed delighted to calling Hannibal Papa and Will Dad.

To secure himself a position at the Palazzo Caponi Hannibal swiftly removed the curator. He did not bother with eating the man who was too aged for his taste and aside from being in Hannibal's way he had done nothing to earn Hannibal's wrath, so he was granted a swift painless death and his body was buried without a fuss leaving a vacancy that Hannibal intended to fill.

Naturally an inquiry into the mans disappearance was called but the disinterested Police quickly wrote off the case and determined that the man had run away with some rich mistress to parts unknown.

In the weeks between the curators "Disappearance" and applying for the position of curator himself Hannibal indulged in being a tourist and took pleasure in showing Will and Abigail around Florence.

While neither had ever had that much interest in history or art before Hannibal's way of describing things and approach to introducing them to the beauty and history of Florence had them fascinated and captivated by all he showed them.

On several occasions they visited the Uffizi gallery, a particular favourite place of Hannibal's who was captivated by The Primavera and could happily spend hours sketching the magnificent work of art, sometimes changing the characters in the painting for that of Will and Abigail, having them take the places of Botticelli's subjects with flowing hair and tendrils of plants trailing from them.

"Is the Primavera your favourite piece of art?" Abigail asked one lazy Saturday afternoon

"If I had a favourite then yes I think so" Hannibal replied using his little finger to smudge the charcoal pencil he was using

"I think I prefer The Birth of Venus" Abigail said looking from Hannibal's sketch to the painting

“Venus and yourself have much in common” Hannibal said glancing up at Abigail who rose her eyebrows in curiosity “Both of you have a deadly beauty”

“Is that an insult or a compliment?” Will asked without looking up from the book he was reading

“Neither of course” Hannibal replied continuing with his sketch, this time the central figure he had changed from a beautiful voluptuous woman to Will in a flowing toga wreathed in trailing flowers and leaves.

“Venus and her Greek counterpart Aphrodite were both the most beautiful of the Gods, but were also as deadly as they were beautiful, their part in the contest for the golden apple and the seduction of Paris led to the fall of Troy, their envy over the beauty of the mortal Psyche had her chained to a rock for a monster to devour”

“I wouldn’t say I am envious” Abigail said sitting down on the bench besides Hannibal

“We all are” Hannibal said quite calmly “We are all guilty of all the seven deadly Sins in shape or form, it is part of what makes us human, what makes up humanity”

“And what makes life worth living!” Will put in dryly as he turned the page of his book “Where would we all be without a little lust to spice things up or the occasional indulgence of gluttony!?”

“There would likely be far less birth rates!” Hannibal mused making Abigail giggle and Will glance up from his book with an amused expression on his face,

“Are you saying all babies are conceived in lust?”

“Not all” Hannibal said blowing excess charcoal from his paper and closed the book “But most”, he slipped the book under his arm and replaced the pencil in his top pocket “We must return to our apartment, we all need to wash and dress for tonight”

Will groaned and rolled his eyes making a dramatic show of rising up from his comfortable slouch against Hannibal’s side, Abigail however sprang up excited to go and get dressed up in another expensive gown and to spend a night at a sophisticated party being held by the Custodia of Accademia.

The Custodia had already excepted Hannibal’s credentials as an expert on Renaissance and pre-Renaissance Florence but there was still Professor Sogliato and the Studiolo to get past before he was officially made Curator as he intended.

This party was the best way for Hannibal to be formally introduced to them and to Florentine society along with his husband and their daughter.

While Hannibal's guidance and patience had already helped build Will's self confidence he was still rather nervous about attending such events especially when their futures hung in the balance with how the night went.

Will need not have worried about himself showing them up, it was Professor Sogliato who did that.

At first the evening went perfectly, under Hannibal's tutorials both Will and Abigail had learned enough Italian to get by without difficulty and the guests at the Palazzo were all fluent enough in English that conversation was not difficult for them if Hannibal were not by their sides, which was rare.

Or at least it was at first for Abigail who's youth and prettiness which was enhanced by expensive Gucci gown she wore and carefully applied make up that she had been advised on by a professional make up artist in Paris, attracted quite a lot of attention from the younger guests and she was soon swept away from her Father's sides to dance with several different young men.

While it took some persuasion on Hannibal's part Will gave in and allowed his husband to lead him onto the dance floor and take them through a waltz. Hannibal of course led, his natural skill easily guiding Will so they made an elegant pair amid the other couples on the floor.

Unable to resist Hannibal even dipped Will at the end and beamed at the look of surprise and the light blush on his Husbands face
"Bellissimo"

"Grazi" Will murmured leaning a little into Hannibal's side as they left the floor to join an happily flushed Abigail which was when one of the professors chose to introduce them to Professor Sogliato.

Will immediately felt his hackles rising at the sight of the small dark man, his similarities to Chilton were clear in his ever mannerism.

He was a bitter, envious, and spiteful man who hated those who were brighter than he and was filled with a sense of his own importance.

His snide remarks about Hannibal's birth and questionable marriage had Will biting hard on his tongue not to tell the asshole to go and fuck himself, it was only the malevolent glower burning in Hannibal's eyes that promised future retribution that stayed Will from doing so.

Well that and the delicious sight of Hannibal reciting in perfect Latin Dante's first sonnet to the entire room and thus throwing Sogliato's questions about his credentials back in his face!.

"Very well" the Professor huffed "Let him lecture on Dante to the Studiolo, let him sing for his supper!"

"Oh I am more than happy to sing for my Supper" Hannibal purred pleasantly with just the faintest trace of malice colouring his words.

As the contemptable professor departed to dance, Will pressed close to Hannibal's side and quite daringly kissed his cheek to publicly show his love and support of his husband to anyone who had the same bigoted ideas of Sogliato

"You are beyond brilliant you know that?" he asked quietly "That fool is not even worth your contempt"

"Indeed" Hannibal said congenially and nodded his head to a passing waiter for Abigail to have a glass of champagne, "And I do not feel contempt for him, merely his lack of manners which will have to be remedied in the near future"

Will smirked quietly to himself knowing full well what the "Remedy" would entail

"However" Hannibal added "I shall enjoy making him eat humble pie first. It will sweeten the taste of victory!".

Chapter 3

While Hannibal's fortune and his soon to be large income as a Dante expert was more than enough to keep them all in comfort for years to come, Will was not the sort who would be comfortable to nothing.

Perhaps if his dogs were with them then he would have contented himself with being a kept man and just spent all his time with his beloved mutts.

However he did not have them, and Hannibal had warned him away from trying to befriend the dogs on the streets, many were rabid or had other diseases and were beyond training. While Will was confident in his abilities to befriend dogs he was not looking to contract rabies or something equally as horrid.

For the first few weeks he wandered aimlessly through the City he was growing to know, looking at places asking for staff, considering working at restaurants, cafes, and the like but nothing really caught his eye, not until he was walking along the bank of the Arno and saw a man struggling with the engine of his boat that Will found a position for himself.

Pausing in his walk he had stopped to lend his aid to the man who spoke enough English that with Will's growing knowledge of Italian was able to understand him and between them they got the boat up and running in less than an hour.

The man as it turned out was well known among the other boat owners in Florence and by the time Will went back to the Palazzo apartment that evening he had been taken on as a marine engineer!.

It was probably not a surprise that Hannibal was not as impressed by this as Will himself, or as amused as Abigail was.

"I really don't see the problem" Will said popping a slither of pecorino into his mouth and shared a grin with Abigail who was giggling into her ice tea

"I promise not to come home covered in grease and traipsing mud through the house, dear!" he added dear as an after thought making it sound like Hannibal was a fussy house wife!

Abigail snorted and bit her bottom lip as Hannibal shot her a glare

"C'mon!" Will drawled sliding off his high stool and going round the counter to wrap his arms about Hannibal's waist, he rested his stubbled chin on the other's mans shoulder and pressed a kiss to his neck "You don't really want me to turn into some fat and lazy house boy do you?"

Hannibal shivered at the brush of stubble against his skin and Will's soft lips pressing against the juncture between his ear and throat

"Having you here as a fat and lazy house boy would put my mind at ease!" he replied "You do have an unfortunate habit of getting yourself into trouble my little Mongoose!"

"I do!" Will shrieked indignantly "Who was it that had an obsessive patient who's best friend was a deranged psychopath who serenaded him with a human cello!?"

Hannibal shrugged, "While Tobias was without a doubt a psychopath I do not believe he was deranged!"

"That's the part you're focusing on" Will dead panned "Seriously?", he let go of Hannibal and slowly made his way back to his stool, sitting down with a sigh

"What about you Abigail?" he asked "How was your day?"

"Good" Abigail replied happily "I've applied for the University of Florence to study psychology and forensics"

"Excellent" Will applauded, he met Hannibal's eye and saw his Husband was smiling too

"I'm also taking courses in classic art and literature" Abigail said "Once Papa has won over the Studiolo my admittance is practically guaranteed"

"As is Hannibal's winning over the Studiolo" Will said and only just managed to keep from snickering as Hannibal preened at the flattery of his skills

"My success is not a guarantee" Hannibal said trying to sound modest but both Abigail and Will knew him far too well for it to work, he was a vain man and adored compliments, puffing and preening like a peacock!

"I umm also have some more news" Abigail said suddenly sounding nervous, when Will looked to her he saw that there was a blush on her cheeks

"Honey?" he asked, he didn't get the sense that there was anything really wrong with Abigail so he wasn't overly concerned, more curious than anything, something that if his expression was anything to go by Hannibal was too.

Taking another sip of her tea Abigail took a breath and met her Father's gazes

"I have been asked on a date" she said cautiously "On Friday night".

The silence that fell in the kitchen was broken only by the sauté meat that Hannibal was cooking sizzling in the pan.

Abigail nervously tapped her fingers on the counter and squirmed in her stool avoiding looking at her Father's.

Will glanced up at Hannibal who was just staring at Abigail looking as if he was appraising her or perhaps reading her with x-ray vision.

Will sighed, Abigail was eighteen, that she wanted to go on dates should not be unexpected, in fact they should encourage her to do so, if Florence was to be her home she would need friends, boyfriends her own age.

Placing a smile on his face he broke the silence.

“Who with?”

Abigail looked up from where she was examining her nails with a smile, “Carmine Lombardi” she said “I met him at the ball, he’s an undergraduate, he’s studying for a PHD in History”

“How old is he?” Will asked trying to remember the young man but there had been so many people at the party that he could scarcely pick one face out of the many he had met

“Twenty one” Abigail said “Just!” she added “He’s not that much older than me!, and we’re just going for coffee!”

“Just for coffee” Hannibal repeated “He knows that it is just for coffee?”

Abigail blushed and Will snorted rolling his eyes “C’mon Hannibal she’s eighteen, she’s old enough to make her own decisions on this and I believe she’s wise enough to be careful”, he cast a speaking look to Abigail who eagerly nodded her head

“I have condoms in my bag!”

She probably didn’t mean to blurt it out quite like that but found herself doing so anyway and turning crimson as the result!.

Will dissolved into a fit of giggles while Hannibal held onto his dignity and sighed heavily

“Be home by eleven and not a minute later” he stated “If he is taking you out in a car or on a motorbike he is not to allow a drop of alcohol to pass his lips!”

“Oooh Thank you!” Abigail squealed leaping up from her stool and running round the counter and all but leaped into Hannibal’s arms squeezing him in a hug “Thank you thank you!”

“You’re welcome” Hannibal choked out glancing at Will who just shrugged and went to get the white wine from the fridge, their little girl was growing up, they both had to accept it with as much grace as they were capable of!.

Maryland

America

It had been luck and the pressure he had placed on the wound to his neck that had saved Jack's life back in Baltimore.

He had awoken besides Bella in the hospital, weak with blood loss but alive never the less.

Alana had survived too, her pelvis had been broken in four places and required pinning and plating, her left hip had been fractured as had her right femur, both of which had been pinned.

She had been fortunate to have not suffered any spinal damage save for her coccyx which did not effect her mobility but would mean she would need a caesarean section should she have children.

Though with the damage to her pelvis alone a natural child birth was out of the question as the bones would never withstand such stress.

Her healing had taken months of pain and physiotherapy.

First she had been flat on her back in bed pinned in place for twelve long tedious weeks before her pelvis was sufficiently stable to allow her to sit in a wheelchair for another twelve until her bones were finally strong enough for her to start walking with crutches and eventually a cane.

The constant pain she was in, the knowledge that she would very likely end up crippled with arthritis in years to come after the damage to her bones had filled her blood with anger and made her keen for vengeance against Hannibal as it had with Jack.

Though Jack's pain was not so much physical as it was emotional.

An investigation into the Baltimore bloodbath had of course followed and in an effort to save face the FBI had dismissed Jack with a forced retirement ending his career in a cloud of ignominy and indignity that the media were quick to plaster all over the tabloids.

His desire to get even with Hannibal was no less than Alana's they both wanted Hannibal to be stopped, one way or another.

This was why the two of them ended up at Muskrat Farm speaking with the hideous Mason Verger.

Mason had been a patient of Hannibal's as had his long suffering Sister Margot.

She was seeing him to try and deal with the years of abuse she had suffered at the hands of her brother, Mason was just amusing himself as he had on underage boys throughout the years, though in the end the amusement had been all Hannibal's.

The Verger's Will insisted that a male heir be the only beneficiary, a girl would not suffice, however if Margot had a son of her own then she could make Mason obsolete, and as contemptible man he was no one would miss him if she did kill him once she had her son safely born.

So to prevent this Mason had hired a team of surgeons to perform a complete hysterectomy on Margot rendering her infertile and reliant on HRT unless she wanted to face menopause in her early thirties and risk crippling osteoarthritis as the lack of oestrogen in her body damaged her bones.

Hannibal had been disgusted by Mason, so much that he could not even bring himself eat the vile excuse for a human being.

Instead he had given Mason a fate worse than death, far worse.

He had drugged him and had him cut off his own face and feed it to his beloved pigs before snapping the vertebra in Mason's neck, not enough to kill him but enough to render him quadriplegic with a hideous scarred maw in place of his face.

The official story had been that Mason had fallen into the pig pen breaking his neck and the pigs had eaten his face so not charges had ever been brought up on Hannibal.

But now the good Doctor had been revealed as the notorious mass murderer The Chesapeake Ripper, Mason was determined to get his revenge upon Hannibal.

He had already put a hefty bounty on Hannibal through out the whole world, and now had brought Jack Crawford and Alana Bloom to him to aid in finding and bringing Hannibal Lecter to him.

"Let us be very clear" Alana said hiding her own revulsion for Mason behind an icy exterior "You intend to have Hannibal Lecter brought here, tortured, mutilated, and ultimately killed, correct?"

Mason snorted, or sounded like he did, it was hard to tell with the distortion of his speech.

“My dear Doctor Bloom I would not put you or our good Jack here in such a position as to have to report me to the authorities”

Jack glared, his eyes dark and filled with anger “Frankly Mr Verger you can do with Lecter what you wish, I doubt there is a cage strong enough to hold such a beast anyway and he’s too slick to get the death penalty, he’d manage to wriggle out on an insanity plea or something, so please go ahead and do as you will with him. But Will Graham and Abigail Hobbs are mine, She needs to pay for her crimes in her Father’s murders, and Will was driven out of his mind by Lecter, he needs to be placed in the BSHCI”

Mason chuckled wetly “Of course, they are of no interest to me”

A lie, but Jack didn’t need to know that, after all once he’d brought Lecter in Crawford would be an easily disposed of loose end.

“Finding Hannibal won’t be easy” Alana said walking and leaning heavily on her cane “He is exceptionally cunning and deceptive”

“I know” Mason grumbled “We’ve been looking for months and so far have turned up jack shit!”

Alana did not smile, her expression remained cold and hard, “The way to find Hannibal Lecter is by knowing his tastes, his habits, they will lead you too him”

Mason cackled “His taste is for scruffy unstable profilers I believe!”

“And murderous teenage girls” Jack grunted bitterly, though he suspected the feelings towards Abigail were platonic rather than sexual

“He also enjoys expensive wine, truffles, chocolates, the finest of cuisine that can only be purchased in certain places in the world” Alana stated “Europe is where he’ll be, and looking at the specialist shops, the chocolatiers, patisseries, and delicatessen, they will be our key to finding Hannibal Lecter.

Chapter 4

Florence

Blood sprayed over Will's face and began to streak down in thin red rivulets to drip from his chin and drop down onto the floor.

"Are you observing or participating?"

The question left Will confused and he had to shake his head to clear it before he could answer Hannibal who was holding the blood stained bust he had used to smash open Anthony Dimmond's head!

"You do not seem to require my participation" he replied as steadily as he could, while he knew what Hannibal was capable of he had never before seen him in action and he would be lying to say that he was not shaken by the naked blood lust upon his husband

"Are you scared Will?" Hannibal asked placing the bust back onto its place on a shelf
"Scared of me?"

"A little" Will admitted looking from Hannibal to Anthony who was slowly trying to crawl across the floor to the door as blood poured down his face from the gash in his head,
"Killing comes as easy as breathing to you, there is not the slightest hesitation in you when it comes to take a life, and you take delight in the act"

He flinched slightly as Hannibal's bloody hand cupped his cheek but leaned into the touch never the less and met Hannibal's maroon eyes

"You fear I would do the same to you?", there was no reproach in Hannibal's voice and his touch was tender and comforting, "My dearest, most beloved Will, I would never spill your precious blood in so crude a manner"

From behind them Anthony's hand wrapped about the door handle and he tried weakly to turn the brass knob with shaking unsteady hands that could not get a purchase upon them

"You might want to do something about that" Will suggested stepping back from Hannibal so he could finish Anthony off swiftly with a snapped neck.

While Anthony Dimmond's arrival in Florence had threatened his and Will's life here Hannibal had no reason to be cruel in killing the man as he had done nothing to harm either of them, had been pleasant company and quite amusing so Hannibal made sure the death was quick and as painless as he could.

“A shame” Hannibal commented walking calmly away from the body and going to the kitchen to get a cloth to wipe his hands and to clean the blood from Will’s face with
“He was a quite charming man”

“And he wanted a three sum with us!” Will mused recalling the meal he, Hannibal, and Anthony had shared the night before, he frowned at Hannibal and gave him a curious smile

“You wouldn’t spill my blood in such a manner, but you would spill it?”

“If driven to do so” Hannibal said taking his time in cleaning Will’s face “But it would take something truly extreme for me to do such a thing, and I can assure you I would make the most exquisite art with your body, create an arrangement worthy of a renaissance portrait”

Will’s smile grew “Like Il Monstro?”

Hannibal froze, it was only for a split second but he still froze which was long enough for Will to know he had hit the nail on the head.

“One of the sailors was speaking of his youth here in Florence, how twenty years ago a murderer haunted the streets murdering people and arranging them like Botticelli portraits. A Man was caught and went to prison for the crimes, died in there, but I don’t think he was guilty, from what the sailor said of him he was an ignorant and brutal pimp, a drunken thug, far too ham handed to perform such intricate crimes and to create such beauty from death”

“It does sound unlikely” Hannibal agreed admitting nothing, not that he had to, Will could read him too well anyway

“It was you wasn’t it?” Will said not expecting or receiving an answer “You are Il Monstro, The Copycat Killer, The Ripper, all of them!”

“And if I am?” Hannibal asked finally finishing cleaning Will’s face

“If?” Will laughed “We’re married and yet you still refuse to admit to me?”

“Well I have to keep your interest somehow do I not?” Hannibal said taking the cloth to the kitchen and throwing it into the washing machine

“My interest?” Will laughed

“Indeed” Hannibal said walking back into the main area going to the door and took Anthony by the feet dragging him across the floor “I believe when we shared our first meal together you said you did not find me that interesting”

“Seems like a life time ago” Will mused and frowned “Just what are you going to do with him?” he asked nodding to Anthony “I don’t want to eat him, he was too...”

“Worthy” Hannibal completed for him “And I am not planning on making a meal out of Mr Dimmond, I have something else in mind for his remains, something artistic”

He smiled at Will’s curioscity

“Would you care to observe?”

“Watch a master at work, how could I refuse?”.

Watching Hannibal carefully, almost lovingly skin Anthony Dimmond’s epidermis to expose the flesh beneath was as beautiful as it was horrific.

The severing of the man’s head was done with a single swift slice and Hannibal placed the Man’s head carefully to one side to bury or burn later but did not treat it with contempt just dumping it as he may have with someone who had incurred his wrath.

As he worked he spoke to Will as a teacher would a pupil, explaining to him what he was doing, why he was doing it, naming the bones in the body as he shattered them with a hammer.

He named the muscles he carefully cut into, and the tendons he severed he make the flesh malleable for what he intended to do with it.

Will watched with avid attention as Hannibal moulded and shaped the earthly remains of a murdered man into a work of art as beautiful and awe inspiring as those of Bernini.

“And they say there is no life after death” Will mused gazing at the sculpture Hannibal had created

“Any who sees this will know that statement to be untrue”

“Indeed” Hannibal stated “Through art Anthony Dimmond is reborn”

“Yes he is” Will said reaching out a hand to touch the sculpted flesh, he did not need to be an empath to feel the power from this, even the most emotionally stunted and intellectually challenged individual would tremble at the sight of this and wonder at the maker of such beauty

“You will teach me won’t you?” he asked running his hand tenderly down one bloody sculpted flank “How to make beauty from death, art from the destruction of life?”

He took a sharp breath in as Hannibal’s arms wrapped about his waste and a warm mouth pressed against his throat

“I will guide and tutor you in all things My Mongoose, I will help shape your becoming as I shaped Anthony’s fate”

“And what will you do with your sculpture now?” Will asked tipping his head back and gasping as Hannibal kissed his way down his neck

“Something very special” he purred “And I will take you to a very special place and show you exactly what I intend”

“Hmm when?”

“When I am done having my way with you!”, Will gave a decidedly unmanly like shriek as Hannibal suddenly swept him up like a bride and proceeded to carry him to their bedroom to rip Will’s mind from him for several long a very enjoyable hours.

Norman Chapel Palermo

Standing behind a screen above the main chapel Will stood besides Hannibal gazing down at the love heart he had created from Anthony Dimmond’s body which he had set up before the Alter where it caught all the light from the beautiful stained glass windows.

“The skull on the floor, it’s the same as the one in your fire place in Baltimore” he noted

“A reminder of mortality while surrounded by the beautiful offerings men make to honour God” Hannibal stated “This is the beginning of my Memory Palace, and it is a vast palace even by medieval standards, but it’s construction began in this very place and I have the skull placed in my fireplace as a reminder”

“Hmm Is yours the destructive vengeful God of the Old Testament or the forgiving redeeming God of The New?” Will asked

“Both of course” Hannibal replied “I believe in both and act as both, destroying the hateful, avenging the world upon them, and granting them forgiveness and redemption in my art of their remains”

“But you do not think you are God” Will said turning round to Hannibal “You know you are human, and you indulge in human desires, passions in fact”

“I do” Hannibal agreed seeing the rising lust in Will, it was rare Will took the initiative in their love making and he was not going to stop it

“You know something?” Will whispered pressing himself close to Hannibal and rubbing his half hard cock against his husband’s thigh

“Hmm?”

“I’ve never had sex in a Chapel before!”, he leaned forward and nipped at Hannibal’s ear with his teeth “Have you?”

“Not yet” Hannibal growled spinning Will round and pressed him against the grate “But I soon Will!”.

Chapter 5

Muskrat Farm

The human body moulded into a love heart was all over the news.

Once it was discovered reporters were all over it and the story swiftly spread from Italy to the whole of Europe, to America and further afield.

“Hannibal Lecter” Jack said turning off the TV in the sitting room of the mansion and turning to Mason who was up and about in his specially adapted wheel chair

“Only he could have done something like that”, he snorted in disgust “Probably as some sick kind of anniversary gift for Will”

Mason cackled and dribbled spit down his mangled chin “Unless the good Doctor grew tired of his pet and used his remains to make the heart”

“Doubtful” Alana said emotionlessly “We found a record of marriage in France between one Hannibal Anatolijus Lecter and one William James Graham. Witnessed and perfectly legal and binding” she set a copy of the marriage certificate down on the table she stood before “Hannibal is not just playing with Will, he’s made him his husband, bound them for life, the body he used to make that heart will not be Will’s but was probably made as Jack suggests as a gift for Will, a token of his affection”

“Some affection” Mason snorted “What do think Doctor Bloom?” he asked leering at her “Think he coated himself in blood and Will lick it off him?, or would he do the licking himself?”, Mason wagged his tongue at her suggestively and rolled his eyes widening them as much as his scarred skin would allow.

For her part Alana did not rise to the bait as Mason likely wanted her too, instead she remained icy and spoke to him as if he hadn’t made such lewd comment.

“I think considering the location of the heart that Italy is likely where Hannibal Lecter is staying with Will and possibly Abigail”

“In Palermo?” Jack asked looking doubtful, for all his crimes Hannibal had never been sloppy enough to do his deeds on his own doorstep, he’d always made sure to keep the murders away from his home and it was unlikely that he would have changed tactics now.

“No, elsewhere I would think” Alana said “But Palermo will be a good place to start looking”

“I’ll book a flight” Jack said

“Oh that’s not necessary Mr Crawford” Margot said sauntering in the room with Mason’s private physician behind her unabashedly staring at her backside which swayed beautifully in

her full knee length skirt

“We can provide you with a private jet to take you wherever you need to go”

Mason smiled, or at least attempted to, “There are some benefits to working for a Billionaire Jack” he said chuckling “Even more than the FBI may have offered”

“Then I’ll get my bags packed and make ready to fly” Jack said giving Margot a smile, he glanced at Alana who refused to meet his eyes as he went past.

Once Jack had departed Alana approached Mason leaning heavily on her cane as she did

“You know that sending Jack after Hannibal will get him killed”

“Eh what’s one dead cop?” Mason said dismissively “Especially when his bait will catch us such an exquisite fish”

“Or in this case two” Margot put in sounding very bored of the whole situation “It’s not just Hannibal you’re gunning for is it Mason, you want his husband too”

Mason gave his nasal laugh that set Alana’s teeth on edge every time she heard it

“What better way to hurt Dr Lecter than to hurt the thing he loves the most?” he inquired back to his sister “Before Hannibal Lecter dies he will see his beloved Will’s face one last time only it will not be upon the skull of Will Graham anymore and he will know, intimately how much pain his beloved husband suffered before he died and his grief will add a delicious sweetness to the meat”.

Florence

“Remind me again why exactly we are doing this?” Will asked watching as Hannibal prepared antipasto for that evenings meal

“You despise Sogliato, I despise Sogliatio, he’s an obnoxious insufferable asshole!”

Hannibal’s lips quirked in a small smile as he glanced up at his husband not pausing in his preparations

“Which is why I have invited him here tonight” he said “So we can teach the good Professor a lesson in manners”

Realization dawned on Will's face and he brightened considerably "I assume that what we have in the fridge will not be the only thing on the menu for tonight then?"

"Indeed" Hannibal said "It most certainly will not".

Snuffing a snort of laughter from his nose Will finished the last of his expression and rose from the stool

"Time for me to get to work" he said putting his cup in the sink and pausing to kiss Hannibal's cheek "Need anything for tonight?"

"No, but you can pick up our regular order from the delicatessen" Hannibal said "Do you have enough money?"

"I'm good" Will replied slipping on his jacket as he headed for the door "I'll see you later, try not to kill anyone before tonight!"

"I promise I will make every effort!" Hannibal called after him finishing the antipasto and transferred it to the fridge then turned to his rolodex flipping to a recipe for devilled kidneys, something he could serve tonight while the rest of the meat would need to hang for a while before it would be ready to serve.

"Was that Will who just went out?"

Abigail came from her bedroom pulling her fingers through her hair to untangle it, her pajamas rumpled from sleeping and an adorable sleepy dishevelled look was about her that brought a smile to Hannibal's face

"Yes it was" he said gesturing for her to take a seat at the kitchen counter "And I hope you will be home for dinner tonight?"

"Yeah I've no plans, Carmine has a paper due" Abigail said tapping her fingers on the table "I dunno if I'm gonna keep seeing him actually"

"Oh?"

"Yeah, turns out that he'd kind'a dull!", she rolled her eyes dramatically "All he wants to do is talk about his PHD and the work he'd doing on it, or got to do on it and I get that it's important to him but jeez can't I get a word in somewhere!"

As he poured her coffee and got her bread, honey, and sweet berries for breakfast Hannibal smiled to himself quite pleased that he wasn't going to be losing his daughter to a man just yet

"Why can't I find someone like Will?" Abigail complained slumping on her stool "He's so..., quiet and deep you know?"

"I do" Hannibal agreed setting her breakfast in front of her

“That’s what I want to find, what you two have I mean” Abigail said “The perfect partner, my true love”

“We all feel that way Abigail, all of us want to find the person we will spend our lives with” Hannibal said, “It just may take a while to do so, and you are very young still”

“I guess” Abigail said taking a deep breath and then frowned looking up at Hannibal curiously “So whats so special about tonight?”

**

Will finished work at the mariner and headed to the delicatessen picking up Hannibal’s favourite wine and truffles.

While he was finding a taste for the wine he could quite sat the same of the truffles.

As he made his way through the streets he didn’t notice a rather grizzled man in a cheap suit and a dark blue pea coat watching him with more than a little curiosity.

“Quindi il mostro di Firenze ha trovato un compagno con cui condividere il suo desiderio di sangue” he chuckled to himself lighting a cigarette

“E lascia il suo cuore allo scoperto perché tutti possano vedere, senza rendersi conto che presto gli verrà tagliato”

(So the Monster of Florence has found a mate with which to share his blood lust, and he leaves his heart in the open for all the world to see not realizing that soon it will be cut from him).

Chapter 6

Palermo

The body was of course long gone by the time Jack got to the Cathedral.

The local Polizia had removed the body as fast as they could, though pictures had already made it up onto the internet by then.

Between the press and tourists there had been no way to contain the images from leaking and try as they might to remove them from the net they had already gone viral so every person on the planet had seen the human body folded into a heart.

As he approached where the body had been Jack recalled the last time he had been in the house of God.

Bella's funeral.

Even in death she had been beautiful, truly beautiful.

He could picture her as she had looked on the day they had married, see her walking down the isle towards him, a vision in her white gown.

He had tried to make the funeral as beautiful as the day they had married, ordered the same flowers, had the same hymns sung, and the same prayers said.

He wanted to remember the best day of his life, not dwell on the fact he had lost his soul mate.

Then he had seen it.

Mixed in with the other garlands on wreaths.

Flowers and a note from Hannibal Lecter!.

Was there nothing sacred to that bastard?, was there no line he wouldn't cross, nothing he wouldn't dare to sully with his presence?.

That letter, the false sympathy that Lecter sent over Bella's death infuriated Jack, had him wanting to wring Lecter's neck with his bare hands!.

That fury had kept him going through, had given him the push he needed to seek out Mason Verger, and to come here to Italy to find where Lecter was hiding.

"It is strange how people clamour to see to horrors that man inflict upon each other and yet condemn the one who commits said horror in the same breath is it not?"

The question was spoken with an Italian accent and Jack spun round to see a middle aged man standing behind him

"Rinaldo Pazzi" the man introduced himself "Of the Florentine Polizia"

"It is strange" Jack replied to the question Pazzi had asked "But then human nature is strange"

"And you are a student of Human nature are you not?, or at least of human behaviour Special Agent Jack Crawford of the FBI"

"Former Agent actually" Jack said with more than a little bitterness to his words "I've retired"

"Ah!" Pazzi nodded an almost mocking smile on his face "I too was nearly "Retired" after my run in with him"

"Your run in with whom?" Jack asked supressing his initial desire to remove himself from the Cathedral and this man

The man chuckled darkly "Il Mostro Senore Crawford, the Monster of Florence", Pazzi gestured for Jack to follow him and he walked to the pews and took a seat, crossing himself as he did

"It was twenty years ago that I met him in the Uffizi Gallery sketching the Primavera. The level of detail he put into the sketch was amazing, as amazing as the detail Il Mostro put into the arrangement of the bodies of those he murdered, arranging them to look like a Botticelli"

Jack said nothing but in his mind he pictured what Pazzi was saying and knew that he was talking about Hannibal Lecter

"I was a young man then, a young detective and had been put in charge of the investigation. It was the case I had been waiting for, the one that would make my career. But instead it destroyed me. For when the Polizia arrested this young Lithuanian they made many mistakes, damaged his home, destroyed crucial evidence before it could be collected. This Lithuanian

walked free from the police station and another man, innocent of these crimes but guilty of others was arrested and made the scapegoat, along with myself”

“Hannibal Lecter” Jack whispered

“Yes, Hannibal Lecter” Pazzi confirmed “Il Mostro of Florence, the Chesapeake Ripper, the Copycat Killer, and likely so much more. You have come here to find him have you not Senore Crawford?”

“As I am sure have you Senore Pazzi, or perhaps you already have?”

Pazzi smiled “I have not found him as such, though I believe that he is in Florence, with his new family”

At the mention of Family Jack’s eyes darkened, Will, Abigail, an unholy trinity they made together with Hannibal as the Devil, Will as the Devil’s spawn, and Abigail the whore of Babylon.

“If you have no pressing engagements Senore I invite you to come to Florence with me” Pazzi said “And stay with my wife and I”

Jack smiled “I would be honoured Senore”.

Florence

Abigail was wearing a beautiful Grecian style gown of light blue with a matching fascinator in her hair which she had had cut and styled differently.

Gone was the long brown locks and in there place was a sleek A-Symmetrical bob that came down further on the left side. She’d also had her hair dyed, going for a dark golden base with some honey blonde highlights that worked with the tan she had picked up while staying in Italy to give her a war healthy glow.

She sat besides Will who was dressed in a smart silk shirt sans tie with the collar and top button undone and a pair of beige dress trousers looking smart but casual.

Together they sat across from Professor Sogliato who was being just as insufferable this evening as he had been the night they had met him.

Hannibal was the one making polite conversation while serving up the antipasto which Sogliato wasted no time in getting stuck into.

“The Studiolo is a small but fierce group” he said to Sogliato while turning his attention to the block of ice he had at the head of the table and began to hack into it with a small chisel
“They have ruined a number of academic reputations”

“Appearing before them is a peril” Sogliato acknowledged as he helped himself to a sliver of Pancetta

“You were very eager to see me discredited Professor Sogliato” Hannibal said as he chipped away at the ice

“Hmm, you sang for you supper before the dragons”

“And he sang very well” Will said popping an olive into his mouth

Sogliato actually dared to clap for Hannibal, disgusting Will and irritating Abigail all the more

“First applause and then wet eyed acclamation, and the Studiolo has confirmed you as master at the Caponi”

“As they should” Abigail icily stated “Papa deserves the position”

Hannibal shot her a smile as he now mixed cocktails and Will patted her knee under the table letting her know that everything was alright and that her Father’s had everything well in hand.

“Yes I suppose he does” Sogliato said with a false smile on his face that was more a sneer of derision, as he looked at Will’s plate he frowned “You do not eat meat?”

“I had an injury some months ago” Will replied “I have to be careful of my salt and protein intake”

“Hmm, that must have been quite an injury indeed” Sogliato mused eating more ham as Hannibal finished the cocktails and brought them over.

“Punch Romaine, served to first class passengers aboard the Titanic during their last evening”, Hannibal set the drinks down before all three of them, Abigail included who took a small sip of the unknown drink and was pleasantly surprised by the taste.

Sogliato held his cup up in a toast

“The comities have a new curator and do not miss the old one”

Out of politeness Will drank to the toast but his eyes followed Hannibal as he returned to the table with the chisel in hand.

“If my Victory pleased the focus I could not tell”

“Then you were not paying attention” Sogliato said dismissively

“Oh I play lots of attention” Hannibal said and quick as a flash plunged the chisel into Sogliato’s temple embedding it to the hilt in his head!.

For a moment both Will and Abigail were startled by Hannibal’s actions, but as he calmly took his seat they both relaxed.

“That may have been impulsive” Hannibal allowed

“Bullshit!” Will scoffed “You planned it as soon as you decided to serve Punch Romaine”

Hannibal shrugged “Perhaps”, he lifted his own cocktail and sipped the drink happily.

Apparently unaware of the chisel in his head Sogliato began to giggle and babble in Italian shocking Abigail by the fact he wasn’t just dead!.

“How long can he last like that?” she asked in morbid fascination at the fatally wounded man before her

“With the instrument remaining inside his head an hour perhaps” Hannibal replied starting to eat his own meal “With it removed he will bleed out in seconds”

“Ever done anything like this before?” Will asked curiously

“Stabbed a man in the head?”

“Eaten a meal with a man who is slowly dying right in front of you”

“Well technically everyone is dying my dear Will, from the minute we are born our days are numbered”

Will shot Hannibal an exasperated look “Do you have to get Philosophical at the dinner table?”

Hannibal merely smiled and popped a piece of ham into his mouth chewing contentedly.

Abigail picked at her food uncomfortably and shook her head, “He’s putting me off” she said “The giggling and babbling..., his eyes...” she shivered and looked away

“Yeah” Will said getting to his feet “Enough is enough”

He walked round to the opposite side of the table and pulled the chisel from Sogliato’s head.

Blood immediately spurted from the hole in his head and the professor fell face down into this dinner plate which rapidly began to fill with blood and spill over onto the table.

“Technically you killed him” Hannibal said quite calmly “Technically”

“I’m not the one who shoved a chisel into his head though” Will replied retaking his seat and picking up his cocktail “Not quite sure how a court would view that, accomplice maybe?, accessory?”

“With a good lawyer you’d probably get off” Hannibal mused

Will grinned at him over the rim of his cup “I was rather hoping you’d be the one to get me off Doctor Fell!” he purred

“Ugh!”, Abigail shook her head and made a face “Not while I’m eating please!, parents having sex is not something I wish to ever know about!”

Hannibal and Will shared a grin as Sogliato’s blood began to drip down onto the floor at their feet

“You’re cleaning up the mess” Will stated “You decided to kill him at the dinner table after all”

“Technically speaking!”

“Maybe we should instigate a new house rule, no killing in house unless there is plastic matting down to save on the clean up?”

“Could be useful” Abigail agreed she looked to Hannibal who dipped his head in mock contrition

“I shall endeavour to bear that in mind in the future”

“While in your immediate future corpse disposal and cleaning detail will take up all of your mind” Will said

“Oh not all” Hannibal corrected “There is always space inside me for you my little Mongoose”.

Chapter 7

Muskrat Farm

Alana had never been attracted to women before, never had any desire to experiment as some do. While she had nothing against homosexuality she had always thought of herself as one hundred percent heterosexual.

Margot Verger changed that.

Alana had never met a woman like her before.

So strong and yet so vulnerable. She had been damaged in the cruellest of ways by her hateful brother, abused and tormented all of her life by him, mutilated and robbed of any chance of motherhood by her own body by him so that he could forever prevent her from begetting a Son that could supplant him.

How She had withstood all of this and managed to maintain any sanity let alone a sensual and seductive beauty was beyond Alana, and Margot was very seductive.

Some how that vulnerability, and deep craving to be loved by another rather than abused made her all the more erotic, and moved something in Alana to become Margot's white Knight, her protector, and her lover.

When they fell into bed together it didn't matter that Alana had never lain with another woman before as everything seemed to come naturally.

Margot was responsive and pliant beneath her inexperienced and inquisitive hands that caressed and explored the whole of Margot's body, traced each and every scar her Brother had given her and kissed them tenderly with her lips, learning the taste and the scent of Margot's body that was so very different to a Man's body, her skin was smoother and softer, the hair less coarse and finer, her scent more sweet and floral, lacking the heavy musk that tended to come from a man, and her taste had less bitterness upon Alana's tongue.

While Margot allowed Alana to explore her body she also enjoyed exploration herself.

Her hands and her tongue were shocking and delicious sensations upon Alana's body.

Never with a man had she felt her skin sing with delight at the trace of finger tips over her breasts, her thighs, her buttocks.

Never had she so enjoyed the squeeze of her breasts and the torment of her nipples.

Never had she cried out with such urgency and abandon when a man's mouth had been upon her, or a man's tongue teasing and dipping inside her.

With Margot Alana found herself coming utterly undone and reaching heights of pleasure she had never before thought existed.

Later laying entwined in Margot's arms with her head resting on the pillow softness of Margot's left breast Alana brought up the subject of Mason Verger.

"He will never allow you a happy life, any life of your own, crippled or no he will always find some way to manipulate or abuse you"

"I know" Margot murmured quietly as she ran her fingers through Alana's hair

"One way or another we have to remove him if we are to have any kind of life together" Alana said shifting her head to look up at Margot, "We have to find a way to set you free of him, completely free"

Margot smiled wistfully "It is not that simple", she sighed heavily and rolled her eyes "My Father entailed the entire estate to the male heirs alone, and if there are no male heirs than the Southern Baptist Church inherits everything leaving me bereft and penniless"

Alana pressed her lips gently against Margot's breast and rubbed her arm, "I would take care of you, I may not have a fortune but I have enough to keep you from the streets"

Margot beamed down at her and cupped the back of her head "I know that my love but I do not wish to become a burden to you, and given time enough a burden I will become which is the last thing I ever want to be"

Alana wanted to argue, wanted to state that never would Margot become a burden to her, but she could see this from Margot's point of view, if the church was allowed to inherit the Verger fortune then Margot would just be switching one from one dependency to another which was not what she needed.

What she needed was Mason gone but a way to keep the fortune and be able to have control of it herself.

"We need to find a way to get Mason out of our lives without violating the will" she said "Either by providing a Verger Heir for the estate, or by devising some way that Mason can never have influence over you again"

Margot huffed "He is crippled and yet he still manages to control me so I see little way of eliminating his ability to control without killing him, and I have no uterus so I can not provide an heir"

"No" Alana agreed "But I have a Uterus capable of carrying an Heir and I doubt Mason will be able to exercise much control over you from the comforts of a prison cell if arrested for kidnap, torture, and murder"

Margot sat up slowly with an intrigued expression on her face.

Florence

The City of Lilies was truly beautiful.

Even coming to Florence under such circumstances Jack could not be blind the beauty of the city nor fail to be moved by it and see how the city had been the inspirational birth place of so many celebrated artists.

As they had met in Italy, spent the earliest days of their courtship under the warmth of the Italian Sun it seemed only right that he bring Bella's ashes here to scatter them to the river and the winds.

Standing on the bridge over the Arno he opened the urn and said his final farewell to Bella and cast his wedding band to the waters which would carry his love for Bella for the rest of time and help wash away the grief that weighed upon his heart and soul.

Had he come to Florence to enjoy art and culture, to attend Opera and fine dining then Jack may have spent long hours walking the banks of the Arno, gazing into the waters and recalling the happy times he had spent with Bella.

Then he may have gone to one of the many restaurants and indulged the finest of Italian feasts and drank his fill of wine and Campari.

But sadly he had not come to Florence for such leisurely pursuits.

He had come here as a knight to fight and to slay a dragon, and now that he had set his heart free he had his duty to attend to, and Hannibal Lecter to find and destroy.

Hannibal straightened his tux and paused to look in the mirror to check that the jacket was hanging straight, he had never used this tailor before but by the looks of it he had done a fine job on the new tux he had bought.

Catching the reflexion of Will in the glass he smiled as he saw the younger man fumbling with his bow tie.

“Come” Hannibal said beckoning Will over

Sighing exasperated by the fact that the tie simply wouldn’t go right for him Will approached Hannibal grumbling under his breath.

“I’m hopeless at this sort of thing, I wasn’t made to wear bow ties and tailored suits, I was made for jeans and plaid shirts”

“Nonsense” Hannibal said smiling affectionately and swiftly tied the bow setting it to sit perfectly at Will’s collar

“You were made for whatever you wish for, you are no more or less worthy of finery than any man my dear Will and one day I will make you see that”.

Will gazed up into Hannibal’s eyes feeling his cheeks flush a little both at Hannibal’s praise and the love he felt from the older man.

“What?” he asked running his hands up Hannibal’s silk jacket “Did I ever do to deserve you?”

Hannibal smiled and stroked Will’s cheek “Simply by being yourself my Beloved Mongoose”

Will hummed and stood up on his toes to kiss Hannibal, a kiss that may have become deeper had it not been for giggle at the door which had him backing away and looking to Abigail who stood in the doorway in her new mermaid style gown of turquoise.

“As cute as you two are we do have to go if we’re to make it to the Opera”

“Indeed” Hannibal agreed checking his suit one last time and offered his arms to Will and Abigail to take them so he might lead the way to their first night at an Opera.

The Opera they were attending was one that had been specially written, it was an Opera based on Dante’s works with a most divine and beautiful aria that had Abigail shedding tears she was so moved by the power of the art.

Will did not shed tears, nor could he lose himself in the music as Hannibal could, but that did not mean he didn’t appreciate the Opera and thanks to his empathy he could absorb the appreciation from others and let that be his guide to the highest form of musical art.

“Did you enjoy it my love?” Hannibal asked Abigail (Meaning the endearment platonically) as they went to look at the first sonnet of Dante which had been loaned by the Caponi for the Opera.

“It was beautiful” Abigail said wiping under her eyes with a tissue given by Will and blowing her nose

“Truly beautiful”, she smiled at Will “What did you think?”

Will sighed and shook his head “I have not the words of a poet to describe my thoughts well enough, suffice it to say that I enjoyed it”

As they reached the sonnet that was of course inside a glass case to protect it from harm a middle aged man joined them with a much younger woman.

“Look Rinaldo!” she said clearly delighted by the sight of the five century old work of beauty where he was only indulging her.

“Yes I see” he said glancing at the sonnet while shooting glances at Hannibal which of course the Doctor noticed and searched his mind for recognition

Rinaldo...? Rinaldo Pazzi of the Pazzi family, the scorned and spat upon family who had attempted to murder Lorenzo the magnificent and killed his younger brother Guiliano Medici.

This was the disgraced policeman who had attempted to arrest him years ago when he had first been here in Florence.

“Such beautiful words” the woman said

“And could he daily feel a stab of hunger and find nourishment in the sight of her” Hannibal said drawing the woman’s attention which terrified Pazzi completely

“And do you believe such love exists Signore?” she asked

“I do Signora” Hannibal replied casting an adoring look to Will and Abigail “Forgive me for my forwardness and allow me to introduce myself, Doctor Roman Fell, my husband Leo and our daughter Gabriella”

“Allegra Pazzi and my Husband Rinaldo” Allegra said utterly unaware of the danger she was in or the horror in her Husband’s eyes

“A pleasure Signora Pazzi” Hannibal said “And I hope that now we have made our acquaintances we shall see each more”

Allegra beamed “I hope so too Doctor Fell especially since we seem to share a love of Dante and I have heard you are the new Master of the Caponi”

“Indeed” Hannibal said “And I would be happy to give you a tour”

Allegra's eyes lit up but Rinaldo took her arm and forced a tight smile "While I am sure that will be lovely I am afraid we must depart, forgive our abrupt departure Doctor and Signore Fell, Signora"

Allegra frowned and opened her mouth to say something but Rinaldo was already pulling her away making a small amused smirk rise on Hannibal's face

"What was that about?" Will asked bemusedly

Hannibal turned and smiled to his husband and daughter "I will tell you later".

Chapter 8

Excited barking had Will running to the front door of his and Hannibal's apartment and flinging the door open with a exclamation of pure joy!

He fell to his knees and was immediately mobbed by his beloved pack who nuzzled, licked, pawed at, and petted him in shared joy for seeing their Master again.

The young Japanese woman who had brought them regarded the display dispassionately and stepped inside the apartment stiffly her expression guarded.

"Welcome Chiyo" Hannibal greeted too use to Chiyo's stoicism to be bothered by the lack of a display of emotion from her.

"You will have to forgive Will, when it comes to his pack he has a one track mind" Hannibal explained

Chiyo looked briefly to Will and the dogs and then back to Hannibal

"He is dead" she said baldly "A heart attack I think but perhaps a stroke, I can not be sure"

Hannibal of course knew who she meant, the revolting creature that had been their prisoner for so many years.

So he had finally died, Hannibal wasn't sure what he should feel about this, if anything, God knows the man had deserved everything he and Chiyo had inflicted upon him and worse besides, yet Hannibal did not feel vindicated or anything other than resigned that he was dead, that this was over with, done.

If he stopped to analyse this then he would probably say that this marked the end of that particular era of his life, finished it for good leaving him free to focus completely on his future with Will and Abigail.

Speaking of, Will finally came out of canine heaven and Abigail came out of her room and stopped dead at the sight of all the pack milling about the living room, enjoying all the new sniffs and scenting everything with enthusiastic rubbing of their faces on every surface.

"Will, Abigail, this is Chiyo, my late aunt's lady in waiting, Chiyo, this is my Husband Will, and our Daughter Abigail", Hannibal beckoned to Abigail who shyly came forward to meet the new comer who studied her curiously

"An honour to meet you" Chiyo said at length in a soft voice

"Thank you for bringing my Dogs and taking such good care of them" Will said to Chiyo who inclined her head at him

“Pleasure”

“Will you stay with us Chiyo?” Hannibal asked not at all surprised by her shake of her head, Chiyo was not one for company, even his, she preferred to be by herself and would likely have her own apartment already lined up

“The boat I used is docked in the main harbour” she said quietly “I will stay for a number of days”

“And then where will you go?” Hannibal asked doubting that she would return to estate now that her charge was gone

“My path will reveal itself to me in time” Chiyo said “I will see it as I walk it”, she dipped her head slightly towards Hannibal “I will take my leave now”

She was gone before any of them had a chance to stop her or speak again, moving silently and swiftly as she departed and aside from the Dogs leaving no trace to show that she had ever been there.

“She seems...unusual” Abigail said with a frown

“Chiyo has her ways” Hannibal said “But she is loyal to a fault”, he sighed as Buster jumped up on one of the sofas, “Will!”

“I’m on it!” Will said chuckling, he went to the fridge and got out some cold meat to tempt them with and took the dogs out to the courtyard which had been set up ready for them and set out bowls of food for them to enjoy which they happily began tucking into before setting about to explore their new home and make up for the long absence between themselves and Will by demanding extra attention from him.

Once they had finished eating Will got several toys out began a game of chase and catch with the Dogs to help them burn off their energy.

“I’ve got them some water” Abigail called coming down the stone steps carrying a couple of bowls filled with water for the Dogs to lap at, in this heat they would certainly need the water and the shade of the kennels and wooden covers Will had built for them to use in the yard.

“They are so cute!” Abigail laughed as one of them jumped up at her standing on his back legs and putting his front paws up on her shoulders so he could lick her face!

“That’s Micky, he’s a bit of a drama Queen” Will informed her heading over to where Buster and Poppy were fighting over the knotted rope toy, the two of them were pulling at it and snarling at each other as they engaged in some kind of tug or war!

“Heaven sake you two!” he sighed “You’re worse than toddlers!”, he managed to wrestle the toy free hardly even noticing the slobber covering it and flung it again for them to chase after just as Winston came up and dropped a tennis ball at his feet which Will threw for him to chase after joined by a couple of the other dogs, Micky it seemed had taken a shine to Abigail and had flopped down onto his back, all four paws in the air, his belly bared for her to rub which she was doing while laughing at him.

From the window above Hannibal watched his small family engaged in domestic enjoyment and felt a warm calm spread through him that was both surprising and familiar.

The last time he had felt that had been when he’d been a boy and Mischa was still alive. He could recall playing with her like Will and Abigail were playing with the dogs now.

Silly simple games of chase and catch in the woods about the estate, always letting her win when he could easily beat her with his older and taller body but loving her so much that he wanted her to win.

How would she and Will have found each other he wondered, how would his life have turned out if she was still alive?.

It would not likely have taken the same path but he would have liked to think he would still have gone into medicine.

They said that there were two types of evil, two types of monsters. One that was made by the circumstances of their life, were wrought like a blade in fire and honed in battle and bloodshed.

The other was born.

Was always evil.

Which type Hannibal was he did not know, while he was an excellent psychologist he could not analyse himself with any certainty.

He had always had an incredible mind, had a memory that reached back to his formative years with perfect clarity, had always been analytic, had always had some what of a difficulty with empathy for anyone save Mischa, so it was probable that he did have sociopathic traits from birth, though he did not think nor could recall having any urge or desire to take lives save that of animals for food until after the murder of Mischa.

This made it more likely he was shaped by his circumstances than simply born evil.

What fun Psychiatrists would have trying to comprehend and diagnose him, and Hannibal doubted very much they would ever be successful. He defied classification, was a complete enigma even to himself at times, he was not incapable of emotion, he loved Abigail and he loved Will, he cared for Chiyo, and he had loved Mischa, by definition a psychopath did not

do these things, was incapable of them, but he was so perhaps he was not a psychopath or a true sociopath, perhaps he was something that they simply had no name for as of yet.

Heaving a sigh he pushed up from the window and headed to his closet to get his jacket and go to work.

Ronaldo Pazzi drew on his cigarette as he sat in his very comfortable seat in the private office in the bank before the computer screen where he was engaged in conference with the hideously scarred Mason Verger and the alluring Dr Alana Bloom.

“\$100.000 in advance for a confirmed finger print or D.N.A sample” Mason stated “Once we have that my own men will move in and take over”

Pazzi shook his head and flicked ash from the cigarette “I prefer to stay involved”

“I would advise against that Signore, these men are professionals”

“I’m a fucking professional” Pazzi growled “I saw this Monster slip away twenty years ago when he should have swung for his crimes, I will not allow nor risk such a thing happening again. I will see this through and will not cease my involvement until the Monster is out of Florence for good”

Mason rasped, most likely drawing a breath with difficulty

“Very well, but it will be at your own risk”

“Understood” Pazzi murmured taking another drag and breathing the smoke through his nose like a dragon

“You do understand what will happen to Dr Lecter, Will Graham, and Abigail Hobs don’t you?” Dr Bloom asked him “That you will be selling them into captivity, torture, and eventual death?”

Pazzi’s expression did not falter, he did not even blink at her words, “Such monsters deserve nothing else” he said emotionlessly

“Then until we have the prints or DNA our business is concluded” Mason stated “Ciao”, he ended the connection and the screen went blank.

Pazzi rose from his seat and stubbed the cigarette but out in the crystal ash tray

This was it, his moment, his revenge on Lecter, his chance to give Allegra the life she deserved, all he need do was get a finger print or a DNA sample and his fortune would be made.

The place to do that? Hannibal Lecter's new place of work, and then Pazzi could see Lecter suffer for all the horror he had done and finally feel at peace.

Chiyo did not show any surprise when Hannibal came to marina where she had her boat docked, she merely lead him down into the cabin and set about making tea while he took a seat.

"I must thank you again for your loyalty Chiyo, you are ever the most admirable and steadfast woman I know" he said making himself comfortable as she set out tea cups and saucers while the water boiled

"We will not I fear be staying much longer in Florence though I had hoped it would become our home"

"There is trouble", it was not a question, Chiyo's senses were too sharp to not notice these things

"There is" Hannibal confirmed "Enemies are closing in and soon the net that it about myself, about Will and Abigail will close"

"And you can not just run, you must face this danger and either defeat it or die in trying", the kettle boiled and Chiyo filled the tea pot soaking the leaves and bringing the pot to the table to brew for a few minutes before pouring it

"What would you have me do?" she asked knowing that Hannibal had come to seek aid from her

"Protect Abigail" he said "When the time comes, and it will come, take her and the Dogs and keep them safe. Will and I will manage to save ourselves or die together, but Abigail needs to be protected and secured"

Chiyo appeared to consider this and blew steam from the top of her delicate china cup "She is as Mischa may have one day been, how you hoped she may have been", it was almost an accusation, almost

Hannibal did not react, he merely lifted his own cup to drink

"I will contact you when all this is over, unless of course I can not, then it will be up to you to protect Abigail and help her rebuild another life somewhere", the barest trace of a smile

curved his lips “Maybe you can build one with her, one for yourself”

Chiyo did not shake her head but the desire to do so was there as she lowered her gaze to the table

“Creatures like me do not have their own lives” she stated “We serve others and live their lives with them, my path is the road you set me upon, my only purpose is that which you Hannibal Lecter give to me, I knew that twenty years ago and know it now”, she sipped her tea thoughtfully “Will you tell them before it comes, this danger?” she asked curiously “Will you warn your family or will you as ever watch to see what unfolds?”

Hannibal did not answer, did not have to answer, for Chiyo already knew the answer to the question and turned her concentration on her tea while feeling the too penetrating eyes of Hannibal Lecter boring into her from across the table.

Chapter 9

A confrontation between Hannibal and Jack was of course inevitable.

Hannibal was however prepared.

So as not to scare Abigail or Will he made preparations in secret.

He purchased clothing, food, medical supplies, and everything else they may need and took it to the boat where Chiyo was waiting.

“Where will you go?” she asked as he made a supply run, stocking the galley with enough food to last them a good six weeks which would be good if they had to make a long journey on the boat. They would have to ration the food but they wouldn’t starve, and with Will’s fishing skills they would probably live quite well.

“I have not decided upon a destination,” Hannibal said truthfully, sighing he went up to stand on the deck and looked out at the city

“I had hoped to live the rest of my life here,” he said admiring the beauty and serenity of Florence “I hoped for Will, Abigail and I to live our lives here, to be happy and at peace”

“Is a being like you capable of peace?”

Hannibal looked at Chiyo in surprise at the question, though really he shouldn’t be surprised, Chiyo was an exceptionally perceptive creature, after all, she was less predator and more observer, and when she observed she learned everything about the subject of her observation.

“Do you think me incapable of peace?” he asked her back

Chiyo appeared to consider the question carefully before she made a reply

“You are a man who craves violence and brutality, you are a beast of war, you surround yourself with things of beauty to mask the darkness in your heart, but that darkness is still within you, a ravenous beast that needs to be fed,” she turned her face away from him and looked at the City “Your Will has somehow tamed that beast, he can lay down with it and not be devoured by it, he is exceptional”

“Yes, he is” Hannibal agreed “And I will do whatever it takes to keep him at my side”.

A silence fell between them and for a time they just stood on the deck watching as tourists and Florentines walked over the bridge and along the banks until Hannibal spoke again.

“Perhaps we shall go to Greece, one of the Islands, Rhodes, Mykonos, Zante, Corfu, I think Will would like the Greek Islands and Abigail can go to University in the Mainland”

“You will keep your family together,” Chiyo said “No matter the cost”

Hannibal did not reply, did not have to, as they both knew this was true and it was something that Pazzi learned just a few days later.

Pazzi’s stupidity and greed led him right into Hannibal’s grasp as he was trying to get a fingerprint or DNA to prove his identity to Verger.

Hannibal moved so fast that Pazzi didn’t have time to react before a chloroform filled rag was over his nose and mouth, and then the next thing he knew he was strapped to a luggage carrier, a thick cable tied in a noose about his throat tight enough to restrict his air intake but not enough to strangle him. He was also gagged with duct tape to keep from uttering a sound beyond a few grunts and groans.

“Well you took your time waking up,” Hannibal said conversationally to the Detective who’s eyes immediately filled with terror at being at the Cannibals mercy

“Oh Pazzi, Pazzi” Hannibal sighed shaking his head “If only you could have stayed away, if only you could have kept to your own business what is about to happen would not have needed to happen”, he stood right in front of Pazzi breathing deeply and observing him with far too knowing eyes

“So what was it that prompted you to find me after all these long years? Somehow I doubt that it was a sense of duty to the people who ridiculed and despise you, no not that,” Hannibal chuckled “Greed I think. After meeting your beautiful and much younger wife I can see a need for you to have wealth that your job will not provide, so you need to raise capital by other means, less than legal means, hmm?” he leaned closer to Pazzi breathing on his skin, making the man flinch in fright at having those dangerous teeth so close to his flesh

“So was it Mason Verger whom you sold me too?” Hannibal asked then chuckled “Of course you can’t answer, well that’s alright, just blink Inspector, once for yes and twice for no, understand?”

Pazzi blinked once

“Excellent, now, was it Verger?”

Another single blink

“I thought so, I rang that hotline myself once you know? as an early warning system, it is quite brilliant!” Hannibal chuckled briefly then sobered and leaned back out of Pazzi’s space “Did you tell anyone of your colleagues about me?”

Two Blinks

“No of course not, you wouldn’t want to share the bounty would you, you’d want to keep it all for yourself and the lovely Allegra,” Hannibal smiled and bared his teeth like a wolf spreading it’s jaws before a frightened rabbit “Speaking of Signora Pazzi, does she know anything?”

Pazzi blinked frantically, sweat was running down his face now and his eyes had become bloodshot with several veins in them bursting due to the stress and difficulty he had drawing air through his nose alone while strapped down

Hannibal could not resist tormenting him just a little bit more

“Are you very sure?” he pressed, “You see I would like to leave her intact but it is not just myself who is now at risk, I have a husband and daughter to think of, and if killing the lovely Allegra is the only way to preserve their happiness and safety...” by the time he had trailed off Pazzi was just about beside himself!

Unable to speak he made garbled sounds of desperations, strained against the bonds restraining him, squirming and fighting to get free and imploring Hannibal to believe Allegra’s ignorance of all this.

When he thought that Pazzi had suffered enough Hannibal nodded his head “I believe you”

Pazzi sagged in relief and panted heavily, his body shaking with adrenaline leaving his system, but a second later as Hannibal took a blade from the back of his trousers where it had been held in his belt the Inspector was shaking for an entirely different reason.

“This is rather fitting for you,” the Cannibal said “Your Ancestor died the same way, hanging from the walls of Palazzo della Signoria with his bowels out”

Pazzi whimpered as Hannibal pressed the razor-sharp blade to his stomach

“What is it to be for you Inspector, Bowels in or bowels out?” Hannibal asked as if he actually cared what the man wanted, “I think bowels out!”

In a single and deadly stroke Hannibal neatly sliced open Pazzi’s stomach, the Inspectors eyes bulged as she saw the red staining his shirt and a horrified cry bubbled up in his throat as Hannibal moved the luggage carrier and a second later the Inspector was falling from the window down towards the street below until the cable about his throat pulled taut snapping his neck and jerking his body to a stop, and sending his intestines down to splatter on the street below just as Will had the unfortunate timing to be walking that way!

“Oh My God!”

Will stumbled back breathing heavily and staring at the sight of the slick freshly spilled organs laying on the ground in a pool of blood that was still dripping down from the corpse hanging above.

Taking a steadying breath he looked up to the window where Hannibal was casually leaning against the frame cleaning his blade!

Will sighed and gestured to the late Pazzi “Can you at least have the decency to warn me before you disembowel someone in public! It makes one hell of a mess and I nearly had that crap land on me for God sake!”

“I do most humbly apologize for that,” Hannibal said though his maroon eyes were twinkling with amusement “I did not expect you, my dear”

Will shrugged his shoulders “I finished work early, Abigail has gone to a friends dorm for a study/pizza/movie and girl talk session, so I thought I might take you out to dinner”

Hannibal smiled fully “I would be delighted if you would allow me a moment or two to make ready?”

“Certainly,” Will said “We’ve got time”

“No, you don’t”

The voice came from behind him and Will turned just in time to see Jack Crawford’s gun before it was smashed across his face!

Will crumpled to the ground with his head spinning and his nose bloody, he heard the clicking sound of a gun being cocked and looked up at Jack, at the barrel of the gun aimed at his forehead.

“I should kill you,” Jack said his expression stony and eyes cold “Put you out of your misery like a dog in the street, a fitting end for someone who collects strays”

“Why don’t you then?” Will spat spraying blood from his lips as he did

Jack smiled “Because dumping you in Chilton’s care will be a far more severe punishment than death”, he stood upright and made to go past Will but the empath wasn’t done yet.

He wrapped his arms about Jack’s left leg tripping him up so Jack fell to the ground, Will knew he couldn’t take Jack in a fight, the man outweighed him by at least thirty pounds, was far stronger and had far more training than he did, but he could slow the other man down and buy Hannibal time.

“Get off me!” Jack snarled trying to pull his leg free from Will’s limpet-like grasp, but Will held on as hard as he could, refusing to let go even as Jack kicked him! Opening his mouth he

sank his teeth into the flesh of Jack's calf making the older man scream as they sank into the flesh drawing blood that filled Will's mouth and dribbled down his chin!

Jack was swearing like a sailor and kicked at Will trying to shake him loose, finally, he succeeded in getting Will off him, kicking him in the face with his free foot and sending Will sprawling back with blood spraying from his mouth along with pieces of flesh and cloth torn from Jack's leg and trousers

"Christ!" Jack spat in disgusted horror "He's made you a monster"

Will laughed as he pulled himself up into a crouch, "No Jack, that was you" he said and lunged for the former inspector but this time Jack was ready for him and didn't hesitate to fire his gun....

Chapter 10

Will hit the ground with a burning pain in his right shoulder where Jack had shot him.

Blood immediately began to seep out of the wound and spread down his front forming a large red stain.

“Stay down!” Jack panted “Or the next one will go through your head!”, bouncing on the balls of his feet the ex-FBI agent turned and ran into the building leaving Will grasping his shoulder and fighting unconsciousness.

Hannibal longed to go to Will.

He'd heard the gunshot and had no idea if it were a fatal wound or just a flesh wound.

He wanted to think that Jack was too honourable to kill Will in cold blood, but he couldn't be certain of that. The man had lost his wife recently, a loss like that could change a man, much like Mischa's loss had changed him.

The grief could have broken him, turned him merciless.

If he had killed Will then Hannibal would be just as merciless himself.

He wouldn't kill Jack quickly, he would make him suffer, would take him apart slowly, piece by piece until there was nothing left but scraps to be fed to the dogs.

Ever the dramatic he turned on the stereo at full blast to create the mood and stood tall and proud as he waited for Jack to arrive.

He had never been a man who hid in the shadows or cowered from danger, he met such things head on and this was going to be no different.

“I was truly sorry to hear about Bella's death Jack” Hannibal called out, his sharp maroon eyes searching the room, he couldn't pick out any footsteps, couldn't see any shadows, Jack was a well-trained man, he knew how to move silently when he needed to.

“Was it the morphine that killed her?” Hannibal asked “How much did you give?” quietly, slowly he prowled like a cat with every nerve tensed ready to fight, “Was it too much, or just

enough?”

He turned and Jack was right behind him sending him sprawling through an exhibit display case shattering the glass as he fell through.

He didn't have time to get to his feet before Jack's boot hit him in the chest and sent him backwards through another case to land painfully on the ground with shards of glass slicing into his skin leaving shallow but painful cuts.

Dizzy and winded he tried to sit up but Jack's fist met his face knocking him to the side.

With his vision blurred and head throbbing Hannibal attempted to reach for an ancient knife that was laying on the floor before him, but before he could manage it Jack had seized a vicious hook and sunk it into the flesh at the back of the Doctor's leg and was dragging him back, tearing open the flesh and leaving a raw bloody wound.

Punches rained down on Hannibal and for a moment he thought he might pass out from a blow to the head, but no, he was sent tumbling back towards The Wheel, and wouldn't that have made a fitting instrument for his demise? If memory served those who committed the sin of pride were broken on the Wheel in hell.

Reaching down he yanked the hook from his leg as Jack approached again, rolling him his sleeves and balling his fists for the next round.

The punch sent Hannibal into the Wheel splitting open his lips and chipping his teeth as his face hit the wood.

He toppled to the ground, reaching out to try and steady himself, a mistake as his left arm caught in the wheel and Jack turned the device dislocating Hannibal's elbow and fracturing his wrist.

Fighting through the pain Hannibal laughed, gazing up at Jack with a mocking smirk on his bloody face

“I brought Bella back from death and you returned her to it!” he goaded “Is that where you are taking me Jack?”

A fist met his face and he fell back again.

Jack stalked around him then picked him up and sent him head first through yet another display case.

More kicks and punches followed and Hannibal was seriously struggling not to pass out from the dizziness.

He wasn't going to win this fight, he had been caught unprepared, Jack had got him off guard and unless he retreated now to regroup he would die.

Stumbling clumsily he staggered to the window he had sent Pazzi through and sat on the ledge his clothes in disarray and face a swelling bloody mess, looking up as Jack approached with the hook once again

“How will you feel when I’m gone?” he asked

Jack’s eyes glittered with malice and maybe a little madness “Alive!”, he struck out with the hook and Hannibal toppled backwards out of the window and caught hold of Pazzi’s body using it to lower himself to the ground without risking further injury.

He did not bother to spare Jack another further looks, instead he ran as fast as his wounded body would allow to where Will lay on the ground in a pool of blood.

For a single terrifying second Hannibal thought that he might be dead, that Will had died while he’d been fighting Jack.

But no, thank God, he could see Will shaking, panting with the pain as he gripped his shoulder, trying to staunch the bleeding with his hand.

“Hannibal!” he breathed looking relieved to see his husband and horrified by the state he was in

“We have to go” Hannibal said, there was no time for sentiment right now, Jack was armed and uninjured where as he and Will were both wounded and without a weapon.

Taking hold of the younger man he helped him to his feet and between them they supported each other and began to make their way home.

Maryland

Muskrat Farm

Margot and Alana were laying in bed when the phone call came from Italy about Pazzi.

They shared the news with Mason who was more upset about the fact he’d wasted money than the fact he’d got a man killed in a horrific way.

In response to this he ordered Margot to contact the Police in the Italy, Pazzi's department and offer them the same bounty on Hannibal and Will that he had offered Pazzi.

Naturally they all accepted the deal, police salaries being what they were none of them refused such a large bonus.

"Will you allow him to kill Hannibal and Will?" Margot asked Alana as she poured them drinks each, handing Alana hers she met the Doctor's eyes "You know he'll kill them, slowly and brutally"

"Hannibal deserves it" Alana said "He would do the same to any of us given half the chance"

It probably said something about the type of woman Margot was, had been driven to become that she did not respond to this. Brutality was something she had known all her life, had become use to it, wasn't shocked by it anymore.

"What matters is ensuring Mason pays for his crimes" Alana said "If Hannibal is collateral damage then I will not lose sleep of it"

"And Will?" Margot asked

Alana paused, technically speaking Will was as much a victim of Hannibal Lecter as anyone, had been manipulated by him, his vulnerable mind twisted and turned into something Hannibal could use, Will couldn't be held responsible for his actions, he was insane, had been driven insane, he needed help not persecution.

"If we can save him then we will" she said "But Hannibal deserves anything he gets, as does your Brother"

Margot quirked her lips into a weak approximation of a smile, her glassy eyes rolling slightly

"Amen to that".

**

Florence

Will let out a yelp as Hannibal dug the bullet out of his shoulder. The Doctor had been as gentle as he could but the bullet had to come out and he had to clean the wound, neither of which were painless procedures.

Placing a dressing in Will's hand he guided it to the wound for Will to cover while he prepared sutures.

"What will we do now?" Will asked using his free hand to lift the glass of amaretto at his side to his mouth, Hannibal had administered a small dose of morphine which took the worst of the edge off the pain, but he was still in considerable pain.

"Chiyo will take Abigail somewhere safe" Hannibal replied slowly taking the dressing away from Will's shoulder and applying the first stitch, Will stiffened but didn't cry out he just clenched his jaw

"You can go with them" Hannibal said carefully pulling the stitch tight and applying the next one

"Get away from here, be safe"

"I'm not going anywhere without you" Will said in a tight voice "Safe or not, anywhere without you would be hell"

Hannibal did not smile exactly but the emotion was clear to read on his face

"Then we will stand together" he said pulling the thread through "The final fight"

"Come what may" Will breathed clenching his fist and digging his nails into his palms "Till death do us part"

Tying off the last stitch Hannibal let out a breath and rested his hands on Will's lap gazing up into his eyes, "Amen".

Chapter 11

Abigail did not want to go anywhere. There were large tears in her eyes as Hannibal and Will explained the situation to her and Chiyoh.

“We’ll come to you as soon as we can,” Will said to her pulling her into a hug, “But we need you to be safe now, far away from here so you don’t get hurt”

“But why can’t we all just go?” she asked, her voice muffled as she buried her face into Will’s shoulder

“Because no matter where we go Mason will have people following us” Hannibal replied handing over money to Chiyoh, enough for her and Abigail to get by on without having to go to a bank for a good while

“Who is this Mason, why is he coming after us?” Abigail asked, she lifted her tear streaked face from Will’s shoulder to look at Hannibal. The former Psychologist sighed actually looking guilty for the first time in as long as Will had known him

“He is someone I made an enemy of a long time ago,” Hannibal explained, “I thought him a thing of the past that would not come back to haunt me, but I was mistaken, and now I have to deal with this”

“We have to deal with this” Will corrected, “We’re in this together, remember?”

A small smile curved Hannibal’s lips, “We” he conceded

“Where shall we rendezvous?” Chiyoh asked stoic as ever, Will hoped she would at least provide some comfort for Abigail should she require it, God knows the poor girl was only hanging on by a thread

“Virginia Bay in three days time,” Hannibal replied, “Wait two days for us, then if we do not appear, leave and do not return to America, find somewhere safe and live your lives”

Chiyoh inclined her head in a single nod of acceptance, Abigail though let out a wail of dismay

“You can’t die!” she protested, “Neither of you can die, you promised me that you’d be my family, you promised we’d be safe and happy together!”

“I know Abigail” Hannibal said with regret in his voice, “I know we did and we were not lying, if possible we will return to you I promise, and then we will be together always”

Will cupped Abigail’s chin and lifted her head, he gave her a small smile and wiped the tears from her cheeks, “You have to be brave now honey,” he said to her, “Brave and strong for us, can you do that?”

Abigail sniffed and bit her lip

“Chiyoh will take care of you and help you,” Hannibal said coming over and putting his hands on Abigail’s shoulders, “She’ll make sure you are safe”

Abigail looked to Chiyoh who stared back at her indifferently, she would of course do as Hannibal asked, but there was no love in her eyes for Abigail, she would be an obligation to Chiyoh nothing more.

“I promise we will do everything in our power to get back to you Abigail,” Will said “We won’t go down without a fight”

“I want you to promise to be at Virginia Bay!” Abigail whispered “I want you to promise you’ll be there and we’ll be together again”

Will shot a pained look to Hannibal, he older man opened his mouth but Abigail quickly moved to put her fingers over his lips

“Don’t!” she said, “Don’t lie, you can’t know if you’ll be there so don’t say you will, just, just really try to be there”

“I give you my word on that” Hannibal said sincerely, Abigail nodded her head and threw her arms about her adoptive Father hugging him tight, “You do as Will says and be strong for us” he said to her kissing her head

“I’ll try” Abigail promised reluctantly pulling away from Hannibal.

It was with visible pain that she took her bag from the floor and slipped it on her shoulder, she looked to her Fathers and forced a smile on her face, she didn’t seem to know what to say, goodbye was too final, it felt like bad luck to say it, farewell was too impersonal for the family they had created, and see you soon? Was too much of an unknown to be true.

She settled on raising her hand in wave to them, flinching as Chiyoh put a hand on her shoulder and began to lead her to the door.

Abigail sniffed and choked back sobs as she turned and looked over her shoulder to Hannibal and Will, wanting to fix their images in her mind so she would never forget them, and not wanting to stop looking at them either.

Hannibal and Will both reciprocated the gesture of hand waving and managed to hold their composure until Abigail was safely out the door.

Then they let their feelings show.

“She’ll be alright,” Hannibal said with more certainty than he felt, he placed a hand on Will’s unwounded shoulder and gently squeezed, “Abigail is a survivor, she has strength in her that even she is not aware of, and Chiyoh will take care of her in our absence if necessary”

Will nodded his head, he knew this, at least he knew it intellectually, but viscerally he was still worried for his pseudo daughter.

“We should eat!” Hannibal said, Will spun round a gaped at him incredulous at the suggestion, “We will need our strength about us Will,” Hannibal said being practical, “We have both lost blood too, while our bodies will make it up over the next few weeks we should give them support to do so, partaking of iron rich foods will benefit us both greatly”

Will’s bewildered expression became one of comical astonishment and he gave into the impulse and laughed, “You are so calm about things it amazes me some times”, but then this was the man who had calmly stabbed Prof Sogliato in the skull at the dinner table with an ice pick, who had toyed with the FBI and state police for years as he became the ripper, and just a few hours ago disembowelled a man in public, a police man at that!

“What are we having then?” Will asked letting go of some of his tension

“I thought something simple”.

Hannibal Lecter’s idea of simple and an average persons idea of simple were two very different things of course.

Hannibal would never be satisfied with a toasted cheese and tomato sandwich and a coffee, or a frozen pizza heated in the oven and shared.

While that would do for probably most of the population, Hannibal had a certain style that he refused to deviate from if it could be helped.

So the “Simple meal”, turned out to be a something that Will would never term simple in his life and had him continuing to grin even as he assisted Hannibal in preparation, though his assistance was limited to cutting up onions and such rather than actually cooking.

Hannibal decided on a pasta dish with Abruzzi-style lamb sauce, made with shoulder of lamb.

He also made fresh focaccia bread all but bursting with olives, and a peppery rocket salad to accompany the dish.

He even took the time to prepare a chocolate semifreddo which he left in the freezer to set enough for them to eat with dinner.

While the meat cooked there was little for either himself or Will to do, Will was missing his Dogs of course, having only just been reunited with them and separated again in a matter of days was a cruelty that Hannibal would enjoy taking out on Mason's hideous face, or perhaps he would encourage Margot to do the honours? It would be beneficial to her continued mental health if she did finish Mason off once and for all.

He sat in the window of the apartment sketching and looked up with a welcoming smile as Will came over with a glass of wine for him.

"What are you drawing?" Will asked

"The Belvedere Duomo" Hannibal replied "I wish for us to have tangible memories of our Honeymoon city wherever we go on our travels from here"

Will smiled and leaned closer to look at sketch, "We won't be back here for a very long time" he murmured a little wistful, but there were other beautiful cities in the world that they had yet to explore, and as long as they were together he would be happy wherever they went.

"Will you kill him?" Will asked meaning Mason Verger of course, and Hannibal did not need to be told that

"Do you think I should?" the Doctor asked in return setting down his pencil and taking up his wine to sip

"He is a repugnant creature." Will said, "His loss would not be mourned," he wrinkled his nose, "I could not stomach eating him though"

Hannibal let out a breathy chuckle, "Nor I" he admitted, "There are few people in this world that revolt me to the point where I can not bear the thought of consuming their flesh, but he is one of them. All the bile and twisted perversity would most certainly sour the meat beyond saving, not even the sweetest of sauces could salvage anything that came from Mason Verger's anatomy"

"Just kill him then" Will said with finality

He was so matter of fact about it that Hannibal had to pause and gaze at Will in wonder, seeing the change in the strong and confident young man before him where a little over a year ago he had hesitated pulling the trigger on Abigail's Father when the mad man had a blade to his daughter's throat!

"Would you not wish to kill him yourself?" Hannibal asked taking another sip of his wine, "You could be the one to slit his throat open, or to eviscerate him should you wish"

This had obviously never crossed Will's mind as he looked somewhat startled at the suggestion. Hannibal shrugged, it didn't matter anyway, he wouldn't push Will into killing Mason, not when he still had hopes for Margot doing the job herself.

“What about Jack?” Will asked changing the subject slightly “What will we do about him?”

“I do not believe Jack Crawford will be a difficulty for us for very much longer” Hannibal replied thoughtfully, while he had looked forward to killing the man himself, he would be satisfied to let Verger’s hirelings do the job, it would after all, be one less person to be chasing after them.

The front door to the apartment was open when Jack tried it.

He had gone into the records and found where Roman and Leo Fell were staying with their daughter Gabriella, AKA Hannibal and Will Lecter, and Abigail Lecter.

The fact the men were legally married and had legally adopted Abigail was enough to make Jack’s blood boil.

Their flagrant disregard to the law and seeming belief that they were above the normal confines of humanity was staggering.

In hindsight Jack should probably have realized that there was something wrong when the door opened without any struggle and should not have just walked straight into the apartment even though he was holding his gun.

But anger and bruised pride were fuelling Jack and keeping him from thinking clearly.

He made his way through the beautiful home which smelled of rich cooking, and had Castor et Pollux Tristes Apprets playing through the sound system.

He found Will sat at the head of the dinner table, the remains of a delicious Italian meal laid out before him.

Will looked slightly sleepy, disoriented, he didn’t react to Jack’s presence beyond looking up at him with a glazed look in his eyes.

“Will?” Jack asked cautiously, the last time they’d met Will had torn his leg open with his teeth!

“Jack,” Will said smiling, “You should go now, run, while you still have the chance”

Jack got closer to Will, he lowered the gun just slightly and frowned as he tried to work out what was wrong with the younger man

“Will, where’s Hannibal?” he asked finally when Will didn’t do anything but sway in his seat

A smile spread over Will's face and he laughed, "Behind you!"

Jack spun round but before he could react Hannibal had already sunk a needle contained sedatives into his neck!

"A stronger dose than I gave Will" Hannibal told Jack as he lowered him to the ground, "His natural reaction would be to put up a fight and I do not wish to see him hurt, so having him pliant and relaxed is the best option"

"You just want your wicked way with me Doctor!" Will giggled sounding drunk

Hannibal smiled fondly at Will and stepped over Jack, removing the gun and emptying the clip, he ruffled Will's hair and pressed a kiss to his forehead

"I want the best for you my little Mongoose" he corrected, smiling more as Will nuzzled into the touch like a puppy seeking attention from an owner, the comparison turned Jack's stomach and he vomited onto the floor as his vision faded and he past out.

When the police Mason was paying off arrived later, Jack was only just getting his wits about himself again, too late though, these men cared nothing for the law, and Jack was no Italian citizen, he was nothing and no one to them.

His throat was slit open with one of Hannibal's sharp knives spraying the apartment in blood, his final sight, as life poured out of him onto the ornate tiles of the floor, was of Hannibal walking calmly beside his captors while Will was carried bridal style by another.

"See you in hell Lecter!" Jack spat with his last breath, Hannibal's amused laughter rang in his ears, the last sound Jack heard as he died.

Chapter 12

They were still in transit when Will awoke from his drugged slumber.

Hanging upside down in the back of a meat wagon. No doubt a plan of humiliations and discomfort from Mason before he began to real torture.

“Where are we?” Will asked groggily, he blinked unfocused eyes at Hannibal and tried to look around himself

“In the back of a meat wagon,” Hannibal replied, “Going to Muskrat Farm I should think.”

Will groaned and swallowed hard, fighting back nausea from being hung upside down and swung about with the motion of the truck.

“Did you drug me?” he asked after a few moments

“Yes!”, Hannibal didn’t bother to try and lie about it, neither did he look overly bothered by the glare that Will sent him.

“We’ll be having a conversation about this at a later date.” Will warned, of course he could have given Hannibal a chewing out right now, but his head was spinning, and he was having to fight the urge to pass out right now!.

“Whatever you say dear!” Hannibal replied with just the right amount of mocking in his tone to make Will growl.

Mason Verger himself was there to greet them at Muskrat Farm in all his hideous glory.

Sat in his wheelchair he regarded his prisoners with smug vindictiveness, or as much of the expression as his scarred face could manage.

“Gentlemen!” he greeted in his garbled voice, “Welcome to Muskrat Farm”

“Thanks for having us!” Will snarked earning himself a small snicker of amusement from Hannibal, and a punch in his ribs from one of Mason’s men

“Oh easy with the meat,” Mason said making a noise that sounded like her was gargling water but from probably a laugh, “I don’t want it damaging, yet!”

And if that wasn't an ominous threat then Will didn't know what was.

On steel trolleys Will and Hannibal were wheeled off the wagon and stood before Mason who took great pleasure in having a knife sunk into their flesh.

"Hmm, rather lean," he murmured examining the depth of the blood on the blade, "Perhaps I should have you fattened up for a while, before we get down to business," he made that choking noise again, "I'll bet you wish you'd killed me now don't you Doctor Lector?"

"Oh no Mason, I much prefer you like this!" Hannibal corrected, completely unbothered by the way he was being manhandled, or at least appearing to be unbothered, Will however, knew better, he could see the fury burning in Hannibal's eyes, see the way those dark eyes tracked the movement of everyone around them, memorizing them to exact retribution later.

He might not be showing it, but Hannibal was seething, and when he got free of his bonds, and he would get free, Mason would wish that Hannibal had killed all those years ago, because what was coming his way would not be pretty to say the least.

They were taken from the court yard into the pig barns, where they were washed, (Had buckets of water thrown over them), their clothing stripped, and clean clothes put on them.

Will's Italian wasn't good enough to follow all of what the hirelings were saying, but he could easily guess by the way that they pointed at his scars and twisted their faces that it wasn't anything pleasant.

"Pay no heed to ignorance My Mongoose," Hannibal said giving him a smile, "If they can not appreciate your perfection then they are unworthy of you."

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder?" Will asked making a face as his hair was rather roughly brushed

"Precisely" Hannibal purred and rather provocatively wet his lips, "To each his own tastes!",

Will chuckled, this might sound sexually provocative, and technically it was, but it was also meaning something else where Hannibal was concerned.

One of Margot's less than pleasant duties was to dress her Brother.

While he could not actively abuse her anymore, he was maintaining a hold over her and humiliating her by making her do tasks like this.

“You’ve got what you wanted,” Margot said determinedly keeping her gaze averted from Mason’s flaccid penis and hanging scrotum as she changed his underwear, “Doctor Lector and Will Graham at your mercy,” she glanced up at him, her incredibly expressive eyes meeting his cruel ones, “Not that you have any mercy.”

“Aww, now that is hardly fair, Margot,” he protested, “I have been hard on you yes, but not without good cause,”

Turning away from Mason, Margot rolled her eyes at Mason’s reasoning, and justification for all his cruelty,

“I was trying to make you strong,” he said, “Make you worthy,”

“Worthy of what?” Margot knew she shouldn’t ask him, shouldn’t give him that much power over her, but she just couldn’t help the words falling out
“Why, Motherhood of course!”

The words were like a knife to Margot’s gut, she curled her hands into fists as she pulled Mason’s trousers on him and fastened them about his waist, “Motherhood is impossible for me,” she said “You saw to that, saw to it that I don’t even have any eggs anymore”

“True, true, but I didn’t humpty dumpty those eggs of yours, I simply removed them from you along with the...err basket!” Mason cackled at his own crude joke, “I simply gave those eggs a new home, well, one of them at least, after it had been introduced to a male counterpart of course,”

Margot froze, she looked back up at Mason, her eyes wide in shock, “A, a surrogate?” she whispered

“Indeed,” Mason replied giving his gargoyle like grin at his sister, “One who is about ready to drop the Verger heir, such a nice term don’t you think Margot? After all it’ll be Our baby, even if by blood it’ll be mostly yours,”

Margot could hardly believe it, her heart was racing so hard she thought it might burst through her chest! A baby, her baby! This was what she wanted, had been wanting for years!

“Where is she?” Margot asked, her voice tremulous in excitement

“Oh, she’s close by, being well cared for,” Mason replied enigmatically

Mind games of course, he would always keep Margot guessing, always try to twist her up

“Is she here, on the estate?”

“Careful now Margot,” Mason cautioned, “Don’t get over excited, I know this is an exciting time for you and your Maternal instincts are revving up, but you must remember the Mother is in a delicate condition, we can’t have her upset,”

Margot wanted to punch him, she was to wring his neck like a chicken! No matter what the insufferable sadistic bastard would try and twist things to gain the upper hand, to make her

life a misery if he could.

By sheer force of will she forced an understanding smile to her face, "Of course Mason," she said and picked up his shirt, helping him into it and did it up for him, lifting the collar so she could put a tie about his neck and fasten it neatly, "I am just excited."

"Naturally," Mason drawled, "And if you continue to be so cooperative then you'll have nothing to worry about,"

That threat was clear, if she didn't do exactly what Mason said then he would keep the baby, her baby from her, he was dangling the unborn infant in front of her like a cat's toy, making her reach up to try and get hold of it only to pull it out of her grasp at the last minute.

Malicious and cruel, nothing new for Margot where Mason was concerned.

Keeping the smile fixed on her face Margot nodded her head to her brother and quickly took her leave of him, going to find Alana and tell her about the baby and the surrogate.

Once they found her, they could get her off the estate, take her some place secure until the birth, then when the baby was born, Mason could be disposed of. The legacy would be assured, the heir produced, and Mason's reason for being would be null and void.

After being redressed, Will in a simple pair of dress pants, an open collared shirt, and a suit jacket, Hannibal in a figure hugging tweed outfit, the two were wheeled in to Mason's dining room and sat at the table, waiting for their host.

"What's the plan?" Will whispered to Hannibal quietly, he suspected they were being monitored by CCTV but he needed to know that Hannibal did in fact have an idea on how they would escape.

"Plan Will?" Hannibal asked, infuriatingly calm and cool despite being trussed up like a package and at the mercy of a deranged lunatic with serious grudge against him, sometimes Will really hated Hannibal!

"Yes Doctor insufferable asshole Lector!" he drawled, "What plan do you have to get us out of this God forsaken, Addams Family-esque mansion? You're not planning on letting Mason do whatever it is he plans to do to us are you?"

Hannibal gave Will a disappointed look, as if to say "Do you really think that little of me?"

Before Will could utter anything else however, Mason was wheeled in and brought up to the table by his Doctor who it seemed was also his chef and set about serving appetizers for

them.

“Never let it be said that I don’t set a good table!” Mason said brightly, though he could not eat himself, he was having to take liquidized foods that the Doctor served him with a straw

“Quite,” Will mused, “Just a lack of human decency!”

Hannibal gave a half smile, more interested in what was on the plate than conversation at present, he may yet have to fight and would need all his strength, so food was necessary

“I hardly think you are in a position to talk about human decency Mr Graham,” Mason drawled, “Oh sorry I forgot, it’s Lector Graham now isn’t it? So progressive of you both, a same sex marriage. You know my Family are against that, we only believe in the true biblical unions between a man and a woman, not all this...fag and dyke tolerance!”

Will sneered in open disgust as Mason’s choice of words

“Your sister would not agree with you on that Mason,” Hannibal said, “But then she disagrees with you on many things doesn’t she?”

Mason sighed, looking put upon, “She is wilful, but like any good horse all that’s needed is a firm hand”

“Which you give out freely, oh, sorry, gave out!” Will chuckled mockingly, “Quadriplegic, I can’t imagine what troubles you must have there!” Will would not normally mock someone who’d suffered such injuries, but Mason was not someone you gave respect or anything but contempt, if ever there was a man who deserved to have his neck broken then it was Mason Verger!

“You will be solving one of my difficulties Mr Graham,” Mason said cheerfully, “Or rather your skin will, a relatively new procedure, a facial transplant, courtesy of my good Doctor here,”

The man in question smiled at Will who felt sick at the thought of his face being cut off and placed over Mason’s scarred mess of human features,

“You will bleed to death very quickly of course, I had hoped to drag your death out, make you suffer longer,” Mason said sounding upset about this, “But a lack of anaesthetics will have to suffice,” He looked to Hannibal, “You will be getting a full view of the procedure Dr Lector” he said, “In surround sound and on a plasma screen, you can watch your beloved fag bleeding out and screaming in agony while his face is being removed!”

Hannibal did not respond to this, he just met Mason’s eyes, his dark eyes gleaming with the promise of revenge,

“Once that is done we’ll be moving on to your just desserts,” Mason cackled and sprayed spittle, “And you will be dessert to me!”

“You plan to eat him,” Will whispered thickly, “Wearing my face,”

“Indeed,” Mason replied, “Oh and speaking of your face, Doctor? If you’d be so kind, Mr Lector Graham is looking rather dried out”

The Doctor moved to rub moisturizer into Will’s skin, bending close only to have Will strike with the speed of a snake and sink his teeth into the Doctors cheek ripping a chunk out!

The Doctor screamed and held his hands to his bleeding face while Will spat the flesh onto the plate before him, his mouth covered in blood, “Not good meat!” he said to Hannibal who chuckled, clearly amused by the display

“Well!” Mason said “There’ll be no slumber party for you Mr Lector Graham!, there will for you though Dr Lector, you’ll be in shorties by then, missing a few choice parts, your hands and feet. Which I assure you will be cooked to perfection and I will take great pleasure in eating every piece of them, as I will the rest of you!”

“Thank you Mason,” Hannibal said having all the sound of sincerity in his voice, though in his mind he was thinking something quite different, ‘You may enjoy that, but not as much as I will enjoy destroying you and all who work for you for daring to even contemplate harming my Mongoose’.

Chapter 13

Will was left the once Mason had finished slurping his dinner and was wheeled away.

Hannibal was taken shortly thereafter, for what fate Will didn't, couldn't bare to contemplate. His own fate was going to be horrific enough. Having his face cut of sewn onto that depraved monster.

It was the stuff of nightmares, of grim grotesque horror movies.

Will wanted to believe that Hannibal would not let him suffer, would not let him be cut apart by these beasts. He wanted to rust that Hannibal had a plan and would save him as he had so many times before.

But Hannibal was a prisoner himself now, was also at Masons non-existent mercy.

There was a chance that this time even Hannibal would not be able to perform a miracle, and they would die at Mason Vergers hand, or at least by the hands of his hirelings.

The tapping of a cane and footsteps caught Will's attention and he looked up to see Alana walking into the room.

"Is this going down in the world or rising up?" he asked her as she slowly made her way towards the table. If she was shocked or surprised by the blood on his mouth then she was good a concealing it as she paid the dried stains no heed.

"It's been a while," she said looking him over, "Your time away has done you well it seems."

Aside from the bruises and after-effects of the drug that Hannibal had given him, Will had never looked better. His skin was tanned and there was a healthy glow to his cheeks, he'd gained a healthy amount of weight that filled his out his formally skinny frame, his hair was thick and glossy, eyes bright and energized.

By comparison Alana was faded. She was like a bloom that had been forced to keep its colour by being placed inside a glass case. The colour had remained but the gentle beauty had become hard and forced, no longer natural, a hardened and cold beauty like that of an iceberg, something to look at, perhaps even with a measure of awe, but not something to be loved.

If she and Will were still in competition for Hannibal's affections then Will would win hands down.

Will sighed heavily and gave Alana a risen eyebrow, "Is there something you wished to say to me?" he asked, "You must have come in here for something."

Alana smiled slight, thought it brought no happiness to her face, “Maybe I just wanted to see you.”

“See me,” Will repeated, “See my face on the bones it belongs to one last time, before it is severed and stitched upon Mason’s bones?”

Alana flinched, not by much, but her body did jerk slightly in revulsion of what was to befall Will. What she was complicit in by working with Mason and doing nothing to prevent this.

“How will you feel when you look at Mason and see my flesh stretched over his scars?” Will asked his voice melodious and haunting, it was like speaking to Hannibal, he was empathizing Hannibal, letting his Husband’s silver tongue guide his own words

“I will feel as I have felt since I was thrown out of a window,” Alana whispered in response, “Pain and defeat.”

“Pain and defeat.” Will said and a smile curved his lips, “You should probably raise a toast to that, to pain and defeat winning in the end”

“Perhaps I will,” Alana whispered, “And I will mourn you Will, I mourn the man you were, the man I first met so long ago.”

“The fragile, malleable boy that you would have tried to shape and form to something you wanted, rather than just accept me as I was.” Will replied, “Where Hannibal took me as I was, loved me as I was,”

“No he changed you.” Alana said, “You were a good man Will, and he corrupted you.”

“He showed me my true nature” Will corrected, “Showed me who I am and what I am while allowing me to retain my sense of self.”

Alana snorted softly, “And your true self is a monster?”

Will shrugged, “There are many kinds of monster Alana,” he replied, “Go and take a look in a mirror and you will one”.

Hannibal had been stripped to the waist, his chest bared for the branding that Mason had his Doctor inflict upon him, the Verger brand than was seared into the flesh of their pigs.

The Doctor told Hannibal of how Mason fought with his own fortune to have face branding remain legal but lost, as if Hannibal was interested in that.

He didn’t give the Doctor the satisfaction seeing him cry out in pain. He focused his mind when the red hot brand was placed upon his flesh, ignored the searing agony that coursed

through him as the metal melted and mangled his skin. His mind was moving on plans, on finding ways to save Will from his fate, to get free, to deal with Mason once and for all.

He looked up and smiled at the mess the Doctor's face was in, the stitching that had sealed closed the bite Will had taken out of him.

"My love is a wolf cub isn't he?" he said, "Fluffy, and adorable, curious and amusing, yet, as you stretch out your hand to pet him you find out he has teeth like a razor and they leave a lasting impression upon your flesh!"

The Doctor glowered at him, "As I will leave on him," he promised Hannibal and leaned closer to speak in a conspiratorial whisper, "When I sever that pretty face from his body he will feel every single moment of it. I will use no pain relief, no anaesthetic, just a paralytic to keep him still." He smiled at Hannibal, "Do you think, when he screams, that he will cry out for you to come and save him? That when he voids his bladder and bowels he will know that his faith in you was betrayed?"

Hannibal did not respond, he didn't need to do anything but lock his gaze upon the Doctor's eyes, to let him see the deep darkness swirling in the depths of those maroon irises.

The Doctor could not bear the gaze long, it was like looking into the depths of hell, into the abyss, and it was true what was said of that, you stare into the abyss, the abyss stares right back.

Hannibal was alone with the hirelings Mason had guarding him. He was trussed up in a pig pen, another act of humiliation from Mason's twisted mind, he was bound and by the arms and the throat preventing him from making an escape attempt.

He could twist his wrists a little, could pull on the bonds restraining him, but neither enough to gain any leverage he could use to escape. He would have to wait until he had a hand free, but he knew already that he'd have guns against his head when that happened, and while he was fast, was skilled at fighting, he was immune to a bullet to the brain.

The clip of high heels made him look up and he saw Margot's huge eyes looking down at him, her melancholy, china doll face as flawless as he remembered. At least Mason had kept the scars from there if he hadn't anywhere else on her person.

"I wondered if I would see you Margot," he said conversationally, "I have thought about you many times since our last meeting, wondered how you were, what you were doing, if you had found a way to finally end your tormentors life."

Margot shrugged, "I lose everything if Mason dies. He saw to it that I can not provide an heir to take his place without his aid, I need a child to survive him."

Hannibal hummed and flexed the muscles of his back, "Mason can not give you a child Margot, and he would not even if his body were willing."

"But he has," she countered, "Says he has, a surrogate, carrying my child, made from my eggs that he had frozen after he had the Doctors cut my ovaries from me along with my womb."

Even as Margot said the words Hannibal knew she did not fully believe them, believe that it would be so easy. With Mason there was always a catch, one that would gauge deep into Margot's flesh and leave her with yet another scar.

"Even if it is true Margot," Hannibal said, "He will not let you mother that child, he will see to its upbringing, shape it into his own image, dehumanize and corrupt any and all goodness within until all that is left is another Mason Verger to be inflicted upon the world"

Margot lowered her gaze, she knew it was true, if Mason were telling the truth about a child, and that was a big if, he would terrorize and ruin the child, turn him against her, make her fear and hate her own child. Because it would amuse him.

"I'm sure you know a lot about corrupting people Hannibal," Alana said as she came into the barn, she smile at the guard on duty, then as quick as a snake tasered him and his friend so they dropped to the ground like a stone.

"Alana," Hannibal purred, "I've missed you!" he chuckled, "I'm so glad that Abigail did not break your slender neck when she flung you from the window, such a delicate neck, like a swan."

"Swans have nasty bites." Alana said, "As does Will it seems, if Mason's Doctor's face is anything to go by!"

Hannibal chuckled again

"You know what Mason has planned for him, for you?" Alana asked

"Indeed, he most informative over dinner."

Alana looked to Margot and tightened her hand about her cane, "While I could live with your torture and mutilation, even murder at Mason's hands, I could not stomach the same befalling Will, and I think on that we are agreed"

Hannibal tilted his head to the side, "If we are?"

"Then we set you free," Alana said and leaned forward, "On the understanding that you do three things for us."

“Only three?” Hannibal asked with a smirk as if this were all an amusement to him, and perhaps it was, Alana did not pretend to know what was going on in that mind nor did she wish to know.

Keeping her face blank she issued the three things she would have Hannibal do.

“One, save Will and get him away from here. Two, help us extract semen from Mason so that a Verger heir is guaranteed, and three, never return to America or come near me and mine again”.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will was strapped to a metal gurney by the wrists and ankles, through there was really no need thanks to the paralytic that the Doctor had given him that left him unable to do anything but move his eyes.

“Facial transplanting is relatively new procedure Mr Graham” The Doctor said holding up his scalpel to the bright white surgical lamp

“Few Surgeons can perform this procedure, and never before has a face been taken from a live patient and transplanted to another,” he smiled at Will and it was like the grin of a ravening wolf

“I wonder how long you’ll remain conscious when I start cutting, and how long it’ll take for you to bleed out.”

Will didn’t respond, couldn’t speak anyway, and he refused to shed a single tear before the Doctor. However, he couldn’t help the fact his eyes tracked the motion of the Doctor’s hand that held the scalpel as he brought it to the far side of Will’s face beside his ear,

“Take a deep breath,” The Doctor said cheerfully to Will, “This will only hurt, one hell of a lot!”

White hot pain seared into Will’s face as the scalpel sunk into his flesh and spread down his jaw as the Doctor cut down through his skin.

Blood began to pour down Will’s face to pool in the juncture between his neck and shoulder, already Will was feeling light headed but that was nothing to the agony he felt when The Doctor used forceps to spread the skin. At that moment, when the muscles of his flesh were stretched and spread wide everything seemed to turn bright red behind his eyelids, then, mercifully, his mind slipped into darkness.

Hannibal had Alana free one of his wrists, the rest of his break for freedom he saw to himself.

He had here tear hair from his scalp to push into one of Mason’s hands to frame himself for Mason’s murder.

It was time for Mason to die, all that was needed from him was his semen, once they had that it was game over for Mason Verger, at the hand of the person he had hurt the most.

Margot.

Taking down Mason's hirelings was no trouble for Hannibal.

He was enraged now, not only because of his own treatment at Mason's hands, but because of the treatment of Will. That had been there big mistake, hurting Will.

They were going to pay for daring to put their hands on Hannibal's husband.

The guard that Alana had tasered he killed quickly and simply with a snapped neck, saving his strength for taking out the rest of the guards.

The first he came across he leapt onto the mans back wrapping his thighs about his chest with crushing pressure that was enough to make several ribs crack under his weight and strength, one of his hands wrapped about the man's mouth to stifle any screams, the other he wrapped about the man's throat, his thumb and fingers on either side of the man's wind pipe at which point he began to squeeze as hard as he could.

The flesh popped under the pressure, blood seeping over Hannibal's hand and spreading as he continued to dig his fingers into the wound he was creating until he could get hold of the wind pipe between his thumb and fingers, at the that point he pulled his hand violently free of the mans throat ripping the wind pipe from his throat!

The guard coughed and spluttered blood as Hannibal let him fall to the ground, His body shook and convulsed as he tried to breath with no success, swiftly succumbing to blood loss and asphyxiation.

Hannibal stripped the weapons from him, placing the gun in the back of his waist band and holding the seven inch hunting knife in his hand ready to use it.

The next guard was also struck from behind, Hannibal sunk the knife he'd stolen into his brain stem killing him instantly, the guard he'd been with opened his mouth to raise the alarm but Hannibal threw the knife with expert accuracy. The knife flew through the air, sank into the mans mouth, and was embedded in the back of his throat!

The man's eyes bulged, he immediately took his hands off his weapons and grasped at the knife in his mouth, he was spitting blood out of his mouth and down his chin, his tongue had been torn open as had the roof of his mouth, but the main damage was to the back of his throat, the bleeding was only being stopped there by the knife still being present, something Hannibal corrected.

Savagely he took hold of the knife and twisted it. An unhuman sound erupted from the guard's throat as excruciating pain exploded through him. With a single yank Hannibal pulled the knife free spraying himself in blood that gushed out of the dying guard's mutilated mouth.

Hannibal didn't even bother staying to watch and see him die, he simply strode on to take care of the next and the one after that and the last one.

A knife through the chest right into the heart took care of the fourth guard, the fifth Hannibal nearly decapitated he was so vicious in the slashing of his throat. The sixth guard he disembowelled, literally spilling open his stomach and practically emptying out his entire abdomen!.

Covered in blood and gore, looking like an avenging Angel or some kind of blood thirsty demon Hannibal strode into the barn where the Doctor was starting to cut Will's face off. Mason was laying on a gurney nearby, already unconscious from the anaesthetics, completely unaware of what was going on.

Moving as silent as a cat Hannibal slunk up behind the Doctor, he wrapped one arm about the man's meaty chest while the other sank the knife into his back, severing his spine in the middle of his back rendering his legs useless.

"What was that you were saying about paralysing Will to operate on him, Doctor?" Hannibal asked, whispering in the man's ear, "Do you think that you will enjoy it so much when you are the patient and not the surgeon?"

The Doctor's eyes were wide, he clearly wanted to scream but his vocal cords were frozen in his terror. His arms flailed uselessly as Hannibal lifted him up, carrying him with ease to one of the spare gurneys and lay him on it unceremoniously.

"What are you going to do to me?" he asked finally gaining control of his voice again as Hannibal walked over to the tray of surgical tools he had laid out

"Exactly what you were planning on doing, Doctor," Hannibal replied selecting a scalpel, "I'm going to give Mason a face transplant," he approached the quaking Doctor with the already bloody scalpel held before him, "Your face in fact!".

The Doctor's screams were music to Hannibal's ears as he swiftly sliced through the flesh about the man's face, under his jaw, and his hairline, severing it to the rest of the head.

The other Doctor was sobbing, begging for mercy as blood poured down his throat, into his hair, and ears. His screaming became hysterical as Hannibal applied the forceps and began to peel back the skin from the forehead, lifting it up and cutting away the connective tissues as he went, tremors shook the man's body, he was gagging by now, choking on his sobs, his eyes were full of blood blinding him, but that became a whole lot worse as Hannibal peeled off the eyelids!

By the time he reached the flesh on the Doctor's cheeks he had lost consciousness, and shortly there after the blood loss became too extreme and his heart stopped. Quickly and carefully so as not to tear any of the skin Hannibal finished severing the face from the body and carried it over to the still unconscious Mason, carefully he lay the still warm and bloody skin over the man's face.

"Hannibal?"

Alana's voice made Hannibal look up, he saw her come in with Margot, both crying, both looking shaken to their core.

"The baby?" he asked knowing in his heart this was not empathy over the dead guards

"He placed him inside a sow," Alana growled staring at Mason with fury, "He had the Sow impregnated with the baby, neither survived"

As hardened as he was Hannibal could not repress a grimace at this, at the horror that must have been for Margot, to see what Mason had dared to do to her baby.

"It's time to get justice" he said to them both, "Time for Mason to pay for his crimes"

"He will," Margot said dully, "All we need is his semen."

Alana tilted her head at Hannibal, "Think you can help us get it?"

Hannibal did wish that Mason had been conscious while he'd sodomized him with a cattle prod, wished he could have suffered through the pain and indignity of that. But it would have taken too long to wait for the anaesthesia to wear off so Mason slept through being stimulated enough for him to ejaculate.

Leaving Mason to Alana and Margot's tender loving care, Hannibal turned his attention to Will.

He administer basic first aid to stop any bleeding, taking sutures to stitch him elsewhere, along with pain relief and anti-biotics.

Taking Will in his arms bridal style he carried him out to the very expensively stocked garage and took the first car he came upon. A porche!

He didn't have any keys but he did know how to hot wire and did so easily, setting off at eighty, driving to the nearest safe place he knew of.

Will's farm.

Chapter End Notes

I wasn't going to write Mason's death as everyone knows what happened to him and I couldn't come up with anything more brutal than an eel-wriggling its way down his throat.

Chapter 15

Will remained unconscious as Hannibal carried him into the abandoned farm house.

The door had of course been boarded up to keep squatters out, though it was unlikely anyone would use Will's house for that when he lived so far out of town.

Hannibal was easily able to kick down the wooden boards and gain entry to the house, and from there made his way to Will's bedroom and lay his husband down on the bed.

He paused for just a moment to press a kiss to Will's lips then went to get water and towels.

The electricity wasn't on so there was no hot water, but Hannibal was able to build a fire in the hearth and heat the water in a heavy metal bottomed saucepan.

He dug towels out of the cupboard and carried the whole lot back up to Will who was continuing to sleep peacefully.

While it would most certainly have been easier for Hannibal to have cut Will's clothes off they didn't have anything else for him to wear right now, so he took the time to fully undress Will to check his body over for more injuries and clean him all over.

It had been a long time since Hannibal had given someone a bed bath, that was a duty given to medical students and the lowest of nurses, not surgeons like himself. But Will was not just a patient, he was his husband and it was not hardship for Hannibal to do this for him.

Once Will was clean, Hannibal disinfected the abrasions and open wounds to stave off infection, cursing in his native tongue over not having any anti-biotics he could give Will to be doubly sure.

He finally set about stitching the deepest wounds, particularly the one of Will's face.

That was going to scar, there was nothing that could be done about that, while Hannibal made the stitches small and neat to minimize the scarring Will would always bear a mark there of what Mason had done to him.

Looking at the neat row of stitches about the puckered flesh Hannibal wished he hadn't left Mason to Margot and Alana, he would have relished to rip the man apart himself for this.

Hannibal hoped that Will wouldn't be bothered by the scar, he certainly wasn't going to be bothered by it himself, except for the fact that Mason's sadist Surgeon had harmed Will, a disfigurement like that was meaningless to someone like Hannibal, he saw a scar with

Doctor's eye, saw it as nothing more than discoloured skin, a build up of keloids, nothing to be afraid of in anyway.

Will was not a particularly vain man so Hannibal did not think he would be overly troubled by the mark, but if he was then Hannibal would make it his duty to ease any self doubts that Will might have.

While Will continued to sleep Hannibal saw to his own wounds. It was easy enough for him to disinfect and stitch cuts and abrasions on himself, but there was very little he could do for the brand on his chest. The best he could do was to cool it with cold water and apply a light dressing that he hoped wouldn't cling, he hadn't any burns dressing he could use so he had to make do with what was available.

Pulling up a chair Hannibal settle beside the bed and closed his eyes letting himself fall into a light sleep while he waited for Will to wake.

Slowly Will opened his eyes and blinked at the sight of a very familiar ceiling, he'd woken up that uneven, damp stained ceiling for over a decade, would know it anywhere, but that didn't explain how he got there.

Winching as his bruises and other injuries were jarred Will forced himself to sit up and noticed Hannibal sitting in a chair besides the bed.

"We made it then?" he murmured with a small smile

Hannibal was alert in a second, a life time of having to wake and go in a moment had him sleep lightly and snap to at the slightest provocation. His maroon eyes focused on Will and he smiled fondly.

"How are you feeling?" he asked

"Groggy," Will admitted, lifting a hand to touch his head, his fingers brushed against the wound on his face and he hissed in pain, a second later his eyes widened recalling what had been happening to him in the barn and he brought both hands up to examine his face to make sure it was still intact.

"It's okay," Hannibal said, "There's only a small cut,"

Will's fingers traced over his face before he lowered his hands and relaxed. "What happened?" he asked, "The last thing I remember is Doctor Fuckinstein carving me up!"

Hannibal's lips twitched at the name Will used for Mason's surgeon,

“Alana and Margot came to see me while I was..., enjoying Mason’s hospitality,” he said, “We made a deal, that I would help them get what they needed from Mason, rescue you, and leave them alone. In return they would set me free and make no attempt to stop me.”

Will frowned, “What did they need from him?” he asked

“Semen!”

Will’s eyes widened and his eyebrows shot up, “Semen, as in...?”

Hannibal grinned, “Yes, they needed his sperm to create an heir or Margot would lose everything.”

Will barked out a shocked laugh, “So the three of you wanked him off and what, tucked him back into bed?”

“Perhaps,” Hannibal said, “I did not stay to see what had become of Mason Verger, though I doubt it will be anything that pleasant.”

“They’re gonna kill him,” Will dead panned, from what he had heard about Mason, and what the Man had intended for him and Hannibal he couldn’t blame either Alana or Margot for anything they did to him, he deserved whatever he got and then some.

With the pause in the conversation Hannibal took Will’s pulse, it was running a little faster than he would have liked, measuring at eighty seven, but it was a good strong pulse, not thread or weak so it was most likely just a reaction to stress, blood loss, and the drugs that were still leaving his system.

He sighed and lay Will’s wrist back down on the bed, “I’d love to give you a chance to rest some more but I fear we need to keep moving,” he said apologetically, “The police will undoubtedly be looking for us by now,”

Will nodded his head, “I know, I’m okay,” he made himself sit up properly and slipped on leg off the bed followed by the other, he went to stand and would have fallen had it not been for Hannibal’s quick reflexes keeping him from landing flat on his face!.

“One of these days you’ll learn to ask for help when you need it!” He said to Will with a wry smirk

“Oh Bite me!” Will shot back

Hannibal’s grin was wolfish and the gleam in his eyes promised plenty of biting and more beside once they were both and able.

Will slept most of the drive the Virginia Beach. He was conscious and responsive enough when he was awake so Hannibal did not worry about concussion, Will's body was just trying to recover and was making him sleep more as the result.

Hannibal kept the back roads to avoid speed cameras, he also changed cars twice, taking a car that had been abandoned at the side of the road by the owner probably because of a flat tire and no spare, it was easy enough for him to change the tire from Mason's sports car and take off in the new vehicle, he changed that one at a service station for a battered jeep that had definitely seen better days, but it had enough fuel in it to get them to Virginia beach.

The only other stops Hannibal made were to get food and drink which he made Will take as he needed to replace fluids and give his body some nutrition. He didn't like the greasy and poor quality food they had on offer but beggars couldn't be choosers and they both needed the food.

By the time they reached Virginia Beach Will was fully awake and alert and was able to support his own weight as they dumped the car and made the way to the docks on foot.

Sure enough Chiyoh was sitting up on deck of the boat looking out for them, when she spotted them she called down into the boat and a moment later Abigail appeared.

Abigail looked tired, her eyes red from crying and lack of sleep, but when she saw Will and Hannibal her face lit up in delight and she ran towards them practically jumping into Hannibal's arms!

"You're okay, you're okay!" she cried clinging tight to Hannibal with one hand and reached out to Will which he clutched and squeezed

"Is it over now?" she asked looking up at Hannibal, "Will we be safe now?"

"We will," Hannibal assured her, "There'll be no one coming after us anymore."

This was not strictly true, the authorities would be continuing to look for them, but Mason Verger was gone as was Jack Crawford, the only person left was Alana and she knew better than to come after them so as far as Hannibal was concerned it was over.

Arm in arm the small family made their way to the boat and stepped on board.

“You survived again,” Chiyoh said emotionlessly, “You are a truly magnificent creature, Hannibal Lector.”

“As are you Chiyoh,” Hannibal replied, taking a breath he looked around, “How much fuel do we have?” he asked her

“Enough to reach Brazil,” Chiyoh replied, “Not enough to go to Europe.”

Hannibal smiled congenially, “Then Brazil it is, I will enjoy taking Abigail and Will to Copacabana Beach, and Sugarloaf Mountain, in fact, I think we’ll spend quite a bit of time in Brazil, maybe even take a tour of the Amazon while we are there,”

“Sounds enjoyable,” Chiyoh said without inflection, “You should go down below deck, I’ll take us out.”

Giving her a small smile Hannibal followed after Will and Abigail down into the boat.

Ten Day Later

Abigail let out a contented moan of satisfaction as she stretched out on her sun lounger in a tiny, barely concealing bikini that had Will raising his eyebrows but not questioning her choice since Abigail was old enough to decide on her own clothing, even if Will felt it was a little too revealing.

He lay in the sun beside her reading a book, in a pair of swimming trunks and a vest. It wasn’t that he was ashamed of the scars on his abdomen, it was that scars should not be revealed to the sunlight as they had no protection against the harmful rays even with sun screen.

Hannibal also wore a vest to keep his burn covered, but had swimming shorts rather than trunks on that showed off his tight buttocks and well endowed groin almost indecently!

Rather than reading a book he was writing a post card in his elegant cursive script.

“How long are we going to stay here?” Abigail asked her eyes staying shut as she shifted a little on the lounger

“A month or so,” Hannibal replied, “I still have plans for us to go to Europe, but I think we could all do with a holiday first,”

“I want to go fishing!” Will put in without looking up from his book, “Deep sea fishing.”

“You can take the boy from the rivers....,” Abigail teased

Will looked up from his book and shot her a mock stern glare

“We’ll go fishing,” Hannibal promised, “And go to the Amazon, we’ll tour the whole country before we go back to Europe”

“Will you get back in touch with Chiyoh when we are ready?” Will asked glancing over to his husband, Chiyoh had chosen to refuel the boat and head back to Europe, where exactly no one knew, but she would be there when she was called.

“Probably,” Hannibal said and looked down at the dogs who were lounging either in the sun or in the shade of the parasols, “We’ll need to transport them.”

“Of course we will,” Will said setting down his book and getting to his feet, he clapped his hands, “Come on, swim time!” he said to the dogs who all eagerly leaped after him as he headed down to the sea, after a few minutes Abigail got up and went to join them, splashing Will and playing with the dogs as they tried to chase the waves, charged into the sea and paddled about.

Contentedly Hannibal completed his post card and addressed it to Alana Bloom to congratulate her on her recently announced engagement to Margot, and to remind her to never forget whom she owed her happiness to and how easily it could be taken away.

Hannibal had not plans to ever see her again, but he wanted to remind her that she lived only because at present he had better things to do than destroy her.

One finished he placed the post card into his bag and headed down the beach to join his family in the sea.

As Winston leaped between Abigail and Will drenching them both in sea water and Buster charged nose first into the waves only to come up sneezing and snuffing out water looking disgruntled that he’d become wet! Hannibal felt a weight lift from his shoulders, despite everything he and his family had survived and now they had long and happy life together to look forward to, with a long relaxing holiday in the sun to enjoy first.

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